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VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1927.

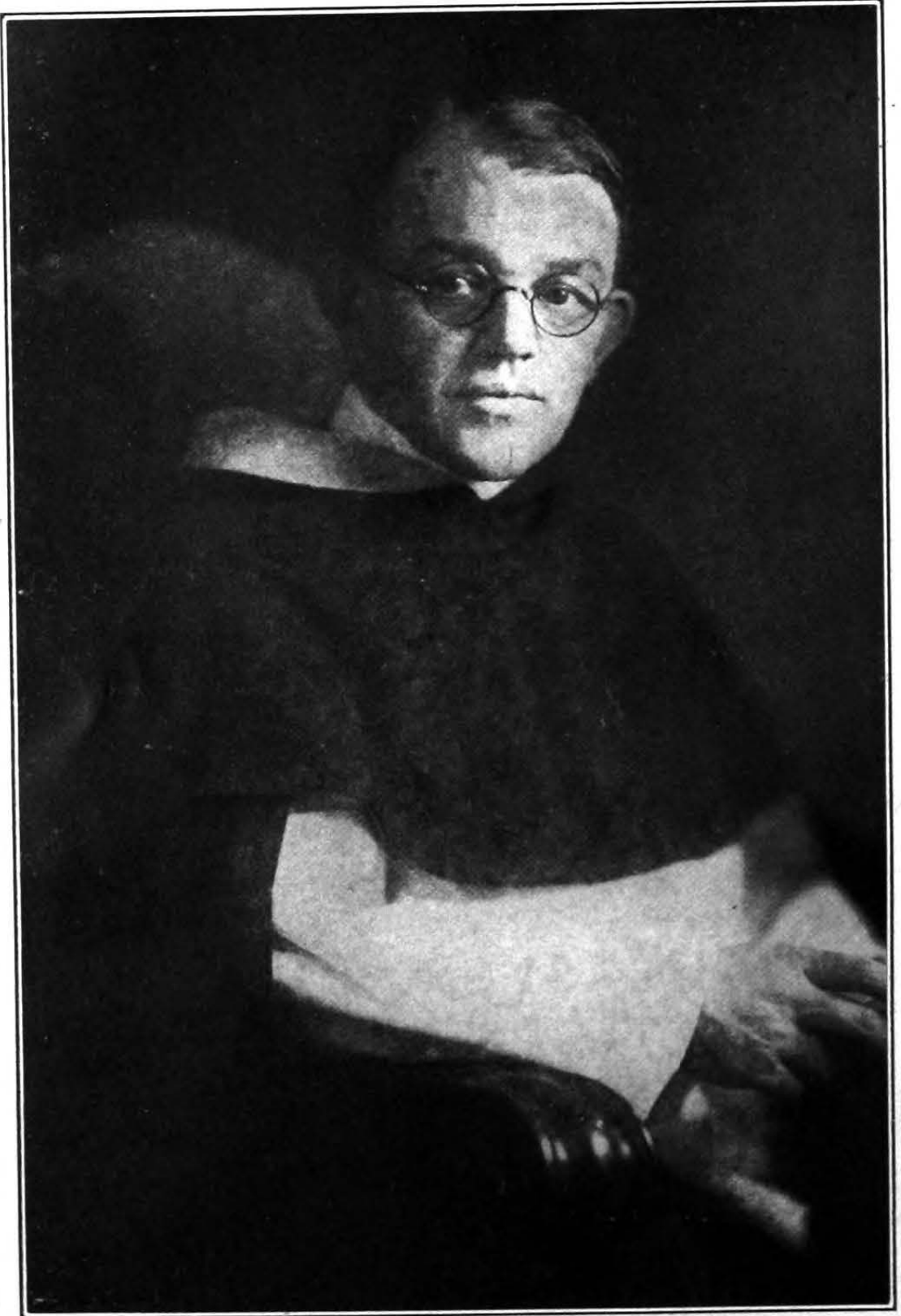
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VERY REVEREND LORENZO C. MCCARTHY, O.P., PH.D.

W. F. O'Daniel, O. P.



Our New President

ON COMMENCEMENT DAY, June 16, 1927, the Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy was appointed President of Providence College to succeed the Very Reverend William D. Noon, who had finished his second term as President of the college. Although the retirement of Fr. Noon occasioned much regret, the appointment of his successor was received with wide satisfaction. In Father McCarthy one of the most promising men in the Dominican Order is entrusted with the destinies of Providence College.

Father McCarthy was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 19, 1889, but while he was still very young his parents moved to Woonsocket. He attended the public schools there, and La Salle Academy, Providence, from which he was graduated with honors in 1905. Entering Holy Cross College he studied there four years, receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1909. The next year he taught in the schools of Harrisville, Rhode Island.

In September, 1910, he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland, to study for the priesthood. His vocation to the religious life, which asserted itself during his years in the Seminary, was heeded, and in September, 1914, Lorenzo McCarthy applied and was admitted to the Dominican Novitiate at St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Ohio. The following year he was sent to the House of Studies, Washington, D. C. Upon the completion of his theological studies he was ordained to the priesthood in the the Dominican House of Studies, on September 16, 1917, by the Right Reverend Thomas J. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University. After two years' further study he received the degree of Lector of Sacred Theology in June, 1919.

In September, 1919, Father McCarthy came to Providence College as Professor of Philosophy, remaining in this capacity until 1924. In the fall of 1924 he was sent to Louvain University where he specialized in psychological studies, and was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, July 11, 1926. Returning to this country after

Providence College Alembic

an extended tour of Europe and the Near East, Father McCarthy went to the Dominican House of Philosophy in Chicago, serving as Dean of the Department of Philosophy until he was assigned his present duties.

Father McCarthy has the distinction of being one of the youngest college Presidents in the country. The record of his achievements, therefore, has still to be written. However, his thorough preparation, his scholarly, judicious mind, and his sympathetic attitude toward all things collegiate assure us that the list of his accomplishments will be long. Of his success we have no doubt, and as a token of our confidence and esteem we herewith pledge our Very Reverend President a whole-hearted and lasting co-operation.

JOHN H. F. O'CONNELL, '28.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

“**O**NE of America’s twelve greatest women,” said Doctor James J. Walsh, in speaking of Mother Alphonsa Lathrop. This gem of Catholicity, a nun, and the only daughter of the famous poet, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has given a splendid example of the subjugation of self to serve the outcasts of society, and the narrative of her struggle to care for incurable cancer patients is particularly interesting to Catholics, since its actual beginning and her conversion to this faith took place simultaneously.

Picture, if you can, a sensitive, refined, and wealthy lady discarding her silks, luxuries, and discharging her servants to enter that pitgsty of humanity, the Bowery of New York. All this she did that she might serve those poverty-stricken wrecks, known as incurable cancer victims. The very contrast creates an unusual situation; one that does not occur in a generation; and yet, here it is, in our midst, enacted by a Catholic convert, who later became a sister of the Order of Saint Dominic.

For convenience sake, her story may be divided into two parts: first, her early life, including her childhood, education, and marriage; secondly, her renouncing of Unitarianism, reception to Catholicism, and her subsequent work to establish homes for incurable cancer patients.

Rose, or Rosebud, as she was affectionately called, was born in the year 1851, at Lenox, Massachusetts, amid the congenial surroundings of the Hawthorne home. Her father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was, as his writing indicated, very brilliant, prone to mysticism and rebellion against convention. The mother, Sophia Peabody, on the other hand, lacked many of these peculiar qualities of her poet husband. She was a fireside idealist, a clever artist, and, above all an affectionate parent. Most probably here lay the source of Rose’s inherent philanthropy, for the lessons learned at the knee of one’s mother are usually the most lasting and the most often utilized. This wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne spared no effort to make possible the conception of untainted

ideals in the mind of her child. Although she was a talented woman, a gifted conversationalist, she never abandoned her child to the unvarnished philosophy of a maid, while she enjoyed the association of the great literary lights of that time. Thus the first year of baby Hawthorne's life were crowded with lessons that taught her how to love all and be loved by all.

As did all his contemporary writers, Nathaniel Hawthorne wished to spend much of his time travelling in Europe. During the year 1853 his golden opportunity to fulfill this wish came in the form of an official appointment to the consulate at Liverpool. As may be easily seen, this appointment was a much needed, and highly appreciated event, for to know and write of European matters, Hawthorne had to observe them at close range. Before this time, however, the cost of such observations were prohibitive, but now, thanks to the Government, he could hire some one to fill his place at Liverpool, while he toured Europe's Meccas of art.

Of course, little Rosebud went along on this trip, and in so travelling was able to experience a profound change of outlook on life at the impressionable age of girlhood. Had she remained in the sequestered gardens at Lenox, it is doubtful if she ever would have extended her greatness of spirit to actual practice. She would have, perhaps, pitied from afar the sufferings of the poor, inasmuch as she would have never known so vividly the bitterness of hopeless poverty. But Europe, the land of many beggars and many kings, taught her a wonderful lesson. As she was assimilating the higher arts in London, in Dresden, in Paris, and in Rome, she was also assimilating knowledge from mobs of starving people who everywhere assailed the tourist.

Rose experienced an uneasy stirring of compassion for these poor creatures which was not easily pacified. She might, it is true, have thrown them a pittance and laughed at their mad clawing for what meant life to them; yet, her bigness of heart and trueness of spirit prevented her from adopting such an attitude. Instead, she became interested in their sad, and wholly unnecessary social condition. She studied extensively the charitable institutions conducted by the Roman Catholic Church. She admired the sisters greatly, particularly the sisters of Our Lady of Calvary Society of France. So vivid was the impression religious made upon her mind that she published a colorful account of convent life, titled, *Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation*. This interest she manifested in religion might

allow one to point out unhesitatingly to her travels and observations in Europe as the underlying psychological force that helped her to consecrate her life in later years on the altar of charity.

There is no doubt that, at the time of her marriage to George Parsons Lathrop, the now blooming Hawthorne maid, did not entertain any idea of ever donning the religious veil. Rose could not throw her allegiance to marriage or any other project halfheartedly. She was all that could be wished for by this young American journalist—sweetheart, wife, mother, comrade through troubles and pleasures. She was earnest in her obligations, and she had need to be for the early married life of the couple was not without its pains and sorrows. Mr. Lathrop had acquired no great renown when he married Miss Hawthorne. That was in 1871, and not until 1875 did fortune begin to smile on the two. He became at this time associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. From now on, life seemed far more kind than it had formerly been.

In the meantime, two events of great importance had happened. The first was the birth of a child that did not live very long. The death of this child began a series of events that were destined to leave the mother unhampered in directing her energy to the completion of the noble calling assigned to her. The second, and by far more important, event was the divine call that caused Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop to forsake Unitarianism and embrace Catholicism. To the social world at that time this was a startling change; one that few understood, or cared to understand. Bitter criticisms were heaped upon the heads of the brave couple. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lathrop flinched; they had seen and had chosen the right path, and all the criticism in the world could not halt them. Not long afterward Mr. Lathrop died, and his wife stood face to face with this same criticizing world, alone, and on the threshold of a career that had taken definite shape in her mind.

Mrs. Lathrop was alone in a theoretical sense only; she still had a few friends; she had a home and freedom from financial cares. But, in spite of all this, she and her idea were foreign to her environment; for who could imagine the wealthy society of that time, or any other time, concerning themselves with the sufferings of East Side New York? Surely, no one has ever seen this social type, except in very rare cases, giving up its pleasures to benefit the poor, at whose expense it is rich. Mrs. Lathrop understood all these things, and it is little wonder that she craved for the scene of her future work. Not many months

had passed until she had begun to care for the destitute whom no one wanted.

It was through the Reverend Father Alfred Young that she had joined the Catholic Church, and it was through him also that she received her first patient. He had, in his parish, a young, poverty-stricken seamstress incurably afflicted by cancer. Quite accidentally he mentioned the case to his convert. The immediate answer he received was, "Give her to me." From then on they came to her, unkempt women with foul sores covering their bodies; women such as Damien was meeting on Malokai; women, whose social habits must have been a scourge to the refined philanthropist.

She never faltered, however; her lot was chosen; her die was cast. Accordingly she went ahead boldly, and hired a dilapidated tenement house at 668 Water Street, in the Lower East Side of New York. The exterior of this building presented a sorry spectacle. Windows were broken, blinds dangled loosely from their rusty moorings and the dirt laden paint was wrinkling and cracking with age. Within there was scarcely a more encouraging sight. Paint, paper, and plaster had not been touched for years, and, as may be imagined, hordes of vermin swarmed everywhere.

In spite of all, the situation could not daunt the spirit that had so firmly established its purpose. More patients came until she, herself, could no longer attend to the many calls for her services. It was then that the hand of God again interposed in the person of the brilliant, well-educated Miss Mary Rose Huber. This young woman, a member of a well respected family of Louisville, had obtained her education in a Dominican school of Kentucky, from where she had come to lay down her life at the side of Mrs. Lathrop in the services of the poor.

The sterling qualities of Mrs. Lathrop's first follower were inestimable. They may be only slightly judged from her own description of the woman she admired so much, and the surroundings in which she found her.

"I looked at her as she stood there—the only bright object in all that ugliness and misery—and as I looked a great feeling of pity and affection filled my heart for her, and though since that eventful day my faith in human nature had sadly changed, my faith and affection for Mrs. Lathrop always remained the same."

"It was only then that I began to realize the sacrifice and hardships of her life; it was work early and late, sometimes far in the night;

we were surrounded, for the most part, by a low class of people; we had no time for reading, I could not even write a letter, the change was so great; the patients groaned, the women in the kitchen rattled pots and pans, and the people in the neighborhood never seemed to go to bed, and I became extremely homesick."

What a powerful motive must have been necessary to hold these two brave creatures in such a place! It must have been, indeed, something spiritual, something that had no origin in material things. Its beginning surely was in love for the great Creator, and its operation was in love for His helpless beings.

Soon the Water Street places became too small, for there were now many requests from destitute males. Although Mrs. Lathrop seemed confronted by a great obstacle in her lack of room, she readily overcame the difficulty by securing a larger apartment house at 426 Cherry Street. On May 1st, 1899, she and her ever growing troop of patients moved to the somewhat better quarters which were given the name of Saint Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer.

About this time these brave women saw that they must ask the public for means to carry on the work of caring for their patients. No doubt they wished for a thousandth part of the sums then being expended on battleships and political campaigns. But they wished in vain, for it has ever been man's justice to ignore the worthy and to burden himself with the unworthy. If this source was close to them, however, there was another—the charitable working class. Mrs. Lathrop used her capable pen to place her request before these, and they responded slowly but admirably.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. James T. McEntyre and Father Clement M. Theunte, O.P., came to inspect the altar and chapel that had been erected in the new home. The outcome of Father Theunte's visit was the suggestion that Mrs. Lathrop and Miss Huber should join the Third Order of Saint Dominic. They did so, and now the dream of Mrs. Lathrop's life was about to be realized. Archbishop Corrigan willingly consented to incorporate them into the religious order. He said concerning their work:

"Let us help them to the best of our ability, for if this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, you cannot destroy it."

The two now received their Dominican habits; Mrs. Lathrop took the name of Sister Alphonsa, and Miss Huber took the name of Sister

Rose. In this manner they began officially a work that has and will do great honor to the religious organization that is its sponsor.

The next chapter of the story was enacted in the spring of 1901, at Westchester Hills. Here Sister Alphonsa acquired a large wooden structure, and, leaving Sister Rose in charge of Saint Rose's Home she moved to the fourth new home to establish her headquarters. Between this time and the time of her death, she caused to be built, through her untiring efforts, a fire-proof annex, and a smaller home called St. Joseph's Home. The great structure, a huge modern hospital at Hawthorne, New York, had also been started.

But before this building had been fairly put under way, a summons came to the remarkable woman. It was a summons she could not refuse, even for the sake of the poor she loved. It was the summons of death. Not for her, was it death in the sense of cessation; it was the beginning of an immortal reward for a faultless service to her Creator.

On Monday morning, July 12th, 1926, she was buried in the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, not far from the scene of her labors. In fact, she lies in the shadow of her immense society, which at the time of her death had grown in numbers from a mere half dozen to four hundred and twenty-two, Catholics, Protestants, Hebrews, and those professing no religion. But if she is gone, she has left all these patients in capable hands, and although she is no longer serving, in a material way, the cancer-eaten poor, she is watching from above the work she so nobly began.

CHARLES P. EARLY, '30.

A Sense of Humor



TO CONFESS the lack of a sense of humor is to become, in America at least, a social outcast. But the social pariahs who trace their downfall to this cause are extremely few. If, indeed, there are any, they are to be commended for an honesty so courageous, as to exalt them above mere humanity. And this is true because Americans take their sense of humor with such grim seriousness. It is true because our sense of humor is one of the chief sources of our national pride. This is a pride, moreover, that has taken on a blustering swagger, that presumes to ridicule otherwise harmless nations whose people have not yet learned the importance of the sense of humor. We have come to regard that very important ability as an attribute peculiarly our own. And such a degree has our assurance of proprietorship attained that I think we would take up arms more quickly against the nation which contested our exclusive right to the sense of humor than against the nation which contested our right, let us say, to Texas.

As the case is applied to individuals, it is not too difficult to conjure up the spectacle of a man coming to blows because his sense of humor has been attacked. But we all know that many a man has been called irreligious and never blinked an eye. The individual's search for humor is more tireless and more profound than his search for truth and everything concerned with it is, for him, of tremendous import. It is, then, immensely gratifying to learn that our newspaper comic strips mean little or nothing to the Englishman. That they mean as little to ourselves does not matter; what does matter is that they puzzle other peoples, and, that much being accomplished, our superiority remains secure.

The ability to perceive and to appreciate a joke, "to see the point," as it is said, must be with us always. And the man who fails to laugh at the right time brings upon himself a humiliation more devastating than any experienced by one who uses the wrong fork. We must continually be on the alert for the humor of every situation, of

every conversation, of every expression. To allow the humor to escape unnoticed is to be guilty of neglect of a solemn obligation. On the other hand, a knowing smile that bespeaks concealed amusement is the most distinctive and most coveted badge a man can wear. It is the envy of all and the fear of those at whom it is directed. It is the despair of all who realize that one man has found humor where everyone else has failed. And therein lies the supreme triumph.

So it is that nothing can be mentioned without a smile; since the omission of a smile is indicative of an ignorance of the subtle humor involved. For example, mention of the Rotary Club must be accompanied with a proper grin, for the Rotary Club is considered a subject replete with humorous possibilities. Perhaps it is. But what is certainly more laughable is that, while everyone speaks of it with a smile, not everyone knows why he is smiling. And so, in the contemplation of anything, nothing is sought but the laugh. Of course, nothing else is found, and sadly enough, sometimes even the laugh is not found.

In some time far distant, perhaps we will be remembered as a people of an astounding sense of humor. I hope we are so remembered, for no people ever worked so sedulously in devotion to a cause. After centuries have elapsed and Rotary Clubs are taken seriously, there may be a reminder of our astute generation in an echo of laughter among the hills. And that laughter might be from the spirits of this generation. But spirits are wiser than mortals and if any of their laughter be echoed it must surely sound hollow and mirthless, as that of a man who has learned to laugh at himself.

JOHN C. HANLEY, '29.

"In Quest of Adventure"

CHE bleak sands of the desert stretched forward as far as the eye could reach. Here and there some prickly growth, the grim symbol of the desert, spread its ominous arms as if to shelter the quivering reptiles which darted back and forth across the dreary waste. High above, the merciless sun had reached its zenith and was dispatching its intolerable rays in quest of the last spot of moisture if, perchance, such a place existed.

Suddenly against the horizon there loomed the figure of a man on horseback. The dust of many miles veiled his features and the pangs of agonizing thirst seared his parched throat. He sat astride his mount at a precipitous angle as the animal jolted along, growing weaker with each movement of its faltering limbs.

Jack Stewart, the rider, was a dashing young officer in His Majesty's service in India. A few months previous, the unit with which Jack was attached had left England, bound for Bombay. Having arrived there in safety, the company pitched camp in a little town called Kao on the outskirts of the city, and awaited further orders. None came, and the men settled down to make the best of things in this sultry yet comfortable country. And then, out of a clear sky, came a bolt to lend a touch of the unique to the unbroken routine of Jack Stewart's life.

Alongside his tent Jack had been drowsing in the fantastic Indian twilight when Reggie Keily, his chum, came running up, very much excited and out of breath. Stewart sprang to his feet as the other approached and waited for him to speak, while a quizzical expression swept over his handsome features.

"What's the matter, old man?" he asked when his companion had come closer and was trying to regain his composure. He paused and waited for a reply.

"Jack!" the other gasped spasmodically, "that outlaw, Ahmer-el-Bey, has gone on another rampage. He and his cutthroats have just

swept through the town and cleaned out the provisions. This time the natives valued their bodies more than their bread, and offered no resistance. Usually, however, he leaves blood in his wake."

Jack Stewart listened attentively as his companion rambled on. The smile on his face faded.

"Furthermore," Reggie continued, "the scoundrel has threatened to return in a few days. This has incited the natives very much and our commander fears that they will go on the warpath. If they do, there'll be the devil to pay. But I'm beginning to wander. Captain Sands sent me here to fetch you to him."

Together they hurried back through the camp and soon found themselves in the quarters of the commandant, a spacious tent equipped as befitted the rank of its occupant. That individual glanced up as the two chums entered. He was seated behind a desk where he had been poring over some papers.

"Jack," he said kindly, for he had an especial attachment to his young aide-de-camp, "I have something for you to do, a very special mission for you to perform. I wouldn't give this to anyone else, but I know I can depend on you. It is a dangerous task, and you are going to take your life in your hands."

Jack Stewart shuffled uneasily. He was impatient to hear what this mission was. The mention of personal danger did not impress him very forcibly. He loved action. Danger, romance, intrigue—each found a favorable place in his heart.

"The recent attack of this bandit, Ahmer-el-Bey, has caused quite a furore among the inhabitants. I fear they may rebel if he returns again. True, we might have a hand in the matter ourselves, but I have received strict orders not to interfere in any way with the affairs of the natives. Orders are orders, you know. We've tried to bluff the villain, but it's no use. There is only one man whom this scoundrel fears, and he is the Rajah. A sign from him would be sufficient to put the beggar in his place. Now here is what I want you to do. You are to go to the Rajah's estate and secretly obtain his signature; that is, get him in some way or other to stamp this document with his seal. Of course, I could ask the Rajah to intervene, but I would much rather handle this affair without his actual interference. You may have to disguise yourself to gain access to his presence. That is all, but for God's sake,

don't bungle it. Make it as quick as possible. And remember—I'm depending on you.”

Jack and Reggie emerged from the tent into the exotic tranquillity of an Indian night. The former changed his costume for the native garb, thinking that it would be more advantageous for the success of his mission. In silence, the two chums proceeded to the stables, where Jack saddled his mount and, having bade his friend farewell, rode forward, soon to be swallowed up by the darkness.

As he rode along rapidly, for he had to cross a vast expanse of desert to reach his destination before daybreak, a thousand complexities swam before his bewildered brain. What if he should be seized with cowardice? What if he should be taken captive? And above all, what if he should not be successful? But the thought that he must not fail spurred him on with renewed zeal, and enkindled new hope in his heart. He rode throughout the night and the morning sun found him still going strong, though the energy of both man and beast was greatly taxed. He felt the need of a refreshing drink and reached for his canteen but, to his utter dismay, the vessel was missing. He must have lost it. He cursed himself aloud for his carelessness. He found himself in a quandary. Turn back he could not. He must go on. Surely his destination could not be far off.

But the excruciating rays of the noonday sun had sapped his energy. His mount staggered and fell. Jack tried to rouse the suffering animal but to no avail. The ghastly panting of the steed convinced him of the futility of his efforts. He staggered on, himself almost overcome, thinking that at any moment he would burst forth into flames. He wandered on for a few minutes, minutes that seemed like hours. Every step shot darts through his pain-racked frame. Suddenly he stopped short. What was that only a few yards in front of him? Could it be that it was a crystal stream? With a concerted effort he rushed forward and plunged in. He was rudely brought back to reality when he found himself wallowing in the arid sand. It was a mirage! Just then, Jack heard gruff voices—and swooned.

Awakening, he wondered if he were still in the land of the living. The sound of surly voices hastily convinced him that he had not yet taken leave. It was night now. He knew that from the shaft of moonlight which streamed down through the small opening above him. Gradually the happenings of the day came back to him. Never would he forget his craving for drink! His thirst was satiated now. He wondered

who his benefactors were. His body was still stiff from the ordeal. Ah, yes, now he remembered! He had heard voices, but before he could discern what was said, unconsciousness had taken hold of him. And now he heard voices again. He listened attentively. Yes, they were the same as he had heard back there in that hell-hole. He strained his hearing to catch what was being said.

'He is to be very much suspected,' Jack heard some one saying inarticulately. His presence must be made known to the Rajah just as soon as the master is at leisure."

Jack started. He saw it all in a flash. He was held a prisoner in the house of the Rajah. Destiny was helping him play his cards well. But he must act quickly, else his plans might end in fiasco.

He waited for what seemed an eternity. Gradually the conversation without abated, and he heard the sound of shuffling footsteps fading in the distance. A shrouded figure, apparently his guard, stalked back and forth and then, as the figure was silhouetted against the pitchy blackness, Jack noticed for the first time that he was separated from the outer room by iron bars. Every so often the man glanced in upon the still figure in the corner and, having assured himself all was well, he resumed his pacing. Presently he paused and, looking around once again, he slumped upon the ground, leaning his back against the wall near the gate. Jack thought his guard was drowsy. His conjecture proved right for, in a few minutes, steady snoring told him that his opportunity had come.

Stealthily he crept forward until he could almost discern the man's features outlined in the darkness. He reached out for the key. Yes, it should be there on the right side. He had heard it clinking as the other paced back and forth. Ah, there it was! His face lit up as his hand came in contact with a flat metallic object. Deftly he unfastened it from the ring and inserted it in the lock. There was a sharp click as the bolt shot back and Jack's heart almost stopped at the sound. Would his guard awaken? He paused. No, from all appearances, the man was a sound sleeper.

Jack pushed open the gate carefully, oh, so carefully! He stepped out with a firm stride. At least for the present he was free, he ruminated. Once having closed the gate and returned the key to its proper place, he wasted no time. Casting a hasty glance around, he crept down the corridor in the direction of the Rajah's quarters. He knew this section of the house well, having been here on several previous

occasions. Furthermore, he was aware that the Rajah slept unguarded. Pausing before the door of the sleeping compartments of the master, he drew forth from his bosom the document which he meant to have stamped with the Rajah's seal before he left the room.

Quietly he opened the door, entered, and closed it as softly behind him. A shaft of light lit up the slumbering figure in the bed and, in the glow, he beheld the object of his quest. The seal, mounted on a huge ring, was on the hand of the sleeper. The Rajah guarded it with his life. He never discarded it, even for a moment.

Jack Stewart crept forward and crouched low beside the bed. He waited for a few moments, wishing to ascertain if the room's occupant was sound asleep. Having satisfied himself with the knowledge that the other was really unconscious, he placed the document near the head of the sleeper and remained motionless for a moment before attempting his next move. Just then the sound of angry voices was heard down the corridor. Jack's heart sank. His escape had been discovered. After all his suffering, were his plans to be frustrated almost at the point of their consummation? And once again Lady Luck lent a helping hand. Jack crouched low just in time, for the Rajah, awakened by the commotion outside, sprang up. With the sudden movement his hand flew back landing squarely on the parchment, leaving a perfect imprint. Jack took his cue. Bounding up, he snatched the document and dashed out through a side door into an adjoining hall as quickly as his cumbersome clothing would allow. The shouts were coming nearer now, and above them he could discern the angry voice of the Rajah crying, “Stop that intruder!”

Evidently he did not know that he had stamped the scroll which Jack was bearing in his flight. His pursuers were close upon him now. In sheer desperation he rounded a corner, but, instead of going ahead, he leaned close against the wall, hoping against hope that they would pass by without detecting him. Suddenly, to his utter amazement, the whole panel revolved and he swirled around to the other side of the wall, falling a few feet to the ground. Through the concealing partition, he heard the footsteps pounding past, and a multitude of irate shouts at his seeming evanescence into air.

Jack looked about him to see where he was. Apparently this was an unknown, or at least a forgotten, subterranean passage that he had peculiarly chanced upon. The dust of ages clung to the walls, and cobwebs hung from the ceiling. Then, a short distance ahead, he saw a circle of light dancing through a clump of bushes and he knew that only

a few yards separated him from freedom. Exultingly, he sprang forward to the opening with but a single word flashing before his mind—success!

* * * * *

Back in camp, two days later, Lieutenant Jack Stewart was being congratulated by his superior officer on the signal success of his mission.

A few miles distant, Ahmer-el-Bey had received a most discouraging note. It read:

WORD HAS COME TO ME OF YOUR UNWARRANTABLE
CONDUCT. KINDLY COME TO YOUR SENSES, OR
THERE WILL BE AN UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN US.

Whatever doubt the marauder may have entertained as to the authenticity or sincerity of the missive, it was quickly dispelled by the sight of the Rajah's seal. And the natives of Kao never knew why Ahmer-el-Bey suddenly ceased his hostilities.

JAMES J. SHERIDAN, '30.

Does the White Play Pay?

AT THIS time in the history of the stage, there is a tendency among a certain class of producers and theatrical owners to permit plays of questionable character to be exhibited to the public. These plays have no elevating motive that has caused the drama to be a part of life, no educational benefit for those who participate in their substance, nothing conducive to better morals. Instead they are based on a licentious theme, written by some unscrupulous person, allured by financial gain to write and not by a love or vocation for it. The reason for this debasement of the drama is accounted for by the producers and theatrical owners as "Giving the public what it wants."

We would, first of all, wish to inquire how these men class the public. If they place all men and women in one group and stamp them "the public," their reasons for the type and quality of their productions might suffice. But besides the cheap, eager, lustful crowd that greet such immoral performances with great applause, there are countless others who, clean of mind and heart, are forced to sit through and bear a presentation far below their ideals of the correct and proper performance for the exposition of dramatic art.

But are the latter class of the public obliged to sit idle while the financially crazed producers force base offerings upon them? Are they not lending their support to such low ideals of the drama by giving exorbitant prices for what they do not desire to witness?

One of the greatest drawbacks to the advancement of the pure play then, is the commercialism of the theatre. The first application of the commercial system was an indication of progress, a benefit to the actor and to the production in general. It was organized as a means of supporting the drama, but gradually has grown to make the drama support the system. Theatrical owners have discovered that actors could supply entertainment to the hungering pleasure-seekers and that they themselves could reap untold profits. Every little town or hamlet had

its own theatres which rivalled each other. But this independent competition was stifled by an appalling theatrical monopoly, which started in New York as a shrewdly organized booking company, to distribute touring companies throughout the cities of the United States. This placed the entire control in the hands of a few men in New York, who produced plays, which in their eyes were successes, morally or otherwise, if they were financially a success. Thus a good play has come to mean a "successful" play and a successful play to mean a play that earns enormous profits. The results of the capitalizing of entertainment have been deep-seated, both as to society and art, and no phase of dramatic presentation has been unaffected.

It is well to ask ourselves what it is that we are expecting from the theatre and are not receiving. How far ought the theatre to be serviceable to civilization? What are the duties which we claim we have a right to demand from the theatre?

The public have a right to demand of the theatre, since it can be so powerful for good or evil, a definite, conscious educational influence. They have themselves to censure, and until this is realized, they will still be fed the undesirable and allow the true, clean drama to wane, until it becomes almost extinct.

The theatre should be of a high moral standard, because it reaches the minds of the people when they have turned to enjoyment and are more receptive of good or bad. But since we wish only the good, let us forbid the immoral and hold up the theatre as an educational institution to broaden the minds of the people and to be an agent to the school or college.

One method of overcoming these drawbacks to the theatre, is to review the list of playwrights and examine the type of men that are winning success in their work. We should endeavor to determine the moral standpoint of the author in his plays, and aim to destroy the success of any playwright who tends to licentiousness. In this manner we can crush the evil at its root before it has the opportunity to grow and spread among the public. Moreover, the authors will have a tendency to write with more elevating motives, if not for their own ideals, at least to sympathize with the audience.

There has been a recent movement afoot among many private, amateur groups to form into little communities for the exposition of the higher art of the drama. Such groups are now consolidated under the name of the Little Theatre. In these little centers, only the best and

highest type of the drama is produced. Financial gain is forgotten in the intellectual pleasure that is derived and the satisfaction of working for a cause that is well founded. The better class of the public is now beginning to flock to these Little Theatres and are rallying to the support of their cause.

Here we find the pure and undefiled play produced, and at once we might ask, "Does it pay?"

You are always repaid if you obtain what you are seeking. If, in producing the pure play, your one desire is to compensate yourself financially you will make little progress. But those who produce the pure play do not seek financial gain. They subordinate material matters to the progress of dramatic art. Here is where the pure play pays. If you succeed in this, you are more than paid, for you have not alone accomplished the production of the moral type of play, but you also have advanced the drama higher in the public's estimation. The shell has been broken and gradually the entire public will view the stage with an enlightened vision and demand what is good for them intellectually as well as morally.

During the last year, several professional companies have organized to produce types of plays in common with the Little Theatre. Success has followed their worthwhile efforts and preparations are being made to continue same plan this coming year.

If professional companies can find success in their first attempts at producing the classical drama at such a period in the degradation of the pure play, we can hope to witness a transformation of the stage, which will usher in, not only the clean drama, but a revival of the classical dramatists whose works have never been forgotten during these periods of "reformation" in the theatre.

JAMES F. HANAWAY, '29.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Pyramid Players of Providence College are affiliated with the Little Theatre.*

Life's Symbol

When the day is ended, and the night is begun,
All my dreams, day-tended, die with the dying sun.
Happy am I through day's bright limit;
Sad through the night: dark every minute;
 Troubles, sorrows, memory
 Melancholize my reverie.
Then, with the dawn, my spirits rise;
Darkness gone, light then hies
With hope, new-born, which at sunset dies.

Miracle, magic, whate'er it be,
Lighten the way, that I may see
Night as a herald—a message to me:
All through my life, the dark holds sway
Only to make far brighter the day!

FRANK E. GREENE, '29.

The Imp of Satan Whispered

FATHER RAYNALD, the Prior of the Convent, a small, bald priest with a dignity far exceeding his height, rose from his seat and well-nigh glared at the postulant before him as he said decisively, "I have said enough. I desire no further comments on the subject. You should be familiar by this time—(you have been with us three years now)"—he enunciated the "three" with great emphasis,—“how displeasing altercation is to me. I shall now settle this question once and for all time. You are not to venture into the city to do your shopping alone; today or ever. One of the friars must accompany you. Go into the cloister garden and acquaint the first friar whom you accost with my wishes. That is all.”

The stern Prior acknowledged Brother Giles' profound reverence with a brusque nod of his head and resumed his perusal of the manuscript he had laid aside when Brother Giles had interrupted him.

Brother Giles shuffled out of his Prior's presence amid the odd, almost angry clack of his wooden sandals, biting his nether lip to prevent the flow of language that was on the edge of his tongue.

He paced the cloister slowly; there was no need to hurry for most of the friars must still be at their devotions. His emblazoning must wait long today. How much quicker he could accomplish his trip without the impediment of a troublesome friar! He had evidently overlooked the prescription of the rule of Saint Augustine.

Brother Giles, though a lay brother of the democratic Dominican Order, was far ahead of his times; he was inclined to be a liberal in that his ideas exceeded in audacity the ideas of his contemporaries. As an instance, for four weeks he had vainly tried to convince that stubborn Prior (he was the only one who deemed him so, for it was the Rule of Saint Augustine that was stubborn, not the Prior) that a lay brother could do his marketing alone. Now the last faint gleam of hope had vanished; the Prior had quoted the law and it was his duty to obey.

But this consideration did not assuage his chagrin.

Brother Giles was a good soul, fervent, kind, and generous, but

he had formerly been a mariner. This was his chief difficulty, he could not forget his former self; and sea captains *are* inclined to impatience and *are* susceptible to anger. Although these faults had diminished in the three years he had spent in the cloister they were still very much part of his character.

His early story can very simply be sketched. Returning to Venice from Constantinople, a violent squall had overtaken his bark off the southern coast of Italy and, although he was an optimistic and courageous creature, a vague fear of impending misfortune assailed him. At first, he vowed seven waxen candles, eight pounds each, to the Blessed Madonna, if she should spare and secure his vessel from the ravages of the devouring seas; then, when the ship was fast sinking, he implored the intercession of Saint Dominic, his patron saint, by vowing that he would make a pilgrimage on foot to Bologna and enter the Dominican Convent there if his precious life were spared. The following morning he was found lying supine on the sand by a group of fishermen, exhausted, but none the worse for his wetting.

He had scrupulously fulfilled the conditions of his vow.

Now, though he tried hard to control himself his anger grew upon him. It was hard, very hard. It was the nature of the sea captain accustomed to commanding that revolted.

As he entered the cloister garden, he came face to face with a tall robust friar who had been walking slowly up and down while saying his beads. Brother Giles had never seen him before. The lay brother almost snapped, "Good Father, the Prior wishes you to accompany me into the city to do my shopping. Please get your cappa. I shall meet you here as soon as I get my cloak and basket."

The stranger bowed his head in acquiescence.

He found Brother Giles waiting for him impatiently when he returned wearing his cloak.

They started upon their journey in absolute silence; Brother Giles nursing his grievances, and the friar mentally composing poetry. Brother Giles walked briskly and soon the friar, who was lame, was lagging far behind. But the friar was unconscious of the distance between himself and his companion; he was far too immersed in trying to find a word to rhyme with "documentum" and yet fulfill the meaning that he wished to convey, to pay much attention to his exterior environment.

Brother Giles wheeled about abruptly. He saw his companion quite thirty paces behind. His lameness was no excuse. His anger rose

within him like the fiery lava in the bosom of a long smouldering volcano and began to pour over the ridge.

This was the psychological moment that an imp of Satan had anticipated with much relish. He proceeded to whisper a diabolical suggestion in Brother Giles' attentive ear.

Well, why not? The Prior had been brusque and peremptory with him, and now that the opportunity presented itself why should he not vent his spleen upon this slow friar who accompanied him. The imp even dared to infer that inasmuch as the strange friar seemed meek and humble, there was not much possibility of the news of his rudeness reaching the Prior.

The down-trodden, suppressed and boisterous spirit of the mariner within him rose to meet the occasion. The imp of Satan laughed the exultant laugh of the triumphant.

Brother Giles waited until the refractory friar had reached his side, and then withdrew the sluice gate that stemmed the flow of his words; and the torrent of reprimands and reproaches rushed forth to envelope the poor poetic friar.

When at last the roaring waters had subsided, the gentle friar confessed humbly that he had merited the reprimand and asserted that he would try to keep pace with his companion's rapid stride.

During the remainder of the journey he did fall behind once or twice but the vividly expressive glance of the lay brother impelled him to hasten his steps.

As they walked homeward, at a somewhat slower pace more in keeping with the friar's lameness, their market basket filled to the overflowing, in one of the extremely narrow streets they came face to face with a tall, well-built, but emaciated Franciscan, almost majestic in his coarse brown habit and corded girdle.

The Dominican friar stopped short and earnestly scrutinized the Franciscan's countenance.

It was the Franciscan who spoke first. His utterance was a cry of joy.

"Thomas of Aquin, as I live!"

"Bonaventure, my brother!"

They hurled themselves into each other's arms and embraced cordially and warmly.

But Brother Giles . . . ! He felt as though he had been struck by a stone hurled directly at him from a catapult. His companion

whom . . . the friar whom he had so roundly abused was . . . was
the angelic Doctor Thomas Aquinas!

PAUL F. CSANYI, '30.

When Love Lies Dead

His love lies dead: great is the woe
Of those who caused His blood to flow.
He showed them what a gloomy grot
Is this foul earth. Then did they plot,
And Judas struck the painful blow.

A low Child, He came below
To save His people from the foe.
He called them but they heard Him not:
His love lies dead.

He smiled on them—a gentle glow,
They felt it not, nor did they know
That they were heaping blot on blot.
In tears, He moaned their hapless lot:
“Then shall ye reap, as ye did sow.”
His love lies dead.

JAMES J. SHERIDAN, '30.

Residuum

Gone!

I am weary of all of the pleasure
That once was sufficient for me;
And my heart knows only one treasure—
Just a burning memory.
We spent our last evening together;
That night I shall never forget;!
For I cannot go out in this weather,
And I smoked you, my last cigarette!

FRANK E. GREENE, '29.

TEMPUS FUGIT, ALSO HOUSE FLIES

It was a cold night in the month of October. To be exact it was a cold Thursday night. Yes, I distinctly remember that it was Thursday because Wednesday had gone by and Friday would not come until three hours should have elapsed. Do not gape with astonishment, gentle reader, at my exactness, for you too can learn to tell the date with certitude. Well anyhow, that evening's paper had been dated Thursday the 6th. I am not of a gullible nature so I added seven to six which gave me thirteen. Then I looked up the 13th of October on the calendar and found to my satisfaction that it would fall on a Thursday. Now this proved that it would fall on a Thursday. Now this proved that Thursday was the correct day. Simple, isn't it? Well, it's all in knowing how.

As I said before, the night was cold, so cold in fact, that I found it necessary to wear two ties. All that day I had been Napoleon and was very fatigued after several battles. Tonight I was Beethoven (no, Beethoven was not a general in the Civil War). I was in search of the

lost chord. Good old lost chord! I had been tramping about on my feet for three hours, so my brain was very weary. I had looked everywhere, but, alas! However, I determined to keep away from the latter. Suddenly a thought struck me. No, I was not hurt. Supposing I had had the right key but the wrong flat. The very idea sent a thrill of horror up my spine. "Impossible!" I cried, and I remembered the four old Roman musicians, Ago, Agere, Egi, Actus. They inspired me with courage. So, with lighter heart I turned my footsteps homeward. No, I didn't find the lost chord, but the rhubarb salad was very good.

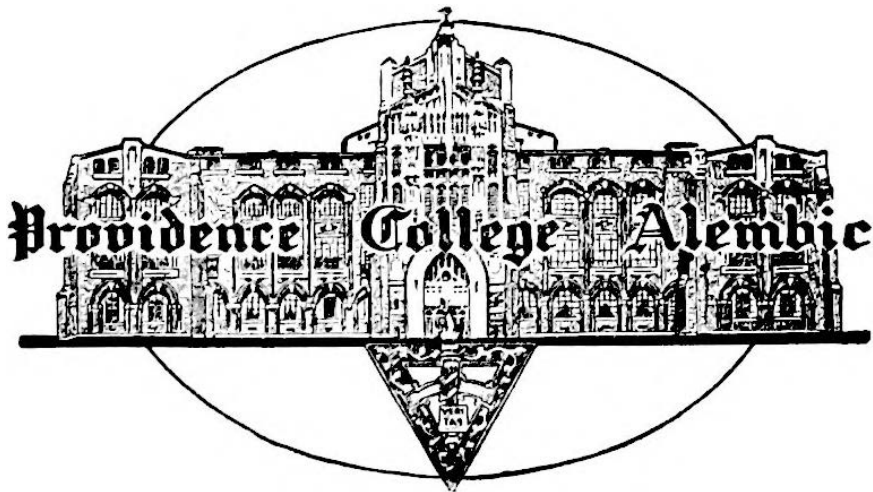
"A Flighty Thing"

Woof-woof, Woof-woof,
 I am the gentle nightingale,
 Sobbing out my lovely song,
 Sitting on this limb so frail,
 I just love to play ping-pong.

Now I flit from tree to tree,
 How gracefully I fly,
 Ye Gods! this poem is beautiful,
 Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Now this verse might be awful stuff,
 And yet I grin with delight,
 To know you're crazier than I am,
 To read the lines I write.

FRED M. LANGTON, '28.



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Welcome Back



WELCOME back! It is not out of precedent that we utter these words, nor out of any maudlin sentimentality, but rather out of a sense of manly joy gained in the renewal of old acquaintances. For, after all, it does feel good to grasp again the hand of a friend, look into his laughing eyes, and fairly shout a hearty "Hello." It is good to realize that you are back at

Providence for another year, to feel once again the joys of congenial association, and to know that you are striding another pace forward on the road to success. Again, is it not but natural to be imbued with this feeling? Surely this is simply an act of spontaneity, and that which emanates thus must of necessity be sincere, since it comes not from the head, but the heart.

So it is then that *The Alembic*, on the dawn of its seventh anniversary, once again shakes hands all around, renewing old and establishing new acquaintances. Especially to the class of 1932, the largest in the history of our Alma Mater, does it address a most pleasant word of greeting. May yours be a year of joyous association and unsurpassed achievement! And to our outside subscribers, may we add the wish that *The Alembic* will prove a constant source of pleasure and satisfaction.

To the Freshman Class

Great as is our misgiving in doing this, we feel it necessary to affix to our welcome a few words of counsel. They are given in a spirit of friendliness, and it is our sincere hope that they will be received in the same manner. Not that we are all-wise, or devoted to sermonizing, (call us anything but preachers) but simply because we believe that you ought to possess the proper mental attitude at the outset of your college career. So be it.

You are now enlisted in the ranks of the select,—you are a college man. That you are proud of your new status is but natural and as should be. The privilege of a college education and particularly of one at an institution such as ours, affords any man a just pride.

Yet this pride means little, if it is all you possess. For pride, without foundation, soon perishes or becomes false pride which is worse than no pride. That foundation is the will to do your part in your new position in life.

As was previously inferred, a college education is a privilege. But every privilege has a corresponding duty. Otherwise it is not a privilege. Hence you, as partakers of that education, have a duty to

perform. This duty, spoken of previously as "the will to do your part" is threefold, and may be stated thus,

- (1) Justice to oneself
- (2) Justice to one's parents
- (3) Justice to one's college.

The fulfillment of the first section consists in full attention to the prime purpose of college, that of acquiring an education. But this comes only from faithful and sincere study, and unless you pursue this policy you are doing a rank injustice to yourself. Hence, Freshmen, study.

As to the second division of this triple duty, this may be said: that if you fulfill the first, then you have fulfilled the second. Your parents, for the most part, have sacrificed beyond measure for you. Yet they ask but one thing of you, and that is that you make use of the advantages offered you. If you flunk, you are doing an injustice to them. Therefore, Freshmen, study.

The third portion of your threefold duty is split into many divisions, all of which, however, may be concisely stated in the one word, Spirit. It is obvious that you fulfill this duty by gaining this spirit. But you can only acquire it by participating in and co-operating with every college activity possible. Accordingly, Freshmen, attend all athletic contests, join the dramatic society, the debating and musical clubs, subscribe to *The Alembic*, and boost Providence College wherever you go, if not by words, by deed. Otherwise you are doing an injustice to your Alma Mater.

In conclusion, we are well aware of the fact that we have said nothing new. Indeed, we have but repeated a series of trite remarks with which you were probably acquainted. However, we deemed it a solemn duty to perform and we did it.

By the way, would it not be a wise thing for the rest of us to give a little thought to this matter?

Well, its over. At the outset we determined not to appear preacher-like, but as we review our feeble efforts, we seem to be worse than ten Billy Sundays. But, let it stand. If, after this has been read, we are assailed and sentenced to hang at sunrise, our last words have already been decided upon, i. e., "We are only sorry that we have but one sermon to preach."

Open Season

This is the time of the year when all good newspaper editors renew their annual "college chats." Anything and everything from balloon trousers to trigonometric functions, just as long as it can be termed collegiate, is fully described and discussed, lest that vast horde of editorial page readers be deprived of the "facts" concerning the college of today. (Pardon us. By mutual agreement editors have decided to discard the title, "Over-emphasis of College Athletics," until the gate receipts of the Yale-Harvard game are announced.)

Yet this is but to be expected. Prohibition and Al Smith's chances cannot be discussed forever. There must be something else, and "college chats" consume as much space as other topics, excepting, perhaps, the traditional weather prophecies.

Then, again, the pursuance of this policy fills a long desired want. Proud parents now possess a subtle method of informing their friends of their progeny's brilliance.

For example, when you hear Mrs. Jones saying something like this at the bridge party,—“Oh, say, did you read that article in the ‘Sun’ last night on ‘Coffee and the College Man’? Really it was astounding and I couldn’t help but think of my John away down there in ‘Yarvard.’ You know at home he took nothing but milk, and I’d hate to think that after all my training, etc.”—you know that she is not solely to blame for impressing the world with the fact that her son goes to college. The “college chats” editor must be taken into consideration. He is a vital factor in the acquirement of superiority complexes.

Let it not be thought for an instant that we bear malice toward newspaper editors. Not at all. In fact much of this type of copy makes better reading than the Tariff Act or the aspect of Calvin Coolidge in a cowboy suit. Furthermore it would not be very consistent to condemn editorial writers. To be perfectly truthful we are wholly indifferent to their college “chats,” provided that they stick to the accidentals of college life, such as the “Sartorial Effects of College Students,” or “Do College Men Shave as often as Business Men?” (This is a trick title; the editor solves the problem by stating that college men are too young nowadays to possess little more than a “downy fuzz”).

But when they comment upon and advance their opinions con-

cerning the fundamentals of college life, why then, something begins to "get under our skin." By way of example, consider the following. Within the past week, we read three editorials of this character. The first was entitled, "What Makes for College Education?"; the second, "Small and Large Colleges"; the third, "What Constitutes the Value of a College Education?". Clothed as they were in these verbose gowns, each and every one of the aforementioned had but a single problem to solve, which was by the way none other than our old friend, "The Purpose of a College Education." But here was the singular part of it all; each solved the difficulty in the same manner. To be concise, the nucleus around which the gallant array of words was spread amounted to this: the real value of a college education consists not so much in books as in learning to meet people. The Art of Mingling! Association!. (That's the favorite word.)

It can be seen from this that all any college man has to do nowadays in order to become famous is to join all the frats possible, attend all the proms, and while away the evening hours in pseudo society. Of course, it is understood that every college man is a handsome devil, a devotee to Psyche, by nature a detester of study, a lover of society, and a millionaire's son as well. Again it is understood that the college man doesn't meet people except through the aid of his Alma Mater.

This may seem somewhat exaggerated, but read this type of college chat editorials for yourself. "We'll warrant that four out of every five will leave you under this same impression. Perhaps the wording may be altered; the term, Association, may mislead you; but at the same time the basis of every one of them remains the same.

Once upon a time a most sagacious sage said, "Don't believe everything you read in a newspaper."

Exchange



WITH this issue of the ALEMBIC, the Exchange Department begins to function, and we embark upon our critical endeavors. The usefulness of this Department may be pointed out from the vast amount of good accrued in past years, through this medium. Hence we hope to strengthen the friendships made in former years, and to cultivate new ones.

Now in contemplating the duty imposed upon us to criticise the works of our contemporaries who are toiling for a place in the literary world, we are convinced that charity and justice should temper our judgments. That we may be able to give sound advice to essayists, poets, and novelists-to-be, we sincerely hope, and we trust that these may further their efforts in cultivating the art of self expression.

To our fellow Exchange Editors we extend our wishes for a most successful year, and we are ever willing to exchange with our new friends who desire to place their magazine under our reading glass.

Comment

ANSELMIAN*—*July*

This issue of the Anselmian made a very favorable impression upon us. The first story, "Twelve O'Clock," is a delightful one and is climaxed by the unusual. The movement is exceedingly rapid, but nevertheless finds the reader in swift pursuit. "Harvest Time," another story of some merit, also engages our attention. Though the plot is weak and the style labored, yet there is sufficient interest to arouse the reader. We wondered and wondered what attraction a coal heaver could be to a "pretty brunette in a white satin dress." We soon learned that a loving eye perceived some good in this master of the shovel. We would advise the author to avoid minor and unnecessary details which add nothing to the plot and only retard the movement of the theme. "Over-emphasis in Athletics"—Why, we thought we read the inscription on

this gentleman's tombstone long ago. But we admire the tactful manner in which the essay is developed and the subject treated. We are in full sympathy with the author's train of thought, and he may well pride himself in his clever presentation of it. The Editorial, Alumni, and Chronical Departments are newsy, well written and above all complete. And lest we forget, the essay on Robert Frost, noted New England poet, is artfully written. The life and works of this eminent author are treated in comprehensive manner. We have but one regret and that is that the verse in this issue is not of higher order. We look for great improvement in this line. Then, too, Mr. Murray's words under "Contemporary" have been a source of inspiration to us. We hope to profit well by the advice given. We anxiously await the fall numbers of the Anselmian.

JOHN W. MURPHY, '28.

College Chronicle

Reopening To the setting furnished by a warm and radiant September morning, the corridors and classrooms of Harkins Hall once again aroused themselves from a three months' lethargy, to reverberate with the musical bustle and conversation of the incoming Freshman class and the returning Sophomores. September 22nd, the opening day of the new scholastic year since the inception of Providence College, found among many features of interest, the advent of a new President, faculty changes and additions, and the announcement that the present entering class is the largest by far in the short but dynamic history of this institution. The registration was announced as 300 for the Freshman class, with a total of 620 for the entire four classes.

The college year was ushered in with the celebration of Mass before the Freshman and Sophomore classes in the college chapel by the Very Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., Ph.D., President of Providence College. At the conclusion of Mass, Father McCarthy, in an address of welcome to the two classes struck a note of hope and encouragement for the younger generation, both in affairs of Church and State, by his exhortation that they might be the exemplars of Catholic education in all their dealings with the world.

The Junior class made their entry into their stronghold of learning on September 27th. It remained for the Seniors, battle-scarred veterans of three years, to complete the enrollment and to set into motion the entire machinery of the lecture system, upon their return, September 29th.

Faculty Additions and Changes

The following appointments were made to the faculty: Very Rev. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., has returned to the department of Psychology, and Rev. D. M. DellaPenta, O.P., has been assigned to the post vacated by Rev. J. P. McManus last year; Rev. A. B. Cote, O.P., to the department of English; Rev. L. M. Shea, O.P., to the department of English Litera-

ture; Rev. L. C. Gainor, O.P., to the department of Social Sciences; Rev. T. G. Kinsella, O.P., to the department of Mathematics, and Rev. D. C. Perrotta, O.P., to the department of History.

The Renovated Alembic Office

Lo and behold! During the summer months, the much-used citadel of the Editor-in-Chief, and his illustrious assistants, has been rejuvenated by a thorough painting and refinishing, even to the placing of a new carpet upon the heavily-trod floor. It indeed augurs for a prosperous Alembic year! It is the atmosphere in which culture and erudition enjoy their best success.

Condolences

The Alembic Staff joins the entire student body in the extension of heart-felt sympathy to Reverend D. C. Perrotta, O.P., in his recent bereavement, occasioned by the death of his mother.

Greetings

We are indeed happy to welcome into our midst once again, Rev. M. S. Welsh, O.P., Vice President of Providence College, on his return from an extensive tour of the Holy Land; and Rev. F. G. Level, O. P., Professor of Spanish and French, from his summer vacation spent in France.

JAMES E. McDONALD, '28.

Alumni Notes

A MESSAGE TO THE ALUMNI



WE DEEM it fitting, that with this, the opening issue of the Alembic, members of the Alumni Association should be reminded of duties and obligations to their Alma Mater. A most binding obligation, indeed, is that to the institution which nurtured them in their intellectual infancy. It is evident that the criterion of the worth of any institution of higher learning depends largely upon the activity and fidelity manifested by its Alumni. In turn every such institution points with pride and satisfaction to the achievements of her sons. The college graduate can never hope to repay fully such a debt of intellectual and spiritual benefits lavished on him by the Mother of Culture and Learning. It is, then, unselfish loyalty of spirit and action, rather than material bequests, which can to some degree alleviate this huge, but welcome debt of the Son to the Mother.

These are indisputable facts, but, due to the materialistic and thoughtless trend of the times, they require frequent reiteration. Without further word, we exhort you, our ever-growing Alumni, to remain faithful to your Alma Mater, her activities, and her faculty! Patronize her intercollegiate contests, her graduate and undergradute activities and subscribe to her publications! Keep in touch with all things collegiate!

Realizing that graduates, undergraduates, and faculty may be actively interested in the doings of the Alumni, the Alembic proposes to continue its policy of reporting in its columns, all such items of interest. Accordingly, while advancing every wish for the success of the Alumni, we most humbly solicit their aid in the collection of such information, assuring them of our most grateful appreciation.

JAMES E. McDONALD, '28.



Athletics

Baseball (Continued)

ST. MICHAEL'S VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendricken Field—June 2, 1927

Four home runs, a triple play, and two double plays, interspersed in nine innings of hectic baseball, featured the torrid tilt between Providence College and St. Michael's College of Vermont on Hendricken Field, which was finally won by the Dominicans by an 11 to 10 score.

Bernie Norton, bespectacled short-fielder, proved the hero of the tilt and his feat of smashing out two home runs in the same game may remain a local college record for some time.

What proved to be the winning marker for the locals came over the pan in the eighth, when Cummings singled, was moved to second by Danis, and scored on Allen's stinging hit to left.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						ST. MICHAEL'S					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Allen, 3b.	4	2	0	5	0	Klein, 2b.....	5	2	1	1	0
Norton, ss.	3	2	2	3	1	Burgess, c.....	3	1	3	1	1
Fieurent, r. f....	5	2	0	1	0	Wood, m.....	4	1	6	0	0
Doyle, 2b.....	3	1	6	3	0	O'Connor, l. f....	4	0	2	0	0
Duffy, 1b.	4	2	11	1	1	Boucher, ss.....	4	3	2	2	0
Har'aghq, c.	3	0	6	0	0	H. O'Brien, 1b....	1	0	6	0	0
Har'aghq, c.	3	0	6	0	0	K'vich, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0

Providence College Alembic

Cummings, m....	4	2	1	0	0	Connor, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	0		
Moran, p.....	2	1	0	0	0	Connally, p.....	4	3	1	3	0		
Smith, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	Perrott, p.....	0	0	0	1	1		
Danis, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	Dionne, r. f., 1b...	4	1	3	0	0		
Bradley, p.....	0	0	0	0	0								
F. O'Brien, l. f....	1	1	0	0	0								
McLaughlin, 1b...	2	1	0	0	0								
*Graham	1	1	0	0	0								
Totals	33	15	27	13	2	Totals	35	11	24	9	2		
Innings					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College					0	0	2	0	1	7	1	0	x-11
St. Michael's					0	1	0	2	2	1	0	0	4-10

Runs—Allen, Norton 3, Doyle, Duffy, Cummings 2, Graham, McLaughlin, Moran, Klein, Burgess 2, Wood 2, Boucher 2, Connor, Connally, Dionne. Hits—Off Moran 6 in 4 1-3 innings; off Smith 2 in 1 2-3; off Davis 3 in 2 1-3; off Bradley 0 in 2-3; off Connally 13 in 6 2-3; off Perrott 2 in 2 2-3. Stolen bases—Doyle, Duffy, Graham, Boucher. Two-base hits—Cummings, Boucher. Home runs—Norton 2, Duffy, Connally. Sacrifices—Doyle, Danis, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, H. O'Brien 2. Double plays—Doyle to Duffy; Norton to Doyle to Duffy. Triple play—Boucher to H. O'Brien. Struck out—By Moran 4; by Danis 1; by Connally 2; by Perrott 1. First base on balls—Off Mason 4; off Connally 5. Hit by pitched ball—By Moran (Burgess). First base on errors—St. Michael's 1. Left on bases—Providence 6; St. Michael's 6. Umpire—Meehan. Time—2h. 8 m.

Batted for Moran in sixth.

BOSTON COLLEGE VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendricken Field—June 7, 1927

A crashing double into right field by Ed McLaughlin, followed by a clever bunt along third by Chuck Murphy and then a hard single over third by Vin Cummings spelled defeat for the Boston College nine, claimants of the Eastern collegiate baseball title, on Hendricken Field when Jack Flynn's Providence College outfit came from behind to win a thrilling eleven inning tilt by a 3 to 2 score.

The contest was by far the finest played on the Smith Hill diamond in over a year. Hal Bradley, right handed star of the Dominicans, was in his best form of the season to annex his initial victory on the local's home lot. He was master of the situation whenever the Eagles threatened to get underway on the batting sprees which have made them one of the most feared college nines in the country.

Bradley fanned nine of the visitors and walked but two, while Shea sent six back to the bench via the strike-out route and issued two free tickets to first.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						BOSTON COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Allen, 3b.....	5	2	4	1	1	McNamara, m....	4	2	2	0	0
Norton, ss.....	4	0	0	2	0	Clinton, 2b.....	5	0	2	4	1
Fleurent, r. f....	5	2	1	0	0	McKenney, r. f....	4	1	1	0	0
Doyle, 2b.....	3	2	2	1	0	Weston, 1b.....	4	0	13	0	0
Duffy, 1b.....	5	0	8	0	0	O'Brien, c.	5	1	8	0	1
McLaughlin, l. f..	5	1	3	0	0	O'Day, 3b.	4	0	2	1	1
Murphy, c.....	5	1	12	1	0	Moncewicz, ss....	5	3	0	4	0
Cummings, m....	5	1	3	0	0	Fitzgerald, l. f....	4	1	2	0	0
Bradley, p.....	4	1	0	4	0	Shea, p.	5	2	0	4	0
Totals	41	10	33	9	1	Totals	40	10*	30	13	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Providence College.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1—3
Boston College	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—2

Runs—Allen, Fleurent, McLaughlin, Weston, Fitzgerald. Stolen bases—Allen, Fleurent, McNamara, McKenney, Weston. Two-base hits—Doyle 2, McLaughlin, Moncewicz. Sacrifice hits—Norton, McNamara, Weston, Fitzgerald. Struck out—By Bradley 9, by Shea 6. First base on balls—Off Bradley 2, off Shea 2. First base on errors—Providence College 2, Boston College 1. Left on bases—Providence College 8, Boston College 9. Time of game—2h. 20m. Umpires—Meehan and Ferrick.

*None out when winning run was scored.

TUFTS VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendricken Field—June 11, 1927

For the second time in four days, Jack Flynn's Providence College nine came from behind to thwart a formidable baseball foe at Hendricken Field, the Dominicans rising to the occasion to topple Ken Nash's highly geared Tufts outfit, 8 to 7.

Just to cement the verdict, Frankie Moran plastered a four-ply clout to the left centre field barrier in the last half of the eighth, giving Providence College a two-run lead, which stood the homesters in good stead as Tufts scored one run in their final chance, and had two athletes on the hassocks when Moran, bearing down hard, whiffed the last man to face him.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						TUFTS					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Allen, 3b.	4	0	3	1	0	Ellis, m.....	5	1	4	0	1
Norton, ss.....	1	0	2	7	1	Leonardi, 3b....	5	2	0	1	0
Fleurent, r. f....	3	0	0	0	1	Kennerly, ss.....	5	1	2	3	0
Doyle, 2b.....	3	1	4	2	0	Fitzgerald, r. f....	5	2	1	0	0
Duffy, 1b.....	2	2	10	0	0	Strathdee, 2b....	4	2	2	3	0
McLaughlin, l. f..	4	3	1	0	2	Phillips, l. f.....	2	0	1	0	0
Harraghy, c.....	4	1	5	1	0	Herman, l. f.....	1	1	2	1	0

Providence College Alembic

Cummings, m.....	4	1	1	1	0
Smith, p.....	2	0	0	1	0
Moran, p.....	2	1	1	1	0

Dorenbaum, c....	5	2	6	1	1
Kelley, 1b.....	5	1	6	2	0
Robinson, p.....	3	0	0	1	0
Stanley, p.....	1	0	0	1	0

Totals	29	9	27	14	4	Totals	41	12	24	13	2
Innings											
Providence College	0	2	1	0	1	0	3	1	x	-8	
Tufts College	1	0	1	0	4	0	0	0		1	-7

Runs—Norton 2, Doyle 2, Duffy 2, McLaughlin, Moran—8; Ellis, Kennedy 3, Fitzgerald, Strathdee, Dorenbaum—7. Sacrifice—Fleurant. Stole base—Duffy. Two-base hits—Kelley, Strathdee. Three-base hit Doyle. Home runs—Dorenbaum, Moran. First base on balls—Off Robinson 6; off Smith 2; off Moran 1. Left on bases—Providence College 7; Tufts 10. Struck out—By Smith 3; by Moran 1; by Robinson 3; by Stanley 1. Hit by pitcher—By Robinson 2; by Stanley 1. Passed ball—Harraghy. Balk—Robinson. Umpires—Meehan and Ferrich. Time—2h. 25 m.

PROVIDENCE VS. YALE

at New Haven—June 14, 1927

Timely batting by Capt. Ray Doyle gave Providence College a 4 to 2 victory over Yale. His single in the fourth scored Allen and Norton after the former had walked and the latter had hit safely. His double in the eighth along to the left field foul line drove Norton and Fleurant to the home station after Norton's grounder to deep short and Fleurant's bouncer to second had gone for infield hits. It was a sweet ball game throughout and a great victory for Providence College.

Although found for eight safeties, Hal Bradley, Dominican ace, was strong in the pinches, no less than nine Eli players being stranded on the hassocks.

The score:

	PROVIDENCE				
	ab	h	po	a	e
Allen, 3b.....	3	0	0	4	1
Norton, ss.....	4	2	0	3	0
Fleurant, r. f....	3	1	1	0	0
Doyle, 2b.....	4	2	3	2	0
Duffy, 1b.....	4	0	10	0	0
McLaughlin, l. f..	4	0	3	0	0
Murphy, c.....	2	0	5	2	1
Cummings, m....	3	0	5	1	0
Bradley ,p.....	3	0	0	3	0

	YALE				
	ab	h	po	a	e
Jones, 3b.....	2	1	2	2	0
Hammersley, l. f..	4	0	2	0	0
Grove, ss.....	5	0	0	3	2
Schmidt, 1b.....	3	0	11	0	0
Caldwell, r. f....	4	1	3	0	0
Sawyer, p.....	1	0	0	0	0
Vaughan, 2b.....	2	1	1	1	0
Br'k'n, c.....	4	1	5	3	0
McClellan, m....	3	2	2	0	0
Smith, p.....	1	0	1	1	0
Holabird, p.....	2	2	0	1	0

Totals	30	5	27	15	2	Totals	31	8	27	11	2
Innings											
Providence College	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	-4	
Yale	0	9	9	0	1	0	0	2	0	-3	

Runs—Allen, Norton 2, Fleurent—4; Schmidt, Vaughan 2—3. Two-base hits—McClellan, Doyle. Stolen bases—Jones, Vaughan 4, McClelland. Sacrifices—Jones 2, Hammersley, Fleurent, Cummings. Bases on balls—Off Smith 2, off Bradley 3; of Holabird 1. Struck out—By Sawyer 2; by Smith 1; by Holabird 1; by Bradley 4. Hits—Off Sawyer 0 in 3 innings; off Smith 2 in 3; off Holabird 3 in 3. Hit by pitched ball—By Bradley (Jones and Schmidt); by Holabird (Murphy). Losing pitcher—Smith. Left on bases—Yale 9; Providence College 5. Balk—Bradley. Umpires—Stark and Kelleher. Time 1h. 55m.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendricken Field—June 16, 1927

In their final game of the year, and before a large Commencement Day crowd, the Providence College nine bowed before the Vanderbilt University aggregation at Hendricken Field, by a 6 to 5 score.

Heck Allen's hitting was the feature of the tilt. In the third inning his long triple with Cummings on base started a Providence rally which netted two runs, and in the seventh he boomed a homer into deepest left field to send Cummings across the plate ahead of him.

Three of the Dominicans were playing their last ball game for Providence College, as Capt. Ray Doyle, Bernie Norton, bespectacled shortfielder, and Tom Graham, utility player, who went to bat for Moran in the final innings, received their degrees in the morning. Doyle Black and White ball tosser and many a ball game has been added to completed a four-year record which is as fine as any ever hung up by a the Providence column by his heavy stickwork.

The score:

VANDERBILT						PROVIDENCE						
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e	
Spears, s.....	2	1	1	3	0	Allen, 3b.....	5	3	2	5	0	
Waller, 2b.....	3	1	4	5	0	Norton, ss.....	5	0	0	3	0	
Owen, 3b.....	5	4	1	5	1	Fleurant, r. f.....	5	2	0	0	0	
Hendrick, m.....	4	2	0	0	0	Doyle, 2b.	4	0	6	1	0	
Lancaster, r.....	2	0	0	0	0	Duffy, 1b.....	3	0	10	0	2	
Brooks, 1b.....	4	0	11	0	0	McLaughlin, l. f..	3	2	3	0	0	
Jones, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	Harraghy, c.....	1	0	1	0	0	
Oliver, c.....	0	0	10	2	0	Murphy, c.....	2	2	3	1	0	
Creson, p.....	4	0	0	2	0	Cummings, m....	4	0	2	0	0	
						Smith, p.....	0	0	0	3	1	
						Moran, p.....	3	0	0	1	0	
						*Graham	1	0	0	0	0	
Totals	31	8	27	17	1	Totals	36	9	27	14	3	
Innings												
Vanderbilt				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College				1	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	1—6
				0	0	2	0	0	0	2	1	0—5

Runs—Spears 2, Waller, Owens 2, Creson—6; Allen 2, Doyle, Cummings, Moran—5. Hits—Off Smith 4 in 2 1-3 innings; off Moran 4 in 6 2-3. Stolen bases—McLaughlin, Cummings. Three-base hits—

Owens 2, Allen. Home run—Allen. Sacrifice hits—Waller 2, Lancaster. Double plays—Norton to Doyle to Duffy; Moran to Doyle to Duffy. Struck out—By Moran 5; by Creson 7. Base on balls—Off Smith 1; off Moran 3; off Creson 3. Hit by pitched ball—By Smith—Spears. First base on errors—Providence College 1; Vanderbilt 2. Left on bases—Providence College 7; Vanderbilt 6. Time 2h. Umpire—Meehan.

*Batted for Moran in 9th.

SMITH ELECTED CAPTAIN OF BASEBALL

At a meeting of the lettermen immediately after their tilt with Vanderbilt University on Hendricken Field, Leo J. (Joe) Smith of Westerly, R. I., left handed pitcher on the team, was elected captain of the 1928 Providence College nine. Smith won the honor over Ed McLaughlin, a member of the nine for the past three years.

Smith has been a 'Varsity letterman in football and baseball for the past three years and is one of the most popular athletes at the Dominican college. In football he handles an end assignment and has the unique record of having played every football game since he matriculated at college in the fall of 1924. Last fall he was a candidate for the post of captain of the gridiron aggregation, losing out in the election to Chuck Connors, aggressive centre.

BASEBALL LETTERS AWARDED

The following players were awarded their 'Varsity insignia: Captain Raymond J. Doyle, '27, of this city; Captain-elect Leo J. Smith, '28, of Westerly, R. I.; Harold Bradley, '29, of Lawrence, Mass.; Henry Danis, '28, and Francis Moran, '30, both of this city; Charles A. Murphy, '28, of Albany, N. Y.; Joseph Harraghy, '30, of Taunton, Mass.; Joseph Duffy, '30, of Fall River, Mass.; Hector Allen, '28, of Troy, N. Y.; Bernard J. Norton, '27, of Valley Falls, R. I.; Thomas Graham, '27, of New Haven, Conn.; Vincent Cummings, '29, of Cranston, R. I.; Adelard Fleurent, '30, of Ware, Mass.; Francis O'Brien, '27, of Fall River, Mass.; Edward McLaughlan, '28, of this city; Frank Lally, '30, of East Providence, and Manager Frederic A. McDermott, '28, of Phillipsdale, R. I.

BLACK AND WHITE ATHLETES HONORED

For many years it has been the custom of the New York Daily News to select an All Eastern Collegiate Baseball Club. Leading players at the many Eastern colleges and universities are scouted during

the season by special sport writers, and at the conclusion of the college schedules, the News makes known its selections. The Alembic takes this opportunity to announce to its readers that this year's selections of the News contain the names of last season's brilliant captain, Raymond J. Doyle, '27, of Providence as second baseman on its first All Eastern Collegiate Baseball Team, and of Adelard (Nap) Fleurent, '30, of Ware, Mass., as right fielder on its second team.

In the name of the student body the Alembic extends congratulations to these stellar athletes on their success, and to Ray Doyle, who graduated last June, its well-wishes in all his future undertakings.

Football

Shortly after Coach Archie Golembeski issued the initial call for football candidates on the eighth of September, some fifty-five stalwarts reported for the conditioning process. In addition to Capt. "Chuck" Connors, for the past three years rated as one of the finest centers in the East, supporters of the White and Black rejoice in the return of twenty-two other veteran gridders, including Watterson and Zande, centers; Carroll, Koreywo, Ritter, Tomassi and John Russo, guards; Sullivan, Fanning, Nawrocki and Baeszler, tackles; Smith, Joe Russo and Rzeznicki, ends; Fleurent, quarter; Allen, Bourdeau, Szydla and Dubienny, halfbacks; and Lewis, fullback.

A splendid schedule has been arranged by Graduate Manager John E. Farrell, which includes games at home with Norwich, St. Johns, Middlebury and Fordham. The last named leaves its home field to play only Georgetown and Providence. The team will visit Springfield, University of Vermont, Boston University, and St. Xavier's at Cincinnati, O., where Providence will engage in its first inter-sectional football tilt.

PROVIDENCE VS. SPRINGFIELD

at Springfield, Mass., October 1, 1927

In typical baseball weather Providence and Springfield battled through four torrid periods to a scoreless tie. The intense heat of the afternoon played no little part in the final outcome of the tilt, as both elevens were greatly handicapped. Before the opening whistle was blown the Springfielders had discarded their stockings entirely, and

shortly after the game had gotten under way both teams sent helmet hurtling to the sidelines.

Captain Chuck Connors, diminutive centre, suffered a renewal of his knee injury in the first period and as a result had to give way to his understudy, Joe Watterson. The latter played a clever defensive game for the rest of the struggle.

The two newcomers to the Black and White 'Varsity ranks, Da Gata and Larry Wheeler, Newport product of basketball repute, showed plenty of ability. DaGata shared the punting assignment with Lewis in the first half and with Allen in the latter part of the fracas. Wheeler, though green at the wing post, worked hard and was down fast under punts.

Allen started the fourth period with a brilliant 15-yard jaunt through tackle. On this advance the Troy Flash nearly eluded the defensive back, and had shook him off to a head into open field when he was tripped and stopped.

Carroll, Koreywo, Sullivan, Fanning, Nawrocki, Smith and Tomassi, also flashed strong football throughout.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (0)	SPRINGFIELD (0)
Wheeler, l. e.....	l. e., Bardo
Sullivan, l. t.....	l. t., Clogston
Koreywo, l. g.....	l. g., Clark
Connors (Capt.) c.....	c., Limbaugh
Carroll, r. g.....	r. g., Wherle
Nawrocki, r. t.....	r. t., Jenkins
Smith, r. e.....	r. e., Yates
Fleurent, q. b.....	q. b., Wilhelm
Szydla, l. h.....	l. h., Davis
Lewis, r. h.....	r. h., Steves
Da Gata, f. b.....	f. b., Nordyke

Substitutions: Providence—M. Zande for Carroll, Watterson for Connors, John Russo for Koreywo, White for Sullivan, Allen for Szydla, Dubienny for Lewis, Fanning for White, Joe Russo for Smith, Tomassi for M. Zande, Ritter for John Russo, Rzezniki for Wheeler. Springfield—McLane for Clark, Crowell for Davis, Williamson for Wilhelm, Rood for Steeves, Atlin for Rood, Van Huysen for Nordyke, Duncan for Crowell, G. Clark for McLane, Johnson for Van Huysen.

Referee—A. R. Dorman. Umpire—F. W. Lowe. Linesmen—E. E. Dunn. Time Two 10s and two 12s.

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