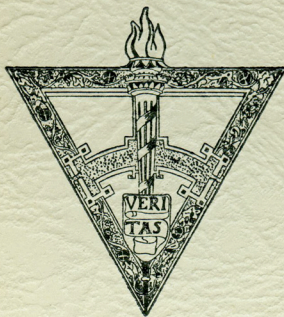


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



FRESHMAN ISSUE

VOL. 6

MARCH, 1926

NO. 6

ALEMBIC A. B. C.

ADVERTISERS BOOSTERS CONTEST

It's off with a bang!

With an intense interest in the outcome of this unique college publication contest, numerous advertisers have donated twenty-two useful prizes that now await the wide awake winners of this A. B. C. to claim them.

The lucky ones will be those who make the greatest amount of purchases from the largest number of ALEMBIC Advertisers. For your convenience the names of these concerns have been classified on the following pages. Whether or not you are a student at the college you may engage in this contest, only the members of the ALEMBIC Staff being excepted. The race started on the twentieth of February and will end on the twentieth of April—just the time for Easter buying.

The simple requirements are that the purchases must be made of our Advertisers, and that the receipts for such sales, with your name on them, shall be handed or mailed to the Contest Editor at the ALEMBIC office within a week of the transaction. To balance heavy purchases and to give everyone a fair chance for winning a prize the points have been decided thus: Five thousand points will be awarded for every Advertiser from whom a purchase is made and one hundred points for every dollar of the sale. This also spreads the territory of patronage—a feature appealing very strongly to our Advertisers.

As an illustration of the point system let us suppose that a contestant desires to buy a suit, a hat, shoes and neckwear for his Easter outfit. Now, if the contestant purchases all these articles from the same Advertiser he gains only five thousand points for that one store, plus the points for the sale at the rate of one hundred for a dollar. Should he, on the other hand, distribute his sales among four Advertisers, in place of the one, he earns five thousand points for each Advertiser or twenty thousand points in addition to the credits for the value of the sale. Thus, by a little walking, he has secured fifteen thousand credits extra.

As a proof that these moment-walks will be worthwhile we have accompanied this writeup with a photograph of some of the awards. A glance is all that is needed to show that they comprise a group of practical prizes of real value. Others of the premiums have necessarily been left out of the picture due to the late hour of their reception. A complete list is published herewith and the names of their donors:

Photograph of Father Kienberger
Ye Rose Studio
Shoes, Thos. F. Pierce & Son
Stetson Hat, Kennedy's
P. C. Desk Lamp, A. H. Alcott, Electric Shops.
English Broadcloth Shirt, Browning, King's
Tie, Charlie O'Donnell
Tuxedo Studs and Links, Waldorf Clothing Co.
P. C. Gold Ring, Ryan Catering Co.
P. C. Grilled Charm, Joseph Fogarty, '23
White Tuxedo Vest, Royal Dress Suit Co.
Three O cial League Baseballs, Dawson's

Flashlight, J. F. McGlinchey
Pocket Knife, Belcher & Loomis
Men's Rosary, Joseph M. Tally
Large Box of Candy, Gibsons
Large Can of Coffee, Brownell & Field
La Tausca Rosary, W. J. Sullivan
Hosiery, Sullivan Co.
Golf Stick, Wright & Ditson's
Parker Fountain Pen, E. L. Freeman
Hosiery, Mathewson Toggery Shop
Ten Dollars in Trade, Dreyfus
Two Boxes of Cigars, Costello Bros.

Besides for the above awards, we are indebted to Francis Dwyer, '24, former Editor of the ALEMBIC and now with the Providence Tribune, for the accompanying photograph, and to the Bickford Engraving & Electrotyping Co., for the cut they kindly made of it.

In all there are twenty-two prizes. The contestant gaining the highest number of points will have his choice of this lot, the second in line having second choice and so on. Will you be first?

Now's the time to start and show ALEMBIC Advertisers how you acknowledge their support! And do not fail to distribute your Appreciation Cards to them.

It's off with a bang! Let's go!

ALEMBIC DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

ACADEMY

Sacred Heart Academy, Elmhurst

AMUSEMENT

Royal Theatre, Olneyville Square

AUTO DEALER

Olneyville Hudson-Essex Co., Olneyville

AUTOS TO RENT

Checker Cab Taxi, Union 7000

Red Top Taxi, Gaspee 5000

Earl G. Page, 225 Fountain St.

BADGES

Wm. R. Brown Co., 33 Eddy St.

BAKERS

Piche's Bakery, 661 Smith St.

Tommy Tucker Baking Co., Delaine St.

BANK

National Exchange Bank, 63 Westminster St.

BARBERS

Elm Barber Shop, Smith St. at River Ave.

Leo Venegro, 426 Smith St.

BOILERS

Wholey Boiler Works, 95 Whipple St.

BOOKBINDER

Walter E. Horton, 661 Westminster St.

BOOKSELLER

Preston & Rounds Co., 98 Westminster St.

BOOTS AND SHOES

F. A. Ballou Co., Weybosset and Eddy Sts.

Thomas F. Pierce & Son, 173 Westminster St.

Sullivan Company, 159 Westminster St.

BUILDING MOVER

Fahey Company, 137 Willow St.

CATERERS

James F. Corcoran, 45 Olneyville Square

Ryan Catering Company, 14 Greene St.

CHEMICALS

Geo. L. Claffin & Co., 70 South Main St.

CHURCH GOODS

William J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.

Wm. J. Sullivan & Co., 55 Eddy St.

Joseph M. Tally, 506-612 Westminster St.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Costello Brothers, Pawtucket

Morse Tobacco Company, 53 Eddy St.

CLASS PINS AND RINGS

C. A. Costello

Wm. J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.

W. J. Sullivan & Co., 55 Eddy St.

CLOTHING

Bolton, 213-214 Woolworth Bldg.

Browning King & Company, 212 Westminster

Howell, 75 Westminster Street

Kennedy Company, 180 Westminster St.

The A. Nash Co., 385 Westminster Street

CONCRETERS

James H. Lynch & Co., 75 Westminster St.

U. S. Concrete & Roofing Co., 321 Grosvenor Bldg.

CONFECTIONERS (Retail)

J. Fred Gibson Co., 220 West Exchange St.

COSTUMER

Fletcher Costume Co., 524 Westminster St.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Providence Dairy Co., 157 West Exchange St.

Turner Centre System, 135 Harris Avenue

DEPARTMENT STORES

McCarthy's, Woonsocket

McDevitts, Pawtucket

Outlet Company, Providence

DRESS SUITS

Narragansett Tailoring Co., 73 Weybosset St.

Royal Dress Suit Co., 112 Mathewson St.

Waldorf Clothing Co., 212 Union St.

DRUGGISTS

J. Fred Gibson Co., Westminster-Snow Sts.

Thomas H. Goldberg, Smith and Candace Sts.

Haskins Drug Store, One Block Down from the

College.

Hillis Drug Co., 306 Smith St.

McLaughlin's Pharmacy, Chalkstone - River

Aves.

John J. Neilan, 143 Smith St.

DRY GOODS

John Curran, 39 Arcade

Gladding Dry Goods Co., 291 Westminster St.

ELECTRIC SHOPS

Narragansett Electric Lighting Co., Eight in

Rhode Island

ENGRAVERS

Bickford Engraving & Electrotyping Co., 20

Mathewson St.

H. T. Hammond, 72 Weybosset St.

Thomson & Nye, 212 Union St.

USE IT AND WATCH IT GROW

ALEMBIC DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
Arcade Employment Agency, 70 Arcade

FISH DEALER
Cook's Fish Market, 216 Smith St.

FENCE BUILDER
E. C. Church Co., 134 West Exchange St.

FUEL
Petroleum Heat & Power Co., 1210-1211 Turks Head

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND UNDERTAKER
Charles Quinn, 186 Smith St.

GARAGE
Elmhurst Garage, 558 Smith St.

GAS COMPANY
Providence Gas Co., 106 Weybosset St.

GLASS
Holden's House of Glass, 93 Stewart St.

GLOVES
Touraine Glove Co., 238 Westminster St.

HAIR DRESSING
A. A. Dolan, 39 Ruggles St.

HARDWARE
Belcher & Loomis Co., 91 Weybosset St.
Duffey Hardware Co., Inc., 78 Weybosset St.
J. F. McGlinchey, 420 Smith St.

HOTELS
Dreyfus Hotel, 119 Washington St.
Narragansett Hotel, 97 Dorrance St.

ICE CREAM PARLOR
Lappins, Smith St., Opp. Calverly

INSURANCE
Gallivan & Co., 608 Turks Head Bldg.
Joseph H. Kiernan, 171 Westminster St.
O'Donnell & Co., 48 Custom House St.
Edward Slavin, 603 Union Trust Bldg.

JEWELRY
Tilden-Thurber, 292 Westminster St.

KITCHEN FURNISHINGS
Fairchild's, Arcade

KNITTED WEAR
O'Shea Knitting Mills, Chicago, Ill.

LABORATORY SUPPLIES AND APPARATUS
Geo. L. Claffin & Co., 72 South Main St.

LAWYERS
Frank L. Hanley, 36 Olneyville Square
O'Shaunessy & Cannon, 821 Turks Head Bldg.

LUNCH ROOMS
Waldorf Lunch, Most Everywhere

MEATS AND PROVISIONS
Fred O. Gardiner, Inc., 255 Canal St.
John E. Martin, 213 Canal St.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
Joseph J. O'Rourke & Son, 261-267 Canal St.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
The Honorbilt, 108 Washington and 106 Mathewson Sts.
Mathewson Toggery Shop, 127 Mathewson St.

Charlie O'Donnell, 60 Washington St.

MIRRORS RESILVERED
Holden's House of Glass, 93 Stewart St.

NEWSPAPERS AND PUBLICATIONS
American Student Publishers, New York, N. Y.
Providence Journal, 203 Westminster St.
Providence News, 50 Weybosset St.
Providence Tribune, 2 Weybosset St.

OPTICIAN
John F. Murphy, 171 Westminster St.

ORCHESTRA
Al Mitchell, Roseland Ballroom, Taunton, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Louis Bellin, 256 Westminster St.
Wm. Mills & Son, 58 Arcade
Stanley, 357 Westminster St.
Ye Rose Studio, 385 Westminster St.

PRINTERS
Wm. R. Brown Co., 33 Eddy St.
H. T. Hammond, 72 Weybosset St.
Thomson & Nye, 212 Union St.

RADIO
B. & H. Supply Co., Inc., 116 Mathewson St.

REAL ESTATE
Carter Realty Co., 32 Westminster
Dennis Real Estate Co., Taunton Ave., E. Prov.

RESTAURANT
Rathskeller, Alongside City Hall

RUBBER STAMPS
Maurice C. Smith Co., 35 Westminster St.

SHOE REPAIRING
Hub Shoe Repairing Co., 62 Washington St.

SPA
Academy Spa, Smith St.-Academy Ave.

SPORTING GOODS
Dawson & Co., 54 Exchange Place
John F. Cashman, 34-35 Exchange Place
Wright & Ditson, 82 Weybosset St.

STATIONERS
E. L. Freeman Co., 109 Westminster St.

TAILORS
Louis Halpern, 673 Smith St.
Adolph Del Rossi, 1001 Smith St.
Simon Kessler, 21 Richmond Street
H. M. Koppel, 56 Washington St.

TEA AND COFFEE
Brownell & Field Co., Providence

TUXEDOS
Narragansett Tailoring Co., 73 Weybosset St.
Royal Dress Suit Co., 112 Mathewson St.
Waldorf Clothing Co., 212 Union St.

TYPEWRITERS AND OFFICE SUPPLIES
Office Appliance Co., 53 Weybosset St.
Nellian Typewriter Exchange, Inc., 43 Weybosset St.

VOICE CULTURE
Maurice C. Smith Co., 35 Westminster St.

Kathleen O'Brien, 110 Lauderdale Bldg.

USE IT AND WATCH IT GROW

WALDORF

**NEW COLLEGIATE
T-U-X-E-D-O-S \$25.00
(WIDE BOTTOM TROUSERS)**

Special to April First for Providence College Men
Only None Sold Without This Advertisement.



**WALDORF CLOTHING COMPANY
212 UNION STREET
LARGEST TUXEDO HOUSE IN THE CITY**

Telephone GAspee 9826

**GEZA WURTH
Photographer**

Boston Store

Providence, Rhode Island

Prop. of The Bert Horton Studio

**BOYS—TIME FOR HIKING
The Roads Are Clear**

Well shod feet will best stand the strain, old shoes with **WHOLE SOLES**
—**RUBBER HEELS** will make hiking a real enjoyment.

HUB SHOE REPAIRING CO.

62 WASHINGTON ST.

NEAR CITY HALL

FOR THE JUNIOR PROM

**WE SELL
Latest Models
TUXEDOS**

At \$35.00 In-
cluding Vest
We Also Carry
Dress Shirts,
Collars and
Neckties



**FOR HIRE
Collegiate and
Conservative
Models
TUXEDOS**

Special Prices
to Providence
College
Students, \$2.75

**112 MATHEWSON
STREET**

ROYAL DRESS SUIT CO.

**ROOM
6-10**

MAKE ALEMBIC ADVERTISING WORTHWHILE—Use the Alembic Directory

DESK LAMPS

PRICED FROM \$1.50 UP



Our wide variety of desk lamps includes a style for every purpose . . . Clamp-o Lamps for the bed, dresser or chair as well as more elaborate lamps for the table.

NARRAGANSETT

Electric Lighting Company's

ELECTRIC SHOPS

William F. Casey

**MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS
HATS AND SHOES**

With

KENNEDY'S

Westminster and Dorrance
Streets

ROYAL THEATRE

Olneyville Square

**World's Best in Motion
Pictures at Popular Prices**

J. Fred Lovett, Manager

GAspee 4816

We Invite the Class of 1926

The L. H. Bellin's Studio

PHOTOGRAPHERS

256 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I.

LOUIS HALPERN

MERCHANT TAILOR

COLLEGIATES CLOTHES A SPECIALTY

SPECIAL OFFERING

SUIT OR OVERCOAT \$30.00 AND UP.

673 SMITH STREET

Telephone Union 3479-W

Fahey Building Moving Company

BUILDING MOVERS

Moving, Shoreing, Raising and All Their Branches

137 Willow Street

Telephone

Providence, R. I.

CYRIL A. COSTELLO

Jewelers to Providence College

CHARMS

RINGS

FRATERNAL WORK

We appreciate the confidence and patronage of the Class of 1927 in ordering their rings of us.

"Where Banister Shoes Are Sold"

W. J. SULLIVAN COMPANY

159 WESTMINSTER STREET

Tel. Un. 5403-J—Un. 2041-W

**COOK'S FISH
MARKET**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

IN ALL KINDS OF

SEA FOOD

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Prompt Delivery to Mount Pleasant and
Smith Hill Daily

JOHN J. NEILAN

DRUGGIST

143 Smith St. Prov., R. I.

Gibsons

CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS

PROVIDENCE MADE—FRESH DAILY

PROVIDENCE

PAWTUCKET

WOONSOCKET

ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS CAN PLEASE YOU—Use the Alembic Directory

O'DONNELL & CO., INC.

THOMAS E. O'DONNELL
President

JOHN F. O'DONNELL
Treasurer

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

48 Custom House Street

Providence, R. I.

Established by Thomas E. O'Donnell in 1894

McDEVITT'S

PAWTUCKET

Distributors of

KUPPENHEIMER

Good Clothes

Mallory	Fownes	Fine
Hats	Gloves	Furnishings



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BETTER
BODIES**

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**DRINK MILK
PROVIDENCE DAIRY
COMPANY**

157 West Exchange Street
GASPEE 5363

FLETCHER COSTUME COMPANY

Costumes Wigs Masks Beards

ALL ARTICLES DISINFECTED AFTER USE

DRESS SUITS AND TUXEDOS

524 Westminster St.

421 Weybosset St.

Gaspee 4685

Opposite Cathedral

HAIL, JUNIORS!

Again we open our portals to the Class of 1927 for their Junior Prom on April 22, 1926.

The Narragansett Hotel has deemed it a pleasure to welcome the Junior Classes of Providence College since the inauguration of their Proms. Here there is afforded the use of spacious Reception rooms in connection with our famous Ballroom along with the service of our Dining Room with its healthy home cooked foods.

We buy the best and use no substitutes.

NARRAGANSETT HOTEL

Management, William Howard

Eddy, Weybosset and Dorrance Streets, Providence, R. I.

Telephone GAspee 6320

Accommodating 600 Guests

Convention and Banquet Halls—European Plan

AL MITCHELL

and His Roseland Orchestra

AVAILABLE FOR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

PERMANENT ADDRESS

ROSELAND BALLROOM

- -

TAUNTON, MASS.

TOMMY TUCKER BREAD

The Loaf with the Home-Made Flavor

Tommy Tucker Baking Co.

Providence, R. I.

WEST 4542



M c C A R T H Y ' S

Woonsocket's Greatest Department Store
ALWAYS MORE FOR LESS HERE

M c C A R T H Y ' S

Get Back of a

PETER SCHUYLER

COSTELLO BROTHERS

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

National Exchange Bank

63 Westminster Street

This bank is one of the oldest banks in the State. It was organized in 1801. It does a general banking business—it does a foreign banking business—it has a savings department.

It is a comfortable bank to have an account in. Your banking business is respectfully invited.

JOSEPH H. GAINER

MAYOR

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES, SOLD, RENTED, EXCHANGED AND REPAIRED

Agents for Remington Portable

Neilan Typewriter Exchange, Inc.

Helena M. Neilan, Treasurer

GASPEE 8457-8458

43 WEYBOSSET STREET

Providence College Alembic

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1926

No. 6

CONTENTS

The Sea (Verse)	Edmond S. Fish	218
Philosophy for a Car Token.....	Samuel Epstein	219
Song for the Lonely (Verse)	J. Clarence Ryan	221
Paid in Full	James F. O'Connell	222
Maine (Verse)	Edmond S. Fish	227
The Perversity of Fate	J. Lannon	228
Friendship (Verse)	Joseph Lannon	230
Gentians (Verse).....	Edmond S. Fish	230
Observer	Stephen M. Murray	231
Residuum	Francis V. Reynolds	233
Editorial	W. Harold O'Connor	237
The College Chronicle	Nicholas J. Serror	241
Dramatics	Cyril A. Costello	242
Athletics	John E. Farrell	244

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The Sea

Green mountainous waves,
Capped with crystal foam,
Wash toward rocky caves
Where echoes moan.


Sunlit dazzling spray
Flecked with rainbow hue,
Splashes the starfish gay
In the blue.

An ominous shadow floats,
A dark shaft ebbs and flows—
Where sailors moor their boats
A body floats.

Out where sky meets sea,
A schooner hurries by;
Circling the blown sails free
Sea gulls cry.

Edmond S. Fish, '29.

Philosophy for a Car Token

O much is heard of the disagreeableness of street-car travel that one is apt to forget the pleasant side. Despite the many slurs cast upon the working man's pleasure car, it has its good points. You will agree with me that the trolley is a very welcome sight when viewed through an atmosphere dismal with rain and fog, or frigid with flying sleet. The pleasure felt in its comfort at once becomes evident for there seems to be an abundance of jollity sweeping through the crowd as the wet hungry patrons push and jostle each other in their attempt to board the car. You must have watched them many times yourself tired, care-worn, rain-swept creatures huddling together beneath every available shelter, rushing forth suddenly with loud cries of approval as the trolley lumbers into view. You may have been one of the hundreds who made the mad dash through driving rain and then breathed a sigh of relief as you stepped aboard, only to have the smile of satisfaction fade quickly from your face as you noted that all the seats were taken. Grabbing frantically at a strap as the car lurched madly, you braced yourself as best you could for a long tiresome ride home. A few minutes of the jolting, irritating travel and you have given up the idea of reading the news while trying to keep your balance; you have read the advertisements till you hate pickles and soap and gradually a mask of disgust is settling upon your usually agreeable countenance. Suddenly your eye is caught by the amused smile of a man seated nearby. A feeling of irritation steals over you as you begin to wonder what can possibly attract him in such an environment. Unconsciously you follow his gaze to the magazine cover in front of him. There in soft eye-soothing colors is depicted a mother holding her child. The sweet spirit of motherhood is easily seen in the maternal eyes as they gaze upon the little bundle of humanity in her arms. You are struck with the beauty of the picture and wonder who the artist might be. Surely such art was worthy of a better place than a magazine cover. But still you find no cause for the smile of amusement spreading rapidly across the face of

the man opposite you. Your glance drops toward the arm of the woman reading the paper and the reason of his amusement is revealed—there in her arm a beribboned Pomeranian fretted and struggled for freedom. At intervals she lifted the dog to her face and fondled him affectionately. You smile at the mockery of it all.

The car comes to a stop jolting you fearfully. Enters a bundle-laden lady tugging fretfully at the hand of a typical youngster. From then on the ride is not lacking in interest as the little imp proceeds to amuse himself and others. His eyes wandering about suddenly spy an Italian street musician with his organ. The boy catches sight of the monkey chained to the organ and shouts gleefully to the amusement of the passengers and the embarrassment of his mother—"Oo Ma, doesn't he look like grandpa!"

There follow a few more similar incidents equally amusing and you glance up, amazed to discover that you are almost at your door. Another grand rush for the door and you step out into the rain with a feeling of thankfulness and sympathy for the scorned and oft-derided trolley. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good and its a poor trolley that brings nobody home.

Samuel Epstein, '29.

Song for the Lonely

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on heights of fame,
I sigh for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all their own;
For those who need companions
Yet walk the way alone.

I sing with a cheerful cadence
For the one who stands in dark,
And knows his last bright arrow
Has missed the shining mark.

There are songs enough for the lovers,
Who share life's griefs and pain—
I sigh for those whose passion
Has given all in vain.

J. Clarence Ryan, '29.

PAID IN FULL

PARIS is now, as it was then, insignificant. Paris then boasted three hundred inhabitants and a promising main street; Paris now boasts only its main street. At the time of my story it was hailed as the most colorful village in southern Louisiana. Today its color, like that of the time-worn structures of its Main Street, lives only in the memory of the oldest of its inhabitants. Its oldest inhabitants—there are but few of them now—only six, in fact, yet the story of the rise and fall of Paris as it would come from their lips, if you could but persuade them to tell it, would touch you deeply. It would be the story of the Paris beautiful, Paris during the period after its rise from insignificance and before its fall into obscurity. They could show you Paris glowing with the sunshine of activity, sparkling with the joy of contentment, serene in the knowledge of progress. While I can but paint badly, the picture of the happiness they could show you, the pathos of the disaster they could make you feel.

I heard the story once from the lips of "Fallen Jim" Lyons. From "Fallen Jim," with his hands and voice trembling with the violence of despair, despair that lives in the sparkle of colorless, mountain whiskey handed out in tiny innocent looking glasses. He told me the story of "Fallen Jim" and encompassed in it was the story of fallen Paris.

We were seated upon the steps of what had once been the most prosperous village store in the county. Its paintless boards and boarded windows lent an atmosphere of pathos to the tale. We were talking aimlessly and even as I spoke I was contemplating a hurried move from the scene. The odor of stale liquor rising from Jim's shabby person had grown almost unbearable. Yet, as we talked I was struck with the cultured language of this pitiful creature. I listened as he talked on and on.

Suddenly I asked: "Jim what made you start drinking?"

His half-closed eyes turned slowly toward me and for a moment there flashed across his face, a look of pain, a dim flicker of light that filled his rum-sodden countenance with an air of hurt reproach. I wished at once that the words had been left unsaid.

"Thash a long story, my friend," and the weak lips faltered.

"I know but you'll tell it to me won't you Jim?"

"Don't tell story to anybody now, Bill—want to forget story."

"But you're going to tell me, aren't you?"

His thin shaking hands crept slowly along my sleeve until they closed over my fingers and his quivering voice answered thickly.

"Yes, I guess I can tell you, Bill."

I waited impatiently as he drew a ragged handkerchief from his coat pocket and wiped a few beads of sweat from his forehead. Then he began:

"Thirty years ago Bill, Paris was not like thish. Paris used to be nice place. Paris—nice place now, Bill, only somebody stole heart of Paris. Be all right if could bring the heart back, Bill—too lote now though, I guess. Somebody tried to ruin me and Paris. I guess they did too, didn't they, Bill?" Fallen Jim talked slowly, at times even incoherently, but his voice seemed to grow stronger and clearer as he went on:

"The old railroad used to be running then. Used to be nice clean paint on all these stores and houses. See that little wooden building over there—that used to be bank once—I was cashier in that bank. Everybody in Paris had some money in that bank then, Bill. I was only 22 then and I was happy. Had lots of friends then, never used to drink and Bill"—and the lined face seemed to brighten for a moment—"I had a sweetheart."

I looked at the unclean features of "Fallen Jim" Lyons and wondered if such a visage could ever have kindled a spark of love in the heart of a maiden. And he went on:

"She cared a great deal for me, Bill—cared so much that she left her home rather than give me up after the trouble came. You see at the time I was working there George Seagraves was president of the bank. He was a big man everyone knew him and liked him. I can see him now as he used to strut along the street greeting people as he walked toward the bank. He used to stop and play with the children. Oh! he was the idol of Paris then. I used to envy him his wealth and his honor. I remember one morning he stopped for a minute on the bank step to let a little lame boy play with his watch chain. He had a little ivory charm on it, the figure of an Indian. He told me once that he bought it in Mexico from an old Indian chief.

"I used to have charge of the vault in the bank—I used to feel

awfully important then because that meant that I was being trusted with all of the wealth of Paris. I remember the last Friday night—I had put all of the money in the safe—over two hundred thousand dollars there was—the fortune of Paris. Most of the contents of the vault was in gold and silver. I used to think it eccentric of Seagraves to want so much coined money lying around. He used to drive his buggy to the city every month to change the paper money for gold. Often he couldn't get it but he always used to wait then and ship it to Washington and get the gold in return. 'They'll never catch Paris in any trouble during a gold shortage or in any trouble over paper money,' he used to say. I used to think him a shrewd business man. But the Friday of which I spoke came, and I locked the vaults as usual that night. After closing, I walked away feeling mighty happy because hadn't Margaret promised to marry me soon? I was on pretty good terms with the world.

I hadn't gone very far from the bank when a shabbily dressed man suddenly stepped from a side street and spoke to me. His whining voice seemed familiar. I scanned his face closely. So greatly had the face changed that I could hardly recognize my own brother. He was tired, hungry and out of work. He looked to me then as I must look to you now. I did what I could for him—fed him and invited him to stay with me in Paris. The invitation he refused.

That night I drove a hired team to the nearest city, Fulton, where I bought a suit of clothes. I paid for the suit in gold coin as Seagraves had given me my salary in gold that day."

Here "Fallen Jim" slowly bent his head and for a few minutes I feared that he would not continue. There were a few traces of tears about his eyes as he raised his head and went on:

"In the morning I returned to Paris. I was surprised to find the station and the main street deserted but I soon discovered the reason, as I drew near the bank. There was a large crowd gathered about the entrance. I began to hurry and it was not till later that I remembered how strangely the people looked at me and how the crowd parted before me. Well! To make a long story short—I entered the bank and a few minutes afterwards I stood between two constables while Seagraves pointed an accusing finger at me, 'What did you do with that money?' he asked. He laughed harshly when I replied, 'What money?' Gradually the truth dawned upon me—The bank had been robbed and I was accused of the robbery. There

was a party searching for my brother. Oh! the evidence was strong against me. I had been seen talking with the shabby stranger; I had been seen driving toward Fulton that night; I had paid for the suit in gold coin; finally when my room was searched over a hundred dollars in gold was found there in a valise. Circumstantial evidence condemned me at the trial. Seagraves and I were the only ones who had the combination of the vault. They never found my brother, but I was sentenced to ten years in the state's prison. Long bitter years they were and all through them I cursed the brother I felt had betrayed me. For it was not until late on the day of the robbery that I had discovered the loss of the paper containing the combination of the vault.

However, even the darkest night ends and so did my imprisonment. I left the jail and turned my steps toward Paris, the only home I knew. But I found Paris as you now see it, broken, desolate and forgotten. All of the money of the village had been in the Seagraves' bank and all of it had been lost in the robbery. Paris could not recover from the blow. Her industries were paralyzed, her homes shattered. Paris died in its youth, died from the hand of a robber and they thought—they believed that I killed Paris. That's why they shun me now. That's why they spurn me as I lie in the gutter. I didn't kill Paris; Paris killed me."

"Fallen Jim"—so that's why they called him "Fallen Jim." He was the murderer of Paris! !

Yet somehow I didn't believe he was what they thought him. For, as his bleary eyes looked up at me, I believed his story and I think he realized it. I watched him as he walked slowly away and I pitied him.

Later that day I was called to Jim's room by a doctor. "Fallen Jim" had come to the end of his race. The years of hard drinking had done their work. I stood by the side of his battered cot and he motioned to me to come close. His drawn lips faltered, "Look in coat pocket—on chair—take little box—very precious—found it the other day in pocket of old coat—coat I had in my room—day of robbery—some gold with it in pocket—open box after I go—must—re-gain—re-putat-io—good—name—I—I—"

And the withered hand closed convulsively over mine and "Fallen Jim" was no more.

A little later, in the privacy of my room, I drew the little box from my pocket and opened it. I stared at its contents for a minute and then walked from the room.

I went to Fulton the next day, and in the afternoon I called a taxi to go to Seagraves' mansion on Elm street. Seagraves was once more a prominent man. The failure of his bank in Paris had not broken him completely.

I sounded the knocker and waited. Seagraves would listen to me. I'd make him listen. "Fallen Jim" must regain his good name.

A servant admitted me and I sat in the drawing room awaiting Seagraves. Soon I was aware of voices near me. They seemed to come from the next room. I heard a gruff voice raised in anger. "Well, Seagraves, remember this, I've broken you on Wall Street. You haven't a cent. Just a year ago you thought you had beaten me. When I asked you for a little time in which to save my home and a few hundred dollars, you refused me. You ground my heart and my home beneath your heel. You almost drove me to despair; you almost made me again the drunkard I was ten years ago. But I've got you now. Seagraves, you're a pauper. You don't even own the house you are standing in now. Tomorrow, you get out!"

I could barely hear Seagraves' reply. "Yes, Joe Lyons, you've beaten me on all sides. My wife left me this morning when she learned that I was a pauper. But at least I am free! I still have my freedom."

Again the harsh voice, "Oh no you haven't, Seagraves. Officer, arrest this man. I charge him with the misappropriation of the funds of the Fulton Trust Company."

There was silence for a moment and then a muttered, "Oh Lord, be merciful."

I listened through it all, aghast. Then taking my hat I walked slowly from the house of misery. As I crossed the estate I came to a small lake. I stood for a minute on the bank and then drew a little white box from my pocket. I took from it something that glittered in the last rays of the setting sun. I gazed at it and then, with

a shrug, I tossed it into the water, and watched it sink slowly to the bottom. It showed clearly against the clean white sand—a short bit of gold chain from which hung a tiny Ivory figure of an Indian.

James F. O'Connell, '29.

Maine

The darkest pines against the dawn's bright sky,
The golden sunrise far beyond the seas,
And in the fields, comes soon the hum of bees,
While silently, like ghosts, the ships glide by.
The fields of undulating, tasseled rye,
The whispering of winds in forest trees,
The heavy booming of the boisterous seas
Against jagged rocks. The sea gulls cry
As, plunging downward on some shining fish
The gull emerges into bright sunlight.

Edmond S. Fisk, '29.

The Perversity of Fate



MONOTONOUS drizzle glazed the pavements, reflecting the constant flickering of the great arc lights. Only the soft purr of a motor and the swishing of skid-chains occasionally disturbed the solemn quiet. Down the shining street moved the silhouette of a man. He paused within the circle of light and struck a match. Dressed in plain but well-fashioned clothes his demeanor bespoke culture and refinement. Yet his countenance was furrowed with lines of anxiety and at times he looked about him warily.

Inhaling deeply of his cigar, he advanced several squares. A second time he came to an abrupt halt; but now it was involuntarily. From the somber shadows another figure had straddled his path and stood confronting him. This person boasted of neither fashionable attire nor aristocratic carriage. His raiment was in tatters, and he leered at the astonished gentlemen. However, it was evident that these men were not strangers to each other.

The well-dressed gentleman attempted to pass, but his nocturnal friend gripped him by the sleeve and in a rasping voice spoke to him. It seems that they were brothers. Both had received excellent educations. Nevertheless, while one had traversed the path to fame and prosperity, the other by dissipation and frivolous living had sunk to a very menial existence. Without funds or work he hoped to obtain money from his wealthy brother, threatening to proclaim his relationship.

As that same wealthy brother chewed at his extinguished cigar many thoughts ran riot in his mind. If he refused the renegade's demands his name would be defamed, and his social position challenged; if he complied with the requests, it would mean a continual drain on his financial resources. He was in a quandary. Although this man was his own brother, long years had dimmed all brotherly affiliations. Hence it was fear of the recognition of this tramp as his brother that placed his mind in a condition of complying with the demands.

Then the scamp executed a peculiar movement. Either crazed by the lengthy discussion, or wishing to come to a more satisfactory

conclusion, he struck his brother with a short club, until now concealed. Bending over the prostrate figure he searched through the pockets for valuables. This action had not gone unnoticed, however. A passing policeman, drawing his revolver immediately gave chase to the fleeing vagrant. He fired a shot in the air; the next at the running figure, but to no avail. Upon his return he carried the senseless man to an adjacent vestibule and revived him. Despite all the officer's entreaties he resolved to walk to his home, unaccompanied.

Staggering a little he set off down the wet pavement, a rather melancholy looking figure. Due to his dazed condition his progress was slow. It was not without difficulty that he recognized a huddled figure in the shadow of a doorway. At first he would have passed on, but something stronger than memory drew him near. Upon closer inspection he saw the frame tremble with convulsive sobs. Gone was all the former bravado. The realization of his proposed crime had overpowered the black sheep.

It was then that his former victim sank beside him whispering words of consolation and forgiveness. That tiny spark, dormant for so many years, now burst into flame and he clasped into his arms the prodigal. For a time the vagrant could not believe the whole-hearted pardon. He, who for many years had been mocked by Fate, was now about to reap of its harvest. Linked arm in arm they set out for a spacious mansion in the residential section of the city. The policeman standing on the corner, watched their approach. As they neared him the aristocratic gentleman was gazing with tear-dimmed eyes into the face of his former assailant. With a fearless stride the officer advanced to arrest this culprit, but the millionaire with a hasty word and folded bill dismissed him. Then the blue-coated sentinel turned to resume his silent vigil, while the mist continued to fall and the black night reigned supreme.

J. Lannon, '29.

Friendship

Friendship is a sacred thing,
Peerless and sublime;
We cherish and protect it,
Exposing it to Time.
The years may prove it solid
Upon a pure love mound;
Then yet again it topples
And shattered, falls aground,
Leaving only aching hearts,
To brood in discontent.
But if it weathers rancor,
'Twill prove one's complement.

Joseph Lannen, '29.

Gentians

A little piece of summer sky fell down
Shattered to a thousand fragments;
Now in the dewy meadows dance
The fringed gentians.

Edmond S. Fish, '29.

THE OBSERVER



THE world awaits the pleasure of the United States Senate. This presumably dignified body has deserted the legislative chamber and its attendant halls of intelligence to disport itself in childish glee upon the Capitol lawn and to annoy the neighbor next door. A bright new toy is tossed from hand to hand and sometimes thrown at the windows of the neighbor's home. The newly acquired plaything is the measure calling for acceptance of the Italian war debt offer. It states the altogether satisfactory arrangement made by the American Debt Funding Commission with the representatives of the Mussolini government. Approval of the plans has been made by the aforementioned commission, the President and the House of Representatives besides by the consensus of the American press. Yet this delicate article is most ruthlessly buffed and sported about in the very face of its proposer. What feelings of unfriendliness must most certainly surge within the Italian heart as it views the sole opportunity for economic restoration and industrial awakening passing from hand to hand as a political toy? Indeed, with what feelings must every nation look upon the jackals of America as they fully disregard the vital economic issues of the hour? Let the Senate cease this preposterous nonsense and immediately vote its approval of a measure so intrinsic to the universal well being.

* * * *

It is surprising to note how important a role Science has taken of late in the settlement of legal disputes. In numerous cases the tenets and theories of science have been employed to aid the blindfolded justice or to deceive her. Alienists, psychotherapists and like experts have been paid fabulous sums to advance their theories in the defence or refutation of some criminal or law breaker. If the plaintiff should hire such experts for the weight of their testimony, the defendant, not to be outdone by either fine or foul means, must also secure a like scientist to substantiate his side of the story. As a result we often find the records of a case a maze of meaningless technicalities and scientific terms incomprehensible to the average jurymen. Still, these laymen are expected to reach a decision of justice when they are bewildered by a testimonial barrage of scientific contradictories. Justice must, indeed, be blind and will remain so as long as these conditions prevail in our courts. A simple remedy, however, is at hand. It consists in this: First, depriving the parties

to a dispute of the right of hiring their own experts to give testimony; secondly, when the case warrants or when a party requests it, the court shall call in an expert who shall be submitted to such conditions of service as are jurymen; thirdly, the bill this expert will most naturally render shall be added to the costs of the court, to be paid in the usual manner.

* * * *

One principle of a democracy is the designation and distribution of responsibility. Not every man is eligible to every office, for most voters realize the necessity of a specialized knowledge in most departments of the body politic. A citizen must not be given a responsibility that he is unable to fulfill either by an inborn ability or education. But just such a responsibility are we thrusting upon the shoulders of our jurymen when we ask them to judge the merits of arguments overlaid with terms and phrases of absolutely no meaning to the average layman. It is not fair to demand that men should accept twice to three times the ordinary strain of reaching a jury decision in view of the immense amount of conflicting testimony that they must wade thru and try to fathom on grounds of which they are practically ignorant. Is it not better to receive the testimony of an unbiased expert, who will have no fear of being alleged a perjurer and can, therefore, translate his scientific deductions into an understandable and judicable testimony? In the event of a death by accident, we do not accept the pronouncement of any doctor concerning the cause but that of our own medical examiner. In court, not anyone is permitted to sit on the jury or to judge penalties; only those chosen for each specific duty may engage in the proceedings of Justice. Why, then, in her name, do we permit men of little principle and sesquipedalian terms of science to present their arguments to courts simply for the money received? The end of Justice is not served, its way is made more weary and treacherous, criminals escape and the innocent are punished, the rich need no law and the poor have not its protection; Justice is blindfolded no longer by indiscrimination but by folly, her volume of law is exchanged for a science dictionary, and her scales are filled with gold! What a picture! Let not this gross caricature portray American Justice—free our courts from the stigma now attendant upon the unregulated use of expert testimony. Crown Justice queen of our Courts!

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

RESIDUUM

NOTES ON TEACHERS CONVENTION SESSIONS HELD AT GAB UNIVERSITY

Convention opens, entire assemblage, sings On the Bam Bam Bamy Shore. Colonel Doolittle ex-president of Loaf University discourses on the advantages of open air courses. Students graduated from this course receive the degree of Bachelor of Atmosphericics. Protest is read from Cleaners and Sweepers Union protesting collegiate trousers wide and long, sweeping and dusting as they go. Protest referred to Kuppenheimer, Hart, Schaffner and Marx, Committee on Decorum.

Professor Cribb Knot bewails the increase of student dishonesty. However, there's many a slip twixt the desk and the paper.

At 12:20 Convention adjourns to join a sight seeing tour amongst the wilds and wilderness of Fall River.

The "Disadvantages of Pupils" are explained by his Honor X. Amination. Much order prevails, it is suggested that teachers also are timid in this gentleman's presence.

Miss Robert Bobbed Hare, for the Committee on Fabrication reports that since ears are again in evidence, answers can be communicated more easily. Convention orders 2000 ear muffs.

B. O. Y. Ishbob reports for the Committee of Dignity that proverbial shoulder slapping has entered into the female species, due no doubt, to the trouble of identification. Convention disappears, because now more necks are in evidence than ever.

Band plays on the Sidewalks of New York and we received a letter saying it was heard as far north as Woonsocket.

Professor Urb renders the famous "Faltering Love" and rumor has it that many who had given up hope are now filled with youthful romance. Moral-Boys beware.

So many shiny noses are in evidence that Chairman calls for

a lull in the proceedings, reason—Reflection blinds the speaker. News of big bargain down-town breaks up meeting and Convention adjourns.

Professor Phil Anthropy delivers stirring address on Student dishonesty, insincerity and aimlessness.

Solo, "Cheatin' on Me," by Imhon Est.

Miss E. Mergency explains the necessity of thought in examinations.

Topic of cribbing revived, declamations of all sorts heaved upon the persons.

Song, "Hook and Eye Trust," by entire audience.

Miss Escohegibin from Esoakum petitions for a grant of money to rebuild the Little Red School House, burned last summer by Little Jessie James, Miss Escohegibin introduces her "Student Prince" the eight year old boy who captivated his teacher by singing "I Love You," during "Blossom Time." Someone in the rear of the hall shouts, "No, No, Nanette," But Sally, Irene and Mary are occupying the center of the stage while presenting Abie's Irish Rose to the "Gingham Girl" the teacher from Eundisville.

Convention adjourns till the year of the Big Wind.

SPECS ABOUT THE CAMPUS

by G. Lasses.

Teacher—"Willie give me Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."

Willie—"You can't fool me he never lived there."

Doctor—"Deep breathing, young man, destroys microbes."

Stude—"Yes, but how can I make them breathe deeply?"

Ding—"I think I deserve more credit on the first question. I wrote six pages."

Prof.—"Sorry, we don't weigh the pages."

Citizenship

Freshman—"What is the nationality of a child born to an American father and Irish mother, on an English ship coming from France to America?"

Soph—"Well, if the speed of the ship is more than 40 knots an hour, he'd be a Russian."

Sam—"What am the difference between a big man, a little man and a piece of cracked corn?"

Hill—"Nuffin, Chicken gets 'em all."

He—"On what grounds did your father object to me?"

She—"On any grounds within a mile of the house."

Wanted

A young strong man for truant officer of the Range School of Correspondence. Apply in the next mail.

Q. E. D.

"Another fellow thought the same thing and had the same argument and he flunked out at mid-years."

Effects of Flapperdom

Things are getting to the point where young husbands will have to speak of the bread grandma used to make.

Pa—"How is your house gettin on?"

Newlywed Son—"First rate, we've got the roof and the mortgage on, and I think we'll have the kitchen range and the bailiffs in before the year is up."

"What You Call Heem, Love?"

Dis gret beeg fire you call heem, "Love,"
She doan mean mooch to me;
One tam I call him, "one beeg bluff,"
But den she smile at me.

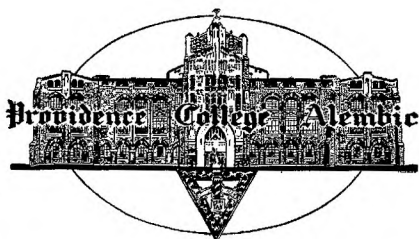
Ten thousand franc I have in bank
Ah! Dat look beeg to me,
I think to Paree I go soon,
But den she smile at me.

Too big blue eyes lak too ripe plum
So deep as any sea,
Dey breeng un beeg want in mon heart
First tam she smile at me.

I tak to shows, I buy fine ting
Mon beeg ten tousand flee,
And when the las franc pass away
She mak fine laugh at me.

Dis gret beeg fire, you call heem, "Love,"
She doan mean mooch to me,
I weesh I still tink "one big bluff,"
Dat tam she smile at me.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.



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No. 6

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

Stephen M. Murray, '27, *Assistant*

Arthur Earnshaw, '26

Allen O'Donnell, '26

Joseph Slavin, '28

Francis G. Hagerty, '26

Gerald Prior, '27

Francis V. Reynolds, '26

Nicholas Serror, Jr., '29

Cyril Costello, '27

Advertising

Circulation

John C. Beirne, '27

John E. Farrell, '26

Stephen Murray, '27

Eugene Sullivan, '27

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

"Love of God leads to self contempt, whereas self love leads to contempt of God," sounds the warning of the great St. Thomas of Aquin, whose feast day we celebrate this month. That admonition uttered in an era when heretical philosophers were scorning the word of God for the pitiful meaningless words of self, is as true and as potent now as ever. Men still persist in forming philosophies of self and thinking them sufficient; men still flaunt their petty heresies in the face of God. Such systems of reasoning, spurning as ridiculous, ideas of a supernatural end are nothing, if not distorted visions of self importance; they speak nothing if not contempt of God.

Yet we have only to recall the words of the Angelic Doctor, when, after a miraculous vision, he said, "All that I have done is as nothing." Then as we consider the magnitude of his works we can realize how much more fitting the description would be if applied to many of the modern philosophies.

Even unlearned men shake their heads in sympathy as these philosophers-of-a-day dangle their egotistic theories in the face of the Omnipotent like a child trying to shut out the light of the sun from the world by holding a black cloth before him. For like the child they succeed only in spreading darkness about themselves. Such creatures with their selfish notions are in dire need of the illuminating guide of prayer. They need badly the realization of the wisdom in St. Thomas' philosophy, "There is more true knowledge to be gained from prayer than will ever be gleaned from the books of men."

FRESHMAN ISSUE

Inviting a Freshman to write articles for his college periodical is almost as productive an occupation as inviting a brick-layer to lay bricks during his vacation. Both would rather not. But finally through the co-operation of a few members interested we offer you the Freshman issue of the Alembic.

We posted notices asking for contributions by members of the class. Well—the notices drew plenty of comments but few contributions. We watched men smile broadly as they read the notices. Often we saw the smiles grow into laughs of derision. We agree with your sense of humor—in fact, we felt in a mood to laugh at some of them ourselves. We didn't mind your laughter. What we did mind was that most of you laughed at the appeals and forgot them. The notices may have been laughable but their appeal was sincere. It seems that many of you saw only the words of the appeals, a few of you saw the appeal. To those few who saw the underlying sincerity the Freshman class owes the success of the present issue.

No doubt you who contributed will hear your work criticized. Most of those who carp at your efforts so readily will do so in the belief that they could have done much better work themselves. Perhaps they could but the fact remains that they did nothing.

We do not feel that this Freshman issue is representative of the Freshman class. We know it is representative of the element which forms the heart of the class. To those who constitute that element

the Alembic offers its sincere thanks. If your work is harshly criticised by your classmates we offer our sincere sympathy—to your classmates. To you, we merely say, "Those who have not worked will seek the flaws in your efforts; those who have worked and can criticise intelligently will see the sincerity behind your effort." Meanwhile, we heartily congratulate you on your work for we feel that it is in the main, worthwhile.

IRISH

CHARACTER

The seventeenth of March seems to be associated, in some minds, with groups of Irishmen parading through the streets bearing the proverbial chips on their shoulders, a harp under the left arm and a shillalah under the right. They picture the groups as composed of low-landed toilers and blustering policemen, all of whom go about thrusting a bit of shamrock under the eyes of bystanders with a threatening wave of the shillalah and a loud cry of "Erin Go Bragh."

To be specific, in many unwise minds a son of Erin is pictured as an uncouth person with little thought for the personal feelings of others.

Figuratively speaking, we agree that the harp is under his arm—as to the chip and the shillalah we are extremely dubious. The harp properly played is one of the sweetest songsters known; the Irishman properly treated is the most amiable person living. We are strong in the belief that the Gaelic heart is most quickly touched thru the ear. The Irish love of music is known the world over; the lyrics of Erin are sung in every English speaking country on the earth.

If those who judge the Irish character so harshly were to study for a moment the Irish love of music their judgment might be less severe and hence of more worth.

We find little of Erin's music martial or threatening in tone, such as might be expected of a nation of so-called fighters. Indeed, the tone is quite the contrary. Most of the Irish lyrics are sweet, pleasing, heart-filling songs. Irish music is a proof that Irishmen at heart are a peace loving race.

Your typical Irish character is one easily moved by beauty and quickly touched by pathos but he is also equally easy to arouse by injustice. He has an inherent love of liberty and because his freedom has been so often tampered with he carries with his harp, a shillalah—the one an invitation to peace; the other a threat to injustice.

THE COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Fordham Debate

Defeating the seasoned Fordham University Debating team and upsetting predictions in the collegiate world, Capt. Francis V. Reynolds and his teammates, brought a victory to Providence College on February 12, that will mark this year's debating team as one of the best in the history of the institution.

Selecting as a subject, "Resolved, That the United States Senate Was Justified in Joining the World Court," and adopting the negative side, the Providence debaters wrested victory from the Fordham team.

Under the direction of Rev. M. S. Welsh, O. P., moderator of the society, the Providence debating team comprised, besides Captain Reynolds, Edward F. Sullivan, '26; Edward M. McEntee, '28, and James H. Walsh, '26.

Fordham University was represented by Joseph F. Fechteler, '27; Gervis J. Coxen, '26, and Charles T. Murphy, '26.

The debate was held at the Cathedral Hall. The judges were Hon. John W. Sweeney, Hon. Charles F. Walsh and Hon. Anthony A. Capatosto. John E. Farrell, '26, acted as chairman of the debate.

Provincial Visitor

The college was honored during the week commencing Feb. 19, by the presence of the Very Rev. Raymond Meagher, O. P., Provincial of the Dominican Order.

Julius Caesar

Under the direction of Rev. B. A. McLaughlin, moderator, the Dramatic Society has selected Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" as the college dramatic offering of the school year. Elaborate preparations are being made for the production of the play. This will be the most ambitious attempt of the society, and will be produced the latter part of April. Rehearsals are being conducted under the direction of Fr. McLaughlin three times a week. The costuming and staging of the production as well as the business management, has been placed in charge of

several well-selected committees and no effort will be spared to have the offering surpass past successes of the society.

Quartette The Providence College Quartette will sing at Oakland, R. I., on March 20.

The college orchestra is holding special rehearsals for the appearance of the society at Woonsocket the latter part of April. The Orchestral Society has been augmented by a number of new members and with the proposed plans to accompany a prominent violinist the society will present an elaborate program.

Nicholas J. Serror, '29.

DRAMATICS

THE members of the Dramatic Club have chosen, for their major presentation the current season, Julius Caesar. This plan of presenting a classic is a departure from the schedule of the past when musical comedies and comedy dramas have been dominant and successful. Why then have we deserted the comedy-stage in favor of the serious play?

A college-student's life is a novitiate during which he must strive primarily to cultivate the best talents in him. The fundamental means by which he can accomplish this purpose is his application to the curriculum to which is closely united the study of the classics. The beauty of the latter in book form is dormant and as a result, such a study too often becomes sordid and the student misses a great opportunity. A dramatic presentation, then, is the only means of bringing out the qualities which will invite and sustain interest. Plays of the lighter type offer only means of diversion and have no broad scholastic value.

The choice of Julius Caesar from the great number of meritorious works of Sheakespeare, as well as of later authors, is well-founded, since no work of any time, for its proper presentation demands more observation, deeper insight, closer study or greater histrionic ability than this Elizabethan Tragedy. It may be clearly seen, then, that the personal effort of every student is necessary for the success of this project.

The following cast has been selected:

Julius Caesar	William V. Griffin, '26
Brutus	James N. Eastham, '26
Cassius	Nicholas J. Serror, '24
Antony	Walter Vine, '29
Portia	Joseph F. Bracq, '28
Calpurnia	James J. Hanaway, '29
Casca	John P. Leahy, '26
Trebonius	Edward F. McNally, '29
Soothsayer	Edward J. McQuade, '26
Cinna	J. Austin Quirk, '29

Lucius	Edward F. Sullivan, '26
Decius	William G. Robshaw, '29
Metellus	Raymond F. Murphy, '26
Flavius	Herbert A. McGuirl, '29
Servius	Paul L. Roche, '27
Strato	J. Austin Carroll, '28
Pindarus	Eugene T. LaChappelle, '28
Titinius	Joseph E. Mullaney, '28
Octavius Caesar	Laurence D. Mailloux, '28
1st Citizen	Charles Miller, '29
2nd Citizen	James A. Dury, '28
3rd Citizen	Albert Denicourt, '29

The Stage business will be handled by Stage Manager
Francis J. Lowrey, '26

Assistants:

L

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

Francis W. Conlan, '26

John J. Dormer, '29

The Business Committee will consist of:

Cyril A. Costello, '27, Business Manager

Assistants:

S. M. Murray, '27, Redmond F. Kelly, '26, Eugene J. Sullivan, '27

Publicity, Thomas H. Cullen, '26

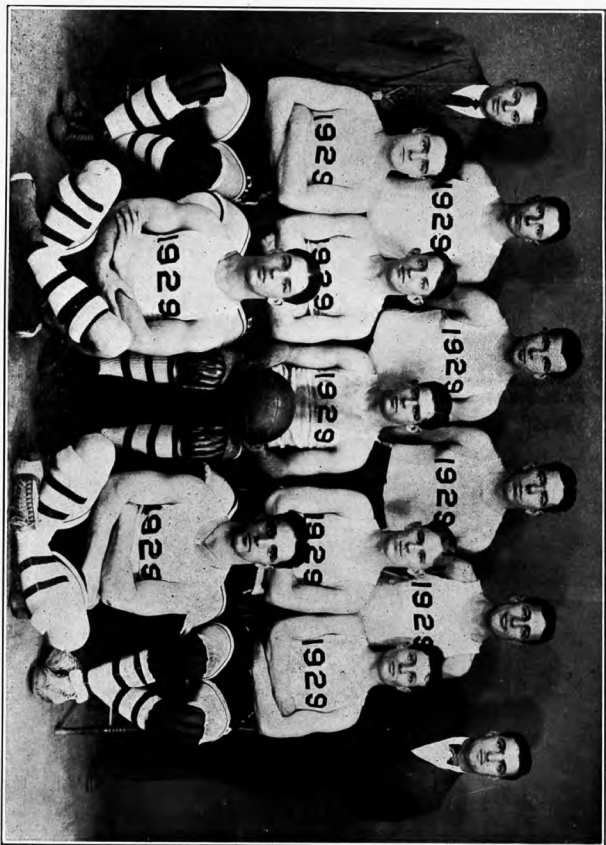
Cyril A. Costello, '27.



On March 1st, the baseball schedule for the 1926 season made its appearance when Manager John E. Farrell announced a list of 26 games for Coach Flynn's ball tossers. The schedule is an impressive one inasmuch as it contains contests with many of the leading colleges of the East. As Hendricken Field is to be reconstructed, Providence College will have a fine incentive to make an impressive showing during the coming season. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the list is the fact that the nine will make its season's debut out of town when the strong St. John's College team is encountered at Brooklyn, N. Y. Then follow games with Fordham, Villanova, Seton Hall and City College of New York. After this trip the nine will open at home with the powerful Villanova team which was defeated here last year by a 3 to 1 count.

Newcomers on the list are: Fordham, City College of New York, Catholic University and Manhattan. A game with the alumni will be played on Saturday, June 5th. As there are many star diamond artists among the graduates, a fine game is in store. Norwich University, Dartmouth, Tufts, Bates, Harvard and Yale will return to our list for the first time in two years. On Commencement Day, the stellar Boston College team will oppose Captain Reynolds' nine on Hendricken Field.

The series with Brown has been pushed ahead from June to



BASKETBALL TEAM

May. This change is made in view of the fact that both Providence College and Brown have exams during the first week in June and a conflict in dates eliminated the second Saturday as a day for one of the games.

With such a capable leader as Charlie Reynolds the 1926 team should have a successful season. As backstops we boast one of the best catchers in college ranks in Johnnie Halloran, captain of the 1925 club. Tom Maroney, who proved a capable substitute catcher last spring, is also ready to battle for a post on the team. With the exception of first base the infield will be intact as Allen, McLaughlin and Doyle are ready to answer the call to "Play Ball!" Art Con-sidine and O'Brien are veteran outfielders, who should win their posts in the outer garden without much trouble. Whalen, Triggs and Smith of last year's pitching corps are still on hand and ready to "serve them up."

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 13, St. John's College at Brooklyn, N. Y.; 14, Fordham at New York; 15, Villanova at Villanova, Pa.; 16, Seton Hall at South Orange, N. J.; 17, City College at New York; 20, Villanova; 23, St. John's College; 24, Norwich; 27, Boston University; May 1, St. Francis; 6, Seton Hall; 8, William and Mary; 10, St. Michaels; 12, Dartmouth at Hanover; 15, Brown at Aldrich Field; 19, Catholic University; 21 Middlebury; 22, Brown at Aldrich Field; 25, Boston College at Boston; 27, Tufts at Medford; 29, Manhattan; June 4, Bates; 5, Alumni; 9, Harvard at Cambridge (Pending); 10, Boston College; 12, Yale at New Haven.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE REVISED

Unable to close negotiations for football contests for the 1926 season with Catholic University, Boston College, and St. Stephens College, the athletic authorities were forced to revise the football list.

The inter-sectional clash with the Quantico Marine eleven, originally announced to be played on Sept. 25, has been shifted to the date of Oct. 30. This contest should be a great attraction on the date as now planned, as the Marines have held the Service football championship for two years and are regarded as one of the greatest aggregations in the South.

On Oct. 9, the Submarine Base team will invade Providence to renew their relations with Providence College. The Sailors first op-

posed Providence College when they came here to dedicate Hendricks Field in 1922. At that time the Jack Tars registered an overwhelming victory over our team. In 1923, a brilliant Providence eleven evened the count by trimming the New Londoners 14 to 0. The following year Providence managed to hold the sailors to a 7-7 tie. In view of these facts the contest slated for the Cycle-drome on Oct. 9, promises to be a hard-fought affair.

On Oct. 16, the University of Vermont team will visit Providence to battle our eleven. This contest will mark the renewal of relations between Providence and Vermont. In 1924, our eleven travelled to Burlington and lost to the Green Mountain boys by the close score of 13 to 3. The Providence College 1927 team will visit the Vermont University.

On Oct. 23, our old rivals, St. John's College of Brooklyn, will visit Providence for the first time. In the past, Providence has played three football contests with St. John's, the first ending in a 6-6 tie, the second in a 19-0 win for the Brooklyn eleven, and the third a 14-6 victory for Providence College.

Our rivalry with Colgate will be continued by a contest at Hamilton on Nov. 6. Though the New York State college has two victories over our teams yet an experienced Providence eleven hopes to "turn the tables" this year.

On Nov. 13, Alfred University will make its debut on a Providence sport schedule. Very little is known of the strength of this team but it is expected that they will furnish plenty of opposition when they visit Rhode Island this fall.

On Nov. 20, another college will send its football team against Providence for the first time when the Middlebury College eleven provides the opposition at Middlebury, Vt. The Middlebury 1927 team will play in Rhode Island. The date of Nov. 27 is still open pending arrangements with a near-by college.

BASKETBALL

Plans are now being formulated for a Varsity basketball team to represent the college next winter. With the strong Freshman team and a wealth of material in the other classes there is no apparent reason why Providence College should not be able to put a fine aggregation on the court in 1927.

Archie Golembeski, our successful and popular football coach, has been appointed to coach the 'Varsity basketball team for next year. A better player and coach could not have been found for the task. Archie was a star guard while at Holy Cross and is a keen student of the game. We are confident that with such a capable mentor Providence College will soon take its place among the leading colleges in the sport world.

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE Vs. BRISTOL Y. M. C. A.

In one of the fastest contests ever seen on the Bristol Y. M. C. A. court the Freshmen were victors over the town boys by a 27 to 19 score. O'Leary and McNeice were the stars on the offence while Leo Supple, making hit debut as a member of the 1929 team, gave a fine exhibition at one of the guard positions.

PROVIDENCE 1929

BRISTOL Y. M. C. A.

McNeice, rf	rf., M. Pereira
Nawrocki, lf	lf., Marshall
O'Leary, c.	c., Mowra
Spring, rg.	rg., J. Pereira
Supple, lg.	lg., Ponti

Goals from the floor—McNeice 3, Dillon, Nawrocki 3, O'Leary 4, M. Pereira 3, Marshall 3, Mowra, Ponti. Goals from fouls—Nawrocki, O'Leary 2, Supple 2, Marshall 2, Mowra. Substitutions—Dillon for Nawrocki, Conti for Spring, Frissella for Supple, Rebello for Ponti. Referee—McKechnie (R. I. State).

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929 Vs. NAVAL TRAINING STA.

The Freshmen added the Naval Training Station quintet to their list of growing victories when they defeated the sailors by a score of 34 to 20 in a rugged contest on the Newporters' floor.

Tarzan O'Leary, who was recently elected captain of the yearling quintet, led the attack for the college five with seven baskets from the floor and three from the foul line.

PROVIDENCE 1929

NAVAL STATION

McNeice, rf	lg., Yetram
Nawrocki, lf.	rg., Rice
O'Leary, c.	c., Walsh
Spring, rg.	lf., McKinnam
Supple, lg.	rf., McDougal

Goals from the floor—O'Leary 7, Nawrocki 3, McNeice 2, Spring, Supple, McKimm 5, McDougal, etYram. Goals from fouls—O'Leary 3, McNeice, Nawrocki, Spring, McDougal 3, Yetram 3. Substitutions—Kaiser for McKimm; Howard for Walsh; Rice for Howard. Referee—Dunn of Newport. Time—Two 10-minute and two 8-minute periods.

Over the week-end of February 19th the Freshman team in-

vaded Maine for a series of games with prep and high schools of the Pine Tree State. The yearlings were handicapped by the loss of such stars as Allen, Wise and Murphy, and so suffered defeat at the hands of Hebron Academy, Coburn Classical High, and Biddeford High School. In their final contest the yearlings won a hard fought game from the Fifth Infantry quintet at For Williams. On February 24 the yearlings fell in defeat before the strong Rosary High team of Holyoke.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929 Vs. COBURN CLASSICAL

The Freshman five swung into the win column again when they defeated the brilliant Coburn Classical quintet in the La Salle Academy gymnasium by a 22 to 21 count. The game was replete with thrills from the start till the final whistle. A final minute rally of the invaders swept away the 6 point advantage of the yearlings and brought the score up to 22 to 21.

For the Freshmen, Allen and Dillon were the outstanding stars with O'Leary contributing his usual stellar work at the center post. For the Maine State aggregation, Matowski, Johnston and Bohn turned in the best work.

PROVIDENCE 1929

COBURN CLASSICAL

Allen, rf.	lg., Bohn
Nawrocki, lf.	rg., Abecka
O'Leary, c.	c., Johnston
Dillon, rg.	lf., Matowski
Supple, lg.	rf., Gile

Goals from the floor—Allen 5, Nawrocki, Dillon 2, McNeice 3, Matowski 6, Johnston 2, Bohn. Substitutions—McNeice for Nawrocki; Spring for Dillon; Dillon for Supple; Supple for Spring. Referee — Thomas Maroney. Timer—Vincent Connors. Time—Four ten-minute periods.

John E. Farrell, '26.



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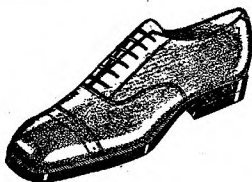


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