THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
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Home Games

DURING MAY

May 5—Mt. St. Mary's College

May 7—City College of New York

May 14—Brown

May 19—Manhattan College

May 21—Brown

May 24—Boston Red Sox
(Exhibition Game)

May 27—St. Michael's College

Both Brown games to be played
at Aldrich Field

All other games at Hendricken Field

WHO'S WHO IN THE ALEMBIC

If there is any hint of untimeliness in **Lunatic**, the short-story by **George Popkin, '34**, lay the blame upon our shoulders. When conceived and written, it was most appropriate and the disturbance in the East on which the story hangs was then front page news. The timeliness of the story is but one of its minor features, and you will find there are other major points of real interest in it.

We dislike controversies in which one side is favored over the other, so when **Thomas F. Tierney** had completed his answer to **Frank Shea's** article on **Internationalism** we permitted Mr. Shea to read it, since we cannot promise him space for a rejoinder. His comment was as follows: "I was under the misapprehension that the **Alembic** had severed the umbilical cord with its stuffy predecessor. But it appears that the "new broom" was only an old boomerang. Yes, we are right back in the day when stodgy "literature" was the rule rather than the exception. However, stick it (Tierney's reply) in your book for Mr. Tierney is nothing if not right, and Mr. Tierney is not right."

James M. Hackett, a Senior, adds a new sleuth to the long list of successors to M. Augustus Dupin in the story he offers in this issue, **Smell of Smoke.** It goes without saying that the detective solved the mystery with which he was confronted, but the magnitude of the crime and the ease with which it was unraveled make the story pleasant reading.

Specific reasons are offered in proof and explanation of the old saying: "See Naples—and die," by **Mr. Edward J. Flanagan, '32**, in his travel article, **West of Suez.** You read the professional travellers' descriptions, and the rhapsodies of the advertising managers of the steamship companies which visit Mediterranean ports. Now read what a college boy, who is no iconoclast, feels and says when these old glories are disclosed to him.

Newspapers, magazines, weaklies and annuals, have been loaded to the danger line (is that a mixed metaphor?) with articles about Soviet Russia and old Russia, but fiction about that land—ah, that's another thing. Perhaps the article writers believe that the strange doings of Stalin and his mates are more romantic than any imaginary incidents could be, but we think you will decide they are not after you read **Interview**, by **James A. McGowan, '35.** It has Rasputin as a character—need we say more?

There is all the difference in the world between the story we just recommended and the article by **Bernard Silk**, a Junior, altho one deals with Russia and the other with Communism. The reason is that Mr. Silk is concerned with the rise and activities of the Communists in China, and he cites in detail their occupation and sysmatic purging of one city, Chansha. The title, **It Happened in Changsha**, might suggest an old refrain.

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Interview

By
James F. McGowan, '35

THE long tedious ride from Moscow to Gaspra, in the erratic train drawn by an asthmatic engine, is trying, even to the most tolerant of temperaments. And the American reporter in Number Four had no reputation for a sweet disposition. Skies of the morning had thrown down a cold, contemptuous drizzle, which made the very atmosphere sodden and dismal. The other two occupants of the car had by mutual consent clapped the windows down tight, and J. Philip Wellington, whose knowledge of Russian was compactly catalogued in a pocket dictionary, was in no position to argue or remonstrate. So he sat on the hard bench, gazing mournfully out at barren plains which boasted here and there a scrubby knot of trees, and over which sudden gusts of wind played perversely. The dank, musty odor of the car conspired with the wood smoke from the engine for a common purpose: the suffocation of all three passengers in Number Four. Cracks in the roof, with the fiendish delight peculiar to inanimate things, maliciously let splashes of icy water fall on the rough woolen shirts of the unfortunates below. J. Philip Wellington decided that here at last he had discovered the true meaning of the word "miserable."

The old train, buffeted about on its springs by the winds, groaned and creaked, as if suffering the tortures of the damned. "Tortures of the damned—" this was precisely what Mr. Wellington was thinking at the moment. "This train is damned; this weather is damned; all Russia is damned!" This last brought a memory of the topic sentence of the syndicate article he had sent to his home office last night. Yes, Russia was damned. Before this year, 1917, saw its close, the tsar of Russia would rule no more. He, the newly-christened Globe Trotter, had been sent to dig up news there on the political situation, for his first assignment away from home. And had he not investigated, through certain Americans and Englishmen who lived in Moscow? They had told him that Grigori Efimovitch, known in the inner circles as Rasputin, had the tsarina under his sway, and was threatening the absolutism of the Emperor. This Siberian horse thief, who was already appointing Ministers of state, would cause the downfall of the wealthy nobility.

But these observant friends had gone further than indirectly furnishing half a million readers with information on politics and intrigue. They had confidentially and well-meaningly informed J. Philip Wellington that he was several varieties of a fool. They had told him, in no uncertain terms, that it would be reckless folly to seek an interview with the terrible Rasputin. In the face of these protests, he had determined to seek out this man, this Prince of Devils, and gouge out of him bits of exclusive news with reference to what the future held in store for Russia.

Stronger than the rest, but to as little avail, had been the persuasion of Marie, the daughter of the Captain of His Majesty's Personal Guards, Ivan Gorky, related to the celebrated writer of the same name. Wellington had met Marie at an Embassy Ball, and the proverbial "love at first sight" had furnished "an affair." He had courted her in his most dashing manner, wining and dining her, padding his allowance to send her orchids. Beautiful girl—he spoke no Russian, and she no English, so they had compromised on French, in the best fashion his limited vocabulary would permit. There was Romance. There was Life. But he had forsaken her—ah, proud but foolish gesture! Not that love came before his duty, but her presence was such a balm to his nerves; her kiss such a gentle tribute, that he felt that he should turn back. Without her he would surely be lost. She had been so sincere in urging him to remain and give up his foolhardy idea. Surely he would be thrown into a disease-ridden jail and left to die as a spy—she knew Russian handling and he didn't.

But "in the lexicon of youth. etc., etc." And an ambitious young reporter of twenty-nine years, reared in the atmosphere which regards all foreigners as ignorant; which considers them as putty in the hands of a diplomatic citizen of the United States, could not but succeed in such a quest as he had undertaken. Besides, here he was, well near Gaspra, and in his pocket reposed the necessary directions to bring him to the very door of the peasant cottage where he of the reputed Evil Eye made his abode.

It had been difficult to take his leave of Moscow, with its rich parties, its world of scenic delights, its cafes and luxuries. Only yesterday the sun had been bright, glittering on the sabres of the finely-clad attaches of the Embassy, smiling over the gay crowds which leisurely promenaded the boulevards in the height of fashion and smartness. Richly embellished carriages, drawn by prancing beauties in their elegant trappings, had clattered about, lending an air of gaiety and festivity to the occasion. A beautiful scene, this city, —one which exemplified all that was happy, all that was contented and secure. Well—he would return soon. A brief stop at the station,

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SAPPHICS FOR MAY

Month of fair days, come for the earth is weary
Hiding sweet blooms deep and the breath of roses;
Bid the land glow now for thy queenly presence,
Sovereign of beauty!

Month of fair hope, come for our hearts are weary
Clutching dark fears tight and a thousand phantoms;
Make us strong, brave, free by thy lightsome presence,
Sovereign of freedom!

JOHN MCDONOUGH, '34

It Happened in Changsha

By
Bernard Silk, '33

COMMUNISM is not merely national in its aim; it is international. Its war-cry is: "Workers of the World, Unite!" Its goal is the violent overturning of the existing political and economic organization in all countries so that soviet governments may be established and all private industry abolished. In order to promote this program the Russian authorities have endeavored to carry on a propaganda in all other countries, sending out literature and agents wherever possible. The communists realize, however, that the prospects for such a revolution are not good in countries like the United States, Great Britain, and France as long as the trade union movement makes progress and gains advantages for organized labor. Hence they aim to secure the destruction of unions, to promote "outlaw" strikes, and to encourage every form of industrial discontent. I want to say something about the strength of Communism in China, and in particular, in the city of Changsha.

By a strange twist of fate the ancient cultural centre of China has become the foster parent of the Chinese Communist movement. Communism, as it exists in the fertile lands south of the great Yangtze Kiang, sprang from a small club in the city of Changsha. This was only a few years ago. The young Communists, most of them about the age of 16, became troublesome to a girls' school next door and the principal requested the city officials to suppress the club. The officials thereupon closed the girls' school and allowed the club to thrive. Last July, with an army at its back, this same group of Communists seized Changsha and held it nine days before being driven out by provincial troops and a Chinese gunboat.

When reading news of China we are apt to confuse bandits with Communists, or vice versa, because the difference between the roving gangs of bandits and the swiftly moving armies of Communists is not easily grasped. The distinction is, however, a most important one. When bandits enter a town or village they literally sack it, tear buildings down, loot stores, homes, police stations and garrison headquarters, murder the inhabitants in cold blood, seize as many of the wealthy as they can lay their hands upon and carry them off for ransom. These ferocious marauders are generally youths of high school age. Having reduced their prey to ruins, they disappear into the mountains. Not so the Communists. Their methods and their intentions are different. They march upon a town, generally at night, and having previously decided what buildings to destroy, loot, or preserve, they go about their business with a thoroughness and dispatch that have seldom been equalled in Chinese military or political history. They loot, they murder, but, because they expect to remain, they also spare. The fact that they have brains and use them indicates the danger they constitute.

It was the army of Peng Teh-hui, a 38-year-old army Major educated in a French mission school, that marched upon Changsha, provincial capital of Hunan province, and on July 27, 1930, gained control. Peng left 6,000 men outside the city and entered with 2,000 armed with machine guns, rifles and spears. Before that, more than 100,000 residents had scrambled down to the waterfront, clambered abroad all the available boats and made their way down the Siang River and down the Yangtze 200 miles to Hankow, taking with them most of the bank deposits. The Communist entry into the city was practically unopposed. Government troops left for defense had fled or been withdrawn for "strategetical purposes." Of Changsha's 500,000 population 70 per cent were coolies or poor peasants and shop assistants, and fully 10 per cent were already communistically inclined.

Peng had previously designated the buildings and the institutions to be looted, razed or spared. There was little wanton murder. All the provincial government and civic buildings and the homes of city and provincial officials were burned and razed to the ground, on the grounds that if loyalty to a new order was to be established all physical signs of the old order must be eradicated. The movement was not, however, of an anti-Christian nature, and the despoiling of a Catholic church and other Christian institutions was, it is explained, the work of local riffraff. The Hunan Bible Institute, an American institution with five large, modern, well-equipped buildings, was spared because Peng wanted to use it as a barracks. The Yale-in-China hospital went unharmed because Peng needed a hospital. The Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum installations were likewise spared because the Communists hoped to set up a government sales tax on oil. The customs house also went undamaged. The large city banks were set on fire only when it was discovered that funds had been removed. Before destroying a building, the furnishings were removed and piled on the street. Those who cared to help themselves were encouraged to do so. The Communists themselves collected salt, rice, money, munitions, medical supplies and some bolts of silk, well aware that such articles had a ready cash value. Later they took $800,000 in currency from the city chamber of commerce.

Peng intended to found a municipal government, but even before the ground plan had been

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Lunatic

By
George Popkin, '34

MEN think me mad and have barriered me with high walls and grilled windows, but, you who read this manuscript, you shall judge me. As I sit and write in the grey gloom of dusk my keeper can be heard jabbering to someone beneath the window of my cell. If you heard his talk, you would wonder who was the madman—that dolt or I. But to my story, for I can write only on Sundays when many of the guards are away and we are left much to ourselves. The ink, pen, and paper I use was stolen by me most slyly and hidden away in my room with great caution, and discovery would deprive me of telling my strange history—forever.

You may ask what has led me to undertake the writing of these papers. It is because of a monster, a horrible beast who has haunted my life like some evil spirit. Others may deride and ridicule my story, but I **know.** And I want those of understanding mind to know also and be warned, for that hideous figure has appeared before me again. It is because of his reappearance that I write, purging my heart of the whole frightful tale, and hoping yet to find some who will trust my senses and believe the truth. I shall state all simply and as clearly as I can recall the events which so distorted my life and flung me at length into this miserable den, still a prey to a relentless enemy.

I was but a child when first I met the spectre. At that time my brain was still in the misty haze of infancy, and I remember imperfectly what transpired. It seemed to be a period of great excitement—marching men thronged the streets, and people cheered and waved flags. Now I understand that war with Spain had thrown the nation into a patriotic frenzy, but then I sensed the reasons for these demonstrations but vaguely. I watched my elders shake their heads and heard them talk of some distant land, Cuba. Newspapers were read eagerly by all; I recall hazily the pictures printed therein, pictures of horses, of men with guns and flags, and foreign towns. All this I see in a new light, since my harsh experiences have forged a strong chain, linking past with present and giving old things a new meaning.

One of those far off days found me toddling about the large yard of our home, intent upon some game my young imagination had fostered. While I was in the very midst of the play, gesticulating and conversing with myself, I became aware of someone behind me. A feeling that I find difficult to describe came over me—I was conscious that someone I knew was awaiting me, yet someone I should fear. Leaving my stones and pans I turned about, and horror of horrors—a monster's face stared at mine! Being but a child of three my uncertainty and terror were all the greater. I looked once more, and dim memory leaves in my mind but the shadowy outline of some cruel fiend with mad laughter and bloody jaws. Terror possessed me, my breath came in gasps and I fled the awful sight, stumbling up the steps which led to mother and safety. My mother was in the kitchen,—to think that one so kind had to witness my later disgrace!—and I fled into her arms, crying, shivering with fear. At first she soothingly asked me what my trouble was, then seeing my state of collapse she questioned me in alarm. I stammered out some poor phrases as best I could, describing the vision who had so frightened me. But I was laughed at and consoled with coffee cake and told I "must have seen some tramp." My mother almost convinced me at the time that there was nothing to fear. So has everyone disbelieved me throughout my life! Yet that night I could not sleep, nor for several nights thereafter—strange shapes loomed before me in the dark, and I thought I could hear cruel laughter. A doctor was even summoned. He said I had merely been frightened badly by some trick of the imagination—and **he** smiled too!

My later childhood was troubled by strange dreams and fits of terror. Always the same ghastly form stood between me and the innocent games of youth. A sudden shivering would sometimes overtake me while at play with my fellows, my forehead would become moist, and my heart would beat like some mad machine. It was fear of recognizing my nemesis in the appearance of a stranger which moved me so. But those who a while before had been companions now looked upon me as an odd fellow to be avoided. They did not understand, and I was afread to speak of my fears. So it happened that I was left alone, a prey to my hopes and doubts as I dug miniature trenches in the soft earth and drilled stones and rocks for amusement. These were the beginnings of my life—bitter in its sweetest moments because of a macabre visitant glimpsed but once.

But I can write no more—the dull footsteps of my keeper approach and these manuscripts must be hidden.

* * *

A hard, hard, rain is driving against the windowpanes as I prepare to write again. This has been a miserable day, dreary and murky, and our visitors have been few—people travel at their leisure to see madmen. But it will prove most useful to me, for there is little chance of disturbance under such conditions.

When I grew up much of my

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Smell of Smoke

By
James M. Hackett, '32

THE taxi drew up to the curb in front of the Ambassador Hotel. Two women stepped out: a young girl of eighteen, small, attractive, and rather tan; with her was an older woman—her mother? They walked up to the desk and asked the clerk for the manager.

"I'm very sorry, Madam, but, the manager is out. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Well—I would rather have seen the manager, but, you will be satisfactory," replied Mrs. Stevens. "I would like two adjoining rooms."

The clerk looked at his record and answered: "I dislike disappointing you again, Madam, but all I have is a large single room. Would that do?"

"No—no, I'm afraid not. Have you no other rooms, separate of course, that we could have?"

"There are no other adjoining rooms that are unoccupied at present. Would you care for two rooms, one on the sixth floor and one on the seventh?"

"That will be satisfactory. Come, Eileen, let's have some lunch, now."

About nine the following morning, Eileen Stevens went to her mother's room before going down to her breakfast. She knocked, but receiving no answer she turned the knob. The door did not yield. Calling to a passing chambermaid for her key, she unlocked the door and entered.

A sharp, pungent odor, somewhat akin to the smell of steak broiling over an open fire, greeted her. The bed had been burned; and her mother was no where in sight. The odor was that of burned flesh!! Had her mother been murdered in bed? Somewhere in the charred refuse perhaps, were the bones of her mother. Eileen fainted.

When she recovered she found herself in her own room with the chambermaid, a bell boy, and the hotel physician.

"Where is my mother?" she cried, "where is she?"

The doctor took her hand in his and while he patted it soothingly, he answered:

"I'm sure everything will be all right. Don't you worry. Just lie back and rest."

"Is she dead? Who killed her? Oh, why don't you tell me?"

"Your mother, my dear, was burned to death last night while she slept. We are doing everything we can to discover who is guilty. But you must not worry.

Lie back and rest, for you will be questioned later. We shall attend to everything."

When no new evidence was found or no further progress was made on the following day, Eileen called at the office of that famous amateur detective, Mr. Edmund Rollins. She was announced, and within five minutes had given him a brief account of the happenings. Then he began to question her.

"Your mother had no enemies that you know of to whom her death would be advantageous, or to whom it would give any satisfaction in the way of revenge?"

"None," replied Eileen. "You see Mother and I have just returned from India where we had been doing a little relief work. Mother was rather interested in that country and especially in the poorer classes. She tried to help the natives to live in better and cleaner surroundings. It was useless, for as soon as we were out of sight they would return to their filthy habits. I disliked it and wished to travel on, but Mother would not hear of it."

"Then why did you return to England?"

Rollins leaned forward as if expecting an important fact to be disclosed. "If your mother was so interested in her work there, why did she return here?"

"I don't know. She had been acting strangely for a month or two before we left. Her health seemed to be failing and her face began to show signs of worry. Then one day, about a week before we left to come back to England, she suddenly told me that we were leaving. I was happy, for I enjoyed the prospect of seeing home again. India was terrible, and I was glad to say goodbye to it. But before we started for home Mother began to act rather strangely to me."

Rollins started to ask something but Eileen kept on.

"Previously, Mother and I were close, but suddenly she seemed to try to keep me at a distance. I didn't know why. On our journey back we had separate staterooms. I was worried, but I tried to conceal the fact, because I knew if Mother wanted me to know the reason she would have told me.

"I don't suppose this has anything to do with her death but I thought it might help if I gave you all the details."

Rollins smiled affectionately at the girl and said: "Your supposition is right, my dear. I think

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The Nationalism of Mr. Shea

By
Thomas F. Tierney, '32

WITH all deference to the opinions of Mr. Frank Shea whose article "The Mirage of Internationalism" appeared in THE ALEMBIC for April, it must be stated that it is many a moon since the writer has read quite so romantic an exposition of the traditional arguments versus internationalism. Mr. Shea does not avowedly take up the cudgels for nationalism, but it is apparent that his heart is wedded to that point of view. Now the present article must not be construed as an attack upon Mr. Shea. The gentleman is entitled to entertain his own opinions. But there are some statements in his article whose veracity is so obscure, if not invisible, that a further discussion of the subject seems warranted.

First of all the author says that the question of internationalism is an unsolvable problem upon which the expenditure of any effort looking towards solution is time wasted. Now with all Mr. Shea's romantic ardor, such a statement is a patent absurdity. If Mr. Shea actually believes his own statement, may we ask why he consumed no less than two pages of last month's ALEMBIC arguing an unsolvable question? He states on the authority of Dr. Francis Haas that internationalism is based upon "the fact that all peoples of the world possess a common humanity." He proceeds to say that it is a means to an end, and that end is the abolition of war. But, he says, the abolition of war is an unattainable end and therefore the means is inadequate. He then addresses himself to the task of marshalling evidence under three headings: the records of history, the actuality of current history, and the evidence of reason, ostensibly to prove the futility of any attempt to abolish war.

Now before considering in detail Mr. Shea's array of proofs, let us posit a question. Is the abolition of war the ultimate end of international co-operation? Does the final test of international policy depend upon whether it makes for peace or for war? It appears that it does not. For nations to seek peace as the norm of international policy is equivalent to a man seeking health as a norm of conduct; for as health is not the sole desideratum for physical well-being, so peace is not the only element constituting world order. Peace is the product of freedom. If liberty is not first guaranteed, true peace cannot follow from it. There may exist a military peace—as obtains at present in the Far East—but not peace in the true sense of the word. Thus the final test of all policies between nations should be the advancement of freedom among men.

SPRING MOON

Still thin and far,
Not summer-grown,
Star-like the moon beams down,
And makes a bow
Of red and blue
Glow in a field of white.
The watchers feel
The life of spring
Steal o'er the restive earth:
Moons in spring are harbingers.

But for the sake of argument, let us assume with Mr. Shea that the end of internationalism is the abolition of war. Both of these, the means and the end, he holds to be unattainable. He says, "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 towertop of civilization; or, when Napoleon almost accomplished his ambition to make the world his footstool and France his throne." And he adds, "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 apparent from this extraordinary statement that Mr. Shea is not altogether well-informed as to what internationalism really is. Does he actually believe that Alexander or Napoleon were pursuing an internationalistic policy when they marched their conquering armies over the length and breadth of Asia and Europe? Obviously there is not a grain of truth in his statements; for in each of the examples cited by Mr. Shea the end sought was not the abolition of war, nor was the means employed internationalistic in character. The objective in each instance was world dominion, and there is a vast difference between domination and international co-operation. The means used was war, and war has never achieved a true and permanent spirit of international accord. If, as Mr. Shea evidently believes, Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon sought to abolish war, then we are confronted with the paradoxical procedure of abolishing war with war!

What, then, is internationalism? In the political sense the term is a misnomer, for as Mr. Alfred Zimmern clearly states, "The work of internationalism . . . is concerned with the mutual relations of sovereign bodies, however composed, and has nothing directly to do with the relations of nations." Generically, internationalism connotes a contact between nations in their highest and most distinctive representatives and manifestations. But for all practical purposes, we may consider internationalism as primarily concerned with promoting co-operation between free and sovereign bodies—whether they be states or nations—for purposes of mutual benefit.

Now what is the relation between internationalism and the abolition of war? It will be noted that in defining internationalism

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PEACE AND THE PAPACY

In a recent issue of "Columbia," the excellent Knights of Columbus monthly, we were reminded by Mr. Hilaire Belloc of one of the most flagrant imperfections in the existing machinery for the promotion and preservation of world peace, viz. the exclusion of the Papacy from membership in the Council of the League of Nations. It is a not unexpected paradox to find the greatest moral force in Christendom without representation in the most significant gesture towards world peace that has been established in the last generation. The League has the support of governments, at least to a certain degree. It almost completely lacks a moral sanction, and the cause of this can be found in the absence of the Holy See. Without a firm foundation in these two spheres the constitution of the League is at best rather uncertain.

The whole idea of the League of Nations is so Catholic in conception that to ignore the Papacy in its functions is almost incomprehensible. The theory of a union of the nations is to be found in the writings of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Francisco di Vitoria. The Holy See has always preached the subordination of national self-interest to the common welfare of humanity. The Pope pleaded for peace during the Great War and asked for moderation afterwards. The enormous power of the outstanding international organization in the world today would be of incalculable benefit in strengthening the foundation of the League.

HUMAN RELATIONS

The Rhode Island Seminar on Human Relations will meet May 3-4 to discuss inter-faith differences. The second day's sessions will be held in Harkins Hall. In these meetings representatives of the three major religious denominations of both local and national prominence will have an opportunity to discuss in a spirit of friendliness and co-operation their respective points of view on subjects of mutual interest.

The religious seminar has, we believe, been successful where such meetings have been held in various parts of the country. In addition to religious questions, the conferees will consider social and cultural relationships in the light of their historical backgrounds. The morning conferences will discuss specific cases of misunderstanding, while the mass sessions in the evening will present the results of the morning meetings.

The whole plan of the Seminar evidences a splendid effort towards mutual understanding among the several groups and should go far towards establishing contacts and strengthening sympathies which are fundamental to any future developments in the field. It is to be hoped that the students of the College will avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the general conferences of the Seminar.

IRISH LETTERS

The recent visit of Mr. Lennox Robinson to the College and his address at the convocation of April fourteenth served to remind us once again of the literary revival that has been transpiring in Ireland during the past forty years. Mr. Robinson's contribution to the movement, which numbers among its founders and active supporters William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, John Millington Synge, Lord Dunsany, and Padraic Colum, have been mainly in the field of the drama. He represents the younger element in the Irish theatre whose work is characterized by a strong realistic tendency.

The renaissance in Irish letters is significant for more reasons than one. It is perhaps the most active and progressive of all the modern schools of creative composition. Its theatre is certainly the most vital stage in the world today. Its novelists, like James Stephens, Liam O'Flaherty, and Daniel Corkery, are producing some of the finest English prose of this generation. Its poets and essayists, like George Russell and Colum, are living up to the best traditions established in an earlier age by Swift, Burke, and Goldsmith.

It is significant, too, that the leaders of the school are turning not to the Ireland of the future but are delving into the past trying to revive the high cultural traditions of the Celtic race. It is a movement to reconstruct and revivify the ancient culture which the intellectual bondage of the Penal laws destroyed.

West of Suez

By
Edward J. Flanagan, '32

PASSENGERS on board the steamship "Conte Grande" were astir early on the morning on which the ship's Log indicated that Gibraltar was not far distant. Many of us were equipped with glasses, and we scanned the horizon for the first glimpse of the rock that has become so closely associated with life insurance. Just as the dull gray cliffs of the coast of Spain were becoming monotonous, that mighty fortress, the Rock of Gibraltar, appeared as an insignificant pile. As the liner proceeded, the pile grew in distinctness and dimension, until, upon anchoring in the Port of Gibraltar, we beheld the mountainous bulwark in all its towering, gigantic strength.

While the passengers who had reached their destination were disembarking on a tender, we who remained on the ship had ample time in which to obtain a fine impression of the stronghold. The Port is formed on the back, or North side, of the Rock. The settlement on the unexposed side had the appearance of one rambling structure, climbing fortuitously up the incline like so many steps. The formidable cannons along the upper ridge made obvious the militaristic character of the famous fortress.

However, our interest in the various aspects of the citadel proper was distracted by the commotion on the churning waters below. The "Conte Grande" was besieged by swarms of natives in small skiffs which were loaded with native fruits and wares. As soon as the row boats reached the ship, the men, with uncanny dexterity, tossed ropes to the upper decks of the large boat, where they were made secure. Then the natives tied baskets of fruit, shawls, or other articles of handiwork to the end of the rope, and the passengers pulled them up, examined them, and decided whether or not to keep them. If a sale was made, the purchaser tied the money in a piece of cloth attached to the rope, and let it down to the fortunate native. If the merchandise was undesirable, it was simbly lowered again. Scores of these contraptions operating up and down the side of the ship, and as many bobbing dories below, each one filled with shouting, bartering natives, afforded me my first contact with foreign oddities.

With many a backward glance through our glasses, we left Gibraltar. As we proceeded through the Strait of Gibraltar, the white stucco towns along the northern coast of Africa on one side, were in striking contrast with the barren, rocky shores of Spain on the other side. The shining expanse of the Mediterranean, that glowing bowl of azure, lay ahead, and held us enthralled with its gleaming, glistening, scintillating charm, until the city of Naples, the real objective of our voyage, lay before us.

In order to appreciate properly the grandeur that is Naples, it is advisable to view it from the Bay. The city was like a huge, highly decorated bowl sliced in half, topped by the overclouded peaks of the Apennines, and bordered below by the dazzling blue of the Mediterranean. About six or eight miles away, Vesuvius towered like a surly sentinel, frequently belching forth minatory columns of smoke and fire. Viewed through an atmosphere which seemed to absorb some of the radiance of the surrounding water, this scene would move even the dullest mind to a consciousness of its grace and splendor.

Even at closer range, we found Naples attractive, albeit there were certain offensive aspects. The street life was entirely fascinating. The "carrozzas," buggy-like taxis with fancy be-tasselled canopies, and drawn by horses; gaudily painted wine carts, with two wheels, and usually loaded far too heavily for the small donkeys that drew them; barefooted natives; narrow side streets teeming with humanity, overhung with somewhat dubitable washings, and reeking with almost unbearable filth and stench; haggling merchants, and here and there a foreigner struggling with an unknown language; a laborer sitting on the curb, crunching a loaf of bread and drinking his "vino"; a robust Neapolitan housewife shouting her order from an upper window to a peddler below, and later pulling up her purchases by means of a rope and basket—all these intensely human and constantly varying circumstances combined

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CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34

Well, as Joe says when he drops a pork chop in his lap, "Good Heavens" . . . one could have said worce things than that, Joe . . .but not you . . .

So you were a great ranchman out in South Norwalk, huh, Ted? . . . Boys, it was a funny sight to see Teddy Budovsky ride that pony a youngster let him take . . . It was like this . . . a young lad came around with a pony and Ted immediately proceeded to narrate many experiences that he had had when a ranchman in South Norwalk. . . the young one's eyes opened with amazement and he urged Ted to show him how . . . our hero mounts the steed with his usual grace, only to have someone connect with a golf ball that connected with a section of the pony's anatomy . . . and lettle Ted told no more about how great a man he was. . .

Joe Maguire, our bald headed cousin, also went for a ride recently . . . with Howie Norback as his horse . . . Joe requested a piggy ride . . . and How ever obliging picked him up and threw him over his shoulder . . . Bob Dion got quite a kick out of seeing his roomate being lifted across Smith St. and tossed into the hedges by a little package of dynamite. . .

Someone told us that Robie and Oscar went out to a party the other night . . . and they were teaching some high school girls metaphysics . . . Say, boys, there wasn't a leak in that hose was there that night?. . .

The Prom let us in on a few thinks . . . "Sugar" Buckley was in attendance . . . by the way, Buck, how is your i. q? . . . you also showed us a few steps that we hadn't seen before . . . that hesitation step that you were employing was a pip . . . Eddie Derivan could be seen in the gallery coaching the boys from his house on what and what not to do . . . Irvin kept himself under control quite well . . . he didn't break out all night . . . well, just cause . . . Bill Davy kept out of sight pretty well . . . but we heard a lot of things you were saying just the same. . .

We learned that Robie failed to send a corsage . . . we were surprised too . . . we didn't think that you were that way, Robie . . . that wasn't so bad, but when you tried to alibi when there was a complaint . . . we felt sorry for the one offended . . . Good old "Moon" sent one, didn't he, Oliver? . . . but he always was in the bucks anyway . . . We had a good time anyway, despite the fact that we were in company with Oliver and Oscar . . . We giggled when some fair one said to "Perry": "Oh, isn't Oscar a funny name". . .

No wonder we can't get anything very good on Milton Lacy . . . what does he have to go to Central Falls for his entertainment for anyway . . . and sometimes he goes to Fall River in such good company as Paul Connolly . . . that's a long way to go for a ride, Milton . . . It is our guess that Big Johnny Clark has given you some bad ideas since you have been traveling around with him . . . he will make a man out of you anyway, Lace. . .

"Fats" Madden, the original Crisco Kid, is planning far ahead for the summer . . . he even stays home nights shining those black and white shoes of his so he will make a big hit when he returns to Pittsfield . . . you ought to hide them, Maddy, for somebody might want to borrow them sometime . . . and knowing you as we do you couldn't refuse . . . you know you don't wear sport shoes at your college graduation, Jack, so you won't have to save them for that. . .

"Chief" Marsella takes the cake for witty remarks . . . whether he is conscious of it or not . . . He inquired in the Registrar's Office of the marks of one of his pals . . . Mr. Dillon wanted to know if his friend was inarticulate . . . "No," said our slugger, "he's in the next room". . .

"Mocha" Doyle has been furnishing us with some information about a lot of the boys . . . but, Mocha, you didn't tell us about the time you were in Worcester in the restaurant late at night . . . and you saw a vaudeville show in there . . . that was an unusual thing and you didn't even mention that . . . and that sure was worthy of note. . .

"Moon" Perrin got his money's worth out of that dress suit he hired . . . for further details, you must see him . . . or maybe Jerry Flynn could tell you something about it. . .

We hereby resolve, auntie, to put nothing more in about Eddie Reilly's wierd shirt . . . that he wears for so long at a time . . . the reason is because someone didn't send it back in the laundry bag the last time . . . we didn't mean anything by it . . . we don't want him to be deprived of such a pleasure as wearing that thing . . . it really made him look conspicuous . . . when you come right to it, auntie, it was a good joke though, wasn't it . . . You didn't mean what you said in that letter, now did you?. . .

Dink attended a dance and came back and told us that Eddie Koslowski, who by the way is a wonderful dancer, was there . . . and so was "Butch" Katznelson . . .and he told us further that there seemed to be some question as to who had a partner and who didn't . . . it was finally settled that Katz came in with one and also went out with one despite Kos's attempts to make a separation. . .

Paul Healy is sure a great little figure . . . he is a student in the open air course and we are positive that he will have B.A. after his name from now on. . .

Barney O'Connor, that elongated ass't manager of the ball club, has been crying around all over the school that we haven't been fair with him . . . he declares that we give all his friends write-ups and we don't pay any attention to him at all . . . Since you first started saying that, we have been watching you a little more closely, Barn, and we assure you that from now on we will not belittle you in the eyes of your comrades . . . it is really hardly worth mentioning about the time that you and Robie and Mocha went to Taunton and not for the ride . . . then again, didn't you go to Fall River? . . . But the funniest thing that you did, "Doc," was when you had the nerve to come out in a full dress suit . . . Barney, you did look funny . . . someone inquired of Dink what you were doing in that monkey suit . . . the party said: "Isn't that the kid I saw chasing balls around not so long ago?". . .

"Grandpa" Holden was a little under the weather the other day . . . but he had John Shea to take care of him . . . you couldn't have been in any better hands, Frank, old boy. . .

So the boys went to New York, huh? . . . Many a romance we could break up if we related the things that some of the boys did there . . . Maybe Alli wouldn't be peeved, eh, Robie? . . . There was a lot of funny things that happened, for instance, little Eddie Hamill, who was going to show George Sellig around the town . . . he didn't think that the "Playboy of Webster" knew his stuff . . . so he brought him to a dance . . . needless to say the great slugger had a great time . . . But wasn't it rather an expensive evening for you, Ed? . . . Well that's what you get. . .

We feel sorry for Tibby because he has appendicitis and all that . . . but you deserved it . . . Anyone who was pulled all over New York like you were deserved your fate . . . that wasn't very polite of you to leave us and go to a dance the way you did . . . and to think that you would bring Robie, that innocent Bristol lad, to such places . . . He's only a kid yet, Tib . . .

"Dill" Reilly, as he is familiarly known, never thought that we would stick up for him, but we're going to this time . . . Joe McCarthy told us to switch your girl's address in this in place of Ray's . . . Joe, don't you know that we wouldn't double cross anyone . . . especially our friends . . . And despite his faults, "Dilly" is a friend . . . or at least an acquaintance. . .

Our disreputable friend Maguire also made the trip to New York . . . we knew that you were a little devil, but to think that you would stow away on the boat . . . Guess you didn't make as much headway either on the boat or in New York as you thought you would though, did you? . . . It looks as though Ham beat you on the boat and everyone was ahead of you in the big town. . .

(Continued on Page 26)

PROVIDENCE ATHLETICS

Austin Sullivan Batting for Tebbetts

We go to press this month with news of baseball victories over Lowell Textile, Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, and Manhattan College. As it is early in the season it is hard to predict with any degree of certainty the possibility of a successful campaign, but if the work of the boys in the first three games is any index of their future performance then we virtually have the Eastern Collegiate championship in our hands now. This year Dame Fortune has evidently smiled on us to the extent of a hard-hitting combination coupled with on excellent pitching staff.

We have been unfortunate in the loss, so early in the season, of George Tebbetts and Marsella. The latter is quite definitely out of the game with a bad knee injury and Tebbetts is out for the rest of the season as a consequence of an operation for an appendicitis. He was stricken en route home from the Manhattan and Pratt Institute games and was operated on in St. Vincent's Hospital, in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

At present Flynn's boys are working at top speed preparing for their battles with Springfield, New Hampshire State, and Mount St. Mary's, which games come in rapid succession.

Providence 14—Lowell Textile 2

Opening the season in defence of the Eastern collegiate title won last spring, the Varsity nine scored a one sided 14 to 2 decision over Lowell Textile on Hendricken Field. With veterans at every position our Friars easily maintained a superior hand throught and gave ample evidence of their intentions to continue their success of the past.

Ed Quinton, ace of our mound staff last year, registered his fifteenth win in eighteen games, and in so doing allowed the Textiles but five scattered hits during the eight innings he worked. The final frame was pitched by Bill Lomax, Fall River junior, whose ability is certain to win him starting assignments later in the season.

Bob Dion, last year's captain, was forced to give way to Ed Hammill, a fellow classmate, at the third base post owing to a lame arm. Hammill turned in a splendid game afield and also contributed a hit to the Friar cause. Captain Sellig, Koslowski, Perrin, Griffin, and Tebbetts turned in the best batting performances.

Providence 7—Pratt Institute 1

With Dan Connors hurling air tight ball, and Bob Dion signalling his return to play by leading the hitting attack, the Friars swept through Pratt Institute to chalk up a 7 to 1 triumph in Brooklyn in the second tilt of the year. The setback was the second in as many seasons for the Pratt ball tossers, and marked the first time in ten starts that Boemerman, their star hurler, had tasted defeat.

Bud Perrin, lanky first baseman, with two doubles and a single, and Dion, with three safe hits, one for an extra base, provided the Friars with the offence needed to pile up the sizable lead. In all fifteen hits rang off the bats of the Flynnmen, while Connors held the Pratt sluggers to eight scattered hits, several of which were of the scratch vari-

Play was close the first four innings, with Boemerman tying the count at one run apiece when he hoisted a home room drive over the left field fence. In the fifth inning, however, Perrin pushed Providence into the lead when he doubled over the right field wall to score Dion and Koslowski. Two more tallies were added the following frame when Corbett was hit, Reilly singled to right and then pilfered second, and Dion contributed a sharp single to center. Hammill's single followed by doubles by Koslowski and Perrin accounted for the final Dominican scores.

Providence 9—Manhattan 6

Duplicating his heroic performance of last year against Boston College, Tom Griffin, our dependable slugging outfielder, turned defeat into victory when he hit for the circuit with the bases loaded to give us a 6 to 5 lead over Manhattan College, which was later lengthened to 9 to 6 for the final count.

The victory was a cherished one, as Manhattan had given us a defeat on the same field a year ago to provide one of the upsets of an otherwise brilliant season. Griffin's blow, coming in the fifth inning when the Friars were trailing by a 5 to 2 count, provided the spur the Black and White tossers need to play their best brand of ball, and once in the lead they were never headed.

The victory was the first of the season for Al Blanche, another of Jack Flynn's star moundsmen, and the performance gives further proof of the fact that we have one of the finest pitching staffs in college ranks this spring. Co-starring with Griffin in providing the offence of the game were George Tebbetts, Bud and Ed Reilly, each

Athletics
(Continued)

of whom collected a brace of hits.

* * *

We are happy to report the continued improvement of George Tebbetts, who is convalescing in a Bridgeport hospital. While en route home from the Manhattan game Tebbetts was seized with an attack of acute appendicitis and was forced to undergo an operation at Bridgeport. He will be lost to the team for the remainder of the season, and his absence from the field of play will be keenly felt, although we are fortunate in having such capable catchers as Ollie Roberge, Jimmie Welch, and Mickey Foster to handle the work behind the plate for the remainder of the campaign.

Junior Varsity Baseball

The Junior Varsity baseball forces who are expected to prove a nucleus for future strong varsity nines, opened their season by losing a hard fought game to the Yale Junior Varsity by a 5 to 4 count. In spite of a home run contributed by Jack McCarthy, first baseman, in the first half of the ninth inning to tie the score, our Friars were forced to accept defeat when the Eli ball tossers staged a rally in their half of the same inning to eke out the decision. The pitching performance of Charlie Rennick was the feature of the tilt.

In their second tilt of the season the Jayvees handed Becker College a decisive 9 to 0 setback at Worcester, with Charlie Burdge, 212 pound hurler, turning in a no hit performance until the eighth inning, when he was nicked for the first of two safe blows garnered by the Becker collegians. The hitting of Holden, Burns and Marian featured this contest.

The tennis team, headed by Allyn Sullivan, makes its debut this season at Worcester, playing Clark University.

The Alembic Writing Contest

The most remarkable result of the contest conducted this winter was not the unearthing of unexpected talent but the discovery that so many students are modest to the point of diffidence. They hold their talents too cheaply, and concede as certain what is very much open to question. A dozen or more capable writers failed to enter manuscripts in the contest because they thought that it was a foregone conclusion that So-and-So would take the honors. The work of the judges was just that much lighter, proving again the truth of the old adage about an ill wind. It need not be presumed that inferior compositions carried off the prizes, for the work entered does not justify any such conclusion. The competition was limited, but of a high order.

All the judges agreed that selecting an undoubted and unqualified winner in each field was no sinecure, one author excelling in this, another in that, and the balance pretty well divided between them. In making their final selections they attempted to take everything into consideration, structural perfection, smoothness of prose and diction, timeliness and appeal of subject matter and the general feeling of satisfaction that the accumulation of those features imparts. They did not agree entirely in their ratings, but there was no disputing the final victors who achieved mention in every judge's list and first place in two out of three.

All this refers particularly to the prose compositions. With regard to the poetry, Fr. Kearns, who agreed to act as sole arbiter of that field, made the following comment: "A number of the poems. . . indicated considerable talent. . .and we believe that a serious devotion and conscientious apprenticeship would bear fruit. Several poems of high calibre might have received consideration, but it was necessary to adhere rigidly to the rules of the contest. Mr. Shunney's verses, which appeared in the March issue, are printed as written by the author and seem to catch a mood joyful and essentially sound—an emotional response, voiced in imaginative and correctly restrained numbers, to 'meadow, grove, and stream'. . .all based on the concept of man's place in creation found in the second chapter of Genesis."

The rules of the contest which most mattered were primarily that which concerned the **Alembic** staff and the other which forbade consideration to the productions of any but full subscribers to the magazine. Those rules, necessary and just, were strictly enforced.

Since no secondary prizes were offered, it seems proper to give some public notice to the students whose compositions found some favor in the eyes of the judges, tho they did not merit a prize.

In the list of the poets, **Herbert Murray** received commendation for his verses "No Stars Tonight," and **Thomas Tierney's** "In Una Selva Oscura" was well received.

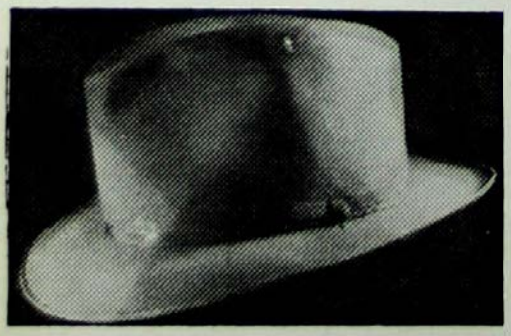
Among the prose writers, **Thomas A. Nestor** was favorably regarded for his "Poe-Whitman Romance" and **Howard Norback's** "P C Personality" received consideration. **Martin McDonald's** story, "The Time Element Enters," and **Joseph Meister's** narrative, "Complex," were considered outstanding altho they did not carry off the honors. **Walter Shunney's** "Aboard the S.S. Bremen" was also mentioned.

Interview
(Continued)

and his mission would commence. And the red-nosed and bat-eared syndicate editor would soon be in possession of the world's best piece of news: an exclusive interview with Rasputin.

"Diable!" Another cursed splash of cold water trickled unerringly down between his flannel undershirt and his left shoulder blade, leaving in its wake a moist patch, which made the irritating garment adhere to, and prickle against, his already aching back. The two other occupants of the car looked up querulously at this foreigner with the strong face and brooding eyes, whose only indication of the power of speech had been French and English interjections of international meaning. The taller of the two, a rat-faced person, blessed with a coarse and matted beard, arched his eyebrows and spoke to his cross-eyed companion in Russian. Both smiled wisely and resumed their perusal of the latest periodicals which had been purchased in Moscow. These must be read before the train reached its destination, and then discarded, lest irate wives catch and scan them, and berate their wayward husbands for reading of the escapades of a notorious moth who had finally been apprehended and sentenced to confine her hovering to the flame of a reformatory cell.

The Globe Trotter was unaware of the true circumstances of his fellow passengers, and viewed them with distaste as political aspirants undoubtedly engrossed in



reading deep theories on topics of world interest; as oftentimes visitors to our country imagine the lingerie clerk in the subway reading his copy of "True Stories" to be a statesman devoting his leisure time to perusal of some digest of world affairs. Would that we could perceive the unwitting flattery of a stranger's mind.

The station was a converted livery stable, which had not, in the process of conversion, lost certain of its former elements in the way of odor and general untidiness. J. Philip Wellington drank two cups of rather vile tea, and seated himself beside the stove to warm his aching and shivering body. He was indifferent to the curious gaze of the loungers in the waiting room as he puffed his pipe morosely and consulted his precious list of directions. By his watch it was five o'clock, and a good hour to visit Rasputin. Perhaps that worthy would be so honored at an interview that he would propose dinner. Surely such an act would establish the fallacy of the morbid tales surrounding the so-called Arch Plotter.

At the door of the hovel bearing the inscription mentioned in his guide-book he was met by a slatternly woman of excess proportions, who guessed at his request and showed him into a dingy parlor. This room seemed to serve a double purpose: a reception place for visitors, and a menagerie for the household. The two chairs were occupied by a black cat and a white poodle. A scrawny bird, about the size of a macaw, perched on a trapeze suspended from the ceiling by a rusty chain. At the moment, this bird was industriously ruffling its feathers and exploring their interior with its hooked beak, and at intervals uttered plaintive cries, much similar to those shrieks of the American crow, but somewhat shriller and more piercing. At each cry the black cat would lick its chops and regard the feathered delicacy in an avaricious manner, contemplate the effort which would be required to accomplish the slaughter, and resume its task of licking the right paw and sliding it over the face in a futile effort to restore some vestige of cleanliness. The poodle was secure in the arms of the Canine Morpheus, and only occasionally flipped its tail and belched contentedly.

The room was a low-ceilinged affair of untidy appearance, littered with curios of all descriptions, among them a grinning skull, which stared out of hollow eyes at the visitor. The mean carpet was worn beyond repair, its original color matching dark splotches on the walls. In one corner stood a battered table, on which reposed a half-empty bottle of spirits, two glasses, and a shining new book bound in leather. The doorway through which he had entered was unusually high, and seemed incongruous with the squatty surroundings and furnishings. Small cracks in the shade which fairly efficiently covered the window, gave only a hint of the dimming light outside. Altogether, the room was quite typical of an American clairvoyant's, gauged to produce the well-known psychological reactions, and diffuse an air of morbid unconcern towards earthly existence. So ran the thoughts of J. Philip Wellington as he noted the interior of the home he had come a day's journey to visit.

In the midst of his observations, he was startled by a coarse voice behind him, speaking in Russian. Turning, he faced a tall, emaciated looking man, clad in a black silk dressing gown. The reporter did not understand the words which had been addressed to him, and it would have been awkward to refer to his dictionary. He tried French. The other replied in that language that he was the one whom the stranger sought, and beckoned him to be seated. At a sharp word, the feathered and furry beasts took their leave in a whirl of activity, as if they enjoyed obeying the slightest command of their strange master.

While exchanging the commonplaces on the weather and the locomotive service of the locality, Wellington was closely scrutinizing his host, and was particularly attracted by the eyes. Large, penetrating, they seemed to take in everything at once, and never to concentrate upon any particular object. They seemed to be smouldering within their depths, occa-

sionally gleaming like hot coals blown by a bellows—the eyes of a fanatic. If they should once single him out for a steady gaze, the young journalist felt that he should immediately lose all his faculties. No wonder this man was credited with hypnotic powers. What an eery feeling, to be near the person who could deprive him of his use of reason and will, should he so desire! For a moment Wellington dwelt upon these thoughts, experiencing the tingling thrill of a boy who walks through a cemetery at midnight, revelling in the sensation of imminent danger from an unknown source, yet inwardly quaking with fear at the price his nerves must pay for his foolhardiness.

But—here was this man, talking easily with him, in an abstract manner, to be sure, but with no sign of hostility. What harm from so genial a fellow? J. Philip Wellington became once more the reporter. After the first few amenities, he was treated to a drink from the bottle of "vodka," and relaxed for a prolonged discussion. Gradually he brought the conversation around to the subject at hand: he mentioned the intimacy which prevailed between this "muzhik" and the royal family. He spoke the Russophobia which gripped the people of America at the time, and which had motivated his being dispatched to this country. He concluded the preface to his interview by mentioning several prominent nobles whom he had encountered and stopped with while in Moscow. A clever bit, that. But when he came to the name of Prince Felix Youssoupoff, an aide on the Emperor's military staff, the other jumped to his feet.

"You are a friend of Prince Youssoupoff?"

"A very good friend of His Excellency."

Rasputin's eyes blazed and flashed with anger and hatred.

"He is my enemy, and you, being his friend, are my enemy, too. He has tried to kill me, because he is jealous of me." He laughed like a maniac—a bitter, gurgling laugh. "—But he has never succeeded, and he never will! Do you hear me? He never will! Nor will you——." The viselike hands clenched and unclenched convulsively. "You are here to plot against me — everyone plots against me, because they are jealous of me!"

Wellington was transfixed. Was the man completely mad? He tried to speak, but he met the gaze of those terrible eyes. They were green, like serpents' eyes. Where before they had appeared soft as velvet they now took on the sharpness and glitter of a steel blade. They protruded from their sockets, held his gaze, seared his mind, his very soul. He became tense, then numb. He experienced the awful feeling that his senses were deserting him, his body becoming petrified. His heart seemed to be pumping molten metal through his veins, to harden and leave him powerless. His eyelids became unbearingly heavy, and he closed them. A dull droning was in his ears. It became louder and louder,

until his tortured nerves could stand no more. He was drifting away...away...but no!—he must move, and break this spell. The ungodly demon was killing him. He must move! Life depended on it. Life or death! Life or death! Life ....or....And blackness engulfing him, he knew no more.

When J. Philip Wellington recovered consciousness, he was amidst strange surroundings. No hotel had ever provided such luxurious quarters. Rich tapestries, soft chairs, flowers, and such a bed! Why—this wasn't New York at all—this was Moscow! He had slept in this room his first night in the city. But that was long ago. How—where? And then his senses gradually returned. Train...station...Rasputin...eyes...eyes...that fiend—take him away! His sob brought a young woman to his side. She forced him back on the pillow; passed cool hands over his brow. It was Marie. But where had she come from? What had happened? Who had brought him here?

His questions brought enlightening information. Fearing the folly and harmful consequences of his mission, Marie and her father, with several of the Embassy attaches, had motored to Gaspra, to protect him. They had arrived to find him in the lethargy of a hypnotic state. Rasputin had fled. It had been necessary to convey the victim back to Moscow, where a capable psychiatrist had worked over him for three hours, to dissipate the mental stupor inflicted upon him by his prospect for an interview.

Everything, therefore, turned out happily. Captain Gorky pardoned his recklessness on the spot. A party would be given this evening in his honor. The attaches from the Embassy crowded in with their ladies to shake his hand and accept him back in their midst with generous magnanimity; he was so young, so daring—and so in love. The young man, it is true, was somewhat embarrassed that he had not been able to make good his boast, but dismissed the thought with the consolation that he had set a goal too impossible to attain. He was somewhat bashful about embracing Marie with all those people present, and whispered to her to that effect, but she shrugged her shoulders and seemed perfectly happy at having found him alive—and so his bachelorhood ended.

It Happened in Changsha

(Continued)

properly laid he and his army were driven from the city. He then commenced a series of raids upon such towns at Liling, Pingsiang, Chuchow and Siangtan.

A striking feature of the Communist raids is the destruction of government buildings, as a symbol of the eradication of loyalty to the old order. Chinese communism is indigenous to the soil, and the abuses of a vicious militaristic system have tended to encourage it. Communist armies, of which there are as many as twenty-one in China today, have shown a thoroughness, a dispatch, an efficiency

which have never been equaled by any other armed force in China. Most persons look for the hand of Russia in the Chinese Communist movement. This is hard to find, though the somewhat un-Chinese efficiency of organization may indicate that it is not far away. It is also doubtful whether there is one single master mind in China directing the activities of these various groups. But in contrast to the roving gangs of bandits and freebooters, they are inspired by a single creed. Peng announces this as the ambition to reduce the rich to the level of the poor and to slay all those guilty of preying upon the common people.

The Chinese Communist movement as seen in the Yangtze Valley is an anti-landlord movement. A nation which attempts in a few years to change its civilization from a cumbrous, ancient political cult to one of Western modernity with which it has no experience gives ample scope for widespread, though unrelated, disorders. Present economic conditions in China add fuel to the flames of revolt. Soviet ideas may have influenced some of the leaders, but the great mass of their followers need look no further than the end of their own village street or city hutung to see that any change suggested by the slogan shouters must be for the better. Nineteen years of civil war, excessive taxation, unemployment, starvation wages, profiteering, lack of organized authority and responsible government, feudal militarism, banditry, floods, disease and piracies have contributed to a state of affairs incomprehensible to the Westerner. Unfulfilled promises of an approaching millennium made by the early adherents of the nationalist movement, promises which no government could have hoped to fulfill under the circumstances, have also had their effect in shaking public confidence. There are enough causes within China herself to create a movement such as the Communist movement is today without any incitation from an outside power.

Changsha, with its population of 500,000, has no sewage system, no municipal water supply, no public health system, no street cleaning corps—and yet the city is the cultural and administrative capital of one of the richest provinces of China. It does have electric lights, and it is the focal point of some 500 miles of good dirt roads, but they and the large provincial buildings which were destroyed in July, are the only signs of the immense municipal and provincial revenues collected during several hundred years. An embankment wall built some years was financed not by the municipal treasury but by a newly imposed cigarette tax, and this tax is still in force although the wall was completed two years ago. The abuses of an ancient financial system is one of the major points of attack of the Nanking Government, and it is likely to be so for years to come. The same story may be told of the majority of Chinese cities.

Communism is also winning adherents because of its opposition to the landlord system. In Hunan province farmers hold their land in small lots, for which they are compelled to pay as much as seven-tenths of their crops in rent. The remaining three-tenths is not enough to support a family at anything much above starvation level. The landlords rarely live on the soil. Most of them reside in the treaty ports where they find the security that their own holdings cannot offer them.

There is wealth in China, and there is luxury, but the majority who pay for it neither see nor enjoy it. If 70 per cent of the Changsha population are below the economic level of the average American who can send his children to school, it is safe to say that this 70 per cent represents the usual status of the average Chinese in China. There are gradations of poverty even far below this, and it is no wonder that the hopeless thousands are willing to flock to a banner that holds out to them, though falsely, some slight hope of change. And yet every farmer or peasant is not a Communist. On a mountainside near Changsha dwell in squalor 10,000 farmers and

peasants, refugees from the Communist-swept areas of the province. The Nanking Government provides these refugees with two bowls of rice a day.

It is difficult to guage the degree of sincerity of the few leaders of the movement. The founders of the Communist Club were Mao Tseh-tung, Chu Teh (now believed to be dead) and Peng Teh-hui. All three were deserters from a provincial army. Each had a personal grievance and so each became a rebel, cast around for a platform that was not already occupied, collected a few troops and found himself at the head of a movement that spread like a prairie fire. By holding towns to a ransom they secured funds for a campaign; by disarming police and soldiers they obtained firearms; by pasting slogans on city walls they gathered a civilian following, who adhered to their cause as long as they found it expedient, but who surrendered their loot when a new group took control.

No Communist army has yet held a city long enough to try governing or even dispensing common justice. The mere sharing of loot to win popular support will not convince even the least skeptical that a change has been made for the better. What cannot be overlooked is that the conditions which have called forth the present agitation and which have made the Communist armies a menace to peace and life in China cannot be modified, much less eradicated, by a mere desire for revenge on the part of the few leaders of the Chinese Communist movement. It is this fact which makes the situation alarming.

Lunatic

(Continued)

former action had been forgotten, although, no doubt, some did regard me curiously at times. The attacks I before had suffered became very few and far between, and I looked to the future hopefully. I graduated from high school in good season, took a clerical position in a hospital, and seemed safely started in life. Disregarding unnecessary details, let me come at once to another event which shook my every nerve and brought before my sight again the same dreaded form that shadowed my childhood with such terrifying results.

You must be well acquainted with the events of the World War preceding the entrance of our country in the conflict. I had watched all the campaigns with intense interest and was aware of the forces dragging us into the arena of hostilities, but the declaration of war on our part nevertheless came to me as a surprise. We had become so accustomed to being spectators that the feeling that we were now actors came gradually upon us. In the patriotic hysteria which swept the land several of the doctors at the hospital of which I spoke offered themselves for relief work on the battlefront. Numerous internes enlisted. In some moment of madness, influenced by the example of others about me, I enlisted. Gone all thought of former fears, gone all interest in my immediate work, gone all speculation of the future—I was a soldier. One bright summer day my company embarked, and I left a weeping mother behind me. The distant shores of this land as I last saw them from a transport on my way to France seemed to exercise a strange influence upon me for they appeared to stretch out long grey arms and beckon me not to leave.

One night my company was ordered to leave at once the little French village where we had been billeted for two weeks after months of training at camp. It was rumored we would see action tomorrow morning because a big drive was underway. Well, up to then the war had been one great adventure, but that night it assumed new realities, and I began to understand the chances I was taking.

Everyone was very nervous as the roll call was gone through. The sky was misty and overcast, and far off in the distance red flares

showed where we were going. Now and then heavy artillery fire could be heard coming from the same direction. We were a rather scared lot when we started out at last—not that we were "yellow" but we had heard so much the last few weeks. Our sergeant became real chummy as he marched beside me—common danger makes for friendship, I guess. At about two in the morning, after tramping over a rough, dirt road for several hours, we arrived at a sloping hill. At the bottom I saw what appeared to be crevices; they were trenches. We were told to go down and occupy them. Meanwhile we didn't hear a sound. All firing had ceased, and a hush had fallen over everything, something of the lull before the storm. The trenches were in pretty bad shape, muddy, and uneven along the outer fortifications, evidently from shrapnel. I did not realize then that they had been used before. After the entire company was stationed, our commander had word passed along that we should be quiet and on the alert. Until almost five o'clock I did not hear or see any war activity at all—not even a bursting shell in the distance. But shortly before the time for our sortie (it was set for 5:20) the sky grew red with artillery fire, smoke billowed over the fields, and for the first time we saw barbed wire stretches, cut at various points, not more than two hundred yards from our trenches. The zero hour came nearer and nearer, and we heard the rattling of machine guns; shrapnel whistled overhead. The dull dawn brought rain with it, giving the whole scene a most melancholy aspect. For several moments I was fascinated, then I noticed that the others about me were fixing their bayonets, evidently in preparation for the assault. A cold sweat broke out upon my head as I got ready also. It wouldn't be long now. I heard some of the fellows mumbling to themselves, perhaps they were praying. I sent up a sort of hysterical prayer, and grasped my gun — the sergeant's whistle screeched and over the top we went.

I advanced with the others, peering into the gloomy murk before us. The rat-tat-tat of machine guns, and explosion of shells continued somewhere in front of the barbed wires. Suddenly I became conscious of firing behind us—our own artillery which had opened up before we started the attack now intensified its fire. The battlefield took on the appearance of some scene from a mad dream, fantastically strange yet real. Scarlet flares, live shells, grey smoke, dark figures moving in the uproar—I tell you, it was nerve racking. Meanwhile we came closer and closer to the enemy lines; I could see some of our men dropping. Then the enemy appeared for the first time. They were rushing at us even faster than we were coming at them. Their bayonets gleamed whenever a shell exploded nearby. The first wave of our company was already engaged in conflict—I saw furious hand to hand encounters. The noise was deafening, and I became bewildered as I discovered several Germans dashing at me, their grim faces quite clear as they panted toward me. "Now's the time for action, kill or be killed," I thought and I steadied myself. One of the enemy never arrived; a shell landed in back of him, and he disappeared. Another bore down upon me but I thrust him through with my bayonet. I saw others coming—I didn't know what to do. And then I felt myself falling; a twinge of pain stabbed in my left shoulder.

* * *

I must be more careful—I think I am suspected. My keeper seems very loathe to let me out of sight and watches me like a hawk. So I shall resume my narrative though now it may never reach sympathetic hands.

As I lay upon the comforting ground I saw a strange figure walking leisurely past the fallen and the fighting. How can I describe it to you! It was horrible, horrible—I never saw anything like it before, unless——yes, my God, it was he, my nemesis, that cruel shape which had haunted my childhood days! I had prayed never again to view that ghoulish countenance. As the figure came

closer I could make out the face quite distinctly—it was the face of a fiend. The man's features (if he were human) presented a most cruel aspect; his eyes were livid with rage, blood streamed down his bristling jaw. No evil genie or prehistoric brute could be imagined more terrifying. The monster spit forth some vile words, laughing to himself as he surveyed the field of combatants. He laughed again—a savage, unearthly laugh—and I observed him the better and shuddered as I watched. His grimy breast was covered with living wounds which bled profusely, and a chain of human skulls adorned his waist. I could not understand —was I mad, was I in a state of delirium, from my wound? But, no, I saw him with my own eyes; I heard him, you must believe me! He strode slowly toward me, but I remember no more. What happened I cannot say for I awoke next morning in some field hospital with a very painful left shoulder. I guess I fainted and was lugged away by some Red Cross workers after the fighting had died down.

A long row of hospital cots were opposite me when I awoke. I looked about and found beds on both sides of me, all containing men, men with tortured faces. There were some who groaned and clenched their fists, others who cried out aloud, but very many were silent, staring vacantly before them. We were in a very large room—it must have been a hundred yards long. Doctors and nurses hurried about here and there in what seemed to me in most mechanical fashion. Then I thought of him whom I had seen on the battlefield, and fright entered my heart once more. His bloody jaws and horrid face threatened me again as if in reality. I must tell them, all must know and help me against that monster! I shrieked—I began describing the figure I had met, perhaps incoherently, but nevertheless with terrible earnestness. A nurse came at once to my side. She looked at me strangely and came back soon with a glass filled with some potion that she bade we drink. I turned to her in my despair and began explaining all about the figure I had seen, but she shrank back. A doctor came, examined me curiously, whispered a few words to the nurse and departed. The poor fellow lying on my right looked at me—he appeared frightened. Oh God! they thought me mad!

After several weeks I was walking about the hospital under the scrupulous supervision of a nurse. It seemed to me everyone cast questioning glances my way—even the dying seemed to revive sufficiently to stare at me.

"I must escape! They will make a madman out of me," I thought. And I was right.

I was desperate—who knows what next they might do with me? And so I planned to escape. Frightened as I was and ill in mind and body I did not realize the futility of this scheme. One night I attempted to lower myself to the street from a first story window—but I was trapped. Some such sortie must have been expected, for although it was midnight all the attendants appeared to be alert and ready. I was described as a dangerous man by my captors, and now I knew I was doomed.

A consultation was held the following day. Imagine my surprise when I recognized among the doctors gathered one I had known back home at the hospital. But he only threw his word into the scales against me, declaring I had always been regarded as "queer." His words convinced the others that they were on the right track, and I was called over for examination. I was questioned closely and asked to relate my experiences with the grim spectre. Here were learned men, men of science, men who should realize that I was telling the truth, and I told them everything. I went into the minutest details, I described every reaction, every sensation. The doctors regarded me intently throughout my recital, and then they withdrew, whispering, and nodding their heads, but looking at me the while. I was told nothing definite, but the next day I was hurried off to another hospital and there examined again by several physicians. A week later I found myself aboard a steamer bound for an asylum on the other side of the Atlantic. I had been adjudged a lunatic!

At first I raged, threatened, beating the walls and crying aloud in despair. Jailed through malice or misunderstanding, I cursed my captors and the four walls which held me prisoner. Then through the long days my soul grew quiet. I have been thinking it over lately and now I am content. Why grieve over that which can not be changed? And so I would have passed my years as a madman in peace—but to me there can be no rest. Not even beyond the grave, I fear, will I find peace.

One night last week I saw HIM again. What more can I tell you, dear reader? He crept upon me like a stalking leopard, and I was not aware of him until his breathing scorched my neck. When I saw his evil face grinning at me I was strangely fascinated for a moment, then I fled in alarm. I ran as one pursued by the devil, I even begged my keeper for protection, casting myself at his feet and pleading for aid. He smiled in amusement—after all, he was used to madmen. I was in terror for one night, but the hideous face did not reappear.

I speculated continually as to the meaning of the beast's return, for every former appearance of his had suggested some peculiar relation to the dread Four Horsemen. War was his element, and there I sought an answer to my wondering, but found none. Always bloodshed had been when he was seen, always our country was involved.

I received my answer last night when I overheard a guard talking with a friend below my window.

"Shanghai," spoke the keeper to his friend—"it looks like a real war, and we may be in it!"

Smell of Smoke

(Continued)

that this is an important factor in the case. Now you say that neither you nor your mother spoke to anyone but the clerk at the hotel?"

"That is right. The clerk assigned our rooms, and after a little lunch we went to bed. Both of us were quite fatigued after the trip."

"All right, Miss Stevens, I have all the information that I need at present. I shall call at the hotel tomorrow to tell you of further developments. Good bye, and don't worry."

As soon as Eileen left the detective's office, Rollins hurried to the Ambassador and asked for the clerk who assigned the rooms to Mrs. Stevens. The clerk was asked to describe Mrs. Stevens.

"She was a lady of medium height, rather well built, light complexion. I noticed that her skin was white and parched looking; it looked as though it might have been peeling. She seemed rather well to do. They had plenty of luggage from the steamship "Prince of India."

"Did you mention the fact that she was registered here to anyone?" inquired Mr. Rollins avidly.

"Only to Mr. Kearney, the manager. You know she asked for him. And then she seemed so particular about separate rooms for herself and daughter. I thought it rather strange for a woman and daughter to refuse to sleep together in one room."

"Was Mr. Kearney particularly interested?"

"Not at first. Then I told him she had just come from India. He seemed rather excited and wished to know if she were in her room. I told him she was in the dining room. He hurried off and that is all I know."

"Thanks awfully," replied Rollins. "You've been a great help."

Rollins left the clerk mystified. He thought over what he had told the detective and except for the fact that the manager was a little excited about hearing of the two women he could see no information that could possibly help in the case.

The next day, the detective called at Eileen's room and told her he thought he had cleared up the case; but before he disclosed all the facts he would like to have Mr. Kearney, the manager, at the conference. Eileen assented and the manager was called.

When the three were together Rollins began to talk:

"Your Mother, Miss Stevens, was chloroformed in her sleep. Then her bed was set afire and

burned, destroying her body. This was all done carefully to prevent the flames from spreading. The murderer did not wish to arouse anyone and knew that you would keep the affair quiet as could be under the circumstances."

"But why would anyone want to murder my mother? She had done nothing, and she had no enemies that I know of."

"Your mother, during her stay in India, had contracted——— Why, Mr. Kearney! You look rather agitated," exclaimed the detective in feigned surprise. "Would you rather tell?"

"Yes! I murdered her because she had leprosy. It was awful! You see if she had stayed here, probably other guests might have contracted the disease; even the chambermaids and other help."

Kearney shuddered and slumped back in his chair, he closed his eyes, his face contorted with agony. He began to speak again, with an effort:

"I just sensed that something was wrong when the clerk told me how Mrs. Stevens insisted about their rooms. Then when he said they came from India I remembered reading of an epidemic of leprosy there. Perhaps, I thought, she has the disease. I decided to see her and notice, if I could, any signs of it. There were. Her skin was white and dry, the flesh on her hands was peeling—you see I passed her table while she was eating—the clerk told me where to find them.

"When I was sure, I didn't know what to do. If she were found in the hotel with leprosy, my business would have been ruined. There would have been a terrible scandal. I could not ask her to leave, that would have been worse; she would only have been compelled to go to another hotel, and the harm had been done.

"I realized I must do something, and alone, for I could not trust anyone. So that night, I entered the room and chloroformed her. Then to prevent detection and to destroy all chances of infection from the body, I set fire to the bed after wetting the walls and floor."

But Eileen did not hear the entire confession. She had fainted again.

Nationalism of Mr. Shea
(Continued)

we said it consisted fundamentally in co-operation between free and sovereign nations. That the co-operating nations be free and sovereign is an obvious necessity. Likewise they must voluntarily seek this mutual benefit, for internationalism can in no way be identified with an aggressive imperialism. Internationalism cannot establish peace, which is another way for saying that it cannot abolish war, until it has first guaranteed freedom, for freedom is the basis of all peace. But this it can do only when the barriers of national prejudice and suspicion are broken down. It is natural for each nation to seek liberty and peace, political integrity and economic solidity. But it cannot attain the latter with co-operative intercourse with other nations and it can only preserve the former if it is sufficiently strong to resist foreign encroachments. In time, each nation discovers that it is seeking for itself what its neighbors are seeking for themselves—liberty, peace, and prosperity. But these can be obtained only by international understanding and goodwill. Hence it is clear that the spirit of internationalism is at the basis of world order, and the preservance of this order depends upon the realization by civilized nations that they are themselves members of a world community whose well-being must be the ultimate criterion in international relations and consequently the guarantee of world peace.

Some erroneously assume that nationalism and internationalism are incompatibles. But if one examines the historical evolution of internationalism, it will be found that the two are complementary. One cannot exist without the other. And when we advocate the cultivation of an attitude of international good-will and co-operation among the nations of the world, it does not follow that to achieve this end nations must surrender their sovereignty. This would be a false internationalism, for we have shown above that freedom is a pre-requisite. The spirit we advocate is well expressed in the old proverb: "Love thy neighbor, but

take not down thy fence." It is a spirit that implies a curbing of national self-interest and a realization, however vague, by the nations that they are members of a human community whose boundaries exceed the demarcation lines of language and culture and whose interests and well-being must be the ultimate criterion of international policy.

Mr. Shea draws his second proof from "the actuality of current history." He finds in the League of Nations" the most pretentious plan for promoting international amity and welfare that has been created." This, however, is all Mr. Shea can say in favor of the League. In his attack upon its inadequacy in promoting international amity he seeks support for his views from such divergent sources as the writings of Father Charles Coughlin and Mr. David Lloyd George.

The scope of the present article is not such as to warrant an adequate discussion of the League of Nations. We may, however, point out some of the inconsistencies in Mr. Shea's argument. Mr. Shea says, or rather he quotes Father Coughlin as saying, that the League of Nations was nurtured in the illegitimate cradle of the Treaty of Versailles. Now granting that the noxious Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles is a permanent blot upon the peace negotiations of 1919 as well as one of the most preposterous forgeries in history, does this one article vitiate the entire document? The League Covenont is admittedly an imperfect instrument. Even friends of the League will ultimately concede this fact. But its critics fail to realize that the League is but a step towards the light, the first significant gesture towards international co-operation since the Concert of Europe. To conceive of the League of Nations as the ideal instrument in promoting international peace is to fail to face facts as they are. Mr. Shea has also made the mistake of failing to distinguish between the original concept of the League and its functions in the minds of its sponsers and its operations today under different control. In addition to its inherent weaknesses, it has suffered from maladministration. And we do not think that even Mr. Shea will want to admit that a principle abused is a principle inherently unsound.

The recent Sino-Japanese conflict provides Mr. Shea with more fuel for his assault upon the existing machinery for world peace. This time it is the Kellogg-Briand Treaty for the outlawry of was that is the object of attack. Space does not permit a review of the situation here. However, we refer Mr. Shea to Professor James Shotwell's splendid article on the question and the explanation of his doctrine of permissive sanction which appeared in The New York Times for March 20, 1932. Mr. Shea finds it impossible to regard the Pact of Paris as anything more important than a scrap of paper. Such a spirit very clearly exemplifies the attitude of many today who, when sight of the original ideal of a principle is lost or obscured by human perversity, conclude that the principle was defective from the beginning and consequently no longer operative.

Thirdly, Mr. Shea invokes the aid of reason in proving the truth of his theory. He says 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 blood that comes with hostilities on a great scale." Now the amusing part of this is that Mr. Shea apparently expects us to swallow this twaddle hook, line and sinker. But this no serious-minded person can do. For if it be true that war is so radicated in human nature and that as a result to oppose it is a gesture of magnificent futility, then must that rare virtue, self-control, be a non-entity. Admitting certain predatory instincts in man, to subscribe to Mr. Shea's opinion would be equivalent to condoning

all human perversity merely because it was human.

By way of driving a final nail into the coffin of internationalism, Mr. Shea uses the testimony of the Gospels where he finds the prophetic statement to the effect that the last day's sun shall shine upon a world torn by "wars and rumors of wars." We were not aware that Mr. Shea was an expert at New Testament exegesis, but assuming that his commentary is admissable, is it not equally plausible to suppose that these "wars and rumors of wars" may be conflicts in the spiritual order?

West of Suez
(Continued)

to make us wish to become better acquainted with the city.

Our evenings in Naples were not the least interesting attraction. Cooled by breezes from the Mediterranean, Neapolitan life thronged the squares, or "piazzas," and filled the cafes. Lights from the distant island and bayside towns gleamed romantically over the water. In the distance, the still ireful Vesuvius at intervals emitted vicious tongues of flame and smoke which melted into indistinctness. We seemed to be enfolded in an atmosphere of good-fellowship and peacefulness, as we sat among the natives and watched them at their evening pleasures.

Surrounding Naples, Nature has fashioned regions of almost unbelievable loveliness. Perhaps the most famous of these beauty spots is Amalfi, located on the south shore of the peninsula of Salerno. The inland route from Naples to Amalfi took us over the ancient highway to Pompeii, and thence over a ragged and precipitous mountain pass to the sea. Amalfi, once an influential republic, we found to be a terraced little city of peculiar dreamy charm. The houses, churches, and convents were precariously situated on rocky ledges in the steep mountainsides. Of these, the most noteworthy is the Hotel Cappuccini-Convento. This erstwhile monastery, a cluster of buildings now much patronized as a resting place for tourists, nestled on a reef of rock some two hundred feet up a jagged ledge. It could be reached only by means of a shelf-like path, built in a zigzag fashion up the sheer hillside, and protected from the scorching rays of the Mediterranean sun by elaborate vine-covered arbors. Husky natives, carrying sedan chairs, proffered their services, but information regarding their fees brought forth a chorus of "troppo!" from us. Once up there, however, we concluded that it was well worth the exertion of the climb, as it afforded a superb view of the Bay of Salerno, with its margin of shining white sand and rocky cliffs.

The city of Amalfi was the starting point of the far-famed Amalfi Drive. Following the irregular coast line of the Gulf of Salerno, the roadway wound in and out of the mountainside above the glittering Mediterranean, first over viaducts with vast gorges beneath, then built out like a shelf on the very edge of the cliffs, with a sheer drop of two or three hundred feet to the blue water below; cut into thick ledges, through picturesque towns, by charming villas, beneath terraced vineyards rich with fruit; and finally around the headland of the peninsular and into Sorrento, the mecca of tourists in southern Italy.

Sorrento is a shore resort overlooking the entrance to the Bay of Naples. Its hotels are built atop the abruptly rising cliffs, and thus command a unsurpassed view of that part of the Bay, and its sandy shores, dotted with "cabini," the bath houses typical of Italy. The cool breezes and the clear blue water at Sorrento have enticed many a traveler to seek relief there, after a sojourn in the enchanting, but equally sweltering city of Naples.

From Sorrento we went to the Isle of Capri, about an hour's sail on one of the island steamers. Since the days of the Roman Empire, this island at the mouth of the Bay of Naples has been noted for its scenic beauty. Often it has been termed an aesthetic wonder of the world. Our view of it, was unforgettable. The deeply indented and irregular shores, mountains and extinct volcanoes, blossoming hillsides that were riotous with color, ruins of villas that once belonged to the Emperor Tiberius, islanders in native costumes, all contributed to our glorious and lasting impression of the beauty of Capri.

The renowned Blue Grotto is one of the major attractions of Capri. It is a lofty cave, some seventy feet long and forty feet wide, in the base of the island. Entrance can be gained only through a small aperture at water level. The waves were sufficiently low to enable us to pay a visit to the interior of the cave on our way to the island town. The steamer maneuvered itself as near as possible to the gap in the rock, and a rugged native oarsman propelled his skiff to the steamer's gangplank. The transfer from steamer to dory appeared to be but a trifling task. The small boat apparently was on the level with our gangplank. However, just as I was about to place my foot in the dory, it went down in the hollow of a mighty wave, and I was obliged to take the jump on the crest of the next wave. Within the skiff, it was a small matter to be rowed to the Blue Grotto entrance, which looked

like a small hole in the island wall. Before we could go through, we were warned by the Capri sailor to stoop down in the bottom of the boat. When it nosed its way into the narrow opening, the oarsman drew in his hand-hewn oars. Then, as the swell receded from the rocks, he gripped the iron chains fastened on each side of the gap, and with a vigorous pull, brought the boat safely within the Grotto.

The interior was indescribable. Although sunlight penetrated only through the tiny entrance, by a unique reflection of this small patch of light on the clay bottom of the pool, the entire Grotto appeared in a dim blue light. The walls and ceiling and water were the deepest, most startling blue I ever have seen. Stalactites and stalagmites, all of the same intense blue which characterized the cave, had grown in fantastic formations. At the guide's suggestion, we splashed the water about, and the drops retained their sapphire hue as they gleamed and glistened on the walls and in the air. Our hands, when placed beneath the water, acquired the same blue tint. The Grotto appeared to be one great room, but as we rowed about we discovered that, leading away from the main cave, were countless passages for the more adventurous to explore. The whole cavern resembled some enchanted region, filled with eerie blue mist.

Again on the steamer, we proceeded around the island noted for its ragged, but wondrously beautiful shore line. Finally disembarking on the island, we reached the city of Capri, five hundred feet above the sea level, by means of the "funicolare," more commonly known as the cable car. All along the side of the track wild geraniums grew apace. The "piazza" of Ana Capri portrayed the easy-going life on the island. The streets of the town were narrow, some even too narrow for carts. Souvenir vendors were everywhere in evidence. A notable feature of our visit was our encounter with the "Old Man of Capri," a much photographed individual because of his striking attire. He is made much of by tourists, and lives entirely on the tips he receives in return for posing with them.

The upper town of Capri occupied but little of our time, for its interesting aspects were few and insignificant. Ae we concluded our visit by once more sailing around the Island, our final impression was one of its natural, rather than man-made grandeur, a fitting type of beauty with which to climax our Mediterranean adventure.

Checkerboard
(Continued)

All we can say about Perrin is that he was a "beat". . .

Wally Corbett said he had relatives in Brooklyn . . . We believe you . . . but is it customary to go and see relatives two nights in a row when you are in New York once a year? . . . and it is our guess that you wouldn't have brought Tommy Griffin, chronic ankles and all, with you if there wasn't some catch . . . You didn't come back Saturday night, did you, Walter? . . . and Blanche wouldn't let us take your pillow . . . he must have been saving it for Skenyon. . .

There is something that we must tell you . .. two students were in New York stranded . . . they had gone to see the games . . . another student with dough had driven down in his car all alone . . . Surprisingly after having asked him for a return trip the two were still left stranded . . . Whom did we hear calling you "Santa Claus," Skenyon? . . . By the way, Santa, whom did you sleep with that? . . . Wouldn't Al move over the next night? . . . what did he have to say when he went up after you to open the door for you that night. . .

Al Blanche wasn't quite so foxy though . . .didn't you get roped in one night? . . . then there was the trip down on the boat . . . you were out pretty late that night, kid? . . . but nobody envied you . . . not even Joe McCarthy, and as a rule he has a tough time securing a friend . . . we mean that way . . . gosh, Al, you must be physically unfit . . . or mentally . . . little Corbie could even do better than that . . . By the way, we understand that you sing to your girl when you go calling . . . Corbett said that you couldn't sing so good, but you could sing loud . . . you and George are a pair. . .

Danny Connors . . . good old Danny . . . who is going to write a book on how to be a batsman of no mean ability . . . just tell them the way you don't do it and it would sure be a success . . . You ought to switch to the outfield because of your hitting, Dan . . . we were sorry you were indisposed the last night of the trip, too, Dan . . .just when you could have gone out and had a good time . . . but he didn't mind as long as you were sick. . .

Little Andy Haggerty said that he heard a lot of confessions on the trip back on the boat . . . that is the place that you would hear them. . .

If it ever happens again that Jack Smith passes by in a car with a girl by his side we won't mind, and probably wouldn't mention it . . . but when he says to the girl: "Duck, there's that guy that will put it in the paper," we shall cross him right off the list . . . there is no excuse for such a thing as that. John . . . and now you've got Glennon doing it . . . Well, we don't care if he ever talks to us, 'cause he's a wise guy. . .

There was a day when Charlie Jorn wouldn't have to imitate anyone to be the hit of the school . . . But that day has gone by . . . he followed Doyle in getting that haircut just to make him look handsome. . .

We understand that Jimmy Guilfoyle is quite a coffee drinker . . . that's a good stimulant "One Round," old kid . . . Speaking of coffee, Tom Coffey was seen at Oakland Beach Easter night waiting for the bathing-house to open . . . You must have it bad, Thomas . . . (How 'bout that, Nonnie?). . . .

Dink, strange as it may seem to

you boys, was listening to Professor Clammee or some name like that discussing philosophy . . . Dink was all excited when all of a sudden someone got up to contradict the prof's statement . . . he burst into laughter when he perceived Frankie Shea, who has made the Tie-Up famous . . . Don't let those fakes get away with anything, Frankie . . . and you know differences of opinions make horse races. . .

Bobby Dion had the pleasure of sleeping at a friend's house the night of the Prom . . . Perrin happened to see him asleep and remarked: "Isn't Bobby cute when he's asleep?" . . . We were wondering if Robie was insinuating anything when he replied: "I think he's cute when he's playing third base". . .

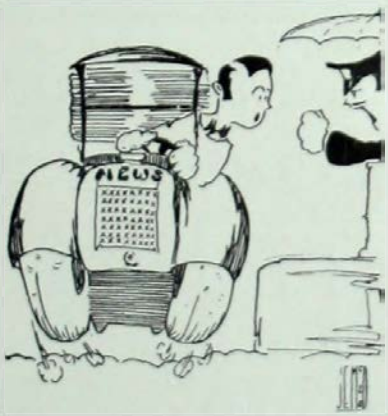
Frank Reavey has been sick for quite a while . . . he said that complications set in . . . tough. . .

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Farrell has taken to courting . . . he visited Albany and delayed a while when he tried to pass a car on the left . . . and went to see the judge . . . it was a good thing "Moon's" pa came down with the mayor . . . It can easily be seen that you have stuck to dear old Providence most of the while . . . we didn't say anything but we knew that you were lost when you arrived in the "Heart of the Berkshires" . . . with all your money why don't you go around a bit. . .

George Cody went to Pittsfield . . . If we weren't afraid that Danny Hart might tell tales, we would tell some of the things he did up there . . . Could we put you in the bag, Hungry?. . .

So John Shea has become "the silent organist" . . . that sure was a child's prank the boys played on you, John . . . to think that they would stoop so low as to lock you out of your own house . . . you might suspect anything from a person like Joe Lee, though . . . Anybody who would call Brockton on a Tuesday evening is just an idiot in pants. . .

Jack Flynn was heard to remark that he was having trouble handling some of his players . . . everyone suspected Sellig right away . . . but they were mistaken . . . he said that he feared Kos was staying out too late at night . . . He has a right to fear such a thing, too . . . Tibby was telling us of a party that he went to with Kos . . . and he danced all night . . . and needed the whole room to himself when he stuck his arm out three or four feet . . . at that party was "Dill" Reilly also . . . good old generous Rile . . . the boys were flat broke



. . . all except Rile . . . cigarettes were needed . . . everyone looked at Rile waiting for him to speak up . . . and so up spoke Rile: "That's what you boys get for smoking". . . You and Skenyon ought to pal around together, Rile . . . you would make a great pair . . . you ought to compare notes someday . . . (That isn't really funny though, is it auntie?) . . . but he really is that way. . .

"Yacha" Keegan and Jack Reilly conspired to pull a fast one . . . stopped in a dance hall . . . they had one dollar and thirty-five cents . . . the cover charge was a half a dollar and the girls had eaten more than what they could pay for . . . Keeg's girl accidentally on purpose becomes ill . . . needless to say they helped her from the hall and scrammed. . .

Johnny LaCroix volunteered some "dirt" . . . but it was punk . . . So in return we ask what was the incentive (or should we say incentives) that kept our poet so long an usher . . . you sure had entertainment galore . . . if you know what we mean . . .

A rumor has been floating around . . . to the effect that some of our previous remarks are misunderstood . . . may we suggest that every item be read with care for fear of ambiguity . . .

Georgie Tebbetts, who insists on being known as Our Sterling Receiver, looks forward with pleasure to the coming baseball season . . . another trip to the big city, huh, Bird? . . . It must be different from that town you come from.

A couple of things we would like to see over again. . . Jimmy Dillon in full dress suit with his suspenders hanging down his back . . . and "Schnozz" Ferris walking down Smith street in a brown hat, bear skin coat, white sweater, pink pants (no, blue pants) brown and white shoes, and green socks . . . Oh, what a couple of rare birds . . . We could add that about Tommy Curtin having to be carried out of the Albee, too . . . sore leg, Tom?

Did you know Glennon and Power were down at the Outlet . . . attending a modeling show . . . they were the only boys there. No, you weren't listening to the music either . . .

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