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The Last Day

HEN Time's great waves are shattered
On the cliffs of eternity,
And the snow-capped peaks crash forward
To kiss the spray of the sea,
Of what use then an honored name,
Or golden crown to you and me?

When the Master shall call for silence,
And the World shall bend its knee
Beneath the sway of divine command,
And the pomp of true majesty;
What matters then an earthly love,
The tyrant's chains or liberty?

Where the Judge shall sit on a heav'nly throne
To listen to each man's plea,
And none can speak in his defence
But Faith, and Love, and Charity;
Naught matters then save only One,
'Tis He Who died on Calvary.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

BOYS

SOMEONE has said that the proper study of mankind is man. It seems that that statement could be altered. To our way of thinking it should read: the proper study of mankind is boys. And a little thought will bear out the truth of the revised statement. A few words of explanation are necessary.

No creature that falls under the observation of the human eye is more absorbing as a subject, or more worthy of study, than the boy—any boy. He is as changeable in temperament as the winds and at times he is as easily found. He loves play above everything else, and he will work slavishly when that work is under the guise of play. The typical boy requires games that exhaust him; deprive him of that excess of animal spirits which is always one of his characteristics. Sometimes it would seem that the animal in him was predominant, especially when he is obsessed with the desire to hurt; to inflict punishment on his fellows or pets. But at other times he is as gentle as can be and humbles himself to do a favor. Boys are loyal and when once their affection is placed, it dies hard. Just as they are loyal so also do they remember a wrong done to them, and in this respect they are most similar to the Indian, to whom they are oftentimes likened.

Boys are happiest when imagining things. Theirs is a world of make-believe where illusion is king. What boy has not seen himself a blustering buccaneer, the lord of the Spanish Main? Or is there a boy who lives who has not pictured himself as Prince Charming? No one possesses a greater sense of the dramatic than a boy. His capacity for imagination is marvelous. The people in his books really live and sometimes he is one of them himself—the one whose personality and achievements best fit his fancy of the moment. It is the boy in us that makes us like *Huckleberry Finn* and *Treasure Island,* for they epitomize the spirit of adventure that still flickers within us after boyhood has passed. It is imagination that prompts a boy to enlarge upon a situation until it has gained sufficient dramatic quality in his estimation. He

maintains his own standards of romance, and he is always the central figure.

All boys are collectors. If you were to empty out the pockets of every boy in any one of our states—or if you confined yourself to the first dozen boys you came to, the conglomerate mass extracted would be amazing. It is really wonderful how a boy's pockets can hold such a diverse assortment of everything, ranging from gum coupons to garter snakes. This collection is almost a mania with boys, for they begin early to gather their stock, and nothing is ever too insignificant in species or condition to warrant them passing it by. They are always catholic in their selection but at the same time there is usually one article that holds a greater lure for them than any other. It may be horse-chestnuts or lapel buttons. And later on we see it further developed in men. One peculiarity may be noticed about this collecting; a boy always has a piece of string, or he knows where there is some in the immediate vicinity. String seems to have a universal appeal to boys. Why? It is as difficult to answer this question as it is to explain any of a boy's traits. Notwithstanding the difficulty of explaining boys and their traits, we can, after a fashion, classify them.

There are, to our American viewpoint, but two kinds of boys in the world, and these two kinds are not good boys and bad boys. They are country boys and city boys. Country boys are country boys—with variations, and one of these variations is the boy who lives on the sea-coast. His characteristics are more those of a country boy than a city boy, hence he is classed with the former. City boys are essentially of the city, but they have their variation, and it is the suburban boy, who is decidedly more citified than countrified. Boys could be classified and sub-classified, but for our purpose the dual classification of boys into country boys and city boys will serve.

Popular opinion to the contrary, there still exists in a very vivid manner, the American country boy. Despite the influence of the automobile and the tractor and the telephone and the radio, he remains much the same today as he ever did. He may have been subjected to slight modification, but substantially he is the same boy as he was in the days of Whittier and Charles Dudley Warner. The country boy, on the whole, works harder than his city cousin.

He still has his chores to do, and the "chores" is still a colloquial term meaning hard work. If you travel the countryside you can find boys who have to get up at dawn or earlier, winter and summer, to milk cows and feed stock, before they go to school. At an early age they become accepted as regular hands on the farm, and they are expected to do their share of work. Maybe the country boy has to walk two or three miles to school on account of the township not furnishnig transportation. That means a long walk twice a day and when he gets home his chores are awaiting him. But life for the country boy is not all work.

To begin with, the outdoors is his playground. He is not forced to seek recreation on crowded streets or in places of amusement. He has the fields and woods at his back door and he can run as far and wide as he wants. The country boy soon gains a knowledge of nature and her handiwork. He knows the birds by their songs and where they nest. He can show you inhabited rabbit warrens and where the 'coons cross into the cornfield to get the ears in milk; and the chestnut trees where the grey squirrels hole up. He can find the best spots in the pond to fish for bullheads and perch. He is able to guide you to where the best chewing quality of black birch grows, and where the wild sugar grapes twine, and where the creeping jenny lies on the ground in the thickest clusters. The country boy knows the season to gather shellbarks, and a thousand other things of a similar character. So while he works harder than his city cousin, it appears that he has a better time when he is not working.

The city boy is like the country boy insofar as they are members of the same species, but they are different types altogether. The city boy may be a newsboy, dime messenger, errand boy, printer's devil, or just school boy, but whichever he is, he is an entity sufficient unto himself. There is just as much animal in him as there is in the country boy, but it is released through different channels. Watch a group of newsboys on a downtown corner and you will notice one or two of them practicing left jabs and right swings. They aspire to reach the heights of pugilism. Maybe they lose some of their excess energy by provoking peddlers to chase them; or they pilfer grapes or apples from somebody's back yard. Their games are different from those of the country boy, and yet they get all the fun that is possible from

them. The moving pictures seem to have quite a lure for them, and being very impressionable, they are wont to imitate what they see in the pictures. Cowboys and Indians retain their fascination for boys, and many a lad is still being scalped by one of the neighbor's children. Some will say that the city boy is tougher and a harder character to handle than the country boy. This is hardly true, for while he of the crowded districts may appear tougher, his heart is in the same place as that of the country boy, and both organs function with great similarity. They are brothers under the skin.

It is a trite saying that boys will be boys, but it is true. Boys have been boys from time untold, and for an equally long period boys have ceased to be boys and have grown into men. And there are many men in this world who would be better men if someone had remembered that boys are sensitive creatures and need fair treatment. There is a part of us that will always remain boyish, and that part is the best in us. When disillusion has done its worst that boyishness is what comes to our aid, and with the imagination of youth we can build a new world—a world of our own.

James H. Lynch, '25.

Bacchante

IN clear eyes once shone Virgin's light,
Reflecting child's heart, pure, upright;
And with the Angels could'st thou play,
So charmed by Innocence were they;
And joyful I to be thy knight.

Three moons have rounded: Acolyte
Of Bacchus now parades in sight.
In what foul knave's sport did'st thou stray,
Oh, my Beloved?

Art thou now Priestess of that rite
Which gratifies each appetite?
Art model thou for lewd display
Of hidden charm and grace? I pray,
How cam'st thou to such awful plight,
Oh, my Beloved?

Stephen M. Murray, '27

DIE IN FRONT

BILLY PORTER discovered him first. He was shining shoes down around Washington Square, which location is a haven for the nomad bootblacks, the youngsters with the little boxes.

"Hey, kid, how old are you?"

"I'm fourteen. Why?"

"You sure are a runt for your age. Do you go to school?"

"No, I don't go to school because my mother and father are dead and I got to make a livin'. Besides I don't like school."

"Suppose I got you a good job, would you take it?"

"Say where is this job? It ain't in Joisey, is it?"

"No. Will you be here tomorrow at this time?"

"Yeh, I'll be here all right."

"Say, what's your name?"

"It's Georgie Burns."

"All right, Georgie, I'll see you here tomorrow at this time. Be good."

His shoes now glintingly resplendent, Billy Porter headed uptown. Now Billy was one of the brotherhood; an outstanding member of the second oldest profession in the world. He was a gambler. More specifically, he was a wizard at running a faro bank, and due to his ranking in the profession his services were in demand and he always had employment. After a successful winter season at Key West, where his proficiency at his trade was openly admired, Billy had returned to New York. Like most of his kind he had a weakness, and in his case it was horses; the kind on which one bets money. If he could have left the horses alone he would have had a good-sized bank account, but the truth of it was that he could not. As a consequence, the metropolitan tracks claimed Billy for their own during the summer months, and any race day, rain or shine, would find him and his black derby and bat-wing tie in the paddock or stands. He loved horses and the element of chance that attended their running; they were his recreation and relaxation; he lived in the atmosphere of racing. It was while thinking of horses and the boys that rode them that the size of the lad shining his shoes was brought home to Billy, and the above conversation resulted.

That afternoon when Billy arrived at Belmont Park he went

to see Fred Stannard who trained a string of horses for "Milwaukee" Murphy.

"Fred, have you got room for a boy who might make a good apprentice? He's a tough little terrier, rugged, open-faced, and tow-headed, and his name is Georgie Burns. He shines shoes down around Washington Square."

"Well, I'll tell you, Billy, we've got a mob of wipes and stable boys around here now, but if you like the looks of the kid, send him along and we'll see what we can do with him."

"I will. Thanks, Fred."

So it was that Georgie Burns was adopted. Billy Porter brought him out himself, and Georgie expressed his opinion of the beautiful track by saying "Gee, it's the works!" With his adoption Georgie's education began. He learned how to pamper highly-strung equines that oftentimes seemed too exacting in their demands upon human patience. But the really wonderful part of it all was his adaptability. He became a horseman so easily and quickly that it seemed always to have been a part of his very nature; he absorbed the racing methods of Stannard and the traditions and superstitions of the turf, and in the short space of a racing season he had become as horsey in manner of thought, speech, and action as any of the veteran trainers. Every morning, sunup would find him galloping some one of the stable's string, and while he was exercising his mount he was learning how to ride, how to get the most out of a horse. One day Fred Stannard was watching him give Sweet William a "breather" and the way Georgie handled the big bay son of Keryl appealed to him, and after Georgie had finished, he told him that he was going to let him ride Sweet William in the Pelmer Stakes at the Yonkers meet. And Georgie rode him.

Sweet William had been named through irony, for he was one of the meanest-tempered horses ever to grace a track. He had a head and mouth like steel and delighted in tearing the arms out of his riders. But Georgie booted him home in front of a fast field by shooting him through a knothole on the rail and flogging the daylights out of him. The next day, Georgie could not raise his arms; they were paralyzed, but he did not care; he had won his maiden race. From that time on, Georgie rode regularly, and one day at Acqueduct, he rode four out of six winners, setting a record for apprentice jockeys. This was really the beginning of

his fame as a race rider. The crowds watched for him to make his appearance and when he did they went wild. They had dubbed him "Cotton-top" Burns, and they bet on him and not on the horse he rode. They roared like fiends as he bobbed down to the finish line in the green and gold silks of the Murphy stable. He was idolized by the race-going public and it became a track truism to say that "Georgie Burns is the best horse in the Murphy stable." He felt the thrill of winning the Kentucky Derby and hearing a delirious throng bellow his name as he went under the wire a winner. The papers spoke of him as the premier jockey of the American turf, and he was classed with Tod Sloan and Snapper Garrison. On and off the track he was a gentleman. No hint of scandal ever was connected with his name. Never did he "pull" a horse in a race, and although his closest friend was Billy Porter, a gambler, he never rode a horse except to win.

It was while Georgie was at the height of his popularity that he met Peggy Shanahan. One Sunday evening he was in the main dining room of the Hotel Transylvania, eating very little (for jockeys cannot afford to gain weight) but listening intently to the organ recital. His gaze wandered from the beautiful tapestries hanging on the walls to the richly-wrought electroliers suspended from the high ceiling, and wandering again it lighted on Peggy. She was carrying a tray of cigars and cigarettes, and as she passed from table to table, Georgie noticed that she was very little and dark-haired with the most beautiful eyes imaginable and a natural blush on her cheeks, and while noticing all this he saw that she carried her tray as though she were a queen, or at the very least a princess. Georgie suddenly felt a need for cigarettes and he bought three cartons and was rewarded with a smile from Peggy. At the same time the smile revealed that Peggy was possessed of a dimple, and while dimples may be an imperfection from an anatomical viewpoint, in this case its presence did not deter Georgie from wishing that he knew Peggy a whole lot better. So acting on the impulse he spoke to her, and as it often happens, that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, as the cartoonist would have it. Georgie and Peggy discovered they had a whole lot in common: they were both about as big as the smallest of us and they both liked animals (Peggy had a cat) and they were native New Yorkers and could understand each other's speech. There was only one way to perpetuate that friendship and that

was for Georgie and Peg to get married, which they did. For a honeymoon trip they went to New Orleans for the winter racing season. Georgie installed Peggy in the Hotel Louisian' and here she cultivated a taste for praleens and creole cooking. Peggy was in her seventh heaven and Georgie was not very far distant. But it did not last long.

One day Georgie was riding Shaureen in the all-age Southern Handicap and Joey Lang on Broom Corn cut across in front of him. Down went Georgie and Shaureen. Georgie hit the fence and the result was three broken ribs and a broken collar-bone. He stayed in the hospital three weeks and even though Peggy came to see him every day, he chafed at his inactivity. When he got back into the saddle again he was as popular as ever. The race fans pleaded for "Cotton-top" as ardently as they did before. He was still the popular idol. He was riding just ten days when he was suspended by the Jockey Club for rough riding. He was set down for two weeks. It was his first suspension and everyone admitted it was unfair. When he was back riding again his racing luck seemed to desert him altogether. His horses were off to bad starts and were losing by a nose. If the horse he was riding was beaten a step at the barrier, he lost the race. He tried to win just as hard as he ever did but somehow or other he could not seem to bring his horses home in front. He was losing his popularity with the race crowds; they had been betting their money on him and losing, and the world, especially the track-world, loves a winner. Georgie began to worry, and that did not help his riding any. After a while he became discouraged altogether and at the advice of the faithful Billy Porter he gave up riding for a month. Then it was that Georgie realized that he must keep riding to support himself and Peggy in the manner they had been used to. It costs money to live at the best hotels, and when one is but twenty years old and has made a lot of money in a short time, one is apt to think there will never be an end to the golden stream. So it was with Georgie.

Georgie started to ride again at the Pimlico meet. He rode in the colors of "Milwaukee" Murphy, and he lost consistently. Once he could ride a horse knowing that he would get the last ounce of effort out of it, but now his magic was gone. No longer did he have that skill and rare horsemanship that marked his

former efforts. It seemed that he could not win. The stands no longer echoed his name. His rides were greeted with silence. And one day there came the climax. As he came pounding down the stretch, a voice bellowed "Here comes 'Hard-Luck' Burns!" The name stuck. The old "Cotton-top" was forgotten and in its stead he came to be called "Hard-Luck" Burns.

One day after a particularly miserable ride, Georgie went to Fred Stannard and asked to be released from his contract.

"Sure, Georgie, I'll release you. You don't know how bad I feel over the whole thing. I can't understand it. You've had good horses to ride but you haven't had the racing luck. But remember, Georgie, you can come back with us any time you want to. 'Milwaukee' doesn't forget the times when you won more than money for him. Don't be discouraged. Your luck is bound to turn." When they shook hands, Georgie could not look at Fred. He was choking. Sometimes it is hard for youth to meet failure. And Georgie seemed to be facing complete failure.

To exercise horses from the break of dawn till the sun is well up is not a particularly inviting task, especially when one has to ride twelve or fifteen different horses with as many different temperaments. But that is what Georgie Burns did in order to live. It was not very lucrative in its returns but it represented a living for him and Peggy. He did it for a whole season because it was the only thing he knew how to do except shine shoes, and that was even less lucrative. Then one day the sport pages of the newspapers carried an announcement. The Westmoreland Jockey Club was to re-open Mohegan Park for racing. The bangtails were to run again at Mohegan was the conversation indulged in wherever racing was discussed. It was true, and the close of the Empire City meet saw the opening of the famous old Mohegan Park. The stands had been repaired and the gardens planted and the track skinned and the rows of stables rebuilt. Everything was put in order for the opening. The first day of the meet came and with it forty-five thousand race fans. Mohegan had gotten away to a flying start.

It was the next morning that Georgie went to see old Frank Kelly that trained the Morris horses. Old Frank was leaning up against the front of a stall chewing a straw.

"Hello, Frank."

"Hello, Georgie, what's on your mind?"

"It's this way, Frank, I'd like to ride for Mr. Morris. You know the luck I've been having. I think it's going to change soon. It's got to, Frank, or I don't know what will happen to me."

"Well, Georgie, we got plenty boys riding for us now, but you come along and help me handle the string and maybe bye and bye you can ride some. How's that?" said Frank.

"All right, Frank."

Georgie went to work for W. J. Morris helping old Frank Kelly with the stable of horses. He was more contented than he had been in a long time. He got along well with the exercise boys and the wipes. At the beginning of his second week with the Morris establishment, old Frank, thin to the point of scrawniness, and collarless as usual, told Georgie to start doing roadwork as he might want to use him in the next week or so. Georgie was swathed in about fifteen yards of rubber bandage and he commanded himself to do five miles every morning. It was not fun to be plodding around the track and have the boys galloping the horses jeering and telling him to hurry up, he was gaining instead of losing weight; nor was it fun to stay in a steam room and have the very life sweated out of him. But he did both for the sake of coming back and showing the racing public that he was "Cotton-top" and not "Hard-Luck" Burns. Then one afternoon old Frank called him aside.

"Georgie, the Futurity is going to be run next week. We've got three horses eligible for it, that is with a chance of winning it. I think the filly is the best of the three. She's by Sorghum out of Mint Julep and you remember I won the last Futurity run at Mohegan with her mammy. It's just ten years ago that Mint Julep came home in front carrying the 'white, blue spots.' I've got a sentimental feeling that I'd like to win with her daughter. If Lady Kaintuck' is given the right kind of a ride she should win. I'm going to let you ride her. She'll carry about 114 pounds so you better get down to where you belong."

"I don't know what to say, Frank. I'm going to try, that's all."

Georgie told Peggy and there was rejoicing in the Burns household. And Georgie's real work began. Five pounds had to be tortured off his frame. While he was taking them off he began to feel a pain in his side, and the harder he worked, the sharper it grew. But there was one consolation; the weight was coming off.

It was coming off easily. He wondered at the pain and the night before the running of the Futurity he mentioned it to Peggy and she called in a doctor. The doctor examined Georgie and then stood looking at him.

"What's the matter, Doc? You look like an undertaker."

"How much do you weigh, Mr. Burns?"

"I'm down to 110. Why?"

"Well you should be in bed. If that pain gets any worse you will have to go to the hospital."

"Oh, no, I won't. I can't afford to. I'm going to ride tomorrow and I need the money. Whether I win or lose I've got to ride. I'll go to the hospital some other time. You just run along, Doctor, and I'll see you later. I'll be on a horse in the Futurity tomorrow afternoon."

In the morning the pain was worse and Georgie could hardly walk it hurt him so. But he did not go to the hospital. He was at Mohegan, dressed and waiting by the time the first race was being run. The Park was filled. The stands and paddock and infield were choked with humanity, a shifting, colorful mass. It almost seemed as if the whole world had come to witness the running of the Futurity at historic Mohegan. People from all walks of life were for the day devotees of the sport of kings. The horse, the running horse, the Thoroughbred, was supreme. It was his time. And the glamor of the track seemed to have the throng in its spell. The call to saddle for the Futurity was sounded.

In the paddock Lady Kaintuck' was waiting, her body swaying in sheer anticipation of the trial to come. Eyes ablaze and nostrils quivering she presented a pretty picture. Old Frank Kelly was holding her, and by his side stood Georgie. He spoke to Kelly.

"Frank, what are my orders?"

"Georgie, there's only one order I ever give a jockey who rides for me. It's this—go out in front and die there if your horse is going to die. Georgie, I been training runners a long, long time, and I don't believe in this coming from behind. It's too risky. Danny Maher, Jimmy McLoughlin, Hamilton, Taral, and Ike Murphy were boys that died in front. You know what instructions Taral got when he rode Domino in the Futurity? 'Go out in front and stay there or die there.' And he won. I'm saying the

same to you. The Lady's a good filly. I'll be waiting for you. Here, give me your leg up."

He boosted Georgie into the saddle, and as he did Billy Porter came over and grabbed Georgie by the hand. He noticed that Georgie's face was drawn and that he looked as if he never could ride a race.

"Peggy is in a box in the stand, Georgie. Ride today like you used to. Remember Lady Kaintuck' is carrying number 23 which means skidoo, so go out now and skidoo. Bring her home in front, Georgie, and good luck."

The parade started and twenty-eight Thoroughbreds, the best two-year olds in the country, danced their way to the barrier, their sleek and satiny coats shining in the sun. It was the largest field ever to go to the post for the Futurity. The start was a scramble; it could be nothing else with such a number of starters. And suddenly there went up the cry, "they're off!" Lady Kaintuck' broke free; she was off on her toes, and right by her side was Bell on Desha. The field began to straggle out at the first furlong. From then on it was a three-horse race. Georgie Burns was out in front on Lady Kaintuck' and he was going to stay there. He had to. And then Slade on Princess April squeezed through on the rail and Lady Kaintuck' was fighting it out with Desha. On the three pounded and with beautiful riding Georgie took the chestnut filly to the fore. At the half way mark Desha challenged. Up, up he crept; the flank, the saddle girths, and Georgie began to ride as only he could. The crowd in the infield was swimming before his eyes. He pulled his whip and Lady Kaintuck' responded. Suddenly everything seemed black—his side was burning him and his arms were numb. But he was going to win. "Die in front," Frank Kelly had said. And he would! He would win or die in front. He could hear a buzzing in his ears. He was pleading with Lady Kaintuck' to win—win—win! And Lady Kaintuck' won. She came home in front. She thundered down the stretch and under the wire to win by a head. In the stands Peggy was crying and Billy Porter, bat-wing tie and black derby, was raving like a maniac. Old Frank Kelly was on the track in a flash just in time to catch a boy who toppled from the back of Lady Kaintuck'. Georgie Burns was a limp form when Kelly caught

him. He had won! And as he tried to salute the stewards he lapsed into unconsciousness. He had almost died in front.

Georgie Burns did not hear what would have been sweetest to his ears. He did not hear the crowd roar "Cotton-top"—come on you "Cotton-top"—Burns—"Cotton-top"—Burns, as he came down to the finish in the famous silks of the Morris Stable, "white blue spots." He did not hear the ovation that lasted for three minutes as old Frank Kelly and Billy Porter carried him into the jockey quarters. Nor did he hear the appellation "Hard-Luck" Burns—simply for the reason that it was not used.

Georgie woke up in the hospital and around his bed were Peggy and Billy Porter, old Frank Kelly, and the owner of Lady Kaintuck', W. J. Morris. Everyone was watching him. He noticed the flowers arranged around the room and he smiled. His racing luck had come back. And as long as he was in the hospital he could eat as much as he wanted to without worrying about gaining weight and getting too heavy to ride.

T. J. Dale, '25

REFLECTIONS

"The Man Who Smiles at Himself in a Looking-glass Is Easily Pleased."

IT IS being agitated in the liberal metropolis of New York to remove from the public view all mirrors and looking-glasses. This means, if such an action should be brought about, that in the future this desirable convenience would be barred from slot-machines, weighing scales, clothing and hat stores, soda fountains, barber shops, store corners, and—to be short-winded about it—from any and every place where it has ordinarily been displayed. In my estimation, this injudicious move creates a question of far-reaching importance, and, for this reason, it should command the earnest attention of every good citizen and the careful, exhaustive study of every student of human affairs.

Being essentially a question, it naturally admits of two sides of argument. Those in favor of the abolition claim that the public display of these vanity ticklers makes for a lessening of efficiency in the handling of pedestrian traffic. Those blue-nosed, high-hatted and high-handed, Bible-toting fanatics—for as such does my mind's eye picture them—are trying to make us feel that the mere glance into a mirror now and then—for our own amusement, if for no other reason—causes a serious disruption in the direction, speed and accuracy of sidewalk traffic.

I do not contend such a point, for it does smack of some truth. Many times have I changed my course in walking because I knew that unless I did so, no mirror would be seen. I know, moreover, that when my direction was altered, my pace, naturally enough, changed also, for I was loath to delay myself the much anticipated pleasure. Still more naturally, while partaking of such self-educating enjoyment as a momentary glance into a nearby feature reflector, my accuracy in keeping to the small space allotted me by physical law was greatly impaired, and as a result often have I commenced to appropriate another's lot, when, with a sudden start, I would come to and find myself falling into some sweet one's arms or treading caressingly on pet corns other than my own.

So I say, for my part at least, that there is no contention possible with this logical and convincing argument. For me it is so true as to be nearly axiomatic.

But agreeing as I do with this very good reason for the abolition of the looking-glass, I cannot fail to foresee many horrible effects of the pernicious prohibition. So, feeling a responsibility to all humankind in general and to those in error in particular, I am obligated to set forth what, in my belief, these awful results will be. Then, with a little careful thought on the matter, we shall all realize that such an action is not only too drastic and unwise, but also absolutely useless. It would not accomplish the desired effect, but rather would it aggravate the present conditions which the abolitionists hope to correct.

For a moment let us consider a few of the many evil results of this preposterous move. With all public mirrors removed, draped or painted over, how can the fair flapper or the still fairer matron (please pardon the antiquated term, for the writer is still of the old school) adjust her complexion to the proper shade, or her eyebrows, lashes and lips to the exact shape? An appalling circumstance indeed that would force our fair friends in business and politics to be unkempt and unbeautiful! It is suggested that they should carry their own pocket mirrors, and thus not depend upon civic charity to keep them in good appearances. That point is best answered by this question—is not the youthful, exhilarating, and most bewitching result worth the trivial expense? An old, gnarled fogey, indeed, is he whose answer is "No!"

Further, surely this stupid action would result in conditions far more deplorable than existing ones, for who can deny that it is much more distracting, more delaying and more exasperating to have to stop, open a pocket-book and withdraw from its deepest corner a miniature looking-glass, than it is to poke one's face before a reasonable-sized mirror? Then, too, it surely requires more time to adjust an infinitesimal mirror to the proper latitude and longitude than it does to place oneself squarely before one of its larger relatives. Such a circumstance plainly cannot be declared convenient to the dangerous sex, nor, furthermore, to the male of the species. For we men want public mirrors and need them as much as our voting sisters do. We can also enjoy them as a means of self-gratification as much as our women folks, and, perhaps,

even better. It would, moreover, be exceptionally embarrassing if a man had to take out his own pocket mirror as does his nonchalant sister every time he felt the urge to gaze upon his classic features. Why, just to think of such a degrading predicament is blood curdling!

After two or three generations, however, of carrying their own pocket mirrors, men might become used to the disgraceful burden and overweighing indignity encumbered by the ridiculous prohibition. We object not so much against the conveying of pocket mirrors as against a circumstance which necessarily will attend such a carrying. Against this terrible condition every man with red blood in his veins must wage a ceaseless war. I will come to the point immediately.

Besides proscribing looking-glasses on the street, this ordinance, if passed, would place under taboo mirrors in clothing stores, hat stores, barber shops and so forth, for are not these shops and stores public places? And the result? Ah, good reader, can you not picture the horrible conditions that must necessarily follow? They are very evident—a man goes to a clothing store to buy a suit; the store having no mirrors, the customer must carry his own. A huge, breakable affair must be carted around crowded city streets in some sort of awkward contraption, simply because a few puritanical minds can find no benefit in public mirrors. If to buy a hat a good citizen goes, he must pack along his looking-glass, or have some porter do it for him. Or if his cares lead him to a barber shop, where every minute action of his favorite barber must be carefully watched, once again is he obliged to take his cumbersome burden. In time we would become a race of perspiring mirror carriers. This would be more than appalling to have this action forced upon men, but when our good women must so degrade themselves, it is high time for us all to unite to kill this imbecile move once and for all. Really, there is a limit to what men will allow their mothers, sisters, wives, daughters and sweethearts to do!

Should the last mentioned condition ever be effected, every family, old maid and bachelor would have to provide themselves with a complete set of mirrors as is now customary in public stores. The set would include barber mirrors, hat mirrors, soda-fountain mirrors—for who enjoys a soft drink without the plea-

sure of soft glances to a friendly mirror?—suit mirrors, tie mirrors, shoe mirrors and—and—oh, what kind of mirror could be left out of the collection, anyway? And besides, there must be some kind of cart to transport all these through the busy downtown sections. Then, once in the center of a rushing mob, we will stand in great danger of having each and every mirror crashed to a million pieces. With seven black years of misfortune attached to every broken looking-glass, what would be the heart-rending total of ten to twenty shattered looking-glasses? If such a calamity befell one, indeed, his life would lose its every charm.

Finally, it must be apparent to you, dear reader, after considering the salient points of this argument, that the move to abolish such public conveniences and civic necessities as mirrors is nothing more than a low, despicable scheme on the part of mirror manufacturers to create an enormous demand for their products.

Stephen M. Murray, '27

Thoughts of An Idle Moment

"This above all things, to thy own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

JUST a few words from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, which if glanced over mean nothing, but which indeed, if really read, have a wealth of gold in the advice they contain. I recall this definition, "reading in its real sense is a deliberate process, by which written thought is transferred to the mind, and is there stored and assimilated." Let us then really read these lines, and see if it will not result beneficially for us.

"To thine own self be true." What a noble thought that is. To be absolutely honest with ourselves; to judge ourselves not as we like to think we are, but as we really know ourselves to be. This is indeed not easy, but what a far-reaching effect it would have! How different would be this greedy, grasping world of ours if we were but true to ourselves! But what a small chance there is of that event occurring. True to ourselves! We are everything but that. As a people, we are a greedy, self-seeking group of individuals. We desire to have our own way not because it is necessarily the best way, but because it is our way. In the same manner, we try to force our opinions on others, and if they are not accepted, we at once classify those who oppose us as blockheads.

We think of ourselves first. We are the important one. If we are satisfied, then it is time enough to consider our neighbor. But to consider his welfare ahead of ours—forsooth, 'twere the action of a fool. What a farce we make of life. We strive to obtain knowledge that we may not be placed with the ignorant. We struggle to obtain gold that we may not be classed with the poor. We pray that we may get to Heaven and not be numbered among the damned. We exert all our efforts to be a success in order that we may be considered above the common herd. In short, our ambitions are entirely selfish; we strive not to help others, but to help ourselves.

Yet, we know that it should not be thus. We are told "to love thy neighbor as thyself." Do we do it? Let us answer that ques-

tion, bearing in mind the idea "to thy own self be true." Do we excuse in our neighbors the faults we smile at in ourselves? Do we forgive the inaccurate word of a friend as easily as our own deviation from the truth? Do we excuse a fit of anger in him or blame it on his set of tired nerves as we do for ourselves? Do we realize that just as we are but human and swayed by our prejudices and passions, so also is he? We may do so, but our actions lead us to believe otherwise.

We are put on earth to help and not to hinder each other. There is in us an instructive quality which tends toward good. By some it is called conscience; by some it is called nature; but called by any name, it is the same, and we all have it. Like every other faculty of the body it can be developed only by exercise. How little we do to exercise it, for in the mad struggle for success we have throttled this inner voice until it is but a faint murmur among those other voices, which in a loud manner tell us that we must be successful at any cost. We must amass wealth, for unless we do so we are a failure, and there is no joy in living.

This is not being true to ourselves. We are not true to ourselves when we say one thing and mean another. We are not true to ourselves if we use the harsh word when the kind word costs no more. We can never be true to ourselves when our entire existence is wrapt up in consideration of self, with never even a passing consideration of others. Yet, we know the remedy. It lies in us. We all have faults. No one but God can be perfect. Still this does not excuse us. Let us remember friend Coue of yesteryear. We may have ridiculed his slogan, but we could apply it here and it would be sure to bring the desired result. If we lived each day in such a manner that at the close of that day we could say, "I am a better man today than I was yesterday. I am true to myself," it would not be a great while before we would be conscious of a decided change in our character. We should be less tolerant with ourselves and more tolerant with others. We should always remember the words of Johann Gottfried von Herder, the German philosopher, who said, "it is noble to distress no one; it is more noble always to practice charity, but it is most noble to love even enemies."

Charles H. Young, Jr., '25

Scoff On

OW can you scoff?
You triflers with short life?
What would you have me do?
Hurl forth the knife
Of worldliness into the heart
Of my ideals?

And if I dream,
Well, what is that to you?
To whom life's but an ugly test
Of force 'gainst force;
Of wrong 'gainst greater wrong.
Must I be laughed at
If I, pausing but to rest,
Am moved to song?

If life seems brighter through a sheen of dreams,
And I am better through my own ideals,
Am I not justified to sing my songs,
When love and life are taken as my themes?

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

JOE COLLEGE, 1924

E is quite a fellow, is this college chap of 1924. Oh, yes. There never has been anything like him—that is quite like him. Of course, there have been college men previous to 1924, but they were not just like this year's college man. They differed in many respects. Strange to say, the college men of the past went to college to learn something. No such purpose actuates the college man of this era. Far be it from him to spoil his college education by trying to learn something. Besides, study not only gives one brain fag, but it is also bad for the eyes. And, I ask you, what can a chap do without good eyes? Furthermore, it is all rot about the present generation being intellectual slackers. They know a lot of things. Maybe these things do not seem so important to the oldsters, but be assured they are important to their possessors.

Your college man of 1924 is a very well-read fellow. He has cultivated a taste for the newer school of things. Every young and unsophisticated theory just waking in the world can find a welcome awaiting it from the 1924 college man. Joe College goes in for the most advanced form of evolution, and after taking a trip to the zoo, he is substantiated in his own views. He has made a thorough and complete monkey of himself. By associating with a Greenwich Village artiste, he becomes an authority on cubistic art, and proceeds to exercise his knowledge on the only cubes in the vicinity, which unluckily happen to be dice with the regulation dots on them. He finds that as a cubist he is not. Literature is an open book to him, and he glories in airing his knowledge of it. Needless to say he does not bother with Shakespeare, Milton, or their kind. Nay! He hobnobs with the indecipherable efforts of Okus Skijh or Nails Hammer, the literary sons of Norwegian sardine manufacturers. But that is not all.

While he is in the airy, fairy clouds of the intelligentsia, he also is enjoying a plebian existence. He attends the music shows and gets as near as possible to the stage, which oftentimes is no nearer than the ultimate balcony. He usually knows some member of the cast, generally a blond, but for personal reasons he is not going to take her to supper. One of the reasons is that she would

not go. The other reasons are unimportant. He also belongs to several clubs, such as the Daffy Club, which charges no dues (one's personality is one's dues), and the Moustache Club, whose dues are the same nominal amount as those of the Daffy Club. He usually eats in the hotels downtown, but he sleeps in the Walledoff, and he quite often avers that he likes butter on toast better than quail on toast. And for this reason he sometimes eats in the Walledoff. The occasions so honored are when he has the price. Nor does this complete the picture.

He has a penchant for riding around in one of those abbreviated knickknacks manufactured in Detroit, preferably a dilapidated model of same with chalked epigrams all over it, which tell of the absence of brakes and the year of manufacture, B. C. It is quite the sporting thing to sputter up the Main Stem and give the pedestrian populace a treat. As well as riding about the downtown streets, it is also quite necessary for one to acquire a taste for spaghetti and what goes with it. After a spaghetti dinner late in the evening, the 1924 college man is very liable to spend the remainder of the evening and morn trying to persuade himself that those things in front of him are not really snakes but spaghetti. Sometimes he is successful. But it is in dancing that Joe College excels. He has more steps at his command than the White House. His dancing positions are nothing if not artistic. The latest—or was it the next to the latest—varsity position resembles the composite act of a left-handed golfer trying to get out of the rough with a driver and a rheumatic kangaroo about to broad jump. His proficiency in dancing sums up the social activity of the college man of 1924. We have not mentioned collegiate clothes.

If clothes make the man, then someone played a dirty trick on Joe College. It is only natural that he should have the ultra in the prevailing modes. And this ultra is some ultra! His hat is formed with a piazza-effect down over the eyes protecting the vision from the sun, which is unnecessary, for the 1924 college man does all his traveling by night. His neckties (or as he calls them, scarves) are of the eye-filling variety, seemingly a splash from the rainbow. His shoes are square-toed, heavy, and devoid of balloon tires, and when he walks, he sounds like the National Guard retreating over the Red Bridge. But it is his trousers that are the sartorial masterpiece. They have the same aesthetic shape as a pair of grain

sacks, and are as free from a crease as a mattress. They hang—and flap when the wind blows—as freely as a washing on a slack line. When their inmate approaches, he resembles, from the waist down, two policemen drawing nigh. The favorite collegiate color for trousers is powder blue, which is about the same shade as the postmen's suits back home in Squeedunk.

Take it all in all, Joe College, 1924, is some fellow. Intellectually, socially, and sartorially, he could, back in 1874, be called some pumpkin. In 1924, he is colloquially, though aptly, termed the turtle's touring car.

John P. Sheridan, '25

Keys

HAT does impel all men to carry keys
In numbers unaccountable on rings?
Must men become the burden'd underlings
Of petty dominators such as these?

Are they some potent charm against disease,
Above the hazard, lifting men on wings?
Perhaps, great happiness their number brings,
If they cannot be borne with any ease?

Methinks 'tis so because men in their pride
Believe that rare sagacity is found
In keys whose knowing numbers help decide
In stress momentous, questions, and expound
The truths with which the masters must reside
If in perception skill'd they would abound.

Stephen Murray, '27

NIGHT WHISTLERS

IT WAS a lonely road and quite dark. The winter, with its winds and snows, had robbed it of whatever beauty it might have had. No longer do the trees, drooped and bent under the onslaught of the battling elements, seem to be the inspiration of poets. There was only one living being on this road, only one, and yet he was not alone. Going along with him was a companion, his whistle. If you walk the streets alone in the silence of the night, did you ever notice how the solitude is exaggerated? Your footsteps echo and reëcho, and the skies look cold and the stars fixed. Unconsciously you begin to whistle, and your soft notes act as a bugle call to nature. The night is transformed; the heavens radiate with an added beauty, while the stars send out their messages of peace and quiet.

It has always been pleasing and enjoyable to me, as I lie in bed recounting in my mind the deeds of the day, or thrilling with the romance of days to come, to listen attentively to the strains of some song that comes tripping over my sill, and try to tell the character of the whistler by the selection and rendition of his song.

There comes along a man clothing his sentiment in the consoling bars of a lyric. He may well be called the soul whistler, for as he plods his way along, weary as it may be, his spirit is soothed by the musical sweetness of its soft sound. As he walks along with "Nellie Kelly" through the "long, long trail that winds into the land of his dreams," his soft lay rolls among the slumberous hills of the night, and he is joyful, for perhaps his companion whispers to him sweet stories of peace and love.

Next comes a man beating his foot on the ground in time with the swelling strains of a march. This man can never be imagined as a lover. How he seems to remove himself from his present surroundings and enjoy "Marching through Georgia!" The execution of the refrain is almost perfect, but why shouldn't it be? He has no tender emotion tearing at his heart, and cares not what is at the end of the rainbow.

I know not what I shall say of this third man who comes along, for he is not consistent or serious long enough for anyone to get a coherent impression out of it. Were I to sum up this

fragment-whistler's collection, I would certainly have an hysterical and queer combination. Starting off in a sad refrain, he loses himself in a syncopated affair of our later day. How versatile he is! He can place "Sweet Adeline" on the most intimate terms with "That Red Haired Girl," and even have "Mother Machree" "Roaming in the Gloaming." This fellow is annoying, but you cannot stop him. He will whistle "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold."

Thus I found the lot of night whistlers all different in their choice of songs, yet all alike in one thing. They hold their whistle as their nightly walking chum. Some have sweet and sincere chums; some rough chums; and some have all the world as their chum. Man must have companionship.

Thomas P. Carroll, '25

THE OBSERVER

ONCE more it seems that the French government has reverted to anti-Catholic bigotry. Once again has a fanatic come into power in that land called the "Eldest Child of the Church." That great nation, it would appear, must yet again suffer the indignity of another blot upon its proud escutcheon. For a while after the war France was not entirely unsympathetic to the religion of a great many of her people. She appeared to have become ashamed of her years of stubborn oposition to Catholic practices, and especially to the religious. The world rejoiced that France had sufficiently recognized the remarkable work of the priests and nuns on the battlefields so as to modify her anti-Catholic stand. But as future events have proved that was but an emotional aftermath of the great struggle. The French embassy at the Vatican was renewed only to be closed again; and proscribed religious bodies were welcomed back with open arms, only to find their estate forfeit once more. The present Premier, boasting of his decidedly anti-Catholic stand, in his unreasonable opposition to the protests of many Princes of the Church, and in his defiance of the promises of the government to protect the religious rights of the people, has ordered out of their native land a community of nuns.

It will be an interesting thing to watch how long the French people will tolerate this sort of business; to see how long a time will pass before France begins to act as a really civilized nation, and not as a Russia or a Turkey in the throes of a savage materialism. In past centuries, France and the Church, hand in hand, formed many beautiful and lasting traditions. The French people have no antipathy toward the Church, for they are, in the main, Catholic. But until this anti-religious policy is crushed forever by the assertion of their rights by an indignant and outraged people, France can never lift her head proudly and take her place among the leaders of the world, civilized in thought, as well as powerful in action.

It is the most difficult thing for a government, however liberal it may be and however righteous are its leaders, to suppress entirely anti-religious feeling. Organizations for the suppression

of Catholicity will always exist, for the average intelligence will always be kept from soaring by the existence of bigoted morons. However, an enlightened government will be unaffected by the raucous clamorings of those who seek pernicious anti-Catholic legislation. A truly civilized people turns with disgust from the contemplation of bigotry and intolerance. At this date, among the leaders of thought, national religious intolerance is considered gone forever; but no agency can prevent such intolerance from existing among those who form a straggling rear guard along the path to a brighter civilization.

In our country, even, we are not entirely free from it. Societies have been formed, some are now existing, whose aim is the suppression of Catholic principles of morality. But it is to the credit of the nation that its enlightened spokesman refused to bargain or connive with these irreligious agencies. And always there stands guiding and protecting religious liberty our great national charter—the Constitution. But we are forced into deep contemplation, however, of the duplicity and insincerity of some nations and their leaders when we consider the present plight of France. It is really a plight: for what great nation which boasts of civil or religious liberty can look but with disgust on the attempts of a powerful country to crush the religion of its peoples by proscribing those whose lives are dedicated to that religion. Of course, things cannot remain as they are now. But the longer it takes the people of France to defeat crushingly any attempt to encroach on their religious freedom, the longer will the ignominy of France remain, and the deeper and blacker will become that ugly stain on its national honor.

* * * *

It is not at all a novel or an uncommon sight to see intelligent and representative Catholic laymen ascend a rostrum in Hyde Park, London, and to hear them expound the doctrines of religion. Such a procedure has been long in operation and the results have been very fruitful. In this country, however, such attempts at outdoor, public exposition of Catholic views and dogma have been very few and far between; but judging from the gratifying results of such methods across the water, there is absolutely no reason to believe that they would not be successful here. In the early days of the Church, these were the methods of the Apostles and

Disciples: to gather a crowd in a public square and tell them definitely what the Church was, and on what its teachings were based. It is to be believed, that if such methods are adopted in this country, we may have every reason for feeling assured of their success. There are hundreds of people to whom the Catholic church is but a name; there are many to whom it signifies a fearful thing; and there are many in whose breasts the name of the Catholic church generates intense hate. These people are those to whom the spokesmen for the Church should address themselves particularly. These people are either too indifferent to find out for themselves what the church is, or else they hold very erroneous opinions of which they are convinced. If, in every large city, and also in the outlying towns, there were public meetings on the street-corners in which the Faith was expounded, there surely would be a favorable reaction. People, whose meagre knowledge of the Faith was handed down to them by ignorant predecessors, would soon become convinced that there is a Catholic side to the question; a side which demands attention and justice. We would not expect crowds of converts; but let the seed be planted, and carefully nourished, the Bloom of Faith will guide itself. Catholic doctrine spread thus by intelligent laymen would be productive of great results.

Thomas Henry Barry, '25.

HOTCHPOTCH

GET A DIFFERENT FACE FOR EACH SEASON.

1. The Spring Face—a happy smile with each; depicts the happy feeling inspired by Spring.

2. The Summer Face—a tanned and weather-beaten mug provided.

3. A Fall Map—earnest, back-to-work-look affixed to each. (Scars provided for football men.)

4. Winter Face—crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes a specialty.

These are permanent faces—can be used season after season.

Price: One hundred thousand dollars per wrinkle.

UNITED STATES ARTIFICIAL INTERCHANGEABLE PHYSIOG CO.
North Burlap, Ohio.

AND THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HIM.

The man entered the room. He advanced towards his victim. Slowly, ever so slowly, he drew nearer and nearer, until the victim could stand it no longer. With a cry of anguish, he ran across the room. The man gave chase, upsetting furniture in the pursuit. Finally, the victim was captured, and with a cry of fiendish glee, the man said, "Aha! You are mine! You shall not escape again."

He led the captive to a table upon which lay surgical instruments. After a short struggle, he was thrown on the table, and soon the heavy odor of ether filled the room. His captor laughed, and said, "You are mine! You shall die. I will cut your head off. Yes, cringe and wiggle all you want to. In a few moments all will be over. See this nice knife? I am going to kill you with it. Feel of it. Isn't it keen? The whole world will be grateful to me. The medical world will be glad to have you as a specimen."

The ether began to take effect. The victim struggled and cried, but to no avail. He was doomed. Why had he ever approached that fiend who towered over him? Why had he ever listened to that cunning persuasive voice? It was true that he was a derelict and a wanderer, but he loved life, and now he was in the hands of a mad man who was preparing to dissect him. Kill him! For what? Just to satisfy his craving for knowledge. All was lost! He would not be seen again.

His eyes grew heavy. Unconsciousness was coming over him.

With closing eyes he saw his captor select a knife, and then—no! No! He must escape! That human devil was going to cut him to pieces. And then—the knife was drawn across his throat, and the blood shot out in crimson spurts.

And another "alley rabbit" went the way of all biological specimens.

O SWEET, O JOYOUS AUTUMN!

A fine season of year,
This late autumn time;
When easily perceived,
Is the change in the clime.

But the nip in the air
And the feeling of frost,
Just make your light undies
Feel inadequate.

THE ARMORY—NORA DAME GAME.

Written exclusively for the *Alembic* by that eminent sport writer, Franklin Brice.

East vs. West! Armory vs. Nora Dame! Classic of classics! The super-battle of the Ages!

Outlined against a blue, gray, October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again, this time against the Three Musketeers.

Fifty-five thousand people saw the great Armory and Nora Dame football teams churn up the turf in heated battle for one solid hour. General Pershing, Joe Cook, Jack Dempsey, One-Eye Connolly, the Dolly Sisters, and a host of lesser lights were on hand. Society women were present in great numbers and style. A scattering of relatives of the Hoosier boys made their presence felt with wild cheers for their favorites.

The Armory, rated the strongest defensive team in the game, presented a skilled, heavy, fairly-fast offensive. For a time her well-drilled, experienced line smeared play after play, breaking up the wonderful interference of Nora Dame's warriors with heart-rending regularity. Then suddenly she wilted. What chance has mere flesh and blood against a tank that travels with the speed of a motorcycle?

The Nora Dame backfield came on in full strength with the opening of the second period. This smooth-working, lighter, faster team was a veritable cyclone, tearing through with bewildering

speed and bone-crushing force. Her backs had in them the mixed blood of the tiger and the antelope.

History has proved to us the power of mind over matter. The football brains and skill of Nora Dame's light, fast men more than offset the brawn of the mighty Armory eleven, sweeping aside, like so much chaff, her determined defense. Thus history repeats itself.

History tells us—

The game? Oh, yes. Nora Dame won; score 13-7.

"That is a growing evil," remarked Brown, as the baby next door began to howl.

"I know a place where you can get a dinner for a quarter."

"Really? A good spread?"

"First-rate, if you give the waiter a half-dollar."

Mr. Mudd (to his daughter): I suppose this foreign suitor of yours hasn't a cent.

Daughter: Oh, yes, he has, pa. He has a lovely English accent.

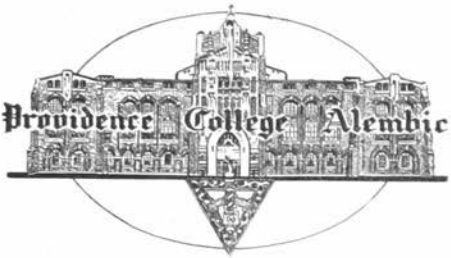
A SONG OF THE ROAD

MUCH have I ridden in all kinds of Fords,
And many a goodly town and village seen,
Round many rustic hamlets have I been,
Which rubes in fealty to fair Ceres hold.

Oft of one "classy" town had I been told
A fat old burgess ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never fall afoul his spleen,
Until one day I heard a summons bold.

Then felt I like some sneaky, witless boob,
Who gets caught swiping candy from a kid;
Or like the noble Brutus when he heard
Mark Antony harangue the Roman mob—

"Ha! Speeding!" roared the cop—voice leonine.
I sold the Ford that I might pay the fine.



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THANKSGIVING

It was in 1621 that the first Thanksgiving Day was observed. A heartily thankful band of pilgrims set aside a day that they might pay homage to God for the prosperity of the closing year. From that time, Thanksgiving became an annual day of prayer to God, later being set aside as a national holiday, taking place, by proclamation, on the last Thursday in November. Primarily, it was a harvest feast, being a public appreciation of God's gifts of the soil. It was only natural that it should be such, for the Pilgrims were, from necessity, an agrarian people. They readily learned from the Indians the value of growing corn and of gathering the wild rice, so abundant in that part of the country. Just as readily did they improve on the Indians' methods,

and after the first year, when their efforts had been rewarded, they sought a way to show their gratitude for the help they had received.

Thanksgiving Day was in the beginning essentially New England. It came to take the place of Christmas to a certain extent. As a time for family reunions, it was surpassed by no other holiday, but of late, Thanksgiving Day, somehow, has seemed to lose its significance. It was not so many years ago that a trip to church on Thanksgiving morning was a general practice. This has been supplanted by late sleeping, maybe several hours in a concrete grandstand watching two football teams do battle, maybe attendance at a boxing match, a too-heavy dinner, maybe a theatre, and so to bed. A day of alleged rest turns out to be a day of labor. It is safe to say that the majority of Americans do not remember to thank God on Thanksgiving Day. They are too busy. They are working too hard to find pleasurable relaxation, and in the end they gain only fatigue—and a tautening of the nerves. We wonder what the Pilgrims would say were they to return and follow the routine of a twentieth century Thanksgiving Day. These early settlers may have been austere to the marge of fanaticism, but at least they remembered to thank God. We are curious to know whether the historians of the future will say of us that we forgot to give God public thanks for His benefits.

THE MODERN COLLEGE

From the earliest times men have striven to be educated, and from the earliest times men have become educated. No age has a monopoly of the greatest minds in the realm of knowledge. True, there have been eras when, apparently, some branch of knowledge was developed to its highest seeming extent, but always some man has come forward and brought to that already great knowledge a greater profoundness, a clearer insight into its principles. Thus have individual men risen above their fellows, and as they rose, they taught by word of mouth or facile pen, and their disciples in turn gave to those struggling for knowledge, their own learning. Art, philosophy, and what we are pleased to call the exact sciences, remained not mysteries to man, but fields to be searched and explored arduously, yet thoroughly, that their greatest beauty might be realized. Out of this desire for knowl-

edge, and its resulting effort to perfect that knowledge, there came a system of instruction, at first individual, and then, for reasons of expediency, group. Slowly our schools evolved, limited in outlook at first, but later expanding to a substantial comprehension. As a direct development of these latter, we have the modern college.

The statement that a college education is necessary for success in this age of specialists, seems to be borne out by the fact that never before was education as general as it is today. There are hundreds of colleges in this country, and the subjects they offer for study run the gamut of philosophy, all the sciences and pseudo-sciences, and many of the arts. It is only natural that the consequence should be a system of education as diverse as it is possible for it to be. Gradually our colleges have given way to the individual whim as the dictator of the course of study. Elective courses were allowed to such an extent that oftentimes they were abused, until finally, some of our oldest universities had to bar their use to Freshmen, maintaining that they were not mature enough to choose their courses of study. Notwithstanding this, we find another college experimenting even farther with the elective idea, and incorporating in it the abolition of examinations and the student-government of the college.

According to this plan, the student body is to run the college. It is in their power to arrange the curriculum, maintain the honor system, promote extensive research work, and abolish the lecture system. It is an experiment; nothing more nor less. From our viewpoint, it seems that such a procedure necessitates a hand-picked student body. Whether it lies within the good judgment of a group of young men to run a college successfully, has yet to be proved. If they are successful, it means that education has taken another forward step. If not—well, it was an experiment anyway.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Annual Memorial Mass

On October 31, the annual Solemn High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of the Founders and Benefactors of Providence College was celebrated in the college chapel. The Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Provdience, was present in the sanctuary. The deacons of honor to the Bishop were Rev. J. R. Meaney, O.P., and Rev. J. B. Dawkins, O.P. The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. Wm. D. Noon, O.P., President of the College. The Vice-President, Rev. John A. Jordan, O.P., was deacon, and Rev. Justin McManus, O.P., sub-deacon. The Fathers of the faculty composed the choir.

After the Mass, the Rt. Rev. Bishop addressed the student body in the gymnasium. His address was one of inspiration and encouragement to the young men who earnestly endeavor to improve heart, mind and body under the impetus of Catholic education. After imparting his blessing to the Faculty and students, the Bishop granted a holiday.

Class Elections

The Senior Class held their election of officers, with the following results: President, John E. Cassidy, of Providence; Vice-President, T. Gregory Sullivian, of Brockton, Massachusetts; Secretary, James H. Lynch, of Providence; Treasurer, James C. Conlon, of Taunton, Massachusetts. Each man was elected by a big majority, Jim Conlon being the unanimous choice of the class.

President Cassidy's first official act was to appoint the Commencement Week Committee, consisting of Robert Murphy, Chairman; Joseph McHugh, T. Henry Barry, James Conlon and John J. Fitzpatrick. Plans have been started which promise to make the Commencement Week of the Class of 1925 the outstanding feature in the history of the college.

After a close contest, the officers of the Junior Class for the coming year were announced as follows: President, Francis Reynolds, of Riverpoint; Vice-President, Henry Reall, of Providence; Secretary, James Leach, of Providence; Treasurer, John J. Halloran, of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

With these outstanding men as leaders, the Junior Class bids

fair to forge ahead in school affairs and such social events as come under the head of Junior Class activities.

Debating Society

On Thursday evening, October 9th, the Providence College Debating Society held their first meeting for the scholastic year, the election of officers resulting in the following men being honored by the society: President, Robert E. Curran; Vice-President, Thomas Carroll; Secretary, Francis R. Foley; Treasurer, John E. Farrell. The Moderator of this Debating Society is Rev. M. S. Welsh, O.P.

Fitzy's Frenzy

The golf bug is slowly but persistently burrowing his way into the ranks of the student body. The number of golfers is growing daily on the well-kept links of the college campus. Some of the fellows have been busy building a treacherous hazard at the approach to the third hole. This proves a stumbling block to the novices at the game, but at the same time lends incentive to a strong current of competition among the players. The interclass meets are to be played before the middle of November, which should prove another interesting event to the growing list of class activities.

The Sophomore Class stopped long enough in their attempt to make life miserable for the Freshman to hold an election of officers. When the smoke of the battle had cleared away and the seats in the assembly hall were placed again in their proper positions, the names of the new officers were emblazoned on high for the edification of "whom it may concern." President, Stephen Murray; Vice-President, Cyril Costello; Secretary, John Beirne; Treasurer, John Driscoll.

The fact that all these men come from Providence is sufficient in itself to augur well for a spirited and active class. Any one living in Providence cannot help but absorb a great deal of political knowledge.

Freshman Debaters

Under the moderatorship of Rev. A. B. McLoughlin, O.P., the Freshmen have organized their own debating society. The initial meeting of these enthusiastic youngsters saw the election of the following as the officers of this society: President, J. J. Breen; Vice-President, Arthur Garry; Secretary, Frank J. Kelly; Treasurer, Philip Flynn. Good luck and splendid success to this youngest of the college societies!

John J. Fitzpatrick, '25

ALUMNI

ALUMNI BALL.

PLANS for the second annual Alumni Ball are well under way, according to the energetic chairman of the committee, James F. Keleher, A.B., '24. It will be held at the Narragansett Hotel, Monday, December 29th. The committee extends a cordial invitation to all the student body and their friends to be present. Messrs. Sullivan and Halloran will be glad to supply requests for invitations at the College Book Store.

THE OLD TIMERS.

It was a delightful experience to welcome our old friend, smiling Bill Hoban, A. B., '24, back to the *Alembic* office last week. Bill is as happy as ever, and radiated good nature. He is studying law at Boston University—and is glad to sell a Chevrolet to all who are looking for a good car.

CLASS OF '23.

Charles J. Ashworth, A.B., has entered his second year at Tufts Medical School. Frank Holland and John Bailey are at Harvard Dental. Jimmie Clune is studying medicine at Georgetown. Steve Brodie, B.S., is at Boston University Law.

CLASS OF '24.

Joe McGee, Ph.B., and Sam Crawford, A.B., are at Harvard, studying business administration. At Harvard, Walter Considine, A.B., Frank McCabe, A.B., and Maurice Laforce, A.B., are studying law. Albert Callahan, A.B., is a potential lawyer, taking his course at Columbia. Leon Smith is at Columbia in the medical school. Francis P. McHugh, A.B., is with the Tide Water Oil Co., at Lowell Mass.

Earle F. Ford, '25

EXCHANGE

WE ARE told that dancing was one of the earliest arts. Men danced for joy around their primitive camp fires after the defeat or slaughter of their enemy. As men became more cilivized they found it necessary to communicate with others far away and to keep records of their events. So man invented writing for utilitarian purposes only. The first writing was rude scratches on rocks, and it is supposed that these rock inscriptions were traced by a scribe and then actually cut by a stone cutter who was probably ignorant of their signification. Presently, men began to write with a stylus on baked clay tablets and with the advance and progress of civilization various other materials came into use.

Today dancing still remains the first and earliest art for some. For the Epicurians of this present age, dancing is given paramount consideration, but for the people who think and for the people who hold the scepter of control in every walk of life, reading comes first. But never since the dawn of writing, when men employed the crudest implements to express their opinions on rocks, has there been such a diversity of literature and such an abundance of reading matter. In the early days of literature only the learned, who were few in number, could read. During the Middle Ages reading and writing belonged almost wholly to the monks. While the emperors and rulers of the Middle Ages were fighting, either at home or abroad in quest of power, the monks cloistered in their respective monasteries were diligently working on the various manuscripts of the earlier authors, and indeed it is to them that we are indebted for all our knowledge of the early classics. Though their own writings were chiefly theological or philosophical, they left us a far greater heirloom than did any of the kings or leaders of their day.

Even in the days of Abraham Lincoln books were few and only the wealthy possessed libraries. But the advent of the Twentieth Century brought sweeping changes in literature as well as in every other art. The Twentieth Century, while yet in its adolescence, is rich in literature of every description. A century ago a man might acquaint himself with all the literature of the

day, but we doubt that such could be done today. In fact, we think it physically impossible for anyone to read every book that comes from the press. It would be idle to attempt an approximate enumeration of even the modern fiction writers. There is a vast body of writers from which we may obtain information concerning any subject imaginable, and yet the utmost care must be exercised in selecting our reading matter. Some writers employ their art solely for pleasure, while others write for financial reasons, often sacrificing their own opinions for the whims of the day. There are still others who use their writings as media for the propagation of peculiar doctrines which, if given any weighty consideration, would in all probability, ultimately undermine the religious, political, and civil welfare of the universe. Fortunately, most of these writings of the latter type are either figments of a day or venturesome experiments and their advent is almost simultaneous with their exit.

We are today reading the works of authors which have survived the ages and are still regarded as masterpieces of literature. The question arises as to what authors out of the vast number now engaged in writing, will stand the test of time. Will the most popular fiction books of this year be known a century hence? Will the much-read and equally much-discussed *Main Street* be known and read in future years? We think not. Those of authority in the book world contend that the best sellers of non-fiction or of general literature will some day be placed in the category with the classics of the former centuries. It is interesting to know that a survey of a list of the best sellers of last month revealed that *The Outline of History* by Mr. H. G. Wells is constantly in demand. This book has been one of the best sellers for the past two years and the continuity of its popularity is sufficient ground to prognosticate that it will some day be placed in the shrine of classics. This is what we are told, and as we are not prophets, we cannot deny it but we can offer an explanation for the enormous sale of *The Outline*.

A certain group dubbed the cream of society has taken to reading *The Outline*, and we think that one of the reasons for its increased sale is the result of incidents such as the following: Mrs. DeWitt Chatt, renowned for her inconsistent and incessant loquacity, paid an afternoon call to Mrs. Polychrome, who was

thought by those of her set to be well informed on light reading, and in fact she was often called Chandelier as a pet name by her friends because of her seemingly inexhaustible knowledge of light literature. Mrs. DeWitt Chatt, who, by the way, was suffering from an excess of adiposity, had placed herself in a large, over-stuffed lounge, and during the course of her conversation with the oracle on light fiction, her eyes chanced to fall on some volumes on the richly carved table, supported by a pair of Rodin's *Thinkers* serving as book ends. Note the inconsistency in selection. Mrs. Chatt inquired as to the nature of the books, thinking them to be something in fiction, whereupon Mrs. Polychrome informed her that the books were none other than *The Outline* in four volumes, and that all the members of the *beau monde* had purchased *The Outline*, adding that of course you don't have to read it, but in order to be up to the day you should have it on your table. The next day, Mrs. DeWitt Chatt lost no time until she bought *The Outline*, and placed it on her library table for display.

The foregoing example may hold true in regard to some of the other "big sellers," as an explanation for their enormous circulation. This speculating and conjecturing on the part of the self-termed illuminati of the book world is absurd. Because of the fact that a book has been popular and enjoyed a large circulation, we cannot conclude that it will survive and be proclaimed as a classic by subsequent generations. We notice that this is the only statement made by the bookmen to substantiate their contention for the survival of *The Outline*. As to what future generations will say of our present day writings, remains a mystery which time alone is able to solve. Our present age of literature is sailing on an uncharted sea. We can only hope that the writings which do survive and receive the halo of classicism, are those which have truly represent the age in which their authors lived.

The Ambrosian, St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa.

The autumn number of *The Ambrosian*, coming from the west to the seat of intellectuality, i. e., New England, revealed literary endeavors in some respects unusual to a collegiate publication. The magazine is rich in essays, and it would be a very difficult task to decide which of the essays was the best. Particularly did we enjoy *The Theatre*, under which title the latest plays and movies were discussed. Speaking of *"America,"* one of D. W.

Griffith's productions, we are told that "it is better than a lesson in history." We believe, however, that it was in itself a lesson in history. The solemn name *The Morgue* rejects all thought of solemnity upon inspection. The metamorphosis of the gawky, gangling schoolboy into the dapper sheik is a truly humorous piece.

St. John's Record, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.

Very attractive magazine, not only in the color scheme of the cover, which is of a particularly pleasing hue, but also in the literary achievements within. The poetry was of exceptional quality, and *The Conversion of the English* must have entailed much labor and thought on the part of the poet. Articles were apparently a nonentity. There is also a lack of humor; a humorous spasm now and then, or a humorous essay would tend to give it a better balance.

James C. Conlon, '25

Credited with three victories and two defeats in the first half of its ambitious 1924 gridiron campaign, Providence College is now in the midst of its toughest contests embraced in the home stretch of five games.

Conquerors of Lowell Textile, St. Michael's and St. Stephen's Colleges on successive Saturdays, wearers of the White and Black have a winning background to work on for the five big contests included in the latter half of the season's programme. While the Lowell victory was far from impressive, resulting, it seemed, from overconfidence, the smashing 43 to 0 win a week later over the St. Michael's team of Vermont prefaced an evenly contested game against the St. Stephen's combination of New York that produced the third straight success of the season.

While Illinois is indelibly recording into the pages of history the almost superhuman efforts of its gridiron luminary, Red Grange, chroniclers of the football records at this institution are sketching the spectacular scoring cog in its own machine in the person of Jack Triggs, 198 pound halfback.

Tabulated lists of the leading scoring backs in the East included the Providence star among the first 12 gridiron warriors. Completing a forward pass with Tom Bride, the White and Black's other potential halfback, for a touchdown in the game against St. Stephen's on Hendricken Field in the game October 25, Triggs registered his fifth touchdown in as many games. He is the leading point scorer of any player on the three collegiate teams produced within the borders of this state.

Undivided efforts on the part of the students in backing their eleven to the limit in the great victory over the St. Stephen's eleven proved an inspirational factor that instilled into Captain Alford and his teammates the necessary pep and vigor to produce that touchdown in the last period, when the White and Black colors were

destined, it seemed, to be displaced in victory by the Red and White of the New Yorkers.

VERMONT VS. PROVIDENCE.

Succumbing to that unbeatable combination of perfected overhead attack and poor officiating in the last half of the contest with the University of Vermont at Burlington on Saturday, October 4, a small but sturdy band of football warriors carrying the White and Black of Providence College fell conquered by a 10-point margin. Vermont 13, Providence 3, was the story the scoreboard told to a throng of 4,500 partisan fans.

Green and Gold banners waved triumphantly in the Vermont breezes only after the huskies of the institution in the mountains registered one touchdown each in the third and fourth quarters of a game featured by the stubborn resistance of the Rhode Islanders, captained by their hard-working guard, Red Alford, and the phenomenal solo but successful scoring efforts of Sandy Yarnall, clever halfback.

Underdog before the contest because of the terrific mauling received at the hands of Boston College a week previous, when they were overwhelmed by a 47 to 0 score, the stalwart warriors rose in unexpected might to offer an irresistible defense in the first half and an offense that was good enough to keep play for twenty minutes in enemy territory.

A well executed drop-kick by Ed Wholey from the Vermont 28-yard line, near the sideline, the first score of the year for Providence, contributed the sole points of the White and Black's attack. However, no less than eight first downs, all within the Green and Gold's 40-yard ribbon, were registered in the initial pair of quarters, in comparison to three by the homesters.

While the winners' supporters were recording the clever work of their scintillating Yarnall, the White and Black boosters were drawing parallels with the efforts of their own Jack Triggs, burly halfback. Probably playing the best game of his athletic career, the 198 pounder, running, kicking, forward passing, and in fact constituting the backbone of the eleven's offense, divided honors with his opponent. Both are stars.

Close analysis of the attack of the Providence team in the first half reveals the fact that Triggs was the principal cog in more than three-quarters of the plays reeled off by Franny Kempf, Ed Wholey and Clinks Dalton, quarterbacks. When the Green and

Gold athletes returned after the half intermission, they were instilled with new football life—keyed up to such a degree that their opponents, conquered only in score, left the gridiron badly crippled and bruised. A summary shows the Varsity machine dented with injuries to Joe Tarby, crack end; Frank Ward, halfback; Jack Triggs, halfback; Jimmy McGeough, halfback, and Tom Delaney, fullback.

Getting into his first game of the campaign, Delaney celebrated with unexcelled work on the defense, time and again abruptly dumping Vermont backs as they hit the line.

VERMONT.		PROVIDENCE COLLEGE.
Bartholomew	le	Cullen
Harms	lt	Manning
Hawley	lg	Reall
Clark	c	Connors
Hill	rg	Alford
Winchendbach	rt	Murphy
Kelly	re	Tarby
Ryan	qb	Kempf
Tarpey	lh	McGeough
Yarnall	rh	J. Triggs
Gate	fb	Delaney

Score—Vermont 13, Providence College 3. Touchdowns—Yarnall 2. Points after touchdowns—Yarnall to Kelley (pass). Drop-kick—Wholey. Time—12 minute quarters. Referee—E. F. Sherlock. Umpire—J. H. Madden. Head Linesman—Brown.

Substitutions: Providence College—O'Leary for Manning, Sears for Connors, R. Triggs for Murphy, Dwyer for Tarby, Smith for Cullen, Wholey for Kempf, Dalton for Wholey, Ward for McGeough, Bride for J. Triggs, Allen for Delaney; Vermont—Cayward for Bartholomew, Holloway for Clarke, Denning for Winchenbach, Gray for Kelley, Wilson for Ryan, Candon for Tarpey, Steeves for Yarnall.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE. LOWELL, MASS., OCTOBER 11, 1924.

Providence College's superior offensive strength in the contest with Lowell Textile proved fruitless in seven out of the eight times the White and Black swept through the opposition to its 20-yard ribbon. Three times Providence backs fumbled within the very shadows of the Lowell goalposts. Only once did the White and Black cross the last chalk mark, giving Captain Alford and his teammates a 6 to 0 unimpressive victory over the Textile players.

Jack Triggs was the big luminary in his team's attack, the burly back crediting himself with the first touchdown of the campaign in the third period. Joe Smith, yearling star at left end, smothered a Lowell fumble on the homesters' 15-yard stripe for the break that paved the way for Triggs' plunge for the score. Comparison of the strength of the elevens is revealed in the facts

that Providence registered sixteen first downs to four for the losers.

PROVIDENCE.		LOWELL TEXTILE.
J. Smith	le	A. Smith
O'Leary	lt	Musgrape
Reall	lg	Parkin
Connors	c	Bentley
Capt. Alford	rg	Gladwin
Murphy	rt	Connaton
Cullen	re	Glyd
McGeough	qb	Bronson
Triggs	lh	Walker
Bride	rh	Frederickson
Delaney	fb	Barstow

Score—Providence 6, Lowell Textile 0. Touchdown—Triggs. Referee—W. T. Stidley. Umpire—W. V. Crawford. Head Linesman—T. C. Ferguson. Time—12 and 15-minute quarters.

Substitutions: Providence—Ward for Triggs, Kempf for McGeough, Dalton for Delaney, Tarby for Cullen for Smith, Manning for O'Leary, Sears for Connors, Wholey for Kempf, Grourke for Reall, Reall for Grourke for Alford, O'Leary for Manning, Fanning for O'Leary, Manning for Murphy, Duffy for Tarby, Vallone for Reall, Whiteside for Duffy, Maroney for Whiteside, Kaveny for Delaney; Lowell Textile—Perkins for A. Smith, Fasier for Perkins, Lussier for Bronson, Aqueblian for Frederickson, Corbett for Walker.

ST. MICHAEL'S VS. PROVIDENCE.
PROVIDENCE, OCTOBER 18, 1924.

Putting a scoring punch into its attack after lacking one for the first three games of the season, the Providence machine rolled up a 43 to 0 victory over the lighter St. Michael's team of Burlington, Vt. That sparkling pair of halfbacks—Jack Triggs and Tom Bride—contributed feature plays during the entire game, allowing the former to score three times, and the latter a chance to display his ability as a drop-kicker.

Providence scored in every chapter of the one-sided contest. In the closing minutes of the game, the White and Black worked its way over the goal line three times. Plunging of Tom Delaney, resulting in a brace of touchdowns, and interception of a forward pass and its conversion into a touchdown on a 40-yard sprint by Joe Smith, were other brilliant flashes in the sparkling work of the winners.

PROVIDENCE.		ST. MICHAEL'S.
Smith	le	Burns
O'Leary	lt	Rupprecht
Reall	lg	Tierney
Sears	c	Radigan
Capt. Alford	rg	Perotta
Murphy	rt	Capt. Tully
Tarby	re	McAlpine

Wholey	qb	Mangan
Bride	lh	Shea
Triggs	rh	Quinn
Delaney	fb	O'Hara

Score—Providence 43, St. Michael's 0. Touchdowns—Triggs 3, Delaney 2, Smith. Drop-kick—Bride. Safety—Connors. Points after touchdown—Bride 2. Referee—Watters. Umpire—Sisson. Head Linesman—C. E. Boston

Substitutions: St. Michael's—Boucher for Quinn, Gallagher for Radigan, Garvin for Shea, Bouday for McAlpine; Providence—Vallone for Reall, Connors for Sears, McGeough for Wholey, Kempf for McGeough for Bride, Cullen for Smith, Ward for Triggs, Manning for Murphy, Grourke for Vallone, Wholey for Kempf, Dalton for Wholey, Bride for McGeough, Triggs for Ward, Kempf for Dalton, Smith for Tarby, Allen for Triggs, Manning for O'Leary, Whiteside for Cullen, Maloney for Delaney, Delucca for Bride, Lonergan for Vallone, Duffy for Smith, Fanning for Murphy and Kaveny for Allen.

ST. STEPHENS VS. PROVIDENCE.
PROVIDENCE, OCTOBER 25, 1924.

Held in submission for the initial three periods in its hard fought battle with the St. Stephen's eleven of New York, Providence College shook itself free from the gripping clutches of defeat in the final stanza to score a touchdown via the aerial route and incidentally record its third straight victory of the season. The final score was 9 to 7.

Playing a brand of football seldom featuring the attack of a finished college eleven late in November, the sturdy band of gridders from the Empire State kept the White and Black players on the defense during the first half. Just as the second period was fading into history, a long forward, Deloria to Harding, placed the pigskin on the Providence 4-yard line. Two plunges by Carlton resulted in a score.

Providence failed to capitalize a chance to take the lead just before St. Stephen's scored, when the elusive pigskin bobbed from Delaney's hands as he was downed on the opposition's 1-foot line, and was quickly smothered by Luepke. Delaney's fumble came as the climax to a brilliant 36-yard march by the Providence backs, a span negotiated in eight plays under direction of Frank Ward at quarterback.

Seemingly beaten, as they were trailing 7 to 3, Providence rallied in the last period to inaugurate an attack on the St. Stephen's 40-yard line that never ended until the goal line had been crossed. Once again it fell to the lot of Jack Triggs to snatch a forward from the directing hands of Tom Bride for the winning points. St. Stephen's, it must be said, produced an eleven con-

ditioned and primed for a battle that will go down in the Providence record books as the toughest yet captured.

PROVIDENCE.		ST. STEPHEN'S.
Cullen	le	Wilson
O'Leary	lt	Schlafley
Reall	lg	Harvey
Connors	c	Gruver
Capt. Alford	rg	Smith
Murphy	rt	Luepke
Smith	re	Harding
Wholey	qb	Noble (Capt.)
Bride	lh	Carlton
Triggs	rh	Willard
Delaney	fb	Deloria

Score — Providence 9, St. Stephen's 7. Touchdowns — Carlton and Triggs. Point after touchdown—Schlafley. Drop-kick—Wholey. Referee—E. W. Hapgood. Umpire—C. E. Boston. Head Linesman—Jack Norton. Time—15-minute quarters.

Substitutions: Providence—Sears for Connors, Ward for Wholey, Allen for Triggs, Connors for Sears, Wholey for Ward, Kempf for Wholey, Dalton for Kempf for Bride, Triggs for Allen; St. Stephen's—Rogan for Wilson, Murray for Noble and Millington for Gruver.

HARVARD SECONDS VS. PROVIDENCE SECONDS. CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 17, 1924.

With an eleven superior in weight but not in fight, the Harvard Seconds turned back the Providence Seconds 13 to 0 in a thrilling contest played on Soldiers' Field. A spectacular 50-yard runback of a punt by Gillis for a touchdown, followed in the last period by a cleverly completed forward near the White and Black's goal line, constituted the sum total of the Crimson's attack. It was enough, however, to conquer.

The defeat focussed the spotlight on a trio of stellar Providence performers in Maloney, fullback, Manning, left tackle, and Chuck Connors, centre. Maloney was the punter, while the remaining two constituted the backbone of the line on the defense.

HARVARD 2ND.		PROVIDENCE 2ND.
Chace	le	Dwyer
Fordyce	lt	Manning
Veator	lg	Grourke
Snow	c	Connors
Manley	rg	Vallone
Tilt	rt	Fanning
Rudman	re	Duffy
Blake	qb	Dalton
Heageney	lh	Kaveny
Clarke	rh	Allen
Sayles	fb	Delucca

Score—Harvard 13, Providence 0. Touchdowns—Gillis and Sayles. Point after touchdown—Heageney (drop-kick). Time—10-minute quarters.

Substitutions: Providence—Whiteside for Duffy, Reardon for Dwyer, McKeown for Reardon, Lonergan for Fanning, Maloney for Delucca, Maroney for Connors, Reardon for Allen; Harvard—Senchez for Chase, Pratt for Senchez, Hoague for Fordyce, Gillis for Blake, Scott for Gillis, Donaldson for Heageney and Heageney for Clarke.