THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

Vol. XII. No. 1. November, 1931

Autumn

". . . . . *The landscape thru the haze*
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."
—*James Whitcomb Riley*

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An Open Letter to a Freshman

By FRANK SHEA

My Dear Freshman:

THE amazed expression on your immature countenance as you dart nervously through the corridors has aroused my sense of pity, and therefore, this letter. I intend to set down a few facts which you will arrive at anyhow and—although I shall be accused of blatant optimism for this—you may have the capacity necessary to appreciate this enlightening document,

Words of wisdom, like the seed in the Parable, are apt to fall on stones and be choked by thorns. Knowing, however, that a few of the seeds found fertile ground and bore fruit, it is possible that, while you may not be free from the density of rocks and the unreceptiveness of thistles, yet something in this letter may take root and assist you in your present bewilderment.

Of course, you are not to be condemned for this freshmanlike characteristic, as it is well known that you have been battered from pillar to post since that eventful day when you secured an admittance blank to the College. Certainly it was a silly question that you had to answer on that application. "Why do you wish to attend Providence College?" Why, to get an education of course. What did they think you wanted—a chance to eliminate garters from your attire? And the next thing was that English Exam which suggested that you didn't know enough about your native language to use "two" and not "too" when you meant "to." And such a lot of ridiculous words that they wanted to know the meaning of—why Sam Johnson himself could not have surmounted that barrier But even that you accepted in the proper spirit until they became real mean and made you rise at a time usually associated with the hour milkmen start the day's work, in order to subject you to an 8:10 class in Sub-English. What do they think you are, a lark? Rank injustice, you cried. And we believe it.

All this you could have swallowed as a bitter pill and said nothing, but when that nasty Sophomore sent you over to what you thought was the Gymnasium and found to be the City Hospital, you felt that things had gone far enough And paying two dollars for a seat in Chapel was no joke, either, when you discovered that the seats were cheerfully and freely given and sold only to youngsters like yourself. And now those mean Sophomores are going to make you wear those pesky little head-gears and affect black ties, too. And if you don't, their distorted sense of humor demands that you perch in a tree on the Campus and mumble, "I'm a nut, I'm a nut, etc." And the Professors? I know what you are going to say. They don't even seem to care that you were a Big Fellow in your High School days and rated with the Faculty. Alas, ignorance isn't just bliss anymore; it's blight.

Yes, my boy, all this is true, too true, and it should not be. But here you shall find a bright ray in a somber sky. Realising your pathetic state of mind, I have come to lead you to the light. Out of sheer beneficence I am prompted to give you the Key to Collegiate Success, both academic and social, in two lessons—I mean paragraphs.

In the Book of College Life the first and most fiercely-written item is this: get a Big Broad Flexible Outlook. Perhaps—in fact, I know darn well—that the mention of a Book of College Life recalls those rosy dreams you dreamed last summer. "Baseless fabric of a vision" that they were, they came from another book of college life which was tragic although labelled Comic. From reading them you pictured yourself, not as the unhappy browbeaten little fellow that you are, but a modern swashbuckler in a pair of corduroy trousers and a carefully opened neckband, one of those superior beings who would flit through College as a hero, a devil-may-care sort of chap yawning through triumphs and conquests, nonchalantly smoking a pipe and bringing sorrow to the hearts of innumerable females, whom you carelessly dismissed with a disdainful shrug. Ah-ha, you would be made of sterner stuff; your recreation would be found in singing "Sweet Adeline" and building bonfires. But, alas, you found only a terrible discord, and instead of huge bonfires only a handful of cold ashes.

'Twas ever thus, my boy, and now that you are in the slough of despond, like a ministering angel I come. I have few illusions left but, I confess, I am fostering the hope that when I am no more, I may be remembered as a man who always lent a helping hand when a foot would have done just as well.

As I said before, the simplest, and therefore most appropriate idea in the College Manual is the attainment of this Big Broad Flexible Outlook in the possession of which you can shrug away your troubles with a smile. Keep a stiff upper lip and don't try to grow a moustache until you're a Junior, anyway. After you read this over ten or twelve times you will get an inkling to the B. B. F. O. and like the Count of Monte Christo, you can call the while world yours, that is, if you are not previously Counted out by the Soph Court.

Very sincerely yours,
Frank G. Shea, '32.

P.S. By the way, did you buy a ticket to ride in the elevator? All the really serious thinkers are joining this uplift movement, and you don't want to waste your energies running up and down stairs in this machine age of ours. Any Soph will be delighted to give you a ticket for a full year's ride. In fact, you've just had one.

Hearn, Japan's Interpreter

By
PAUL CURRAN, '32

LAFCADIO HEARN, one of the greatest stylists of the nineteenth century, was born June 27, 1850, on the island of Lefcada, erstwhile known as Leucadia, on which Sappho, the poetess of the tender passion, snuffed out her light. Hence the name Lafcadio. His father was Irish and a surgeon-major in His Majesty's Army; his mother, Rosa Cerigote by name, Greek. The Hearns were a line of soldiers, historians, and painters. The Cerigotes, too, had an old and honourable descent. Overcoming all obstacles put in their path, Dr. Charles Hearn and this Greek girl married in a truly romantic way. But their union was destined to end dismally, for when, in 1856, the family went to Dublin, there arose misunderstandings and disputes between wife and husband, with the result that, the marriage annulled, Rosa fled to Smyrna, leaving Lafcadio and a brother with the Doctor. The doctor remarried, Lafcadio was adopted by his father's aunt, a Mrs. Brenane, and never saw either father or brother thereafter.

This rupture and separation had their effect on the young Lafcadio. He became acutely distrustful, deeply suspicious, morbidly fearful of betrayal and abandonment by even his closest friends. These characteristics remained with him throughout his whole life and caused both himself and his acquaintances much pain.

The lad seemed to experience an unholy delight in the ghostly and weird. He was hypersensitive to tones, colors, odors; he was morbidly imaginative, and paganistic in his tendencies. He claims to have seen, at the age of nine, a ghost of his Cousin Jane just before her death. He states his desire to be visited by the devil in the shape of a beautiful woman, while at the same age.

Perhaps because of the watchfulness of his aunt and those over him in his early years, among whom was a Catholic chaplain, and because of their attempts to stamp out his tendencies, he hated the Catholic Church and its religion. His education was, however, conducted under Catholic auspices. He spent two years at a Jesuit school in Northern France, and two years at the Roman Catholic College of Ushaw, at Durham. Here he sustained one of his greatest misfortunes, that of the loss of sight of his left eye while playing a game. "Giant's Stride." The excess work placed on the other eye during the remainder of his life kept him in dread of the awful affliction of total blindness.

Hearn, the youth, split with his aunt while he was still a student at Ushaw. He left that institution at the age of sixteen and went to the city of London. At that place he lived in the direst circumstances. He has not recorded much of his life during that trying period, but he was an inmate of the workhouse for a time. It was in the year 1869 that he landed in New York, without a penny, half-blind, and delicate in health.

Here he stayed two years, but what he did outside of frequenting public libraries lies hidden with him. Nor is it clear why he went to Cincinnati at the end of that time. He first obtained work with a printing firm in that city, then was private secretary to the Librarian of the Cincinnati Public Library, and in 1874 became a general reporter on the "Enquirer." He covered the sensational "Tannery Murder," playing substitute at a time when the paper's regular reporters were not readily at hand. But the chance he took was so well met, and the story so well dealt with, that his write-up was a sensation.

His abilities disclosed, he next tried his hand at furnishing the text for a satirical weekly, at which he turned out to be a failure. Nine weeks brought the work called "Ye Giglampz" to an early death.

In 1876 he joined the "Gazette"; his stay on that paper was of brief duration, for he soon transferred his abilities to the "Commercial." With this journal he stayed two years, during which time he formed some ties of intimacy, despite his shyness. He became a warm friend of H. E. Krehbel, who later won fame as a music-critic and lecturer. Hearn, ever a lover of the strange, made studies similar to those of Krehbel concerning old folk-songs and folk-music. He had fallen under the spell of the French romantic school, with all their love for the exotic; the grotesque, the fantastic. He assiduously translated from Gautier under great visual difficulties. His early school-days in France had rendered him quite proficient in French, and the translations be brought forth possessed the warmth of, and the fidelity to, their originals, but outside a small intellectual circle, the translations were coldly received.

Hearn's widely divergent opinions, both moral and social caused a severance of ties between himself and his employers and even the town itself. His love for strange things led him to study the life of "the indolent, sensuous negro race," as a friend, Joseph Tunison, put it, "and things that were common to their every-day life his vivid imagination transformed into romance." This study led him to impossible experiments which brought upon him the wrath of his friends. So, sick, unhappy, unpopular, he fled to New Orleans in 1877.

In New Orleans, he worked for the "Daily Item," in whose service he read proof, clipped exchanges, wrote editorials, and occasionally contributed something original written in a fantastic style. In the following summer the dengue, a light form of the yellow fever, attacked him. He all the while stinted himself in order to buy books, for his desire to rid himself of the harness of journalism was as strong as ever. It was then that the new journalism was dominant almost everywhere, and he was fortunately at last on a paper whose sympathies were to a great extent in accordance with belles-

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Frank Stanton—Dixie's Bard

By
HOWARD G. NORBACK, '33

FRANK L. STANTON, the sweet singer of Dixie songs, is undoubtedly "the scrap-book poet" for it is said that more of his writings have been clipped and pasted in the scrap-books of the world than of almost any other writer's. His column, "Just From Georgia," which appeared daily for almost forty years in the "Atlanta Constitution," was filled with those messages which reached the universal heart of the race, bringing him the accolade of geniality and the knighthood of human understanding. It was in this column that many of his best poems first saw the light.

Mr. Stanton was known and loved on every continent. His simple homey songs of simple homey people swept the longing from many a heart. His songs of cheer and encouragement lightened many dark homes, and his lilting verses of happiness and contentment in humble joys, met a response in the strain of poetry which lingers round the spirit of every decent man and woman. He held the true faith. He asked nothing of life but to give expression to the kindly love and true poetry of his soul. He sang of a "Sweet Little Woman," through an age which revelled in "Red Hot Mama," and the world was immeasurably better for his song.

Throughout his entire career in the newspaper field, a career which carried him from the staff of the Smithville "Oracle" to the Savannah "Morning News," the Rome "Tribune," and finally to the "Atlanta Constitution"; he never forgot the Smithville touch, never lost the savor of its quaint yet broadly human spirit.

He sang of the gladness of the workaday world which was the spring of his melody. The gladness of workaday people, and their grief were his theme—the fancies of little children, the poetry of an April morning, the romance of a winter's dusk, the chiming of bells through misty streets and through memory's long ago. He planted seeds of sunshine in Georgia that two rays might burn where only one burned before—and much of his sunshine was to become a habit of heart and mind in the lives of his numerous followers, that even in his death they may be warmed by loving memories of his skill, his grace and his modest genius.

In 1924, three years before the poet's death, Gov. Walker of Georgia, solemnly appointed Stanton Poet Laureate of the State of Georgia; for he was to Georgia what James Whitcomb Riley was to Indiana, and he certainly founded as sure a line of original lyricists as did Riley in the Mid-West.

Some have named Stanton an arch-optomist, and this little verse is used to support the assertion:

"O QUAM PULCHRA EST CASTA GENERATIO."

Lightning they,
Souls of light,
Striking clay
Fulgurite!
Keen as fires
Blinding White
Human choirs
Burn to fight.
Stars that pierce
Years of night,
Spirits fierce
Murder fright.
Broken glass,
Bleeding feet,
Stubble grass:
Penance Meet
Minds that cleave
Bankèd clouds
Surely leave
Worms and shrouds.
Barbèd wire,
Prongèd thorns:
Such attire
Flesh adorns.
Lightning they,
Souls of men,
Firing clay
Over again!

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '34

"This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn in every rose—
But ain't the roses sweet!"

Stanton's muse, however was not confined to dialect. He could write conventionally when he chose, as may be seen from the dignified and nobly sentimental piece:

"A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way.
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With thy heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine!"

Mr. Stanton delighted in telling friends how he received one hundred and fifty dollars for the lyric of "Mighty 'Lak a Rose." He had written it beside the cradle of his son, and one day he heard a friend singing the tune and recognized the words as his own. He investigated and earned that an eminent composer, who had died only a short time before, had composed the song. This was Ethelbert Nevin, whose music for "Mighty 'Lak a Rose" had been found among his manuscripts and had been put on the market without consultation with the poet. Later there were apologies and explanations and he accepted one hundred and fifty dollars for the words of a song which has since become a favorite. Mr. Stanton received the same amount for the lyrics of that other song success, "Just A-Weary-in' For You."

One of Mr. Stanton's closest per-

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"Pride Cometh"

By
THOMAS A. NESTOR, '32

THE luxurious lounge of the Sportsman's Club was deliciously cozy, and we four who had entered it from the chill bluster of a November evening, stretched appreciatively in the deep leather chairs around the hearth. Outside the circle of light cast by the crackling log, the room was peacefully dusky and deserted; within the friendly radiance, we basked with the snug contentment of men who have eaten well.

Thornton, the stranger in our midst, was the first to speak. "I find it extremely difficult," he said, "to reconcile myself to the tremendous emphasis we put on intercollegiate athletics in this day of supposedly sensible educational systems." He paused and contemplated the ash on his Perfecto. "I happened to notice a piece in the sporting extra, this evening," he continued, "which prophesied four hundred thousand dollars in gate receipts for the Yale-Army game next Saturday, together, it might have added with four or five major injuries."

"Now,to be perfectly frank," he went on, "I fail to see how so many people can pay quite considerable prices to watch some score or more of young animals abuse one another in a contest which, after all, is rather pointless. Oh yes! I know!" he smiled tolerantly as the expression of my face heralded a vigorous protest, "I know! You are about to point out, gently but firmly, that those boys have been benefited enormously, and that after the season is over their bodies will be in perfect condition. All very well. Such an end, I grant, is eminently desirable. However, could it not be attained with less hullaballoo and fewer injuries? Are these huge, barbarous spectacles necessary? And, most important of all, do they derive any real, lasting benefit to compensate them adequately for their trouble and risk?"

He stopped, and frowned at us though daring anyone to contradict. Indignantly I sought for words to defend my favorite sport, but another, and one more capable, was before me. From the depths of the chair next to mine, came the quiet voice of Grant.

"Thornton," he began, "I'd like to tell you a little story."

"Stone came to the University with a splendid reputation as a half-back, which he had acquired in high-school and on a really fast preparatory school team. John was not actually conceited, he was just a normal kid who had received a lot of adulation, and really had a good deal of natural ability. He was—well, cocky.

"As a freshman, he was, of course, ineligible for the University team, but he went out for the freshman squad and had a little trouble making one of the regular back-field positions. The student body expected him to be outstanding, and John tried hard not to disappoint them. He was pretty successful. He had a fine season, and if he was inclined at times to talk a bit, if he took many opportunities to criticize—oh, ever so gently—some other members of the squad, these things were overlooked. You see, he was really a likeable youngster, and when he spoke freely and often of football and how to play it—and coach it—he was listened to as one who ought to know.

"Now, I imagine all of you know the reputation of "Dad" Mitchell, the University coach. Dad takes his job seriously and does his able best for all the boys whom he directs. Of course, a very important part of Dad's job is to keep an eye on the Freshman squad. The kids who are playing now on the First Year team are the material with which he must work next year.

"Naturally, Dad was particularly interested in young Stone. John looked like the sort of material of which are made Booths and Granges. However, by the time the schedule had been played out, Dad had decided that John Stone was entirely too sure of himself. Little signs which only the football-wise coach watches for began to be manifested. When John carried the ball; when, helmetless and blonde, he twisted and raced in the open; when opposing tacklers flung themselves in vain attempts to check his elusive progress—then he was superb. But when less agile team-mates were doing the ball-carrying, John was apt to slow up. He had won a reputation in high-school as a great blocker; but he who had the ability to cut down ends and clean out the secondary defense as with a scythe, was, so to speak, saving himself for glory."

Grant's voice ceased. The bowl of his pipe was deep in the pouch, and as his fingers worked, he stared dreamily at the embers. Thornton stirred, and I arose and arranged a new log in the fireplace. Then, in the same quiet voice, Grant resumed his story.

"There was a girl. She lived in John's home town, had gone to high school with him. She was pretty, a level-headed youngster, wealthy enough, and altogether desirable. She believed in John, knew his real worth and capabilities, and loved him. I guess John loved her, too, even then. He used to write long letters to her and to his folks, send them clippings, and that sort of thing.

"Well, when John showed up at practice the following September, he was cockier than ever. The regular backfield from the preceding year was intact, but one of the halfbacks, Blair his name was, although a hard worker and an average player, was considerably below John's calibre. But wise old Dad kept John on the scrub team, and worked him hard. It seemed to do him a lot of good. Without losing any of his confidence, John's blocking and interfering improved a good deal, and he played his best in an effort to establish his right to a position on the 'Varsity.

"The first two games on the University schedule are always with comparatively weak teams. Dad kept Blair in at right halfback in both games. After the second, in which Blair wrenched an already

weak knee, Dad transferred John to the 'Varsity, and told him that he was to start the next game—the first against a major opponent.

"John received the announcement as though it had been something inevitable, and then sent tickets to his parents and the girl. They signified their eagerness to see him in action, and John put in a week of real hard work.

"I don't have to describe the spectacle of a big football game, Thornton, you know the sort of thing—bands, thousands of people, cheering, color, and all—and this was a real big game.

"It happened on the kick-off. University received; the ball rose in the air and came straight for John. Many things raced through his mind before it settled in his arms. Marjorie was in that huge crowd, and mother, and dad, watching him. He saw his interference form in front of him, and just hit his stride when he heard something which every ball-carrier learns to dread.

"'Low!' 'High!' Two rasping voices panted out the words. The ends had sifted through his interference, and had a perfect shot at him. One of them hit him from the left and just above the knees, and the other from the opposite side and almost at his shoulders. He went down like a pole-axed bull, and through the fog of pain which wracked his body and clouded his mind, he heard a voice gasp, 'He won't get up!'

But he did. He rose, and although it cost him a terrible effort, he walked to his position without staggering. To the thousands watching, it was just another tackle. Probably less than a score in that huge stadium suspected that he was exerting every ounce of will just to stand on his feet.

"The quarterback called a buck to test the line, and the fullback sidestepped through for nearly a first down. Then, abandoning his intention of kicking on the second down, the quarter called John's number for a cut-back. Dazed, John started out around end, neglected to cut back, and was hit hard by the end coming in. Again he arose, stubbornly refusing to admit his condition, and gritted out a request for the same play. The quarter called the play through the other tackle, but John started in the same direction as the preceding run had called for. The ball rolled free over the goal-line, and was recovered by the other club for a touchdown.

"A substitute raced onto the field, and John walked off, erect, to one of those hearthbreaking, polite scatterings of handclapping. Still in a daze, unable to realize the terrible thing he had done, he wrapped himslf in a blanket and sat down in solitary misery.

"The next morning, the papers, which had hitherto joined in predicting a brilliant career for Stone, were unanimous in classifying him as over-rated—out of his class. The following weeks were almost unbearable. He discovered, as so many had before him, the value of 'good time' friends. Those who had formerly sought his company were now politely indifferent. He had not, they considered, passed the acid test.

"His parents and Majorie tried to comfort him before they left for home, and in a vague, restless way he loved them for their faith. But to no one would he try to explain the cause of his failure. They would all smile, he knew, and murmur among themselves something facetious about alibis."

Grant paused again, and seemed to forget us, but no one spoke. I know I was seeing pretty vividly the picture of bitter, disillusioned youth which he was portraying. Presently he sighed, and then continued.

"Dad, ever watchful, had missed neither that bone-crushing tackle nor the dazed, stunned eyes of his haflback, on that fateful day. Dad knows human nature pretty well, and when he saw John's grim, business-like attitude when he reported for practice on the following Monday, he realized clearly that the boy was fundamentally sound, and that, stripped of his superficial arrogance, John would be a wholesome revelation.

"John was relegated once more to the scrubs. Under watchful, but oh, ever so casual eye of Dad Mitchell, he went through a trying period of readjustment. After the first few weeks of sweating grind, the fruits of Dad's strategy began to manifest themselves in his attitude toward the other players and toward the game itself.

"As a matter of fact, John, like the basically sound kid he was, had done a good deal of deliberate, introspective thinking. He compared the soaring adulation which had been his delight, to the genuine respect and admiration which comprised the general attitude of the students toward Simmons, the fullback, and Captain "Buck" Riley, running guard. These men, he reflected, were seldom praised enthusiastically by the press, but they seemed to derive a whole-hearted enjoyment out of clearing the path for the ball-carrier. John recalled the delighted grin which Riley often flashed when he made a clean tackle or swept an ambitious opponent from the path of a back.

"People, particularly the other players, began to notice John's newly acquired earnestness. The coach rejoiced, but sagely kept John on the scrub team and out of the games, wisely considering that the lesson would enhance his playing in the next two years. By the time that season was over, John had made several real friends, and had discovered more enjoyment in football than he ever knew it possessed. His whole outlook upon life had taken a decided change for the better. His parents were quietly elated, and the girl, Marjorie, was openly proud.

"He reported for practice in early September in splendid condition from rowing, swimming and running on the beach. On the first day of practice, he donned togs eagerly, and jogged buoyantly out to the field. On each end of the practice gridiron there were two fresh holes, prepared to receive the goal-posts. Eyes on a group gathered around the coach, John stepped into one of the pits, and snapped his left leg just above the ankle.

"Well, I guess you chaps can realize pretty nearly how he felt. He was heart-broken. With a total lack of his old conceit, he could still realize how badly the team

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Editorials

"A NEW BROOM SWEEPS—"

An old adage, like a little knowledge, may be a dangerous thing. It comes to mind so easily and finds expression in words or in ink with such facility, that all too frequently it bargains its way into situations where it does not apply.

The old saw we began to quote above, for example, appears, at first blush, to be merely a harmless compliment to the efficiency of the New Broom. But it is more than that, much more. It contains a veiled but unmistakable slur upon the Old Broom, which, it would imply, has ceased to perform its functions in a satisfactory way. Now that odious comparison cannot, with any shadow of truth, be set up between the new and the old staff of **The Alembic**, of which we would speak.

The gentlemen who carried on **The Alembic's** work during the past year, labored efficiently and well. The laudations they received so frequently in the pages of other college periodicals are proof positive of the high rank their magazine achieved, and are an indication of the esteem in which it is held. The new personnel of **The Alembic** is not overly modest or diffident, but facing things as they are, it will believe it has accomplished something worth while if it can keep this publication on that same high plane.

FOOTBALL AND CHARITY

It would perhaps be difficult to find two concepts which have less in common than football and charity. Yet these two apparently irreconcilables will join hands on Saturday, November 28th, when Providence College and R. I. State College meet in the Brown Stadium. The alacrity with which both institutions responded to the overtures of the Committee on Unemployment Relief was a splendid evidence of their public spiritedness. Such institutions are real assets to any community.

The problem which the Relief Committee faces this winter is a grave one. The funds at the disposal of the committee will very probably be inadequate to meet the demands that will be made upon them. Since the beginning of the present financial crisis, Providence has been outstanding among cities of her size in the efficient and conscientious efforts that have been made to effect measures of real relief for the needy; the statistics for the past year show to advantage the fine "team work" that has stood behind the successful administration of this tremendous task.

Providence College, as an integral part of the community life of greater Providence, is eager to participate to the extent of its abilities in any feasible plan that may contribute towards the alleviation of the suffering which the winter months will inevitably bring. We think the approaching gridiron contest a particularly feasible and convenient way in which the two colleges may cooperate in this praiseworthy endeavor. Such an event is deserving of the support of every public spirited citizen.

NOVEMBER

November woods are bleak and sad. The trees stand gaunt and bare in the dull glare of the afternoon sun. The naked arms of the elm form an irregular lattice against the sky. It is a cold sky—blue and yellow and gray—desolate save where out of the southwest a flagstone path of tiny clouds climbs high into the zenith.

Yet in all this desolation and loneliness there is peace—a peace which all feel, but few define. For as you stand there in the midst of the forest, alone in the shadows, you can see the dying year stretched upon her bed of leaves, with the tall trees standing in rows like guardsmen awaiting the approaching end. Nor does she seem loath to go. She has lived her span; she came with the March winds, April smiled on her and she sported wantonly through the summer. But now when the mellow days of autumn are gone she seems to be content to take her couch and await the coming of Death in winter.

The sun has gone down now and a soft wind stirs the lingering leaves. A few it lures from their stems and as they float lazily down, mute, in the whispering silence, you turn towards home. Is it such a peace as this that the Holy Souls feel when at last they are freed from the depths and wing their way to God?

She Dined Alone

By
CHARLES E. LEVERONE, '32

IT WAS Ermina Banefield's first trip to New York, and even now at thirty-five years she was a bit thrilled at the prospects this great city might hold for her As she gazed out of the window of the speeding train she thought of the recent events which made this trip possible.

Miss James had left the firm, Savard & Savard, as buyer to get married. To the surprise of everyone, Miss Banefield was given the job. One week later she was called in to the manager's office and given her first assignment.

"I want you to go to New York," said Mr. Osgood, "and pick out a few spring furs. We'll be needing them soon, and the prices are quoted as being low right now." Then as an afterthought, "Have you ever been to New York?"

"No, I have not," Miss Banefield replied almost timidly.

"Then I suppose you will have some difficulty in getting around at first. But here's the thing to do: When you arrive at Grand Central, that's the depot"—with a good natured smile—"jump in a taxi and go right to the Ambassador Hotel. Get settled there and then go over to Scott's. From then on use your own judgment. Here's enough money to last you about three days. That's all you'll need, I think, and good luck."

Now, as Ermina Banefield sank back into the luxuriant plush of her chair-car, she felt quite contented with herself, and rightly so. She had started to work for this same company as an ordinary salesgirl and had advanced herself to buyer. She smiled as she thought of the years she had slaved for fifteen dollars a week.

She knew that her appearance was quite faultless. Her small, black, close fitting hat, letting out here and there a wisp of hair, was particularly attractive. Her high forehead, long, straight nose and wide, thin-lipped mouth bespoke character, and her lithe, slim body perfectly attired, radiated an air of stateliness. All in all she was the typical woman buyer.

It was about five o'clock when the train finally pulled into Grand Central. Miss Banefield tried not to be surprised at the spectacle, but it was beyond all her expectations. She merely stood by her bag and gaped.

Then, remembering her final instructions, she set out to look for a taxi. As if sent from heaven a porter rushed up to her.

"Taxi, lady?"

"Yes, and I am in a hurry," she said, trying to assume an omnipotent air.

Yes, ma'am, follow me," and he began to dodge in and out of the crowd. She managed to follow him somehow.

When her bag had finally been placed in a cab she turned and lavishly tipped the porter.

"Where to, lady?" asked the driver.

"Ambassador," replied Ermina, leaning back and staring at the crowd.

The cab whisked away and more than once she was tempted to tell the driver to slow down as he raced along, cutting in on this one and evoking some remark from that one, or honking his horn madly at some slow-footed pedestrian.

"Here you are, lady," said the driver some few minutes later as he pulled up to the curb in front of a magnificently canopied doorway. Before she could put her hand on the door a tall ornately uniformed man opened it and took out her bag.

Turning to the taxi driver she paid her bill, and with the bell boy, whom the doorman had summoned, carrying her bag, she started for the desk.

"I would like a room with bath, please," said Ermina to the huge man behind the desk.

"Yes, ma'am. Would the tenth floor be alright?" he asked politely.

"Yes, that would be quite alright"

"Ten fifty," this to the bell boy, handing him the key.

She followed her guide into the elevator and was literally hurled into the air, and before she could get her breath the door was opened again and she was escorted to her room.

Once inside she threw herself into a chair and just sat there, staring at nothing. Every bone in her body ached, and she was dead tired. How long she sat there she did not know, but it was very dark when she awakened and the flickering lights outside were casting their shadows on the wall.

After a bath she felt much refreshed and prepared for dinner. Down in the dining room she was lost, but the ever alert head waiter with his "dining alone, Miss?" remedied this. She followed him to a rather quiet corner. Giving her order, she leaned back in her chair and made a detailed survey of her surroundings.

At one end of the spacious room an orchestra was playing soft dinner music. At various tables beautifully gowned women and men in evening clothes sat, talked and laughed over their food. For the first time Ermina Banefield felt lonesome. Of all the people in this vast city she knew not one.

(Continued on Page 21)

MEMORY GAOL

In a narrow cell
Of the mind,
Their spirits dwell
Confined.
They cannot burst
The bars,
Though they burn with thirst
For the stars.
They are sombre-eyed,
Tired folk;
They are muffled and hide
Ina cloak.
They have wept for the faults
They have wrought:
They have rifled the vaults
Of thought.
They are pallid and pale
And thin:
They are locked in a gaol—
Within!

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '34

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

By William D. Haylor, '34

IN A REMINISCENT mood . . . a summer of enjoyment and labor . . . not too much of the latter, of course. Classes once more . . . gullible frosh . . . almost sophisticated Sophs . . . cocky Juniors . . . and those austere Seniors. All looks natural as we greet old friends and meet new . . . One of the joys of college life, "shaking hands with the old familiar faces," as someone says . . . There's George Sellig with his customary jaw-full . . . Eddie Hanson with a stand-up haircut . . . the Chief's mustache . . . Brud Callahan in a boisterous outfit . . . Was he at Saratoga during the lay-off?

Once more that general get-together that starts the fireworks . . . The President's address . . . it must be inspiration . . . Dean Chandler's instructions . . . which, if followed, will keep us on the straight and narrow. . .

Blow me down, new profs and everyone of them looks real human . . . We do hope they seem the same when exams roll around . . . Among the newcomers, Fr. Perrotta, returning to the Friar staff after a three years' absence . . . Frs. Dore and Ross, the first dorm students to return as members of the faculty . . . Fr. Brennan recruited from China, and bringing us Dominic Chang, our first Chinese student . . . We note with regret the absence of Fr. Rogers, who used to listen so sympathetically (and perhaps cynically) to our jeremiads . . . Now Fr. Heasley may be seen keeping a lonely vigil after curfew . . .

Have you heard of the number of boys who left for "Old Kaintuck" in August? Fr'instance, Emmet Shea . . . We remember him best in a cutaway as he led the Grand March in the Prom . . . Dick O'Connor . . . Imagine Dick on a silent retreat . . . or Johnny Reavey keeping those wise cracks to himself.

An innovation . . . classes divided according to scholastic standing . . . It's embarrassing to be dumb this year. When you find yourself in Division C . . . time to be nonchalant . . .

Some changes in class moderators . . . Fr. Fitzgerald just couldn't be changed . . . he's a Senior necessity . . . Fr. McGwin, new Junior guide . . . that outfit will need his able supervision . . . Fr. Perrotta, caretaker of the wild and wooly Sophs . . . Fr. English supervising the Freshmen . . . Someone must show them that college life in fact is not college life in fiction . . .

The Tie-Up puts over its annual "Hello Week" . . . spreading a spirit of good fellowship with the slogan: "Get acquainted." Did it work? . . . We caught Irv Rossi giving the glad hand to St. Thomas in the Library . . . Monster rally for the Crusader-Friar contest . . . speeches by the notables . . . vocal selections by Messrs. Gallogly, Buckley, Sellig, etc. . . Before we forget, the unofficial ambassador of good will, **The Tie-Up,** recently moved into its new quarters . . . Elmer and all . . . Just off the rotunda where gossip abounds.

A new staff for **The Alembic** . . . a new format, too . . . It's bigger than it was, as you can see . . . Have we made it better?

What a turnout for the Holy Name Parade . . . Five hundred students start to pay off their temporal punishment . . . Seriously, it was a great success, and the College was well represented . . . Out on the Training Ground we heard the pedal extremities called other than holy names . . .The Aquino club makes its seasonal debut with a smoker . . . well attended, too . . . . refreshments n'everything . . . even had a guest of honor. The infant among college societies is not far behind either . . . The literati gathered into The Cavaliers have already held one meeting and another is scheduled for the near future . . .

All these societies and not a public event scheduled as yet . . . Everyone can't belong to these clubs but wouldn't it be possible to have a public meeting once in a while? . . . Those Aquino smokers are very informal and home-like. . . An open - to - the - public Cavalier meeting ought to be worth while,

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THE ALUMNI CORNER

By Matthew F. O'Neill, '34

ABOUT ALUMNI IN GENERAL

The first regular monthly meeting of the Providence College Alumni Association was held Friday evening, October 9th, 1931. John J. Halloran, '26, President, presided at the meeting. Plans for the coming year were formulated. The following committees were appointed:

Alumni Ball Committee

Robert Donnelly, '23; Robert Beagon, '24; Ambrose Flaherty, '25; Joseph Tally, '26; James Boylan, '27; Frederick Langton, '28; James Hanaway, '29; Wilfred Roberts, '30; John Baeszler, '31; Guido Cerilli, '26.

Entertainment Committee

James Furlong, '23; James Lynch, '25; James McGeough, '26; Joseph McGee, '24; Frank Holland, '25; Frederick Green, '26.

Alumni Banquet Committee

Joseph Fogarty, '23; James Corrigan, '24; Frank Sutton, '31; Bernard Norton, '27; William Griffin, '26; Raymond Doyle, '27; J. Edward McLaughlin, '28; William Dillon, '29; Frederick Tomassi, '30.

ABOUT OUR 1931 MEMBERS

John D. Kenny has entered the Dominican novitiate, Springfield, Kentucky.

William P. Lyons has the position of Instructor at Saint Francis Xavier High School, Brooklyn, New York.

Hugh P. Maguire has entered Boston University Graduate School of Education.

Graham J. Norton is studying at Notre Dame. He is a Knights of Columbus scholar in Boyology.

Emilio A. Catullo is furthering his studies at the University of Vienna Medical School.

Charles P. Clarkin is at Georgetown University Medical School.

John J. Hanley is an Instructor in Chemistry at Providence College.

James V. Iraggi has entered the New York Homeopathic and Flower Hospital.

William J. Keenan has matriculated at Columbia University, School of Business Administration.

George A. Kenny is Instructor in Biology at Providence College.

John E. Krieger has the dual position of Instructor in English and Coach of Basketball at La Salle, Providence.

Joseph Leonelli is studying at R. I. College of Education.

John E. Lynch is furthering his studies at Georgetown University, School of Medicine.

William T. McCue has entered the New Jersey Law School.

Richard J. Kraemer is studying at Jefferson Medical School.

Justus J. Minnella has entered Long Island College Hospital Medical School.

Thomas A. Martin is going to Jefferson Medical School.

Edward P. Moran is taking the course of Business Administration at Columbia University.

Richard W. O'Connor is at the Dominican novitiate, Springfield, Kentucky.

John L. Reavey is at the Dominican novitiate, Springfield, Kentucky.

John J. Ryan has entered the Dominican novitiate at Springfield, Kentucky.

ATHLETICS

By George Tebbetts, '34

A REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR

A brief review of the sports during the past year must necessarily take in but few of the high lights, with particular emphasis on some of the outstanding accomplishments during the seasons. The major triumphs of the year included the winning of the Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball championship, the continued success of the varsity basketball team which won the New England title for the third straight season, the improved work of the football team which scored a national upset in defeating a great Rutgers eleven, and the inauguration of tennis as a varsity athletic activity.

Callahan

Dion

Since 1923 when the second nine ever to represent Providence College defeated Dartmouth in our first Commencement Day classic, baseball has been recognized as our major athletic activity. The splendid record of the team of the past year, equalled only by the 1928 nine, the first team to win the Eastern championship for us, maintained and added new lustre to our baseball traditions.

The veteran ranks depleted by graduation the previous year, Coach Jack Flynn faced a difficult task in rebuilding the machine which was to represent Providence on the diamond last spring. A new team, lacking to some extent the hitting qualities of previous nines, but with a defence which proved to be impregnable, played inspired ball.

The infield, headed by Captain Bob Dion, and composed of Corbett, Notte, Janas, Reilly, and Perrin took its place as one of the finest fielding units in college circles. Offence was provided in a large measure by the slugging outfielders, Sellig, Koslowski, Griffin, and Marsella, as well as the catching corps which was composed of Roberge, leading hitter of the squad, Tebbetts, and Welch. A powerful pitching staff with Quinton, Connors, and Blanche bearing the brunt of the work in the major games rounded out the varsity squad which swept through to an impressive record of eighteen victories in twenty-two starts.

No little credit for our success in this sport is due to the untiring efforts of Coach Jack Flynn. During his coaching regime at Providence he has enjoyed marked success every year, his teams winning 107 games out of 153 played, but the 1931 nine reached new heights in triumphing over such formidable college nines as Holy

Cross, Boston College, Brown, Syracuse, Manhattan, and Mt. St. Mary's.

With all but three of the varsity squad available for further service next spring, and with many promising recruits eager to win recognition in the sport, prospects for the 1932 season are exceptionally bright. The nine will be captained by George Sellig, hard-working left fielder whose fine all round work featured during the past campaign, while ex-captain Dion, who enjoyed the unique honor of leading the team during his junior year, will conclude his collegiate diamond activities at the third base position.

After the Georgetown defeat in mid-season, the second of the campaign, the team continued its winning ways until the middle of June, losing only to Holy Cross and Yale during that time. A resume of the games during this period follows:

Middlebury vs. Providence
At Providence, May 16, 1931

With Captain Bob Dion leading the attack, the team swung back into the win column at the expense of Middlebury, scoring a 7 to 4 triumph in a closely contested game on Hendricken Field. Dion had a perfect day afield, and at bat collected three hits to send three runs across the plate, while Ed Quinton, on the mound for the Friars, turned in his fourth win, holding the Vermonters to seven scattered hits.

Providence vs. Boston College
At Boston, May 19, 1931

The Friars by virtue of their defeating Boston College 7 to 6 scored their eleventh victory in thirteen starts. The setback was but the third of the season for the Eagles, and marks the second successive year that the Providence contingent has scored a victory over the B. C. nin on the Newton diamond.

The game, replete with thrills and errors, was featured by the pitchers' total lack of control, and the timely hitting of Janas and Roberge.

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THEATRE NEWS

The Majestic theatre is now showing Bebe Daniels in "Honor of the Family" and a companion picture "The Ruling Voice" with Walter Huston and Loretta Young. These two pictures make for divertisement at the Majestic with the current chapter of the news weekly.

At Fays theatre is the picture "Heartbreak" with Charles Farrell and Madge Evans. This is a nice romance presented with five acts of vaudeville.

Now at the Rialto theatre are the four Marx brothers in "Monkey Business." The second picture is "Smart Women" with Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Edward Everett Horton. This was formerly "Nancy's Private Affair" on the stage.

Beginning next Wednesday the program at the Rialto changes. The first picture is "Young as You Feel" with Will Rogers, Fifi Dorsay and Lucien Littlefield.

Opening at the Carlton next Monday for three nights and a Wednesday matinee is Noel Coward's "Private Lives," a stage play, with Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger.

Hearn, Japan's Interpreter

(Continued from Page 4)

lettres. His public, too, were of the type that eagerly sought fine writings. So, his first work consisted of weekly translations from some French writer. The translation was accompanied by an editorial explaining the author's character or method, or the subject of the translation itself. What curious research he made is indicated by the variety of odd subjects in the editorials; e.g., famous swordsmen of history, Oriental dances and songs, Talmudic legends, muezzin calls, historic lovers, African music, monstrous literary exploits, and so on. From time to time he added fantastic pieces which gained a small but appreciative audience, who followed his career thereafter with warm interest. He gained the recognition of many men of letters in the South.

"Chita" was the product of this period. First appearing serially in the "Times-Democrat," it gained so much popularity that Harpers took it over to print in book form. It is a book of faithful description, and of stirring interest in its story of the storm which swept away Last Island. It is one of his most admirable achievements despite the fact that it smacks occasionally of journalistic phraseology. Then came "Two years in the West Indies," his observations of a trip to those islands, financed by the Harpers. He very nearly met death at St. Pierre, and would have passed away had it not been for the generosity of the people who cared for him in that now-vanished city.

In 1889 Hearn went to New York, where he read the final proofs for "Chita" and prepared his book of the West Indies for the press. He received a commission from the Harpers to go to Japan in company with an artist, there to write his observations and impressions. On May 8, 1890, he left America, to which he never returned.

Lafcadio Hearn was present at one of the great births of history. He was to be the interpreter to the world of a land that was "as primitive as the Etruscan before Rome was," and he gave to the world by way of interpretation twelve volumes of studies of the Japanese people. He became aware of the fact that Harpers was paying the artist with him more than double the amount allowed for his text, and he did a characteristic thing—

DON'T MISS
"A TRANSITIONAL PAINTER"
BY
GEORGE L. CONSIDINE, '32

he broke off all his contracts; indeed, he even refused to accept royalties on his books already in print. It was only some years after that friends could induce him to take the money, and that by roundabout measures. His breaking of the contract determined his permanent stay in Japan. He was well liked by the people at first and was delighted to be in this elfish country which had so much of the color and dainty appeal that would attract one of his temperament. Professor Chamberlin, scholar of Japanese studies, gained for him an appointment at the Ordinary Middle School at Matsue in August, 1890.

From Matsue came the impressions of this period—"From the Diary of an English Teacher," and "The Chief City in the Province of the Gods"—found in his first book written in Japan—"Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," a book which records his many expeditions to the islands and ports of the three provinces included in the Ken of Shimane. The work is a study of the manners, customs and religion of the people in those provinces. Relations between him and his young Japanese pupils at Matsue were very happy and mutually profitable.

In 1891 Hearn married a lady of high samurai rank, a Setsu Koizumi. Setsu was 22; Hearn, 41. In order not to deprive her of her Japanese citizenship, and thereby oblige them to move on to an open-treaty port, he became her husband by a ceremony performed according to local rites. To further safeguard his wife's status, and to assure themselves of the legality of the marriage, he became a subject of the Mikado and was adopted into Setsu's family, Matsue represented for him the happiest time of his life, but ill-health forced him to move away from it. He obtained a position at the government college at Kumamoto, where he brought forth "Out of the East." His first son was born November 17, 1893. In 1894 "Glimpses" was published. Hearn taught at the government institution until 1895, when he left because of the many annoyances to which he was subjected. He was

witness to the emotions of the Japanese people during this time, when Japan and China were at war, and he set down some very interesting records of his observations.

From Kumamoto to the Koizumis (for Hearn now used his new family name) Setsu and Yakumo, and their little boy, removed to Kobe. He once more took up journalism, working for "The Chronicle." His "Kokoro" and "Gleanings in Buddha - Fields" show a deeper insight into things than he had even before evinced, as he dwelt less on the external aspects of life. At this period he was most fastidious in his selection of words and in his attempt to preserve euphony and harmony. He considered the heredity and evolution of the individual under ancestral and racial influences, and with sublimated insight saw into the soul of the eastern world. It was the heyday of his intellectual power.

His great responsibility of caring not only for his two sons (the latter was born in 1896), but also for the elder members of the family into which he had been adopted forced him to seek more remunerative means of support than journalism. The kind Professor Chamberlin again came to his assistance and secured for him the position of Professor of English in the Imperial University of Tokyo, where his salary was large compared to anything he had as yet received, and where he was permitted an admirable liberty as to the methods of teaching. "Exotics and Retrospectives," "In Ghostly Japan," "Shadowings," "A Japanese Miscellany," "Kotto," "Kwaidan," were the products of his pen at this Tokyo period. They were but the prelude to the great work of his life—"Japan; An Interpretation," one of the most astonishing reviews of the life and soul of a great nation ever attempted. While working on this volume, being in poor health and in a melancholic state of mind, he said, "It is not difficult that this work will kill me."

An arrangement was made for Hearn in 1902 to lecture at Cornell University for $2500, and he began at once to prepare his lectures.

His was a style beautiful to hear, easy to read, and clear to understand. He had warmth, a vivid imagination, a capacity for faithful reproduction. His English was of the best in the nineteenth century. It is, however, altogether pitiable that his talents at times should have been employed concerning the esoteric, the fanciful, the exotic, and sometimes the absurd, and even the immoral, when his genius is only too well recognized as worthy of greater pursuits. The reader's indignation is mitigated somewhat when he reads in one of the letters of Hearn's later life his acknowledgment that his own point of view concerning certain things contrary not only to convention, but also to decency had changed. On this point he wrote: "And if my best friends had not got angry with me, I could not have earned the truth so well—because there are so many things that are hard to explain and can only be taught by experience."

He was then entitled to his sabbatical year of vacation, but when he applied for leave it was denied him. He resigned, therefore, from the university. Cornell subsequently withdrew its offer on the plea of depletion of funds, and the strain and anxiety of the present affairs caused sudden and violent illness, attended by bleeding from the lungs. Nevertheless, he worked at, and completed, the manuscript of "Japan," and then accepted the offer of the chair of English in the Waseda University. Meanwhile the University of London had entered into negotiations with him for a series of lectures. Recognition from the land of his early youth pleased him greatly, but he never lived to write his lectures. On September 26, 1904, he fell into insensibility and shortly after passed away. He was buried with Buddhist rites, although he was not a Buddhist. Noguchi wrote of him: "Surely we could lose two or three battleships at Port Arthur rather than Lafcadio Hearn.

Frank L. Stanton, Dixie's Bard

(Continued from Page 5)

sonal friend, Dr. Wightman F. Melton, has selected "Marcelle" as the one poem by this "natural singer" which contains within its lines the greatest heart appeal. There is a tender story associated with this theme. Mr. Stanton's daughter, Marcelle, was dangerously ill and believed to be dying. The poet, overwhelmed with grief, sang out the agony of his soul in the lovely verses which follow:

There is no sweeter place to dwell
Than here—Marcelle!
Could angels love you half so well
As I, Marcelle?
There's not in heaven an angel bright
Could match your living eyes of light!
God grant I'll never say good-night
To you, Marcelle!

What stories sweet hath heaven to tell
To you, Marcelle?
What echoes where their anthems swell,
Like yours, Marcelle?
There—where faith makes a gilded dome
For all the shelterless that roam,
What like your kiss when I come home
To you, Marcelle?

All sorrows which the day befell
Seemed faint, Marcelle!
I only know that you love me well,
Marcelle—Marcelle!
A cabin door was home to me
And in your Love's simplicity
Earth sweeter seemed than heaven could be,
Marcelle—Marcelle!

Against God's love I should rebel
If you, Marcelle,
Should break of Love the magic spell
That made Marcelle!
God would have nothing for me There
Where shine His angels, crowned and fair,
Save your bright eyes and golden hair,
Marcelle—Marcelle!

The sum total of his writings must be tremendous. How much of them will live is a question, but surely a modicum ought to stand the wear and tear of time, for they are full of energy, philosophy and joy. The poet laureate of Georgia wrote into his word music the appealing rhythm and the plaintive strains of the plantation and the piney woods.

Frank L. Stanton's last column appeared in the Christmas Day edition of the "Constitution." Under the well-known caption were printed a few lines in his characteristic vein of optimism, then followed these few lines closing the column and sounding a true and final note to the labors of this true and noble poet.

"'Taint no use to sit and sigh
For the things you let slip by;
While the light is in the sky
Ketch the next one on the fly.
Sighin' when the ship is tossed
Don't bring back the haven lost;
Best to keep your self command,
Hope for land, hope for land!"

A little story told by his friends clearly portrays the easy-going lovable nature of this bard, who was one of those natural singers of the world whose long line included Robt. Burns, Eugene Field and others.

"In the youthful flush of her fame on the musical comedy stage, Trixie Friganza played an extended Atlanta engagement. Years afterward she wrote to the editor of the 'Constitution,' asking if there were any published version of Mr. Stanton's poem, 'There's Life in the Old Dog Yet.' No published copy being available, Mr. Stanton was asked to furnish an accurate copy, and he, with the kindly impulsiveness that was one of his chief charms, sat down and wrote out the verse on a piece of soft copy paper, with the stubby, soft lead pencil which he always used. Then he signed the verse at the bottom. Be sure that this original copy was treasured more by Miss Friganza than the most expensive volume."

Frank L. Stanton had lived for 69 years, forty of which had been spent spreading happiness throughout the world. He died as he had lived, peacefully and happily. His son, Frank L. Stanton, Jr., beside whose crib the poet sat as he penned "Mighty 'Lak a Rose," sat beside the bed soothing the one who had soothed countless numbers by his heart-reaching poems.

"Pride Cometh"

(Continued from Page 7)

needed him. Three of the veteran backs had been lost through graduation, and the line had been considerably weakened by the loss of Riley, the big tackle who worked next to him, and both ends. However, the new material was pretty strong, and with characteristic optimism, Dad set out to build another team.

"On the Saturday following Thanksgiving, John walked carefully, for the first time without crutches, to Memorial Stadium, and saw a Strong State team administer a sound beating to the game but green University club, and swore a silent oath that on the following year he would see that the score would be reversed.

"By this time, the majority of the student body, if they knew of his existence, regarded him as a likeable, serious chap who had once played mediocre football. He was exceedingly well-liked by those who knew him, and stood in the first third of his class.

"He returned in his Senior year, a totally different person from the over-confident boy who had come up four years before. His leg had been tested and hardened until it was as strong as ever, and he looked forward to football with a steady, healthy anticipation which boded ill for the teams on University's schedule.

"He worked hard in the prescrimmage weeks, and rapidly reacquired the knack of handling himself on the field, which had, so to speak, rusted during the year of enforced absence. Simmons, fullback and also a Senior, was captain, and between him and Dad Mitchel and John there grew up an intimate friendship which flourished as the season went on.

"After the first few weeks, there wasn't any doubt about John's position on the team. He was a regular, and it augured well for his new personality that a quiet pride was his only reaction to the honor. The club was a lot stronger that year. The green men had been well seasoned during the preceding campaign, and only two had been lost by graduation.

"As the season progressed and team after team went down before University, the student body and the public in general grew more and more enthusiastic over the approaching game with the powerful State club. University players were immensely popular, of course, but John had learned his lesson, and was as quiet and retiring as he could manage without appearing over-modest. He had discarded many of the spectacular tricks which had once characterized his playing. He wore a helmet now, and folks weren't so quick to notice and applaud a dirt-smeared, indistinguishable figure who led the interference and did yeoman work on the defense. Now and

then, when he carried the ball and broke clear to twist and race down the sidelines, fans craned to pick out the muddy 35 on his back, and mentioned casually to neighbors that this Stone 'showed flashes of real form.'

"Among the players and the football-wise, however, credit for University victories were piled high on John Stone's shoulders and scouts with prying, knowing eyes reported back to State that Stone was the University team. 'He's the man you'll have to stop,' was the concensus of their opinions, and State drilled far into the dusk.

"University came undefeated to the day of the big game. John had sent no tickets home, but there were three tremendously interested witnesses among the thousands who poured into Memorial Stadium on that memorable day. And they saw a game that is still talked of. They saw a grimy, bloodsmeared, broadshouldered back rip that fighting State team to pieces. They saw him clearing gaping holes in State's line; they saw him lead Captain Simmons around end time after time, throwing his body fiercely at the bewildered tacklers; and, finally, they saw him run back a punt from his own goalline to State's for the most spectacular touchdown of the year."

Grant lapsed into silence, then rose and knocked the dottle from his pipe.

"I don't have to describe the 1928 University - State game, Thornton," he finished. "You either saw it yourself or have heard it described before. Well, I really must be going along. Goodnight, all."

We watched his tall, broad figure out of the room before breaking the silence.

Thornton, the stranger in our midst, spoke first.

"I can see now why Grant is considered the most promising lawyer in New York," he said, "he certainly can tell a story! I remember seeing that State game myself, but the chap's name, as I recall it, wasn't Stone, it was — let me see—"

Hastings broke in helpfully. "It was 'Flash' Grant," he chuckled. "Didn't you know? Say, Thornton, you ought to meet Marjorie Grant. They make a wonderful couple!"

Hastings and I left him there, staring into the fire.

THE ALEMBIC IS YOUR MAGAZINE SUPPORT IT

She Dined Alone

(Continued from Page 9)

And then her eyes rested on a man directly opposite her. He was taking his food very seriously and did not notice Ermina looking at him. He was a rather good looking man, at least Miss Banefield thought so, and his black hair streaked with gray was so becoming to a man of his age and stature.

He was about forty, Ermina thought, and obviously well mannered. Evidently he was accustomed to eating alone, and by the expression on his face was thoroughly enjoying the repast—and then he looked up, and right at Miss Banefield.

Immediately, of course, she turned her attention to the orchestra. Fortunately her food arrived just then and her waiter was busily engaged in arranging the linen and silver she stole another glance at the attractive and lone diner. Much to her embarrassment, he was still looking at her.

During the course of her meal she did not look his way again, and when she was ready to leave she found that he had already left. She was a bit disappointed when she found this out, although on questioning herself, she could find no adequate reason.

Outside in the lobby she again experienced that abandoned feeling. She did not like the thought of spending her first night in New York in her room alone, and yet she knew of no other place to go.

While she was standing thus, debating with herself, a polite voice behind her said, "I beg your pardon—"

She turned and looked squarely into the smiling countenance of the lone diner.

"You appear to be as much alone as I am," his voice was smooth and low, "and if you can possibly excuse this abrupt and unconventional introduction, I would like very much to ask you to the theatre."

"But I don't even know your name," she stammered rather hesitatingly.

"Why, that true. My name is Mr. James Whitcomb," and he

went through the gestures of a very formal introduction. They both laughed, and strange to say, it never entered Miss Banefield's head that this was a very improper way to meet a man when she said, "How do you do, Mr. Whitcomb, I'm very glad to know you, but—"

"I understand how you feel, of course, but if you can overlook all the preliminaries, I'll do my best to make the evening an enjoyable one for you."

His easy directness completely disarmed her.

"Alright," she said. "Let's go."

"Fine. Is there any particular place you would like to go?"

"None whatever, I'm a stranger, so I'll leave that all to you.

"Excuse me just a moment," he said, "and I'll get my coat and hat and we'll be off."

He returned presently. A dashing figure, she thought as he came toward her. They started for the door, when he stopped suddenly.

"By the way, you haven't told me your name yet," and they both laughed again at the oversight.

"Miss Ermina Banefield is mine. Quite an odd one, don't you think?"

"Quite a nice name, I should say."

"Taxi, sir?" the doorman asked.

"Yes, please."

The doorman signalled and a cab rolled up before them.

"The Palace," Mr. Whitcomb said to the driver. Then to Miss Banefield, "there's a fine show there I've heard. I hope you'll like it."

"Let me compliment you on your good judgment," said Miss Banefield sipping her coffee in a quiet little restaurant after the show.

"I'm so glad you liked it. I hope we'll be able to see lots more like it."

"I'm afraid not," said Miss Banefield. "You see I won't be here very long. I'm a buyer and I'm leaving Wednesday."

"That's too bad— I mean your leaving Wednesday," he said.

"But tell me what do you do? You haven't said a word about yourself all night."

"Me? Oh, I'm an architect. My office is only four blocks from here. Just at present I am designing a building for a company in Ohio. But let's not talk about business now. Will you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid not. I'll be busy all day. But we might have dinner in the evening," said Ermina, hoping he would say yes.

"That will be fine," he said, "I'll call for you about seven thirty."

The next morning Ermina Banefield got up early bathed, breakfasted and set out for Scott's Furriers. All morning and half the afternoon she stayed there, selecting this fur and rejecting that coat and arguing prices with the manager.

"But Miss Banefield, this is the finest fur we have."

"I know, but you are asking entirely too much for it."

"But Miss—

"At my price you may send us four of them" she persisted.

She had a natural tendency for bargaining and when she was finished she surveyed her purchasings.

"Not bad," she thought. "I'll probably do better the next time."

It was about three o'clock when she arrived back at her hotel. Before going up to her room she bought a newspaper. Once in her room she flung off her hat and coat, pulled a chair up to the window and sat down looking at the hustling crowds below. She was happy. And why shouldn't she be? She had the prospects of another entertaining evening with a very interesting man ahead of her, and, she thought, Mr. Whitcomb was certainly interesting.

"And he isn't married either," she murmured half aloud to herself.

She must have sat like that for an hour or more. Outside the great sea of lights began to illuminate the greatest city in the world. The street seemed to become more and more crowded with people as

that great army of workers hurried to catch a train or subway.

Ermina hummed softly to herself as she set about her toilet. She was most careful tonight in getting the loose strands of hair, which persisted in falling down, in place.

Seven o'clock and she was already. Glancing in the mirror she smiled at the image it reflected. Despite her thirty-five years she was very attractive.

With nothing to do but wait she sat down and picked up the paper. But she couldn't focus her attention on this. A look at her tiny wrist watch told her it was seven thirty.

"He'll be here any minute now she thought and she sat down again and tried to read her paper. At eight o'clock she gave up.

"I might have known," she said disgustingly and threw the paper on her dresser. "I suppose I might as well go down and eat myself."

She walked over to her mirror to rearrange her hair and as she reached for her comb her eyes rested on a small article in the opened paper.

"Mr. James Whitcomb, prominent architect, died early this morning as a result of an accident last night. While crossing the street at"———

That night Ermina Banefield did dine alone.

Campus Chronicle

(Continued from Page 10)

too. . . Many of the students are interested in literary work. . . They'd welcome the chance to hear an interesting talk on a favorite author, I know. . . Nothing formal, just friendly affairs . . . It would help the esprit de corps, if you know what I mean. . .

Politicians holding forth, now that classes are under way. . . Seniors went into a huddle and chose Walter Burke. . . The Juniors, not to be outdone, chose Pat Piccolo. . . "Wright is right" becomes Soph slogan as Joie Wright heads the class. . .

Fr. McLaughlin's students . . . Lacordaire and P. C. Debating societies merge. . . Now known as Providence College Debating Union. . . And isn't the stage becoming popular! First meeting of the Pyramid Players brings forth fifty talented aspirants. . . After elections we find Joe Meister presiding and Ed Conaty putting down the minutes. . . Frank Cashell, Louis Fitzgerald and Frank Buckley taking charge of the debaters . . . We expect their enviable record will be maintained this year. . .

We meet Rhode Island State November 28th for the city relief fund. . . A fitting climax for our season. . . The Seniors announce that a tribute will be paid the championship baseball team of 1931 in the near future. . . Raffle proposed to provide funds for this purpose. . . Watch for more definite news of this affair.

THE TIE-UP CONGRATULATES THE ALEMBIC ON ITS NEW FORMAT

Athletics

(Continued from Page 13)

The advent of the 1931 football season was marked by a new development in the progress of the activity, with the signing of Joseph P. McGee, '24, and Thomas H. Bride, Jr., '27, to serve as assistants to Head Coach Archie Golembeski. McGee captained the first eleven ever to represent Providence, serving as leader of the 1921 team, and also holding the same honor the following year. Bride was a mainstay of the elevens for four years, starring as a halfback and quarterback from 1924-1927. The addition of these capable grid authorities, McGee to assist in the training of the ends, and Bride the backfield aspirants, has already had its effect on the large squad, and we fell certain that their untiring efforts, coupled with the zealous work of Golembeski will be rewarded by many a victory before the season closes.

Providence vs. Rutgers
At New Brunswick, N. J.,
September 26, 1931

Rutgers, with Jack Grossman, its all-american candidate, leading the way, avenged last year's defeat at the hands of Providence by scoring a 19 to 0 verdict in a hard-fought game in the mud of Neilson Field in New Brunswick in the season's opener. The Scarlet, under the direction of a new mentor, displayed too much power for the aggressive Friars who lacked the experienced line of last year. Play was close throughout, with the Jersey collegians collecting a touchdown in each of the first three periods, only to be held completely at bay in the final quarter by a fighting Dominican line. Grossman, who collected two of the scores, was the outstanding gridder of the clash, while Captain Foster turned in the best game for the Friars.

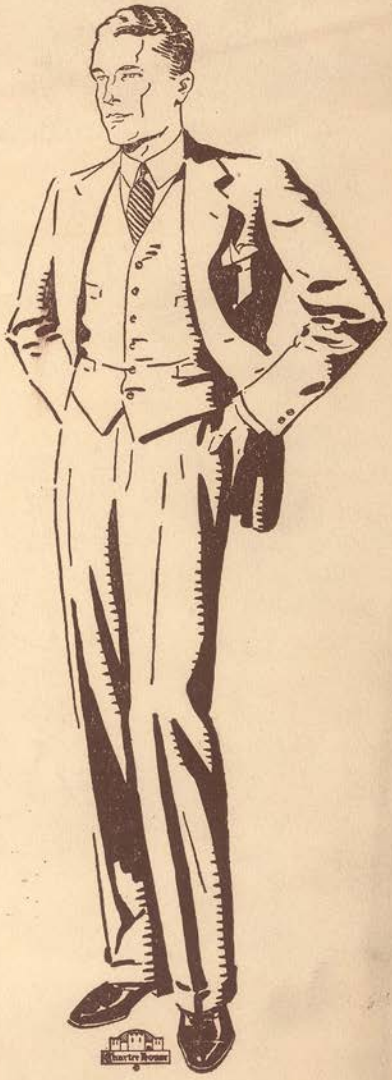
Kutniewski

Providence vs. Holy Cross

A brilliant first period attack which was climaxed by Captain Mickey Foster's 17-yard dash from scrimmage for the second Providence score ever tacked on Holy Cross, thrilled a large crowd at Worcester as the Friars battled the powerful Crusader outfit. The lead was held until the end of the first half, when Holy Cross capitalized two blocked kicks, converting into scores, to take the lead, winning finally by a 26 to 6 count.

Bleiler

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE AT KENNEDY'S



Charter House
CLOTHES

An Englishman would say *"Quite!"* most likely, if he tried on a Charter House suit. It would mean O.K. For there's something definitely British about the styles and "woollens" [sic]. Comfortable - that's the idea. Comfortable prices, too. To wit:

$35 and $40

ALL SUITS WITH TWO TROUSERS

Charter House Polo Coats - belt all around - Oxford, Camel or Cinnamon Brown color with pearl buttons, $40

KENNEDY'S
Westminster & Dorrance

BOSTON PROVIDENCE WORCESTER SPRINGFIELD HARTFORD BROCKTON LYNN SALEM HYDE PARK BEVERLY