

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 4

APRIL, 1924

No. 7

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VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1924

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## Holy Week

### PALM SUNDAY



HE children laughed and sang  
In their delight.  
The sky triumphant rang,  
And earth smiled bright.  
Far up the road, the hill  
Was strewn with hue  
Of branch and garb; and still  
The triumph grew.  
From winding street and court  
Out, up, they press;  
The time of joy is short,  
Sorrows oppress . . .  
But for this little while  
(And blessed is the story)  
On Christ the world will smile  
And give its tinsel glory.  
"O Blest, thrice blest art Thou  
In Jahweh's name who comes  
In lowly triumph now.  
Not arms, nor roll of drums."

## GOOD FRIDAY



LOOM! Death! Despair!  
In twain is rent the Temple veil!  
The fearful voice of them that rail  
Rends the dark air!  
For Christ is slain.

## EASTER DAY



OY! Hope! Life!  
The tomb is void, the soldiers fled.  
"The Lord is risen," Magdalen said,  
The victor of the strife.  
Christ Jesus lives!

*Thomas A. Townsend, '26*

## APRIL 19



THE NINETEENTH of April marks the one hundred and seventy-fourth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. We are all more or less familiar with the story of this battle, for it is one we have heard from our early school days. Undoubtedly many of us have let it slip from our memory, or we did not realize the significance of this incident in the making of our early history. Historians, it is true, are somewhat reluctant to devote much space to this story, but historians must concern themselves almost wholly with facts. There are only a few facts concerning this battle, and so it may be for this reason that historians pass over it in so few words. Nevertheless, this story should be of interest to every liberty-loving American.

We can recall from the data offered in history some incidents concerning the story of the battle. The Colonists had become angered at the actions of the British. They had secretly conveyed their supplies from Boston to the nearby town of Concord; a town famous in American literature, having produced such men as Thoreau, the philosopher, Emerson and Hawthorne. The British officer Gage was aware that the Americans had their stores here and he resolved to destroy them. Arrangements for an encounter were made with great secrecy and on April 18, 1775, shortly before midnight, about eight hundred British regulars set out for Concord.

Notwithstanding the precautions of the British, the Colonists were aware of the proposed attack and hardly had the expedition started when messengers were sent out to the surrounding towns to give the alarm. A lantern was suspended in the steeple of the North Church, Boston, which was seen by the people of Charlestown, who sent out aid to the cause.

Early the next morning the British had reached Lexington, ten miles from Boston, on the Concord road. Here on the green a body of minute-men were assembled, hastily gathered and poorly equipped. The British leader adjured them to disperse. The Americans stood their ground. The British fired. The shots were returned, but the

Americans gave way with a loss of seven men. The British then resumed their march for Concord, but were again attacked by some of the surrounding countrymen and this resulted in the retreat of the British. This was also a signal for other farmers and men of the countryside, who from behind sheds, trees and stonewalls poured an unrelenting fire on the retreating men. The British were pursued to Charlestown where the retreat terminated.

The battle is not of such major importance, but the spirit which underlies it is—the spirit of liberty, the spirit that has ever dominated the American people from their earliest days down to the present in moulding the destiny of their nation. It is true the battle was not fought with scientific implements of modern warfare. The skies around Boston were not illumined by the bursting of shells, nor was the ground shaken by the tremendous roar of a cannon. On the contrary, the Colonists employed simple means of defense, some even resorting to stones. Only the faint light of a lantern gleamed from the tower of the old North Church. Surely the spirit underlying this incipient act of the American Revolution must have elicited the admiration of even their adversaries.

These New Englanders that participated in this battle were valiant warriors. The loss of men did not daunt their courage and when a few fell, the remaining men seemed to continue the fight with greater vigor. This incident has been the subject of many writers, both of poetry and of prose. Emerson, in his "Concord Hymn," wrote:

*"Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world."*

Lowell and Hawthorne have also contributed. But the story familiar to all of us, and one which has probably made the incident immortal, is the one written by the noted Cambridge scholar, Longfellow, entitled "Paul Revere's Ride". In this story Longfellow vividly paints the undying spirit of liberty prevalent among the Colonists at that time, the same spirit which still is evident in our people today.

*James C. Conlon, '25*

## THE BELLS OF THE CATHEDRAL

**J**UST THREE MONTHS, but what a long time it had been! He remembered as vividly as though it had been this very night the horror of the thing. What torture he had suffered since then! He rose from the dingy corner of the saloon to glance at himself in a mirror. He shrank back trembling, for the face in the mirror was a distorted thing. Could this be his own; was it possible that he had changed so much in these last few days? He sank back into his chair and stared at the newspaper before him, which was a paper of his home town and told of his mother in a serious condition. Shaken by sobs, he sank his head in his arms on the table and gave vent to his broken emotions. He gradually gained control of himself, but was unable to raise his head. It seemed to him that he must always be this way now, afraid to raise his head to the world. His head buried in his arms at one of the round tables in the back room of Cole's Cafe in the Bowery of New York City, Dave Brown began to go over again for the thousandth time the events that had dragged him down since that fatal night three months ago. He recalled meticulously every incident connected with it as he had done over and over again, as though he were enacting it all over.

Three months before Dave Brown had been one of the most promising young men in Pitston, the city in which he had been born. Among all of the people of this thriving community he was looked upon as a future leader, was well known and respected. His devotion to his widowed mother had gained for him a respect among his friends and his honest personality had made him popular with everyone. Yet, being very young, his character had a few weak spots which caused him worryment at times. He had many reasons to make himself wish to be good, his mother for one, and Rita for another. Rita and he were practically engaged. Their announcement was watched for by their friends. As for Dave, it could not be too soon. He was working and planning for that very thing, and he sometimes became very impatient with his progress for that very reason, especially after Tom Draper became one of her admirers. Tom Draper was of one of the

oldest families of Pitston and had money. That was the thing which made Tom Draper a figure in Pitston. He was probably the richest young man in town. Dave Brown considered Tom Draper one of his friends.

Tom Draper called for Dave one Saturday evening, and asked him to go over to the Meshanticut Club with him. It was to be a big night there. There was a dance, and at the Meshanticut Club there was always a sociable crowd. Dave decided to go over. They arrived early and only a few people were there. Draper introduced Dave to a few cronies, one of whom suggested a friendly game of cards. Everyone was willing and Dave, not wishing to be odd, agreed to play. They went upstairs to one of the card rooms of the Meshanticut Club and the game which was to have been just a little diversion to pass the time until the crowd arrived developed into a lively gamble. The stakes, which at first had been practically nothing, grew larger, until it was what might be called a big game. All of the men seemed to have plenty of money and Dave, not wishing to be termed a "piker," stayed in. As the game wore on, Dave began to win, and continued to win the big pots, losing occasionally. The music from downstairs in the ball-room drifted up to them, but everyone was apparently oblivious to everything but the game. Only Dave suggested once or twice that they set a limit and go downstairs soon. The rest ignored the suggestion and continued to play feverishly, Dave Brown winning three out of every five times.

Someone rapped at the door, and a waiter came in and asked if Dave Brown was in the room. Dave stood up and asked what he was wanted for.

"A lady downstairs told me if I found you around anywhere I was to tell you that a Miss Rita was asking for you."

"Tell her I'll be down in a few minutes."

The rest of the party voiced their objections, and Dave, calling the man back, told him to say nothing.

The game continued as before. One of the players opposite Dave, one of the heaviest losers, began to grow irritable, taking his losses very poorly. The game continued thus for about an hour, when it reached its height. Already a big pot in the centre, the betting became heavier. The man opposite Dave was smiling now and doubling every bet. It continued until nearly all the money in the game was

in the centre of the table. Dave was asked to show his hand. He had four aces. The man opposite cursed, rose from the table, pushed his chair back and flung his cards in Dave's face. As they fell to the table the rest of the party looked at them and saw that there was an ace among them. Five aces in the pack! The men looked at Dave ominously. He rose from his place, trembling with anger, but as he did so, two cards fell from his person to the floor. The men gasped. A cheat among them! The man opposite hurled a vicious invective, and tipping the table struck Brown full in the face. Furious at the quick acceptance of his guilt which the others had assumed, Dave struck back at the man—a terrible blow. The floor was cleared in an instant. Someone locked the door. In the centre of the room the two men struggled with each other savagely, blood spattering from their faces and murder in their eyes. Dave's antagonist was a rugged man, but the fury of injustice drove Dave to a superhuman effort to exterminate his adversary. It became a rough-and-tumble fight, both men clutching at each other viciously, a fight to the finish. They rolled on the floor. The man who had started the fight was being trounced, and resorted to his lowest instincts. He bit and scratched, and the clothing of both men was torn to shreds, their faces flowing with blood, and their eyes still protruding murderously. Both men had lost their heads. In an instant, it had all happened.

Lying on the floor with Dave on top the man beat about wildly with his hands and kicked with his feet. Dave felt his fingers clutching the man's throat, fingers which had become as steel. He savagely relished the feel of flesh beneath them. He was choking the fight out of this demon; he would never fight again. His grip tightened like iron about the man's throat and continued to tighten so long as he felt any life there, until he realized the man was no longer struggling. He looked in the face before him. It was lifeless, the eyes protruding with a glassy stare. Men were tugging him from the lifeless form. He relinquished his hold, full realization striking him. He staggered back.

"My God, the man's dead!" he heard himself mutter.

Noises outside the door penetrated his paralyzed senses. Voices cried for entrance, the door was being beaten down. The next instant the light went out, and he heard someone in his ear saying: "Come on, you can't be found this way." He was dragged out through a side

door and rushed to a machine in the alley outside, which sped furiously away from the Club.

A few hours later he opened his eyes in a strange room, and heard someone say "If you can get up, you had better do so right away. You've no time to lose." He looked up and saw it was Draper standing over him. In a flash it all came back, he recoiled with horror from the thought, and a sickening dread overpowered him as he thought of the dead man's face.

"Come on, Dave. You've got to brace up. It will be morning soon, and your life is at stake. They're combing the city for you now. You've got to make a quick getaway or swing. My car's outside. I'll drive you to Burlington and from there you can sneak on to New York and keep going. There's fresh clothes on the bed. Hurry! I'll stake you to enough money to last you a while."

His senses dulled, incapable of feeling or knowing what he was doing, Dave complied with Draper's commands, and in a half hour they were speeding away.

And so three months later, Dave Brown sat in the back room of Cole's Cafe on a Saturday night and read of his mother's serious illness. It had been a horrible three months. He had read the papers giving the reports of the crime, all of which had been continuing regular, for it was a crime which had stirred the imaginations of everyone. When the room in which the game had taken place was entered, nothing was found but a mass of wreckage and blood stains. The waiter, who had entered the room in search of Dave Brown at the request of Rita, was the chief witness at first. He testified that he recognized several of the men and named them. These being called, it developed that one of them, Joe Blake, a member of the Meshanticut Club had been murdered, but the body had been mysteriously disposed of while the lights were out, evidently with the intention of hiding the crime. The other missing member of the party was Dave Brown, and further questioning proved him the murderer. The solution of the missing body rested on his apprehension.

Dave imagined that some of the other men who had been in the party, all of whom were known in Pitston, to cover the thing up, had hidden the body of Blake, and to avoid further implication were withholding the secret of its disappearance.

Dave fell asleep at the table in the saloon on the Bowery pond-



ering this as he had done many times before. When he woke it was morning. He was being shaken and, waking, became terrified by the grip on his arms, which he had come to dread. But it was only Dan. He was sometimes called Dangerous Dan, but he was a good-hearted bartender who had allowed Dave to spend the night there sleeping.

"Better be moving, old man. Must be hungry." He led him to the bar, gave him a drink and something to eat, even as he would have done to any of the more unfortunate bums who frequented his place.

Out in the street Dave wandered aimlessly as he was wont to do, not knowing where he was going nor caring. He had thought of the river very often of late. This morning he was especially depressed, walking along in his now shabby clothes which he had slept in many times in the past three months. His money was nearly all gone. He walked along, head down, afraid to look the people in the face. He realized that he was not passing so many people as usual, and looking at a few in the distance, he perceived that everyone was dressed in his best. He heard bells ringing, and passing a church where people were entering, he realized it was Sunday morning. He continued walking. Sunday meant nothing to him now. He passed a woman who looked very much like his mother. His gait lagged.

The bells of the cathedral were tolling. He stopped and turned around, and went into the church, thinking as he went that this might perhaps give him some relief from his agonies of mind. He would pray hard; it was his only hope.

It was evident that the mass had been in progress for some time. The church was full. An usher led him down the aisle to a vacant seat near the altar. Kneeling here, he forgot everyone else, and prayed harder than he had ever prayed before. He did not fully realize everything that was going on until he saw people at the altar rail, and looking enviously at them, wished he might go up, too. As he watched the people come from the altar, he suddenly saw something.

He trembled with emotion, and stood up. The people about him turned to look. He was gazing straight ahead at a man coming up the aisle from the altar, dressed shabbily as himself. It was a ghost. He was staring into the face of the man he had murdered. The man continued up the aisle unaware of the eyes that followed him. It was not a ghost. Dave left his seat to the bewilderment of the people about him

and followed the man to the rear where he took his seat, and Dave continued to the rear of the church and kept his eyes on the back of the man, unable to think of anything but the face of the man he had murdered. When the mass ended, the man came out of the church and Dave followed.

He approached the man outside and stared into his face like a maniac. The man became terrified, and turned as though to run, but Dave gripped his shoulders.

"Joe Blake!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's me, Dave, and I'm glad you've found me."

The man became more self-possessed. "Let's move on. We're attracting attention. Come with me to my room," he said.

Mechanically Dave followed him without a word, incapable of speech or thought. The only thing he could think of was that here was the man he had thought murdered by his own hands.

They were in Blake's room talking.

"The whole thing in a nutshell, Dave, is that Draper framed you. It was the only way he knew of to eliminate you so that he could win Rita for himself. In his rotten mind he cooked this thing up with me. I was broke. I'd been living on him for the past six months and owed him quite a little money. He had me in a corner, and promised to cancel all the debt and give me plenty besides if I'd consent to this. He worked things just as he planned, only better. You played into his hands better than he expected. He had only meant to brand you as a card cheat, but when he saw he could frame you for murder, he did. He and I were dealing the cards phoney, giving you all good hands. He planted the two cards on you and put the other ace in the pack. He was the one who turned off the lights, and dragged me out of the room, unconscious. I'm just as much sick of being an outcast as you are. I couldn't have held out any longer anyway. You saw me at the altar this morning. I was going back and make a clean breast of everything tomorrow. Now we can go back together. You'll go with me, Dave, won't you?"

"Tomorrow! There's a train leaving in an hour. Hurry up and make it or I'll choke the life out of you."

Blake hurried.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

**L**ITERATURE, generally termed, is written work possessing the qualities of beauty and truth, or the quality of truth modified for the purpose of beauty. Fact is not an essential element of true literature, but beauty is. Together with beauty, however, written work must also contain a certain permanence or promise of permanence in its expression, if it is to take an important place in the literature of a people.

The element of truth in a writer's works makes them that much worthier of the title of literature. A permanent truth would, by its very permanence, promise literary merit, rather than a truth whose value is limited by time and occasion.

Fact is not, however, essential in a writing, insofar as the writer's literary merit is concerned. Many famous books have been preserved by sheer intrinsic literary value, although their subject matter is not only false, but in fact absurd.

Beauty is, metaphorically speaking, the soul of literature, while truth is the body. The body cannot exist without the soul, but the soul can exist without the body, using it merely as an aid in furthering its designs. The intellect measures the worth of a writing in terms of satisfaction and pleasure received. True beauty is inspiring. It lifts the mind above material details, and gives it a few moments in the heaven of inspiration. Thus, spiritual and religious subjects possess greater potentialities for literary beauty than material subjects, because they appeal more directly to the imagination and the soul.

Beauty is expressed by using words and constructions with particular regard for their euphony with the subject. A writer, for example, in describing some beautiful scene, would not use words which might conjure up horror in the minds of his readers. If he were describing a lovely garden, he would not mention the absence of snakes, lest the idea of snakes should be repellent. Likewise, to gain beauty in describing terror, he would express it more majestically, by not contrasting it with pleasanter scenes. A feeling is better described by forgetting the existence of the opposite feeling rather than by expressing it for purposes of contrast.

Literature consists of two principal divisions—poetry and prose.

Poetry is the higher form because, possessing greater elegance of form, it more easily adopts itself to the highest class of subjects. Prose, however, can be better used to express ideas in which truth, rather than beauty, is the principal aim sought.

To determine literary value, the test of time is necessary. That a written work receive the approval of other than contemporary writers is proof of its intrinsic value. Such a work may be said to contain permanence. That the work was as valuable a contribution to literature when it was first written, as it is now generally accepted to be, does not gainsay the necessity of permanence. It shows, rather, that in lieu of proof of permanence, it contained promise of permanence.

If great literature is being produced at the present time, we can recognize it by its promise of permanence, for this promise will be as strong and convincing to us, as the proof of permanence in older compositions. The exact worth of contemporaneous literature can never definitely be decided, but its value can be approximated by comparing it with older masterpieces—using beauty and truth as the basis of comparison.

*Charles J. McCarthy, '27*

### The Passing of Winter



SOFTLY, swiftly, the curtain was drawn,  
Hiding the world from that all-seeing dawn.  
It seemed the earth prayed for a sheltering hand  
And God, understanding, laid over the land  
This gown of pure white. On earth's rugged form  
(Transfigured in darkness, disguised by the storm)  
It glittered, it glistened, it hurled back the light,  
It splintered the sunbeams and dazzled the sight.  
And with it the winter too quickly has passed,  
For kingly as ever it reigned to the last.

*W. Harold O'Connor, '26*

## A. BOOZER



HELLO! OPERATOR? Give me West Smithfield 367-W and make it snappy!"

"Hello! That you, Jack? Say! I just got a hot tip. Stop the 7:15 limited to Cleveland—Engine number 37B. Someone just called me on the 'phone and told me there was a shipment of booze coming down from the border. Search every car. What's that? Yes, I'm certain this tip is on the level. There's been an awful lot of it going through here lately. This bird I was talking to said it might be in a coffin in the last car. All right, Jack. Take care of yourself."

The big train sped around the curve and rumbled down the track toward the West Smithfield station. West Smithfield was only a small town, and ordinarily only local trains stopped there. Today, however, the engineer saw the signal to stop and applied the brakes. Grumbling, protesting, the big engine slowed down and finally came to a dead stop. The engineer stuck his head out and inquired what the trouble was. A dozen revenue officers stepped out and advised him to mind his own business.

"That's all right, bo," said one, "we've got orders to search this train, so just stay outside, and don't try to start these cars moving."

With guns in both hands they climbed up the steps and entered the cars. They started at the front of the train, but a systematic search revealed nothing. They went through the next two cars, looking in suit-cases and grips, peering under the seats, even examining small parcels. They carefully looked into every possible place, they left guards outside to see that nothing was dropped from the windows. They even looked into the engineer's and fireman's cabs. Finally there remained only one car in the rear—the baggage car. In one corner lay a casket and near it a woman knelt, weeping.

The agents spent an hour examining all the luggage, feeling of small bundles and ripping the larger ones open, but they could find nothing in any way questionable.

"Well," said the leader, a rough looking man with a heavy

beard, "I guess Bill was right. That casket does look fishy. We'd better rip it open."

With a sob the woman moved to one side. One of the men drew a screw-driver from a black bag he was carrying and began to slowly take out the screws. With the first turn of the screw-driver the woman became hysterical and fell to the floor in a faint.

One of the agents, more tender-hearted than the others, exclaimed "Pretty tough".

"Huh! Bo," exclaimed another "I've seen that stunt pulled a dozen times before. I remember it happened in Case 364. Haw! Haw! Here's a hot one. Look at the plate on the coffin, 'A. Boozer, Mineral Springs, Saskatchewan.' "

"Well," said the leader, "there's a lot of boozers who won't get any of this Boozer. How's that for a fast one? I always said I should be on the stage. . . . Well, that's the last screw. Open her up and let's see what A. Boozer looks like." He ripped the cover open and jumped back with a start.

"Well, I'll be ————" he fairly shouted.

Looking up from the coffin were the gruesome features of a real corpse—A. Boozer of Mineral Springs, Saskatchewan.

*Charles J. McCarthy, '27*



## THE OBSERVER

**O**NE WOULD naturally think in viewing the progress made in the material order today that there was a corresponding progress in the mental order. But yet it does not follow. People acquire wealth, the luxuries of yesterday become the necessities of today, but the exercise of ordinary common sense is still as rare an occurrence as ever. People still allow their favorite editors to do their thinking for them, and still accept the dictates of self-appointed intellectual leaders as logical and true. They imbibe the false with the true, and never for an instant do some stop to consider the folly of some propositions and the evident danger of others. As a result there are certain ideas still extant, which ideas would have faded into oblivion long since if mental exercise kept pace with bodily activity. Among these ideas is the silly though prevalent notion that Religion and Science cannot conform one to another, that these two are contenders in a war whose outcome will surely be a defeat for Religion. This is nothing more than a false idea which would be harmless were it not for the fact that people are so mentally constituted as to accept this proposition immediately as true. This statement has never been supported by an iota of proof, but yet the gullible and unthinking people will readily give it credence. Overpaid gentlemen whose scientific accomplishments is limited to a knowledge of the four phases of the moon will be accorded generous space by the press to air their nonsensical views regarding the hopeless condition of religion in its combat with science, and the public applaud and wonder how a few people can regard religion other than as a mere formality.

There is no strife between Religion and Science. There never has been. It has been told again and yet again that religion—the Catholic Church—has been the inspiration of scientific advancement, that the church has fostered science and preserved it, and that she numbered among her children many scientists whose names will never perish. Those who have taken the trouble to find out have always felt sure that were the Church destroyed in its incipency, science would be today but an unused term. These are facts. One is not asked to take

such things as hearsay, for numberless proofs are available for those who are willing to think and research for themselves. Well-balanced phrases and adorned sentences are bait at which a hungry public bites. Fact that is simple and unadorned—also somewhat complex—is looked on with disfavor. In believing what they like to believe a great many people would rather that there were no Creator to whom they are responsible; that there were no religion by which man is united to God. So long as the vast body of people neglect to assert their convictions and to demand respect for them, so long as they refuse to think and arrive at conclusions without the aid of puerile literature, so long will their guillibility be a source of financial emolument to scientific fakirs, and their unused intellects fertile ground for the dissemination of the seeds of thread-bare fallacies.

\* \* \* \*

It is not long since that representatives of the various nations met and, having decided that one way to end war, or at least to make it but a remote possibility, was by destroying the implements thereof, proceeded to advise their respective countries to destroy floating armaments. The future building of warships was to be curtailed and many existing vessels, each having cost a good-sized fortune, were destroyed. Then, filled with righteousness, these gentlemen reported that war was now out of the question. But the excitement provoked by such action had hardly subsided when different nations announced that they had perfected means of destroying whole cities by merely pressing a button or turning a switch. Gas, fire, and explosives were experimented with, and became engines of destruction vastly more powerful than warships could ever hope to become. Thus, on one hand we see nations, proud of their attempts to perpetuate peace, legislate the destruction of almost obsolete dreadnaughts, while on the other hand the assiduous struggle for the invention of death-dealing machines is feverishly increased. War never can be legislated out of existence. Moreover it will never leave its place as first in the minds and thoughts of statesmen and national leaders. It may be averted for a time, but nations will ever instinctively prepare themselves against assault and will provide against that fateful time when war will come. To impose limits on the size of national armaments cannot prevent war. A real effort is made by preparing the hearts of nations for peaceable pursuits and conciliatory methods of leading their national existences.



During the year in which a Presidential election is to occur, political leaders become much engrossed in political manoeuvring; it is to their advantage to show the people that their administration has been faultless, and that the efforts and plans of their opponents are fraught with danger. Men and women become quite excited and very much confused while weighing the merits of the various candidates. For the time, legislation takes a second place, and the appearance of prosperity is lent to every development. The college man as a rule gives but little thought to the choice of a nation's leader. But there are many who are qualified to cast a ballot and their action in this regard becomes a duty. It should be so regarded and so executed, as should every great obligation. College men become, as a rule, imbued with the spirit of clean business and honest political dealing. This practical idealism—as it were—should be preserved, and they should act according to their knowledge of the right in the accomplishment of their duties later in life. In college men learn what is right. In later life it will devolve on them to practice political purity and to engage themselves directly in the choosing of desirable and able candidates for public office.

*T. Henry Barry, '25*



# THE HOTCHPOTCH

## GREAT MEN WHO HAVE MET US

Jimmie stood before the brilliantly-lighted window of the baker shop, wistfully devouring with his eyes the luscious cream-cakes as they snuggled comfortably in their beds of powdered sugar. In a vain attempt to keep warm, he instinctively hunched his young underdeveloped shoulders every time the cold wind bore down upon him. His frayed trousers afforded little protection and his sweater was open at both elbows.

Jimmie's little sister Gertrude held fast to his wind-reddened hand as she gazed about the dark street, looking with wonder and fear at the grotesque figures that huddled in the doorways to keep their spent bodies from the cold.

The wind howled down the debris-filled street, scattering papers and other small bits of refuse against the squalid walls and mud-spattered poles. Gertie tightened her grip on her big brother's hand and whispered

"Gee, Jimmie, here comes a copper."

"Aw, don't get scared, Gert," soothed Jimmie, "just keep lookin in da winda and da bull won't say a word."

The policeman walked slowly up the uneven sidewalk, beamed on the pathetic pair, and passed stoically on his way.

He had no sooner passed than a commotion was heard in the dark alley alongside the baker shop. Gertie shivered uneasily. Jimmie looked at the receding back of the copper. Just then a gray-haired, white-aproned figure came from the alley-way, thrust a large tin pail into Jimmie's hand and snarled

"Here kid, run home with this, there's not enough alcohol in it to keep it from freezing."

## LENT

An ideal time to repair slightly damaged New Year resolutions.

Like an argument between two Irishmen it is a denial of most everything.

Some people interpret the "fast" part to mean an impetus in their social standing. As a result they go to the "Arc" two afternoons and six nights a week instead of one afternoon.

One Jewish boy went down on his rate of interest for fear he would have too much competition during Lent.

Some people give up more during Lent than they would on a trans-Atlantic voyage.

One fellow denied himself sweets. He was so conscientious that he wouldn't even go to see his girl.

Of course that's carrying it too far—as the paper boy said as he turned back with the paper he had forgotten.

Kindly macaroni manufacturer rises to remark that during Lent we should eat more macaroni—say, Mr. you're not stringing us, are you?

---

The young knowledge chaser who wearies of his task can doubtless find consolation in knowing that we are all being graduated by degrees.

---

A suggested slogan for the Wets might be—  
*"Don't Give Up the Sip"*

---

## INSIDE STUFF

Each year, the long-haired poets do sing  
About the grand and glorious Spring.  
About the moon, the trees, the flowers,  
All these they rave about for hours.  
There is a joy in Spring, to most  
Which I believe from coast to coast  
Is felt far more than flowers or air—  
The shedding of winter underwear.

---

P. C. Optimist—Let's go down stairs and get something to eat.

Some day I'm going to be married,  
Some day I'm going to be wed;  
But Lord help the girl that I marry,  
The first time that she bakes bad bread.

---

"I knew I'd have my weigh," said the stubborn little boy as he put his cent in the scales.

---

History Prof.—What would have happened if the American Constitutional Committee had failed?

Bright Student—There would be millions of American people today without constitutions.

---

### THE MODERN HESPERUS

"Oh! Father I hear the sound of bells  
Oh! Say what may they be?"  
*It's the jingle of broken bottles*  
*In that rum runner on our lee!!*

---

Our idea of zero-minus——Big Bill taking a girl to the Arc on his night off.

---

Student at lunch counter—"Got anything to make sandwiches out of?"

Employee—"Yes, most anything."

---

### *Good Master Hotch Potch:*

As Gawge said to Betsy, "My dear, my dear, a pennon insignia is absolutely lacking to our forces in the field." What Gawge wanted, you see, was an answer. Well, as Alonzo P. McGinnis used to say, we got a question, but it's an answer we're after. Cogito ergo sum, as the Czecho-Slovakians say, the afternoon after the morning following the night before.

All over this broad and beautiful land, from the lobster pots of the Maine Coast to the aquatic beauties of Hollywood; from the great Northwest where men are men with hearts of oak and arms of steel, to

the sunny South land where the forbidden juleps swells about the tinkling ice in tall shining glasses; all over this broad and beautiful land, strong men, weak women and laughing children send forth their plea.

In church, in chapel, in theatre and political lobbies, on the street and in the home, knots of people meet to solve this baffling question. I don't know, they don't know, nobody knows—unless the oracle of the Hotchpotch can answer.

More vital than the origin of the Squiggulum, more fateful than the secret of the Sphinx, this ominous question shrieks aloud for answer.

It is you I ask, O Master Hotchpotch; it is you I implore to save a panic-stricken world.

Should, O should . . . the golf ball be lighter?

*Nathaniel Mordecai Moon, Esq.*

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A referee is the one person that believes a man may be down and out.

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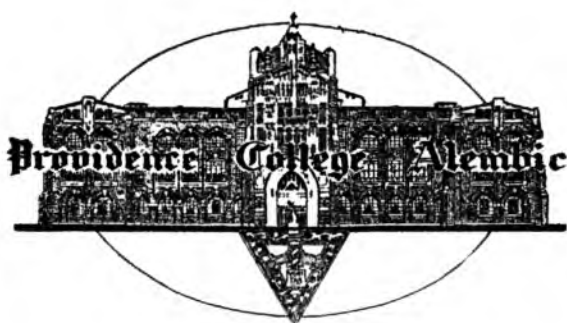
When Tom was asked as to the acquiring of his black eye he explained "Well, I was holding a candle while my mother chopped the wood and one of the sticks flew up and hit me."

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## R-EVOLUTION

There once lived a teacher, pedantic and wise,  
With a wisdom quite pure and profound,  
So taking his notes and his data and facts,  
This theory he thought he'd expound.  
"Oh man is a risible, rational thing,  
With a risible, rational way,  
From dust did he come, and thence he'll return,  
And the Lord made him whole on Creation Day.  
Through ages and ages of striving and hope,  
With a strife and a hope unrecorded,  
He has seized every chance to make an advance,  
And grabbed all that life has afforded.

We see him today in his noble estate,  
A status more noble than ever,  
With his wars and cars and news from Mars,  
And a knowledge surpassable never."  
But Insect and Ointment a compact have formed,  
A compact which oft stopped the world,  
For a minister says in tones high and clear,  
"The Banner of Time is unfurled!  
This creation divine is hokum and bunk,  
A theory more simple than pure,  
And those who invented it ought to take  
The delirium tremens cure.  
Your ancestors, forefathers, sires and such  
Were amoebae and tadpoles and high-diving frogs,  
And they lived and they dwelled in the moors and the fens  
And comported and sloshed 'round the bogs.  
Thus for eons and eons they struggled and thrived,  
Wiggling and squirming in nice, squirty mud,  
Until they were mudfish with lungs and a mind,  
And a glueable, chewable cud.  
But changes took place in the very brief space,  
Of two or three millions of years,  
And the fish have evolved into anthropoid apes  
With long, hairy arms and big, funny ears.  
The pretty result of this marvelous change  
Is man in his natural, bald-headed state,  
With his wars and cars and news from Mars,  
And civilization up-to-date.  
Not from dust came he, but from oozy mud,  
With his mind the result of the Mushroom Age,  
And his Family Tree the Water-Cress,  
And a Single Cell for his lineage."  
So the next time you enter a Biology Lab,  
Where amoebae are free to the visitor's view,  
Just walk up and shake that amoeba's hight hand,  
For it's probably your Forefather—and Foremother, too.




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## THE CATHOLIC EASTER

An eminent philosopher has said that the idea which each school of thought has of the substance of things radically influences the idea which that school has of even the most transitory thing. With this in mind, we may say that every school of thought is fundamentally either pessimistic or optimistic. Taking optimism as a certain belief that everything will be alright in the

end we may further say that we of the Christian school of thought are optimists. But just how are we optimists? If we have a well-ordered reason for the faith that is in us, we surely are not personal optimists, as the majority of our modern brothers are. We are by no means certain that everything will be alright for us *individually*, for we know that there is Justice as well as Mercy. But we are convinced that everything will be alright for the universe, *as a whole*, no matter what happens to us. This latter thought is not especially consoling when we are vividly impressed with our need of Mercy rather than Justice. But it remains an essential part of our system of thought. We are not personal optimists, but we are cosmic optimists.

Thus it is that the Church looks upon the season of Lent. She impresses upon each of us, her children, the fact that we are born to die, she urges us to discipline our flesh, she tells us that we are miserable sinners whose souls have been redeemed at a great price which we must in some small measure repay. Knowing, as she does from her nineteen centuries of experience, that relatively few men fulfill this obligation, she is by no means optimistic for us individually. But all during this, the "acceptable time" of the year, she knows that Christ was steadfast in His appointed task; all during the ever-growing anguish of Holy Week she knows that the chalice of Christ holds surely our salvation; at the very moment when she tells us that the sun was darkened, she knows our faith is not in vain.

To judge a man by his associates is often  
**HOW TO TELL** a dangerous proceeding. The old saw is based on the accumulated wisdom of mankind, of course. But it is, by being so based, a rule to which there are exceptions. Remembering always that there are exceptions, I have formulated a rule for judging a college man. It is: tell me what you read and I'll tell you what you are. The types of college man are many and varied. But each individual of each type has this much in common: he knows *how* to read, he knows that he *should* read, he has some opportunity *to* read. *What* he reads depends on himself, and those things which he reads, be they books, magazines, or newspapers, are more truly his *chosen* associates than any human companion. By them you may judge him—always remembering that there are exceptions.



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Be it so understood by the Freshman Class, that,  
*Sophomore* when the Sophomore Class chooses to engage in public debate, it will do so. The Freshman Class in the future will not be so rash as to question the right of the Sophomore Class to refuse or to accept a challenge.

The Sophomore Class, after due deliberation, has decided to accept the challenge of the Freshman Class. It is the opinion of the Class of '26, that any team picked will easily defeat the Freshmen. Victory is certain.

The Freshman Debating Society wishes to inform  
*Freshman* the Freshman Class that the statement made by the Sophomore Class concerning the acceptance of the Freshman challenge on the Bok Peace Plan was an error. The Sophomore class will recall that the first challenge issued by the Freshmen was not accepted. Therefore, the Freshmen, still burning for a debate, found it necessary to issue a second challenge, this time to debate on any question under the sun. The challenge was accepted. The Sophomore Class will now find "what men there are in Rome."

The Sophomore Class has decided to accept the  
*Debating* challenge of the Freshmen Debating Society. An elimination contest was held March 20 to select a team. So good was the oratorical style, composition and ability shown by the speakers that the honorable judges were forced to ponder deeply on the decision. At length, after a busy session, Francis Reynolds, James McGrath, Edward Nagle, and James Beattie, alternate, were selected to represent the Sophomore Class.

The topic for debate is "*Resolved: That Immigration to the United States Should Be Still Further Restricted.*" Affirmative, Freshmen; Negative, Sophomore. The team selected to represent the Freshman Class is Alphonse Tammaro, Walter Maloney, John Hayes and Stephen Murray, alternate. The debate will be held in Gymnasium.

Hall, April 15, at 8:00 P. M. Providence College will witness a lively debate.

Lo! a piece of news has escaped the eagle-eyed *N e w s* daily reporters. It remains the humble duty of this editor to make haste with pen, and report it. Not only did the noble gods of Wind and Snow wreak their wrath and vengeance on city property but they decapitated Amby Flaherty's "Painless Ford". 'Twas a sad blow to Amby, but 'tis said he says "I don't have to buy any more gas, and I can buy me an extra piece of pie."

*Edward V. Holohan, '26*



## ALUMNI



HERE WILL BE an important meeting of the Alumni Association during the Easter holidays. At this time it will, no doubt, be decided just what part the members of the Association will take in the Commencement exercises. It is expected that one day during Senior Week will be set aside as Alumni Day, on which will be held the annual banquet. The Seniors will be inducted into the association at this time.

Mr. Amos LaChapelle, Secretary of the Association, has sent out invitations to the graduates of the Pre-Medical School to join the association. The divinity students who have left for the novitiate or seminary have also been invited to join. Already many have accepted. John J. Kenny, ex-'24, who is now studying for the priesthood at the American College, at Louvain, Belgium, was among the first to accept.

## NOTES

Mr. George McGonagle, '23, has changed from Massachusetts Institute of Technology to the Harvard School of Business Administration.

Some of the members of the Alumni have neglected to keep the secretary informed of their doings, and so we are forced to rely on Rumor. From this fickle lady we have learned that "Shorty" Burns '23, is now managing a department store, and that "Skipper" Donnelly, '23, is head draftsman of a large manufacturing concern.

With the Easter vacation close at hand and some of the Alumni due home, we hesitate to publish anything that might be construed as slander in this issue. But for the two remaining issues we shall have no such fears. The Ides of June have no terrors for us.

*Joseph V. Mitchell, '24*

## EXCHANGE

**W**E NOTICED recently in reading the book reviews of a metropolitan daily, that one of the critics referred to a novelist's style as being "spiritual". He considered this spirituality a weakness, a characteristic that depreciated the book. Now, every man is privileged to entertain his own beliefs and judgments, and the critic in question is no exception, but we would like to know, for the sake of self-information, how he succeeded in formulating his opinion. Unless we are greatly mistaken spiritual is synonymous with mental, intellectual, holy. After reading a few of our latest (and what critical consensus terms our best) novels, we were impressed with the sameness and drabness of their themes. It appeared, in a number of instances, as if the authors had read somewhere, sometime, that a sordid plot assures a book lasting literary merit, and that a tragical conclusion is absolutely necessary to make a novel masterly. As a consequence, the authors adopted as their slogan "Anything to Get Away from the Happy Ending". And if the conclusion be right, then the authors have succeeded wonderfully. The failures, misfortunes, and despairs of Life are limned in all their sickening detail, while their subjects, with their weaknesses magnified and virtues minimized, are made to struggle through page after page of miry experiences until despondency accounts for at least one suicide. These writers seem to have taken to their bosoms that old song about American literature lacking a national character, believing it to be wishy-washy, flapdoodleish, and too optimistically sunshiny. They have done their best to remedy this imaginary condition. We see, as a result, the present crop of best-sellers, a tawdry, printed mass, substantially unsound. Every once in a while some writer produces a clean book, and his conscientious effort, readably intellectual, is adjudged "spiritual" by a jaded, ultra-sophisticated critic. Because most of our modern fiction is opposed to any appeal to the mind and soul of man; because it glorifies everything in man's baser nature, we must avoid a good book, for it is "spiritual" and therefore implies something mental, intellectual, and something pure in its purpose.

THE ATENEO MONTHLY      The *Ateneo Monthly* for February was especially welcome, for we were just recovering from a severe blizzard here in Rhode Island, and the sight of high-shaven palms, their feathers a-flutter, silhouetted against a cloud-banked sky, seemed to take the nip out of the air and breathe into us a feeling of luxury. We were ardently imagining ourselves beneath a tropic sun, when in reality we were hugging a not-so-warm radiator. Right here and now we wish to thank the staff of the *Ateneo Monthly* for the presence of those inspiring photographic reproductions in their magazine.

From the abundance of prose we singled out "*Dr. Jose Rizal*" as the best of the lengthy articles. It seemed clear, forceful, unified. Largely biographical, it lacked the usual biographical indefiniteness, presenting its subject in a manner that left the central thought with the reader. In treating of the deeds and sacrifices of a national martyr, it was necessarily heroic—but it was not heroical. Probably the style most illustrative of ease in writing displayed in the magazine was that in *A Thought*. Exceedingly simple, it fulfills its mission as a piece of description-exposition—it conveys a thought. Verse in the February issue was of a noticeable scarcity, being represented by the lone *El Escogido Del Senor*. As our knowledge of Spanish is limited to the words *toro* and *Ibanez* and to the phrase *hasta manana*, we are unable to pass judgment on the above-mentioned bit of poetical composition. A last cursory glance tells us that the *Ateneo Monthly* for February is of a uniformly good quality.

THE AQUINAS PATRICIAN      It gives us great pleasure to review etc. The toastmaster's old wheeze paraphrased fits nicely in this instance, for we have in common with the *Patrician* the fact that the Order of Preachers directs us both. *My Trip to Florence*, a well-told narrative, is most interesting reading, especially to anyone caring for travel. It points out the most notable of the places of a city of many notable places, giving a bit of history to each one, and relating its connection with Italian art and literature. *The White Hand*, a serial, starts out with a whoop, and its initial installment is as lurid as any devotee of Sax Rohmer could wish for. There is among the characters one Lee Song who is one hundred percent. excellent as a servant. Chuckles are in

order when Lee says, "Well, allee samee so be, me findee some nice pola wine, so be. Me bling som light up." And then, "How you likee, Mr. Smith?" Again, "Allee light, Mr. Smith, so be. *The White Hand* closes its first part with its claw-like fingers closing on a gentleman's throat as the lights suddenly go out. Lest we forget: the *Patrician* has a radio department! Keeping up with the times and then some.

The April *Jug*, being the Spring number, has all the elasticity of Spring. As the *Lambs* gamble, so does the *Jug* rock with mirth at the seriousness of *Life*, which is due no doubt to Spring and the bursting maple buds and thirsting society buds. The *Jug* is funny, believe it or not. But the funny part of it is that a professedly funny magazine is funny, which is often dreamed about by humorist-editors, but rarely realized in their waking hours. The "pen-and-inks" are clever, the verse is delightfully frothy, and the bits of character delineation along with the other satirical sketches are even frothier. What more could be desired? The *Jug*, though made of earthenware, is lightlight in intention and light in execution. Nothing could be better save a flivver with balloon tires.

James H. Lynch, '25



**J**OEY CONNOLLY has been re-engaged to coach the baseball team and will continue along the same lines that he followed last year. The college is very fortunate in being able to secure the services of such an experienced man. Although the weather has restricted outdoor practice the coach has been able to size up the material and is very well pleased with the work of the veterans and newcomers. The men that have been working under the direction of the coach are the following: Catchers: Halloran, Smith, Monahan, Cunningham and Cullen; pitchers: Triggs, Smith, Malloy, Fiset, Delaney and Reynolds; outfielders: Brickley, Clifford, J. McGee, Ford, Kenny, O'Brien, Newton, Crawford, F. McKenna, McGarry and Bride; infielders: Dalton, Tarby, F. McGee, Beck, Feid (Captain), Doyle, Ryan, Creagan, Sullivan, Rooney, Bannon, O'Brien, Gartland, O'Shea, T. Halloran, Gifford, Carey, Murphy, Costello, Colgan and Coyle.

From this squad the coach feels sure that he will be able to develop a winning team. He has divided the team into two groups, the veterans composing one, and the newcomers the other. In the latter group there are many promising men who may be playing on the 'Varsity before the season is long under way. Costello, a third baseman, has been showing up finely in practice. He is a sure fielder and can hit with the best men on the team. He came here with a fine reputation, having captained St. Anselm's prep school team in his Junior year. Malloy, a southpaw twirler who hails from Columbus, Ohio, has a fine

assortment of curves and plenty of speed and is a welcome addition to the hurling corps. Bride and Clifford are living up to the many fine things that were said of them. They are both heavy hitters and have been performing very creditably in the field.

Last year's second team has many fine men that are trying for positions on the 'Varsity. Crawford has developed remarkably and is giving the outfielders keen competition. Charlie Reynolds has put on weight—which removes the only handicap he had last year. He has been twirling fine ball in the practice sessions. The coach regards this young man as a comer and says that he will take his turn in the box this year. Sullivan, substitute first baseman last year, has been fielding finely in practice and in the event that Feid is shifted to another position will have the call.

The veterans have all reported for practice and are in the pink of condition. Jack Triggs, who will most likely start the Yale game, has shown all his old ability in pitching and will win many games for the college this year. He pitched many fine games last year and deserved to win a greater percentage. With a more experienced team behind him this season, he hopes to retrieve the defeats that Yale and Brown administered last year. His battery mate, Halloran, has been catching the pitchers in the practice sessions and is sure to give a good account of himself when the season opens. His ability to hit with men on the bases makes him a valuable man to have on the team. He holds up his pitchers in fine style and will be invaluable in the developing of recruit hurlers. Joe McGee is trying for a position in the outfield and if his showing in the Dartmouth game last year can be taken as a criterion he will have little difficulty in making the grade.

Yale has been scarcely more fortunate than Providence in the matter of training this year. They abandoned the usual Southern trip and have been confronted with very poor weather. Whatever the result will be it is going to be a fine game, in which all the friendly rivalries will be renewed.

*Howard F. Bradley, '24*



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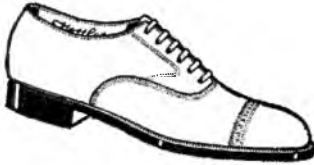
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