

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 5

JANUARY, 1925

NO. 4

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Providence College Alembic

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1925,

No. 4.

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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."

The Gift of the Cross

A ribbon, a palm, and a metal cross,
A nation's gift for a mother's loss.
A dull, dead thing for a young, bright life
Seems weak return as the dark, keen knife
Of awful grief cuts quick and cold
To rob a life of all it holds.

A ribbon, a palm, and a metal cross!
A heartless missive, and life is dross.
And yet this cross is more than all.
'Twould seem to be to you, who call
It dull, dead thing and weak return
For a heart that throbbed and loved and burned.

A ribbon, a cross, and a golden palm
Are proof to me that naught can harm
A boy who fought and died for right.
For from the cross there shines a light,
Which as I gaze, makes small the loss
Of life, and great the Gift of Cross.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

The Way to Prosperity



WHILE wishing all our friends and neighbors a Happy and Prosperous New Year, little do we realize the happiness and prosperity that would result by bringing labor and capital to work co-operatively and with greater efficiency. Our industrial progress for years has been hindered by industrial tyranny and the decadence of labor's independence.

This problem affects all vitally, for nearly everyone belongs to one or the other of these two classes. And when we reflect that this conflict—not of modern origin, but existing for centuries—has inflicted the most severe hardship upon the laborer, and has sometimes caused serious financial difficulties and losses to the financier, then do we realize how fundamental to our well-being, will the union of these two factors prove to be.

The distinction between master and workman is as old as history. With history's advance we see the introduction of the Guilds, merchant and craftsman. The former was composed of traders who arranged prices and regulated commerce; the latter of laborers who arranged methods of work. In this time the laborer used his own tools; was more his own master, with greater independence than his descendent of today. We find that when his independence was lessened, the gap between master and workman was widened. With the rapid growth of industrial enterprises the "*Guild System*" was found inadequate and was replaced by the "*Domestic System*." By the introduction of machinery, man was deprived of the rights he had enjoyed under the Guild System by using his own tools. The workmen were now placed in shops furnished by wealthy men; were at their command and easily imposed upon. Now the workers made a feeble attempt to organize and protect themselves. It was that same

belief "In Union there is Strength," which led craftsmen to combine; professors and students to unionize, in early university days; that induced these workers to combine for their protection and security against perpetrated wrongs and agitate for better social and industrial conditions.

With the inception of the Mechanical Age much of man's skill has been supplemented by machines so that the independence of the laborer was still lessened. The disgraceful conditions under which labor had to work—minimizing its utility—forcing the workers to be at their places of employment as early as four or five o'clock and remain within the confines of the workshop until eight or nine in the evening, were obstacles to industrial progress.

Picture then, if you can, the happiness that reigned in the homes of these tired men. What of their opportunities for pleasure, enjoyment and above all, education? How cruel it seems today, that mere infants of seven and eight years, were forced to enter these factories, lacking any semblance of education! These appalling conditions have been eliminated, but only after years of agitation and legislation.

The idea had dawned upon the laborer, that as his predecessors had gained little except by combination, he should also enter into a society to better his condition. How well they have accomplished their aim is written history, but what we wish to know is how they can continue their line of action and extinguish the spark of dissension and dispute between capital and labor, that may burst into a great conflagration threatening the life of the nation.

To bring prosperity and happiness, as permanent characteristics of American industrial life, will require that employers assume a more democratic attitude when dealing with their workers; and labor give its greatest energy, agitating reasonably, working and educating, being ever alert and guarding against the empty oratory dispensed by radicals, whose creed is "What's yours is mine."

Too often have our Captains of Industry ruled with an iron hand, and while reaping limitless fortunes have prevented the rays of progress to illumine the weary hour of

the worker. It seems every forward movement is heralded by these men as detrimental to our own well-being. In England during the eighteenth century, manufacturers claimed that to reduce the hours of labor would mean the surrender of England's industrial leadership. Despite the predictions, the hours were shortened, and Britain still retained her leadership.

The nineteenth century saw greater advancement, but only after a great struggle accompanied with hardships for the workers and many financial troubles for the employer.

The recent experiences of the Coal Mine, Railroad, and Cotton Mill Strikes, have given us a sad, but true spectacle, of the suffering, pain, privations—unescapable in such times—of the laborer, and the plight of the owner with millions of dollars in machinery at a standstill producing nothing.

At times we have the manufacturer arrogant, selfish, refusing to listen to reasonable demands, and labor too inflamed to compromise; too biased to reconsider. Here lies the root of our trouble, and the greater the degree in which these opposing forces work together the greater shall our purpose be attained.

We are not to consider labor and capital only in the aspect of the young man who views capital as the Gibraltar of Power; and labor as merely the trudging routine by which a worker ekes out his existence. Later, as the youth grows older, he discovers more worthy motives: the former is a business corporation seeking returns for invested capital; the latter conscientious men striving to sustain and educate their families.

Lincoln says, "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed." Labor then, is to be dealt with at least fairly, and since labor has contributed to the surplus profits of concerns, it is just that they receive a part, to the extent of human working hours and reasonable wages.

It is our sincere belief that when man is considered not as a producing automaton, or a cog of machinery, but as a

social being and factor, an important link in the chain of prosperity, then, and not until then, will all plans be workable.

With deep regret we have seen the passing of labor's great chieftian, Samuel Gompers, a man who has devoted his entire life to labor and its progress. Sad it is, that we can no longer have his great services that always tended to bring capital and labor into closer relation. What he has done for industrial progress may never be equalled by man. We hope that labor will put forth another courageous leader, that he will, with the great success of Gompers as his incentive, strive to make more amicable the feeling between laborer and master.

Let the employer treat labor as an important social factor; and labor retaliate by working energetically, repelling the exponents of radicalism and closing their ears to their wailings. Let us have mutual agreement; both sides considering questions on their merit, and our modern age will take great strides toward happiness and prosperity.

Francis V. Reynolds, '26.



On Reaching Twenty-One

How anxious I have been to see this day;
Have thrilled with all its glory in my dreams.
A man of twenty-one! How old it seems
When innocence is young and heart is gay.

The sight I phantomed in my childish way
Of how the moon would shine with silver gleams
Of smiling hope amid the stars, soft streams
That sent their benedictions with each ray.

Alas! The time is come and all is dark.
There is no glowing star to greet my eye;
The moon is hid behind a passing cloud.
But why should I expect this night to spark,
Or wait to see the moon light up the sky,
When I do naught to help dispel its shroud.

Thomas P. Carroll, '25.

Revenge Was Sweet

THE 6 o'clock bell rang out. The tense feeling which had prevailed all day in Wichita's Biggest and Best Store gave way to one of relief. Tired faces lost their care-worn look. Last-minute sales were hurriedly completed. Covers were thrown over the merchandise remaining on the counters. Lights were dimmed. Groups of clerks were soon leaving the store. All seemed in a great hurry to get home, for this was New Year's Eve and they desired to start their celebrating as early as possible.

That is nearly all, for there was one who appeared to be in no hurry to leave the store. He stood in the office balcony looking down over the now empty store. He contrasted its present quiet with the noisy bustle which had predominated during the last three days. He was justly proud of that commotion, for he knew that it was the result of his work as advertising manager. It was he who had brought such crowds to the big sale, held annually by the store. His glance rested on the huge sign which hung below him, "Happy New Year to All." To him it seemed but an empty thought. He was alone in a big city, at least big as Western cities go. He had arrived in Wichita but a few short months before, coming at the request of his friend and former classmate, Bob Murray, who had inherited this vast business.

He wondered why he had left little old New York to come to such a one-horse town as this. Yes, Bob had been a good persuader, he had pointed out what a host of friends he would make; how much greater were his chances of rising to the top in the West than in crowded New York, where everyone was engaged in the mad struggle for success. He had been a little fed up with New York, and to a man just out of the service, it did seem like a good opportunity. No, he wasn't really sorry that he had come, but where were all those friends that Bob was so sure he would make? True, he had been out with Bob many times but somehow he had

never had the time to allow these budding acquaintances to reach the full bloom of friendship. He had been eager to make a success of this sale and had spent many hours devising ways and means of putting it across.

"Well," he thought grimly, "I sure made good on the job, but a lot that means tonight. I crave excitement. Suppose I may as well go in and see what Bob has on for tonight, maybe we can kill a couple of hours together." His thought became action, and he strode across to the office, which had that awe-inspiring word "President" written on the door. Disdaining to knock, he thrust open the door and found his friend sitting at the desk looking over some reports of the day's business.

"Hello, old boy," he said, looking up with a smile, "judging from the way you put this sale over, I won't have to apply for a suite in the poorhouse right away."

"Yeh, it went all right, but I didn't come in here to receive the laurel wreath. I want some excitement, kind of fed up with work. What say to stepping out tonight?"

"Sorry, Jim, but I am all dated up to go to a dance with Tess."

"Well, what of that, can't you fix it up for me? You've dragged me out many times before, why not now? To tell the truth, this New Year's Eve feeling has sort of got hold of me, so I am not anxious to be alone tonight, and you know how sociable that gang is where I have my rooms."

"Gee, Jim, I am sorry, but I don't think it can be done. You see, this is a sort of a special dance. The girls have a little club which they call the Spinsters' Club, for no reason at all, unless it be that almost all of them are engaged. Well, every New Year's Eve they run this dance and each member invites some friend of hers. The fellow isn't supposed to know by whom he is invited, as all he receives is an invitation to attend, which states that on his arrival, he will be handed over to the unknown hostess."

"It sounds like a good time, isn't there anyway you can get me a bid?"

"Of course I can try, but I am afraid the chances are slim.

Being engaged to Tess, I know from whom my invitation came. There has to be just an even number. However, I'll ask Tess and see what she says. There may be a chance and if there is you can be sure she will do so. I am going to meet her in about 10 minutes and I'll ask her then. Suppose I call you up at your rooms and let you know how I make out, how'll that be?"

"Great, but try hard to make it, for you have aroused my curiosity and I sure would like to go there tonight."

"Oh, I'll try hard enough, but remember it is only a slim chance, so don't count too much on it. I must beat it now, or I'll be late for my date. I'll call you about 7:30. Take care, till then."

With this remark, Bob grabbed his coat and hurried out. He was soon followed by his friend, who, now that he saw a chance for an entertaining evening, was once more feeling right with the world. It was so pleasant outside that he walked home, enjoying the clear crisp air of the December evening. Arriving at his rooms he was surprised to see that he had taken over an hour for his walk home. Bob had already called up and had left word that he had been unsuccessful in his attempt. Jim broke off his whistling in the middle of a bar. Once more all the joy had gone out of life.

He slumped into a chair and sat gazing out at the stars. He thought of other New Year's Eves he had enjoyed; his last one he had spent in the home of some French peasants. How happy he had been that night. His regiment had just received orders which would bring them back to God's country once more. He thought of the New Year's Eves he had passed while at college. What fun he had had. He smiled as he recalled his last year at Harwood. He had gone with the Glee Club on their annual trip during the Christmas holidays. That fall he had been the captain of the most successful football team ever produced at Harwood, and as a result he had received a royal reception everywhere the Glee Club gave a concert. Especially was he welcomed by the girls.

Girls! wouldn't he like to be with some of them tonight. They sure had filled his cup to overflowing that trip. Sud-

denly, out of the haze of mental pictures, one became quite distinct. It was the image of a girl he had had a dance with that trip, or rather only part of a dance, as someone had dragged him away in the middle of it so that he might not lose the train. And he hadn't even got her name. What a chump he had been to forget that. But altho he had forgotten to obtain her name, he had never forgotten those blue eyes which had been the cause of his forgetfulness. What eyes they were, always smiling, no, rather say, laughing, dancing eyes; eyes that seemed to sparkle with the very joy of life. How many times he had seen those eyes in the pictures brought up by memory. If only he had known enough to get her name, things might be different. Then, maybe, he wouldn't be spending New Year's Eve alone. Well, he had forgotten, so why dream about it.

Shaking off the fit of depression which had come over him, he switched on the light, and getting up, changed to lounging clothes. Selecting a book and lighting his pipe, he settled down for a quiet evening, when a sharp rap was heard at his door. On opening it, he was confronted by a small messenger boy, who handed him an envelope.

"Well," he thought, "I wonder what this is?" Breaking the seal, he drew out an engraved card which read:

"The pleasure of your presence is requested by the Spinsters' Club at their ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S EVE RECEPTION, to be held at the Wichita Country Club on December the thirty-first at 9 o'clock.

"Good old Bob," he exclaimed, "he did get me a bid after all."

"Any answer, Mister?" interrupted a plaintive voice.

"No, I guess not. But wait a minute, who gave this to you to bring here?"

"Oh, there was a lady came in the office and told me to hurry with it."

"Do you know who she was?"

"Gee no, mister, didn't I tell you she just came in and give

it to me and told me to hurry. She sure was a swell looker though."

Seeing there was no chance here of getting information as to whom had invited him to the dance, he slipped a bill into the hand of the waiting boy, and was given "Thanks, a Happy New Year, Mister."

Once more his spirits were up in the clouds. He glanced at his watch and saw that he would have to hurry to get to the club on time. Rushing thru his dressing, he was soon ready, and calling a taxi, he gave the driver instructions to drive to the Country Club with as much speed as possible. When he entered the club he was directed to the smoking room, where the male guests had assembled. Spotting his friend Bob in the crowd, he hailed him and thanked him for securing the invitation.

"Don't thank me, Jim, I didn't get you any invitation."

"You didn't! Then who did?"

"I don't know. Must be some girl in the club who knows you."

"But I tell you I didn't even know the club existed until you mentioned it tonight."

"Well, you have one and you are here, so why worry? You'll be given a number in a moment, and then you must find the girl who has the same number. She will be the one from whom you received your invitation, and she will be your partner for the evening."

Just then the numbers were handed out. Jim found his to be thirteen. Well, that didn't mean a thing to him. His luck was good, and no thirteen could spoil it for him. They were requested to form a line, each one taking the position in the line that accorded with his number.

The orchestra started to play "Hail, the Conquering Hero." As the line entered the ballroom, each guest was joined by a member of the club, and after promenading around the hall, the orchestra shifted from the march strain to a popular fox trot and the floor was soon covered with dance-loving couples.

As Jim was joined by his partner of the evening, he asked to whom he was indebted for the invitation.

"Why surely you know me. You haven't forgotten me have you?"

"I must confess that you have the better of me. That cute little mask you have on, spoils what little chance I had of recognizing you."

"Be patient, you know everything comes to him who waits. We will have to unmask at supper."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to be patient, but tell me, why did you send me the invitation?"

"Oh, revenge is sweet."

Revenge! Ye gods and goddesses, what had he ever done to this fair young maid. As the evening progressed, he studied his companion. Who was she? Surely he knew her. He had heard that voice somewhere. But who was she? The more he tried to find out, the more those eyes laughed at him. Who could she be? Where had he known her? Why had she invited him? Such thoughts as these bewildered his mind for the next couple of hours. But at last came the signal for the supper, and what was more important to him, the time for unmasking. Now he should find out who his unknown friend was.

He was so anxious to help her unmask that his fingers seemed all thumbs. But finally the trick was done, and he saw a smiling face lifted up to him.

"Well, Mr. Anxious, do you know who I am now?"

The look of puzzlement which had been on his face all evening gave way to one of bewilderment. Who was this girl? There was something familiar about her. Where had he seen that smiling face before? It wasn't anyone he had met since coming to Wichita, and he was equally certain that it was not anyone he knew at home. Who could she be? Might as well throw himself on her mercy and confess that she had him in a hole.

"Say, who are you, anyway? I know I have met you, but

when and where, is beyond me. Your name slips my mind. Try as I will, I cannot recall it."

"Recall it, why you never knew it."

"Oh, but, I must have, I am sure I have met you some place."

"Yes, perhaps I can help your memory. You know once upon a time, there was a girl who went to a dance given for a college glee club, and during the evening she met and danced with the famous football captain, but he had met so many girls that evening, that he didn't show enough interest to ask her name."

"I know who you are now. I knew those eyes had smiled at me before. I must thank you for the invitation. But how is it I haven't met you in Wichita before?"

"Oh, I have been away teaching school, and only came home yesterday. I was talking with Tess tonight. She told me about Bob trying to fix things up for you. I found out it was the famous halfback of other years, so not saying anything to Tess, I sent the invitation. Are you glad?"

"You're tooting I am; but where does the revenge come in?"

"Oh, I said 'Revenge is sweet.' See?"

And he saw.

Charles H. Young, Jr., '25.

Spectre

When once at eve I walked alone

In twilight's fairy afterglow,

From out the dusk there came a moan

Quite sad and weird and long and low.

And through the stillness of the night

Came bitter words, so filled with hate

They sped the fleeting ray of light.

"Youth I am, he who flees from Fate."

John J. Hayes, '27.

HAPPINESS

IT seems to me that all men, after a fashion, are simply other Ponce de Leons, persistently searching for some greatly desired object. We all crave the much-sought-for Spirit of Happiness, and we are willing—oh, greatly so—to go miles and miles out of our way in order that we might satisfy our primary longing. Even as far as poor Ponce went if we thought that, in the end, we would be able to attain our single ambition.

Ponce de Leon believed that he would find real Happiness in Eternal Youth, so he sought the Fount which he thought would forever keep the gray beard from his chin. Possibly he was right in so thinking, but, since no one has yet found this Fount, it is impossible for us to know whether or not true Happiness is to be enjoyed only by the Eternal Youth. Others, such as Aquinas, have resorted to books as the genuine dispensers of perfect Joy, while numerous others follow Dante into the realm of Poetry to search for the Treasured Quest. Then again, we hear of many pledging their allegiance to Art as did Raphael, or to Architecture or Sculpture as did Michael Angelo, all imbued with the same ardent feeling—to obtain Happiness. Many others felt—and so do many now feel—that the elusive Spirit must be captured only in the study of the Sciences or in the office of Teaching, just as Albertus Magnus was impressed. To the class of Charlemagne many another belongs, since he is of the opinion that only Rulers know what it is to be truly happy, while opposed to these we have the champions of Napoleon, who believe with him that only the gratifying of selfish ambition can induce the Retiring Mood to share itself. Then consider the mighty host of Shakespearian neophytes, (whom I oftentimes deem the most disillusioned of all)—seranading the Universally Beloved with their humble pens.

Nor are these all, for we have the Columbuses, the Luthers, the Raleighs, the Lenins, the Washingtons, the

Lincolns, the Wilsons, each of whom seeks Happiness in his particular field of endeavor. To these must be added the glorious Unknown Hero and his innumerable Warrior Companions and their archenemy, the Wartime Profiteer. Also, in modern days, we have the Gompers and Rockefellows and Fords and Bryans, all longing for the Happy Spirit, but each seeking it in a different sphere of enterprise.

Does it not appear strange that all these men—each in the same quest—should have chosen such varied labors in which to find Happiness? Surely, real Joy cannot possibly be found in every occupation. Nor can it be said that the Happiness of the Student will be similiar to that of the Stenographer, or of the Athlete, or Engineer, or Clerk. The Convict, if he has Happiness, cannot compare his to the Saint's, nor the Plumber to the Banker's. These thoughts, then, compel us to question ourselves: what is real Happiness? Do all experience the same degrees of the feeling? Does it arise from different sources? Has it not a common and special origin?

If we were not asking what real Happiness is, the answer to the first question would be as varied as there are different characters in the world. But, since we do not ask for one individual's definition of Happiness rather than the universal meaning of the word, we find ourselves somewhat at sea to pick out a comprehensive explanation of the term. The first understanding we come to is that the word must imply a certain contentment with life in general; and, of course, that means that the happy one is essentially at peace, first, with his God, and second, with his fellowman. It is impossible to conceive a real, true Happiness in which either of the above qualities is lacking. Naturally resulting from contentment with life there has to be a particular joy in living it; that is to say, since we are content—not necessarily satisfied—and since we find a joy in living, we must have a desire to live longer in this state of Happiness. This is so because we are at peace with men. But, no matter how much we may want to live because of this joy, we must never be impressed that it were better to live than to die.

And this is true because we are friends with our Maker. It would indeed be a queer kind of Happiness which would reject the joys of an eternal Heaven in preference to the delights of a mortal Earth. Thus we come to the first conclusion that real Happiness is primarily dependent upon the condition of our hearts. The good may be happy, but the evil never.

We then query whether everyone feels the identical amount of Happiness. At first thought it must be apparent that not all experience the same degrees of the feeling, but that the sensation is dependent on circumstances of environment and intelligence. Granted that two girls—one very poor and the other exceptionally wealthy—were identical in goodness of heart, does it appeal to you that, when both were presented with a fifty dollar wrist watch, both would be possessed of the similar degree of Happiness? Is it not more natural to believe that the poorer child would find greater joy in her gift, since it is possibly the first watch she ever had, while the daughter of the rich may have received three or four such gifts before this one? Then, too, as an expected outcome of the conditions of environment, we have the question of intelligence taking an active part in deciding the proportion of the sensation of Happiness. It is more than sufficiently evident that a cannibal would never enjoy flying in an airplane, while a Wall Street banker could never relish a meal mixed by the foot of the cannibal's wife. Then, we draw our second inference—that an identical degree of Happiness is not produced in two individuals by the same sensation, but that the proportion of the feeling depends on the environment and intellectual attainments of the individual.

The next question is, "Whence Happiness?" Of course, its first source is found in God, but is there not some act on our part that induces the Creator to bless us with this prized gift? Indeed there is and this act is labor. It is when we are busy in some sort of work that we find we are most likely to be in a happy mood, because contentment cannot exist where there is laziness, and contentment is the prerequisite of real Happiness. Having our mind engaged pre-

cludes the possibility of lacking action, but, if we were not active, it must be apparent that we could not be content, for restlessness sets in where there is inactivity, and not being content we could not be Happy. So we come to the decision that the secondary source of this greatly desired quality is to be found in work. But is there not some special kind of labor that will produce Happiness more effectively than any other kind? To this we answer in the affirmative. Since there are different degrees of this quality there must be certain activities that result in a more marked degree of the mood. After a little thought we come to the opinion that the special type of labor meant is sacrifice. And why should it be sacrifice? Because, plainly enough, this kind of work is more pleasing to God, the Author of Happiness, since by working for others at the sacrifice of our own interests we are but practicing those qualities of unselfishness, humble mortification, and brotherly love, which Christ taught us.

Hence, to our final point. If we wish to be genuinely happy while on earth, we must, first, be at peace with God and our human brothers. And then, provided we labor in loving sacrifice, will we find the only true and lasting Happiness—not the kind the world knows, but the sincere Happiness of Peace.

Stephen M. Murray, '27.




Celeste

Some fairy princess sweet
Art thou, Celeste;
Or Helen's kin to greet
This Paris' quest.
And more; a violet lone
With beauty fair and charm untouched! Pure flower
From Venus sent, or Juno's bower,
Thou art, Celeste, my own.

E. George Cloutier, '27

THE OBSERVER

S a rule, we respectfully listen to the words of a noted educator. Because of the responsible position he has attained, we assume that his knowledge is fairly broad. Possibly, then, it becomes that educator's duty to think twice before he speaks, since his dictates are as so many articles of faith to a multitude of people. When speaking on delicate topics he must be doubly careful; especially if he desires to maintain his authoritative position.

A man who chooses for his subject of discourse, the question of the relative worth of peoples, and their adaptability to American citizenship standards, is treading on uncertain ground. As yet, mankind has not learned, thoroughly, how to tread on uncertain ground, and certainly the perfection of this undeveloped art, does not lie within the province of an individual educator, regardless of his personal and local greatness. This educator, speaking in an eastern city, asserted that a certain race does not assimilate, and that another stock has not yet been assimilated into the American nationality. Aside from the fact that one can find countless members of both these maligned peoples who are model Americans, there still remains, apart from the falsity of the gentleman's statement, the puerile practice of discussing racial worth. To avoid such method of discourse, is to apply, in a universal manner, the admirable practice of tending strictly to ones own affairs.

Who is a capable or fit arbitrator to set a criterion by which model Americans are to be judged? What man is there, sufficiently reckless, who will point his finger at any one stock, and declare that they are genuine Americans; all others but infringements on their holy copyright? There is no man sufficiently wise to act in the former case; and none so foolish, as to attempt the latter. Every stock of people is an integral factor in the maintenance of our Re-

public. Every stock is fully capable of producing men whom we are proud to call fellow-Americans. In fact, every race *has* produced them. A man, who in public address, attempts to adjudicate the worth of various peoples to America, should either be silenced or ignored. It does not take very long for people whose minds have no considerable breadth, to take up this dangerous topic, and apply the flaming torch of racial hatred to the American national structure. Some people are wholly unaware when they are tramping heavily on dangerous ground. They need to be warned—very emphatically. The country has had a surfeit of these individuals and organizations, whose only aim was the segregation of the very races that make up the American national unit. Educators, as well as others, can leave this question severely alone. Every man has it in his power to become a good American, and it matters not what blood flows in his veins. Do not criticize harshly the way your neighbor sings the *Star Spangled Banner*. Try and learn the second verse yourself.

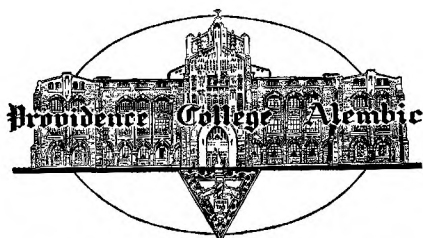
We are used to the simile of the melting pot in describing the manner of racial assimilation into the American unit. Such, in a way, is inexact. A man can be just as truly American if he remembers and cherishes the traditions of his native soil, than if he had these remembrances boiled out of him. The ideals that made him a loyal subject of a former sovereign, will make him a true American. The result of the melting pot is a mass devoid of individual color and characteristics. This country is emphatically not a melting pot. We are not a group of colorless individuals, expressionless, and inert. The same spirit that prompted our ancestors to form lasting traditions in a foreign land, must be kept alive, to enable us to produce a fervent national ardor here.

A noted educator—not the same one who made the injudicious remarks described previously—once likened this country to a fabric, in the weaving of which, the children of every clime had partaken. They are colorful threads that are conjoined to others to form a beautiful design. Here

every national characteristic is preserved, and all are woven together into a picturesque whole. This figure is more aptly drawn. We refuse to be a melting pot into which is dumped every conceivable ingredient. Here, where there is no careful plan, no worthwhile design results. The melting pot idea would put all its trust in fate—and a nation does not succeed when it trusts solely in fate.

We have thus far mentioned two gentlemen whose business it is to educate the young. While we are still in the mood, let us deal with another. This third made certain remarks concerning that which is his job. He was sufficiently discreet not to talk about things of which he had but a confused notion. This man is a Commissioner of Education—an important and responsible position. He recently advocated that the teaching of religion be placed in the curriculum of the public schools. There never was a greater mistake than that of making the school system God-less. In an attempt to tolerate every religious teaching, they forbade all. Today it is a grave misdemeanor to mention the name of the Creator in the classroom. It might offend some child's sensibilities to be told that he, and the world, was created by an infinite God. The action of this official cannot be praised too highly. His next step should be to exert every effort in making his idea practicable. The sooner that morality and moral responsibility are infused into the pagan minds of the school children, the better will be the country. To consider that the children of certain religious denominations be taken in charge each week by their particular clergymen, and drilled in their religious fundamentals, gives one satisfaction. It is a better cause for elation than the institution of a third party or the passage of a half dozen new Constitutional amendments.

T. Henry Barry, '25.



VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1925,

NO. 4

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THE NEW YEAR

New Year's Day will have come and gone by the time this issue of the *ALEMBIC* is read, but nevertheless it is necessary to mention the New Year, at least. Countless resolutions will be made on New Year's Eve and countless resolutions will be broken on New Year's Day. So it has been for a long, long time, and so will it be for an equally long time. And after all, what do resolutions amount to, in the average life? Especially New Year's resolutions? Some cynic once remarked that laws were made to be broken, and

the more one sees of resolutions, the more one becomes inclined to think that they serve the same purpose.

When a man—or woman, reaches his or her majority, his life is usually firmly moulded, either one way or the other. It is orderly or disorderly, slovenly or systematized, right or wrong, according to environment and the strength of character of the one living it. As the sapling is bent, so groweth the tree, which is trite, but true. All the resolutions in the world cannot bring about a change in a man's life unless the man himself has the power and the will to change. And that is why so many resolutions are broken, because man, collectively, has not the power and the firmness of will to mend his ways. Where the transformation to be brought about is great, there will human nature show its weakness. its woeful weakness. There have been exceptions, and there will be exceptions, and the power for reformation will continue to struggle, but on every hand there will be the result of man's first weakness. If the sapling of youth is straight and true, and seeks the light of the sun, so will the tree of later life be sturdy and strong, nor will each year mark another series of broken resolutions.

A word to the Freshman! It seems almost painful to have to record the fact that this year's Freshman Class has the least college spirit of all the classes. They started out magnificently by adopting the wearing of the Freshman caps and forming their own debating society, but after these activities their enthusiasm waned and they seemed to retreat into their shells, tortoise-like. To our knowledge the interclass football game was not played; an unheard of thing at Providence. The annual Freshman-Sophomore game was always an outstanding event of the scholastic year, not only to the members of the competing classes, but to the upper-classmen and faculty. Either the Freshman class is composed of *carpet-baggers* (those fellows who take their bundle of volumes and rush downtown to a theatre, or stand on a corner, and never engage in any collegiate activity) or they are stu-

dential jellyfishes, caring not a whit which way the world goes, always following the crowd.

If the Freshmen who refuse to take part in extra-curriculum activities, were leaders in their classes, or lived in the library, or worked after class hours, then there would be a legitimate reason for their not being represented in these endeavors. But they are not. Either they have superiority complexes or inferiority complexes or they are a band of Rip Van Winkles. Listening to some of their conversations soon dispels the idea that they have inferiority complexes, but on the other hand it also discloses the fact that they are not overpowered with their own sense of self-importance. There is but one conclusion. They must be somnambulists, under the sway of hypnosis, and needing someone to bring them to consciousness.

In former years, the *ALEMBIC* has received some very fine writing from the Freshman classes, but this year not one Freshman contribution has been printed. The Sophomore class writes the bulk of the verse, and is ably assisted by the Juniors and Seniors, while the articles and stories are mainly submitted by Seniors. It seems that the Freshman class is the only student group that is shirking. It had been the hope of the present staff of editors to publish one issue of the *ALEMBIC*, written and edited solely by Freshmen, but at the present time, this looks impossible. So far, not one member of the Freshman class is on the staff. There are but five months left in which the Freshmen can redeem themselves. Let us see what the Class of '28 can—and will—do.

Beware! What corresponds to the Ides of **CAVE!** March approaches. In a very short time, the first semester examinations will be upon us. Last year, examinations left some painful memories and a number of young men found themselves devoid of a college in which to pursue the even tenor of their way. This year history may repeat itself—disagreeably. There is only one way to stave off the attack, and that is, attack first. A good offense is the best defense, as any pugilist or football coach will tell you. Every

college in the country is becoming more stringent in its scholastic requirements, and as a consequence, the student bodies will have to study more and work a little harder. Which will not hurt the members of the student bodies to any appreciable extent.

The faculty has gone more than half way by warning those needing warning, and it most certainly will be their own fault if they fail to heed the kind advice. In the few remaining weeks, study methodically, not in long stretches and then none at all, but map out your work according to a fixed schedule. Put forth an honest effort and your conscience will be satisfied. A word to the wise is sufficient. Take this preaching for what it is worth.



COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Requiem Mass On Tuesday, December 16, a solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of the soul of Michael J. Galliher, father of the Reverend Dean of Providence College. The celebrant was the Rev. Fr. Noon, assisted by Fathers Jordan and Howley.

The students of Providence College take this opportunity to express their condolences to the Rev. Fr. Galliher on his great loss.

Elks' Memorial On Sunday evening, December 7, the annual Elks Memorial services were held in Providence and Pawtucket, at which the Rev. Fr. Keinberger, O. P., professor of history, delivered the orations.

The Red Cross On Thursday, December 17, Dr. Browning addressed the Senior and Junior classes in behalf of the Red Cross. He impressed upon the students the necessity of knowing how to render first aid. His talk was accompanied by practical demonstration, and was of great interest to his listeners. At the conclusion of his instruction, the students gave evidence of their appreciation by the outburst of applause accorded the speaker.

The Holidays Classes were suspended on December 19, in order that the students might celebrate, in a fitting manner, the feast of the birth of Our Divine Saviour. Many were the "Merry Christmases" and "Happy New Years" that were heard on the day that the student body scattered to their respective homes, in joyous anticipation of the great feast to come.

*The
Mid-Years*

On January 5, the students returned to their classes with happy smiles and good resolutions implanted firmly in their hearts. From now on, their time will be mostly taken up in preparation for the mid-year examinations. To those who have done their work diligently, the test of their knowledge appears as nothing more than a common incident. To those who have not performed their duty, it will be a real hard trial.

Walter E. Reilley, '26.



RESIDUUM

THE WORLD WAS HIS—I GUESS

She sighed and softly whispered "Yes".
Just then, the world was his, I guess.
He tried for months to pass the test,
To gain the object of his quest.
He called each night and brought her flowers;
They passed many happy hours,
But when he'd try to say the word,
He couldn't make himself be heard.
When e'er he'd start, he'd stop and stutter;
He'd try to talk but only mutter.
He'd say, "Fair maid, I want you so
To—to—well, I guess it's time to go."
And thus he acted day by day;
It seemed he'd used up every way,
But then he hit the very thing.
He went right out and bought the ring.
He called that night and felt so brave.
Warm was the greeting that she gave.
They talked a while, till half past nine;
He gave the ring and said "Be mine."
She sighed and softly whispered "Yes."
Just then, the world was his, I guess.

Fred Foley, '27

A PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

(A Short—But Too Long, Story)

In old Egypt where dates are dates, and Fords are places in a river, there lived a great and grandiferous king. His name was King Thesis the First, and he reveled in philosophy. A noble intellect and a bulging forehead had he. The intellect was due to inheritance, and the bulge in his forehead was due to a kick from an abbadabba, which is Egyptian for mule. In his case it was white mule. In other cases it is Ethyl Alcohol.

The King was in search of the Philosopher's Stone, that segment of rock which would be as open sesame to the profoundest of foolosophical secrets. He searched Hither, Thither and Yon, but it was not in any of those countries, so he came back to the Land of Nile Green and Mud Brown, and he consulted the outstanding members of his royal retinue. Among the outstandingest members was the Major with the Undistributed Middle. The Major had an Undistributed Middle because he was too lazy to do anything to distribute it. When it was too hot to remain in his gilded tent, the Maje used to have to journey to the site of the Great Pyramid, because that, and that alone was large enough to cast a shade commensurate with the gargantuan bulk of the Major's Undistributed Middle. But the Major was a Philosopher; he was a philosopher not *per accidens*, but substantially, *realiter, non compus sui*, and cold turkey.

"Oh, soporific and somnambulant Major, great man of the huge personal acreage, wottest thou not of the Philosopher's Stone?" said the King.

"I don't know' wot you're talking about, Bolony, Old Boy," answered the Major. He always called the King, Bolony, Old Boy. The King was deaf. He could read lips only through the sign language, that is, *id est*, i. e., by waving a lipstick. At this, the King was pleased. He shouted, "On

with his earlaps, and off with his head!" But then the King changed his mind.

"Hold," he said, "instead, you will have to draw a conclusion from two particulars."

"I cannot, King. I never took drawing lessons! And besides, yes, there are no particulars, that is, universally speaking."

"A vast, ye varlet! *Operatio sequitur esse*. (Which translated fluidly from the original Egyptian means: Operation follows consultation—and embalming closely follows both.) Tie a millstone about his scrawny neck and cast him into the Nile with the rest of the crackerdiles. If his neck stretches—why—why—it's rubber!

And from that day to this, boys and girls, the philosopher's rock has been a millstone rampant on a human neck. *Id quod est; id quod agit, tempus fidget*, and U'll have coffee.

Henry C. Nyl, '25.

And what is Life after all, but a long, long sidewalk thickly strewn with fresh, banana skins.

Reporter to City Editor: Say, a fella is going to be swallowed by a whale in Times Square this afternoon. Shall I get a story on it?

City Editor: No, don't bother. That ain't news. Now if he was going to swallow the whale, that would be different. That would be news.

Wonder what Ben Turpin would do with a crossword puzzle?

OUR OWN X-WORD PUZZLE

What is it that comes in a letter—but not frequently?
Checks from home.

OWED TO A SNOWBIRD

I am the Snowbird!
Strange, uncouth; unknown to majesty
I bear upon my broken frame the print
Of needle keen.
Sometimes the stuff I snuff, deep-laden
With pleasant dreams.
And journey, scarlet-winged, from earth.

I am the Snowbird!
Maddened, venom'd scorpion am I
I swallow junks of poison
In my chimerical maw,
And hurl my hopes of happiness
Upon a Styx-like shore.
A gasping, fluttering thing, a slave
Am I, the Bird that blooms in the Snow!

Joseph A. Pierce, '26.

THE TONGUE OF ART

Greek, Greek, Greek!
How I loath thy name and thee!
And I would that I might sputter
The hatred inspired in me!

Oh, well for the carefree fellow,
Who idles the moments away;
Oh, well for the sportive youth
Stepping out with his sweetie in play.

And the tide of life sweeps on,
Bearing them to happy domains,
But I, poring over the Grecian page,
Am repaid with a flunk for my pains.

Greek, Grek, Greek!
What a curse to the race and me!
With the squandered time that on thee I have spent,
What a whale of a poet I'd be!

John L. McCormick, '27.

EXCHANGE

THE OZANAM

SEVERAL college publications have included in their written concerning the life and works of Joseph endeavors, articles and essays on the two leading literary lights who died recently. Much has been Conrad and Anatole France. Many authors retain a warm place in their hearts for Conrad, while France is athematized, derided, and assigned to a most fitting repository where all of his ilk ultimately find repose. One of the best we have received up to date, and let us assure you patient reader that we have received a goodly number, was an article on Conrad in the first quarterly of *The Ozanam*. A very interesting article this is! Conrad deserves all the laudation rendered him. He was a meticulous writer. He was hailed as a supreme artist by his fellow craftsmen. John Galsworthy declared, following the publication of his first dozen volumes, that their writing is probably the only writing in the last twelve years that will enrich the English language. In May 1923, Mr. Conrad paid his first and only visit to the United States, a visit that was curtailed by illness. After returning to his home in England he wrote that he had "left his heart in America."

The treatment that Anatole France received in *The Ozanam* was similar to that accorded him in many such publications. One paragraph was brought to a sudden conclusion by promising us that the literature of Anatole France "may live to do harm, it cannot do good." Are you skeptical as to whether or not his works will survive? Such self assurance of the final destination of the literature of France is consoling. We admit that it is salacious and it well merited its place on the Index, but we have never witnessed such an exhibition of confidence in its termination. France

was heir to the ironic tradition of Voltaire and Renan. He believed neither in God or man.

Our interest was sustained in *The Morals of The Screen*. The power to boycott cheap movies and unbecoming, realistic musical revues remains in the hands, or rather in the pocket books, of those who patronize them. Will they do it? We cannot commit ourselves. "The moral standards of the screen but reflect the mentality of our people."

The variety of versification was of good quality. *At Elevation* was a well written piece of verse. However, we take exception to the line, "*To fire our smouldering faith.*" The figure of speech was undoubtedly well intended, but we consider our faith something more than smouldering. *The Wandering Fisherman* drew a fine comparison between the regular fisherman, who with his crooked poles and knotted lines, earns his livelihood from this honorable occupation, and the city fellow, who, with fancy paraphernalia, fishes merely for pleasure.

THE AQUINAS PATRICIAN

The *Aquinas Patrician* has enjoyed a metamorphosis from a monthly to a quarterly publication. We are told that it is published for the purpose of developing the "power of expression in our mother tongue among the students." The first quarterly, in many respects, obtains its end. Of the articles, we enjoyed the one advocating the popularization of the Word of God. With the exception of a contraction, which we believe was a typographical error, a discrepancy liable to occur in the best of magazines, it was an excellent piece of literature. Literature can become a potent factor in making the Word of Christ popular. Catholics should recognize the need of making their writings appealing, as the author says, "*present the compelling logic and eternal beauty of Truth in the alluring, comprehensive terms which Error uses.*"

Many people tell us that our Catholic publications, particularly the periodicals, are saturated with Catholicism and soaked with the superfluous. When the students of one of the leading Catholic universities in America, were asked what Catholic book they liked the best, only 229 students essayed

an answer. Some replied that they did not like the ones that they had read; others said that they were dry; and one individual announced that they were neither interesting nor plentiful. Now we are not seeking to deviate from the orthodox path, but there is need for Catholic literature, for literature that will appeal to the people. Certainly it would have great cogency in dispelling many of the modern erratic tendencies, were it written in the alluring style advocated by the author. We congratulate him on his broad minded attitude. "We should not go about knocking people down with crucifixes or strangling them with roasaries. Our method should be that of Christ; He expressed Himself in terms which would appeal and convince."

The short stories were good. We really got a kick out of them. Under the title of one we noticed in print, *A Story*. Did you fear your readers would fail to recognize the fact, or were you underestimating their perspicacity? A surveillance of the joke department showed that the wits and wags lack originality. Poetry, evidently has taken flight. Cannot poetry, the expression of the true, and the beautiful, develop and enhance the power of expression of the students?

THE SCHOLASTIC

A very fine weekly reaches us from the internationally renowned university of Notre Dame. We take for example, *The Scholastic* of the week of November 21. The frontispiece, *Calvary*, was beautiful. Mr. John Chapman, who endeavored to involve Cardinal O'Connell in an historical error, was justly reprimanded in a well written and well constructed editorial. Originality manifested itself in the information given us concerning Papini as a biographer of Christ. We are told that "*The Life of Christ* ' is a great book, a great Catholic book, and its influence is widely felt. To the un-Christian it may mean hope of salvation—to the Christian it may mean salvation." The "bits" of versification were remarkable for their tenacity to the strict metrical form. *Book Leaves* is always interesting. It gives knowledge in a laconic way on modern literary points.

James C. Conlon, '25.



THE 1924 LEADER

No review of the football year that now takes its place alongside three previous ones, can be regarded as complete that leaves out of consideration and congratulation the captain of the team, Frank L. Alford. The glowing fire of his leadership; the more than his best that he put into every play on the field; and the following that he has enjoyed by virtue of his personal magnetism, now stand out as one of the bright features of the 1924 season. Defeat is defeat. Win or lose, a man of Alford's calibre is an inspiration to all Providence athletes. He was the dominant figure on the field and, glorious in spite of defeat, he gave the spirit of Providence College a higher and finer interpretation in the minds of all those people, friends and foes alike, who saw and cheered him.

THE CAPTAIN-ELECT

Henry (Cupid) Reall, regular guard on the Providence teams for the past three seasons, was elected captain of the 1925 eleven. The sentiment of 20 letter men was divided on choice of a successor to Frank L. Alford, the election disclosing two candidates for the laurels. John Triggs, popular halfback, backbone of the eleven's offense and defense, and teammate of Reall's for three years, was defeated for the honors. Election of Reall to the captaincy makes the third successive lineman to be selected for leadership of White and Black gridiron teams. Alford paired with Reall as a guard. William Connor, inspiring chief of the 1923 machine, was a tackle. The first captain, Joseph McGee, was a halfback.

While the season, ending in the 67 to 0 victory over Cooper Union, was far from successful, the new leader foresees a broad ray of hope for the next campaign. He admits the schedule arranged is the hardest yet drawn up for a Providence eleven but optimistically prophesies a reversal of form, a reversal to winning form. An entire first team, with the exception of Alford, will return to constitute the nucleus of the next team. Success is wished the new leader, as praise is bestowed on his predecessor.

Players on the 1924 team awarded letters were Frank Alford, '25; John Groucke, '25; Patrick Vallone, '27; Henry Reall, '26; Vincent Connor, '28; Chester Sears, '27; John Murphy, '27; Timothy O'Leary, '28; Peter Manning, '27; Joseph Smith, '28; Thomas Cullen, '26; Hector Allen, '28; Edgar Wholey, '26; Francis Kempf, '26; Francis Ward, '27; James McGeough, '26; John Triggs, '26; Thomas Bride, '27; Thomas Delaney, '27, and Manager Vernon C. Norton, '25.

1925 SCHEDULE

Providence College will take to the road in 1925, playing each of the games arranged with leading Eastern collegiate institutions on foreign gridirons. The schedule, far more ambitious than that which characterized the 1924 campaign, at present embraces eight contests. Syracuse University producing yearly one of the leading football machines in the country, will entertain the White and Black on October 24, one week before the annual battle with Boston College.

After opening the Eagles' campaigns for two seasons, the White and Black was given the sixth date on the Chestnut Hillers' program. Meeting both of the Jesuit Colleges in New England, Providence will play Fordham University on October 3, Holy Cross College a week later, and Boston College on October 31. The meeting of Holy Cross follows a year's lapse in gridiron activities, while the engagement with Boston University is the first in three years.

The schedule, two open dates of which are tentatively filled, is as follows:

Sept. 26—Open.

Oct. 3—Fordham University at New York

- Oct. 10—Holy Cross at Worcester.
Oct. 17—Open
Oct. 24—Syracuse University at Syracuse.
Oct. 31—Boston College at Boston.
Nov. 7—Colgate University at Hamilton.
Nov. 14—Boston University at Boston.
Nov. 21—Springfield at Springfield.
Nov. 26—St. John's College at Brooklyn.

THE COACHING SITUATION

Retirement of Fred H. Huggins as coach of the Providence College football team, made known two days before the mentor himself announced to the general public, through the press, that he had resigned, concludes the first era of development of White and Black teams under the guidance of a collegiate gridiron luminary who was not a product of the institution which enlisted his services. A span of four years, bridging the White and Black's auspicious entrance into gridiron competition with its unsuccessful exit of the season just closed, marked Mr. Huggins's coaching. For the first three campaigns he produced teams that planted the Providence colors firmly in the collegiate spotlight. His fourth year did not maintain the average he built up in the previous three. While the retirement of Mr. Huggins marks the passing of the coach who devoted four years' work to upbuilding White and Black football machines, it likewise points the way to the divide—the road to the left leading to continuance of the present system of having the mentor produced from a leading Eastern institution; and the road to the right leading to adoption of the graduate player coaching system.

Although many of the students favor adoption of the idea of turning to the right, it is generally conceded that a first-class schedule demands a graduated player who has had experience in developing smooth-running gridiron machines. Anyway, before the students create pre-season interest in the baseball team, they will be told the 1925 coach of the football team.

Vernon C. Norton, '25.

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