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VOL. 2

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 1



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Providence College Alembic

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1921

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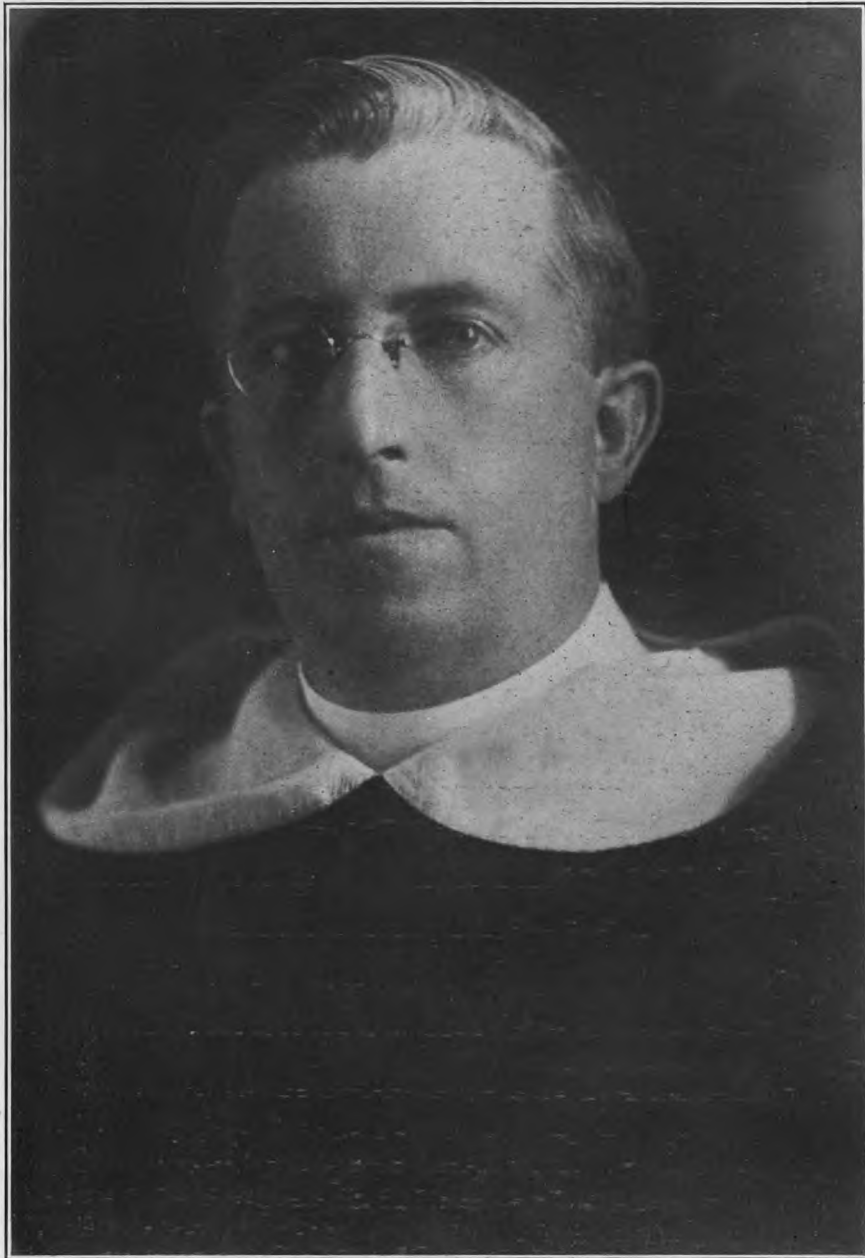
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OUR PRESIDENTS

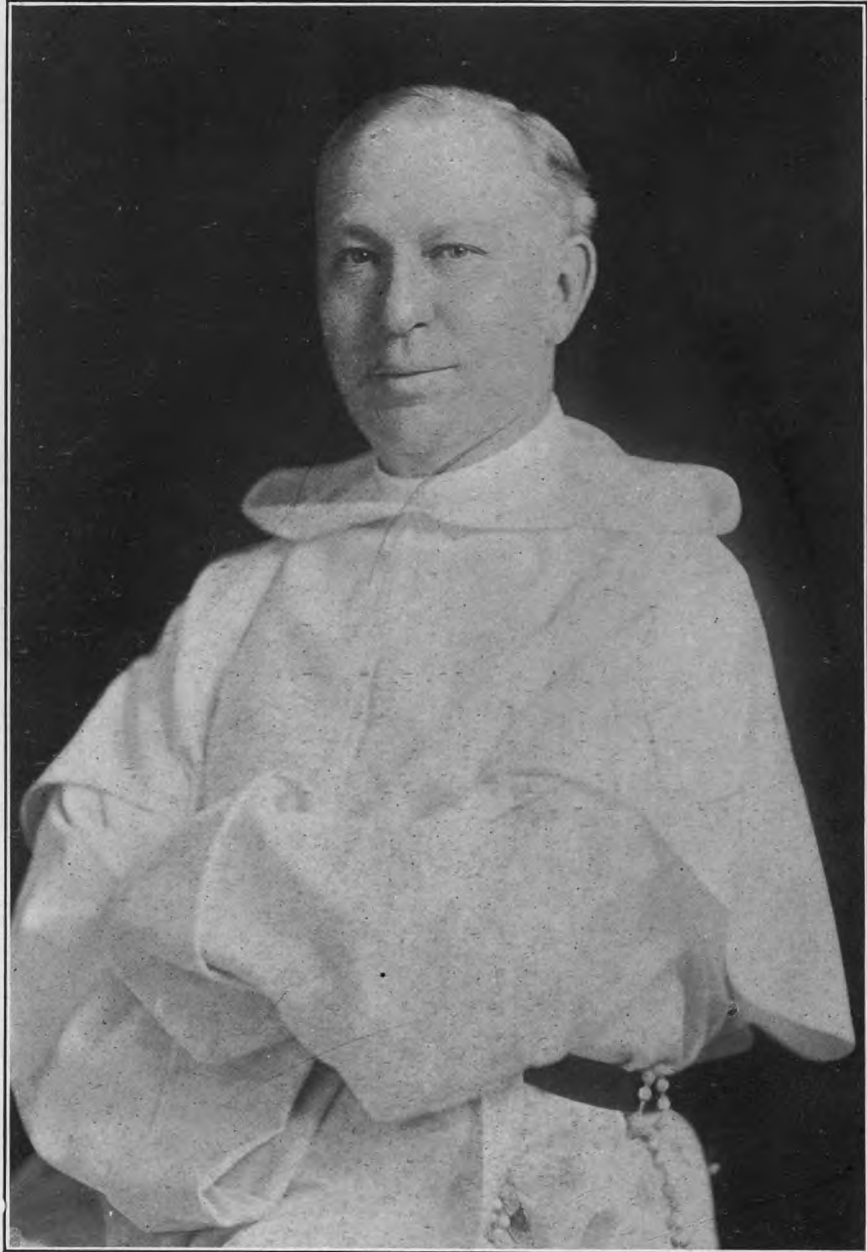
THE joys that attended the opening of the third year of Providence College were of short duration, particularly for the upper classmen, for the spirit of that opening morn was dampened on the next day by the publication of the resignation of the Rev. Albert Casey, O. P., as President. In no other spot perhaps throughout the vast realm of Father Casey's acquaintances was the announcement of his resignation more deeply regretted than among the students. Directing the individual and collective destinies of the first two classes of the institution of which he was the first president, Father Casey endeared himself to the hearts of the students by ties of association and affection that could be fostered only within the confines of that object for which he lived and labored.

Immediately following his appointment in 1917, Father Casey began actively to exercise the duties of his office, a task from which he never relaxed until the mental and physical strain of his efforts rendered him incapable of continuing the work without seriously imperiling his health. His disposition of the many problems with which he was confronted during his regime was due in no small way to his experience as an executive and an educator. Receiving the doctorate of theology upon completing his studies at the University of Friburg he occupied the chair of philosophy in the Dominican House of Studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Following his professorship at Washington he was appointed President of Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio. Upon the foundation of Providence College he was immediately chosen as its first executive and in this capacity he achieved the greatest accomplishments of his career.

Under the keen supervision of Father Casey the mere handful of students that presented themselves for admittance on the first opening day of the college has grown to a number now approaching three hundred. His enthusiastic endorsement of the various activities that he believed were essential to college life has been effective in the surprising development of the institution. Already has Providence College made its debut in the major sports of the athletic world, and at a date not far distant it



REV. ALBERT CASEY, O. P., S. T. Lr.



VERY REV. W. D. NOON, O.P., S.T.M.

will entertain neighbor athletic rivals upon a field second to none, which Father Casey's rare foresight has helped to provide.

But while Father Casey's departure is deeply regretted, a warm welcome and great confidence in his successor, the Very Rev. William D. Noon, O. P., are now offered by every student in the college to their new President. One of the most prominent men in the Dominican Order is now entrusted with the destinies of Providence College, and his brilliant career promises well for the future of the College.

Shortly after his entrance into the novitiate of the Order of Preacher's at St. Rose's Convent, Springfield, Ky., Father Noon attracted the attention of his superiors by his ability, and upon completing his studies there was sent to the University of Minerva, Italy, to pursue his theological course. After his ordination abroad in 1901, he received the degree of Lector of Sacred Theology, and upon returning to this country held the chair of philosophy at St. Joseph's College, Somerset, Ohio. In 1905 he was changed to the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C., where he was professor of dogmatic theology until 1908, when he was transferred to the University of St. Thomas, in Manila, Philippine Islands. For four years he occupied the chair of philosophy there, returning in 1912 to Washington. Two years later in an assembly of many distinguished Dominicans at a most general chapter at Avila, Spain, he was accorded one of the most distinctive honors of the Order, the degree of Master of Sacred Theology. This degree designates the holder as one who has taught philosophy and theology for a period exceeding fifteen years.

Besides being a philosopher and a theologian of repute Father Noon is known throughout the country as a speaker of the first order. A thorough student of Latin and Greek, he is also a master of Spanish and Italian. His many years of success in the educational field mark him as one lacking no qualification necessary for the guidance of a college, but rather endowed by nature and experience to fill the office of President of Providence College with honor and distinction.

Charles J. Ashworth, '23

The Rosary



HE sun at dawn shot forth a ray,
And found a bud below the thorn.
It blossomed only for a day.
Night found it withered and forlorn.

The bead of base or precious stone
Is but a bud placed on a thorn.
When by our touch the flower is blown
It blossoms through Eternal Morn.

—Paul J. Redmond, '24

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY

DURING the past few weeks practically the whole country congratulated Pawtucket, "the cradle of the cotton industry," upon its two hundred and fiftieth birthday. The passage of the years has marked the transformation of an isolated stretch of forest wilderness into a thriving American commercial center.

In the old town records of Providence under a seal dated October 10, 1671, reference is made to the deeding of a tract of land by a certain Abel Potter unto Joseph Jenkes. This land is mentioned in the deed as being bounded on one side by the river and with a frontage on the falls. From the latter the locality is said to have derived its name "Pawtucket," meaning in the Indian tongue "Place of the waters." It was these foaming rapids that first attracted the attention of the pioneer iron worker Joseph Jenkes. The necessary power to drive his forge was his quest, and being of a mechanical and inventive trend of mind, he readily saw the very favorable opportunities which the place afforded. Here he set up his business, intermingling the splash of the water wheel with the sound of the hammer, and becoming the first manufacturer of iron in the territory which today comprises the State of Rhode Island.

In due time around this primitive enterprise a little settlement grew up, which although harassed from time to time by the attacks of the Indians, not only lived but actually flourished. Prominent among the early settlers was Oziel Wilkinson, also an iron worker, who about the year 1783, established his forge a short distance from Jenkes' plant, and for more than two generations the Wilkinson family did much to advance the material and social development of the community. David Wilkinson, a son of Oziel, was an active and capable associate of Samuel Slater, in sowing the seed of the cotton industry in America. In fact he is accredited with having made the castings of the Slater cotton machinery. He was also the inventor of the slide lathe, an invention which was later regarded as almost indispensable in the mechanical world. It is alleged by some that years before Robert Fulton steamed up the Hudson in the *Clermont*, David and a youthful companion had navigated a highly efficient steamboat on the river a short distance from their home.

Perhaps no individual name down through the years has been so inseparably connected with the early history of Pawtucket,

as that of Samuel Slater, an intellectual and mechanical genius, who by establishing his pioneer cotton mill on the banks of the "Pawtucket Fall" made the name of his adopted home known in every port and market of the world. From the moment of his arrival from England, Slater gathered about himself a group of capable and trustworthy associates. Together they labored untiringly to solve the difficult problems, and to overcome the numerous obstacles that then confronted the undeveloped textile industry. The question of whether or not they succeeded is answered by the lofty and enviable position which the city of Pawtucket holds in the industrial world today.

With the mastery of cotton, quite naturally came the advent of many branches of textile industry, and with these an ever increasing demand for more workers. Little by little it came to be realized that neither the local nor the national labor supply could adequately cope with existing demands. Accordingly it was deemed advisable to call upon the labor resources of the nations across the sea. In answer to this appeal came a great influx of immigrants from England, Scotland, Ireland and Canada. The English immigrants brought with them the valuable training and experience of many years, gained in the mills and factories of their native cities. On the other hand the Scotch, ever recognized as dyeing and bleaching experts, brought with them to Pawtucket the formulae which have rendered Scotch bleaching and dyeing famous the world over. Many of the Irish immigrants took their places in the mills and factories beside the English and Scotch, while others found employment in outdoor pursuits, or engaged in whatever business opportunity and the times offered. The French-Canadians, hardy, thrifty, and reliable, made admirable mill operatives. At an early date they also manifested a cleverness and adaptability for business. All of these various immigrants together with other later arrivals from southern and eastern Europe, have been a power for good in the community, and they have all played their part toward developing Pawtucket into a thoroughly American city.

From a very early date the river and the falls around which Pawtucket arose, served as a disputed boundary between the colonies of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and thus Pawtucket was divided into two separate communities. During the Civil War, however, this controversy was brought to a close by the favorable readjustment of the boundaries of the two states, and the welding of the two villages into,


one town. For many years Pawtucket held the distinction of being the largest town in the United States. But by a law passed by the general assembly in the spring of 1885, a city charter was granted to the town. At a special election held in December of the same year, Frederick Clark Sayles was elected the first mayor of the City of Pawtucket.

In war as well as in peace, Pawtucket has held her place of honor. Even in the earliest days of her existence, when her man-power was slight, the cannon and small arms turned out at the Jenkes forge did very effective work in the hands of the American patriots. Again in 1861, her sons rallied with true American patriotism to the defense and maintenance of the Union. And when in 1898, the honor of the United States was endangered, volunteers from Pawtucket rubbed elbows with the other brave boys who marched forth from "Little Rhody." The conduct of this city during the recent World War needs no extended comment here. Her volunteers in the army and navy were numbered by the thousands, while the operation of the selective draft measures was carried on in a manner worthy of the highest praise and commendation.

This brief story of the life of Pawtucket during the past two centuries and a half would be incomplete if while viewing the growth of the city from a material standpoint, the spiritual strength of the community was forgotten. For not unlike the marvelous development of its various industries, has been the continued progress of the Church within its confines. True it is that during the earliest years very few Catholics resided in this locality. Records, however, are obtainable which state that in the summer of 1828 Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, called on Mr. David Wilkinson to thank him for the generous gift of a piece of land, the same to be used as a site for the erection of a church for the Catholics of the neighborhood. Upon this land, which is still a part of St. Mary's Church property, the first Catholic church built in Rhode Island was erected. From this tiny seed, similar to the humble beginning of the Church itself, grew up the splendid system of parochial schools and churches, which are the pride and the boast of the Providence diocese today. In bringing this sketch to a close it is our earnest prayer that the future citizens of Pawtucket may ever afford the Church the same encouragement and protection it has enjoyed in the past, and that this truly great liberty loving American city, this hive of industry, may continue to thrive and flourish *ad multos annos*.

Harold F. Boyd, '24

THE CULT OF PROGRESS

O an ardent Chestertonian like myself, it was once a source of astonishment to find the modern world praised as progressive. I knew that my corpulent master had demolished the assumption that it is progressive, when I was two years old. And to hear men a decade my senior, who thought they were up with the times, treat such a fallacy as a universal truth! It was too much.

At first, whenever possible, I attempted to answer them! But it was impossible to do so adequately. On every occasion I found myself surrounded by those who must, I am sure, think Tennyson as great a philosopher as he is a poet. We could not agree on definitions. I was told not to generalize. Several attempts to argue reasonably came to naught. I was overwhelmed by numbers. At length I took refuge in boredom.

At various times, however, I have been aroused from this negligent state by an insane desire to silence my bores with a rejoinder. I refused to yield to the desire. The memory of my past annihilations warned me off. But joy cometh in the morning. In an article in the October number of the *Yale Review*, entitled "The Fall of the Curtain," Mr. Chauncey B. Tinker, a professor of literature at Yale, made a plea for the "sheer eloquence of final things" in the novel and the drama, and found occasion to satirize modern writers who consider themselves progressive and never get anywhere. He was even so reactionary as to assert that "to deal with the four last things of the Christian religion, death, judgment, Heaven, and Hell, is to plunge headlong into romance." I had never heard of Mr. Tinker in connection with the Chesterbelloc, and naturally, was delighted to find an ardent supporter of the famous monster on this side of the Atlantic. Also, encouraged by this unlooked-for and highly reputable support, I have made bold to unlimber upon my bores the cannon of the revolt that has seethed so long within me. Since it is couched in writing I cannot be interrupted and am assured of a hearing at last. Having answered my bores, I hope to be able to sleep

soundly through their discourses in the future, as I have skipped their pages in the past.

The underlying error of the extollers of progress is their assumption that anything moving is advancing. They will deny this instantly of course. But it is the only general principle from which can be deduced their statement that the world of necessity has advanced since the Reformation. To be truly Chestertonian I should here introduce a number of grotesquely humorous examples of what the acceptance of this principle entails. But its absurdity is obvious, and any conclusion derived therefrom is stupid. Indeed it is a well-grounded hypothesis of history that each type of civilization, after a period of development followed by one of enjoyment of a remarkable prosperity, inevitably degenerates, becoming stagnant, as China and India, or running to waste, as the great Aryan civilization. The contention of the modernist in this regard is that we are still advancing; the assertion of the medievalist that we have been at least sidetracked if not wrecked midway, is just as tenable and to me far more reasonable.

Blinded by this fundamental fallacy, the progress-worshipper insists that the modern world *must* have advanced since its acceptance of the "hallucination called the Reformation." In so doing he shows his misunderstanding of the nature of true progress. To be truly progressive, as Mr. Chesterton stated years ago, the first requisite is an objective toward which to advance. The second essential is that all advances be consistent aids to the attainment of that objective. Thus the two great pagan civilizations had as their object the temporal happiness of man. They were avowedly materialistic. The few seekers of spiritual perfection among them were ignored or cast aside. One of them drank hemlock, and Another was crucified. Yet the modern world, which criticizes most vehemently these two deaths, fails to see the adherence to the principles of progress which they exhibit. The Greeks and Romans wanted temporal happiness, not spiritual. Accordingly they killed those who attempted to make them spiritually happy. They at least knew what they wanted. The modern world does not.

Likewise, the medieval Europeans had as their chief object the attainment of spiritual happiness. All things were done for Him by Whom all things are made. On the whole, they kept their object constantly in mind and constantly strove for it. That they achieved it as much as is humanly possible is a historical fact. Moreover it should be noted in this

connection that they also attained to a temporal happiness which ranks among the best ever produced and which, by the end of the thirteenth century, was the most widely diffused of any that ever existed. This I acknowledge, pseudo-historians from Greene to Wells to the contrary.

After Europe had experienced the Renaissance, it was in a position to seize the greatest opportunity for progress ever offered to mankind. It had as its direct inheritance the spiritual perfection and temporal happiness of the Middle Ages, together with the recently acquired knowledge of the temporal grandeur of the ancients. The strain must have been too much for the smallest of continents, because it surely fell down on the job. The only explanation is the old one of the Flesh and the Devil. The farther we go in our study of the modern world, the more explanatory that answer seems.

In all the years of what one day it may term its period of retrogression, the world has failed to produce a sufficient number of things noble and persons great to justify its break with the Christian past. Those noble things which it has produced will be acknowledged in their turn. But since Luther threw his ink-bottle at the devil, modern society has had no woman to compare with Catherine of Siena, no heroine with Joan of Arc, no hero with Godfrey of Bouillon, no painter with Angelo, no poet with Dante, no ruler with Louis IX, no philosopher with Aquinas, no saint with Francis, and (I can hear the chorus of dissent) no scientist with Roger Bacon. Modernists can not justly claim even Shakespeare as their own, since he is admittedly the heir of all ages. We have surpassed medievalism in sculpture, music, law, science, and literature. But sculpture we learned from the Greeks, and music we developed from the monks. Our system of dispensing justice is based on medieval practice, and our jurisprudence on the Code of Justinian. In music alone have we made great and original studies. Science received its fundamental principle, experiment, from Roger Bacon. In literature indeed we can boast one achievement, the novel through that school of modernists which believes that alcohol should be used only as a substitute for mercury, is trying to deprive us of the enjoyment of this, the one child of our brain of whose comfort we are assured in our old age.

Those things of which we claim to be proud, our democracy, our education, our industrialism, our sanitation, are easily and vulnerably satirized. Democracy had its origin in Greece, and some helpful development in the Middle Ages. In its application to modern life in the form

of republicanism, it has failed thus far to achieve its avowed object. Switzerland, where it has been achieved, is no more modern than a Gothic cathedral. Our system of public education in the primary and grammar grades is recognized as of no great value to those whom it would prepare for life, while the turn to utilitarianism in secondary schools and colleges within the last decade has destroyed the *causa vivendi* of education, viz., the development of the soul of man. Industrialism, a true child of modernism, has produced extremes of wealth and poverty, necessitated a complex system of society which weakens the structure of the home, and runs full tilt against the principles of public health which modern science has discovered.

This conflict of industry with public health well illustrates the present position of the world. The fact is that in spite of Mr. Chesterton's "What's Wrong With the World?", many of us still do not know where we all are going, and furthermore have not the slightest idea of how to get there. We continually get in each other's way. Some run forward as fast as possible; others walk backward serenely. Some try to walk on their hands, and others try to stand on their heads. If one sees a rival climbing a ladder to the desired goal, he does not get another ladder and attempt the same ascent. Usually he pulls the ladder away, if he can, and destroys the ladder as well as his rival in so doing. There is no spirit of coöperation among men as a whole. There is coöperation among men in groups, but the groups are at cross-purposes. Until the world has decided which group is its own, there can be no true progress.

The general trend of modern civilization is toward materialism. Indifference to religion, irreverence for holiness, disrespect of authority, the spread of crime and vice, the greed of gain, the multiplicity of divorces among rich and poor, all are striking characteristics of modern society, and sure indications of its materialistic basis. But we have not sufficient courage to break away completely from the straining influence of the Christianity which we affect and which betrays its true nature to the careful observer. The professed materialist is looked upon with horror. But the Catholic Church is still treated with contempt. The trouble is, I repeat, the modern world does not know what it wants. Cardinal Newman stated that it must choose between atheism and Catholicism. All history supports that statement. Yet the world embraces neither.

Therefore, to me it seems that until it has made its decision, fixed

its goal, and started progressively forward, it should at least refrain from criticism of medieval Europe. It sounds like Fred Toney of the Giants telling Christy Mathewson how Mathewson should have beaten the Athletics three straight games in 1912. Medieval Europe achieved a standard of spiritual perfection and temporal happiness which is forever fixed in the annals of man. The modern world has achieved nothing which may not tomorrow be forever in ruins.

I am well aware that criticism should be constructive as well as destructive. Therefore I know that I should offer some practical remedy for the defects I have pointed out. Furthermore, I realize that many of the statements in regard to medieval progress may seem preposterous to some of my readers. For proof of those statements I refer any doubters to Dr. J. J. Walsh's "The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries," which I myself have not read. In regard to constructive criticism, I wish to remind any critics that my object in writing this screed is simply to answer the adherents of the cult of modern progress. Whether or not it is a refutation is no concern of mine. There is no statement my progress-worshipping bores have made which is not answered in some way herein. Hereafter I can sleep in peace while they rave on.

James Kelleher, '24

Peare



HE clouds of twilight mirror
Their blushes in the lake;
While vesper bell floats nearer
And silver tapers wake.

—*Peter O'Brien, '24*

A POWER UNSEEN

IT was the year of the great famine—1847. From the North to South, from East to West, Ireland was groaning under the terrible scourge. It was a double famine, being both natural and artificial; the failure of the crops on the one hand and England on the other. Thousands who had the means were emigrating, but alas, other thousands, starved and emaciated, were dying by the roadside.

Down in a damp valley, on his little six-acre farm, lived Paddy O'Shea. To the visitor, approaching down the gravel path from the main road on the hill, the O'Shea cottage pictured a home of contentment. The white-washed walls, the four-paned windows set off in their red frames, the thick covering of rye thatch, neatly bobbed at the eaves, all gave Paddy's little farm-house the outer appearance of coziness. But within, though neat as a thrifty wife could make it, there were nevertheless the traceable marks of the dreaded wolf. Paddy had always boasted of his being able to "make ends meet," but now had come a time when even the untiring efforts of an O'Shea proved fruitless. Consequently the big pot which so often was brimming over with "laughing" potatoes was now empty. The kettle sang a lone song. And the once blooming children, of whom there were ten, were pitifully pining away. This indeed was discouraging to the father, who would gladly sacrifice his heart's blood for his little ones.

Now at this point of our story it might be well to know that not every family in Ireland was dying of hunger. There were some whose tables would not fear the presence of a king. These were the Landlords, the human leeches, creators in great part of the Irish "Guillotine" that could artfully be marked "made in England." As it happened, one of these worthy sons of Elizabeth was stationed about a mile to the south of Paddy O'Shea's cottage. On his rich farmstead he had barns filled with potatoes and granaries bursting with grain. O'Shea knew this. But then the mere knowledge of such existence could not satisfy a gnawing hunger. The knowledge of a life-belt near is useless to a drowning man. He must grab it or perish.

"To steal." Paddy hesitated. From his mother's knee it had

been indelibly impressed on his mind never to steal. But now the extreme crisis has come when he must either steal or suffer his children to hunger and die. Yes, even Peggy, his wife, urged him to that difficult task. "Pat agraw 'tis the right thing to do." Now, O'Shea was neither a logician nor a theologian, but he rightfully reasoned in his own simple way, that "self-preservation is nature's first law!" Hence, without further deliberation he throws the empty sack across his shoulder.

It was a cold night. A chilly November wind, the first breath of winter met him in the face. The stars, undisturbed, were twinkling overhead. Nature was asleep. Nothing broke the awful silence of the dead of night, save an occasional bark from some lonesome dog. "It is a strange night, and a strange job," thought Pat as he climbed the hill towards the Landlord's house. But now a stranger sight met his eyes—a light in the farmer's home. "What can this mean, or does he know of me coming," muttered Pat. "Well, by gorry, even if it was the devil himself I'll go and see." Keeping to his determination O'Shea walks noiselessly and stealthily up to the window and peeps in. "I'll damn my old rags if that isn't Fitzhenery himself. Ah, then, bad luck to your conscience, but it's that must be troubling you, you old landgrabber." Still murmuring his denunciation, Paddy wheeled about for his journey homeward. Peggy, who had waited anxiously for his return, was standing at the doorstep. When she saw the empty sack.

"Arah, Pat agraw, did your heart fail you?"

"No indeed, but there's a light in Fitzhenery's, and I'll swear that I saw himself walking up and down the floor. He walks to the bedroom door, stands there a minit, turns 'round with a scowl, back again and up again."

"O, Pat, 'tis after 1 o'clock. I wonder why he is up so late. Did he see you?"

"Devil a bit. But I'm going again tomorrow night, and if he's up again, I'm going right up the next day and tell him what I'm intending to do."

The next night came. O'Shea repeated his journey, but met with the identical happening of the night before. The light was still burning. Fitzhenery, as Pat thought, was still pacing the floor. Pat could not stand it any longer. The following morning brought him to the door of the Landlord. Urged by hunger and curiosity he fearlessly knocks at the door. The Mistress appears. A serene, middle-aged lady, whose

raven hair and blue eyes betray her Irish ancestry. With a greeting smile that immediately dispels all rising anxiety in Paddy's heart, she gently bows. Answering the salutation in like manner, Pat begins:

"I came Mrs. Fitzhenery, to see if there's nothing the matter with the boss. I—I—well, I might as well tell you the truth. My children are starving, and for the past two nights I came intending to take some potatoes, and that at an hour when there's no one out but the dead themselves. But every time there was a light in your house, and Mr. Fitzhenery was walking the floor, going from one door to the other, and up and down and back again."

"This is indeed mysterious, for my husband was in bed at ten o'clock. I shall call him and do you relate your experience to him."

Mr. Fitzhenery was a short, stocky Highlander with an ill-tempered disposition, that reflected its chronic surliness through the closely knitted lowering eyebrows, fierce look and curious twirl of the upper lip. Approaching the scene, puffing a lighted cigar, he growled in his usual manner:

"Well, O'Shea, what's the matter?"

Paddy unhesitatingly repeated his story, laying special emphasis on the "light burning," the "dead night," and Fitzhenery's "curious movements." During the whole of the strange recitation, Fitzhenery, to the great astonishment of his wife, seemed to be extremely nervous. At certain times he even shuddered, and an expression of intense fear covered his whole countenance.

The story is finished. For a moment the three stand like statues of bronze. Then Fitzhenery, fixing his gaze upon Pat, but minus the original stare, he exclaims: "O'Shea you have saved me. My barns and granaries are at your disposal—take what you want."

Paddy was standing open-mouthed, in utter bewilderment at this unexpected proffer. In equal wonderment stood the silent mistress. Fitzhenery, realizing that an explanation was necessary, addressing O'Shea began:

"During these two nights of your mysterious experience I had gone to bed with the hellish intention to kill my wife. Sleepless I lay in bed with the open razor under my pillow. And when I thought my wife to be fast asleep I took the razor about to execute the horrible act. But when I looked at her a calm smile came over her face, her eyes opened wide and stared at me. Each time I attempted my mad design, I met

with that same gaze, that supernatural look. Tonight, I was determined to overcome my seeming timidity. I was fixed on my resolve to obey Satan, but now—never. I had never realized what I was about to do, I had never looked the temptation in the face, until you related to me of your experience. It was not I you saw pacing the floor. I was in bed. Nor was the light a natural light. However, I can explain no further."

"But I can," interrupted Mrs. Fitzhenery, who all the time stood silently and serenely, listening to the tale of her attempted murder. "The man whom you saw, Mr. O'Shea, was none other than the Master of that place wherein the horrid murders of this earth are preconceived. But he dared not enter my room. And until he could enter my husband would never succumb to the murderous temptation. But I had made his entrance impossible. For following the custom of my mother, each night before I retire, I sprinkle my room and myself with that sacred water from whose presence the powers of Hell must always vanish."

John P. Walsh, '24



DA DAGOMAN

EVERY business district includes the side-street, fruit and peanut stands managed by the "Dagoman."

Ontario Street was a dingy, gloomy, lane near my office building. On the sidewalk against the wall of the sky-scraper, stood a small, awninged cart, loaded with fruit, cheap candy, and peanuts. On one side of the stand was a peanut roaster. On the other a plain chair for the use of the owner. He was a "Dagoman"; small in stature, dark complexioned, with a large mustache. He wore corduroy trousers. A figured vest covered his cotton shirt. Around his neck was a red bandana. His curly head was crowned by a large-rimmed, black, felt hat. He was always very sociable and showed great courtesy to his "'Merican" customers.

For many years I had been American consul at Naples. During that time I developed a keen desire to study the inhabitants of the "sunny shores." Upon my return to the United States I had not lost this interest.

Often, therefore, in order to escape the formal and conventional society in which my business placed me I would stop and talk to this "Dagoman" of old "Napoli", who seemed to enjoy the chance of praising his native city and the glorious attire worn by Nature in Italy.

He asked me if I had noticed the moon in Naples, and then continued about the lunar disc of America.

"Here eesa moon, but eet ees cold;
Etalian moon ees ball of gold!
So warm, so sof', you wondra why
Eet steeck together in the sky;
You theenk eet gona malt an' run
Like lumpa butter een da sun."

"You cannot know of love onteell
Sooch moonlight een your heart you feel.
W'at for you smile? Et eesa true!"

"You say dees moon dat shine tonight
Ees gooda 'nough for you? All right.
I s'pose dat you are love your wife,
But oh, Signor, you bat my life,
You eat her up eef you could be
Where shines da moon een Eetaly."

I had smiled, it was true, but not in scorn or ridicule. It was rather an admiration for the deep love of nature's beauty, that dwells within even the poorest and humblest of these Italian peasants. I envied his prerogatives. His mention of love gave me another chance to converse with him. "Have you a wife?" And did you court her under the streams from the pale Italian moon?" I asked.

"Eh' Signor, I tella you of my love."

"Oh, Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair, so black, so curl.
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' oh, she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jomp up an' dance or eet weell bust.
An' alla time she seeng her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you—
But dat ees all w'at she can do."

"Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look
So beautiful—but she can cook.
You oughta see her carry wood!
I tal you w'at eet do you good.
W'en she ees be som'body's wife
She washa hard, you bat my life!
She nevva gattin' tired, too—
But dat ees all w'at she can do."

"Oh, my! I weesh dat Angela
Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song,
An' looka pretta good.
I gotta love for Angela,
I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gonna do?"

"Well, you are up against it there, Mr. Dagoman." "Maybe I
can help you in your choice."

"All right, Signor."

And as I started to go, he invited me "Com' 'round some more time."

On the next occasion that I saw my friend, he was very happy. I supposed he had made his choice between Carlotta and Angela. Upon my questioning, he replied:

"No, Signor, I no hav' got my wife. Da spreeng ees here. Dat's w'at make da 'Dagoman' so happy. Da Eetaly has moved to "Merica."

In the land of Cicero and Caesar it is always spring, and in the United States this season is the only time of comfort and poetic beauty for the "Dagoman."

I told him that this was the great time for baseball, and then he laughed heartily and said:

"Oh! lees'en pleaes', I tal to you
About wan game we play

Spolatro peetch da ball, an' dere
Spagatti bat ees sweeng,
An' queeck da ball up een da air
Ees fly like annytheeng.
You know een deesa game ees man
Dat's call da "lafta fiel' ",
Wal, dees man keep peannutta stan'
An' like for seettin' steell.
An' dough dees ball Spagatti heet
Ees passa by hees way,
He don'ta care a leetla beet
Ef eet ees gon' all day."

But Joe he justa seetta steell
Teell ball ees outa sight.
Dees mak' so mad da centra-fiel
He ees baygeen to fight.
Den com'sa nudder man—you see,
I don'ta know hees name,
Or how you call dees man, but he
Ees beeg man een da game.
He ees da man dat mak' da rule
For play da gama right,
An' so he go for dose two fool
Out een da fiel' dat fight.

An' den he grabba Joe an' say:
 'Com! run an' get da ball.'
 But Joe he growl an' tal heem: 'No,
 Ees not for me at all.
 Spagatti heet da ball, an' so
 Spagatti gat da ball!"

Just then a little street urchin put up his hand, grabbed a banana and ran for all he was worth. I did not have a chance to observe him closely, but there seemed something queer about him. I was quite surprised that my friend the "Dagoman" did not rush after him, as he had done to other waifs on similar occasions.

It is not in the wealthy, the elite, and powerful that sympathy is born, but the humble, the poor, and simple souls of the community. What could be kinder than the action of the street vender and the feelings which dwelt in his soul as indicated when he told me:

"D 'Merican boys eesa vera bad lot,
 Dey steela peanutta banan,'
 An' evratheeng gooda for eatin' I got,
 An' mak' all da troubla dey can."

"Ees wan o' dees boys dat ees call "Humpy Jeem,"
 An' justa wors' wan in da pack,
 But how am I gona gat mada weeth heem?
 He gotta da hump on da back."

"Et maka heem laugha baycause eet ees fun
 For reach weeth hees theen leetla han'
 An' grabbin' a coupla peanutta an' run
 So fas' as hees skeenny legs can.
 So always I maka pretand I no see
 How moocha peanutta he tak'.
 I guess I would like som' wan do dat for me
 Ef I gotta hump on da back."

For a long time I had been unable to visit the little stand in the alley to see my friend the "Dagoman." The streets were now blanketed with white snow, the indication of winter's presence. I knew this was not a time of joy for a native of the "sunny shores." I wondered if the stand was still open. Sure enough, there he was all bundled up, shivering and shaking. Steaming chestnuts now replaced the vari-colored fruit. As soon as I approached he began:

"O! my! O! my! how cold eet ees
For stan' on deesa street!
Da weends blow like dey gona freeze
Da shoes upon your feet.
I nevva see een deesa town
So fierce da weentra storm;
I keepa hoppin' up an' down
For mak' my feet warm.
But beggarman across the way
He stan' against da wall,
So like eet was a summer day;
He ees no cold at all
Ees justa box in fronta heem
For hold hees teenna cup,
But he bayhava so eet seem
A stove for warm heem up.
An' evra time he look an' see
How colda man am I,
He justa weenk an' laugh at me
So like he gonna die!
An' so I leave dees fruta stan'
An' walka 'cross da street
For see how ees dees beggarman
Can keep so warma feet.
I look, an' dere I see da legs
Dat prop him by da wall
Ees notheeng more dan wooden pegs—
He got no feet at all!

I joined with the "Dagoman" in the hearty laugh that echoed from his soul and then I proceeded to find how business was in this cold weather.

"Not so good as bayfore, but eet mak' no diffrence to me bay-cause today som'theeng happen for mak'me glad,

"Do you remembra long ago,
W'en first you speaka to me so,
How dat I mak' confess' to you
Dere was two fina girls I knew,
But dat I like dem both so wal
Eet was too hard for me to tal
Which wan be besta wife for me?"

"An' you—you had no word to say;
 But here to me ees com to-day
 A leetla girl, good frand o' mine,
 Dat's only eight year old, or nine,
 But verra mooch more wise dan you.
 An' w'at you s'pose she tal me do?"

"Tak Angela!" she say. "Why not?
 Den both of you could pay Carlot'
 To carry wood an' cooka too,
 An' justa keep da house for you."

"Now w'at you teenk o' dat?"

Why, that's a fine answer to your problem, and I am glad that you will be able to make your choice.

"Yes, Signor, eet ees good for me, but, oh, eet ees so hard for please my Angela Mari?"

"Why, how is that?"

"For goodness sak'! eet's mak' me sad,"
 She say, "for hear you speak so bad."
 An' I say, "Wal, w'en I am mad,
 I feel eef I no swear a few
 Dot som'theeng sure ees gotta br'ak;
 So w'at da deuce I gona do,
 For goodness' sak'?"

" 'For goodness' sak'! dat's joosta w'at
 You oughta say w'en you are hot!"
 She say; "So promise you weell not
 Mak' swear words now seexa week,
 Or you can tak' your presents back!
 Here's strongest languadge you must speak:
 "For goodness' sak'!" "

"For goodness' sak' I'm tonga-tied,
 So dat she weell be satisfied,
 Dees girl dat gona be my bride;
 But you, you guys dat know me—Wal!
 I hope dat you weell not meestak'
 What I am theenkin' w'en I yal,
 'For goodness' sak'!' "

Reader, I suppose you wonder who is this "Dagoman" with whom I have been conversing. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you his name is Mr. Daly. You do not know him? Have you never heard of Tom Daly? Oh, I see no one calls him "Mr.," that is why you did not recognize him.

If Tom Daly were dressed in the corduroy pants, the cotton shirt, bandana and felt hat that my friend the "Dagoman" was wearing, I am sure that you would take him for a son of Italy. He even has the mustache. Because of the excellence of the dialect of his poems quoted above, you will swear, (even though Angela does not like it) that he must be an "Eetalian." But when you look below his poems and see his signature "Thomas Augustine Daly," there can be no mistake about his nationality.

All influential men are hard to approach. While you are in their presence you feel that there is something strange about the atmosphere. You really wonder if you are on *terra firma*. Not so with Tom Daly.

If you were to visit him in the office of *The Philadelphia Record*, you would find him as easy to approach, as simple, as kind-hearted, as poetic and as humorous as the "Dagoman." Tom Daly is also a "man of the home." He would prefer to be by the fire-side on Rubicam Road, with his wife and children (there are almost enough of them to make a baseball team) than to be sitting at some dinner table dressed in a stiff shirt.

Tom Daly can do a great deal to allay the present day spirit of social unrest by his works edited under the titles "Canzoni," "Carmina," "Madrigali," "Songs of Wedlock," and "McAroni Ballads," which in a humorous, interesting and simple style, tell of our duty to God, our country, our home and which likewise teach that almost forgotten doctrine, "Be satisfied."

His use of the Italian and Irish dialect has won for him the hearts of all who read his works. The beauty of thought and grace of style which characterize his strictly English verses make him rank among the greatest poets of today. If ever you are feeling "blue;" if the whole world seems against you; if you would like to lay down and die; pick up one of Tom Daly's books. The cure is instant.

James Whitcomb Riley has been called "The Hoosier Poet"; Joyce Kilmer "The Poet of the Common People"; Eugene Field "The Children's Poet," but Tom Daly is a Riley, a Kilmer, a Field and in addition "The Poet of Da Dagoman." *Lewis M. Nugent, '24*

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"



E are now beginning the school year. Beginnings are important. In running races the start is the Thing. The man who can get off quickly has won half the race. Get a good start. Then keep up the pace.

* * *

Cultivate Enthusiasm and you have the secret of beginning well. Complaints and dissatisfactions are obstacles in your path. Enthusiasm clears the way.

* * *

Do the unpleasant thing first. Accomplished it becomes a pleasure. You can't scale a mountain with your eye. You must climb. The green meadows *are* on the other side. Cover the bitter pill with a sugar coating. And don't chew on it.

* * *

Football players must go through a severe training to prepare their bodies for the contest. Scrimmage practice hardens them. It takes more than a black eye to put a well trained man out of the game. Train the mind. A passage of Greek may be a black eye. A Latin Ode may be a sprain. Hold on to the ball and run.

* * *

"Better Boys, Better Men." Why not Better Men, Better Boys. Men do not imitate boys. Men set the example. We are men. Be watchful of your speech and your actions in the presence of young boys. Be watchful at all times.

* * *

Did you see anything pleasant on the way to the College this morning? It was there. Did you find something to complain about? Look for the pleasant things. Overlook the others.

* * *

History repeats itself. So do Historians. Mistakes form part of our history. We all make them. They are the guide posts in our path.

We can profit by them. But don't be the historian of your own mistakes.

* * *

Freshmen must attend home games. Freshmen and Upper Classmen should attend all games. The football team is young. It needs your support. Give it freely. Be proud of your team. It is worthy of your pride.

* * *

Cities, like men, may spring from a lowly origin. A great city founded by a blacksmith. He did not know of the future greatness of Pawtucket. Perhaps he was not building for the future. But he did. All cannot build cities. All can maintain them. Let us build for the future. Cities, books, science. Let it be a lasting work.

* *

Columbus discovered a new country. Dante wrote a poem. No one may say that one was greater than the other. Columbus could not have written the *Divina Commedia*. Dante, perhaps, cared nothing for adventurous exploring. We all should be able to do one thing well. Some sleep.

Paul J. Redmond, '24

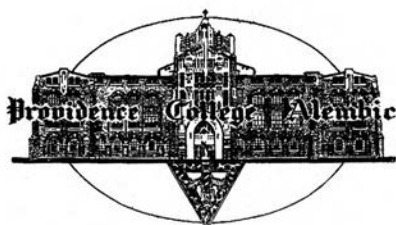
Songs



LISTEN to the brooklet singing—
Oft I wonder whence its song;
Mostly from the rain drops falling,
Partly from the dew of morn.

Listen to the toiler singing—
How he meets with trial and pain.
Yet his face with smiles is beaming,
Sunshine ever follows rain.

—John E. Dillon, '24



VOL. II.

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No. 1

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In the departure of the Very Rev. Albert Casey, **FATHER CASEY** O. P., first President of Providence College, the institution loses not only one of its foremost friends, but a man of great vision and ability.

Almost unknown he came five years ago. In departing he leaves behind a memory that the years cannot dim. He goes declaring that his was the least of tasks, and that the greatest years of Providence College are yet to come. It was this spirit of humility, combined with rare wisdom and exceptional administrative judgment which resulted in the accomplishment of so much. Few realize all that Father Casey did. His task commenced when clashing steel and blood trickling across the continent of Europe riveted the attention of the world, and education, particularly Catholic education, meant little in the face of the impending conflict. It was a great accomplishment then—this erection of Bishop

Harkins Hall and the inauguration of courses in arts, letters and science and preparatory medicine. And now in leaving he outlines the Providence College as he would have it a quarter of a century hence. His vision includes laboratories for the chemist, biologist, engineer, and medical apprentice; libraries of worth; a gymnasium, and accommodations for the many hundreds whom he pictures as students of that year.

He omits but one thing—the memory of its first President. His big-hearted smile of encouragement, his prudent word of counsel, his unknown hours of prayerful thought for the good of the College—these all have made their impression on the spirit of Providence College. And no greater tribute of appreciation and affection can be paid to Father Casey, than the honest hope that the College spirit he engendered may never die.

THE NEW
PRESIDENT

Welcome, Very Rev. William D. Noon, O. P., and congratulations from *Alembic*. As second President of Providence College we trust yours will be a most successful administration and assure you that the college spirit exhibited at your reception is only an indication of the sincere coöperation awaiting your summons.

ONE
YEAR OLD

It seems more a matter of form than necessity when we say "Greetings," and announce our presence for the first time this year. Everyone knew that *Alembic* was in process of publication—that it was starting the year with a greater spirit of coöperation than ever before, and that despite reports of this and that trouble and all sorts of depression, the hope of successful accomplishment is great.

Should it be that you are unacquainted with our inauguration, let it be stated that *Alembic* was one of the many Christmas surprises of 1920. The college desired a medium of its own. Furthermore there was a desire current to give the budding literary genius an opportunity to express his thoughts and see how it all looked when set in cold, cruel type. The two were combined. *Alembic* resulted. It flourished. And now with the same objects in view, the wheel begins to spin for the second time and as the momentum increases, as the distance between the beginning and the end slowly commences to grow shorter, we call attention to the fact that *Alembic* awaits your contribution. Its literary department is open. Within the year you'll be expected to fulfill this expectation.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The College opened for the fall semester, September 20th, when nearly 300 students assembled in the Chapel to assist at Mass celebrated by Vice-President Rev. J. A. Jordan, O. P. Very Rev. Albert Casey, O. P., then addressed the student body. The enrollment in all the classes was large; 130 applied for admission as Freshmen. The Sophomore and Junior classes received many additions from other colleges.

* * *

The announcement that our President, Very Rev. Albert Casey, O. P., was compelled through ill health to resign his position as head of the College, was received with much regret. The great amount of work connected with the establishment of the College fell chiefly upon him. His duties did not end with the firm establishment of the School. He has worked unceasingly since that time for the good of the Institution.

* * *

The Very Rev. William D. Noon, O. P., S. T. M., has been appointed to succeed the retiring President. Father Noon has held important chairs in several Catholic Colleges in the United States, and at one time he was connected with the University of Santo Thomas in Manila, P. I. His ability as an educator and administrator is well known, and under his leadership new and greater successes are expected in the work which Father Casey so well began.

* * *

The Course in Philosophy which opens this year will be under the direction of Rev. L. C. McCarthy, O. P., S. T. Lr. Rev. D. M. Galliher, O. P., will lecture on Jurisprudence. Rev. Philip Thamm, O. P., will head the Biology Department, succeeding the Rev. Paul Cunningham, O. P., who was transferred to St. Rose's Priory, Kentucky, on account of ill health. Rev. R. J. Meaney, O. P., a very well known Dominican educator, becomes professor of Latin in the Classical Department.

George Donnelly was elected President of the
Class Activities Junior Class at the second meeting held in October.
 The other officers elected were: James Higgins,
 Vice President; John McCaffrey, Secretary; Joseph McCormack,
 Treasurer.

The Sophomore officers are: Frank McCabe, President; Charles
 Gibbons, Vice President; Justin McCarthy, Secretary; Earl Hanley,
 Treasurer.

Hugh J. Hall was elected president of the Freshman Class. James
 Lynch, Vice President; Charles Young, Secretary; John O'Donnell,
 Treasurer.

* * *

The new student council has for its presiding
Student Council judge Fred Heffernan. Associated with him are
 Raymond Roberts and George McGonagle. The
 first session of the court was held Tuesday, Oct. 18.

* * *

The Bishop Hickey Scholarship was
Scholarship Winners awarded to Robert Curran. John Fitzgerald
 was the winner of the Knights of Columbus
 Scholarship. The Father Raftery Scholarship was awarded to Edward
 Dwyer.

* * *

The first meeting of the Glee Club was held in
Glee Club October. The Club is again under the management of
 the Rev. Clement Donovan, O. P. The officers elected
 are the following: President, Earl J. Hanley; Vice President, James
 Lynch; Secretary, Philip Skehan; Treasurer, John Casey; Librarian,
 William Farrell.

ATHLETICS

AT last Providence College is represented on the gridiron. The students, and even the members of the faculty, have long been looking forward to this day when they can claim a team as their own of which they can be justly proud. Through the untiring efforts of Coach Huggins a smoothly running team has been developed. And although handicapped by lack of weight in almost every position, this loss is made good by the presence of a great amount of speed and science.

In the selection of Fred Huggins as coach, our Athletic Director displayed rare judgment. Mr. Huggins is a well known football star himself and, as the saying goes, he knows the game from A to Z, "and then some." When he first took the candidates in hand, they were, with a few exceptions, all inexperienced men. After a great deal of instruction and hard practice, he has brought them up to the college standard, and now almost every man of the squad is entirely dependable.

Joe McGee has been elected captain of the team. Joe is a man of vast football experience, and was a member of the Holy Cross squad last year. When he hits a line he hits hard, and more than one or two men are required to stop him.

Frannie Dwyer and Bob Beagan are strong points on the line, and Frank McGee and "Sam" Crawford are fast ends. Dick Cassidy and Dan Nolan are strong at fullback, while, as a kicker, "Mickey" Graham is among the best.

The strong spirit of the eleven was recently made manifest when its members stood up against great odds merely for the purpose of bringing their college before the eyes of the football world. Certain of defeat, they fought unflinchingly against Boston College eleven, which outweighed them at least thirty pounds to a man, and had the reputation of being one of the foremost of college elevens in the East.

The mettle of individual players was also brought to light during this contest. Art Tierney, the sturdy center, played the whole game with a fractured hand, unknown to the Coach. Frank McGee, after spraining his ankle, begged to be allowed to continue in the game although

barely able to walk. Charlie Eagan fought through the second half with both wrists badly damaged. There is but one end to a squad composed of men of such calibre, and that is *success*.

But success and lack of support do not go hand in hand. Let us have a strong representation on the side lines as well as on the field. The players must be cheered on to action and must know that they are fighting for something. Every student must be loyal to his duty, and in this case his duty is to support those who are fighting for him and for his college. In the future let us see every student who can possibly do so be present at each game to cheer himself hoarse for his team.

Eddie Doherty, recently appointed manager, has been doing great work for the squad. Every day Eddie may be seen on the field attending his duties with a zealously seldom found in managers. Although greatly handicapped by being appointed late in the season, he has succeeded in arranging the following games:

Oct. 1	East Greenwich Academy . . .	at East Greenwich
Oct. 8	Boston College	at Boston
Oct. 15	M. I. T.	at Boston
Oct. 22	R. I. S. D.	at Hope Field
Oct. 29	Holy Cross Seconds	at Hope Field
Nov. 5	Lowell Textile	at Lowell (pending)
Nov. 12	Open	
Nov. 19	Rensselaer	at Troy, N. Y. (pending)
Nov. 24	Canisius College . . .	at Buffalo, N. Y. (uncertain)

Providence College, 28; East Greenwich Academy, 0

The first game of the season has been accounted for in a very satisfactory manner. The squad journeyed to East Greenwich on Oct. 1 and administered a 28-0 defeat. The game lacked interest throughout, for the Academy boys were completely outclassed, although our team used nothing but straight formations.

Great holes were opened up in the opponent's line, through which the backs plowed for many heavy gains. At no time during the game were the East Greenwich players dangerous in any way. They made but three first downs, while our boys marched up and down the field at will.

When East Greenwich resorted to aerial work they were no more successful, for Joe McGee intercepted the forward and ran 60 yards for a touchdown.

Politt and Lundy were the only stars in the East Greenwich back-field, making several gains. Turkoff starred on the line.

McGee, the Eagan brothers, Cassidy and De Lucca outshone the other backs, both in offensive and defensive work. Beagan, Hagan, Tierney, and F. McGee were invincible in the line.

The lineup:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE	E. G. ACADEMY
D'Angelo, l. e.	r. e., Matteson
McKenna, l. t.	r. t., Brown
Higgins, l. g.	r. g., Granger
Tierney, c.	c., Gifford
Beagan, r. g.	l. g., Lombard
Hagan, r. t.	l. t., Money
F. McGee, r. e.	l. e., Turkoff
C. Eagan, q. b.	q. b., Magnon
G. Eagan, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Pollitt
J. McGee, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Lundy
Cassidy, f. b.	f. b., Bush

Touchdowns—J. McGee 3, Cassidy. Goals from touchdowns—C. Eagan 4.

Substitutions—Crawford for D'Angelo, Le Ducca for G. Eagan, Girouard for Higgins, Redmond for Girouard, D'Angelo for Crawford, W. Dwyer for D'Angelo, O'Neil for Hagan, Robinson for C. Eagan, Quinn for De Lucca, L. Graham for Tierney, Casey for W. Dwyer, Evans for F. McGee.

Boston College, 25; Providence College, 0

On October 8, the squad met Boston College on the latter's field at Newton Heights and were defeated by the score 25-0. In the second half a driving rain drenched the gridiron, and much loose work resulted. The Boston backs fumbled several times at critical moments.

Providence College played a strong defensive game against great odds. They were outweighed nearly thirty pounds to a man, and were new in college football in comparison with their opponents.

Boston College used nothing but straight line plays and end runs. Darling, Matthews, Kelleher and Corcoran made several heavy gains off tackle, and through the left side of the Providence line. They attempted only one forward pass during the entire game, and that came during the last quarter. Having but a yard and a half to make the goal, they were held without gaining an inch for two downs. They were then

penalized 15 yards for holding and it was then that Matthews threw a pass over the goal line to Comerford for a score.

When Boston first kicked off to Providence, the manner in which our backs plunged through the line gave the impression that a fast game would be witnessed. But a fumble gave the ball to Boston on our 35-yard line and, after seven smashes at the line by Darling, Matthew and Kelleher, the first score was made.

When Providence next kicked off Darling received the ball on his 10-yard line and made a feature run down the field to the Providence 15-yard line. But on the next kick-off Charlie Egan received the ball and fumbled on our goal-line. Frank McGee picked up the ball and ran through a broken field for thirty-five yards, this making a feature play for each team. Shortly after, Frank sprained his ankle, and as a result is out of the game for at least two weeks.

The lineup:

BOSTON COLLEGE	PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
Comerford, l. e.	r. e., F. McGee
Keahane, l. t.	r. t., Dwyer
F. Elberry, l. g.	r. g., Beagan
Doyle, c.	c., Tierney
Kelley, r. g.	l. g., Redmond
Smullen, r. t.	l. t., Hagan
Koslowski, r. e.	l. e., Crawford
Patten, q. b.	q. b., C. Eagan
Matthews, l. h. b.	r. h. b., J. McGee
Darling, r. h. b.	l. h. b., H. Graham
Kelleher, f. b.	f. b., Cassidy

Score—Boston College, 25; Providence College, 0.

Touchdowns—Darling, Matthews 2, Comerford. Goal from touchdown—Comerford.

Substitutions—B. C. Collins for Keahane, W. Molloy for Comerford, McMorris for Elberry, Pyne for McMorris, Reardon for Doyle, Donellan for Patten, Comolli for Patten, Corcoran for Darling.

Providence College—D'Angelo for F. McGee, Kelleher for D'Angelo, McKenna for Hagan, O'Brien for McKenna, Quinn for C. Eagan, G. Eagan for H. Graham, Nolan for Cassidy, C. Eagan for Quinn, Higgins for Redmond, Robinson for Eagan.

Umpires—Pendergast, Colby. Referee—Tom McCabe of Holy Cross. Linesman—Scanlon of Fordham. Time—10-minute periods.



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