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VOL. 6

NOVEMBER, 1925

NO. 2

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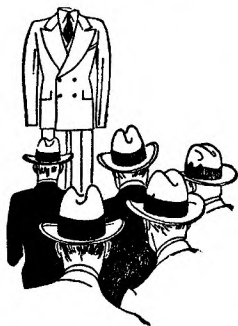
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VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1925

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CONTENTS

Long Shore at Midnight (Verse)	Gerald J. Prior	34
Our Country's Recent Tragedies	John J. O'Brien	35
There Was Once a Senior (Verse)	Edward Sullivan	36
Lux Coeli	E. George Cloutier	37
Courage (Verse)	W. Harold O'Connor	40
Convicted	Thomas F. O'Neill	41
My Little Lady (Verse)	E. George Cloutier	44
As the Day Dies	Joseph Dean	45
First Love (Verse)	E. George Cloutier	46
Jimmy	T. Russell McGrath	47
The Observer	Stephen M. Murray	50
Residuum	Francis V. Reynolds	53
Editorials	W. Harold O'Connor	57
College Chronicle	Walter F. Reilly	60
Dramatics	Stephen M. Murray	61
Exchange	Allan E. O'Donnell	65
Alumni	Arthur Earnshaw	67
Athletics	John E. Farrell	68

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Long Shore at Midnight

A murmur rising to a roar
Of wailing waves along the shore,
Condemned to fight forever more
 Against a fearless foe,
Who neither flees, nor thinks of flight,
But stands unmoved through day and night,
 While ages come and go.

The flickering rays of fading fires,
Whence come to dance to Lehean lyres,
Grey ghosts of dreams and dead desires
 Within the smoke's blue haze
O'er shine the e'er enduring stars,
Beyond the spell of time that mars
 Man's brightest, bravest days.

"Beauty," this! we dare not say,
Of this wide place where aeons play,
With centuries which killed Cathay,
 And trampled Troy to death,
But awed beyond a smile or sigh,
While mad waves roar and dim fires die,
 We stand with bated breath.

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

Our Country's Recent Tragedies

DEATH has stalked America on land and sea and our nation mourns its air and water heroes. All countries have joined in sending sympathy to our land, bowed in sorrow. The sinister spectre picked out our nation's vital parts and within a few weeks let fly those tragic bolts which have cost the country so dear.

It was an almost incredulous public that first read the heavily inked headlines, announcing the tragedy of the Shenandoah. Those of us who had seen the giant aircraft on its recent flight over our small state could scarcely believe our eyes; we doubted that such a fate could have overtaken the huge silvery dirigible that had been the pride of our air service, the boast of our flyers. Later when verified and more detailed information came over the wires, it was a heavy hearted nation that mourned the loss of those men who had so enthusiastically set forth upon the flight.

The papers enlarged upon their first brief message; we read of the premonitions of the various members of the crew; how one of the mechanics had cut an Ace of Spades and so knew the ship was doomed; how another had had some other sort of mystic warning. We read of the agonized families of the victims; of the children left fatherless; of the homes left without providers. And after these items came lengthy articles telling the causes of the disaster. Then other word-pictures, so vivid that we could almost imagine ourselves aboard the airship; we could feel the gradual breaking of the craft; we almost planned with the victims a way of escape. The mangled bodies and scattered personal belongings were all portrayed and, in company with the families of the bereaved, we sorrowed.

But though the relations and friends of those honored dead will mourn on to the end, the general public is resilient and the reaction even to this great catastrophe was quick. We could not let one tragic event shatter our faith in the air. We pointed to our other successes and though our hearts still quivered at the mention of the Shenandoah, the first sharp pangs had somewhat dulled when death

shot her second arrow—this time picking as her prey the S-51.

If the air death seemed horrible, how much more terrifying the thought of those men suffocating like sealed rats; struggling helplessly against overwhelming odds. The papers told of the diver who just the other day brought up the body of one of the victims, found face downward in his berth, hands clinched, face set in a mask of agony. Give a thought to the loved ones of those whose bodies have not been recovered. The very elements seem to have united in an effort to prevent their recovery. Positive knowledge that they cannot be living, and yet that faint, not-to-be-killed hope that they are not all dead.

It is surely a strange coincidence that these two tragedies should have occurred in so brief a time; that they should have affected the newest forms of transportation and defense; that they should have struck one nation. Air and water investigations are in order; factions argue as to where the blame shall rest; people wonder if human beings shall ever "conquer" the air and water, while some point out that men were never meant to swim and fly, and while this wrangle continues, the widows and orphans mourn; the Star Spangled Banner sadly flies at half mast; "taps" ring out above the heroes' graves, and within ourselves we feel the urge to "carry on"—to live up to our country's ideals—to prove that "these dead shall not have died in vain."

John J. O'Brien, '26.

There Was Once A Senior

I want no recompense of life,
So I have formed a subtle plan,
Whereby I guard my faith and leave
The quarrel to my fellow-man.

I have no other prayer but that,
The thorny path which I must plod
Shall find me at the last redress,
A true man in the eyes of God.

Edward Sullivan, '26.

LUX COELI



HIS morning I picked up the "Golden Treasury" of Palgrave and glancing over those beautiful creations of genius, my eye fell, in its casual sweep, upon these two simple verses, verses from some writer or other whose very name has been lost in the slough of oblivion,

"O Helen fair!; O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest."

—lines not great in their content, perhaps even disposed to mediocrity,—but they sent my train of thought, ever inconstant, frolicsome, and individual, back to this old, old story of other days.

Turn back the thumb-worn pages of the centuries, shut the burning sunlight of Christianity out of your eyes and live again with me in the days when Paganism—that mal-formed child born of ignorance and illusion—was casting its sable cloak of unintelligence over a benighted world. Live with me again in the days when the flower of Catholicity first began to push its silken head through the scaly crust of fear and superstition.

"Marius was a Roman, a patrician. A Roman—a noble of the world; a patrician, the noblest of the noble. Reared in an atmosphere of pagan culture, of haughty aristocracy, youth saw him carefully shielded from the vulgarity of the world. Manhood saw him, the only son of one of Rome's greatest statesmen, preparing for the pagan priesthood — the acme of the culture that was Imperial Rome's, the pinnacle of influence, political and otherwise, that was any cleric's heritage.

Over long, tedious years of study the preparation extended. Finance and ceremonial rites; mathematics and ceremonial rites; history and ceremonial rites; languages, literature, and astronomy but always and inevitably—ceremonial rites, the cut-and-dried, meaningless ritual for a still more meaningless deity.

"Worn out by this senseless application and sick in body and soul, Marius sought his friend—his only friend—Flavius Varo, a captain in the Emperor's Guard.

"In Flavius he found that constancy, that peace of soul, that

freedom of will which he, a patrician and one soon to be a minister of the Roman deity, so evidently lacked and so sorely needed. Always composed, never breaking into tirades of passion, never falling into the depths of despair, Varo bore himself as one who knew a higher life and scorned a basely material existence. Even at the sacrificial ceremonies his was an attitude of complacency; he looked upon it all in a faintly patronizing manner, as one would consider the attempts of a child to assume an unnatural maturity.

"Marius saw all this—and wondered, 'Is Flavius a member of that new sect, murmurs of the rising of which are scattering over the Empire? Is a man of his intelligence giving credence to some hazy rumors of a God—who placed Himself on the altar of man's disbelief to save an erring world? Is he a traitor to the religion of old Rome? No, surely he is not a party to such foolishness.'

". . . Through the city they strolled and out of the gate. Arm in arm they walked down the Appian Way which stretched far, far into the distance, pleasantly shaded by trees clothed in the green of early summer. Out past the cemetery they went until wearied by their walk they sat down to rest, to dream, and to talk.

"Their conversation, like a lightsome bark upon the waters, now drifted here, now drifted there. Paddling slowly in the clear, still water of literature, they floated into the channel of morals; and in an instant were whirled into the rushing current of politics. Thrown hither and thither by the capriciousness of their conversation, they emerged refreshed in mind; and yet withal Marius was still weak from his unaccustomed exertions.

"Reluctantly they began the long walk home beneath the creeping shadows of an early Italian dusk. They had reached the cemetery when Marius, quite exhausted by the strain, exclaimed that he could go no further. Putting a friendly 'arm around his body, Flavius bore him into the dismal cemetery, bore him along until the giant tombstone of a certain Scipio blocked their progress.

"Stopping here he lifted a small tablet from the ground and disappeared into the earth. Only a minute had elapsed before he returned with a taper and beckoned Marius to follow him. With slow, uncertain steps they groped their way down a flight of stairs, and through what appeared to be a long corridor upon the walls of which the taper played fitfully, until Marius, calm in the possession of his senses, began to wonder if this were not some sinister cavern

of the Evil One. Echoes of their steps awoke, died away, and awoke again. Fearfully Marius held his breath and stole along, to what? he knew not.

" . . . Flavius opened a door and entered with Marius close behind. A woman appeared as if from nowhere. Graciously and with a conscious dignity she greeted Flavius; and turning to Marius she extended her hand.

"Marius took the proffered hand and stood gazing upon this woman, our St. Helena, mother of Constantine. Her hand was the white of marble, and cold; her hair was hazel and combed back tightly from her forehead giving her an ascetic appearance; now her face was pale, and now suffused with a delicate flush of pink. Her eyes of brown shone with a light of goodness and spirituality, and from her lips emanated words of wisdom and holiness.

"Surely,' said Marius to himself, 'this is beauty. Not the crass, sensuous beauty of the physical; but the glorious, enobling beauty of the spiritual. Not the beauty that fades when youth is gone; but the beauty that lasts forever. The virtuous, unconscious beauty of goodness!

"Her cheeks are delicately colored but I see them not; the vision of innocence which hovers over her sweet face arrests me. I gaze not into her eyes; but rather upon that spirituality and holiness which is concealed in their depths.

" . . . Homeward they went—Flavius to his guard duty—and Marius to—When the door of life was slowly opening to let him pass out he murmured softly,

"O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest."

E. George Cloutier, '27.

Courage

He smiled serenely,
So how was I to know
That scarcely had he left me,
The tears began to flow?

He laughed so freely,
That who could hope to see
The throbbing pain of heartache
Beneath his mask of glee?

He lived so gaily—
His eyes just seemed to glow—
So how was I to fathom
That sorrow filled him so?

His voice seemed happy,
His heart at once forgave.
So who could guess his laughter
Was the echo sobbing gave?

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

CONVICTED

THEY found a bottle beside his mangled body—a broken bottle, and what is more, a broken whiskey bottle; his right hand still clutched the neck of it when they found him; after prying it from his death-like grip, then took the cork off its head and smelled it—whiskey—yes, undoubtedly that odor was whiskey—to be particular, moonshine. Thus the conclusion was that he was drunk—everyone said he was drunk—everyone believed he was drunk—so the conductor was let free.

That was five years ago, and since it is necessary to state just what body was mangled, and how; and what conductor was let free and why, perhaps a few details will answer those questions.

It was five years ago last April, and everyone living in New England knows what thick fogs drift in from the ocean during the early spring season; this particular day the fog was at its worst.

Conductor Randall, who was also motorman on the one-man car that made hourly trips to Greenford Junction, a suburb of a large New England city, had been waiting at the switch for the signal that would tell him to begin his return trip. He would be glad to end this trip; it was his last that day; ten hours straight on a shaking, rumbling trolley car does tire one's body and strain one's nerves.

The light came and giving his control handle a twirl, he started the trolley. "Quite foggy," he muttered beneath his breath. He was glad this trip had few stops for he would make good time. But Conductor Randall took no chances at speeding; no, he was too experienced for that.

About a half a mile from that boat house, called Gumfords Inn, there is a long hill, and at its end a sharp curve; two rows of trees, one on each side of the road hid any view of the other end of the road to anyone coming down the incline. The car tracks hugged the right side of the road. Conductor Randall knew this treacherous spot and as he neared it jammed on his foot brakes; but at this time of the day the dusk was lowering, and this coupled with the fog

he could not gauge the distance rightly, his car swirled around the curve at a good clip. As the brakes caught, however, Randall saw but a few yards directly in front of him, half swallowed in the fog, a blotch of clothes—a clutch at the emergency brakes — a muffled warning that caught in his throat—a blood curling scream—and well, a few minutes later, together with a party of passing motorists they found the blotch of clothes, torn and bloody, wrapped around the lifeless body of a man; the man with the part of a broken whiskey bottle clutched in his hand.

Three days later they buried him, Jim Potter by name, and beforehand the Church, giving him the benefit of the doubt (as everyone thought) allowed his body to be brought into church for a Requiem Mass. Everyone in that little country town who saw the funeral, knowing Jim Potter, knowing what a drunkard he was, knowing what a life he had led, believed, truly believed, that he had been drunk when he was killed; that is everyone but two people, one, Father Holland, the aged pastor, and the other, a little old lady in black who sat in the front pew of the church during the funeral services. But they didn't express their knowledge, principally because one was in a way bound by a seal that couldn't be broken, and the other knew how impossible it would be to make people believe her. Here, however, is the truth of the matter:

Fifty years ago when Jim Potter was fourteen years old he made the nine first Fridays. Jim didn't remember making them, nor even cared, but every Catholic knows that a promise made by God is a promise kept; Jim Potter was not to die without the grace of the last sacraments. Now what has nine first Fridays got to do with whether or not Jim Potter was drunk the day he got killed? Let me explain more fully:

Jim had one sister, now a little old lady who always wears black. She was unmarried and had kept the little farmhouse after her parents died. She had no money worries because the farm was paid for and a little "nest egg" had been left in the bank for her by her parents. Jim lived with her and took care of the farm, whenever he was sober, which wasn't very often. The hired man did most of the work. He was a relative and lived with them as one of the family. Jim himself didn't have to worry about money matters for every month he received from the United States Govern-

ment a check, as a wounded veteran of the Spanish-American War. But money matters aren't the only things that give people gray hairs. Jim's sister worried over his spiritual welfare. Being very religious herself she was grieved to see Jim stay away from his duties; he hadn't been to church in years. No amount of persuasion could move him. Even old Father Holland, although a friend of Jim's and who bought farm produce from him, could not move him.

About a week before that Easter five years ago Jim's sister became sick, and remained so all Holy Week. Easter Sunday came and for the first time in many years she was not seen at the communion rail. As for Jim something had moved him that week, and although he didn't go to church, neither did he drink. Something had come over him and when his sister had asked on Easter Monday in the afternoon, that he go down to the church and get her some Easter water, he didn't refuse. He even gladdened her heart by telling her that he might go in and see Father Holland—"on business," he said. Then grabbing one of the many familiar bottles from the shelves, he started off to church. He arrived there filled the bottle with Easter water and as he was coming out met Father Holland. Something, well something that we can't understand but that we might call grace took hold of Jim, and before he came out of the church he had been to the confession and made peace with his God. Coming out into the road, about ten minutes later he was hit by something. Well, you know the rest, they found the broken whiskey bottle, clutched in his hand and the whole world gave him this sentence—Damned for eternity!

Thomas F. O'Neill, '29.

My Little Lady

On wings that are silken and golden,
Through air that is honeyed and sweet
She flits; thoughtless of hours grown olden
With Joy and To-day at her feet.

Sipping the honey of life, she goes
Madly along her way;
Stealing the Beauty, plucking the rose,
Living forever in May.

The Youth that is born of the springtime
Shall court her in days that are June;
But Age the Pursuant of "ringtime"
Will win her in days—to come soon.

E. George Cloutier, '27.

As the Day Dies



HERE is a soft hush as fleet time rushes to rest and the Master of Sunsets runs his fingers lightly over the keys of the color organ of the heavens and floods the west with a symphony of magnificent beauty. The day is dying but in its last moments its soul gushes forth in a final great tribute glorifying the Creator in a wonderful harmony of color. One more atom of time passes on into the myriads of the past leaving behind it a trail of crimson and gold that seems to sing the majesty of the Eternal One.

From the heart of the sunset pours the scarlet of its ebbing life blood to dye the heavens in a beautifully tinted curtain. High in the west, a magnificent cloud bank which but a few minutes before had shone in the perfect splendor of pure whiteness, now chameleon-like takes on the ruby tint of the day's last beauty.

Like one who struggles against the death-seeking arrows of time, the sunset hour paints the skies in a great splash of its life fluid. It is a beautiful awe-inspiring grandeur, this death of a day. Slowly the clouds absorb the colour and the fiery hue fades gradually until it becomes a delicate pink as if the day, repenting in its final moments its struggles against fate, tries to cover its tainting flood. Slowly it sweeps a gauze of delicate hue over the scarlet background and the deeper red shows through as a shaded rose tint lightened here and there with flecks of gold. The darker red is paled into a heart-touching combination of gilded white and rose gold. Yet another few minutes and the creeping darkness begins to weave a film of gray over the firmament. It seems almost that the soul of the sunset in its transition glorifies the skies with the radiance of its golden magnificence. Its fingers of light reach out to splinter the filmy clouds and tease the beacons of night from their haunts.

With a last grand sweep of its beauteous garments the day passes into yesterday as the guardians of the nocturnal hours assume their stations and thrust silvery darts of light at the encroach-

ing Sol. Soon the army of stars grows stronger and the day retires in a last magnificent blaze of glory, leaving the ethereal kingdom to the reign of the stellar monarchs. Even as it retires the day seems loath to go for the first hours of night still show the traces of its artistic touch. It almost seems that the color music of the sunset had touched the heart of the night and drew an answering strain of sympathy from it.

Joseph Dean, '26.

First Love

Not a soul but feels the madness,
Not a heart but knows the gladness
Of First Love.

Fresh as the morning's dawn,
Darkness defying;
Sweet as the morrow's morn,
Gone hopes decrying.
Shy as a lonely flower,
Loveliness breathing;
Fleet as a magic hour,
Dream's crown enwreathing.

E. George Cloutier, '27.

JIMMY

JIMMY was smiling. Now ordinarily this would not be worthy of mention for Jimmy's smile was chronic, but there was something about this particular smile which stamped it as far from ordinary. It was, indeed, almost a laugh, for it revealed fully a set of teeth so fine that one wondered for what reason the absent member from one of the upper front apartments had vacated its lease. All in all, it was a smile such as one might wear whose dreams had come true, or, as was the case with Jimmy, whose fondest desire seemed soon to be realized.

For Jimmy had just drawn his last pay as a driver for the Colonial Express Company. And one week later was to make his debut as a contender for the State middleweight crown. He had always liked to box and even as a kid had been ever ready to don the gloves. He liked the thrill of a hard battle and gloried in the give and take of the ring. And so, when, six weeks before, he had emerged the victor in a hard fight at the local amateur club and had been approached by an affable stranger who offered him a proposition for a professional fight, he was thrilled and readily accepted.

He had wanted to quit his job at once but, as Don Thorne explained, they would need cash for several incidentals and, as neither could show ten dollars in real money, Jimmy had stuck to the job till now. Even as it was, he had been forced to ask the boys at the express company to lend him the hundred dollars which it was necessary to post as a forfeit. True, that was safe enough, but—well—he hadn't liked to do it. He would be glad when he got that check from the matchmaker, Jack Young.

The fight was scheduled for Harmon, six miles distant, and on Wednesday Jimmy moved over. By Friday he was satisfied that he was in perfect condition and prepared to rest until the bell sounded the next night. And he was still smiling, even though he was as flat as a worn out tire. By tomorrow night, he was thinking, he would be on top of the world. He was to get two hundred dollars if he stayed the limit and it had never entered his head that he was going to stop anywhere along the way. No, that two hundred was

his and more was sure to follow soon. Thorne knew the game and the way he handled this match attested to his ability to land more. Jimmy's smile that afternoon was a happy one.

There was a full house as Jimmy entered the building and went to his dressing room. The preliminaries were on and the cheering and applause showed the crowd to be an appreciative one. Thorne finished his instructions just as the little electric bell sounded which summoned Jimmy to the ring. He walked down the aisle amidst a demonstration which bore testimony of the presence of many of his friends.

Sitting in his corner, Jimmy suddenly felt queer. This wasn't going to be so easy. Across the ring, Sharkey, self-possessed and confident, was talking with some men in the front row. Jimmy envied his ease. He wished he could feel like Red but even the smile was forced now and he was wondering if Sharkey's smile was prompted by the vibrations of his own knees.

This feeling passed partly, however, when, having heard the referee's instructions and returned to his corner, he was greeted by cheers from the section where he knew his friends were gathered. It passed fully when, at the very start of the festivities, he was greeted by a wicked left from Red. He shook it off and closed in and for the rest of the round it was a fairly even match.

The second and third were likewise close but in the next few rounds the tide turned and, by the start of the sixth was decidedly anti-Jimmy. He got thorough the eighth somehow but he was plainly a beaten man. One eye was closed and the other was functioning far from perfectly. The smile had become merely a grin. In the ninth round Jimmy took everything Sharkey sent over and returned only weak attempts which were easily blocked by the winning Red.

The crowd, ordinarily heartless, began calling for the referee to stop it. Jimmy heard and tried a little harder. He had to last just one more round and—\$200. He hadn't cared so much for the money until this minute. The mere idea of the fight had been more alluring, or so Jimmy had thought, but now he wanted that money. He had to have it, in fact, for he had no other means now of getting money. The bell for the end of the ninth interrupted his reverie and he staggered weakly to his corner.

"Just one more, Jimmy boy," smiled Thorne, and suddenly

Jimmy hated him. "What right had he to be smiling," this stranger who had brought him into this slaughter. "One more," he had just said, and Jimmy wondered how Thorne would act if it were he who was going in there for one more. Suddenly he had a crazy notion to take off the gloves and make Thorne put them on. Why not?

The bell sounded and he was pushed forward. The light brigade didn't go to any surer slaughter than that which Jimmy approached. And the light brigade were only hemmed in on three sides, but Jimmy—those ropes, seemingly as thick as trees and as high as the roof, surrounded him on four sides. He circled the edge of the ring but could find no opening. He was only half conscious of being hit and not conscious at all that his own arms were swinging out at Red.


Those magic figures 200 seemed to be everywhere. Could he last? "Clang," it was the bell and Jimmy swayed to his seat. Thorne was not in the corner. "Probably gone to the dressing room" thought Jimmy and, with the help of the seconds, made his way there.

But Thorne was not there, either. But on the table was a note, "You're a good kid, Jimmy, but business is business. I collected the 200 and the forfeit. Wish you were with me."—Thorne.

An hour later Jimmy stepped out of the building. He was smiling.

Russell McGrath, '27.

OBSERVER

NE of the national weeklies is conducting a rather unique contest. In an effort to encourage bravery it is donating each week, to whomsoever it considers a hero, a substantial sum of money as a reward for courage. The periodical declares that "the offer is open to every man, woman, boy or girl who lives in the United States or Canada, and the deed for which the money is given may have been performed anywhere in the world." We must say the plan is a most commendable display of appreciative generosity and, especially, a stupendous advertising stunt on the part of the publishers. These gentlemen, moreover, have concluded that moral courage is truly as praiseworthy as physical bravery and in proof of their conclusion they have rewarded the ethical stamina of Colonel William Mitchell, general disturber of peace in the President's Cabinet and in aviation circles.

For the past few months Colonel Mitchell has enjoyed himself at the somewhat upsetting and destructive game of "kitten in the china closet." He has roundly berated his superiors, with the exception of Major General Mason M. Patrick, chief of the Air Service of the Army, for what he decries as the faulty appropriation and still more faulty administration of the affairs of the army and navy aircraft boards. He cannot see why civilians should direct such departments of military and naval service. Further, he fails to understand why the "split-control" of the air by both land and sea forces, which system is a volcano of violent eruptions of jealousies, should be permitted to remain as an ever-increasing agent of demoralization within the defence units of the nation.

The officer has continued to be outspoken with regard to his feelings and still maintains his belligerent attitude toward aircraft affairs despite the fact that he has been removed, through what appears to be an instigation of Secretary Wilbur and ex-Secretary Weeks, from his assistantcy to Major General Patrick and, thereby, automatically reduced in rank. Colonel Mitchell has undoubtedly the moral courage of his convictions; he feels that Americans ought

to know their air boards are not as efficient as they could be, and that the aircraft is not given the prominence it deserves as a means of national defence. It has taken much strength of character to continue expressing these patriotic sentiments in spite of scorn and obstacles, and we, are well pleased with the recent honor conferred upon the Colonel and we hope sincerely that he will persist in his enlightening charges against maladministration in our governmental departments on aviation.

* * * *

Due to the discipline and routine of the army and navy life, it so happens that officers of these services find it difficult to extricate themselves from the deep rut of super-conservatism. They are loath to accept new ideas even when these are proved to be of military or naval worth. Should any of these gentlemen conceive a notion that varies from the rock-bound standard, from fear of ostracism they immediately relegate the concept to some mildewed recess of their mind, there to lie and summarily to be forgotten. It is not hard, then, to appreciate properly their supercilious attitude toward one of their number who has failed to remember his A B C's and has stepped forth in favor of a new and radical departure from the old system. They stand, arms filled with the proverbial rocks, ready to stone to death their erring brother. Yet, it is just these erring brothers that we need; it is they who show us our failings; they who lead us to new and better methods; whose watchword is ever "Progress." We never fully understand them nor appreciate their worth until time brings the light and then, as though we always valued them, we hail them as heroes and saviours. It were better that we remove the cloak of conservatism ourselves and learn now to know men for their worth for it is so easy to condemn without warrant, yet so honorable to praise with justice.

* * * *

The spirit of conservatism often becomes the curse of retrogression. Between the two there is but a faint boundary and only a single backward step may leave one in the "exterior darkness" of re-

jected welfare and happiness. It is this attitude of Toryism that must be carefully guarded against during the present whirlwind of progress lest, in time, we find our nation the accursed victim of over-cautious and underestimating government authorities. It is realized that not every change makes for progress, but it is also evident that a policy of no-change results in stagnation and retrogression. Let political officials sincerely study the latest methods and newest ideas of legislation, execution and administration that they might more efficiently fulfill their duties. Such effort would never be amiss and indeed would constitute an insurance against national death. But this desire for political, military, aerial and any other kind of progress will never be encouraged by permitting backward authorities to remove from office and reduce in rank those whose moral courage impels them to voice their views to the thinking citizen. The best way to kill advancement is to martyr its advocates.

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

RESIDUUM

New York City, N. Y.,

October, 1925.

Dear Ulia:

As I told you, Ulia, when I was leaving Shindig, these here New Yorkers can't fool me. I stepped down into one of these here subways, other day, jest as ye told me to. They kind a thought they'd pull a trick on me, for they had these here gates that you had to pay to push around. But them fells couldn't fool me, no sir! not while that wisdom tooth stays on my upper plate, so when they pulled this gag, I ups and acts outrageous—well you know what I mean—and then when he sees how serious I'm getting and after I balls him out a little, he 'spects that probably I be Al Smith or some other foreign monarch, he then explains that today there getting a collection to send ice to the Eskimos. When I sees that he ain't trying to fool me any more I gives the five cents donation.

Well, Ulia, here I finds myself waiting for one of these here trains with no smoke, etc., then I hears a great noise and finally there stops right in front of me one of the big surface cars, only, Ulia, this here car was sent under the ground today 'cause of the big rush. Honest Ulia, it must have been some sort of a holiday in New York. I never did see so many people 'cept at the country fair. I calculate that about all the people in the town were trying to get on, I thought I'd wait all day. But you know me, Ulia, me and my patience never ends, so I says well there'll be another train in a half-hour. I am sure it was a holiday 'cause they were running extra trains, much more often then back home in Shindig or over at Escoheah during Fair time.

I finally got on one of these trains and asked the conductor where this here 5 and 10 cent building was? Then he started to grin, but I put him in his place cause when I told him that I was to

see Mr. Woolworth today for an interview, he realized my importance and politely told me the next stop.

Out on the street I finally got myself and looked up and down for these here red and gold signs what says, F. & W. Grand 5 & 10 Stores but there be none in sight. So's I asked a gent where this building be? "Right in front of you," replies he. I turns my head cause I'm grinnin' for here was a real New Yorker what didn't know where the Woolworth Building was, 'cause really Ulia, Mr. Woolworth didn't have any sign out.

Well, it's just my luck, Ulia, Mr. Woolworth has moved his shack to some other city, I hear the reason be that there ain't enough people in the town of New York.

I kind of thought I'd lose out on something, when that old wishbone I'd had in my pocket in perfect shape since last Christmas, broke in that holiday rush.

Well, so long, Ulia, I'll try and write you about all my visits while I'm here. I met some great gentlemen today, Mr. Grant is going to take me out to see his tomb; Mr. Central is to show me his park and by Thursday I expect to have been on a yachting party, for I am to sail out to meet Mr. Ellis, who own Ellis Island.

Well, give my regards to all the boys at the carriage shop, and tell them down at the barber shop that I be sowin' my wild oats.

Your old friend,

EZRY.

SPECS ABOUT THE CAMPUS

By G. Lasses

Opportunity

Every time I ride in my biery I long for opportunity.

How come?

Opportunity knocks but once.

Down South

Look here Sambo, does you 'spect to go to heaven?

I sho' do Mandy.

Well, don't you know that nothing unclean can enter heaven?

Why suah! Mandy—Why?

With your breath smelling so pre-Volsteadic, how come youse 'Xpects to go up above? You hab just got to give up either liquor or heaben, which shall it be?

Mandy, when I goes to heaben I'se gwine to leave my breath behind.

Accidents will happen!

(Headlines in the Squedunk Squealer.)

"Gun explodes in the hands of child, sixteen dead men killed, seventeen wounded and nobody hurt; one poor fellow got stuck in the mud and had to go home to get a shovel to dig himself out."

Question ? ? ? ?

Why is it that a black cow gives white milk that makes yellow butter?

For the same reason that blueberries are red when the're green.

Axioms

You can't get blood out of a stone,

But you can get milk out of a wagon.

Remember

Porch lights have great s—candle power!

Table Etiquette

If a young couple came to a fork in the road, should they take a spoon?

THE DAILY DOZEN

I stood one day to watch the fray,
As the students went to eat,
When a Senior said with a shake of his head,
"This has all foot-ball beat."

"I've seen many a flight that sure was a sight
And murders, holdups and crimes,
But this—is the one that can't be outdone
As the boys start spending their dimes.

"For they holler for hams and distribute their slams
With that haunted look on each face,
And they scratch and fight and kick and bite,
And push in for a place.

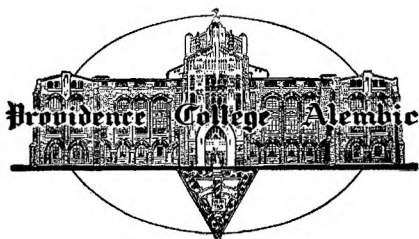
"With a wolfish look they claw and hook
To get to 'Ed' and his gang,
Poor 'Ed,' instead, just scratches his head
And curses the bell that rang.

"For to feed this bunch that is calling for lunch
Is sure a he-man's 'ride,'
Cause to feed them all he'd need a hall,
And a ten-acre lot on the side.

"For peace and calm he'd need a farm
And the army and navy, too,
But as it is he has plenty of 'biz,'
Tho' the boys are black and blue.

"And as I recall I've seen it all
From Germans to Black and Tan,
But, putting it mild, there's none so wild
As a hungry college man."

H. T. KAVENEY, '27.



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No. 2

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Gerald Prior, '27

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Francis V. Reynolds, '26

Cyril Costello, '27

Circulation

John E. Farrell, '26

Eugene Sullivan, '27

GIVING THANKS

It will soon be here again! The day on which our forefathers congregated about a festive table heaped high with the fruits of the year's hard labor to give thanks to the Great Giver of all. Thanksgiving to them meant more than a mere extra holiday upon which they were expected to eat more turkey and feast heartier than upon other occasions. It meant a lifting up of an earnest prayer of thanks to God for the benefits received during the year past. It was a simple, yet solemn outpouring of gratitude and a plea for future blessings.

But what a difference in the attitude with which the average American family now greets Thanksgiving Day. In some homes, yes, even in many homes, there is the conventional Thanksgiving

dinner but there the thanks giving ends. The dinner is hardly finished when the younger element of the family begins to scan the papers seeking the leading attraction for an afternoon's entertainment. Within a few minutes they have determined a place of interest and there is a rush for the door. To son and daughter, Thanksgiving afternoon is but another stretch of time to be filled in with a movie or a football game. The door closes behind them and Mother looks at the pan of dirty dishes and resigns herself to the task of washing them. Yet with no better outlook than a harder day's work than usual she is, perhaps, the one member of the household who actually keeps the spirit of Thanksgiving. She may have planned a quiet afternoon at home with the children, perhaps she hoped for a few hours chat with the son and daughter who are more often out of the home than in it. But there is never a murmur from her as they troop gaily out of the house leaving her alone. Sometimes, perhaps, a tear or two steal slowly down her cheek but they are quickly blotted out as her face lights up in a fervent prayer for her children's safety. Dad usually is too tired to sympathize, for Thanksgiving means to him just one much-needed day of rest. Mother, however, appears expected to work on and on; she has no rest; she receives little thanks; she has less diversion.

Thanksgiving! Should not the spirit of this occasion mark our actions toward the one who taught us of God. It takes very little upon the part of a child to bring joy to a mother. Is it not in keeping with the spirit of the day to give her that joy? Thanksgiving to God and to mother, may it mark our observance of this glad day.

THIS
ATHEISM Sometimes we smile upon, more often we pity the crass ignorance such as was manifested in the recent attempt by a band of self-styled atheists in New York City to secure the ratification of the incorporation of a society termed the American Society for the Advancement of Atheism.

According to the wording of the application, the society would act as a sort of "wrecking company" with intent to destroy the present civilization. The association, however, gave no substitute to be applied upon the dissolution of the present mode. Neither did it make any promises of even attempting to find new methods of at-

taining an ideal civilization. While perfectly willing to take the so-lace of God's mercy from all men it proceeds, or at least would have done so had it received the sanction of the Supreme Court of New York, to force man to invent his own substitute for that consolation. Without recourse to religious arguments against the idea, it is evident that such a course would be folly for man to adopt. To cast aside truths which have withstood the test of ages at the suggestion of those self-deluding fanatics would be indeed a most illogical, as well as a destructive act.

The three applicants for the charter for this association promised that the new organization would hold meetings, erect radio stations to broadcast speeches and debates on science and religion, publish and distribute scientific anti-religious literature and conduct general propaganda against church and clergy.

Happily the Supreme Court refused to consider the granting of such a charter. The object is manifestly absurd; it is nothing more than a fantastic idea created in the mind of a few fanatics. Having failed in their attempt to kill the voice of their own consciences they seek to bring the same despair into the lives of all men. They would overthrow everything religious, abolish these standards of morality which have guided the world through the centuries; they would do away with all the measures of the present civilization but they are laughable yet pitiful in their attempt to offer a substitute. It must truly be great, this fear of the hereafter which leads such men to desire the rest of the world to be subjected to the despair which they themselves know. Where, where, with all nature shouting the glorification of a Supreme Deity, can these deluded creatures find consolation in the passing pleasures of life while above them hovers the awful spectre of death followed, so they attest, by nothingness?

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Class Elections

During the past month the four classes have elected officers. The results of the elections are as follows:

The Senior Class: President, Charles F. Reynolds; Vice President, James B. Leach; Secretary, J. Norman Eastham; Treasurer, Joseph V. Tally.

The Junior Class officers are: President, William McCabe; Vice President, Stephen Murray; Secretary, Francis McKenna; Treasurer, Eugene Sullivan.

The Sophomore Class elected: President, Charles D. Driscoll; Vice President, Joseph Bracq; Secretary, Austin Carroll; Treasurer, Louis Pilloni.

The Freshmen have chosen: President, Nicholas Serror; Vice President, J. F. Hannaway; Treasurer, Clement Spring; Secretary, George Earnshaw.

To the above named officers goes our best wishes for a successful year and the pledge of the hearty co-operation of the students who have placed their confidence in them.

Glee Club

Under the direction of The Rev. F. J. Baezler, the Providence College Glee Club and Orchestra were reorganized. Rehearsals are being held at the present time and since the Glee Club has received many invitations to broadcast concerts, it is planned to have the singers appear in public before the end of the year. The students have shown interest in the work and it is expected that the college will be represented in the musical world.

Debating Society

The Debating Society has now reorganized for the scholastic year and has elected the following officers: President, Francis V. Reynolds, '26; Vice President, Stephen M. Murray, '27; Secretary, J. Austin Carroll, '28; Treasurer, John E. Farrell, '26.

The increased membership gives evidence of the Society's popular position in the estimation of the student body. Several meetings have been held and debates have been arranged for the near future.

Walter F. Reilley, '26.

DRAMATICS



THE value of the social life of a college is often underestimated. Few students and fewer persons of the outside truly realize the import of developing this phase of the collegian's activities. They seem to forget the truth that man is a social being and disregard the fact that education is synonymous with broadening and perfection. One who desires to lift himself above the level he occupied when entering upon his scholastic obligations must ever aspire not only to intellectual and physical advancement, but also to social finish. And what better means is there to accomplish this objective than an active interest in the extra curricula activities of college. Remember that one who is an intellectual giant but lacks finesse is a social barbarian.

There appears to be no agency in social development so broadening, so thorough and absorbing as a study of Dramatics. Its range covers every step in the ladder of the practical, cultural, the arts of terpsichore, of expression and pantomime, and therein it is both broadening and thorough. It pictures man in all his moods, habits and actions; it holds the mirror before life and reflects, in the most interesting and entertaining manner, the happiness and sadness, the victory and humiliation, the business and pleasure of the hero—You.

For the purpose of fostering interest in such a comprehensive subject among the students of this institution during its second year the Providence College Dramatic Club was inaugurated. Its faculty supervisor, Rev. Vincent C. Donovan, O. P., with the co-operation of its members led the organization through a most gratifying year to a splendid close. The initial production was given by the newly-formed club on Hallowe'en of 1920 and consisted of the humorous and farcical play, "A Thief in the House." In the following June that eminent farce of international popularity, "The Private Secretary," by Charles Hawtrey, made its appearance under the auspices of the thespians in the College Gymnasium for three

successive nights. It is worthy of note that among the names of the cast the writer has his attention drawn to that of one gentleman who, besides distinguishing himself in scholastic and social endeavors, on those three nights drew unto himself the Dramatic Laurels while portraying the role of a "spinster and devotee of spiritualism." This gentleman still honors us with his presence and he is none other than our highly respected and dear friend, Daniel J. O'Neill, '24. These were the outstanding presentations of the year and they are adequately described by the Chronicler of that time who stated, "The performances were splendid successes in every way and have lent additional prestige to the social activities of the college."

Upon the return of the students during the next fall the Moderator called together the old and new members of the club and they laid plans for an ambitious program of productions. On Thanksgiving evening of 1921 three one-act playlets of different characters were presented by the thespians. The first of these was "The Rising of the Moon," a touching, yet prevailing humorous sketch of an Irish policeman vacillating between sympathy and duty. The second, "At the Movies," presented "a caricature of those 'explain-it-all' movie fans;" while the third, "As Good as Gold," was the "presentation of an incident involving St. Francis Assissi, a miser and three robbers." "The diversity of themes and variety of sentiment expressed in these plays catered to the most fastidious of audiences." Toward the end of the same year preparations were begun for the production of "Richelieu" with John B. McKenna, '24, in the title role and Daniel J. O'Neill, '24, as Joseph. This year was the most active that the club has enjoyed.

The society was due to suffer, however, for the next fall saw the disruption of the club, which was caused, most probably, by the transfer of Rev. Vincent C. Donovan, O. P., the faculty director, from Providence to Aquinas College. It is difficult for the writer to phrase his deep appreciation of Father Donovan's efforts in the Dramatic Club. His name in this capacity was heralded far and wide, all on account of the wholehearted and vital interest the talented moderator manifested toward this phase of college life. His work shall long be remembered and his memory deeply cherished by those students whose good fortune it was to be under his direc-

tion; nor shall we, who follow them, fail in our homage. Upon his leaving, the Dramatic Club lost its life for its soul had departed. Happy for dramatics at Providence, however, the Philomusians continued their overwhelming successes and conquered the fear many exhibited that collegian dramatics was doomed at this institution.

We hear nor see no more of the Dramatic Club until the past April issue of the Chronicle, when, with overwhelming interest and excited anticipation, we devour the few lines that inform us of the reorganization of the society. This rebirth had peculiar auspices. A musical comedy had been written by James H. Lynch and Thomas P. Carroll, members of the Class of 1925, and the lyrics had been "adorned with lilting tunes," by John F. Fitzgerald, '25, and Robert E. Grant, '28. The play was ready for production, but a cast was lacking. So, under the supervision of Rev. A. B. McLaughlin, O. P., the Providence College Dramatic Club was again called into being with Mr. Lynch as chief organizer. Numerous students of the various classes joined the revived club and lent their efforts toward making the musical comedy, "Nancy," a play of outstanding merit. That they were successful in their endeavor needs no word of the writer to emphasize, but those who witnessed any of the several presentations are assured that this original production met with well-earned praise. It is to be noted that every phase of the presentation was directed or effected by the thespians themselves. The comedy is a Dramatic Club production from start to finish, from plot to curtain. Its success was due to the unstinted support given the club by the student body, but especially to those individual members who, by their careful co-operation and the fulfillment of their particular duties, brought the play to a praiseworthy outcome.

This year, under the direction of the same Moderator, the club has again reorganized, has perfected its Constitution, defined its purpose and outlined its plans. A comprehensive program has been arranged for the coming scholastic terms. It has an abundance of one-act and longer plays, comedies and especially dramas. Scenic art is to have an important part in this year's activities; the masters are going to be followed almost invariably; the theatre, with all its intricacies, is to be represented at Providence by an association of lively, spirited, and interested students. They represent that section of the student body which feels that dramatics is the ever-powerful developer of the social being. The success of the club in this

field of endeavor depends wholly upon their own effort and the co-operation and support of every man in this college. They have displayed their sincerity; what are the non-members to do? Throw away the carpet-bag, come in and make friends with those whose acquaintance will benefit you and whose activities will honor and glorify your Alma Mater. Recognize and respect the Dramatic Club.

So, with this end in view—that of helping all to know the Dramatic Club—the *ALEMBIC* opens this new department with the fervent desire that its object will be realized and interest awakened in dramatics among the collegians. Suggestions for the betterment of this section are heartily solicited, as well as any short articles or paragraphs which pertain to the general title of the department. It is our aim to publish the plans of the club, to discuss its purpose and the means used to fulfill it, and possibly to enter upon criticisms of modern plays and considerations of the scenic art. Present plans do not call for a departmental editor, for the members of the club, and any others interested, are expected to keep the section well supplied with matter suitable for printing under the Dramatics cut. In this way varied, novel and fresh thoughts should always be on hand for publication and these, combined with news of the current events of the organization, should render the department sufficiently interesting to aid us in the attainment of our purpose—the arousing of a wide-awake support for the club on the part of each and every student of Providence College. We leave you to your thoughts.

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

EXCHANGE

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

IT HAS been our pleasure to receive a copy of this weekly, complete magazine. The athletic news is abundant and interesting; the article on Pep is commendable and the results should be evident. The editorials comprising "The Week" are pleasant enumerations of the varied activities of the college. The success of the article on "Canoeing" is due to the extreme care with which the observer has noted each stage of his impression, although the shifting point of view at times makes the description blurred and dim. Use of suitable connectives would have made such transition less abrupt.

ST. JOHN'S RECORD

The perusal of "The Events in St. John's History" provides a historical enlightenment into the foundation and growth of this institution. "What's What in Education" is timely presented when we consider the results of intelligence tests that are given at the reopening of college. The campus notes and briefs are prolific and entertaining.

THE XAVIER—XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL

This magazine may be classed as one of the best high school publications which we have reviewed. In poetry, stories and essays the literary achievements are commendable. The essay "Respect for Authority" is a worthy exposition of law and order and offers a solution for some of our present social disorders. The seasons have been appropriately portrayed in the verses on "Autumn."

We hereby wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Alvernian, St. Francis College	Anselmian, St. Anselm's College
The Ambrosian, St. Ambrose College	Ateneo, Ateneo De Manila
Anesthesia, Mills Training School	The Beacon, R. I. State College
	Beulahland, St. Joseph's College

Providence College Alembic

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| Borromean, St. Charles College | The Record, St. John's College |
| The Stylus, Boston College | Setonian, Seton Hall College |
| The Brown Jug, Brown University | The Sinsinawa, St. Clara Academy |
| The Bulletin, Northeastern University | The Text, Lowell Textile School |
| The Chimes, Cathedral College | The Tomahawk, Holy Cross College |
| College Days, St. Benedict's College | The Tower, Catholic University |
| The Dove, Mt. St. Scholastica College | Vers l'Idéal, College de l'Assumption |
| The Fordham Monthly, Fordham University | The Viatorian, St. Viator College |
| The Green Horn, Manhattan College | Yale Literary News, Yale University |
| The Purple, Holy Cross College | Green and White, De La Salle College |
| The Labarum, Mt. St. Joseph's College | Maroon and White, La Salle Academy |
| The Laurel, St. Bonaventure's College | Look-a-Head, St. Paul's High School |
| The Micromiter, Ohio Mechanic's New Student | Red and Black, Salt Lake City High School |
| The Index, Niagara University | St. Joseph's Chronicle, St. Joseph's High School |
| The Scholastic, Notre Dame | St. Ann's Monthly, St. Ann's Academy |
| The Ozanam, St. John's College | Tech Review, Technical High School |
| The Patrician, Aquinas College | The Xavier, Xavier High School |
| Purple and Gold, St. Michael's | |
| The Eagle, Rosary College | |

ALUMNI

IN THIS issue of the *ALEMBIC* we are asking our alumni to give us any information concerning their fellow alumni with whom they come in contact as no doubt it will afford others a source of pleasure to know the whereabouts of their classmates.

Clifton O'Reilley, '24, has followed the footsteps of his brother and is now studying law at Boston University. Commuting with Clif and also studying law at the same institute are Frank McGee, '25, and Joseph Canning, '25.

Indirectly we have heard that John Grouke, '25, and Francis McHugh, '24, are teaching in the high school in Brockton, Mass.

William O'Donnell has accepted a position with the Massachusetts Life and Bonding Insurance Company in their Providence office.

At the Holy Cross game at Fitton Field we noticed among the spectators John J. Sullivan, '25, and Francis McHugh, '24, and by all appearances they seemed pleased by the work of the team.

Raymond Malloy, '24, pre-medical, who is studying at Tufts Medical, has been elected president of his class. Ray was a recent visitor to the college to see some of his classmates.

Justin McCarthy has matriculated at Fordham Law.

Those of the '24 class who have resumed their studies at Harvard Law are Frank McCabe and Maurice La Force.

Charles Gibbons, '24, is working in the Providence branch of the Federal Census Bureau.

In the Middle West this college is represented at the St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., by two pre-medical students of the class of '25, Louis Burns and Edward Keefe.

Cletus Lenaghan, '25, is teaching in the Newton Prep School in Lakewood, N. J.



FORDHAM VS. PROVIDENCE

New York City—Oct. 3, 1925

With but four minutes to play Fordham turned an apparent 6-6 tie into a 20-6 victory by the brilliant playing of Captain Joe Manning of the Bronx team. The Providence team, after battling the Fordham eleven to a standstill for three periods, succumbed to the onslaughts of the Maroon leader who smashed thru the White and Black line for the second Fordham touchdown. A few minutes later Manning intercepted one of Allen's forwards and dashed 35 yards for the final touchdown of the contest.

Fordham registered the first touchdown of the game when a forward from Graham to Gripp placed the pigskin on the Providence five-yard stripe, whence O'Connor carried it across the line on a line-buck. Graham attempted to gain the extra point by a forward pass but an alert Providence backfield frustrated the play.

In the second half Fordham was unable to penetrate the big Black and White line and Graham kicked to Allen. The latter returned the punt on the next play. Graham's attempt to kick was blocked by Joyce who recovered the ball on the five-yard line. Three line plays failed and Leary recovered a Providence fumble on the 4-yard marker. Once again Graham's punt was blocked by Joyce, Murphy falling on the pigskin behind the goal line for Providence's only points.

At this time Manning was injected into the lineup and aided by Buckley ripped through the New Englanders for a touchdown. A few minutes later he intercepted Allen's forward for his 2nd score. For Providence the whole team played brilliantly while the outstand-

ing performances of Murphy and Joyce deserve especial commendation.

The lineup:

FORDHAM		PROVIDENCE
Leary	le	Joyce
Feaster	lt	O'Leary
Bruce	lg	Reall
Stevenson	c	Connors
Obester	rg	Serbst
Smith	rt	Nawrocki
Delaney	re	Smith
Graham	qb	Dalton
O'Connor	lh	Bride
Woerner	rh	Allen
Gripp	fb	Spring

Score by periods:

Fordham	6	0	0	14—20
Providence	0	0	6	0—6

Touchdowns—Fordham, O'Connor, Manning 2; Providence, Murphy. Points after touchdowns—Graham 2 (drop kicks). Substitutions—Fordham, Walsh for Delaney; Sweeney for Leary; Pollet for Feaster; Delaney for Walsh; Leary for Sweeney; Feaster for Pollet; Walsh for Delaney; Manning for Woerner; Buckley for Gripp; Heameat for Bruce; Sweeney for Feaster; J. O'Connor for Stevenson; Marcotte for Leary; Providence, Murphy for O'Leary; Tomassi for Serbst; McNeice for Spring; McGeough for Bride; Spring for McNeice; Triggs for McGeough. Referee—W. D. Maginnes (Lehigh). Umpire—W. S. O'Connell (Columbia). Linesman—J. Buckout (Holy Cross). Time of periods—12 minutes.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 2NDS VS. SUFFIELD SCHOOL

Suffield, Conn.—Oct. 3, 1925

While the Varsity team was stacking up against the strong Fordham team at New York City, the second team invaded Suffield and held the fast Suffield School eleven to a scoreless tie. Though the Providence boys outweighed the Connecticut aggregation yet they were unable to uncork a scoring punch.

In the final period the Rhode Islanders opened up with an aerial attack, Russo to Cummings which netted them considerable yard-

age. Johnson, flashy halfback, was the shining star in the Suffield offence and defence, while Cummings and Graham were Coach Cullen's stars.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE SECONDS		SUFFIELD SCHOOL
Graham	re	Grills
Rocke	rt	Hawkins
Coleman	rg	Alfano
Hayes	c	Flynn
Donahue	lg	Badger
Chabot	lt	Trill
Cummings	le	Martin
Egan, (Capt.)	qb	(Capt.) Kulas
Calise	rh	Johnson
Christie	lh	Lyndquist
McGarry	fb	Janek

Substitutions—Providence, Russo for Calise; Calise for Egan; Vanderbeck for Christie; Quillan for Chabot; Chabot for Hayes; Murray for McGarry; Segogian for Coleman; Walsh for Graham; Suffield—Gowan for Lyndquist. Time—Four eight-minute periods. Referee — Griffin. Umpire—Wall. Head linesman—Perkins.

PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS

On Columbus Day the scrappiest Providence College team that ever invaded Fitton Field gave the Holy Cross team its hardest battle of the current season. The Crusaders emerged on the long end of a 22-0 score only after a stubborn contest packed with thrills and brilliant football.

The first period was a punting duel between Heck Allen and Captain Crowley of the Purple. Both booted some pretty spirals. In this quarter the Cross made four first downs and while they threatened the Providence goal line they were unable to break through the strong Black and White forward wall. Providence held them time and again when they were within striking distance of the goal and Connors and Spring made some pretty plays backing up the line. Early in the second period Crowley lifted a long

spiral to the Providence 30-yard line. Failing to gain against the Holy Cross line Allen punted to Kittredge who was downed on the 35-yard stripe. A pass, Kittredge to Karpowich failed. Wise, standing on 25-yard tape dropped the ball between the goal posts for a 3-0 lead. The half ended with the ball in possession of Providence on its 8-yard line.

In the third period, Kittredge received the kick-off and carried it to midfield. Crowley punted to the one-yard line. Allen punted from behind his goal to Kittredge who eluded several Providence tacklers and raced 35 yards for the first touchdown of the game. Crowley kicked the goal.

In the fourth quarter Wallis and McMahon played brilliant football consistently making big gains. The Providence machine, by this time had weakened considerably. McMahon plunged thru center for 10 yards and Clary Ryan followed him with a gain of five yards, which brought the pigskin to the two-yard stripe. Ryan and McMahon failed to gain on line plunges, but Wallis slid around left end for a touchdown. Crowley missed the goal. Then with only a few minutes to play McMahon intercepted a pass and dashed 45 yards to the goal. Crowley again failed to kick the goal.

Quite noticeable in the strong defence offered by the Providence line was the work of Connors at center. He broke thru many times and hurled the Purple ball-carriers for losses. Allen and Triggs, backing up the line, also showed plenty of defensive power.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE		HOLY CROSS
Smith	le	Karpowich
O'Leary	lt	Houde
Reall (Capt.)	lg	Coleman
Connors	c	Londergan
Sullivan	rg	Ray
Nawrocki	rt	Finn
Murphy	re	Butler
Dalton	qb	Wise
Allen	lh	Wallis
Triggs	rh	McMahon
Spring	fb	(Capt.), Crowley

Score by periods:

Holy Cross	0	3	6	13—22
Providence	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdowns—Kittredge, Wallis, McMahon. Points after touch-down—Crowley. Field goal—Wise. Substitutions—Providence, Mc-

Neice for Spring; Maroney for Connors; Joyce for Murphy; Silva for Dalton; McGeough for Triggs; Bride for Allen; Capomacchio for Sullivan; Tomassi for Cappomachio; Holy Cross, Kittredge for McMahon; Mahaney for Houde; Cervini for Ray; O'Connell for Loneragan; Ryan for Crowley; Healy for Karpowich; Phelen for Coleman; Comcovich for Shannahan; Ashon for Shannahan; Norton for Ashon; Cavanaugh for O'Connell; McCoy for Butler; Lynch for McCoy; Brennan for Ryan; Miller for Comcovich.

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Ebbetts Field, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oct. 17, 1925

Flashing a brilliant attack that completely baffled their opponents and playing a defensive game that withstood nearly every assault hurled against it, the scrappy Providence College warriors defeated the heavy St. John's aggregation of Brooklyn. The Rhode Islanders, outweighed almost 10 pounds to a man, smashed and battered the big red line to pieces, and when in a few occasions it appeared as though they were going to be held, they opened up an aerial attack that gained them the necessary yardage.

While the entire Black and White team performed brilliantly there was one man who stood out above his mates. This man was Heck Allen. On the offense it was his slashing attack that brought gain after gain to the Providence side of the ledger, while on the defence, it was his hard tackling and super punting that made the Red Menace, which held the Cross team to a 9-6 score, a weak opponent. Allen scored all the tallies for Providence, going over for both touchdowns and adding the extra points which brought the final total to 14 points.

In the second period, with the ball on the 30-yard line, Bride shot a pass to Murphy which brought the pigskin to the five-yard stripe. Three plunges netted only 3 yards, but on the fourth down, Bride shot a lateral pass to Allen and Heck went over for the counter. He also kicked the goal. The other marker for the Rhode Island aggregation came in the third quarter. Taking the ball on their 40-yard line after an exchange of punts, the invaders, mixing line plunges by Bride and Triggs, with forward passes, in which Murphy and Allen bore the brunt of the burden, brought the ball to the St. John 30-yard stripe. Here the Red Menace held for two downs, but on the third Bride shot a pass which Allen grabbed on the 20-

yard tape and raced the rest of the distance to the goal. Heck added the extra point with a drop kick.

St. Johns scored its only touchdown in the final period. Coach Lynch sent Bushman to replace Selemian; the change worked wonders. With terrific plunges at the line he carried the ball down the field to the Providence 11-yard marker. Here the powerful Black and White line held for two downs but on the third attempt Thomas hurled a forward pass to McCrady, and the latter stepped over the line for the score. McCrady's attempt to gain the extra point via dropkick was frustrated by 'Spud' Murphy who broke through before the kicker could get set for his first attempt.

The victory was gratifying to the team as it compensated for the 19-0 defeat received last year at Brooklyn.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE		ST. JOHN'S
Smith	le	Drum
O'Leary	lt	Pendergast
Reall (Capt.)	lg	Mottey
Connors	c	Gallagher
Tomassi	rg	Plumridge
Nawrocki	rt	McCrady
J. Murphy	re	McKeon
Dalton	qb	Fitzgerald
Bride	rh	Selemi
Allen	lh	Thomas
Spring	fb	Weiss

Score by periods:

Providence	0	7	7	0—14
St. John's	0	0	0	6—6

Touchdowns—Allen 2; McCrady. Points after touchdown—Allen 2. Substitutes—Providence, McNeice for Spring; Triggs for Allen; Moroney for Connors; Allen for Triggs; Connors for Moroney; Joyce for J. Murphy; Spring for McNeice; Triggs for Spring; St. Johns, Blie for Drum; Larkin for Fitzgerald; Bushman for Selemi; Belot for McKeon; Sheppard for Larkin. Referee—S. S. Scott (Michigan). Umpire—A. G. Maxwell (Brown). Head linesman—Howard Kamm, New York University.

PROVIDENCE VS. SYRACUSE

Syracuse, N. Y.—Oct. 24, 1925

Using straight football, yet revealing greater power than in any previous start, Syracuse University swamped Providence College under a 48-0 score before 5000 spectators in Archbold stadium. Though thoroughly beaten, Providence earned the distinction of coming nearer to a score than any other team that has faced Syracuse in the current season. In the fourth period Providence unleashed an aerial attack that completely baffled the Orange aggregation, and advanced the ball from Providence's 32-yard line to Syracuse's 10-yard stripe.

Syracuse lost no time in starting the scoring. In the first period with vicious line attacks the powerful New York eleven rushed the ball down the gridiron for their first touchdown. On the next kick-off, Barbuti, brilliant fullback and star quarter-miler, caught the ball on his own five-yard line, and, aided by Syracuse's famous wedge interference, swept up the field to his own 30-yard stripe, shot over to the side lines and raced the remaining distance to the goal line.

Providence opened its aerial offensive to start the second period, but after one successful heave, Bride to Allen, Hanson intercepted another and Syracuse started from its own 23-yard line for the fourth touchdown. Providence played a hard, clean game but was badly battered by the punishing charges of the Orange line. The scrappy Rhode Island aggregation was outweighed along the line and on the mass formations off tackle was powerless to stop the swift, hard running Syracuse backs. Bride, Allen and Connors were the stars of the visiting team while Barbuti was the Orange's biggest threat.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE		SYRACUSE
Smith	re	Hanson
O'Leary	rt	Rugge
Reall (Capt.)	rg	Archoska
Connors	c	Freidman
Sullivan	lg	Biggs
Nawrocki	lt	Levy
Murphy	le	Mendell
Dalton	qb	(Capt.), Foley
Allen	lh	Clarke
Triggs	rh	Carr
Spring	fb	Barbuti

Touchdowns—Bartuti 2, Foley 2, Carr, Clarke, Flannagan. Points after touchdowns—Carr 5, Cooke. Substitutions—Syracuse, Jones for Mendell; Heck for Biggs; Rourke for Hanson; Whitman for Freidman; Richtmeyer for Levy; Valengen for Archoska; Flannagan for Barbuti; Cooke for Foley; Hanson for Carr; Taylor for Rugge; Meister for Clarke; McNamara for Taylor; Providence, Bride for Spring; Spring for Triggs; Marone for Connors; Joyce for Smith; McNeice for Spring; McGeough for Allen. Referee—Vanderveer (Syracuse). Umpire—Luby (Penn.). Linesman—Wall (N. Y. U.). Time of periods — 15 Minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. BOSTON COLLEGE

Braves Field, Boston, Mass.—Oct. 31, 1925

Suffering from the effects of the defeat at the hands of the powerful Syracuse eleven and handicapped by the loss of Jack Triggs, stellar halfback, and Steve Nawrocki, aggressive tackle, the Providence team bowed before the heavy Boston College machine. Although outplayed and outweighed the Providence men held time and again when Boston scores seemed imminent, and their fighting spirit will be remembered long after the score is forgotten.

Most of the scoring took place in the first half when blocked kicks and recovery of fumbles paved the way for most of the Eagle's scores. In the first period Dower scored once and O'Connell added two more. In the second quarter, Cronin brought the leather over after a march from mid-field, and Harrison plucked a forward out of the ozone as he was crossing the goal line, thereby boosting the count to 35 to 0.

A fighting Providence eleven trotted out to start the third period and the best the Eagles could do in the line of scoring was a placement kick by McManus from the 33-yard line. Providence looked dangerous when their running aerial attack started working for short, consistent gains which brought the ball to B. C.'s 10-yard stripe where the ball was lost on downs. In the final period an intercepted pass by Weston, who ran for a touchdown, killed the offensive hopes of the Providence gridders.

The well-known breaks turned to the Eagles in every instance and they used them to good advantage. In two cases penalties and intercepted passes gave the Boston boys the pigskin on the 1-yard line and they fought for three successive downs in effecting a score.

Providence College Alembic

Cronin, Bud Dower, McManus and McGuirk were the outstanding stars on the Cavanaugh-coached team, while Allen, Bride, Dalton, Reall, Murphy and Connors were the individual stars of the Providence aggregation.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE	BOSTON COLLEGE
Smith	re..... (Capt.), O'Connell
O'Leary	rt..... McGuirk
Reall (Capt.)	rg..... Donohue
Connors	c..... Larkin
Sullivan	lg..... Harris
Nawrocki	lt..... Hardy
Murphy	le..... Beach
Dalton	qb..... McNamara
Allen	lh..... Dower
Triggs	rh..... Cronin
Spring	fb..... Smith

Touchdowns—Dower, O'Connell 2, Cronin, Harrison, McManus, Weston. Points after touchdowns—McManus 6. Goal from field—McManus. Substitutions—Providence, Joyce for Russo; Maroney for Connors; Kempf for Dalton; Tomassi for Joyce; McNeice for Spring; McGeough for Allen; J. J. Russo for Smith; Silva for Kempf; J. Russo for Murphy; R. Murphy for McGeough; Boston, Weston for Smith; McKenney for Cronin; Kennedy for Dower; Dumas for Harrison; O'Neil for O'Connell; Fitzgerald for Kelliher. Referee—A. W. Risley (Cornell) Umpire—C. C. McCarthy (Georgetown). Field judge—Halloran, Providence. Head linesman—C. V. Brown (B. U.). Linesmen—Conlon for Boston College and Farrell for Providence.

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