

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 3

OCTOBER, 1922

No. 1



John E. Farrell  
Providence College '26

Dec. 19, 1923

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# Providence College Alembic

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*Vol. III*

*OCTOBER, 1922*

*No. 1*

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*Published monthly from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.*

*"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized January 13, 1921."*




## Amice

**I**'D have you as you are, my friend;  
You need not change for me.  
I love those little faults that others,  
In you seem to see.  
It does not take perfection  
To be a loyal friend;  
Perfection does not count at all  
With a breaking heart to mend  
I love you for that truest love  
That you have freely given;  
A love that could nowhere be made  
Except above, in Heaven.  
You've borne with me my sorrow,  
You've made my burdens seem  
To melt away and disappear,  
As fleeting as a dream.  
We all have faults, but yours, my friend,  
Seem virtue more than wrong.  
You have attained those very things,  
For which my heart does long.  
I love you just because it's you,  
And my life's hope will be  
That I may mean as much to you,  
As you have meant to me.

—Earle Powell, '26

## BISHOP HICKEY DAY

 HE heraded 10th of October dawns. Gloom stalks with leaden heels from the forbidding sky. Low-hanging clouds, chilling winds of the harvest month, dreary trees present an aspect of dejection; roads are soaked with the floods of last night's rain. It looks as though nature were trying to take the joy out of our first Bishop Hickey Day.

The students muster along the drive. Bishop Hickey's car rolls into sight. A thrill of expectation runs through the crowd. The car is at the College steps, the Bishop alights, and the College cheer coming from four hundred throats, and four hundred loyal hearts re-echoes from the four winds—a winsome smile from His Lordship's face spreads sunshine over the assemblage. Cheers, and yet more cheers, as the Bishop enters the rostrum after the introduction by the president. The reverend members of the faculty take their places in the front row of seats. Then perfect silence waits His Lordship's first words.

Wonderful to say the first object to attract the notice of the Bishop is—the Freshman cap! He expresses pleasure at the number of caps and the men privileged to wear them! What an honor to the class of '26! With courtly grace the Bishop tells all present to put on their hats—he fears the coolness of the air may give some colds.

The Bishop's story of his trip to Europe; his audience with the Supreme Pontiff, Pius XI, is told with a charm that holds his audience spell-bound. The Pope is a model for every serious student. He is a man of consummate patience. While honoring him for his august office—imitate him as a big, brave, learned, upstanding man of God.

With delicacy of detail and a wealth of tender feeling, Bishop Hickey told of witnessing the far-famed liquifaction of the blood of Saint Januarius at Naples.

His Lordship then urges the students to persevere; never to give up until they have tried; never to stop trying till they have succeeded. "Alma Mater," he continues, "is at your very doors. Learning, however, is

not the only thing to be sought in Providence College. Our age must also be an age of Faith. You are the Catholic young men of today. Be such tomorrow. Be worthy of all who have made Providence College possible."

A touching tribute to a departed friend and father is paid when the Bishop suggested a silent prayer for the great and good man who first conceived Providence College, and whose name is carved in imperishable letters over the portals of the first hall of the institution—Bishop Matthew Harkins.

The men and the women of the diocese, who from their hard-earned savings contributed so splendidly to erect the College; the pastors and priests, who with whole-hearted support backed up Bishop Hickey's labors for the College—all receive their measure of gratitude.

The first original portrait of our Holy Father to reach the shores of the United States is presented to the College. A gorgeous production of the artist's skill, it will be appreciated and venerated as a gift beyond all price.

Not content with giving generously of his valued time, not satisfied with bestowing on the College a rare and treasured painting, Bishop Hickey still remembers that he is addressing youthful hearts—he declares Friday the thirteenth a holiday. Then you know what happened! Silence again.

With pectoral cross held high over the throng, His Lordship imparts the Papal Blessing as professors and students kneel with bowed heads before him:

"*Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini*," the voice of the Bishop is heard.

"*Qui fecit coelum et terram*," comes back the response.

"*Benedictio Dei Patris Omnipotentis, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti descendat super vos et maneat semper*."

"*Amen*."

May the memory of the first Bishop Hickey Day never be forgotten! May its scenes be re-enacted with the blessing of God—for many years to come!

Edward Holohan, '26

## EXPIRING ART

**T**HAT "life is brief and art is long" is the age-old cry of the human soul athirst for beauty. In every civilization the recognition of the universal need of beauty in some form has been accomplished by the discovery that only those skilled in the technique of their various arts can adequately minister to that need. Inspiration alone could not have enabled Phidias to sculpture Jove, Euripides to write "Alcestis," Virgil the Aeneid, or Dante his Commedia. Only a scholar like Milton could have written "L'allegro," as only a master-builder like Wren could have planned St. Paul's. Shakespeare would not be Shakespeare without his "little Latin and less Greek," his knowledge of human nature secured by his "practical" education, and his well-seasoned stage training. No sensible person believes today that the Homeric hexameters are the work of a primitive wandering minstrel endowed only with the divine fire and a well-strung lyre. *Poeta nascitur sed et fit.*

Sad to relate, our civilization no longer recognizes the magnitude of art, but, aware only of the brevity of life, cries out for surfeit and not satisfaction of its spiritual needs. The result is a degeneracy of all forms of art. Attracted by a desire for fame, a need of money, or both, a motley crowd, composed of farm-hands, bank-presidents, and all classes between, now throng the mart of the Muses with anything from a futuristic water-color to a divorce decree for barter. Consequently the world, which demands trained men to supply its physical wants, is content that neophytes, who will never be more than novices, should administer to its higher (?) needs.

This demand for surfeit in place of satisfaction is a result of the complex civilization which is ours. Material grandeur, unless accompanied by high morality, cannot fail to debase the artistic as well as the ethical perceptions of a race. Wherefore Nineveh and Rome fell. *Mene tel-el phares.*

The fact that the modern world has by its earthly splendor been

blinded to the vistas open to its soul does not excuse those who keep it in darkness by their productions pandering to its weakness. He whose object is to divert, instruct, or elevate his brother comes under the category of the artist. The artist—dilettante, tyro, or master—is properly concerned with the expression in some material form of beauty, and beauty consists in the true grounds of a noble emotion. So-called beauty, however pleasing to the senses, which does not elevate or inspire man, is as enduring as a heady froth, and as pleasing in retrospect as the night before or the morning after; the trafficker in the paste jewels of this vicious or vacuous beauty are harlots, though they supply an almost universal demand. "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea."

With that pseudo-art whose leading exponents are the imagist school, we shall not concern ourselves, since it is of their essence that they be unintelligible. Whatever viciousness arises from their vacuity can be ascribed to the workings of Satan in an idle brain. Of the non-literary arts, also, we shall not treat, partly because of our ignorance of their subtleties, but mostly because on the whole they have taken the same materialistic trend as the others. The influence most powerful for evil on the nation as a whole is the current fiction and its related arts. It is our main concern.

The underlying reason for the present degradation of art is found in the popular philosophy. This philosophy is based on the assumption that the only happiness worthy of our concern—because it is the only kind we are sure exists—is strictly of the earth. To the Christian this is absurd. But since this is the happiness which the majority of the reading public seems to desire most ardently, and since they read themselves into the fictitious characters, many authors feel forced to see that their characters attain material happiness. If, in so doing, they disregard ethical standards older than all art, to which art has always subscribed, their pens are surely inflamed of hell. The spectacle of powerful minds and keen imaginations led astray by untrained wills in blindly-groping souls is pathetic when it is not humorous.

Take for example *Success*, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. A young station-agent living as a recluse, though well-educated, meets a wealthy girl through a train-wreck. She leads him on till they are both in love,

and then decides that to live with him would be a hardship to which her luxurious life had not fitted her. She leaves him. This is our heroine. Our hero, still hopelessly in love, goes to New York and eventually becomes a newspaper editor. Our heroine marries in her own class and, finding her husband unfaithful, maintains a real but not legal separation. The editor and the grass widow meet again. Here our author brings about a strange situation. The girl refuses to divorce her husband because he is doomed to die by some disease. That is nobility of character. But she consents to becoming her lover's mistress, thereby causing the loss of his political as well as personal honor, and the death of his best friend and hers. Surely an adulteress cannot be a constant wife or vice versa. Thus we have a moral contradiction. But even if it were possible to have such a situation in real life, art requires that the luxury-loving sinful woman and the dishonorable sinful man be punished. The author, however, deluded by the fancied popular call for a happy ending, unites them—in holy wedlocks, we presume, for he kills off the husband. Who said the wages of sin is death?

There is another type of novel peculiarly indigenous to America, the most infamous example being "Main Street." In writing such a novel it is an inviolable rule that there must be no development of character. The puppets go through a series of incidents, related or unrelated, and these being described in an exaggeratedly realistic style, the story is over. A happy end is a confession of weakness; a moral, obvious or hidden, is a blunder. There must be a few remarks on subjects usually considered intimate and at least half a dozen sordid descriptions. No attempt is made to divert or instruct, and the general effect is that of a rather bitter old maid gossiping about the belle of the town. Only a few novels of this type have been published. But by some freak they obtained a wide circulation. Perhaps the public, tired of the happy ending, welcomed any change. Perhaps they had a good press agent. They appear to be settled for a long run. An article appeared in the *Yale Review* lately which attempted to justify them and asked for more. The writer insisted that there are many people who are not concerned with moral struggles, yet live in a fashion about which it is possible to write interestingly. Having ascended to a plane above the Ten Commandments they are now vitally interested in the grease which forms on the sides of a dishpan, not in order to wash it off, but just to contem-

plate it. From such contemplation they may realize the all which is nothingness and the nothingness which is all. No collection.

These are the two kinds of failures in the literary field of today. The one is intended to mean something and come to naught. The other is intended to mean nothing and succeeds admirably. The novels of the Bertha M. Clay type, we do not even rank as failures, since their readers do not remember even their names. Some of the writers have failed sincerely, and those who have failed thus have at least one book truly artistic. The greater part, however, have failed because they do not know the rudiments of their art or have never learned to think accurately. To prove this, take any modern novel you have read or wish to read. Analyze it according to the canons of art. If it is not ethically unsound, or artistically imperfect, or mawkishly sentimental, you have a jewel rarer than diamonds, an intellectual heirloom for your children. Put it with your five-foot shelf of books.

The most noteworthy examples of one-book authors are Charles G. D. Norris and Scott Fitzgerald. Both Norris' "Salt" and Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" are built firmly on first principles. Norris is a realist, blunt, but inoffensive, save to the most purient, Fitzgerald more delicate, though no less keen. Norris is purely rationalistic and Fitzgerald distinctly Catholic. Each is artistic in standard, treatment and tone. Each is a full-fledged genius. Yet in their next attempts at a novel both failed miserably and "Brass" and "The Beautiful and the Damned" remind one of their predecessors only by their vast difference.

It is possible to enumerate a few other authors who are true artists. For sincere and often successful works I would give the palm to Basil King, who should have left theology alone. Booth Tarkington's half a dozen failures are overtopped by his many successes. Occasionally successful living American authors, besides those mentioned, are Elizabeth Jordan, Owen Johnson, Joseph Hergeshumer, Jeffrey Farnol, Olive Higgins Prouty, and Henry Rowland. You, perhaps, can think of others. So by recalling these, we have come to the conclusion that this effusion, which started out to be an obituary on art, may well be converted into a prayer for the dying,—for the dying of some of the fictitious characters now allowed to exist, at any rate. A lady who writes under the pseudonym of Phyllis Bottome has a fascinating habit

of killing off at least one leading character. In her best book "Dark Tower," she begins with a mock-marriage and ends with an heroic death. It seems to me that if a few more swan-songs from "Lohengrin" and a few less wedding marches from the famous opera were described in our best sellers, we should not have so much to fear for the next generation.

*James F. Keleher, '24*

### It Was Cinched



PLUMBER had a billy-goat,  
Its horns were rough and tough,  
And every time it met a friend  
That billy-goat was rough.

It wandered down the street one day  
And happened on Jim Lynch;  
The battle, it was long and hard.  
But Billy had a cinch.\*


*—J. R. Feeley, '24*

---

\*Look up the exact meaning of "cinch."



## THEY ARE NOT ALL THE SAME

HE pale light of an October moon cast its silvery rays upon the silent harbor. Here, on one side of the warehouses hid the docks and low-lying sheds in black shadows, and there, just across, the moon beams bathed the buildings and docks in a cool pale light. Ships, great and small, laid to idly at anchor. The rays of the speeding moon danced upon a silver path out to the glittering sea.

A man stood leaning against one of the posts upon the wharf of the Far Eastern Transportation Company, and looked down at the dark waters encircling the piers supporting the wharf.

Now and then he looked around. His worn, wrinkled face worked in sorrow. Suddenly he straightened and retreated a step, and pulling off his battered old hat, ran his hand through his white hair, as he hoarsely muttered some incoherent phrases.

At the sound of footsteps he whirled around. A young man was approaching him.

"What's the matter; are you sick?" he asked.

"No, I'm all right," the old man replied.

"Sick of this world, like myself, I suppose."

"You, a young man with his life before him, sick of this world?"

"Yes, I am sick of it all."

They stood there for a moment in silence, the young man looking down at the black waters, the old man looking at him sympathetically.

"I think I understand," the old man said as he broke the silence.

"I was young myself. I once felt the red blood tingling in my veins. And I rebelled against admonition and council. Opportunity was slow—or maybe I was too eager, too fast. So I struck out blindly, filled with a youthful fire and ambition.

"Didn't you—how is it you appear down and out then?" The young man asked.

"Didn't I succeed? Is that what you hesitate to ask? Why am I down and out? It is a long story."

"But tell me," the old man continued, "what troubles you."

"Oh, I am disgusted with the world. Today one of my friends got into trouble. He took the blame for another's stealing. Later the guilty party confessed and I overheard the confession. The man was the boss's wife's brother. She was present, and instead of clearing the accused man, she prevailed upon her husband to keep it a secret. At first he refused. But he gave in to her tears. That is why I am disgusted with this world. It's just like all the women, hiding the truth when it hurts to reveal it. They're all alike, every one of them."

The old man listened carefully, and when the young man had finished he smiled.

"My boy you are wrong. Women are not all the same. I will tell you a story now, and you can judge, when I have finished, whether women are all alike. Sit down."

And there in the moonlight they seated themselves upon a large box on the Far East Company's wharf.

"Mine is the story of a man called Harry Brown, who for thirty years, since he was a lad of twenty-one, sailed the seas. Thirty long years. His father was a strict, stern man, the parson of the little village of Kent. Long and late he labored, with the cheerful assistance of his loving wife. This mother Harry Brown loved with all his heart. He will never forget her. To the day he dies he will see her standing at the gate, at twilight, watching for his father's return. Never will he forget her standing there, a sweet little woman, amid the flowers of the garden before the little home. And when at length her patient waiting was rewarded by his father's approach, how her face did brighten! And opening the gate she met his fond embrace and loving caress. I am departing, you may think, from my story, lad, but the world of yesterday, when Brown was a boy, comes back to me with a rush, as it has hundreds of times in the last thirty years.

"Brown was a wild sort of a fellow. He was a trial. When not bullying the other lads or teasing the girls, he was always found around the wharf. In spite of the many severe admonitions of his father, he was possessed to hang around the wharf, drinking in the yarns of the old men. Like many others, he wanted to go to sea. And he did, against the wishes of his parents. It was not long when the lad was caught and returned home. The humility of facing the jeers of

the other boys made him a sullen and antagonistic lad. One day in a fit of temper, he slapped the face of a sweetheart, who called him a bully for whipping her escort. For a time life was miserable, and then one day sunshine came into his life, when she forgave him and wrote upon her slate that he might see, 'I love you.'

"But his sunshine faded and clouds of despair hung on him. His father and teacher were continually punishing him. And so one day, years later, when he reached his majority, he stole away to sea. It was late in October when he went away. For five years he followed the sea. Then he returned home. Like the prodigal son, he made his way to his boyhood home. The calmness, the quiet of the place caught him. That day changed him from a weak, backward lad, to a serious man. Disappointment, one of the cruelest tormentors that strike us so savagely in our mad dash through this earthly gauntlet, had hurt him.

"Two years after his departure from home, his father died. The following winter took away his mother. Some say her heart was broken with the loss of her husband. Others say, and I believe them, that it was more the heart of the mother than that of the wife that was broken. Each night after the disappearance of her boy, she placed a single candle in a window of that small cottage and sat there waiting, until his father gruffly, yet sorrowfully called her to him. She never once gave up hope that her boy would return. In spite of his waywardness she loved him and prayed for his safe return.

"One night before he left the town, he met the little girl, now grown to womanhood, who wrote upon her slate, 'I love you.' Of all the village, she was his only friend. She was the only one that would speak to him. They walked home together. Before he left her, she gave him hope—but, he must go away and come back redeemed. Then she slipped into his hand a small locket and left him.

"As he turned to go he heard a voice call his name. It came from the shadows at the end of the fence near the stonewall, where the shrubs were high and thick.

"When he came near, her brother stepped out before him. He was shaking with fear.

" 'Harry,' he said, 'for God's sake do me a favor.'

" 'What is it, John?' Harry asked.

" 'Put this back in the Deacon's study, will you?' He handed

Harry a large wallet. Judging from its bulk it was stuffed with bills.

"What is it, John?" Harry again asked, hoping against hope his suspicions were wrong.

"Never mind," the lad replied as he started to climb over the fence.

"Harry seized him and pulled him back. He was trembling like a leaf.

"John, did you——" he could go no further. His suspicion was true.

"Harry," he cried, don't tell anyone. 'I have lost heavily at Tony's poolroom, and I needed the money to set me straight. And when I saw the Deacon draw the money this morning,—I fought against it, but it was too much, and so tonight——'

"One of the Deacon's boys ran hurriedly down the porch steps and raced off into the dark. A moment later and the porch was flooded with light, and the Deacon appeared in his shirt sleeves and called loudly to his neighbors.

"I was passing," the boy continued, 'the deacon's house I couldn't forget it. And I—— Harry you won't tell,' he pleaded as the neighbors of the deacon began to gather about him.

"If you do, Harry, it will kill Sis, and she is such a good kid. Oh, why did I do it?, he wailed.

"Every minute the crowd was increasing before the Deacon's home.

"You fool," Harry hissed, 'You will bring disgrace and shame upon the head of an innocent girl.'

"The thought of it angered him so that he threw the lad into the gutter, who cried out with pain. A couple of men in the group before the Deacon's house ran in their direction. The whole crowd followed.

"Before Harry could pick him up the men were upon him. He hurriedly shoved the wallet into his pocket.

"Harry was taken into his house and explanations were demanded. They accused him of assaulting John. And the Deacon, who disliked Harry, was the loudest in his denunciation of him.

"Such a ruffian should be locked up. "Here, Andrew," he said, turning to the constable, "arrest him. He is a dangerous character."

"And Andrew, lately elected, did his duty like a man.

"A small boy wriggling from the crowd stood before Harry and looked up at him. His face suddenly brightened.

" 'Gee,' he cried, 'I'll bet he stole the money.'

"The crowd was silent for a moment. But only for a moment, for the child's words set the crowd afire. And poor Harry was roughly seized by strong hands.

"Then a girlish figure appeared at his elbow.

" 'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves,' she cried at the men who held him. 'Let go of him.' At her command they released him.

" 'Harry, you didn't steal the money. Tell them you didn't,' she cried.

" 'Harry, did you steal my wallet?' the deacon asked.

" 'I did not.'

"The look of pride, boy, that came over that girl's face and the toss of her head thrilled me beyond words. She believed in me. She had faith in me.

" 'There,' she cried, 'I knew it. Harry never stole, and he isn't a liar.'

" 'My boy,' the old man said as he laid a hand upon the young man's shoulder, "I thought I would burst at her words of loyalty."

"And then the youngster spoke up again.

" 'Look in his pockets,' he piped up.

"One of the men moved towards me, but at a look from her, he halted.

" 'Are you going to permit an honest man to be made the target of a child's imagination? You know he has never taken a thing that is not his. Why don't you believe him?'

" 'My dear girl,' the Deacon began, 'I am surprised at you defending such a man.'

" 'Deacon, Harry's word has never been questioned before. Are you, too, lead by the words of a child. Search him if you don't believe him.'

"With that Harry collapsed, for one of the men put his hand in Harry's coat pocket and brought out the wallet."

The old man lowered his head.

"My God, I will never forget the look of amazement that crossed her face. A look of amazement that faded to a deathly white.

" 'Harry, you a thief—and a——a liar?' she asked.

"My boy, the incredulous look of her face burned itself into his

memory. It has haunted him in all his dreams. Her eyes, so large and clear, and filled with tears, said what her lips could not, that the soul within her was crushed.

"Crying bitterly, she ran to her house, and with a last long look, they took him away.

\* \* \*

"Years later, when he returned unrecognized, he learned that she had moved away and the villagers had lost all trace of her. But the truth had come out. And it was she that brought it out. Her brother had told her and she refused to keep it a secret. She was a thoroughbred. She took him to the Deacon and cleared away the shame that clung to poor Harry's name, and with her head held high and the heart within her crushed and broken, she walked to her home beside the one of her own kindred, who wrecked her life and that of another. She was game."

\* \* \*

The young man arose, and patting the old man on the shoulder, walked slowly away. The old man picked up a battered violin case. And a moment later the young man was surprised to hear the sweet strains of "Sweet Adaline" come floating to him on the clear night breeze.

He stopped and listened. As the last note died away a man stepped up to him from out of the shadows.

"Got a match?" he asked.

The young man handed him one.

"Did the old fellow tell you his story?" the man asked.

"Yes."

"The old fool. I've heard it told twice. And it stumped me each time.

"It's stumped me, too, I guess," the young man replied.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Oh, he is Harry Brown, the owner of the Far East Transportation Company. Every so often he comes here in his old clothes and waits, like the Ancient Mariner, to tell some one his story. If no one happens to come along, he stands there talking to himself. He's crazy."

With that the man walked away.

The young man glanced at the figure on the wharf. The old man stood there alone, a solitary figure, looking out to sea. In his left hand

he held his violin, in the right the bow. Suddenly he began to play that old time melody, "There's no Place Like Home."

As the young man walked along through the lanes leading from the waterfront, the words of the old man came back to him, "Women are not all the same." And he knew the old man was right.

*Howard F. Farrell, '24*

### Camouflage

**H**ER face, once beautiful and fair,  
Where played bewitching smile,  
Where flitted 'cross no sign of care  
And dimples helped beguile,  
No more shall feel the blush of youth,  
Or bend in roguish bow—  
Her beauty's faded, but forsooth  
Cosmetics aid her now.

*—William Dwyer, '25*

## OBSERVING THINGS



THE Observer makes his bow and tells why.

To read a man's character we do not take into consideration his apparel, nor yet his wealth. But we do consider carefully his speech; what manner of thought he utters, what his sentiments are, what his desires entail. So, in the same manner we read the character of a college. Providence College is yet too young for its men to make a sensation in the world. But people now must know what is being done within its walls: whether the college is only a handsome building of brick and stone, or whether it is something more substantial. That substance is its character and must be read by the world so as to cause edification among its observers. But it is only through the medium of the college magazine that the character of the college presents itself to view. The thoughts and desires of our institution are recorded through this journalistic medium, and to impress favorably our character on our readers, the best in us must be presented. Toward this end, that the character of the college be read in a favorable light, the Observer makes his contribution. His little department will be the exemplification of his training within the college walls. Whether or not his small share toward the aiding of the college character as portrayed by the *Alembic* will be successful, time alone will tell. If his endeavors are more detrimental than otherwise, he will be peremptorily ordered to stop observing things, and so will cease his defaming. Let us hope that such will not be the case.

\* \* \*

In America, to good Americans, October is synonymous with Columbus. The history of this great discoverer is in the mind of every well-schooled child. Everybody—people with warped minds excluded, of course—will admit that his famous expedition was the most daring ever undertaken. Also, the greatest, because of what was discovered. Whether or not Columbus was Genoese, Jewish or Abyssinian is immaterial. He was a wonderful character, and a Catholic. We, of the



Catholic faith, honor him as a shining example of an intrepid, fearless follower of the doctrines of Christ as taught by the Catholic Church. May the wave of Columbian antagonism which is sweeping the country in favor of other and less daring explorers be thoroughly crushed and put down by a grateful nation. Another great achievement has him for its object. He was the inspiration for the founding of the Knights of Columbus. May all honors justly due him be paid.

\* \* \*

Just a word of congratulation to our football team for their wonderful exhibition of pluck and grit against such a stellar combination as their first opponents. The Observer is satisfied with the showing of the team; you would be.

\* \* \*

Well! the Observer has broken the ice and has recorded his first observations. He asks you to criticize. Make criticisms, whether favorable or unfavorable. They will be considered constructive criticisms and will be gladly received. We are not all perfect, least of all the Observer. So tell him his faults and he will endeavor to do better in the future.

*The Observer*



## THE EYES THAT SPOKE



THE doorway of the handsome brick dwelling of Amos T. Barnes, the wealthy attorney, was opened at 8 o'clock in the morning by the faithful butler, Milton. Barnes walked slowly through the doorway, and, pausing on the top of the steps which led down to his waiting limousine, proceeded to light his usual morning cigar. Today his stern countenance was slightly softened by a semblance of a smile. It cannot be considered surprising, because, had not Amos T. Barnes been made State's Prosecuting Attorney yesterday? and did not such a position promise future political honors? Yes, indeed, Amos T. Barnes might well smile as he lolled on the restful cushions of his beautiful machine. Many people wondered how Barnes could afford to live in such extravagance, and several times veiled rumors had spread abroad concerning his business methods. Even now as he sped towards the city, Barnes congratulated himself because his method of success was not known to his friends and business associates.

\* \* \* \* \*

For two months now the prosecuting attorney had held his office without even making a creditable showing. He had failed to clear up the rum smuggling case, and also the Scott murder case. Now came the mysterious death of police-inspector Cadell, who had been murdered while on a tour of investigation in the twelfth district. The police inspectors had arrested Charles Tracy and had accused him of the crime. The latter could not furnish a satisfactory alibi. All evidence tended to convict him.

All evidence, I say, because the world did not know that Amos T. Barnes had seen Charles Tracy in front of a shabby rooming house on Bleek Street at the time of the murder of police-inspector Cadell; Barnes knew that the revealing of this evidence would ruin his own reputation and career, and so the world never learned of the innocence of Tracy. As the latter left the court room after having been sentenced to life imprisonment, he took one long look at Barnes. The prosecuting

attorney saw only two large, deep eyes which seemed to penetrate his inmost soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years had passed since Amos T. Barnes had been made prosecuting attorney, and now he was a candidate for governor. Three days remained before election, and tonight he was going to speak at Merrill's Assembly Rooms in the twelfth district.

As Barnes stood on the platform to deliver his address to the voters of the district, he felt sure that he could win them over to his side. Suddenly he hesitated, and stared at a tall man whose large, deep eyes seemed to penetrate his inmost soul. Two minutes later Amos T. Barnes surprised his audience by abruptly leaving the hall. As he sped homeward in his machine the candidate for governor was shaking with fear. Arriving at his mansion, Barnes quickly communicated with Police Chief Carroll. The former's wildest fears were confirmed when he learned that Charles Tracy had escaped from prison the day before.

The next day the country was astonished to hear that Amos T. Barnes had resigned from the candidacy for governor, because of poor health. If the truth was known, Barnes was on the verge of insanity, brought on by some hidden fear.

That night as Fred Ames sat down to his supper in a humble tenement in the twelfth district, he told his wife how Barnes had suddenly left the hall the night before, and now he had resigned from the gubernatorial race. There was a puzzled look in Fred Ames' large, deep eyes as he spoke of the sudden withdrawal of such a prominent man as Barnes.

Perhaps the following news item, taken from the *Chicago Tribune* might have interested Amos T. Barnes:

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 14.—The body of the man who was accidentally killed at Bride's Crossing, West Chicago, yesterday morning, when the Overland Express collided with a Ford runabout driven by the deceased, has been identified as Charles Tracy, a convict who escaped from prison two days ago.

John E. Farrell, '26

### To the Entering Class



FROM out the bounds of States you wend your ways  
To perfect that rough steel 'neath master's care,  
To temper it with joys of college days,  
To polish it with learning—ever rare.

And here beneath that gilded cross of light,  
Now view your Alma Mater here at last,  
A hallowed vision dreamed of in the night,  
The rainbow's end you've sought for in the past.

'Tis not the fairy land your dreams might form,  
'Tis not an elfin home where fairies lurk,  
For in those echoing halls of Gothic charm  
To see the Golden Grail one needs must work.

Behold no hoary walls to greet the eye,  
Nor scarred fields that speak of victories won;  
No storied dead to cheer you from on high,  
Or urge you on with deeds of valor done.

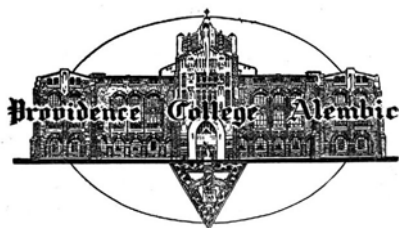
Our strength lies not in form of glories old  
Nor in a jeweled urn of fancy bright,  
Nor does it dwell in heaps of tarnished gold,  
It lies in you—'tis you must seek the light.

In you wells up her future marching host  
Of brothers who speed on the work begun,  
And in her treasured annals she shall boast  
A living bond, still linked with her as one.

So be not selfish in your quest for gain,  
Your guiding star shall be the cross above.  
Let not your actions ever cause her pain,  
Give all—and reap her everlasting love.

Stand up for her and speak her name with pride  
Whenever odd occasion comes your way  
And love her, as you'd love a youthful bride  
And honor her—your mother—every day.

—Fred W. Heffernan, '24



# Providence College Alembic

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*Vol. III*

*OCTOBER, 1922*

*No. 1*

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*Francis Lucien Dwyer, Editor*

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## **THE OLD GUARD**

Work well done is its own best praise. Achievement stands as something to be honored, admired and envied. The retiring officers and staff of the *Alembic* achieved great success with the magazine during the course of their stewardship. The words of praise and commendation which could now be uttered seem useless.

Under most trying circumstances they established a magazine of high literary standard and maintained that high standard throughout two years, a period of formation beset with many difficulties. But why go on? Their work is known. Their administration was a success.

It remains for the present staff and officers to strive to maintain the

standards set for them, to do their best and to hope for the same full measure of success that was the reward of the efforts of the magazine's first editor and his assistants.

One of the chief assets of which a college may  
**LOOK AT** boast is the loyalty of its student body. Not the  
**YOURSELF** passive, luke-warm interest that so many possess, but  
real, whole-hearted devotion to the institution and an  
active interest in its affairs. In a word, true college spirit.

To be real, this spirit must be manifested in every college activity: debating, musical clubs, the college magazine, but chiefly in athletics. It is this *esprit de corps* which creates the greatest impression on people outside. An institution with a loyal body of students is one worth attending.

Right now at Providence College, the place to display this loyalty is on the football field. Get back of the team and cheer the men who are giving the best they have that the name of the college may rank high in the football world.

Win, lose or draw, your place is in the stands, cheering, encouraging and urging your team on until the referee blows the final whistle, and the luck of the game decides the verdict.

Hello, Fresh! Look happy. Put on the  
**NEWCOMERS** old smile, mosey around a bit, and get acquainted. While you're in college you'll form friendships that will probably last all through life, if they're the right kind. That's up to you. Pick the right kind of friends and the world won't be such a bad place to live in, after all, despite what rumors you may hear to the contrary.

For the next four years you'll be a Providence Collegian, if you "crack the books" now and then, and don't let outside influences interfere. Otherwise your stay will be short.

While you're here you're part of Providence College and the College should be part of you. Think, talk, and live Providence College, for that's what's expected. It's your job as well as the job of the faculty to make the institution something worth while. In the class rooms, on the athletic field, at social functions, and on the street, be a true Providence College man.

**BISHOP HICKEY  
DAY**

In behalf of the student body we thank Bishop Hickey, not so much for the holiday which was granted in his honor, though that has our heartfelt thanks, but more for the gift of the portrait of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, and for the entertaining and instructive address which he delivered to the students.

Every year, from now on, the date of October 10th has been set aside on the college calendar as *Bishop Hickey Day*. On that day the Bishop of the Diocese of Providence will make a formal visit to the college and address the assembled students. We look forward to Bishop Hickey Day next year in anticipation of another such intellectual treat as marked the inauguration of that day.

*Francis Lucien Dwyer, '24*





## "SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

This is the age of short cuts. It is especially true of Education. Men no longer go to college to learn; they go merely to get a few letters to hang after their name, and to get them as quickly as possible. As Barney Google says: "Take for instance Sinclair Lewis' 'Babbitt', who urges his son to go to the State College, in these words: 'I've found out it's a mighty nice thing to be able to say you're a B. A. Some client that doesn't know what you are, and thinks you're just a plug business man, gets shooting off his mouth about economics or literature or foreign trade conditions, and you just ease in something like, 'When I was in college—'course I got my . A. in sociology and all that junk——' Oh, it puts an awful crimp in their style.'" Pilgrims who have reached Mecca tie a green band on their burnoose so as to distinguish themselves from ordinary mortals. It would be considerate of the S. C. college graduates to wear some like mark, as otherwise it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the common people. In general short cuts are like a bald-headed barber who urges a hair tonic on his victims.

\* \* \*

The so-called practical man asks: "Of what value is education anyhow?" John Dewey, in the *New Republic* answers the question. "The profit of education is the ability it gives to discriminate, to make distinctions that penetrate below the surface." To the ordinary man Sargent's mural decorations in the Boston Public Library are paintings, to the educated man they have a significance which is deeper than the paint coated canvass. Education is more than a name. Abraham Lincoln said that if we call a sheep's tail a leg the animal will still have only four legs, for calling a tail a leg doesn't make it so.

\* \* \*

Having occasion to have some repairs made on a tausk, the Walrus visited a young Jewish dentist, who is considered one of the best in his own particular city. After the completion of the operation the Walrus was invited into the Doctor's laboratory. After watching some very

interesting experiments, a discussion ensued,—home town politics, education, the new plays, and finally the recent agitation against the Jews at Harvard were all considered. The last topic was by far the most interesting to both the Doctor and the Walrus. It seems that there are several Irishmen of prominence, more or less, supporting a movement to exclude Jews from the university. These gentlemen seem to be blessed with short memories, otherwise they would remember that their own race was the subject of like discrimination no less than ten years ago. But times and men have changed. Today the family tree is a potato plant. The best part of it is underground.

It was recalled that very recently a sectarian college called upon its alumnae for financial aid. The aid came, but not from the solicited source. Several Jewish financiers gave so generously that the crisis was successfully passed. The Walrus ventured the opinion that if the Jews continue to amass wealth they might in time come to be the support of our schools, and as an afterthought added that the increasing wealth of the Jews was more than likely the root of all anti-Jewish movements. On this point the Doctor disagreed. He said that this wealth was the single reason of any toleration of his race. They must amass wealth as a protective measure. A poor Jew is a poor Jew. A rich Jew will be accepted on equal social terms, and he must be received on an equal basis and in many cases a superior one. The Walrus went home wondering if Shylock were vindicated.

\* \* \*

You have perhaps heard the remark, "Shall we kill him or kiss him." After reading the Rede Lecture for 1922, "The Victorian Age," by Dean Inge of St. Paul's, one is tempted to do both simultaneously. His digression in the appreciation of Tennyson is obviously directed at Strachey. "Let those who are disposed to follow the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians make a collection of their heads in photographs or engravings, and compare them with those of their own favorites. Let them set up in a row good portraits of Tennyson, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord Lawrence, Burne Jones, and, if they like, a dozen lesser luminaries, and ask themselves candidly whether men of this stature are any longer among us." For this the kiss. But before the lecture ends we learn that

the Dean modestly includes himself among the number of the glorious departed. "We old Victorians."

And then we read that: "In Ireland the barbarous and illiterate peasantry multiplied till the population exceeded eight millions, when the inevitable famine illustrated nature's method of dealing with recklessness." The Walrus being "more Irish than the Irish" invoked the manes of his barbarous and illiterate and otherwise ancestors to strengthen his sword arm. Later we are mildly amused to learn that the Pope wobbled and fell on the side of the old order. We long for Teddy Roosevelt's Big Stick when we read that, "Families are restricted whenever the parents have social ambitions and a standard of comfort. Where they have none, the vital statistics are those of Russia, Ireland, India and China." Teddy would have liked to hear that. The climax is reached in, "the ghastly cruelties of the Irish."

But finally we are forced to agree with his conclusion that as yet the twentieth century has not shown any elements of greatness. And that in spite of the candidness and plainness of the Dean, he is not truthful in all his statements,—but read it yourself. And would the Dean please send us one of his photos, cabinet size, so that we may compare it with those of his forebears of half a century ago.

\* \* \*

The Edisonians demand men with a knowledge of all things in general and nothing in particular. Where is Kankakee and why? How many calories in a peanut and when? Who is Woodrow Wilson? These and similar questions must be answered by young men who leave the Great White Way for East Orange. The young man should travel with an encyclopedia under one arm and an atlas under the other. Diplomas are decidedly out of taste. And yet many of our colleges are producing such men today. The old standards of education have been discarded. There was a time when it was considered quite desirable to read Horace and Cicero in the original. But today why bother when we can read and enjoy them in the vernacular. The time we save can be used in learning why copra comes from Java (does it?) and why kelp is perfectly at home in the Orkney Islands. Such things are more useful than Latin or Greek. But somehow this brummagem learning does not produce men equal to those of the old school. The moral is

plain. It takes more than one man to write an encyclopedia, that is, one that is good. Shallow lakes may add to the beauty of the scene, but they are no good for navigation.

\* \* \*

The nice young man in the tight trousers remarked, "I wish that Shakespeare would leave S—— Theatre (these actors or rather actor playwrights never know when to retire) and some peppy musical comedy would come along. I wouldn't go to them shows for anything" (the former). For knowing what he wants we can admire the young man. But when we sit next to a young lady with an antigodiva, who begins with the leading man's eyes and constructs the whole frame, labelling each part with such adjectives as wonderful, nice (very original) sheikish, slick, and when she casually remarks that she would rather see Doug or Wally and Ruddy, of course, than come here, only "I got the ticket given to me," we are tempted to flappericide.

*The Walrus*



## Brother Alexander Rocks, O. P.



ON the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, Brother Alexander Rocks, O. P., passed from this earth, at the Dominican Novitiate, Somerset, Ohio.

For the past two years Brother Alexander was a student at Providence College. He was one of a band of young men who left Providence to join the Order of Preachers. A very brief illness brought him to the gateway of eternity. When it was apparent that his days on earth were numbered he was permitted, in accordance with the laws of Holy Mother Church, to pronounce his religious vows to the Very Reverend Prior, on the 30th day of September. On the following day, surrounded by the Fathers, the novices (most of whom were his classmates for years) in peace and with perfect resignation the young Dominican gave up his soul to his Creator.

The funeral rites according to the Dominican ritual were held on Oct. 3rd. The solemn high Mass of requiem was sung by the Very Rev. Novice Master, Fr. Sullivan, O. P.; Very Rev. Fr. Connolly, O. P., the prior, and Rev. Fr. Chandler, O. P., were deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The servers of the Mass were the novices of his class at Providence College. After the Mass the remains of the deceased were borne on the shoulders of the novices to the quiet little convent cemetery of St. Joseph's, where interment took place.

Brother Alexander is survived by his parents and five brothers: Charles, Joseph, Francis, Owen, who is Brother Edmund, O. P., Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C., and James, and a sister, Mary Rocks. Brother Alexander was formerly Daniel Rocks, of 135 Merino Street, Providence.

*Requiescat in pace!*

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The largest registration in the history of the college *Opening* was announced from the Dean's office on September 22, the date of opening. One hundred sixty-five Freshmen were enrolled.

Mass was celebrated in the college chapel by the Rev. Vice-President, Father Jordan, O. P. Following the Mass the Dean, Father Galliher, O. P., addressed the student body.

The inauguration of a Senior class, to be graduated in June as the first graduating class also featured the opening Thursday.

The Rev. John Walsh, O. P., of the Science *Faculty Changes* Department has departed for Rome, where he will undertake higher theological studies, and the Rev. Vincent C. Donovan, O. P., of the English Department, has been transferred to Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio.

The new priests at the college are the Rev. Joseph B. Dawkins, O. P., of New York, for the Department of Science; Rev. J. C. Brady, O. P., Columbus, Ohio, English Department; Rev. George A. Smith, O. P., Washington, D. C., and the Rev. Paul Rogers, O. P., also of Washington, Science Department; the Rev. Luke Thornton, O. P., formerly of the La Salle Academy staff, English Department.

The Right Rev. William A. Hickey, *Bishop Hickey Day* D. D., Bishop of Providence, paid a visit to the College on the morning of October the 10th, and presented the institution with an original painting of the Pope, the first portrait of the Pontiff to reach this country.

The Bishop addressed the entire student body assembled in front of Harkins Hall and spoke at length on his visit to the Pope and his recent travels through Europe. The Bishop concluded his address by bestowing the blessing of the Head of the Catholic Church upon the assembled students.

Dr. Noon, President of the College, thanked the Bishop for his

gift of the portrait, and invited him to visit the college every year on Oct. 10th to address the student body. October 10th was officially set aside on the college calendar by Dr. Noon as Bishop Hickey Day.

The portrait of the Pope was placed on exhibition in the rotunda of Harkins Hall prior to being hung in the Reception Hall.

The formal opening of the new athletic field *Athletic Field* will be held Saturday, October 21st. The initial game will be between Providence College and the New London Submarine Base. The contest will be preceded by simple opening exercises in which religious dignitaries and city and state officials are expected to take part. The field, which will be the home of the Providence College athletes, has been under construction for the past year. The entire student body is expected to be on hand.

The Junior class officers are: William Connor, President; Francis Lucien Dwyer, Vice-President; John Baglini, Treasurer; Daniel O'Neill, Secretary.

The meeting for the election of class officers for the class of '25 was held in the Gymnasium Oct. 17. Father Level, O. P., was chosen moderator of the class. The following were elected: Robert Curran, President; Andrew J. Sullivan, Vice-President; J. Fitzgerald, Secretary, and Frank McGee, Treasurer.

## ATHLETICS

**O**N the fifth day of September Coach Fred Huggins sounded the call to football candidates. Sixty-five candidates reported ready to do their best toward bringing Providence to the fore on the gridiron. Among the candidates were numerous men of known ability and experience, besides the new players who had just enrolled.

Under the able coaching and direction of Fred Huggins, former Brown and Tufts star and one time All-American, the players were soon at hard work and ready for the opening game with Holy Cross. After weeks of practice, drill and scrimmage, the coach selected the following squad to represent Providence.

R. E., Jamgotchian, F. McGee; R. T., Ryan, O'Neill; R. G., Alford, Beagan; C., Beck, Tierney; L. G., Reall, Grimes; L. T., Connors, O'Neill; L. E., J. McGee, Condon; Q. B., Kempf, Creagan; R. H. B., Peloquin, Gilmartin; L. H. B., Tarbey, Graham; F. B., Dalton, Triggs.

These men are being closely pressed for their positions by Gourke, Kelliher, Smith, McKenna, and a few others on the line, and in the backfield by McDermott, Nolan, De Lucca, Capone and Fraser.

During scrimmage two of our best backfield stars were forced out of the Black and White journey to Fitton Field, Worcester, on September 30th, to see the team battle Holy Cross. The game developed into a hotter battle than the 33-3 score shows. Showing the fighting spirit characteristic of P. C., our boys made their heavier and more experienced rivals extend themselves from whistle to whistle.

The above squad was picked from an abundance of material and expected to give every team on the schedule a real fight.

### PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS

Following the slogan of, "On to Worcester," about 300 followers of the Black and White journey to Fitton Field, Worcester, on September 30th, to see the team battle Holy Cross. The game developed into a hotter battle than the 33-3 score shows. Showing the fighting spirit characteristic of P. C., our boys made their heavier and more experienced rivals extend themselves from whistle to whistle.

Holy Cross scored in every period, the first score resulting from



a forward pass from Crowley to Riopel and the second one being chalked up when Crowley circled our right end. It was Crowley again who counted a touchdown for Holy Cross in the third period when he slipped through our line. Riopel made the next touchdown in the last period, when he forced his way across the last white line. Riopel's touchdown was duplicated shortly afterward by Mahoney, after Glennon had helped him to bring the ball into scoring position. A sterling drop kick from a distance of thirty yards from a difficult angle was made by Creagan, who had been sent into the game in place of Kempf. This kick averted a shutout. The game was featured by Brussard's brilliant off-tackle dashes and Glennon's dash of forty-eight yards. The entire Providence team played well, while Peloquin's piercing of the heavy Holy Cross line was a revelation.

#### HOLY CROSS

#### PROVIDENCE

Golembeski, l. e.	r. e., Jamgochian
O'Connor, l. t.	r. t., Beck
Donovan, l. g.	r. g., Alford
Bergueries, c.	c., Tierney
Healy, r. g.	l. g., Grimes
McGrath, r. t.	l. t., Connor
Manahey, r. e.	l. e., McGee
Simondinger, q.	q. Kempf
Riopel, l. h.	r. h., Peloquin
Broussard, r. h.	l. h., Tarbey
Crowley, f. b.	f. b., Dalton

During the week intervening between the Holy Cross game and Lowell Textile, Arthur Brickley, a star drop kicker, and brother of Harvard's renowned Charley, joined the squad.

On Saturday, Oct. 8, Providence set out for Lowell. The game was very slow on account of a steady drizzle which made the footing uncertain and prevented our team from using their open style of play to the best advantage. Better teams were scoreless at the end of the first half. But in the second half Providence scored twice. Triggs and Frazer were responsible. The wonderful line plunging of Peloquin was a continuation of his work of the previous Saturday, while Captain Joe McGee, Connor, Alford and Beagan played a splendid game.

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