

THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

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April, 1932

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CLASS OF '33

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WHO'S WHO IN THE ALEMBIC

Frank G. Shea, '32, who appeared in the November number of the Alembic, as an Open Letter writer, returns this time with a scholarly article that may or may not coincide with your own views on the World Court, the League of Nations and such international alliances. Whether you agree or not, you will admit that Mr. Shea has some arguments that cannot be laughed out of court. His home, as we announced once before, is now in Providence.

We could find no one who would say that there was no reason in what Mr. Shea says but Martin L. Tracey, '32, seems to have plausible arguments for a less critical view of international unions. something has been accomplished by the international leagues, even if that something has not been the outlawing of war. Tracey's paper is not, therefore, an answer to that of his fellow student, but certainly takes a position not in entire agreement with the stand in "The Mirage of Internationalism." We have remarked before that Mr. Tracey is from Providence and is a respected Senior.

The gossip of the school, William D. Hayton, '34, deserves to have something told about him. He comes by his columning naturally as he belongs to a newspaper family, located in Pittsfield, Mass. (the Heart of the Berkshires). Where and how he collects all his information we cannot imagine, as he is very studious, and to the best of our knowledge, never frequents the places he writes about.

The playlet, Tomorrow, which we offer this month, is the first of the small dramas which were submitted in the contest announced last December. The author is a Junior, Charles E. Mulhearn, and some of his histrionic knowledge was acquired through association with the Pyramid Players, in whose work he has taken part. His play suggests the touch, if not the mature ability and genius, of Eugene O'Neill, and is to be censured for only one thing, we believe, its brevity.

In such times of stress as we are now enduring, a thoughtful paper like Martin McDonald's study of the Massachusetts Board for Workmen's Compensation is welcome and encouraging. Its stiffens us a bit and drives out some of that suspicion that all our economic and industrial legislation is the result of unwise and careless planning. McDonald is equipped to speak of what Massachusetts has done and is doing in this work, first because he lives in Fall River and, secondly, because he is a scholar and uses his mind on every question.

We thank Thomas A. Nestor, '32, for presenting us with the arguments to be used should anyone ever lure us into a discussion of that moot question: Which is the more beautiful, man or woman? Only a philosopher like Nestor, with a quick imagination, could steer so cleverly through the dilemmas that meet the investigator at every step in that dangerous problem.

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Adam and Eve—and Beauty

By

Thomas A. Nestor, '32

I THINK I may say without fear of contradiction that man—and I mean the human being—is the most beautiful of all God's handiwork, but it is with trepidation that I approach the age-old problem of attempting to discover which gender is the more beautiful.

Many and learned have been the supporters of either side of this discussion. "To Eve," contends one faction, represented by the Mohametans, "God gave two-thirds of all beauty." Opposing philosophers have smiled and directed attention to the birds, the beasts, the butterflies; gleefully they point out that the plumage of the first, the coats of the second and the wings of the third are ever so much more striking and pleasing to the eye in the male of the species.

But in attributing a preponderance of beauty to the female of the human species and in giving as their reason women's taming influence upon her (sometimes) savage mate, have not these upholders of feminine loveliness ignored many of the essentials of Beauty? That woman exerts a powerful influence over man cannot be denied. That this influence is often for the better and is essential to the normal condition of human affairs, is equally obvious. But that by reason of her ability to instill tenderness and hope and love and serenity in the coarser breast of her men-folk she be apportioned the more beauty is open to grave question.

On the other hand, are we justified, after our observations among the lower animals, in drawing the conclusion that because the color scheme of the males is brighter and more attractive to the eye, the male is really the more beautiful? Is not this the type of pulchritude which is justly referred to as being but "skin-deep"? I dare say many will support my contention that though the male be more easily discernible and more readily exclaimed over, there is a true type of beauty in the instinctive mother-love of the female. But to return to the fundamental point of

the question, Adam and his Eve.

"Beauty," runs the ancient text from mythology, "rides on a lion." Translating this to "Beauty rests on strength and necessity," we gather that the men of old believed that beauty is based on simplicity and that a thing is more or less beautiful according as it preserves more or less economy in its essence. Indeed, we find this the basis of St. Thomas' idea of beauty. Its three essentials, states this eminent philosopher, are integrity, amplitude and proportion.

But we discover that in both Adam and Eve the perfect man and the perfect woman, these three requirements are equally present, for each requisite must be present in that degree fitting the nature of the individual. For example, although we find that man's amplitude is greater than woman's, we understand it is woman's nature to be smaller, and that she possesses completely the magnitude which is her due. Our problem, consequently, becomes one which involves abstracting from the natures of both man and woman, and regarding each simply as a human being, if we can hope to discover which is the more truly beautiful.

Which, we first ask, has the more integrity, the greater perfection or completeness? Adam has been gifted with the more powerful body while Eve, we must as readily admit, has certainly the

more peaceful and loving disposition. Each is endowed with qualities which the other lacks, and each is really, from one point of view, incomplete without the other. Should we then regard man and woman mated as a single individual of the human species? This can hardly be, for each has a human soul. Therefore, we must rest this first quality equally distributed. Eve has integrity as surely as has Adam.

Which has the more amplitude? "Adam—it is quite evident," gloats one faction. But their opponents cry: "Hold! Although we are attempting to abstract from masculine and feminine genders, can we disregard the nature of woman and the divine intention that she be smaller than man?" We must also remember, as we pointed out above, that each has an individual soul and a peculiar "ego," and we cannot justly adopt the masculine stature as the true form of all human amplitude. Can we not as honestly claim woman's size the more perfect and man's as an over-bulky and bulbous nature which detracts from rather than augments his beauty? Hastily, we assign again to each an equal amplitude and turn desperately to the last quality to discover the vein of distinction.

Is Adam a more fitly proportioned human being than Eve? Here again we are faced with the difference in nature. As often as one faction exclaims over the beauty and symmetry of the perfectly developed masculine body the other defiantly acclaims the perfection and grace in the softer, more rounded and more delicate curves of the feminine counterpart. And who shall say that either the one or the other body is the more beautiful? Of course, we must consider more than mere bodies. We have not advanced in that direction the mental equivalent of three paces before we are snagged by another dilemma. We picture, first the mother of mankind, her soul shining in her eyes with the joy of self-sacrificing motherhood; and

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Interlude

By

Albert J. Hoban, '32

PERHAPS it is the strange position in which I find myself that makes the man interesting. It may be that if he were my friend, a complete knowledge of his life would be even more engaging than the sparse and sketchy view I now have of it. However, I write this account primarily because I feel that the narration of those facts with which I am familiar will make manifest, at least to some degree, the character and purpose of the man.

Including our first meeting, the three years of our odd intimacy, my return after an extended absence and the subsequent dénouement, the whole affair embraced about five years. And although particularly during the initial period, we were daily in the most familiar circumstances imaginable, to this hour not one word of greeting has been advanced or acknowledged by either of us. We are, to the eyes of society, complete strangers.

When I first saw the man the circumstances were as dramatic as they were sad. He was in a funeral procession making its way haltingly down the centre aisle from the altar of the Cathedral. He was in the position of chief mourner and just as he passed me the organ emitted a final, sharp, pealing chord that seemed to sever forever the union of the house of God and the dead body being wheeled from it. The sound drew his attention and, as though he would admonish that cruel instrument, he looked upward. As he did so his body was completely in shadow, but the light from the gallery shining over the railing caused his face to glow against the dark abysmal distances above and behind it. And what I could see of him looked for all the world like a luminous, disunited head floating about in the gloom and dominated by a pair of magnificent eyes. Large, eloquent eyes that expressed only too well the struggle going on within his saddened heart. They spoke of vast imponderable weights pressing down on him, of intangible things whose very lack of definition make

them more depressing and intolerable. But one quality they revealed more than any other, the quality of resignation which was so appropriate and logical in the place where I saw him. For the very essence of resignation is that we resign to God.

In a moment he had passed outward on his weary way and I was thoroughly convinced that I would never see him again. I was greatly mistaken, for that momentary revelation which I had of his innermost heart was to form but the foundation of a most complete and tragic synthesis. I finished my distracted prayers and left the Cathedral.

It was my custom to make a visit to some church almost every day, due more to habit and convenience than to any ascetic impulse. I worked directly across the street from the Cathedral and my tasks were so arranged that I had plenty of time to drop in and say a few prayers. During the course of these visits I noted the appearance and characteristics of almost all who visited the Church, so that when an unfamiliar face presented itself, like a fictitious Prefect of Police, I would immediately catalogue it. Such occurred when the morning after the funeral I saw the principal of that sad event get up, a few pews from me, and blessing himself, make an exit. This time I saw him more completely than I had the day before.

He was somewhat stooped and inclined to the rotund, but possessed withal a rather fine physique. Roughly, I would say that he was not more than forty years old. His features, heavy and expressive, had about them unmistakable signs of hard-earned success. As he came up to where I was kneeling I noticed that he walked in the exact center of the aisle with an unfamiliar evenness of stride. It was evident that the church was not his usual haunt. Even his clothes were of another realm. They were too precise, too well-fitted, too immaculate for one who often knelt in the virtuous dust of the Cathedral.

Considering the totality of his appearance I finally concluded that he was a man of the world, brought back to religion by the death of a dear one. I was not far wrong.

From that day onward for the whole three years during which I remained in the vicinity I was to see that man in the Cathedral almost every time I entered. He was to become as familiar to me as the very altar itself. I was to watch him age as I would watch a flower or a child grow. Kneeling there in my pew I little thought how much would later be revealed to me about that man, and at the time I was no more inquisitive concerning his life than one of the eyeless statues looking down upon him.

When the blow which caused his conversion suddenly descended upon him the man must have retired from business. I surmise this much after a consideration of subsequent knowledge. At any rate, it would have been quite impossible for him to spend as much time as he did in church unless he had forsaken the commercial world. I can readily recall several instances where he visited churches as many as three or four times during one day. And in connection with the evidence of these frequent visits I have myself something of a confession to make. As the months passed and I became more interested in this man, I found myself looking for him every time I entered a church. I was so seldom disappointed that it reacted, and after a while, I actually took an occult pleasure in finding him absent. It resolved itself into a kind of game for me. I often entered a church just to surprise him, and it was in the pursuance of this stupid and almost sacrilegious pastime that I found him three or four times in different churches on the same day as I have recounted above.

The few occasions on which I saw him on the street he was invariably alone. Such an unaccompanied existence is due usually to one of two things. Either the man is desirous of but unable to

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The Mirage of Internationalism

By
Frank G. Shea, '32

THIS question of internationalism, it seems to me, is not merely a question of a desirable end which will ultimately be attained, something which will mark another milestone in the progress of civilization, like the electric light or the steam engine. Rather is it a problem which at the very outset is unsolvable and any time devoted to it with a hope of solution is time wasted. This, you will say, is an arresting statement and demands proof. I think the following evidence legitimately supports my conclusion.

According to Dr. Haas in "Man and Society" internationalism is based on the fact that all peoples of the world possess a common humanity. Yet, whatever internationalism is based upon, whether it be the greed of international bankers, the ambition of soldiers, a principle of Communism or "the fact that all peoples possess a common humanity"—this union represents only a means to an end. The end of internationalism is the abolition of war and if the end is proved unattainable we certainly must admit the inadequacy of the means. It shall be my object to prove that the end is unattainable by means of first, the records of history; second, the actuality of current history, and finally the evidence of reason.

What does history testify concerning the possibility of realizing internationalism? The nearest approach to internationalism was when Alexander the Great desired to Hellenize the entire world and wept by the banks of an oriental river because there were no more nations to conquer; or, when Augustus Caesar planted the Roman Eagle on every tower-top of civilization; or, when Napoleon almost accomplished his ambition to make the world his footstool and France his throne. Other than these instances—which show war, and devastating war, employed as a means—there has never been any period of history which might be termed internationalistic.

Now, it is logical to ask, of what avail has been our most recent

and—in the opinion of Dr. Haas—"our most pretentious plan for promoting international amity and welfare that has ever been created"—the League of Nations? In the words of Rev. Fr. Coughlin, whose rapier strokes at the cloak of international hypocrisy have stirred a nation, "the unrest of Europe and the industrial distress of the world are traceable in great part to the illegitimate cradle of

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the Treaty of Versailles, which only made a mockery of peace.

"If Russia established its Third Internationale, conservative Europe kept step with it in the establishment of a League of Nations. If Russia clumsily renounced its foreign obligations, the League of Nations adroitly accomplished the same thing through the establishment of a League Court which claims the authority to legislate for all its members on matters of immigration, of tariff and of other affairs of international character. This internationalism is a greater menace to our prosperity than is the type advocated by the Communist.

"Identified both with the League of Nations and with the World Court is this new Colossus called

the International Bank, which to all advertised purposes exists to facilitate the payment of war debts.

"But in the minds of many there is another story behind its illegitimate birth. It is a story in which are woven the name of the J. P. Morgan Banking Company, the company which is the fiscal agents of Great Britain, of France, of Belgium and of Italy; the name of Montague Norman, Governor of the Bank of England; the names of certain gentlemen in our Federal Reserve Bank, which is a depository for practically eight thousand smaller banks throughout the United States. Acting in collusion, these men succeeded in lowering American money to three and one-half per-cent; then exported more than five hundred million dollars in gold to Europe despite the fact that the Honorable Louis T. McFadden, the Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Finance of the United States House of Representatives, calls this last transaction very questionable insofar as it appears to be beyond the spirit of the law which created the Federal Reserve System."

This certainly is a far cry from the "common bond of humanity" of which Dr. Haas so trustingly speaks. Fr. Coughlin concludes with the prophetic words which have been realized today (his discourse was delivered in 1930): "Now that our gold has been poured into Europe these same international bankers of Wall Street and Washington are anxious that our nation shall surrender its independence by becoming a member of 'The Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations.' This means that we become identified with that same useless tool during whose brief existence we have experienced so many revolutions and so much unrest. I refer to the League of Nations, whose future is very questionable."

The above, as I have previously stated, was written in 1930. Now, let us see what is written concern-

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Can We Banish War?

By
Martin L. Tracey, '32

I THINK it was Kipling who said, "Their only weapon, the Sword, unsheathed and uncontrolled." Down through the ages this has been the procedure of nations, their only method of ironing out their difficulties. But we have progressed, despite the opinions of iconoclasts. There can be no doubt that our civilization is due in no small manner to mechanical inventions, progressive education and unprecedented luxuries which gave to man a desire to get ahead. Concurrent with these steps has run the interdependence of national states. International trade, international industries, drug traffic, markets for surplus—all these and more have been primary factors in bringing other countries to our doorstep.

Over and above the feeling of neighborliness, there has spread throughout the Earth that unavoidable and unquenchable wrangling, for there are disputes amongst the best of neighbors and in the best of families. In modern times, however, the feeling that a war which disturbs world peace is a matter of world concern has developed. Misunderstandings between nations are bound to occur just as between individuals. Most of these are settled by diplomacy, mediation, commissions of investigation and conciliation.

Nevertheless, arbitration, in general, has failed, for up to the present treaties of this nature have not been compulsory. "Vital interests," "national honor," and "independence" clauses have been inserted in most of these pacts, and war possibilities still prevail. In the case of dissatisfaction either one party or the other have been forced to resort to war.

We can not deny the fact that such institutions as the Hague Tribunal, the World Court, the League of Nations, and the Central American Tribunal have been efficacious in the settling of arbitral and judicial controversies. The present attitude of nations makes the absolute outlawing of war an impossibility, but such juridical bodies as the aforementioned

have confined war possibilities to strictly non-legal disputes.

"Can there be such a thing as a non-legal dispute?" Much to our sorrow, we, citizens of the world, must admit that there can, for a complete system covering all possible international disagreements does not exist today. There is a series of more or less organized rules of conduct between nations, but it covers only a limited field and does not compel the acquiescence of the parties involved. Its scope does not even embrace some of the most fundamental problems, though it is steadily being widened and it may confidently be expected that international law of the future will be an extensive and all-inclusive system making it no longer necessary to turn to war as our ultimate refuge.

Many plans have been set forth, and it is just that we mention the "World State" and the "World Association." The "World Association" is the most feasible, for a "World State" would restrict our national domestic operations. With this plan is coupled the idea of a capital city in which would reside a governing body for the purpose of making laws and settling international arguments. But we can not guarantee that a national government would carry out the decree of such an association; public sanction backs the execution of all written laws. The people of a nation would be the keepers of their sister nations in a "world state."

M. Tardieu, that great French

diplomat, offered to the conference at Geneva the suggestion that the States of the world place at the disposal of a World Permanent Court of Justice a specific and proportionate number of men, fighting ships and fighting planes to enforce their judgments. This, in his opinion, is the only alternative if all nations do not totally disarm.

In spite of the fact that my knowledge of such matters is limited and my insignificance in international affairs is apparent, I do not think it amiss for me to offer a suggestion. In my opinion a medium must be struck. I would join Mr. Tardieu's plan with the "World Association" theory. To explain, all national states would be subject to a world capital city with a governing body for the purpose of settling disputes and passing judgment on affairs of international concern. At the disposal of this governing body would be fighting forces supplied by all states to enforce and support its decrees. The obligations would then be compulsory.

Since a comparison of the state with the individual seems to be in vogue, and since, also, individuals are punishable for murder, the only conclusion that I can reach is that war or mass slaughter is a crime and that punishment should be a natural consequence. It may not be possible to outlaw war completely but with the progress that has resulted from various treaties there exists a hope that it may become so rare as to constitute an unusual and unimportant occurrence. However, we are recovering from the dreadful and disastrous effects of the greatest war the world has ever known and the fear of a greater tragedy forces us to take measures for the prevention of this terrible affliction. The Sino-Japanese conflict has shown us that present remedies are inadequate and we must find something which will not only replace for the present the League of Nations but will stand for all times as a boon to humanity, a prohibitor of war, and a just and impartial institution for controlling international relations.



Tomorrow

A Playlet

By
Charles E. Mulhearn, '33

The Characters

MARTIN CURTESS—middle-aged. He wears khaki trousers, grey open-necked shirt, and high boots.

SARAH CURTESS—Martin's wife. A few years younger than the husband. Sarah wears a figured house-dress and apron.

BOB—a son. He is dressed in a light suit, sport coat and felt hat. At his first entrance he carries a Gladstone bag.

LOUISE—a daughter. A teacher in a near-by school. About twenty-one years of age . . . her attire is in conformity with her age.

JACOB CURTESS—Martin's brother. A man past sixty years of age. He wears a dark coat, suit and felt hat.

(As the curtain rises the scene presented is the living room of a country home. There are three entrances, one at the right-forward leading from the outside of the house. A large window is a few feet to the right of this entrance. At the left-forward a corresponding door leads upstairs, and in the back-centre another door opens into the dining room. The atmosphere is one of restfulness and hospitality. Near the centre of the room stands a medium sized table on which there is a lamp, books, ash-tray, etc. Several chairs and a couch are placed about the room. The overhangings on the window are old-fashioned looking; braided rag-carpet and a large rug cover the floor. Modern conveniences have invaded the place because electric lights take the place of oil-lamp or candles, and a telephone is on a small up-to-date table in the right corner. There are a few old paintings in the room and other pieces that would necessarily be found in any country home . . . conch shells, guns on the wall, etc.)

SARAH is sewing in a rocking chair by the table. The left-centre door opens and MARTIN enters . . . she looks up and speaks.

SARAH—(softly) Hello, Martin, did you want something?

MARTIN—(slowly) Just wondering if Bob came home while I was out.

SARAH—No, dear, he hasn't. In his last letter to us he said he would get here in the afternoon. Don't you remember?

MARTIN—(impatiently) I wish he wouldn't take so much time in coming home.

SARAH—Is it anything very important?

MARTIN—No, but what he could help me accomplish today would leave more time to do something else tomorrow.

SARAH—Bob will be here in a little while, I know.

MARTIN—(pondering) There is a great deal to be done. Those trees at the end of the land must come down so there'll be lumber to put a new roof on the old barn next spring (in a more scheming tone) . . . and a new roof on the barn would mean greater housing space for more cattle, (slowly) and more cattle means greater profit.

(As MARTIN finishes these lines, SARAH who had been watching him intently, now bows her head as though thinking about his words . . . MARTIN looks at her for a moment and then advances toward the door, right-forward.)

MARTIN—I'm going down to the storing barn to work on the new floor; there's no use wasting time here.

SARAH—(rising and going up to MARTIN) Wait, dear. You know you're working too hard lately . . . we're not as young as we used to be, Martin. Why not live more con-

tentedly and be satisfied? You have done well enough . . . Louise teaching school, Bob in college, and we have enough money in the bank to live comfortably for the rest of our lives.

MARTIN—But these things must be done!

SARAH—(pleadingly) Couldn't you hire a man and let him take care of all those details that worry you so much? Why not live in the present and provide for the future? Please do it for your own sake as well as mine.

MARTIN—No, Sarah,—you don't understand. A woman doesn't see these things in the right way . . . they must be done because the future demands them.

SARAH—(urgently) That's just it . . . you are doing these things not for what satisfaction the present will give, but for what the future will bring . . . your eyes are always on the horizon of to-morrow.

(SARAH walks slowly to the table as MARTIN speaks.)

MARTIN—I don't know why you worry so . . . I'm healthy and willing to work.

SARAH—You're willing enough to work, Martin, and perhaps you do look well and feel strong, but you're not living as happily as you should and you know it . . . you're driving yourself ahead of—(She pauses for a moment and then says slowly) Martin, I don't understand . . . why does everything you do lately seem so unimportant?

MARTIN—Do you call building a new floor in the barn unimportant? . . . painting the house and constructing fences unimportant? They have to be done . . . do you call them unnecessary?

SARAH—Yes, Martin, I do, and you feel it, too, because while you're laboring at one thing you're planning something else . . . neither your heart, mind, nor spirit is in the moment . . . can't you see how unnecessary these things are?

MARTIN (rather angrily) You're talking nonsense, Sarah! I know what I'm doing.

SARAH (continuing as though MARTIN hadn't said a word) It seems that your happiness lies only in the future. Your present is packed with the doing of so many things in which you find no pleasure . . . except that you stack up and form a stairway to to-morrow.

MARTIN—I'm sorry, but we've wasted all this time talking about nothing at all. (He opens the door.) Why, I'd be down to the barn by now working fast on the job . . . send Bob down if it's not too late. (He goes out right-forward. A few seconds after MARTIN has gone SARAH goes to the window as though watching him as he passes down the road—she shakes her head sadly.)

SARAH—If it's not . . . too late.

(SARAH then walks to the table, picks up the sewing basket and leaves the room through back-centre, pressing the electric light button on the right-hand side. Only the table lamp is lighted and it sheds a dim light. A few moments elapse; someone is heard at the right-forward door, the knob turns and BOB and JACOB CURTESS walk into the room.)

BOB—Well, well . . . one dim light is better than none at all.

JACOB—It's welcoming anyway.

BOB—(as he walks to the button) Take off your things, Uncle . . . I'll put them upstairs as soon as we brighten the place up a bit. (Lights.)

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EDITORIALS

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COLLEGE JOURNALISM

The extent to which literary publications are multiplying and increasing their sphere of influence in our American colleges is well illustrated by the recent publication of the first issue of *The World Student Mirror*. The paper is being sponsored by the National Student Federation of America with a view to arousing interest among American students in subjects of daily occurrence in which the average educated man should naturally be interested. The paper is a forum for discussion of campus as well as extra-campus affairs and the sponsors believe that it is destined to have a profound influence on the shaping of student opinion throughout the country.

As a writer in the *March Alembic*

very pointedly observed, there is perhaps no one thing quite so characteristic of the average American college student as his complacent lack of interest in anything beyond the pale of his scholastic, athletic, or social activities. Such a condition is the more lamentable in a Liberal Arts college when one considers that the very purpose of such an institution is to broaden the student's horizon to include a survey of every field of human interest.

It is such a condition that every college publication ultimately hopes to eliminate—*The Alembic* has struggled towards that objective for twelve years with what success it is not for us to say—and in such a work we wish *The World Student Mirror* the best of luck.

HOW IMPORTANT ARE ELECTIVES?

If there is one thing that completely negatives a college education for any student, it is a lack of aim. We hazard the guess that not more than half the students enrolled in this college are even remotely aware in what sphere of activity they expect to engage after they receive the baccalaureate. Without an end in view the program of studies offered by any institution is impotent to produce results. It is true that the course offered in a Liberal Arts college such as Providence does not provide for intensive professional study, and this on the theory that the individual who aspires to a business or professional career must first of all be a man and educated as such. The College does, however, offer specialized pre-professional courses which may be

elected and taken in addition to studies of a purely liberal nature. Such electives are designed to be taken as introductory courses and afford adequate groundings in the field in which the individual intends to specialize.

Now the question arises as to what is the importance of electives. They are emphatically not courses whose value consists solely in the number of hours they add to a student's schedule. Either they are to be taught as a part of the regular program of studies to which they must ultimately bear an integral relationship or they should not be offered at all. The indiscriminate selection of elective courses is an evil which should not be tolerated in any institution of higher learning. The student who is seeking the easiest way out and whose interest lies in an accumulation of credit hours rather than in intellectual cultivation will obviously take advantage of such elastic requirements. Electives are designed for a particular purpose a departure from which renders the entire program ineffective. Higher education, then, is only for students who have a serious purpose. In the words of Dr. Lowell, the Liberal Arts college is "a good place only for students with definite intellectual interests." It is not a mere finishing school, a place where that mysterious "Open Sesame" to great opportunities—a college education—can be bought on time. It is a school of life.



Protect the Worker!

By

Martin J. McDonald, '32

THESE are many ways in which the state and federal governments have taken care of injured employees in the past but the most important step ever taken by any state to help the ordinary worker was taken many years ago by the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts. As it leads every state in the enactment of sane laws it also leads the world in laws which protect and govern industry. There is not one state in the union which does not copy at some time or another during the course of a single year some law of Massachusetts in regards to industrial accidents.

The principle way in which all of the states have pushed forward legislation in this regard is through the establishment of industrial accident commissions having for its main object the proper payment of compensation to the injured worker. The statutes which are known as the Workmen's Compensation acts, while alike in the object sought, are so numerous and so varied in details of administration that any attempted definition of them must of necessity be general in its terms. However, a Workmen's Compensation act may be broadly defined as a statute providing that in case of an injury to an employee when the employment, the injury, and the employee or his dependents shall be within the operation of the act an amount to be determined in accordance with a fixed schedule will be paid and the payment must be direct and entire and be in substitution for all other remedies if any existing to the employee and employer.

We will limit ourselves, in this discussion, to the workings of the Industrial Accident Board of Massachusetts. We will study it in itself and in its great work amongst the great army of the employed.

The board is only eighteen years old yet it affects millions of people in that state. Its establishment has reduced the number of torts in our courts. It has turned the tables on existing laws in the towns and cities. It protects the infant and

covers all branches of public welfare. It is here to stay.

The national and international aspects of the workings of the board are found in its origin in the old German legal system brought back to life in England and newly clothed by the Massachusetts legislature. Whether the robe fits or not; whether the procedure by which Massachusetts compensates employees for their injuries is a good one; whether the system surpasses those of Europe and those of other states who have copied it is a matter for study. We will at least open up the field for discus-



sion by showing the workings of this board.

It has been said that the Massachusetts Workmen's Compensation Act is a practical measure designed for use amongst a practical people. It has also been said that the Board administers this law in a practical way. This is not the opinion of the board but one rendered by members of the Supreme Court of the U. S. after careful investigation of the workings of a typical board (Mass.). No so called "red tape measures" are allowed. Insurance companies are asked to make prompt payments and they generally cooperate with the board. The injured man has his case before the board where it is tried and if

he is found on the right side they demand settlement for him and such settlement follows within a few days. These payments are made so rapidly and regularly that the state is envied all over the world in this regard.

The Board has adopted the language of the State Supreme Court and has followed out the law to the greatest degree. The basic principle of the law is that the cost of injuries incidental to modern industry should be treated as a cost of production. It was the beginning of a new type of legislation dealing with a class of cases involving an infinite variety of circumstances. Its purpose was to substitute a method of accident insurance in place of the common law rights and liabilities of substantially all employees. It is a humanitarian measure enacted to a strong public sentiment that the remedies afforded by actions of tort at common law had failed to accomplish that measure of protection against injuries and of relief in case of accident which it was believed should be afforded the workman. When an employer takes out a policy of insurance to provide for the payment of insurance under this act the obligation of the insurer is as broad as the law. The Act is not designed to be accepted in part and rejected in part. All the terms of the Act are framed upon the basis that the employer is either wholly within or altogether outside its operation. There is no exception to this rule and the Massachusetts Board has held firmly to it.

The board from the very beginning approached its task of administering and interpreting this important piece of social legislation with the fullest appreciation of its humane purpose and aims. The entire trend of the decisions of the members of the Board, of the Board as a reviewing body, and of the Court itself, indicates a sympathetic and just conception of the principles underlying this great humanitarian law, in the administration of which the soundest judgment and discrimination have been

(Continued on Page 19)

CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



First of all we would like to make an apology . . . we were unaware of the fact that this publication reached the Nashua sweetheart of George Tebbetts . . . We wouldn't for

the world have mentioned about all the girls he travels around with down here if we had known that . . . it would certainly be what is known as a dirty trick to let her in on his friend in Pawtucket . . . in this city . . . and the other one in Pawtucket . . . Fortunately his mother does not read this for we would be afraid to tell about the games he plays in class . . . Never mind "Teb" . . . Reilly likes to play "Ding Dong" too . . .

Speaking of Reilly, boys, how did you like that shirt Eddie wore throughout the whole month of March . . . it appears as though an appropriate name for you, Edward, would be "Shirts" . . . Our idea of the well-dressed man would be one wearing that shirt, Callahan's summer suit . . . and Power's white shoes . . .

That was a good one the girl pulled on Ollie Roberge over at Froebel Hall the other night they were dancing and got to talking . . . says Roby "I'm the catcher on the ball club . . . and the center on the basketball team . . . and an end on the football team" . . . "Gosh!" said the fair one to her girl friend after the dance, "I was just dancing with Mr. Providence College!"

Danny Galasso sure is a funny kid . . . he had to know the Commandments for religion class . . . Ac-

ording to Eddie Koslowski all he had to learn was the first ten, for he knew the rest . . . Ed happened to be reading over Dan's paper and when he arrived at the ninth he was dumbfounded to see "Thou shalt comfort your neighbor's wife." . . .

It is our opinion that Freddy Amore takes the cake in the matter of phoning . . . it is reported that he spent more than two hours and a half conversing one night after supper . . . Johnny Iannotti insists that he was not on the other end of the line . . .

We had the good fortune to ride home in Frank Reavey's car from Lowell . . . it was good fortune only because we thought at first that we would have to walk . . . we suspected that Dick Bracken was pretty good . . . and we knew that Tom O'Brien was good at throwing the well known bull . . . but Eddie Reilly brings home the bacon when it comes to such a contest . . . Now honestly "Shirts" did you think that we took in all that you told us from Lowell to Providence . . . Maybe you weren't quite as much of a hero in high school as you said you made out . . . Now were you?

Don't get the idea gentlemen that we cannot be serious . . . We are always willing to give advice where it is needed and we know that Dan Kenny is in dire need of some right now . . . You are but a freshman, Daniel . . . the book of etiquette states emphatically that a student, particularly a freshman, should not keep company with the girl friend of an instructor . . .

"Bingo" Doyle, as we expected came through again . . . started on a ride to New Bedford all alone . . . at Fox Point he had company and a mile farther on he was alone again . . . ask Bingo if he remem-

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bers the time someone said, "I ain't talking to you?"...

It appears as though Danny Galasso may take Bingo's place as the "leading lady" of this column if the latter doesn't pep up a bit... However, we don't know if the following is a joke on Kos or Dan... Kos presented Dan with a dollar to purchase some Lydia Pinkham's for him...Needless to say Dan went...it's a joke all right...But was Kos kidding Dan...or was Dan just a step ahead and knew that Kos wanted a bottle...they have an awful time at that house..

Some more friendly advice would be to tell "Red" McLean where and where not to take that girl of his...it's all right to exhibit her "Red"...but for goodness sakes never bring her to a mixer where lads like Trainor are around...She must have made a hit though, "Red," for Tebbetts...and Reilly...and Bracken...and Hyte all moved over to that side...Koslow-ski didn't move...he was there already...

Dan Kenny and "Yacha" Keegan

sure are a gullible pair...they receive a telephone call and they immediately think that they're real popular...She tells them to meet her at a certain place...they were there, of course...but where was the member of the weaker sex... It's a big change from St. Michael's to P. C., isn't it, Keeg?...We won't hold you responsible, though Dan as a first year man is not supposed to know any better...

"Dink," our correspondent, made a visit to R. I. C. E...and what do you think he found?...Conaty's girl wearing Ed's weskit during physical training period...did you have to go home weskitless one night, Edward?...

The visit to the asylum is by now an old story...but it cannot go by without some mention here... Things like one of our Revs. being called Billy Sunday...and Drommy begging a hot dog in the kitchen...and Joe Maguire trying to harmonize with a new acquaintance...and Howie Norback, grief-stricken, attempting to throw some Logic at the boys...

Gainor, Glennon and Motta went out on a date...nothing unusual there... "Chick" and Johnny tramped the girls home to the center of the city, a half hour walk... nothing unusual there...they were broke...still nothing unusual... but when the girls left them in the middle of the street and took a cab home themselves...and "Chug" got in with them and took them home...that struck us funny... The captain and the manager, the heroes of the school left flat... that's one for the books...The joke is on you, Glennon...Gainor had money all the time...The moral is a wise guy always gets it in the neck...

The purpose of this column is not to nickname the boys...that is unless they bring it upon themselves... "Mocha" Doyle, for instance, who has more nicknames than he has pounds...just has to be christened "One Punch"...just as Jim Guilfoyle is from now on "One Round"...and Paul Power is "Snozz"...

(Continued on Page 17)

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ATHLETICS

By George Tebbetts, '34

Baseball in the Offing



Graduate Manager John E. Farrell has announced the baseball schedule for the Spring which has begun with such a wintry outlook. Although the cold and rain have prevented

the candidates from engaging in the most rudimentary practice thus far, it is not considered a serious handicap to our expected fortunes. On Tuesday, March 29th, the first limbering up exercises will be held and although that will allow Coach Jack Flynn only 19 days to select his team for the opening game with Lowell Tech, we feel confident, from what he has done in the past that Coach Flynn will have a well prepared squad ready when the umpires sound the well known "Play Ball!"

It will be observed that the highlight of the season about to get under way is the contest schedules against the Boston Red Sox at Hendricken Field on May 24th. Originally it was planned to bring the big leaguers, the first Major league outfit the Friars ever engaged, here before their regular season opened. When that was impossible, the amiable Bob Quinn, Red Sox owner, consented to stop over in Providence between two of his regular games and the result is as attractive a contest ever placed upon our list.

The schedule welcomes back St. Michael's College of Vermont, one of the strong contestants of our old days, and lists also the regular

recurring games with Holy Cross, Boston College, Brown, Lowell Textile, Manhattan and Yale, all teams which have been beaten in the past only with great effort. They are the bright spots for the fans hereabouts who have begun to understand that the Friars are providing on the baseball diamond, as well as on the basketball court, a brand of play not surpassed by any Rhode Island team. Last year we counted ourselves fortunate to squeeze out a victory over Mt. St. Mary's crack nine, and the Springfield team put up sterling opposition, too. Both are once more on our list of opponents and with them are lined up Boston University, Tufts, New Hampshire and Syracuse, which comes here in the Commencement Day carnival. For Alumni Day the Graduate Manager has arranged a novelty, particularly suitable. Harvard Graduates, headed by the redoubtable Ben Ticknor, will appear against a team composed of our own graduates. This contest, besides bringing here some of Crimson's best diamond stars of former days, will be more of a battle than would be a friendly game between our Varsity and our Alumni.

What are the prospects for 1932? The fact is the team looks so good on paper that a wise man will doubt that everything can evolve as pleasantly as it does in theory. We lost but one man from last year's Eastern College Championship aggregation, Johnny Notte, an infielder. The rest of that very well trained and capable squad will be available, and will moreover be supplemented by some fresh material which is already highly regarded. From last year's squad we will see Pitchers Quinton, Blanche, Connors, Buckley, Page, Breen and Burdge; Catchers, Teb-

betts, Roberge, Welch, Ward and Foster; Infielders Perrin, Motta, Corbett, Hamill, Demoe, Morrison, Wright, Matassa, Reilly, Janas, Dion, McCormac and Bleiler; and in the outfield such capables as Captain George Sellig, Marsella, Koslowski, Griffin, Rennick, Drumgoole, LeBlanc, Cannon, Murphy and Norbach. We will mention none of the newcomers. Their name is legion and we cannot decide without seeing them in the field who are worthy all their friends say of them and who are overrated. Suffice it to say, if any of them live up to their advance notices, the seasoned veterans of last year's play will find themselves playing part time or warming the bench.

The schedule for the Varsity is as follows:

'Varsity—(games at home unless specified otherwise): April 16, Lowell Textile; 22, Pratt Institute at Brooklyn, N. Y.; 23, Manhattan at New York City; 30, Springfield; May 3, New Hampshire at Durham, N. H.; 5, Mt. St. Mary's College; 7, City College of New York; 11, Boston College at Boston; 14, Brown at Aldrich Field; 18, Yale at New Haven, Conn.; 19, Manhattan; 21, Brown at Aldrich Field; 24, Red Sox (exhibition game); 27, St. Michael's College; 28, Tufts College at Medford, Mass.; June 1, Holy Cross; 4, Boston College; 7, Alumni vs. Harvard graduates; 9, (Commencement Day), Syracuse; 11, Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass.

Junior 'Varsity—April 16, Yale Junior 'Varsity at New Haven; 22, Becker College at Worcester; 23, Brown Junior 'Varsity; 30, Assumption College at Worcester; May 3, Bryant-Stratton College; 6, St. John's Prep at Danvers, Mass.; 10, Dean Academy at Franklin, Mass.; 12, Brown Junior 'Varsity at Aldrich Field; 18, Nicholas Junior College at Dudley, Mass.

Goodbye to Basketball

A glance at the campaign just finished on the basketball court indicates that once again our boys may lay a reasonable claim to the New England Basketball championship. Their winter's work was as difficult as that posted for any college team in the Northeast and

they acquitted themselves admirably.

It was a season made up of nineteen thrills and five disappointments, four of which were administered by metropolitan teams, a fact easily understood when we reflect that New York has long been serious about its basketball and has developed the game on a wider scale than most sections of our land. The other defeat was encountered up in Hanover, where Dartmouth proved too good for the Black and White quintet in the opening game of our season. The New York teams which lowered our colors were St. John's of Brooklyn, the collection of former college stars known as the Columbus Club of Brooklyn, and the experts from City College of New

York. The last named team was one of the most brilliant ever seen in action in New England and they put us down in such a workmanlike fashion that we hold our breath when their names are mentioned. We scored clean cut victories over Yale, Harvard, Holy Cross, Springfield, Massachusetts State, Boston University, New Hampshire and Brown, some of them ranked very high among the New England fives.

The Junior Varsity with five victories and one defeat, a loss which was balanced by a win over the same club, and the Freshmen with seven victories in eight attempts, provided some interesting action hereabouts and gave the newer members of the basketball squad a chance to work into the system em-

ployed here. That system, installed by Coach Albert McClellan, is evidently a successful and creditable one. The General, as he is familiarly known, had his hands full this year, for besides losing two of his mainstays of 1931, he had to handle three teams with scheduled games for each, the first triple schedule attempted here. The fact that his teams emerged victorious in thirty-one out of thirty-eight games played is sufficient commentary on his ability and knowledge of this game.



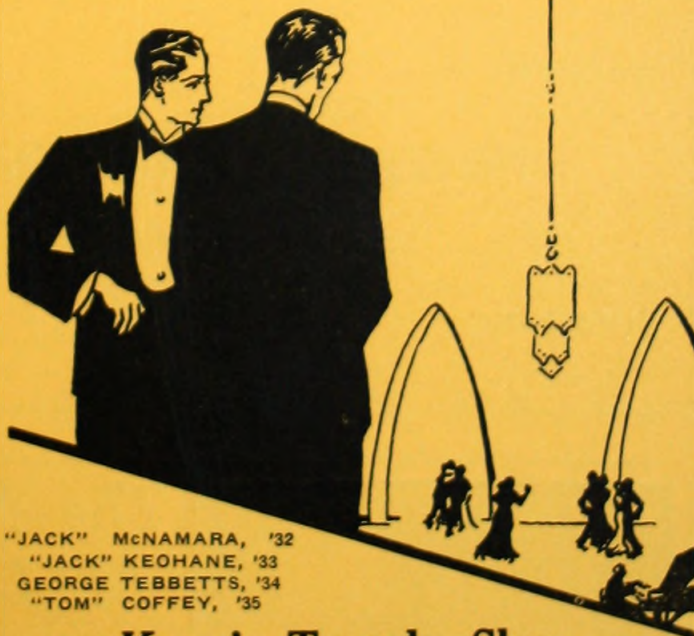
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Adam and Eve—and Beauty

(Continued)

immediately we see Adam, his face aglow with pride, though his body is exhausted with laboring for his loved ones. On one tray of our balance we have the beauty of Abraham Lincoln pouring from his homely, granite-like features, and on the other the imponderable light of a mother's face, however plain in profile, almost seraphically sweet as she sends forth her boy to heroic soldiering.

Should one observe that man is the more capable of maintaining life in himself, one's opponent will inevitably inquire where that man would be had he not a mother, or, for that matter, a father, who in turn must have had a parent of either sex—and so we return once more to Adam and Eve who were equally created by God! Attack it with the exception of woman, and from any angle we will, we find qualities in one sex which are absent in the other, only to discover

corresponding presences and absences of other qualities to strike a more perfect balance.

We attempted at the outset to abstract from masculinity and femininity and to determine only which was the more beautiful human being, but we confess ourself outfaced by the problem. One simply cannot remove from a woman her qualities of womanhood and still have a woman left for investigation, and what remains of a man when his peculiar masculine features have been removed is fully as unsatisfactory as a human being.

Certainly, we cannot reach a solution by roaring that man is the most beautiful of God's creatures—that woman is God's most perfect work—man excepted; that would be pointless and inane. Undoubtedly one is more beautiful than the other as a human being, but it is beyond our power to determine, so to speak, which is which. If the philosopher be a man, either he is

prejudiced in favor of masculine beauty because of that he is better informed by introspection, or he is inclined to favor the other side unreasonably through a sense of chivalry or because of the natural and intrinsic attraction of sex for sex. If the observer be a woman, her problem is similar though reversed.

It is my considered opinion, therefore, that although either the male or the female must be definitely the more beautiful of the human species, it is beyond the capacity of a prejudiced member of either sex to determine which deserves such recognition. At the risk of being termed an idle speculator, I leave the question still to be debated.

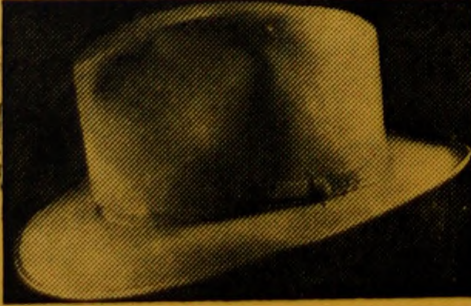
Interlude

(Continued)

hold friends or he wishes to have none. I am quite sure that it was for the latter reason that this individual kept to himself. He was like some hermit in a metropolis, scorning men infinitely more by being in their midst but not of them, than by isolating himself in the most uninhabited of wildernesses.

My intimate knowledge of his habits of prayer stretched over a period of nearly two years and during that interval there took place in the man a physical change equalled only by the complete moral transformation which he underwent. Gradually there evolved from that groomed and tailored success a most pathetic and threadbare failure. Where he once personified business and industrial enterprise he now stalked the streets the incarnation of austerity and sublimity. His round shoulders thinned to curved blades and left his fitted coat behind. The knees of his trousers became bulged and baggy, the toes of his shoes became skinned from frequent kneeling and his hair overgrew its well marked lines, lending to his face an eascetic quality which in some strange way graced it, as knee-deep grass beautifies the ruin of a neglected lawn. Where his face had once been heavy it now became severely lined. In all it was as if a

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holy gloom had come down and enveloped the man, subduing his personality in its cloudy embrace. It still possessed him when I left on my extended trip.

The corporation for which I worked, having acquired a new branch in the Molucca Island, dispatched me to that vicinity "to look the place over and come right back" as the President explained it. The announcement and preparations for the journey followed each other in such quick succession that I had little time to think of my friend, until I was on the boat steaming southward. I don't know what difference it could have made, I would hardly have expected him to wish me bon voyage, but I did feel rather oddly about leaving so suddenly and I wondered if he would be in church when I returned.

After I had been in the islands a short time, it was a foregone conclusion that I would live there at least two years and perhaps three. The branch needed a thorough reorganization and the task appeared the first step in the ladder of my success. However, I let my ardor run away with my judgment, and overwork, aided and abetted by the tropical climate made a physical wreck of me, by the time I had completed the undertaking. Finally, when everything was running smoothly, I was relieved and ordered home. The "look around" had destroyed my health, killed my ambition and consumed two years of my life. I arrived in the city on a Monday morning and after depositing my things in the office, I crossed the street and entered the Cathedral. As I did so I vaguely wondered if I would see my friend. More than once during those scorching tropic years I had thought of him. Perhaps he would be unrecognizable. If his outward disintegration had continued the way it had begun five years ago, I could scarcely hope to know him. If he were alive. There were several funeral coaches parked around the Cathedral as I ascended the stone steps.

The mass had been completed, the priest had just finished the final blessing and the procession was slowly forming down near the

altar. I dropped quietly into one of the pews in the rear. From the moment that the first head and body shaped itself upon the murky background of the shadows, everything was but the re-enactment of a play I had seen before. The actors were the same, the plot was identical, the movement but a repetition of that dramatic occasion when I had first seen the soul of its featured player exposed in the pathos of his welling eyes. The organ once again emitted the chord of severance, the man raised his head and in his face...but there was a difference, the heart revealed by the expression on his countenance was not the same. The weight of weariness had gone, the resignation had been transformed into deliverance. Then the incongruity of the man, looking up, smiling at the organ like a mirthful martyr, struck me. The last act of the play did not follow. It was illogical. Everything had been in the tragic mood. Everything had been leading to a climax of inexorable woe. And here in the finale the principal was smiling, he was happy. The play drew to its discordant end. I left the church and went into the street.

The coaches had not yet disappeared around the corner. Two old crones, nodding their heads together over some bit of gossip about the funeral, drew my attention. I listened.

"Five years old, she was, Jenny, and she never even saw the sun in the heavens. But she's safe now, thank God."

"The blind are as well dead, Nora."

"Her mother died when the little one was born. She didn't know her baby was blind. No one was allowed to tell her. The father said it'd be better that way. He's a fine man, Jenny."

"And a holy man, Nora. They say God answers all his prayers."



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The Mirage of Internationalism

(Continued)

ing this "most pretentious plan for international amity" right now.

I have at my hand a statement which was written March 12, of this present year. It reads, "War in China proves League is worthless. Nations must defend selves." These words are written not by any red radical, not by any enemy of the League—no, they come from one who was one of the chief sponsors of the Versailles Treaty which created the League of Nations. I refer to David Lloyd George, former prime minister of England. His indictment of the League is worth quoting at length.

After stating that both China and Japan were signatories of the League Covenant which pledges them not to resort to war, but to settle all disputes by pacific means, Mr. George makes clear the nature of the hostilities in the Orient: "Pitched battles day after day along the borders of the Interna-

tional Settlement, and at night the glare of a blazing Chinatown bombed incessantly by Japanese planes, could not by any possibility be mistaken for the process of peaceful persuasion or of police protection....

"Yet it is impossible to ignore the fact that Japan's action is an open, flagrant breach of her solemn undertaking under the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact. She bombarded both these sacred documents into indecipherable pulp. Mr. Kellogg himself could not read one word in a Shanghai copy of his own pact. That is a significant and ominous event for the world."

By this time certainly the League should intervene but it seems that such is not the case for Mr. George continues, "China has made repeated appeals to the League, which has now summoned its General Assembly. There is tremendous cackling in the Geneva farmyard but no fertile eggs."

Thundering at the hopeless inadequacy of the League in dealing with the situation Mr. George concludes: "For the League of Nations the whole affair is utterly disastrous. The League exists to stop war and provide the nations with a guarantee against the dangers of war by pledging them to the protection of its members in the case of attack.

"Japan's action in waging open war on China, and the League's inability to take effectual measures to bring Japan to heel, furnish the whole world with a practical demonstration that we are still back in the pre-war, pre-League era, when nations must rely on their own armaments, since evidently if any powerful members of the League chooses to attack its neighbor, the other members will wriggle out of their solemn pledges and find pretexts for doing nothing.

"The attacked nation must defend itself or be overrun and dismembered. It must pin its faith on munitions of war and military alliances. The whole case for disarmament has received a staggering blow."

From one who labored with the same idealistic attitude to establish international amity as Dr. Haas, these words come as a veritable bombshell; and certainly, in the strength of such an authority as David Lloyd George, we shall not be considered rash if we conclude the first two parts of our essayed proof, namely, that the records of history and the actuality of current history testify to the futility of internationalism.

What can we say about internationalism from the aspect of reason? It seems to me that the union of powers, in its attempt to outlaw war, has been playing the fool and has shown itself in something of a rush to occupy a territory where angels might go warily. For conflict, between nations or individuals, is too closely bound up with the perversity of human nature; it is radicated in the very heart of intransigent humanity, and until the Power that made the world sees fit to so order things that war cannot be, it is futile for men to try to stem the flow of

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blood that comes with hostilities on a great scale.

Even though we adopt the attitude of the ostrich which sticks its head in the sand and believes that it is invisible, which is evidenced by the quotation of Dr. Haas concerning the outlawry of war, namely, "It refuses to recognize the institution of war in any language, in any document" yet, war is a tremendous reality and despite the Hague, the League, or the World Court, "to the victor belongs the spoils." Therefore, it behooves any nation which interprets history correctly, which follows the pathway of reason, to value all treaties at exactly their worth—a scrap of paper.

Over and above the reasons I have adduced to prove that there is no valid basis for internationalism except greed and gain and oppression and that it is entirely impractical there is even a greater reason. It appears that the word of God is also involved in this problem. And while we may countenance a man's flying in the face of history and of reason—yet, if that man also flies in the face of God's word we correctly call him a fool. It seems that either knowingly or inadvertently this is precisely what anyone is doing when he pins his faith of peace on a piece of paper rather than pieces of armament. For in the Gospels of Christ it is written, for all the world to read, that when the last day's sun shall rise it shall shine upon a world torn by "wars and rumors of wars."

Checkerboard

(Continued)

Little Jimmy Welch loses his place as the model P. C. boy...far be it from us to say that the diminutive one would frequent places of ill repute...but the fact remains that he was seen at a stag smoker not long ago...since when have you begun to smoke, James?...

Advice to "Sis" Sellig...now, my boy, is the time to flash those knickers of yours...that basketball game was a little too early...and even those classy socks couldn't swing "Tish" in your favor...As an after thought...a

two-mile run in the morning before breakfast cannot put you in condition for baseball... 'cause you stay up too late at night...do we have to tell you again that one doesn't get his full strength until he is of age?...

Suggestion... that the freshmen chip in and buy a white shirt for "Scotch" Lucy... Suggestion No. 2... if he has to wear a black one, that he forget the orange tie... Suggestion No. 3... that Reilly borrow one of Bill Hyte's, his roomie, if he has run out of them... rather than wear that one again...

Brachen double-crosses Reilly... the latter whose rise to social fame has been fully as phenomenal as his rise to basketball prominence invites his captain-elect pal to a relative's home... Dick devours three turkey sandwiches while poor hungry Rile comforts himself with one... and Dick then tells the hostess that the chicken was much

(Continued on Page 20)

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Tomorrow—A Playlet

(Continued)

JACOB—Martin must be getting deaf when he didn't hear you call him as we went by in the car.

BOB—I guess the wind was blowing towards us, and besides I can't even shout loud enough to hear my own echo.

JACOB—You're not quite as bad as that, Bob . . . I remember when you were a little fellow you'd shout so that your mother was forced to do a bit of warming now and then.

BOB—Well, I remember the time when a certain uncle of mine slipped down an old well and did a good bit of shouting himself for a while. Maybe I inherit my lung-power.

JACOB—You've got a pretty good memory, son. *(He picks up a magazine from the table and walks to the couch.)*

BOB—Tell that to my profs, will you? They don't think I can remember even the days of the week. *(Bob picks up his valise, hat and coat, etc., and he starts out left-forward.)* Mother must be somewhere in the neighborhood . . . I'll look for her as soon as I leave these things upstairs.

JACOB—All right, Bob, I'll be waiting here. *(BOB goes out.)* *(JACOB turns a few pages of the magazine and is just settled to read when the back-centre door opens and SARAH comes into the room rather hurriedly. She sees JACOB.)*

SARAH—Oh, it's you, Jacob!

JACOB—Indeed it is, Sarah, and how are you?

SARAH—Very well thank you . . . I was in the farthest and heard voices . . . did Bob come home with you?

JACOB—Yes, he went upstairs with his bag.

SARAH—It will do him good to be home for a few days. *(A pause.)* Did he say that I wanted to speak with you?

JACOB—Yes, he did. That's why I drove him down. *(They smile and then become serious as JACOB continues)* What's it all about, Sarah? Bob?

SARAH—Not Bob, but Martin. *(hesitatingly)* I don't know . . .

JACOB—Nothing has happened—no misunderstandings between you and Martin, I hope?

SARAH—Heaven forbid . . . we have lived happily together for the last twenty-three years, and I hope we are together as long again . . . it's just like this . . . I want you to speak to Martin. He is working too hard. It seems all the time that he is hurrying for the future . . . living for the future . . . his talk and actions, everything about him of late makes you feel as though there isn't any present, and there is nothing to work for but something that is to come—and never does.

JACOB—I understand . . . Martin is becoming a to-morrow person . . .

SARAH—It seems so, Jacob.

JACOB—And meanwhile there is health and sunshine, children not so adult to-day as they will be to-morrow . . . a wife, not so tired to-day as she will be to-morrow . . . a body of his own not so weary to-day as it will be to-morrow. *(JACOB almost whispers the last few words.)*

SARAH—When you and Martin were boys together did he ever act that way?

JACOB—Why . . . yes. I remember when we were children as he was always looking toward the future . . . he was never satisfied with anyone or anything. I hadn't thought of that peculiarity all these years until you just spoke of it.

SARAH—Oh, Jacob! I wish you would talk to Martin and make him realize how useless all his efforts will be if he doesn't consider himself. Whatever those hours may reap to-morrow the fact remains that there is a harvest in them waiting to be reaped to-day.

JACOB—Don't you worry, little lady. I've persuaded Martin to see things my way before and I guess I can do it again. *(BOB enters through left-forward.)*

BOB—Hello, Mother . . . where have you been hiding . . . under the couch? *(Kisses her.)*

SARAH—Hello, dear. I'm glad you're home again—even if you aren't going to get much of a rest. Dad is doing some work in the storing barn and he wanted you to go down and help him if it wasn't too late.

BOB—I'll put on my old clothes and be with him in no time. *(BOB starts for the left-forward door as LOUISE enters thru right-forward . . . she walks in slowly, a look of anguish goes toward LOUISE saying:)*

on her face . . . BOB stays when he sees his sister . . . SARAH

SARAH—Why, Louise . . . what's the matter?

LOUISE—Mother . . . *(she looks at BOB and JACOB)*

. . . something has happened.

SARAH—What is it, child?

LOUISE—I just met Mr. Leonard hurrying toward the house . . . he said I could tell you as well as he.

SARAH—Martin is ———?

LOUISE—*(nodding her head)* Yes . . . Mr. Leonard went into the barn to talk with father and he found him very ill. Just before he died he said, "John, tell Sarah she was right . . . my eyes were always on the horizon of to-morrow."

JACOB—I think . . . it is too late. He was a good man . . . God-fearing and God-loving . . . and yet neither eyes had he, nor heart, for the hour which should have been sufficient unto itself. *(Curtain)*

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Protect the Worker

(Continued)

exercised in determining the true relation of conditions which incapacitate employees to the hazards of employment.

The "Open Door" policy prevails at the Industrial Accident Board in Massachusetts. The humblest workman may see any member of the board and obtain advice regarding his rights under the law, and thousands avail themselves of this privilege every year. It is in this feature that the board of this state has surpassed those of other sister states. Men are appointed to responsible positions on the board but they do not lock themselves up in offices, appearing only infrequently in court and then as stern judges. They keep in touch with actual conditions and meet the ordinary man to listen to his case and if possible to visit the scene of the injury. They visit the insurance companies, they check the lawyers, hold conferences with the members of the legislature and do everything in their power to see that the employee is given his due. "Render to every man his due"

seems to be the keynote of policy with the members of the board.

Let us follow a case through their hands. A report of an accident is received at the office of the board in the state house. It is time stamped, numbered and indexed. The legal papers are sent to the employer expecting an answer in regard to the employer's willingness to pay compensation. The rate of payment is inspected. The medical examination is under the direction of an impartial physician who sends his finding to the Board. Nothing is left undone and a careful checkup is made on each case until the employee is ready to return to work, at which time the Board, on advice of the physician, orders compensation stopped unless there is additional payment due for some added injuries. Every fatal case is investigated. An inspector of experience, with a knowledge of the interpretation of the law, makes the investigation and reports his findings to the full Board. He sees the physicians, witnesses, etc. Upon this report rests the further action of the body. If the case is unquestionably outside

the scope of the board, the widow is notified that she may have a hearing before the Board if she so desires. Information is forwarded her in this regard. In the majority of cases, however, compensation is paid promptly to the dependents, and some of the insurance companies under the Massachusetts Board have made payments as early as a week after the accident occurred.

Cases involving the rights of the young and inexperienced workers, including minors, are specially investigated. Such employees are entitled to have their compensation based on their wages which they would have earned "under natural conditions." Cases involving discontinuance of compensation and the right to discontinue are also brought under careful investigation. Compensation may not be discontinued under the Massachusetts law except with the written consent of the employee, the Board, or a member of the Board. Ordinarily before such requests are made a physician is obtained and his judgment as to the capability of the injured person is taken in consideration, and after a special investigation has been made by a member of the Board, the decision is rendered by the full Board.

There is one important element in the handling of cases which deserves special consideration, and that is the rule which governs the amount of money allowed the various members of the legal profession in the many cases. A lawyer may not take or accept a larger fee than that fixed by the Board. In this system there is no chance for legal plundering.

The Board has a peculiar plan known as the "Conference System" in which a member of the board takes full charge and any party interested in a case may present himself and discuss it in an informal manner. Interpreters are available to those who cannot speak English. Impartial physicians are present and are allowed to examine the various cases and report upon them to the Board.

The Board deals most severely with itself. It sets up the highest standards of speed in the hearing

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and determination of cases by its members. Disputed cases are assigned for hearing before individual members in the order of their reception, in Boston and in every important community in the Commonwealth. Members hear cases when necessary at the bedside of the injured employee or wherever special circumstances and the exigencies of the case make it advisable. The members are charged with the duty of making such inquiries and investigations as are deemed necessary and it is their

boast that they perform these to the best of their ability. They are required to make a report of the material evidence in the case and they set up as an ideal the filing of all decisions within two weeks of the hearing. Their record is most remarkable in this respect. Members vie with each other in keeping off the delinquent list which is furnished the Board and its members every week, showing the number of cases which have not been decided and filed under this rule.

The choice of members of the medical profession is a most important duty of the Board and these selections are made with utmost care. The Board pays the physician but is in turn paid by the insurance company. Many of the greatest surgeons and specialists in the country are in Boston and almost all of them are available. The Board has prepared for every physician that they appoint a complete history of the person undergoing examination. They furnish a resumé of the evidence heard by the inspectors and have at hand all hospital reports and other necessary documents having any relation to the medical side of the case. In this way every case coming before the Board for a special hearing is given every possible consideration.

As a Reviewing Board, the members review cases upon which either the insurer or employee appeals from the decision of a single member. In most cases no new evidence is heard by the reviewing board. The Board as a reviewing body has complete power and may

stand by or reverse a decision of an individual member.

Robert E. Grandfield, Secretary of the Board, and a prominent Boston attorney as well as a world authority on compensation law, once said: "The members of the Massachusetts Accident Board are human. They have made mistakes which human beings must make and will continue to make because of their human attributes. But one mistake they have not made, and that is they have not fallen into a rut. They have taken their work seriously and have called a spade a spade. They register spontaneous and prompt disapproval of any breach of the law. They will not compromise on that.

"They want results; they expect results; they get results; and that is why, from an administrative point of view, Massachusetts ranks with the highest in its four-squared administration of a complex law which brings annually to its injured workmen almost eight million dollars."

Checkerboard

(Continued)

better than he gets at the boarding house...

We understand that "Doc" Perin is interested in medicine...he attended a dance at the Rhode Island Hospital Nurses' home...it seemed strange to Dink that Oscar (goodness, what a moniker) should stay so far away from the dance floor...After all Ock it was a dance...

Hugo Ricci's idol claims that he is the best first baseman in P. C. annals...Why, oh why, Daniel, didn't you stick to your first love...knowing athletes as you do, why do you always pick on your "temperamental athlete"...

To Jimmy Cannon... "I will meet you at the dock"... Mabel... it was inspiring my dear boy to see you pass up this golden opportunity and attend our retreat... maybe you'll take the same boat back... but what in the world is the reason for meeting a girl at the dock?... this is no time for swimming...

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