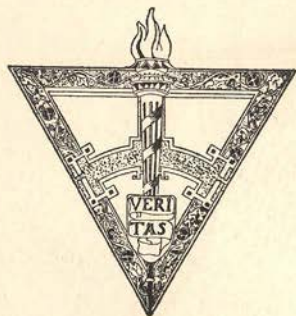


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VOL. 6

JANUARY, 1926

NO. 4

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Hills

Dim distant hills where a swift swallow lingers
Poised in mid-flight 'twixt your tops and sky,
Are you as dreams which fade when earthly fingers
Reach to touch you, soon to vanish and to die?

Are you but dreams? Does distance's charm enchant you?
Weaving her spell with beauty's fairest sheen
Approached from afar will dullness soon displant you,
Destroy your turquoise, make grotesque your green?

They say you are but forms of man's illusion,
They who have known the world's plain wilful way.
Then here's a dreamer content with delusion
Here afar you rise full fair and here afar I'll stay.

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

The Songster of Erin

IT WAS characteristic of Tom Moore's work that almost all of it possesses the grace of finish which makes it, as Moore himself said "intended rather to be sung than read." Just how great was the worth of his versification might be estimated from the beautiful tribute paid to him by Samuel Lover, one of the greatest of Ireland's poets when he said: "To the finest national music in the world he wrote the finest lyrics; and if Ireland never produced, nor should ever produce, another lyric poet, sufficient for her glory is the name of Thomas Moore."

The soft touching melody of "The Last Rose of Summer" is often heard flowing from the lips of those about us even in these days of jazzy syncopation and I doubt if there are any who will refuse to concede that its beauty never fails to appeal. Yet the author of this and other equally beautiful melodies has never had the flaring advertisements that herald the introduction of modern songs. Leaving only the merits of his work to secure their popularity, he passed beyond the doors of life many years ago. But after him lived the touching harmony that he had created. Years have passed down along the corridors of time and have failed to dim the glory of the songster of Erin.

But the music, the delicacy and pathos of these lyrics were not attained without great effort as the following anecdote will illustrate: Moore was visiting a literary friend in France and while there wrote a short poem. One day while the guest was engaged in his literary labour the two took a stroll into a near-by wood. The host soon perceived that his companion was given up to his own thoughts; he was silent and abstracted, noticing neither his friend nor the surrounding beauties of the landscape. Bye and bye he began to gnaw at the finger-tips of his glove pulling and twitching at them spasmodically. After a time his friend ventured to inquire what his trouble was. "I'll tell you," said Moore, "I have left at home on my table, a poem in which there is a word I do not like. The line is perfect save for that one word and that one word is perfect save its inflection. Thus it is"—and he repeated

the line. The friend saw the need—saw where and how the present word jarred just the slightest bit upon the exquisite harmony of the cadence but he could not supply the want. They cudgelled their brains but without avail. The rest of the day was spent as usual, as was the evening except that often Moore would sink into fits of silence in pursuit of the missing word and so came on the night. The poet went to bed in a deep study. The following morning he came from his chamber, with a scrap of paper in his hand, and a glorious light in his eyes. He had awakened during the night and the genius of inspiration had visited his pillow. He had got up and torn a scrap from his note book, and at his window by the light of the moon had made the thought secure. "There," he said, "there it is — only a simple, single word, a word as common as a, b, c, and yet it cost me twelve hours of unflagging labour to find it, and put it where it is."

If some of Moore's verse seems artificial and laboured it is not through lack of application and his short lyrics when sung, are certainly unmatched in their music. With reference to Moore as a song writer Shelley humbly said "I am proud to acknowledge my own inferiority" and Byron wrote "Moore has a peculiarity of talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own and an expression in each which never was, nor will be possessed by another." Rogers very quaintly remarked that Moore was born "with a rose in his lips and a nightingale singing on the top of his bed."

On the best of his Irish Melodies Moore himself has offered these memorable comments: "My fame, whatever it is, has been acquired by touching the harp of my country, and is, in fact, no more than the echo of the harp."

On the personal appearance of the man who paid his country this beautiful tribute, Leigh Hunt says: "His forehead was bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit, large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes were as dark and as fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good humored, with dimples. Jeffery calls him "The sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefullest creature that ever set fortune at defiance."

An insight into the thoughts of this great Irish Bard may be had through a glimpse at some of the quaint stories and interesting allusions contained in his journal. We find the following:

Sept. 21, 1826. "Quoted apropos of Selina Locke's eyes, the saying of a Spanish poet to a girl 'lend me your eyes for tonight; I want to kill a man.'"

Oct. 25, 1826. At Miss White's, while Head was describing the use of the lasso in catching men as well as animals, Luttrell said: "The first syllable of it had caught many a man."

Aug. 19, 1826. "Took Bessie (his wife) to hear mass at Wardour; the first time she ever saw Catholic service performed. The music as usual raised me to the skies but my simple-minded Bessie was shocked by the gaudy ceremonies and the gesticulations of the mass, and even the music, much as she feels it, could not reconcile her to the gold garments of the priest."

In the conclusion of his book "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," Moore pays the following beautiful tribute to the Catholic Church: "In the shadow of Thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who would pry into their recesses."

A glimpse of his wit and humor we can see in "The Fudge's in England." A typical quotation being from the "letter:" "From Larry O'Branigan in England to His Wife in Mullinafad."

"Dear Judy, I sind you this bit of a letther,
By mail-coach conveyance—for want of a betther,
To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin at Mullinafad
Och, Judy, that night; when the pig which we meant
To dry-nurse, in the parlour, to pay off the rent
Julianna, the crayther—the name was the death of her
Give us the shlip and we saw the last breath of her
And there were the childher, six innocent sowl's
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls
While yourself, my dear Judy (though greivin's a folly)
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy
Cryin' half for the craythur and half for the money
'Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowl'd you my honey.'"

While this is typical of Moore's wit and humor, it can be in no way compared to the beautiful verse which he wrote in his book of Irish Melodies among which we find the beautiful, though not so extensively quoted as some others.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts, like thy waters be mingled in peace.

It is verses such as these that endeared Thomas Moore to the people of the world; it was the lilting melody that flooded his poetry that lifted him to his station of eminence among the writers of the world. It is the soothing tenderness of his verse that captured the love of all those who had read his work; it is superb musical talent coupled with the genius that filled his efforts that will continue to endear him to the lovers of good literature long after the songs of today have faded into oblivion.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

Buddha

Dully beneath the sun he sits
Swift past his face the swallow flits
Returning to pluck his eye.

A senseless clod of dirt,
Nor smile, nor feel of hurt,
For mankind's stricken plea.

Drenched by the pouring, driving rain
Scorched by the blazing sun again,
Buddha is clay.

E. George Cloutier, '27.

Gesturea

A babbling infant, crib-enclosed
Lifts tiny arms to night-swept skies
With petulant swift-fading cries
For stars.

A dying sinner, anguish scarred
Hand raises, supplicates and falls
With lips, pain-twisted, gasping calls
For God.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

Ananias, The Second

"All right, all right, all right! I said I'd go, didn't I? Well, then, what's the big idea? You women are all the same—get what you want, and then have to argue on how you almost didn't. I said I'd go, and I'll go—but not willingly. And let me tell you one thing, the next time some friend drops into town, get someone else to tote her to the dances—after my last experience I'm through,—understand? Through."

"I understand, Bill, ol' top—more than you think I do. Just cause Sue turned you down you've sort of soured on womankind. But be a good sport to Peg and I'll cross my heart to die if I ever ask any more favors. Just see that she has a good time tonight and I'll be grateful forevermore."

Forevermore—you don't know the meaning of the word. Every time's going to be the last with you but this is, and there's no subjunctive there. Just fasten up this tie and tell me once more what she looks like."

"She looks, my darling brother, just what she is—the sweetest, demurest, darlinest little——"

"Cut out the superlatives and tell me facts—what does she look like? I've never seen the girl before and am I supposed to ask every girl in the waiting room if she's Peg Sanderson before I find Peg?"

"No, indeedy, little one—Peg has eyes—blue as the sky; lips—red as a rose; nose—cute as the deuce; hair—brown as a thrush; head——"

"Empty as a vacuum if she's anything like the usual run of your friends. Hasn't she any distinguishing mark about her—a mole on her nose or something?"

"She has no moles—but the deepest of dimples; you'll know her; she's not at all like the usual run, as you call them; she's straight from the country where men are men and women get their complexion from the great outdoors; she hasn't any sly mannerisms to terrify with; this is the first regular city dance she's been to. In her letter she wrote that she was thrilled to death to come to New

my headquarters—called the gang, gave each one his orders and then—there you are.”

“You mean you’re the masked bandit who single handed held up the train and defied the three guards?”

“Three guards? There were eight of them. And I’m the man who defied them—defied them, I say. And how? Entirely by boldness—Boldness, I say.”

“And you’re the man who single handed held up the bank in Durham the other night?”

“I’m the man.”

“And you’re the man who all alone robbed the express station and laughed as he made his getaway from the two sentinels?”

“Two? There were seven of them—and I disappeared in the darkness with only a mocking laugh left behind.” (He’d read something like that in a Detective Story Magazine.)

“O, Bill—you’re wonderful; why, everyone is reading about you and talking about you and I know you.”

“Sure you do—you know me. Do you want me to tell you about that raid on the express station the other night? It was like this—I just happened to be walking down that way—couldn’t sleep—adventure called. I walked down that way—overheard the sentinels talking about the shipment of gold that had arrived—felt in my pocket for my gun but discovered I’d left it at home. But what cared I? Nothing. I took my handkerchief out of my pocket——”

“The one I made for you?”

“The one you made for me. I tied it over my chin — pulled down my hat—walked up to the guards and punched each one in the chin; down went each one; in I walked; did up the seven inside guards and walked out with the gold.”

“But what did you do with the gold?”

“What did I do with the gold? What—did—I—do—with—the gold?”

“Yes, what did you do with the gold?”

“Threw it in the river; I don’t rob for gold—just for the joy of adventure.”

“Yes, adventure.”

“Fearless in the face of danger.”

“My hero!”

Following this breaking of the ice Bill and Peg forsook the

movies and the libraries—his tales first-hand were by far the more exciting—Bill held Peg spellbound while he recounted the workings of his master-mind and pictured his valor in the face of great odds. His strength was as the strength of ten because his imagination was good. And at last he asked the great question—would she marry him? Would she? She admired him—so much (with gasps of complete worship), and was so proud of his splendid courage; his utter lack of fear she marvelled at, but she couldn't marry a bandit; what would all her folks say? And even if they didn't know, she couldn't marry a bandit; he might get shot while banditing or something. And if he ever did get caught, what would she do? No, she couldn't marry a bandit; love one—yes; but marry one—no.

Poor Bill! He couldn't tell her it was all a lie cause she had often held forth on the glory of truth as well as the glory of adventure. No, he couldn't tell her it was all a lie. He'd just have to let her go—but no! Another brain throb and he saw light.

For a week he didn't see his lady fair and then the night before she was to leave for the great open spaces again he called at her aunt's hotel apartment. She greeted him sadly but humbly as became a superman. They talked—about the weather; the congested stores; the latest dances—but never a word of bandits. And then he gave her a package—a simple looking book—entitled "As Told By a Seventh Rate Author" and therein she read of his adventures—just as he had told them to her. But she didn't understand. So once more he pulled himself together and told her—

"I have a confession to make, Peg."

"A confession?"

"Yes, a confession."

Silence.

"Yes, I've a confession to make, Peg."

"A confession?"

"Yes, a confession. I'm not a bandit—I'm an author."

"An author?"

"Yes, an author. And all those stories I told you I made up."

"You lied?" sadly.

"Lie? Not I!" proudly. "Never—I simply told you all those things to see if you'd believe them—and when you did I knew they were pretty good so I decided to put them into my book."

"You decided to put them into your book?"

"Yes—don't you see those are by 'Bill Farlane?' I've always

wanted to write—and when you believed my stories of adventure I knew I could—so I did.”

“My hero!”

“Will you marry me?”

“I will.”

“But, Bill, I’ve a confession to make.”

“A confession?”

“Yes, I’ve a confession to make?”

“A confession?”

“Yes, a confession—I never did like bandits—I’m scared to death of them—hate them—but I didn’t want to let anyone in this big town know what a coward I was so I pretended to love wild things—I hate adventure; don’t write any more, will you?”

“Certainly not, darling—if you don’t want me to.”

And in his joy at winning his dimpled wife—and a life free from the curse of bandits and authoring, he didn’t even think of the five hundred dollars he’d paid to have the book printed—only one, cause even if he could have 500 done as cheaply as one, who in—the dickens would want the other 499?

John J. O’Brien, ’26.

It Could Be

If we were only poets
A happy world 'twould be,
We'd view the brilliant sunsets
In joy and ecstasy.

In storms we'd think of rainbows,
In sorrow and in pain
We'd wait until the wind blows
That brings the sun again.

The babbling brook's soft murmur
To us would be a song,
Of some fair ardent lover
Unmindful of the throng.


We'd see in every menial
The likeness of a God.
We'd try to be more genial
Though sad the path we trod.

We'd search out every hero
Though hidden be his fame,
And round the world we'd echo
The glory of his name.

We'd sit and dream of meadows
Of flowers and of morn,
Until death's darkling shadows
Our fading eyes adorn.

Edwin C. Masterson, '28

The Medium of Life

 HERE is only a short sentence in my diary concerning the event upon which this story is based: "August 2—I arose early. At noon I went in for a swim. Not many people around—water cold—I sat on the beach in the sun. Saw one of the bathers give signs of exhaustion and went to his aid just in time. Afterwards he gave me his card and I promised to call when I returned to town."

It seemed to me that it was the shortest street in the world and all of the houses were centuries old. However, I had little difficulty in finding the right address. There it was; with the name glaring in large block letters "Tasha Bey, Medium." A medium, or in fact anyone who deals with magic, has always been a source of interest to me, mystery and its agents have always held an allurements for me. So I ascended the stairs to the second floor and came to a door painted in Oriental style. It possessed neither bell nor knocker but as I stepped upon a small rug before the door, it opened noiselessly as if it dumbly invited the visitor to enter the sanctum.

I entered and the faint perfume of incense was everywhere evident. The walls were clothed with heavy silk draperies. Everything was Oriental. A large glass globe swung from the ceiling and shed a weird light which illuminated scores and scores of odd decorations that lined the walls and corners.

As yet no one had come to welcome me, so thinking that I was alone for the time being, I crossed the room in order to examine the huge crystal which occupied the center of a small table. While I stood intent in my study of the paraphernalia of the medium a strange feeling came over me—I felt some one watching me. I turned suddenly and met the gaze of a tall, suave-appearing Oriental dressed in a white robe, red cap and red slippers peering out from beneath the long robe.

He stared at me a moment and then moved quickly to the incense burners, over which he began to make peculiar signs. Soon I saw smoke arising from the bowls and as it reached the ceiling a

near-by tower clock struck the hour and somewhere in the Holy of Holies a silver chime sounded.

Then the only light in the room went out and I was terribly frightened for the long awaited moment had come at last. Then out of the darkness a dim light began to appear and a vague shape took form; again the silver chime sounded and then a soft voice whispered to me a word of greeting.

Gradually the light above us began to grow brighter and then I looked upon the dark features of the medium. "So you have honored me at last," he said in a whisper, "and now I will try to repay you for your kindness.

"I know why you have come to me—it is the same question you will ask as hundreds similar to you come and ask. Always it concerns the problems of Life; for what else is there in Life but to know the things of life. Perhaps it might be a matter of wealth, love or honor but always the questions will hinge on the problem of life and truthfully I will tell you all the things I see in the lines of your hands for there are the secrets for all those who will look and if I am able to show you your defects and make you realize the fact that life will be made happier both for yourself and for all those whom you call friends then I will consider myself to have repaid you."

His sharp, beady eyes stared into my frightened face and he tried to reassure me that there was nothing to cause fear.

So I placed my hands on the black table and he studied them for many minutes.

"It seems to me that the lines of your hand show that you are very selfish—in your mind no one has a place but yourself. You never give a thought for anyone and you never go into anything or do anything unless you will get your full share in return. But you will find that in life you must just not be selfish—you do not gain anything by being so mean—so miserly—rather you lose in the end and finally when you are called to make a reckoning you will lose everything. "Life cannot and never will be one continual round of pleasure and sunshine, for if we had continual happiness then we would lose the real spirit of being contented with life—but fate has so decreed that our lives will be a mixture of the bitter and the sweet so that after a storm the glorious sunshine will always appear more beautiful than it ever did before.

"So my friend, strive to drive away that foolish pride and try

to bring contentment into the hearts of all those with whom you come into contact and then indirectly you will find that in the end you will possess a fortune of happiness. And you are so afraid—the fear line of your hands speaks much to those who will listen; truly you fear too much but some day you will awake and find yourself face to face with fear and then what? But you should not be so afraid—afraid of what—why are you so afraid—such a coward—for anyone who is able and willing to fight the world at its own game—then there is no cause for fear.

"Fear—oh! that unpleasant expectation of those dreadful things which seems to possess us all at times. But you should learn to sit above it all and be alone with the stars on the top of the world."

And then the medium muttered a rumble of words but my mind was far away for I was trying to remember the words of Professor Teufelsdröckh when he cried out, "What art thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward dost thou forever sit and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped!

"What is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet, too, and all that the devil and man may, will or can do against thee!

"Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and as a child of freedom, thought outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet while it consumes thee?"

"Let it come, then; and I will meet it and defy it!"

And as I thought there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul and I shook base fear away from me forever—and directly I began to be a man. Death—the thought of death that Carlyle left me was something new for me to experience—for it is customary with moderns in their daily haphazard way of living to think of morbid things only when such circumstances are thrust upon them. But this was a pleasing sensation—the fear of death—yes; it was true there is no real fear but only in death and if a man lives according to the rules of God, then there is no real fear.

And then I felt that peculiar sensation which everyone experiences when one is rudely awakened from a strange dream for someone was shaking me by the shoulders.

"Well! so sleeping again—you are a regular day-dreamer and tell me what was your dream, for I have been watching you for some

time and your face was certainly an interesting study—so tell me what was your dream.”

“Oh!” I answered, “only about the problems of Life and they are mighty interesting problems when one gives them a due amount of consideration.”

For from my day-dreams I had learned much and in the future I resolved to put it into practice. Then I closed my diary and went out into the night resolving that I would always strive to sit above it all—alone with the stars shining in my face at the top of the world.

Joseph Pierce, '26.

Gra Machree

Ever with the dusk there steals a dream, Machree
A sweet impassioned vision born, Aroon, of thee
Shy dark lashes fall like silken mist
To hide the dreamy eyes that will insist
On pleading with the very heart of me,
He does not live, who could resist their pleading love, Machree.

A soft song hovers on my lips, Machree
A sweet, caressing, loving blessing song, Asthore, of thee
And in my heart a wondrous hope has grown
These aching arms have for a moment known
Why, “All is Love and Love is All,” can be
Faint perfume lingers on harsh lips you kissed, Machree.

H. Edmund O'Connor, '26.

The Gypsy Girl

Mad, little gipsy girl,
Breath of Life's wanton whirl,
You, too, are sad.
Chanting Love's sweet refrain,
Weaving Fate's senseless chain,
You are not glad.

Dipping and wheeling,
Twisting and reeling,
Shouting and laughing,
Grinning and chaffing,
Sporting, retorting,
Lightly, contritely.
Wild, little princess of Sham!

Mad, little gipsy girl,
Sad, little gipsy girl,
Smile while you may.

E. George Cloutier, '27.

THE OBSERVER



HAT would Italy be without Mussolini? This question of late seems to bother European correspondents of numerous American and English journals. Regarding the dictatorial methods of the Italian Premier and the long and rapid strides his country is taking as a result of his progressive policies, these journalistic observers have come to the conclusion that the government is Mussolini and that with his death or overthrow that state will be heaved into an unimaginable chaos. That Il Duce has been the salvation of Italy cannot be denied. Through the Fascist policies, which are nothing more than the expressions of Mussolini's will, the country of the Caesars has been awakened from a rotting sleep and, in a small, though remarkable way, has been made to realize its opportunities and responsibilities. After three years of the dictator's regime Italy can boast that strikes among her laborers have been almost abolished. Railroads have been disciplined and schedules have been rendered serviceable where they were one time meaningless. Deposits in banks have displayed a decided upward trend and this increase denotes a plutocratic trust in Fascism and a betterment of working classes. Despite cries of the opposition, Mussolini's financiers have effected a real and cheering surplus in governmental budgets. Agriculture, with the exception of grain, has increased greatly, while huge sums have been spent for importation of raw materials in anticipation of a tremendous comeback in industrial plants. The once picturesquely sloven Italy has been whitewashed and put to work.

* * * *

Fascism derives its name from that old Roman symbol which was carried by the lictors—the fasces or bundle of staves tied around an axe. It signifies authority and power, for which reason the Fas-

cists have adopted it as symbolic of their efforts and policies. Especially does this name and sign please Benito Mussolini, the originator and Il Duce of the political order that now governs united Italy. The physical, mental and organizing abilities of the Caesars are the blessings of this modern Roman. As those ancient rulers dictated to, and dominated Rome so this political giant dictates to, and dominates Italy of the *Vittorio Veneto*. Their dreams of a world empire are his fondest hopes. Mussolini is Caesar reincarnated to save Italy, to lead or whip her to the realization of her powers. In public interview he has admitted that Julius Caesar is his great model and inspiration. And in much does he resemble the emperor of old, possessed as he is of a primitive and superabundant energy, of an absolute honesty, of a rude but magnetic personality. His love of the Italian people, overwhelming though it is, is not born of respect but of service and sacrifice in the name of his country. Fear knows not the color of his heart while terseness of speech and action is his handmaid. Every inch the soldier—martial to the extreme—this character of power calls for comfort in his times of stress by playing his treasured violin! This is the government of Italy; this, the source of all her new-found strength and happiness; this, her only hope, her only salvation!

The crest of the Third Fascist Revolution is indeed capped in white. For, among the six outstanding reforms that Fascismo intends to inaugurate this year, the principal one concerns the betterment of Italian industries through a regulation of controversies between labor and capital. A novel and, what appears to be, a workable plan is now in process of installation. For Americans the idea is altogether too communistic, but it seems to be just the very need of the Italian producers. It calls for the formation of two national syndicates, one for all classes of workers, artisans and professions, the other for all employer agencies. These syndicates alone shall have the authority to consider the differences cropping up between labor and capital and all decisions of settlements must come from these two bodies of their representative committees. Over the organizations the state shall exercise sole control and a strict vigilance. In this manner will justice be meted to the complaining parties and the ends of national industry met at the same time. Fascists call for work undisturbed by petty strife and unjust dealing. That it is their intention to secure a lasting peace between what Marx calls

the warring classes, is clearly evident from their latest legislation. That Italy may realize this dream and that Mussolini may be successful in this attempt to place his nation among the leading industrial countries of the world is the earnest hope of all those who have some concept of Italy's abilities and possibilities. If it is at all possible to attain this goal Il Duce may be relied upon to direct all his energies toward that end.

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

RESIDUUM

Range School of Correspondence
For the Development of
Football Stars.

Mr. Obediah Tuskinbee
County Corners,
Cantsville,
Carolina

Dear Sir:

As a representative of the school's officials I find it necessary to warn you about your scholastic standing. To date, we have received two empty envelopes and you are officially warned that after three strikes, you're out. We must also call your attention to the fact that you are not concentrating as much as you should upon your work, for on your latest lesson you omitted your name and the date. On another paper you called for a forward pass when you should have called on the telephone. This mistake, according to the Professor of Puntformation manifests a direct indifference to what the Instructor in Etiquette in the more elementary stages of your correspondence course endeavored to give to you.

If this indifference is not modified, you may some day jeopardize the ground gaining record of this institution and after receiving the official Head Gear of the Range School, you may humiliate your "Almost Martyred," by tackling the referee instead of the time-keeper, or by asking the headlines man for a swig instead of officially begging the water boy for a drink.

If more prompt returns of lessons are not received daily in the mail, you will be suspended for two weeks and any classes you attend will be promptly thrown in the waste basket upon their arrival.

Sternly yours,

DOUGH GETTER,

Secretary.

SPECS ABOUT THE CAMPUS

By G. Lasses

Recent Discoveries

Money was invented, when the dove brought the green back to Noah.

After many years of research, it has been discovered that Doughnuts were first made in Greece.

When the clock strikes it keeps on working.

Unknown Quantity

Stude: "Any mail for me?"

Postman: "What is your name?"

Stude: "You'll find it on the envelope."

Different

Dain (After a successful season in football): "Well, Dame Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

Disdain: "A ha! it was her daughter, Miss Fortune, who called on me."

Vice Versa

Take two letters from money and one will be left.

Is that a joke? Say, I know a chap who took money from two letters and he got three years.

Had Nothing on Brigham Young.

I may have sixteen wives.

How is that?

For (four) better, for worse, for richer, for poorer.

Lack of Foresight.

"Isaac, thirty years ago, stood on this corner selling shoestrings, now he owns the corner."

"Think of it, if he had walked up and down he would have owned the block."

Critically Ill

Stude: "Tell the Prof, that I can't attend lectures today, I'm very ill."

Roommate: "Why you don't look ill."

Stude: "I've the chicken pox, I just found a feather in my bed."

Efficiency

Doctor: "Did you open both windows in your sleeping room last night, as I ordered."

Stude: "No, Doctor, there is only one window in my room, but I opened it twice."

Dilemma

Grad: "Why don't you attempt to get a job?"

Stude: "Employers prefer to hire a married man."

Grad: "Then why not get married?"

Stude: "A girl won't marry a fellow, unless he has a job."

So's Your Aunt Emma.

Examiner: "Who was the greater of the two, Aristotle or Socrates?"

Stude: "If we take into consideration who Aristotle and Socrates were and ask ourselves which of them was the greater, we must decidedly answer in the affirmative."

1926 Styles

Say, are you hurt? Were you run over by a wagon?

No. But I was run in by a wagon!

Sunday School Teacher: "I'm afraid, Terry, that I'll never meet you in heaven."

Terry: "Why, what have you been up to now?"

A La Gare

How often do the trains stop here?

The trains stop here only once, after that they start.

This conversation was overheard on the electric car.

School Teacher: "I have 35 children and they acted fiercely to-day."

Another S. T.: "The 49 children that I have were on excellent behavior and I had no trouble at all."

At this point an Irish gentleman leaned over and said to the teachers: "Beg your pardon, ladies, from what part of Ireland do you come?"

Verbal Fencing

Two negroes were discussing evolution.

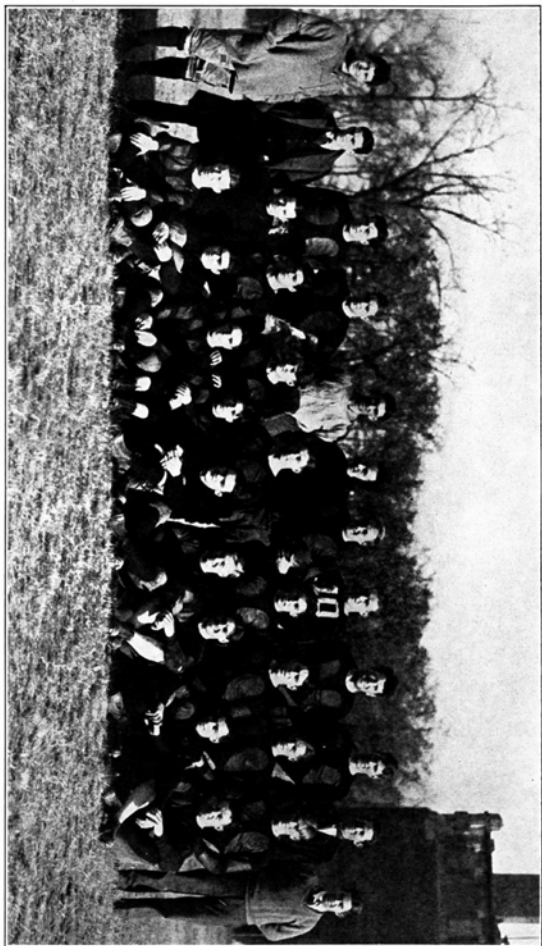
"Yo all says that Adam wuz de fust man?"

"Yas Gawge Washington Grant dats what ah said."

"Yo all declars dat Lord made Adam out ob mud and set him up agin de fence to dry?"

"Yas dats what ah said."

"Well den if Adam was de fust man how come dat fence got dar?"



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Aint It So

It was in the final period,
About three minutes or so,
The ball was on the five-yard line
Last down—the goal to go.

The ball was snapped, the play was on
The fullback hits the line,
The tackle lands a crushing blow
The "full" knows naught of time.

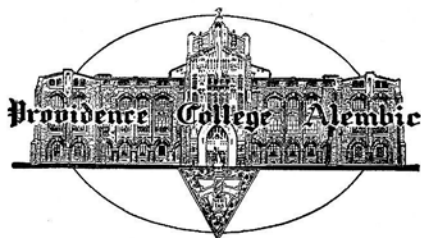
He dropped the ball as he went down
It rolled quite free from him.
The guard then pounced upon that ball,
A goal, the game would win.

The guard ran on with all his might
Those nine white lines to gain
His wind had all but given out
He'd never be the same.

At last he crossed that dim white line
His mates went wild with joy,
The coach looked on with smiling face,
He was a lucky boy.

The stands were dead and silent, too,
The bleachers were the same,
There were no rousing cheers for him,
For 'twas practice, not a game.

Henry T. Kaveny, '27.



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No. 4

W. Harold O'Connor, '26, *Editor-in-Chief*

Stephen M. Murray, '27, *Assistant*

Arthur Earnshaw, '26

Allen O'Donnell, '26

Joseph Slavin, '28

E. George Cloutier, '27

Gerald Prior, '27

Francis V. Reynolds, '26

Nicholas Serror, Jr., '29

Cyril Costello, '27

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Stephen Murray, '27

Eugene Sullivan, '27

HERO

WORSHIP

With you, it may have been the policeman on the corner or perhaps the Fire Chief, undoubtedly it was some one equally impressive to the eye of a child, but regardless of the identity of your childhood ideal I am sure you had one. A boy without a hero to emulate, to revere and to imitate would be as unique as a growing youngster without marbles. How often as children did we stand on

the street corner waiting for a glimpse of the brass buttoned coat covering the broad shoulders that we worshipped in admiration and envy. What a truly beautiful courage was that with which we defended our hero. Always we looked to him for the fulfillment of our every desire, for the accomplishment of even the impossible. What a great disappointment throbbed in our hearts if he failed us in a moment of expectation but how quickly the reaction came and we fairly outdid ourselves in a vehement expression of reasons for the failure. How laudable the courage that refused even to acknowledge failure. How beautiful the trust that arose to the defence of the hero who fell in the fray. I think there is little so truly magnificent as the faith of the child in his hero.

Soon, however, as the years slip by the glory of brass buttons begins to tarnish beneath the touch of worldly doubt; the ideal begins to assume a more human aspect. Yet the hero falls only to be replaced by another, less idealized, perhaps, but as truly worshipped, the pal of our school days. To him we looked for guidance, for assistance, for censure; from him we expected the act just a little above ourselves; in his defence we could lift furious fists against the one who would seek to lower him in our estimation.

Thus we continue through life, year by year demanding more proof of heroism, growing more cynical and less faithful in defence as we come to realize the imperfections in this human nature of ours. Yet I doubt that in all our cynicism there is one of us who does not, in his innermost heart hold one whom he secretly raises to that higher level, one whom he imitates, one whom he trusts with the same implicit faith that characterized the hero worship of his childhood days.

At each stage of life it is that same faith that makes the hero worship beautiful; it is that great trust that renders it laudable. The heroes of our later life are equally as vincible as those of our boyhood; their faults are no smaller; their weaknesses no less obscure. For it is the faith we have in them which makes them appear ideal, it is the trust we have in them that cloaks them in heroic garb.

Hero worship is oft-times a blessing even though its object fail in the final analysis, for it implants in the person who feels it, a desire for betterment. It stirs in him the desire to attain the ideal state in which he placed the creature he emulates. What a wonderful place to live in this world would be if all of us could but keep

the faith in ideals that we had when the traffic cop was our conception of the perfect hero.

SEMESTER EXAMS

A few more days of waiting and the mid-year exams will again be upon us, stealing in upon our musings to disturb us like another Banquo's ghost. Mid-year exams have always been to me a source of fear, not alone because of their personal impositions but more so because, to me, they have always seemed the forerunner of interrupted friendships and broken acquaintanceships.

Frequently a budding friendship has been broken off in its infancy when one of the participants was unable to attain the scholastic standing necessary to remain in the college. It has always appeared to me that many of these partings could be avoided if only the student could be brought to the realization that miracles very seldom happen of a nature that lift a man from bewilderment to knowledge during an exam. Too many of us have gone on and on letting study slip further and further from our minds, waiting and hoping for the miracle that will not be.

Some of us have seen those to whom we had grown attached drop out of the college after disastrous semester examinations. Perhaps you yourself have lost a comrade or even felt the spectre of banishment hanging over your head. To most of us the truth is very evident. We are sacrificing friendships which need not be sacrificed, we are losing friends who need not be lost, we are feeling sorrow that need not be felt. In our hearts we cannot help admitting that a little honest effort would have averted many of the aching hearts that we have known. You have seen them as I have, a few each year dropping before the blade of the semester tests, seen men trying at the eleventh hour to cram into their heads the knowledge which could be obtained only after a half year of honest application. How often we have watched students plod slowly through the corridors to a classroom, knowing in their hearts that it was useless to attempt the work, knowing full well that the hour of reckoning had arrived.

We have yet a few weeks in which to prepare. Doesn't it seem worth the effort? Some of us are nearing the end of the four years' journey. A few may know the bitter taste of loss. If we would

stop to consider the fruits of our negligence it seems hardly plausible that we would persist in that negligence.

It means just this: Four years of effort wasted, four years time lost at the point when those about us are joyful in the possession of a just reward. And then from within each who fails there arises a persistent little voice prodding him with the accusation of cowardice, goading him with the knowledge that a little honest work would have meant the realization of the same joy of accomplishment that fills the heart of his fellow student.

Are you one of those who wait for the miracle? If so, it may be wise to reflect. The streets are full of men who waited for miracles when only work was needed.

The College Chronicle

Debating Society Francis V. Reynolds, 1926, president of the Debating Society, was named captain of the debating team, which is to represent the college this year in intercollegiate debates.

Final arrangements have been completed for the debate which is to be held February 12, with Fordham University at Providence. The subject selected is: Resolved, "That the United States Enter the World Court Under the Harding-Hughes Reservations."

Besides Captain Reynolds, Edward Sullivan and Edward McEntee will represent the college. The members of the debating team were selected following several trial debates, held since the organization of the society last October. Unusual interest is being exhibited in the approaching debate with Fordham as the event will mark the first meeting of that University with Providence College. Other intercollegiate debates will also be arranged before the completion of the school year.

Freshman The final social event prior to the Christmas vacation was presented by the Freshman Class to the Dramatic Society and upper classmen in the form of an entertainment. The entire program was arranged and directed by Rev. A. B. McLoughlin, O. P. The affair, under his energetic management, was a decided success. A one-act play, "The Little Stone House," was one of the most successful dramas ever held at the college. The committee in charge of the event included Edward Reilly, J. Deery and George Earnshaw.

Alumni Ball

The Alumni Ball, the first formal affair of the college year, was held December 29, at the Narragansett Hotel. The success of the affair was due to the energetic work of the committee which included James J. Corrigan, '24, chairman; Raymond W. Roberts, '23; Earl F. Ford, '25; James F. Keleher, '24; Daniel J. O'Neill, '24.

The patrons and patronesses at the Third Annual Ball of the Alumni included Lieutenant Governor Nathaniel W. Smith, Mayor

Joseph H. Gainer, Adjutant General John J. Richards, Dr. Michael J. Slattery, Philadelphia; Mrs. Richard S. Aldrich, Mrs. John E. Canning, Mrs. Percival de St. Aubin, Mrs. George F. Johnson, Mrs. Robert F. Jones, Mrs. William H. Jordan, Mrs. James Lavell, Mrs. John F. O'Connell, Mrs. George F. O'Shaunessy, Mrs. John W. Sweeney.

Justin P. McCarthy, '24, has been elected a member of the executive board of the National Catholic Alumni Federation. Mr. McCarthy is the only student who holds a position on the board. He will represent the entire New England section of the country.

Nicholas J. Serror, Jr., '29.

ALUMNI

Dick McCaffrey, '24, is working in the surveyor's department of Central Falls. Dick told me that he had not seen many of the old gang and wished a few would get in touch with him.

We are well represented at Columbia apparently by your column and I wish to add two more names: Eddie Dwyer and Henry Roberge, '25, who are studying at Columbia Law.

Joe Dowling, '25, is teaching school in Woonsocket and his appearance has taken on the aspect of a master.

Eddie Marrah, '25, has accepted a position in the City Engineer's Department of Woonsocket.

Frank Correra, pre-med. '25, is at Tufts Dental School and says that he will give anybody free treatment and this was said in earnest, especially to his friends.

We had a visit from Leon Smith, pre-med. '24, last Wednesday. Leon was one of the old standby pitchers for us for two years. Leon told us that he still finds time to do a little training as it is not always taken up with cutting carcasses. He gave us a lecture on the work he is doing in medical school at Columbia, and was very much enthused.

Had a chat with Vin Ryan, pre-med. '23, and Vin tells us that Providence is well represented at Georgetown and he hopes more boys will take up their medical studies in Washington.

Edward Thompson, pre-med. '23, who is studying medicine at Tufts, has grown a tuft of hair over his lip. We might remark that it is very becoming.

Jack Bailey, pre-med. '23, wishes to extend New Year's greetings through the Alembic to his friends.

Arthur Earnshaw, '26.



SOPHOMORES 3, FRESHMEN 0

In the final football clash of the year the Sophomore class registered a clean cut victory over the yearlings. Though victors, the upper classmen were not able to show their superiority until the last period when they advanced the ball to the Frosh 25-yard line and Maloney booted the pigskin over for the only count of the game.

Mal's kicking also featured the game for the Sophs as his long spirals kept the oval well into the Freshman territory during the early stages of the contest. Kennedy, fullback for the 1929 eleven, pounded his way through the Soph line in great style, while Conte, the diminutive Freshman wingman, was the defensive star and was responsible for most of the tackles made by his club.

The value of interclass games, especially between the lower classes cannot be overestimated. It is in such games that a strong class spirit is developed which inevitably stimulates a stronger college spirit in later years. The writer believes he voices the opinion of the majority when he says, "May the enthusiasm manifested in the recent class tilt never die but rather develop into a true Providence College spirit, and may we see many more interclass games as well played as that between the Sophs and Freshies."

The summary:

Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Sophs	0	0	0	3—3
Freshies	0	0	0	0—0

Providence College Alembic

SOPHOMORES

Dwyer.....	l. c.
Londergan.....	l. t.
Tarro.....	l. g.
Hearn.....	c.
Donahue.....	r. g.
Fanning.....	r. t.
Reardon.....	r. e.
Flynn.....	q. b.
J. F. Londergan.....	l. h. b.
Egan.....	r. h. b.
Maloney.....	f. b.

FRESHMEN

Conte.....
Pupillo.....
Steffey.....
Buckkley.....
Donnelly.....
Lee.....
Grimes.....
McCabe.....
Mills.....
Vanderbeck.....
Kennedy.....

Substitutions: Sophs—Colloty for Egan; F. Flynn for Reardon; Hayes for Londergan; Walsh for Dwyer; Dromgoole for Tarro. Freshies—DeNicola for Buckley; Tousta for Grimes; Donahue for Conte;ffi Earnshaw for Mills; Couchlin for Donnelly. Referee—Henry B. Reall. Umpire—Clement Spring. Head Linesman—W. H. Young. Time—Four ten-minute periods.

RETROSPECT

Though the football season for 1925 was the most disastrous ever experienced by a Providence College team yet we find a certain consolation in realizing that our team played the heaviest schedule ever attempted by a college of our size. That we undertook a too ambitious schedule is now only too well realized, but yet we must remember that a team is not always measured by its numerical successes alone, but the moral side of the issue must also be considered. Our eleven stacked up against the strongest combinations in the East and yet there was never a complaint from the players. They accepted their tasks like true fighters and sportsmen. Vanquished one week they came back the following week more determined than ever. Truly such spirit should not be overlooked nor regarded as immaterial but rather should be considered as something remarkable and ever to be treasured.

Providence College is proud of those men who carried her colors so nobly thru the past season. She is especially proud of Captain Henry Reall, who proved himself to be a real leader by his fighting spirit and aggressive work in every game. It was Henry's fourth year on the team and it certainly was his greatest. Providence is also proud of her new coach, Archie Golembeski, who, in his first year as mentor here, has won the admiration and respect of all. His work was truly remarkable this fall and we can only hope that he will be with us for many years to come.

THE ELECTION OF THE 1926 CAPTAIN

With the close of the 1925 season the football team was confronted with a problem far more difficult than any they had to solve

on the gridiron. This task was to choose a captain for the 1926 team from two Juniors, John (Spud) Murphy and Thomas (Junie) Bride. Both these men had been members of the team for three years; both were excellent students, and both had performed brilliantly during the past season, Spud at left end and Junie at a half-back post.

After the votes had been counted it was found that the letter men had conferred the honor of leading next year's team upon Spud Murphy, better known as the boy from Torrington. We extend the best wishes of the college and especially of the Alembic staff to our new gridiron leader.

THE FOOTBALL BANQUET

On December fifteenth, about two hundred students together with the faculty and several invited guests assembled at the Knights of Columbus Hall at a banquet in honor of the football team. A feature of the affair was the announcement by Rev. F. J. Baeszler, O. P., our new athletic director, of a new plan for the selection of captains of athletic teams. This plan in brief is that a special commission of three, each empowered to cast one vote, shall be authorized to select leaders of the athletic teams. Letter men will select their most acceptable, more acceptable, and acceptable candidates. The manager, one of the triumvirate, shall be the delegate of the letter men. The faculty athletic director, guarding the college's scholastic interests, will have a vote. The third ballot will be cast by the coach, who will express his views on the player he believes the best leader on the field of play. A majority shall elect the captain.

Rev. D. M. Galliher, the Dean of the college, gave a brilliant address on the moral side of athletics. Coach Golembeski described in detail the brilliant work turned in by the team during the past season, while Charles B. Coppen, sports editor of The Providence Journal, and Arthur Markey, who holds the same post at The Providence News, gave interesting talks on the public view of college athletics and complimented our football team for its fine work in spite of the many handicaps it had to face. Henry Reall, the retiring captain, thanked the players for the fine spirit and co-operation while Spud Murphy, the newly elected leader, expressed hopes for a better season in 1926. The class presidents also expressed the appreciation of their respective classes for the work of our team.

At the conclusion of the banquet the letter men were named

and the schedule for the 1926 season was announced. The letter men are as follows:

Retiring Captain Henry Reall, Captain John Murphy, Thomas Bride, Timothy O'Leary, Stephen Nawrocki, Vincent Connors, Thomas Maroney, Henry Dalton, Leo J. Smith, Hector Allen, Spencer Sullivan, James McGeough, Clement Spring, James McNeice, John Triggs, Francis Kempf, John Tomassi, Thomas H. Cullen, John Russo, Joseph Russo and William H. Young, manager.

The schedule for the 1926 season is as follows:

Sept. 25	Quantico Marines at Providence
Oct. 2	Catholic University (Pending)
" 9	Naval Station (Pending)
" 16	New London Submarine Base at Providence
" 23	St. John's at Providence
" 30	St. Stephen's at Providence
Nov. 6	Colgate at Hamilton, N. Y.
" 13	Alfred University at Providence
" 20	Boston College at Boston.

BASKETBALL

After a lapse of five years, basketball has come into its own again at Providence College with the inauguration of a Freshman team. Blessed with a wealth of capable material the class of 1929 appealed to the athletic association for support in the establishing of a basketball team. Though lacking a suitable gymnasium the yearlings have developed remarkably under the tutelage of one of their classmates, Frank Silva, who is acting as coach and manager.

At the present time the team has four victories to its credit and is yet to taste defeat. Such a good beginning shows that the Freshies have a club that is capable of battling any college Freshman or prep school team. We sincerely trust that this team will continue its good work and thereby lay the foundation for a 'Varsity team next year.

PROVIDENCE 1929 vs. BRYANT & STRATTON BUS. COL.

The Freshmen opened their campaign with a thrilling 32 to 31 victory over the Bryant & Stratton Business College quintet at the Y. M. C. A. gym. The game was marked by the brilliant play of both teams, with McNeice, the Black and White forward, and Fraser, center on the business college five, carrying off the individual honors.

In the early part of the contest the Providence yearlings clearly outclassed their opponents by fine floor work and a smooth passing attack, and at the half had established a large lead. Following the interval, however, the Bryant & Stratton Club staged a rally which nearly caused the defeat of the Freshmen.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929	BRYANT & STRATTON COL.
Murphy, lf	rg., Lawton
McNeice, rf	lg., Cheseborough
O'Leary, c.	c., Fraser
Nawrocki, lg.	rf., Murray
Wise, rg.	lf., Evans
Goals from the floor—McNeice 8, Fraser 7, Murray 3, Evans 3, Murphy 2, Wise 2. Goals from fouls—Fraser 4, Wise 4, O'Leary 2, Murray, McNeice, Nawrocki. Substitutions: Providence College — Conte for Nawrocki, Nawrocki for Conte, Spring for O'Leary, O'Leary for Spring, Pupillo for Wise, Conte for Murphy, Murphy for Conte; Bryant & Stratton—Duval for Lawton. Referee—Perry. Timer—C. F. Reynolds. Time of halves—20 minutes.	

PROVIDENCE 1929 vs. LA SALLE ACADEMY

In their second game of the season the Freshmen registered a 39 to 19 victory over the La Salle Academy five in the new La Salle gym. The yearlings led the academy boys throughout the contest and at no stage of the game did Coach Braney's team seriously threaten.

Kirby was the bright light for the school boys while Fido Murphy and McNeice starred for the Freshmen.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929	LASALLE ACADEMY
Conte, rf.	lg., Doyle
Murphy, lf.	rg., Crane
Nawrocki, c.	c., Crane
Pupillo, rg.	lf., Kirby
Wise, rg.	rf., Victory
Field goals—Conte 2, McNeice 2, Murphy 5, Nawrocki 2, Wise 5, Victory, Kirby 4, Casey 3, Crane. Goals from fouls—McNeice, Dillon, Murphy 3, Wise 2, Casey. Substitutions: Freshmen — McNeice for Conte, Dillon for Nawrocki, Spring for Pupillo, Fuscella for Spring. Referee—Maroney. Timer—Silva. Time—4 ten-minute periods.	

FRESHMEN vs. BLESSED SACRAMENT CLUB

In a practice game with the Blessed Sacrament Club the Freshmen hung up a 35 to 3 victory. As this contest was not with a prep or college team, but rather was scheduled to give the Freshmen practice on outside courts, we will omit any account of it here.

PROVIDENCE 1929 vs. CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL

The Freshmen continued their winning streak at the high school gym on Pond street when they swamped the Classical High quintet under a 63 to 15 score. In the first half, the Freshmen failed to show any power, probably due to the fact that they had not fully recovered from their game of the preceding evening. In the second half, however, the yearlings opened up with a whirlwind passing attack which completely smothered the high school boys. McNeice, Murphy and Wise were the best bets for the college team while Clarke proved to be the best man on the floor, for the high school five.

PROVIDENCE 1929

CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL

Murphy, lf.rg., James
McNeice, rf.rg., Clarke
Nawrocki, c.c., Richardson
Pupillo, lg.rf., Zusman
Wise, rg.lf., Hayes

Goals from the floor—McNeice 9, Murphy 8, Wise 5, Dillon 3, Pupillo 2, DeNicola, Nawrocki, Zusman, Richardson 2, Clarke 2. Goals from fouls—Murphy 2, Nawrocki 2, Dillon, Zusman, Clarke 4. Substitutions—Dillon for Nawrocki, DeNicola for Murphy, Trainer for Zusman, McKenna for Hayes, Fisher for Richardson, Underwood for James. Referee—Haughey (Springfield College). Timer—Silva. Time—4 eight-minute periods.

John E. Farrell, '26.



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