

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 5

JUNE, 1925

NO. 9

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# Providence College Alembic

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1925,

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## An Evening Prayer

Sunset builds a golden highway  
Far along the silent sea;  
Heaven's splendor lights the tideway  
With the hue of majesty.  
Swiftly through the trackless ocean  
Toward the fleeting lord of day,  
Graceful argosies in motion  
Bear their treasures to Cathay.  
Countless feet have worn a highway  
O'er another boundless sea;  
Heaven's splendor light the tideway  
Leading toward eternity.  
Bravely through life's plunging breakers  
Moving onward to the goal,  
Valiant pilgrims, each a pilot,  
Bears his wealth—a spotless soul.  
I must some day as captain,  
Driven by unyielding fates,  
Guide my vessel to the haven  
Where the Master Pilot waits;  
Then I pray the sunset mellow-  
Light me with a glowing ray  
Till my barque with precious cargo  
Drops its anchor in the Bay.

*J. Leo McCormick, '27.*

## The World Court

**D**ISCUSSION regarding the Court of International Justice (more commonly known as the World Court) has of late received an added stimulus which threatens to give to it an undeserved importance. As an idealistic institution, it is a very noble attempt at altruism on the part of man's better self, but it appears impractical of execution in the present age, at least. The body proper of the Court when subjected to the revealing process of dissection is found to be unsound.

Let me outline article 59 of the statute creating the court, "The decision of the Court has no binding force, except by the parties and in respect to that particular case." Thus we have a tribunal with no jurisdiction save that conferred on it by the consent of the parties involved and with no power whatever to establish precedents. Its decisions have no binding force except regarding that particular case at hand. Each case rises and falls through the consent of the parties interested and disappears as a precedent for future action. The crux of the whole matter is that the Permanent Court is only an arbitration tribunal with a small permanent panel of arbitrators, but, in addition, it has no permanent, concrete, codified body of law on which to base its decisions. This Court of International Justice, or World Court, is a misnomer. It is a mere shibboleth employed by certain partisans to win popular confidence in their pretended effort to end war. A court is a body in a government to which the public administration of justice is delegated. It is clear that a government is necessary to the existence of a court. Is there any World government thus far instituted capable of organizing a court?

Take two propositions that are advanced with relation to it. First, that the World Court is to have no power to enforce its decrees; second, that the World Court is to have power to enforce its decrees. If the World Court is constituted in such a way as not to have any power behind it, then a decree of the World Court is necessarily a nullity. I appeal to any man or woman familiar with



the institutions of government, when I say that a court necessarily rests upon the foundation of force, that behind the decree of every court in this land and every other land, is all the force of the government, which is in existence in that land.

Let it be understood that by force I mean physical force. Some may argue that this World Court has great moral force behind it. Moral force means nothing else but public opinion, and is moral force capable of checking an invading army? It is clearly seen that no decree or judgment of a court, is enforced in any country in the world, except by the government which is back of the court and of which the court is a part. The decree of the most ordinary court—the smallest court in the land—is carried out by the force of the government of the land. If, therefore, this World Court rests upon no force it is idle to talk of going into such a court. It would be an idle ceremony to ask us to go into a court constituted in any way in which one might constitute a court—unless upon the theory that the decree of that court, after it had heard the evidence; after it had handed down its decisions, and made its judgment; should necessarily be carried out by force.

Now, if you take the other horn of the dilemma and say that the World Court rests upon force, where is the force which is to carry out the decrees of that court? Against whom are they to carry out the decrees? Necessarily it must be such a force as will be sufficient to carry out any decree or any judgment that may be made by the court. If it be a decree that is enforceable only against weak nations or a weak people, it is indeed foolhardy to call such a body a court. It must be a court with force enough to enforce its decrees and its judgments against any nation, no matter how powerful it may be, which submits itself to litigation in the court. That means, to put it in a concrete form, that it must have force enough to assure that if it makes a decree against the government of the United States, it will have power enough to enforce its decree against the government of the United States. In the last analysis and in the plainest way, that is the setting up of a super-state whose power will be greater than that of the United States which will have power to enforce a decree against the United States. When you bring the fact in that way before the American people you will not get them to agree to enter any such body.

This idea is a thing against which our forefathers fought. It is

bringing back over us the control, the foreign control, against which the Revolution was successfully fought. It is asking that the chains of slavery shall be tied upon our own limbs, and tied not by foreign force but by our own request and with our own consent. When you put that proposition before the people of America, all the eloquence, all the power, and all the resources that are back of the idea, never will succeed in getting them to sanction and agree to it. Thus it is clearly evident that this so-called World Court is not a real judicial body!

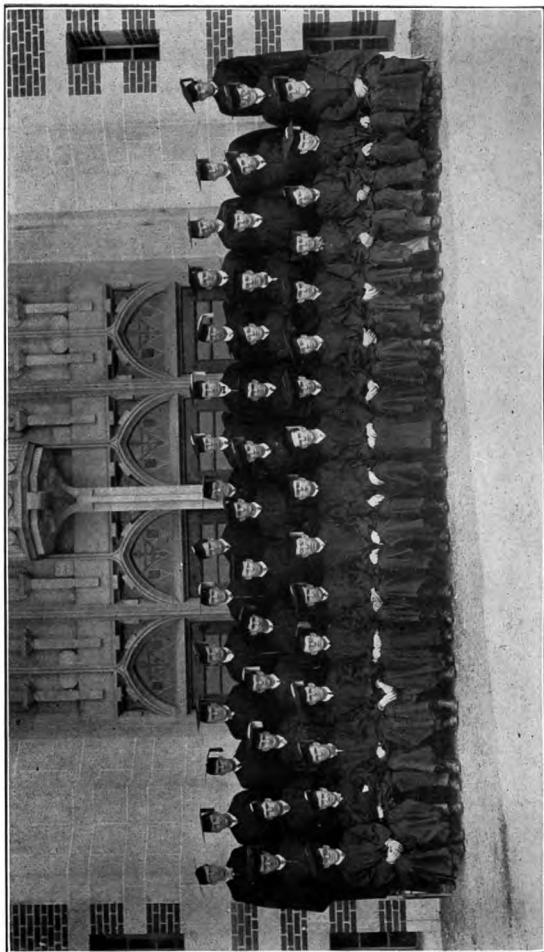
What is the matter then that nations are unwilling to submit to this Court? Charles G. Fenwick, professor of political science at Bryn Mawr College, says, "The matter is the lack of a definite law." Unless there is a clear law on the subject a nation is not going to the court. There is no true international law. We speak of an International law, but it does not touch the real things of life. There are a lot of diplomatic courtesies provided for, and there are many valuable provisions relating to the extradition of fugitive criminals and matters like that, but International law does not touch the real interests of nations. There is no guarantee in existing International law of the life, liberty and property of a nation. As a result every nation undertakes to protect its own life, its own existence, and therefore, we have a Monroe Doctrine, which means that in the interests of our own existence we are not going to have the European system over here. To create a tribunal and endow it with the attributes of a court without a definite, distinct established body of laws to govern its action, define its jurisdiction and to circumscribe its powers and judgments is to create a perfectly intolerable and despotic institution. We have today the picture of a World Court attempting to administer justice between nations without any established basis of International law for its decisions. It would have been no more bizarre a spectacle if the fathers of this nation had established a Supreme Court and omitted entirely to create a constitution. A court which is free from the direction and control and limitations of established law and which, furthermore, is subject to the manipulations and influences of international intrigue, would constitute a distinct menace to this nation. It would not serve the cause of peace but would be a most effective instrument in the aiding of secret diplomacy and imperialism. It would, in other words, cover these revolt-

ing practices and schemes with the mantle of judicial sanctity. Thus this so-called World Court is intrinsically unsafe and unsound.

Here is a tribunal held up to us by a considerable number of college professors, clergymen, publicists, business men and politicians, as an effective instrument for the promotion of peace and good will. It is meeting on a continent teeming with national and racial hatreds, injustice, political disillusionment; shaken with wars and rumors of wars; a continent where ignorance and greed and mendacity have reduced great masses of people to ruin and despair.

At such a time and in such a place this mighty court was permitted to adjudicate three trivial disputes; one of doubtful jurisdiction, none of which has any relation to the general situation. It is as if, in a city devastated by an epidemic of murder, arson, robbery and innumerable major disorders, the police courts were confined to the consideration of cases of intoxication and begging on the streets. It is not a World Court that is needed but the intelligence to realize that war is in practically all cases the most wasteful and ultimately the most senseless method of settling international conflicts of interest. It is a known fact that the Treaty of Versailles if permitted to remain the charter of the European settlement condemns the coming generations to frequent and recurring wars. When destruction next overwhelms Europe, as it is bound to do, let us be confident that we have safeguarded American interests, but above all, American boys, by refusing to become entangled in European affairs by joining this so-called Permanent Court of International Justice.

*Joseph A. Slavin, '28.*



THE SENIOR CLASS

# The Senior Class

## *The School of Liberal Arts*

Thomas H. Barry, A. B.	Ralph J. Fletcher, A. B.
Thomas P. Carroll, A. B.	John F. Grouke, A. B.
James C. Conlon, A. B.	Cletus A. Lenaghan, A. B.
Robert E. Curran, A. B.	James H. Lynch, A. B.
Joseph F. Dowling, A. B.	Matthew M. McCormick, A. B.
John F. Fitzgerald, A. B.	Henry A. Roberge, A. B.
John J. Fitzpatrick, A. B.	Timothy G. Sullivan, A. B.

## *The School of Science*

Julian A. Carney, B. S.	Edwin K. Marrah, B. S.
Earle F. Ford, B. S.	Robert E. Murphy, B. S.
Edward A. Gillerin, B. S.	William A. O'Connor, B. S.
Thomas J. McBride, B. S.	William J. O'Donnell, B. S.
Edward H. McCaughey, B. S.	James L. Reilly, B. S.
James P. McVay, B. S.	John J. Sullivan, B. S.

## *The School of Philosophy*

Francis L. Alford, Ph. B.	Clement T. Keliher, Ph. B.
John J. Baglini, Ph. B.	John J. Keohane, Ph. B.
Joseph P. Canning, Ph. B.	Francis J. McGee, Ph. B.
John E. Cassidy, Ph. B.	Joseph P. McHugh, Ph. B.
John William Dillon, Ph. B.	Vernon C. Norton, Ph. B.
James R. Feeley, Ph. B.	Martin H. Spellman, Ph. B.
Ambrose S. Flaherty, Ph. B.	Manuel A. Stephens, Ph. B.
Francis R. Foley, Ph. B.	Timothy J. Sullivan, Ph. B.
Frederick J. Fratus, Ph. B.	Henry J. Winters, Ph. B.
	Charles H. Young, Ph. B.

## To An Old Cathedral

A mystic muse of pity  
Against an azure sky,  
She kneels above the city  
As life goes bustling by.  
Her arms, raised as in sorrow,  
For men who from life borrow  
Some joy, some hope of morrow;  
Then watch their fondest die.

Within her walls a story  
Is told, as windows fair  
Enmesh the gleaming glory  
Of sunlight streaming there.  
A tale known through the ages,  
Now told on tinted pages,  
Of mankind's cruel rages  
Against her God and prayer.

A place of peace and quiet  
Beyond the world's wild whim,  
Where no men rule or riot—  
Where lights are low and dim.  
And saddened souls are praying  
With thoughts beyond all saying—  
An organ sweetly playing  
A soft inspired hymn.

Her spires breathe things immortal  
As in the sky they nod  
Above this holy portal,  
Where beauty's foot has trod.  
We leave her and she calls us;  
Her holy charm enthralls us,  
We know when sin befalls us  
That we once knelt with God.

*Gerald J. Prior, '27.*



W. H. Heston Studio

THE JUNIOR CLASS

## The Junior Class

Continuing their unsurpassed successes of former years, the members of the class of 1926 of Providence College again achieved, as Juniors in the institution, a truly enviable record. Not only in scholastic standing but in all social activities, the class of '26 has once more proved itself meritorious of the honor of filling the place left by the graduation of the present Senior class.

The influence of the class of '26 upon the various college activities has been very evident. The Junior class has the distinction of having more men enrolled in the athletic teams of the college than any other class in the institution. The Captains of the baseball and football teams are members of the class of '26.

The Junior class furnished seven men to the musical comedy, "Nancy," three of whom were principals and the other four closely affiliated with the production. Again the Junior class contributed to the Debating Society of the College as well as to other functions during the year. Finally, the Class of '26, under the able leadership of President Francis Reynolds and Chairman of the Committee, Charles Reynolds, succeeded in holding at a recent date, the Junior Promenade, which has been widely acclaimed as the equal of any in the history of the college.

Notwithstanding its success socially, the Class of '26 has established a scholastic record as Juniors in Providence College of which every member is justly proud.

*W. Harold O'Connor, '26.*



## The Sky Bride



R. AND MRS. J. V. GORMAN and daughter Madeleine are leaving Wednesday on the *Emerania* for an extended tour of France and Italy. They expect to be gone during the winter months but will return in May in order that Miss Gorman may make her debut in June at Mayfair Manor, the country home of the Gormans."

Mere words could not express Ted Ferris's indignation as he savagely flung his copy of *Town Gossip* across the room. Now Ted was young, a World War "ace" and very much in love with the beautiful heiress of the Gorman millions. He knew that his affection was returned by the fair Madeleine and he reflected rather unhappily that they might have been married long ago had it not been for a certain obstacle, by name, Mrs. Jonathan V. Gorman.

Ted squirmed rather fretfully as he thought of this domineering Amazon. Why did she so heartily dislike him? He had a private income of his own and he was sole owner of a rather prosperous aviation school. The more he deliberated this question the more he was bewildered until at last he gave it up as a bad job and set about devising ways and means whereby he might enable Madeleine to escape her tyrannical guard long enough to marry him.

In the Gorman residence on Beacon Hill, Mrs. Gorman sat, stonily impassive to the tempestuous weeping of her daughter. Her daughter was a complete puzzle to her. During her three-year sojourn at Wellesley she took delight in only one hobby, swimming. And then came that terrible war which levelled all the barriers of convention. Madeleine became a nurse in a base hospital in France. And there she had met this Ferris. He was a hero of some sort, which did not raise him in the least in Mrs. Gorman's estimation. Probably a penniless fortune hunter. Now that Italian duke, who had become enamored of Madeleine was quite a different prospect. Titled, polished and rich, he was all that Mrs. Gorman considered desirable. And this European trip might bring Madeleine around to her way of thinking. Once she could remove her from the attentions of this Ferris, Mrs. Gorman did not expect any further difficulty.

It was Wednesday noon. The dock was thronged with the

usual gathering of well-wishers. Obsequious porters passed up and down the gang plank of the great steamer. Now and then a belated arrival would whirl up in a taxicab and disappear into the depths of the ship. The great vessel throbbed noisily as her boiler fires got up steam. It was the zero hour for the departure.

In stateroom nine on the promenade deck a touching little scene was being enacted. A tousled, wild-eyed young man was gathering bags and boxes together, while a strikingly beautiful young girl stood anxiously by the door.

"Do hurry, Ted. mother may be back any moment," she pleaded.

"Stick that box under my arm, will you Mad? There, I guess we're all set now. Let's go."

At this juncture the door opened with a bang and a towering bulk filled the way to freedom. There was a crash as the baggage fell from the nerveless arms of Ted Ferris, and there came a muffled shriek from Madeleine.

Ostensibly the cue for the man in the case was to step forward, remove Mrs. Gorman from the doorway, and usher the trembling Madeleine to shore and the waiting preacher. But Mrs. Gorman, as Ted miserably reflected, was not a person who would be easily removed.

"Young man," boomed Mrs. Jonathan V. Gorman, "Get out." And Theodore Ferris, World War "ace" got. "And as for you, young lady," observed the master of the situation, "you will stay right in this room until we are safely out on the ocean."

As the crestfallen Ferris slunk into the enveloping security of the crowd, the bells clanged and with a slowly gathering roar the puffing tugs began to nose the sleeping giant from her berth. No longer faced by the compelling personality and the hypnotic stare of the mother of his sweetheart, Ted began to think seriously. He realized that time was precious and his brain worked at top speed.

Suddenly an idea lodged in his mind; it took form and then, wearing an ever widening grin, he turned and dashed madly through the already scattering throng. Reaching the curb he launched himself at the waiting taxicab and shouted, "Jeffries Point," to the staring chauffeur, and landed next to the astonished preacher.

During the course of their ride to the flying field, he outlined

his plan to an unwilling listener and was met with a flat refusal. No the deacon would not leave *terra firma* under any conditions. Baffled, Ted turned him loose at the next corner and morosely watched the minister scurry away. The remainder of the trip was speedily made and soon Ted was making final preparations for his flight.

The plan he had formulated was desperate but it was in perfect accord with the situation. He meant to fly over the ship; drop a note to Madeleine, informing her of his plan, and then await the ship further on. He did not doubt that Madeleine could swim from the ship to the plane and the rest would be easy. His only difficulties lay in the event that his note would be intercepted or that she would not be able to elude her mother's vigilance.

But it was his last chance and so it was with a prayer on his lips that he warmed up his seaplane. The note prepared, he gave the signal, cast loose and after scudding over the water for a distance, rose gracefully into the air. Judging his course roughly he set out into the southwest. After ten minutes of rapid flying he sighted the Emerania. Maneuvering a bit, he dropped lower, flashed across the deck, dropped the weighted missive and mounted higher again.

A steward seeing the flash of white ran to pick up the message. Reading the superscription, he went at once to the purser's office to learn the number of Miss Gorman's stateroom. He had no difficulty in obtaining the desired information. Reaching the stateroom he was about to knock when the door opened and Madeleine appeared. Now that they had left land and Ted Ferris far behind, Mrs. Gorman had graciously given Madeleine permission to saunter about on deck.

She took the note, wondering who it was on board that was writing to her. She read the note, lost color and swayed against the door. Could she, she wondered, muster up the courage to dive from the ship and swim to the hydroplane? She would certainly be plunging into matrimony. But because she was very much in love, she decided that she would follow Ted's instructions.

Going up on deck she strolled about watching sharply for a hydroplane riding on the glassy surface of the ocean. Soon she fell in with Captain Martin and discovered to her surprise that he was the father of her old college chum. He had recently been transferred to the Emerania and was evidently pleased to have a chat with Madeleine. They walked for a while and then Madeleine per-

ceived her objective about six hundred yards distant and almost directly in the course of the liner.

She drew nearer to the rail and leaned weakly against it. Nearer and nearer they came to the bobbing plane. Another hundred yards, she decided and she would make her leap for love. And then, roused, it seemed, by some premonition of impending evil, Mrs. Jonathan V. Gorman came up from her stateroom. She was just in time to see her daughter poise herself on the rail, and then flash into the waters below. There was an unearthly scream, and the woman believing she had seen her daughter a suicide before her very eyes, fell to the deck in a swoon.

That scream had far reaching effects. It bereft Captain Martin of what little senses he still retained and instead of remaining coolly on the defensive, he led the way into the boat that was speedily launched and yelled like an Indian. It even brought Jonathan V. Gorman himself up from the main salon and it was immediately apparent that he was under the influence of a master other than his wife. How he managed to get into the boat must ever remain a mystery. Some hold that he jumped in; others that he was thrown.

And all the while Madeleine was swimming easily to the plane where the eager Ted awaited her. In a comparatively short space of time she was climbing up the tiny landing stage while Ted set about starting the plane. But the boat was nearer than was thought and he was unaccountably startled by a wild yell that he interpreted as, "Halt." Days of his military training had made quite an impression on him and he halted.

"Why it's Captain Martin!" Madeleine exclaimed.

"What's that?" yelled Ted. "Are you really the captain of that big hooker over there?"

"I am the Captain of the Emerania, sir, and I must say that your language and your conduct are very offensive," pompously stated the Captain.

"Never mind all that," ordered Ted, "We want you to marry us and do it quick." Here he smiled in a superior way, and Madeleine gazed at him in adoring wonder.

The Captain was even more startled and was about to refuse when suddenly he found himself looking into the business-like end

of a ".38." His reluctance vanished and he became strangely eager to do this surprising young man's bidding.

"But have you got the consent of her parents?" he objected, "she is under age." A form stirred and sat up in the boat. Twenty-five years of tyranny slipped from his shoulders, and Jonathan V. Gorman announced to all and sundry that Madeleine had her father's consent to marry this person. "But good Lord wait until Martha hears of this," he muttered, as he slumped down in his seat, "won't I catch the devil!"

And so the ceremony was performed and Captain Martin blew a kiss to the blushing bride rather than go any nearer to Mr. Theodore Ferris.

"And I say, Captain, just present this to Mrs. Gorman, will you. with my compliments?" requested Ted just as he was starting his motor. "It may help to soften the blow."

When the boat reached the side of the ship they perceived Mrs. J. V. Gorman standing belligerently by the rail.

"Oh Lord, Captain, give me that letter," moaned Gorman, the financier, "it may help to soften the blows I'm going to get."

The Captain walked slowly up the landing stage, handed the letter to Mrs. Gorman, and without a word turned and walked sadly into his cabin.

Breaking the seal, but all the while keeping an eye on her husband, Mrs. Gorman read:

"Greetings Mother-in-Law:

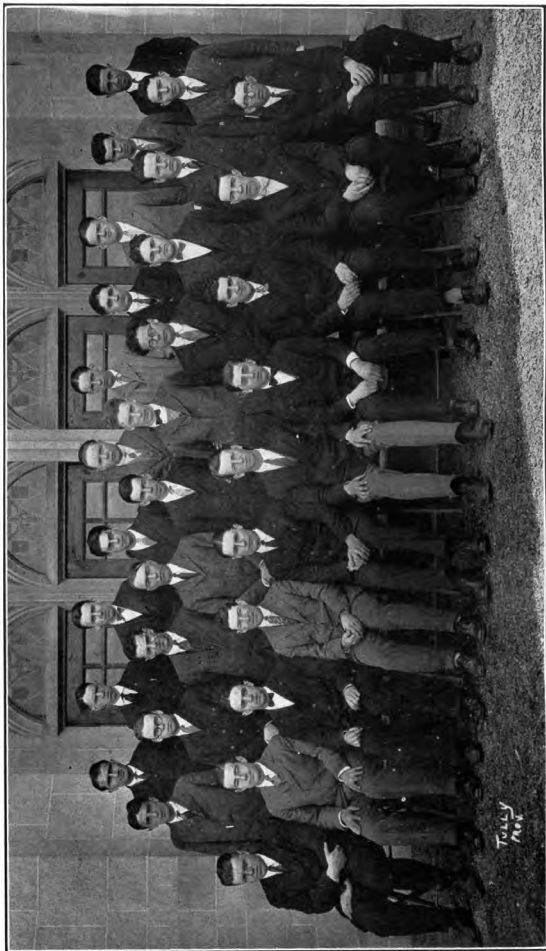
"Be it known that Theodore Ferris is the *nom de guerre* that I assumed when I entered the war. My real name is Richard Graves, only son and heir of the Richard Graves of Wall Street fame. Love from Mr. and Mrs. Richard Graves."

"Only son and heir of the richest man in America," mused Mrs. Gorman as she blew a kiss after the receding plane, "I always knew there was something good about him."

"Oh, Jonathan, don't you want to go down and play poker again? Go right ahead."

And as Mr. Jonathan V. Gorman stumped slowly down the stairs, he was heard to mutter, "now, what the devil was in that letter?"

Joseph C. McGonagle, '27.



THE PRE-MEDICAL CLASS

## Twilights Remembered

Let us be still where this blue twilight falls  
With searching shadows on remembered hills;  
For here within these dim eventful walls  
There is a quiet that the lone heart wills.  
These stars are older and the dusk more wide  
Than any little day we call our own;  
And twilight wisdom holds a fitting pride  
That leaves us hushed so strangely—and alone.

But we shall turn, now, though the hills be calling  
And look below us where the dark slips down;  
And marking where these shadows gray are falling  
Remember how our better days have gone.  
We learn from the slow mounting of the mist  
How soon with naught these earthly dreams enlist.

*Joseph R. Rocco, '27.*

## To Posterity

**I**T IS a peculiar fact, though nevertheless a true one, that to the people of the present the heroes of the past seem to be greater men in every way than any living celebrity. Past leaders, painted in the glowing terms of the sympathetic historian, performing gigantic tasks before our fancy in an instant, set in a background of historic romance and unreality, command at times almost idolatrous worship. Our imagination, stimulated by graphic pen pictures, exaggerates, and we form our own ideal, there being no reality to destroy what we in our fancy preferred to erect.

How often, as small boys, we read of our own native hero, Washington, and imagined him a demigod, greater even than our father, whom at the time we regarded as greater than anyone else. Washington we could easily fancy as an incarnated war god, with bright, flashing saber, pointing the way for a tattered band of halved patriots over the painful line of march to a daring, madcap attack; and returning with the trophies of victory. We catch a vision of a calm, unruffled, and serene statesman pacifying with almost miraculous tact the conflicting elements in the great Constitutional Convention which drew up the Constitution of our country. We see him later in a different role, that of father and President, diplomatic, energetic, and sagacious, but old and gray, still leading his country and people out of their immaturity. And finally we see him retiring as a venerable old man to Mount Vernon, to die, an immortal memory to Americans even to this day. Yes, a memory! And so with Jackson, Jefferson and Lincoln who were appreciated most by those who knew them only by their memory. And that is the pity of it all. Their greatest universal honor came after death. It seems as if an evil spirit takes hold on peoples, stifles their sentiment and permits expression only after the object of it has departed. It will be found that this same spirit has exhibited itself in every century from the beginning of history.

Men have risen to the heights of accomplishment by sheer force of persistence and industry; others have championed the wildest idealistic causes and have brought them to realization; have lifted



the people from the baseness of abject servitude to the dignity of freedom by a reckless stroke against the mighty powers that ruled; have upset the plans of the usurper, overtopped the thrones of tyrants, swept oppression from the land, and have bettered the lot of mortals generally—but with all this, they had to die to merit universal acclaim. It does seem as though life for great men is a preventive of praise. There is no respite for the hero—the people are voracious of his deeds. They call for more and greater feats; and so he lives a life of continual pursuit after heights, which having reached, he must abandon for others higher up. Living, these men sometimes suffered beneath showers of abuse; and ingratitude stares madly at them. Instigated by the jealousy and envy of a rival, the people have been known to hearken to aspersions on their character or policies. You have often heard people say “We don’t appreciate that man; but he will go down in history.” This is but an admission of the facts. We negligently leave that to posterity!

He lives in our day, and in living the hero in the man is obscured in his humanity; his character too real to be ideal; we require a pen sketch to stimulate our conception of the ideal. Living, I say, he excites but comparatively little admiration. But dead, the city, state, universe droops in sorrow; tender words are uttered, beautiful sentiments are expressed. And from the altars curls the smoke of sacrifice in his honor; and from the rostrum rings out the eulogies of the orator to praise—praise is what they call it, but it is too late, it is rather to mock his memory with mournful elegy and belated worship. Such is the peculiarities of peoples and the lot of heroes—that not the hero living, but the hero dead is what bursts the flood gates of sentiment and sends salvos of acclaim ringing down the ages.

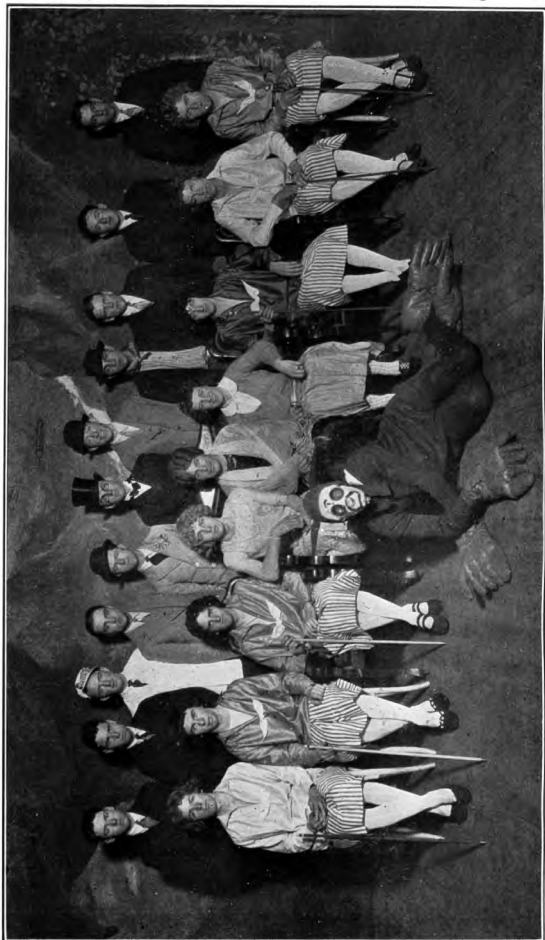
The history of our country will testify to the fact that we Americans are not free from this peculiarity. Every great man that America ever produced has been made the target for caricature and abuse. George Washington’s policies, good enough and sound enough to win an almost impossible war; good enough and sound enough to lead a nation out of the darkness of its inception to the glories of maturity, were not good enough for the people when he issued a proclamation of neutrality when France, who had helped us win the Revolution, was itself torn within by civic strife and menaced without by the armies of hostile nations. No implication of iniquity was

severe enough to characterize this act of the great Washington. The people spared no epithet on this man for the monstrous ingratitude, cowardice, injustice of this policy when France was pleading for his aid. Before the people could change this anti-pathetic attitude, Washington died. And too tardily they saw the justice and wisdom of his policy—for he passed beyond the Potomac—beyond the sphere of his countrymen into the place of the immortals.

Lincoln the people laughed at—railed at—killed. He was nothing then in comparison to the great Emancipator whose birthday we celebrate so faithfully. And now the latest stroke of ironic fate—Woodrow Wilson! A man, a statesman, a martyr, as truly great as Lincoln, who lived the last five years of his life a broken, halting invalid, a tired, repudiated old man, in disfavor amongst his people from the slanders and detractions of his enemies. In this period of unpopularity, the comments made upon him were such as to paint a devil—a veritable Benedict Arnold. "He's giving the country away!" they shouted in alarm. "His chambers are clotted with precious gifts from imperial princes and government heads—bribed to sell the country. He was duped, and now he wants to bluff out of it." And all of these statements were, at their source, as truly false as lies are malignantly black. No one can reproduce the acrimonious buffets and sarcastic reproaches which filled the last few years of this man's life. Woodrow Wilson living was nothing to the Woodrow Wilson dead!

Now death has revealed to us a saint rather than a devil; an American as we want Americans to be. The world is full of the most exquisitely contrived eulogies—the wildest forecasts of his immortality, and it is too late for us to give him the full measure of admiration. But what we can do is this: We can make ourselves see clearly the high sense of honor, of patriotism, of duty that characterized this man. We can make ourselves witness the vindication of his motives—the integrity of this practical idealist. We had better not wait for the "pen of history to inscribe his name in golden letters"—let us now convince ourselves that but recently we lived in the presence of such human greatness as the world has rarely equalled and never surpassed! Let us be thankful that it was an American, Woodrow Wilson, who enunciated the undying principles of the League, although he could not establish them.

*Robert E. Curran, '25.*



CAST OF "NANCY"

# Nancy

**T**HE present scholastic year marked the most successful season of the Dramatic Club. For the first time in the history of dramatics at Providence College an entirely original production was staged. Starting early in the fall, James H. Lynch and Thomas P. Carroll of the Senior Class set to work on the book and lyrics of what they hoped would be a presentable musical comedy. It came time for the lyrics to be adorned with lilting tunes and as a consequence, John F. Fitzgerald, '25, and Robert E. Grant, '28, contributed the fourteen musical numbers, among them being "Nancy" (the title song), and "Little Gypsy Luck-piece."

The libretto and score were completed. The play had to be cast, and so the call was sent to the student body. About seventy-five signified their willingness to trip it lightly on the stage. Try-outs were held and from this number the twenty-two men who comprised the cast were chosen. For the part of Professor Horace Inventash, entomologist and astronomer at Asbestos University, Thomas P. Carroll, '25, was selected. He played the part to perfection. The professor's maiden sister, Felicia, was given a most splendid interpretation by James J. McDonough, '27, of Philadelphia, who showed himself to be a very fine impersonator. Nancy (Anne Elizabeth) Wheeler, the ingenue, and the title role of the comedy, was played by Walter F. Reilley, '26, and a beautiful Nancy he made, save possibly for the presence of slightly bulging biceps. Opposite to Nancy was the part of Jack (John Caswell) capably filled by Charles E. Crispo, '28. Jack looked and acted the part of the youthful lover—there was no doubt of that!

Matt Mulcahy of the Bron-x, the expert and hard-boiled garage mechanic was played by James H. Lynch, '25, and his riotously funny assistant, Henry Darling, was ably taken care of by Edward J. McQuade, '26. Peggy Maney, Matt's sweetheart, was played expertly by Walter J. Molony, '27. His (or rather her) pink cheeks and winsome way made a hit with the male part of the audience. Leo J. Tessier, '26, had the role of the Gypsy Fortune Teller, and he gave a very clever bit of character acting. The Salesman was delineated by John J. Fitzpatrick, '25. He was a true-to-type train

butcher, dignified by the title "salesman." The Mahoo-hoo of Mars, a very mythical bug, was portrayed by Henry J. Kaveny, '27, and his actions were even more grotesque than his appearance—if that be possible. Someone said that he resembled a cross between a devil, a deep sea diver, and a frog. The feminine students at Old Asbestos were Joseph F. Bracq, '28; Terrence H. Halloran, '27, Bismarck, N. D.; John H. O'Brien, '28, East Providence; Francis J. Flynn, '28; John F. Streker, '28, and Vincent A. Murray, '28. The boys who were enrolled as students at the Plumstone-on-Hudson institution were John F. Grouke, '25, Lowell, Mass.; John J. Mulhern, '26; James P. Morley, '27, Norwich, Conn.; Thomas R. McGrath, '27; Cyril A. Costello, '27; Frederick M. Langton, '28.

Cyril A. Costello, '27, directed all dancing for "Nancy" and Ned Wayburn could not have done better. The publicity for the production was supervised by Vernon C. Norton, '25. John E. Cassidy, '25, was business manager, and he was ably assisted by Clement T. Keleher, '25. Charles H. Young, Jr., '25, was stage manager and much of the credit for the smoothness of the presentation must be given to him. W. Harold O'Connor, '26, was assistant stage manager. The man with the multiple arms was Manel A. Stevens, '25, master properties. He had a million things to remember, for the show called for properties ranging from derby hats to wooden rabbits. Thomas A. Carey, '27, was master electrician, and the beauty of the scenic effects was largely due to his efforts.

"Nancy" was purely a Providence College production. It was written by undergraduates; the scenery was designed by James N. Eastham, '26; it was directed by members of the student body, and the executive staff was composed of undergraduates. Both in Arctic and Providence it was received very enthusiastically. The plot was a little different; the songs were tuneful; the lines bright; the costumes and scenery effective; and the execution of the parts was finished. It should prove educational insofar as it tended to acquaint a number of the students with modern stage craft, and perhaps it will prove an inspiration to future members of the Providence College Dramatic Club.

## Break Of Day

The cool pale moon smiles through a cloud;  
A star blinks here and there—then sleeps.  
Rubescent dawn throws off her shroud  
And up the skyline slowly creeps.  
The world stirs dully, turns and sighs  
As through the grass and trees are borne  
O'er eastern world the soft low cries  
Of infant day on the breast of morn.

*James S. Osbourn, '27.*

## “Regina Erit”

**S**LUMBERING peacefully under the patchwork blanket of early dawn lay the little village of Nazareth. Queer, stumbling houses lined the narrow streets; here a cross reared itself in solitary glory; there the glittering dome of a burnished mosque intruded its pretentiousness upon the humble simplicity of the scene; and in the very centre, the market place, quiet and deserted.

Softly through the distance came the clear, sweet chimes of dawn. The belfry of the old monastery—long since abandoned but for a lone caretaker—was calling the simple folk of the hamlet to holiday.

Soon from out their houses came the people breathing deeply of the cool morning air. The streets, but now sleeping beneath that profound silence which precedes the dawn, were resounding with the flap-flap of sandalled feet, the hum of voices, and the shrill laughter of the young.

Everyone was proceeding in the same direction. Through the vacant market-place they went and across the village; leaving the walls behind, they began a slow, wearisome climb up the side of Gebel el Gafsah (Mt. of the heap); until at last the whole village, man, woman and child, was assembled before the door of that old monastery.

A towering, forbidding structure of stone it was, scarred by the ravages of hostile pagans and still more hostile centuries. No tuft of moss, no sprig of ivy, no blade of grass relieved the eye. Stone, gray stone; stone and desolation! But yet about this ugly place clung a legend—a legend which had so rooted itself in the hearts of the people, that they considered it a prophecy.

Within the court of this old monastery there grew a lily (by the grace of God it seemed). Tradition had it that whosoever would pick that fairest flower would be the queen of women.

“Regina erit quae hanc florem carpet,” read the inscription

carven on a bronze tablet near the flower—carven in letters of mystic beauty and rare design by the hand of some master artist.

A slender, graceful lily—delicately lovely and beautiful—with petals of purest white! Nature's own symbol of innocence!

Thrice now had someone attempted to pluck that flower. First, an old white-haired lady, worshipful and reverent, had advanced with trembling limbs only to have the lily vanish beneath her outstretched hand. Falling prostrate upon the ground the aged woman breathed a prayer and then dragged herself out of the monastery. And lo! the flower grew again as before.

Then a holy woman—renowned for her kindness and charity—came forward. Kneeling beside the lily she plucked it from its bed—only to have it shrivel up and turn to dust in her hand. Startled by this manifestation of more than human power she rose to her feet and fled from the place. And as she fled, behold! the flower grew again as before.

In the region at that time spending a few weeks in her country villa was the cousin of Herod. Drawn thither by the idle curiosity of the leisured, she it was, then, who advanced to pick the flower. With her hands on its slender stem suddenly a look of fear, unearthly, awful, convulsed her features and she fell unconscious to the ground.

Slowly disengaging herself from the frightened multitude thronged about the court, a young girl—forgetting her shyness in the excitement of the moment came forward to lay her hand upon the stricken woman's brow. At the cool, gentle touch of those little childish fingers the woman opened her eyes, stared wildly about as if she had no recollection of the circumstances, arose weakly to her feet and stumbled out.

Graceful as the lily was the young girl, lovely in her modest youthfulness, beautiful in the light of purity and innocence which shone forth from her eyes. Gazing upon the slender flower she wondered and wondering she stooped to pluck it.

Down the mountain side with her father and mother, still holding the lily in her little hand, walked Mary.

*E. George Cloutier, '27.*



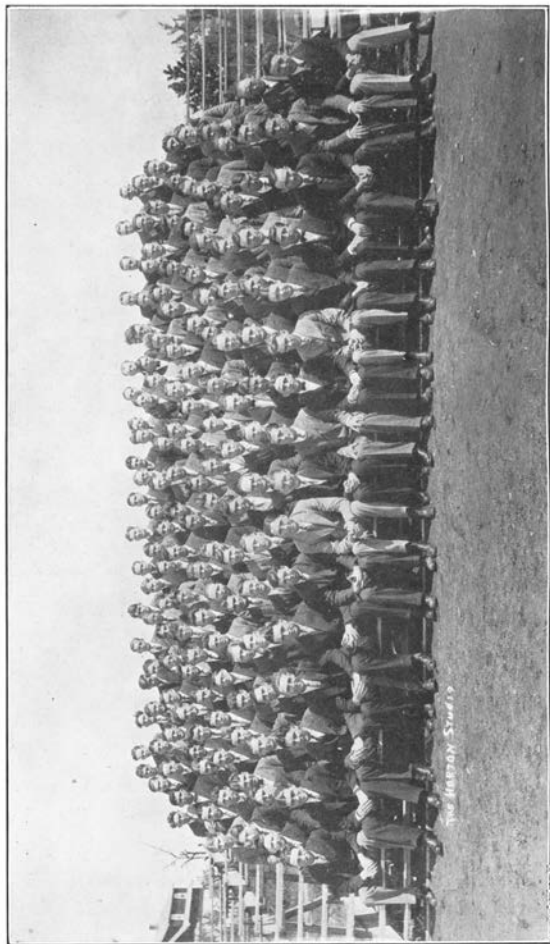
## June

A magic breeze and vagrant,  
A half heard distant tune,  
Gay rose breaths faintly fragrant  
The spell of night in June,  
Mid star lamps gayly burning,  
A mad moon tells of yearning;  
Of things beyond returning,  
And dreams that die too soon.

And there is much of sorrow  
In her slowly stealing light  
For beauty fades tomorrow—  
And spectres walk tonight.  
So charms, once heart entralling,  
Are dead to beauty's calling,  
As pagan petals falling  
Are swept from out our sight.

For June is not immortal  
Nor love, nor each thing fair,  
Death waits with open portal.  
By her sad and lonely lair,  
A mute and mournful token  
Of soft words left unspoken;  
Of vows too gayly broken  
Mid boughs and branches bare.

*Gerald J. Prior, '27.*



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE HENRY STREETS

## The Sophomore Class

Upon returning to the college for the first lecture of the new school year, the Sophomores and their lusty rivals were addressed by the Reverend Dean, who informed both classes what their rights and duties for the following year were to be. During the same day, the Sophomores, following tradition and perhaps taking liberties, immediately formulated plans for an intensive course of education for the yearlings. The course was quickly arranged and vigorously applied. The instruction was so thorough, however, that within a few months it was deemed no longer necessary to continue it. It was during the first month of this educational period that the Class of '27, in accord with custom, welcomed the new Class of '28 into the student body by entertaining them in a most royal fashion at the annual social. This affair aided greatly in cementing the new acquaintances and friendships lately made.

Just prior to this time the Sophomores had organized and had elected their class officers. For apparently no reason at all, the writer was assigned to the undeserved yet most honorable office of President. For Vice President, Cyril Costello was chosen, while Gerald Driscoll and John Beirne were lected to be Treasurer and Secretary respectively. It does not seem at all necessary to comment upon the work of these men for their class. They have given their best efforts and that these have been appreciated can be plainly seen from the support the class has given to their endeavors.

Organization having been completed, the class immediately arranged its program of intellectual, social and athletic activities. True to tradition, the Sophomores engaged with the Freshmen, shortly after Easter, in a verbal duel regarding the recognition of the Soviet Republic by the United States. It is heart-rending to record that the decision in this contest went to the younger class. The Sophomores, undisturbed by this defeat devoted their time and efforts in aiding the senior classes in re-establishing the Debating Society among Varsity activities.

Included in the customary contests between the Freshmen and the Sophomores is a football game to be played towards the end of the Varsity season, but to the regret of both classes this game could not be staged due to a number of uncontrolable circumstances. But that Sophomores are football players and that they support college

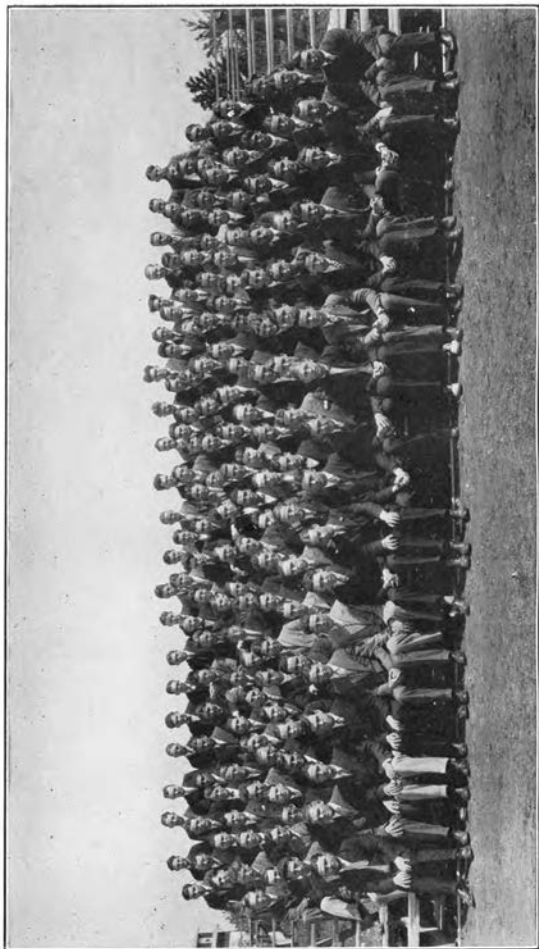
enterprises may be appreciated from the fact that seven members of the Class of '27, were honored with letters for their excellent playing for the 'Varsity team. Baseball, likewise, is a recipient of much support from the Sophs, whether it be interclass or 'Varsity sport. During the last of April, just in time to spoil the savor of their banquet, the class defeated the Freshmen in a hard-fought and closely played ball game. A number of the class members have also had berths on the 'Varsity squad and have been instrumental in securing many of the team's victories.

Social life has also claimed much from this eminent class. Following the mid-season holidays, a social evening was held in the College Gymnasium, which affair proved to be one of the most successful of the "Gym Jams." Upon the return of the students after the Easter vacations the class held its annual Sophomore Hop at the Providence Plantations Club. This undoubtedly ranked among the first of the more successful socials of the college. Besides supporting their own entertainments in a most worthy manner the Sophomores have rendered great assistance to the other classes in their various social affairs, and by this means the class has demonstrated a genuine feeling of fellowship toward the other years at the institution.

The musical comedy, produced by the newly organized Dramatic Club had a number of Sophomores listed in its cast. Several members of the same class had important parts in starting the society and in producing its first original play. The Alebrtinum Society for the Pre-Medical students and the recently formed Aquino Society for the followers of Italian have many names of Sophomores upon their rolls. All college activities may count upon the Class of '27, for its unstinted and interested assistance.

Thus as the second year of our existence ends, we may look back with pride upon a full and generous year, spent in active intellectual, athletic, and social life and in an undenied support to all the affairs of the fellow classes and to 'Varsity enterprises. We are proud of this year, but we hope as time draws near for a final farewell to advance along the path of perfection and try to measure up to the high standards established by our graduate and upper classes. And to those who this year will leave our midst, we bid a most hearty "Farewell."

*Stephen M. Murray, '27.*



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

## The Freshman Class

On the morning of September twenty-second of last year, a band of students stormed the portals of Providence College. The first official act of this body of young men consisted in assisting at the holy sacrifice of the mass, after which they were warmly welcomed by the faculty. They were now ready to begin their new scholastic life.

The reception given the incoming class by the faculty was indeed a hearty one, but, queer as it may seem, that tendered by the Sophomores was indeed as hearty and a good deal warmer.

The first step taken by the Freshmen as a whole consisted in the formation of a Freshman class with John Eagan as President and Rev. Fr. McLaughlin, O. P., as Moderator.

With the approach of Hallowe'en, the Sophomores, as a sign of their good-will toward the members of the Freshman class, entertained the Class of 1928 at a smoker, held in the gymnasium. The affair proved to be a truly enjoyable one for Sophomores and Freshmen alike.

The time was ripe for the classic athletic struggle between the football teams representing the Freshman and Sophomore classes; a date was agreed upon; and the call for candidates was issued. Bent upon victory, the Freshman eleven, under the able coaching of "Chuck" Connors, practiced faithfully and diligently. But alas! the fates decreed otherwise! When the set date arrived, no Sophomore team was present upon the field of battle and the Freshmen were deprived of an opportunity to overcome the Sophomores.

Following the custom of preceding classes, the Freshman class formulated plans for a Freshman hop. The night arrived; a jovial and sociable crowd filled the gymnasium to capacity, and all who attended set their stamp of approval on the affair.

Then came the most crowning achievement of the Freshman Class. A debating team, picked from the ablest speakers of the Freshman Debating Society, established a precedent in the annals of this institution by administering a stinging defeat to the Sophomore debating team. This had never before been accomplished since the founding of Providence College.

The last official function of the Freshman Class took place in

the form of the annual banquet, held at the Dreyfus Hotel. A large number of invited guests attended, among them the Rev. Fathers Kienberger, O. P., and Heasley, O. P., and the presidents of the upper classes, as well as Captain-elect Reall of the football team. Speeches, songs and cheers filled the air until a late hour. This banquet will ever be cherished in the minds of the Class.

A summary of the Freshmen participants in 'Varsity athletics proves once more the loyalty of this class. Three regulars on the eleven and five regulars upon the baseball nine represent the contribution of the Class of '28 to Providence College athletics.

A word might be said here of the Freshman nine. The team has thus far lost but one game while it played a 7-7 tie with the Sophomore nine in a hectic and exciting battle.

Thus passed the first year of the Class of 1928 at Providence College.

*James E. McDonald, '28.*

## Memories

Slowly stealing o'er my memory

Pictures of a place I knew;  
Porch vine-covered, flowers blooming,  
And amongst them standing—you.

Still in vision I perceive them

Though my memory's light burns dim,  
And the sound of song birds singing  
Comes like some far-distant hymn.

*Charles J. McCarthy, '27.*



## What Will People Say?

**I**NTO the life of every ordinary individual this demand thrusts itself not occasionally, but only too often. During his periods of indecision, what man has not felt its influence upon his judgments; its imposition upon his acts and its effects upon his habits? Popular opinion, the plaudits of the crowd, the gossip of wasp-tongued neighbors, each in its own way goads this cowardly human nature of ours to acts vastly different from those we would perform were it not for a deep seated fear that some one would talk. How often while on the verge of action, regardless of whether it be good or evil, do we pause to debate mentally, "If I do this thing, what will people say?" and after such hesitation even though the action be good in itself, do we not frequently refrain from it simply because we have within us a maddening respect for the approval of a gossiping public.

Again consider for a moment how many little things we do for perhaps no greater reason than that we fear what persons about us will say if we fail to comply with staid convention. For instance, we have our social etiquette; those little conventionalities which mark us as gentlemen or ill-bred persons. While it is most emphatically not the intention of the writer of this article to attempt to brand these social useages as valueless, he does wish to point out that many of us perform these conventional acts not because we know what they signify, but merely because they *are* conventional. If you were to ask the average person why he or she studies the proper method of conduct at social functions, I feel safe in wagering that, nine out of ten would answer, "Because I wish to know what is proper for this or that occasion. Because I do not wish to *appear* ill-bred." Ah! but there's the rub! We do not wish to *appear* ill-bred. But can you honestly convince yourself that you are any less so, simply because you have learned, machine-fashion, certain rules which make you appear well-bred. I must again urge you not to misinterpret me as one who would abolish etiquette; as one who is ranting against conventionality. Nothing was ever further from my mind, for I have, within me only the deepest and most sincere appreciation for those little evidences of character which mark a man, gentleman. What I urge is this: Do not make yourself appear a

gentleman by living in accordance with a set of rules which have, to you, no particular significance other than, "Everybody, who is anybody, does it" That is, or seems to be the attitude which many of us assume. We should, rather, *be* gentlemen; not appear as such. When we perform those little social actions we should know why we are doing so. The original intention of a man raising his hat to a lady was to show respect. The none too evident jab at the hat-brim nowadays, has little about it to indicate respect. Make your actions indicate, as intended, to show respect and you are being a gentleman; make a hasty jab and you are appearing a gentleman.

Again, in your manner of shaking hands. When you are introduced to another man and proffer your hand—let it be an honest hand clasp. This is a custom rising from an ancient method of thus showing that friendship was desired, and that the hand held no weapons. To my mind, there is nothing which so detracts from the estimation one man instinctively makes of another man upon meeting, as to have him offer a limp, dead hand; with that oft-repeated "Please ta meet cha." It most certainly leaves an impression of merely tolerating his acquaintance, if you do not clasp his hand with a spirit indicative of your pleasure. I think you will agree that you have a great deal more respect for a man who, ignorant of social niceties, grasps your hand in a grip that makes you wince, than one who offers almost insultingly a lifeless hand.

So it is with all our social customs; each has its underlying significance, whether it be of respect, civility or politeness. Make your actions show that you are aware of their meaning. A gentleman does not appear such; a gentleman is such. So I would urge you—do not learn the rules of etiquette simply because you fear what people will say.

While I am well aware that the fine points of etiquette are expected to be implanted in the makeup of a man long before he enters college, yet I cannot refrain from touching upon them and trying to impress the fact that we should not do these things only because of the fear of what people would say. Rather, do them because we know and appreciate their significance.

Nor is our social life the only sphere of activity into which the fear of public opinion thrusts itself. In almost every branch of human action we find it, if not controlling; at least influencing our method of procedure. While I am perfectly willing to concede that

it is often a good influence in our lives, yet it cannot be denied that there are instances when the fear of "What people will say" moves us to a mode of procedure which is not in accordance with right. We fear the tongues of those about us and lose sight of the fact that right is right regardless of what a few may say to the contrary and the slurs of a gossipy public cannot permanently harm a man doing good unless he allows them to do so. None but a man's friend can really harm him and a friend is one who is not afraid to tell you to your face when you are wrong. He is not one of the people who talks of your errors, he helps you correct them. So after all what does the gossip of an idle-tongued public matter when by an act of good we gain the honest approval of a few true friends.

Even Christ, the Saviour of Mankind, gathered only a few friends close about him and surrounded by them suffered the taunts and jeers of the multitude. If He had only a few select friends, why should you and I sacrifice honest effort to gain the passing approval of the throng. Better that we gather about us our few friends and having once known their friendship, treasure them as priceless. Life is much too short for this cowardly fear of "what will people say?"

*W. Harold O'Connor, '26.*

## A Song At Parting

We know that all things wither  
Beneath the touch of time;  
That no man travels hither  
Who writes undying rhyme.  
That years may render worthless  
A precious priceless boon!  
And winter winds make mirthless  
The fragrant jests of June.

That words are swift forgotten  
By hearts too soon to tire;  
That Love though fair begotten,  
Flees from the witch Desire.  
And we who've smiled at sorrow  
And laughed away regret,  
Know well that on the morrow  
We'll easily forget.

So though we part forever  
We'll not with spirits sad.  
It's best for us to sever  
While hearts are truly glad.  
And thus remember after  
No sorrows dull—or tears;  
But bursts of silver laughter  
From out the mists of years.

*Gerald J. Prior, '27.*

## THE OBSERVER



MUCH time and labor have been expended by national, State and municipal executives in order to provide ways and means for adequate law enforcement. The growing disregard for law and civic regulation, the lack of respect in some quarters for the rights and privileges of others have caused no little concern to those whose duty it is to safeguard the life and property of our citizens. Crime seems to be committed with more sang froid than ever, and in too many cases flagrant disregard of law goes unpunished. Misdemeanors are condoned, and too much faith is placed in the subtlety of his legal advisor by one who has proved himself a law-breaker. Numerous are the causes that produce such a state of affairs. Lack of intelligent law-making in a single case will cause resentment; if one law fails to function it weakens the whole legal structure. Again, we see that the attempted enforcement of certain laws is not carried out in a manner that will prove effective. If, when a state regulates, it disregards right and custom, surely the law produced will not command the respect and obedience of the people; and attempts to foist a hostile law on a body are fruitless. Such a law lacks permanence. To protect and maintain what they consider their privileges, many people will violate the laws of a state; and when the violation of law is not immediately and adequately punished, the offender is encouraged to continue his illegal conduct.

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Possibly the greatest obstacle to efficient law enforcement is the prevalence of a rapidly growing materialism, founded on and supported by, unadulterated selfishness. Those in pursuit of pleasure and of the material things of life, reckoning little of duty and disregarding the right, care nothing for those restraining influences which stand in their way. Duty is flung aside should it prohibit the accomplishment of their purposes, and if the rights of others should obstruct them these rights are trampled on. Law is obeyed only when they find it quite dangerous to disobey; and when the immediate hazards attendant upon violation of the law are removed, law loses

for them its significance. Materialism and dematerialists are rapidly gaining favor in certain quarters, and with them is spreading that noxious doctrine concerning the non-existence of morality. It is a basely selfish doctrine because it concerns itself only with the satiation of the desires of the individual; it has no care for others except to use them as a means toward its selfish end. When a person becomes convinced that the main object in life is to do what he will, the regulating effect of law becomes to him a hindering nuisance. It is disregarded, and only the threat of physical pain will produce implicit obedience. It may be impossible to regulate morality into people, but a healthy respect for the principles of morality can be imbued into recalcitrants by judicious law-making and intelligent law enforcement.

This is the season of the year when colleges and universities throw wide their doors and allow numerous cap and gown clad students to pass into the bread-seeking businesses of life. And it is the season, also, when many writers of humorous (and not-so-funny) articles consider these graduates fair game for their verbal arrows. Of course every student has a rosy outlook on the chances of success—so has every young man, whether he possesses a sheepskin or not. He would be a peculiar person who could be convinced that he would be a flat failure in life. And though these youths, fresh from college, feel that at the age of fifty they will be comfortably situated in a soft fifty thousand-a-year job—if such could be called soft—why, that causes no harm. The chances are that they will be disillusioned soon enough. Of course, it might be argued, it would be a very good thing if every college graduate realized that life was not going to be a bed of roses singularly conspicuous by its lack of thorns; that work of the variety called hard was to be his favorite pastime. But there is no sense in dynamiting the Castile Castles.

Recently in a college publication a youthful essayist waxed quite angry to think that the public still persists in believing that a certain William Shakespeare was the author of numerous plays accredited to him. The aforementioned controversialist stood aghast at the unbelievable stupidity of the generations whose fidelity to Shakespeare has remained unshaken. After all, what difference does it make? In other words, who cares? Shakespeare is but a name attributed to a remarkable collection of literary gems, and would

shine equally as resplendantly, regardless of authorship. The reading public is not interested so much in the personal life and experiences of an author; his literary productions make him known and respected. If Bacon were the author of those works known collectively as Shakespeare, the intrinsic value of the literature is neither enhanced nor lessened. Should an authorship other than the reputed one be proved, it will naturally cause a little surprise. But the vast majority of the reading public will continue reading, and so calling it, Shakespeare.

*T. Henry Barry, '25.*

# RESIDUUM

## DARK HORSES

A thousand purple elephants  
Were fighting on my chest.  
They tossed about green rubber plants  
To see which was the best.  
One walked upon the ceiling high  
With every sign of ease.  
When I yelled "Stop!", he murmured "Why,  
We always strive to please."  
A monkey stood upon my feet  
And conjugated *sum*.  
A little yellow dog then beat  
Upon a tiny drum.  
Though I enjoyed this frolic gay  
To some extent—maybe;  
Next time I'd rather be away  
When nightmares come to me.

*John J. Hayes, '27.*



This is the time of year that Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Goofus journey to the Rah, Rah town to see the apple of their eye grab off a sheepskin.

The particular apple that they are interested in is none other than their own little Emil, who since infancy has remained, to their way of thinking, an exceptionally bright presidential bet. That Emil was now to cast aside the cap and gown and ankle out into a world of wonders where he could do much needed good, slopped over their joy cup.

Little Emil, in the role of a campus kid, had been all that any set of fond parents could desire. Four years with the classics had parted his hair in the middle, confused any ideas he might have had, and given him complete control over the broad *a*. Otherwise he came through without a mark worth mentioning.

When asked what he intended to do in the way of making a living Emil would coyly remark that he had several offers under consideration and would pull the old one about his still being undecided as to just what field to shower his talents on. You see the kid wasn't sure of himself, no Sir, he was positive. He felt as though he not only could cure the ills of an ailing world, but that his very presence in it would make him runner-up in the sun shine scattering industry, to old Sol, himself.

Mr. Andrew J. Goofus entertained a few doubts as to the little wonder's genius and was all for making something useful of him like a plumber, butter and egg man, or a pretzel designer. Mrs. Goofus, on the other hand, just must have Emil do something ultra. Selling bonds seemed like a nice kind of a position, or writing these best sellers she had heard about must be so interesting, and besides her pride and joy ought to do something great in an artistic or literary way as she herself would have done had she not been married to a small town grocer.

A month after graduation finds our hero back in the old home town, getting in his father's way in the bustling grocery. Seeing that he was high hatting the natives and insisting on telling them how much he had on the ball, Goofus senior went to work on him to the tune of "What'll I Do." He lambasted all the colleges East and West and Emil North and South, and ended his more or less pointed

remarks by informing the master mind that he needed him around the place like he needed another chin, and unless he came down off his tall mustang he would be given the bum's rush.

That Emil heard and heeded is evidenced by the fact that years later found him a prosperous grocer in the same little small town a credit to the community, and president of the local college club.

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The moral of all this is: You can Always Get Ahead if You Need One.

Brunonian—Wouldn't that jar you?

P. C. Stude—What?

Brunonian—The "Jug."

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She—How do you ever find time to get proper exercise studying such a difficult course?

He—You forget, dearie, that we often jump at conclusions.

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Ambition of a Phi Bet Kap Kid—To become so deucedly brilliant that the coroner will wrongly surmise that his demise was due to sun-stroke.

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### THE FLY GUY

There is a general opinion abroad that flies must be killed by a severe blow on the head or the small of the back, however, this opinion is erroneous, yea, falsehood stalks throughout its length and breadth.

For many generations flies have become so accustomed to being sneaked up on and dealt a death blow that our new method of killing is both unusual and surprising, in fact, with constant, untiring practice a student may become so adept that the flies will actually like it. Take a firm grip on some object, gentle reader and hark unto the novel method.

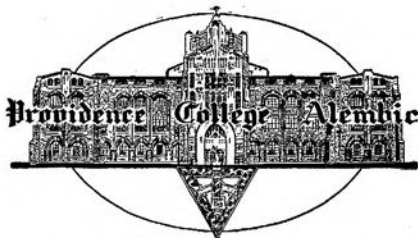
From among a group of unsuspecting flies you single out one whom you believe would be susceptible to a good joke. Approach the fly and make numerous and funny faces at it. After a short while

the fly will give vent to joy in the peculiar way that flies have of laughing and in all probability will sway, hold on to its sides and finally roll over on its back in the throes of rib cracking risibility. Now is your chance. With a firm object hit the fly on the soles of the feet and shock it to death. If the fly does not die from shock it will die from the surprise of being attacked in such a peculiar manner.

The Winooski school for facial contortions has opened a new branch in its curriculum, wherein eligible young men may enroll in a four years course dealing in the contracting and expansion of facial muscles. Write for particulars and soon you, too, can join this engaging profession of eradicating pests.



THE ALEMBIC STAFF



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T. Henry Barry, *Assistant*

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Stephen Murray, '27

James N. Eastham, '26

Charles H. Young, Jr., '25

John J. Hayes, '27

Vernon C. Norton, '25

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Gerald J. Prior, '27

#### *Advertising*

John E. Cassidy, '25

Walter F. Reilley, '26

#### *Circulation*

Robert E. Curran, '25

John E. Farrell, '26

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## CONTROVERSIES

Of late it has been increasingly evident that the various sects outside the Church are experiencing alarming conditions. The news of each day informs us that a new question concerning doctrine has arisen in the ranks of some one of the older religious bodies threatening to cause a serious division of opinion with

all which such division entails. Mayhap it is only a trivial matter which begins the discussion, but when carried to the ultimate, a real controversy results and as a consequence, the body proper is divided.

It has been interesting to perceive the influence of an individual upon the teaching of his particular sect. If he is a man with a large, personal following the power he may wield is almost unbelievable, and there lies the danger to these religious sects. When a man prominent in a denomination conceives what he believes to be a progressive doctrine pertinent to the welfare of his religion, he is too often apt to muster his strength in the congregation and complete his gesture by impressing on his fellow religionists, his pet teaching. Doubtless his intention is the best possible but the final result of his act may not be all that is desired.

The oldest American sects seem to be suffering from "Progressivism" on the one hand and "Fundamentalism" on the other. To date the golden mean of doctrinal agreement has not been approached, much less reached. If it could be supposed that the result of these many controversies would result in the evolution of a more nearly perfect dogma, then patience would needs be the only necessary commodity. But such seems not to be the case. The main disadvantage of these theological disputes lies in the fact that they may cause many men to lose interest in God simply because they seem to sense that their ministers are all too human. We do not want what is now Protestant America to become God-less, but such will it be unless there are fewer denominational disorders and a greater harmony among the men who comprise the ministry of the numerous sects.

It begins to appear as if the present **AUTOBIOGRAPHY** age will be known to posterity as the **AGE** Autobiographical Age. It will if the presses continue to turn out the increasing number of volumes dealing with personal reminiscences which have lately flooded the book market. Never in the history of American book making has there been printed for public delectation such a mass of "first person writing." One is apt to marvel if he considers for a while! How on earth did so many men come by such tremendously keen memories! Some of them must have contracted the notebook habit at a very tender age to be able to chronicle so many minute events with such clarity and care for detail. But

the redeeming quality of this orgy of autobiographies is its variety. The writing of autobiographies has not been confined to one class of persons; it is almost universal—like susceptibility to mumps.

Up to the present, American autobiography has been dull stuff at best, but what might be jocosely termed the "newer autobiography" is wide in its appeal and interesting from an historical viewpoint, although, for the most part, poorly written. The writers of contemporary autobiography take in every walk of life from comedians and pugilists to *litterati* and octogenarians, which latter write their autobiographies for no other reason than that they are octogenarians. Aside from the prolificacy of the present crop of autobiographies, there remains a need for certain men in America to set about the task of compiling their personal views of the times in which they have lived. Undoubtedly these books would prove not only interesting but would enrich our national records which are now a horror for the research worker.

There are some who hold that to read the life of a person written by himself is an unpleasant task, and that those who feel the urge to write an autobiography would do well to sit and talk with some trained writer with a stenographer near at hand. Maybe so, but to our way of thinking the work is going to lose a color and vitality which it would have were it written as a purely personal document. It is known, however, that some of the latest of these "autobiographies" are written by persons other than the supposed authors, and when this fact reaches the newspaper stage—then the deluge! Oh! well, let the autobiographies be as numerous as tadpoles in the spring, for when the netting process is completed, perhaps there will be several worthwhile.

This issue of the ALEMBIC completes our term in the editorial chair, and like the Siamese twins, our emotions are mingled. To be candid about things, we have abhorred the monthly stint which our position dictated, and the thought of having to write something to fill the space under the masthead brought quivers to our soul. But now it is all over and we can return to our natural state, which is inactivity. We (William Lyons Phelps, please note the editorial *we*) are inherently lazy and we failed in our attempt to convince ourselves that we are not. Last October we were full of good intentions and youthful enthusiasm. The enthusiasm lasted until the first of No-

vember—and we still have the intentions. Intentions are no trouble at all. Why you do not even have to think about them. That is why we still have them.

In the beginning we were bequeathed an office containing some questionable furniture; a capable staff; a book on proof reading and some knowing looks on the part of the vacating editor. We in turn leave everything which was bequeathed to us except the editor—and we cannot find him. Our passing will not tend to inconvenience the magazine in the least, for there has been a bright young person warming up in the bull pen, so to speak. He has an idea that he knows what he is in for, but he is mistaken; he will not know until a year from now, when he leaves his office for the last time, an individual who is unable to spell *cat* due to the fact that during his editorship he typed his own stuff with two fingers and a thumb. Far be it from us to disillusion eager youth, but the piper must be paid unless he is a pied piper—and then he does not need pay.

Seriously, however, the year has been pleasant which was largely due to the many friends which the ALEMBIC has. The staff worked earnestly to publish the best possible magazine both from a typographical and a literary standpoint. How well they have succeeded the readers alone are in a position to judge. We take the present occasion as a fitting one in which to thank whole-heartedly all those who worked in the interest of the ALEMBIC.



# ALUMNI

**O**NE of the features of Commencement Week will be Alumni Day, Tuesday, the ninth of June, having been set apart for those activities of the Alumni that are of annual occurrence. Requiem mass for the repose of the souls of deceased members of the Alumni will be celebrated in the college chapel at 10 A. M. Immediately following the mass will be the annual business meeting; this will be featured by the admission to the society of the new members; those of the Senior Class and the pre-medical students who have completed their two-year course. The main business will be the election of officers and the Board of Governors. The present incumbents are:

President—Francis J. McCabe, A. B., '24.

Vice President—Joseph F. Flynn, A. B., '24.

Secretary—Daniel J. O'Neill, A. B., '24.

Treasurer—Harold J. Crawford, A. B., '24.

The present Board of Governors:

E. J. Kelly, A. B., '23.

W. L. Coffey, B. S., '23.

J. P. McCarthy, A. B., '24.

G. L. McGonagle, B. S., '23.

C. J. Ashworth, A. B., '23.

T. B. Sullivan, Ph. B., '23.

At 8 o'clock in the evening of Alumni Day the annual banquet will be held in the Biltmore Hotel, Providence, which will be attended by all members including the newly inducted members of the organization. The committee in charge of affairs for the banquet is comprised of:

Howard F. Bradley, A. B., '24 (Chairman).

Joseph A. Fogarty, Ph. B., '23.

Richard J. McCaffrey, A. B., '24.

Daniel J. O'Neill, A. B., '24.

Among the recent visitors to the college were Joe McGee, '24, at present in this city; and William J. Farrell, ex-'25, a student at the Seminary of Philosophy in Montreal.

At some of the recent ball games at Hendricken Field were these loyal members of the Alumni: George L. McGonagle, B. S., '23; William Tierney, pre-Med, '23; Howard Bradley and James Keliher, '24; and James J. Corigan, '24, circulation manager of the ALEMBIC last year.

Howard J. Farrell, '24, was a visitor to the Alembic office. He is home on a vacation from Columbia Law.

*Earle F. Ford, '25.*



# COLLEGE CHRONICLE

*Retreat* The annual retreat for the students took place from April 8 to 10. It began with the celebration of a solemn high mass on Monday and it was concluded with benediction on Wednesday morning. The retreat was under the direction of the Rev. William L. Lawlor, O. P.

On the final day of the retreat the entire student body received Holy Communion for the intention of the repose of the souls of John and Joseph Walsh and Arthur Gannon. The relatives of the three deceased students were present at the celebration of the mass in the Chapel.

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The Providence College Dramatic Club presented "*Nancy*" the original musical comedy "*Nancy*" Thursday evening, April 30, at the Majestic Theatre, Arctic, Rhode Island. The presentation was received enthusiastically by the capacity audience.

A week after the Arctic performance, on Thursday evening, May 7, "*Nancy*" made its debut before an audience that filled the Elk's Auditorium. Standing room was at a premium and the players were given a rousing reception.

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*Investiture* The exercises marking the investiture of the Senior Class in caps and gowns were held on Monday, May 11. Following the mass and the ceremony of investiture, the Senior Class was addressed by the Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O. P., Dean of the college.

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*Junior Prom* The Junior Promenade was held on the evening of May 14, in the Narragansett Hotel. It was a huge success which was due in a large part to the committee which included Charles Reynolds, chairman; James Leach, Henry Reall, Edward McQuade, Martin Toomey, Thomas Cullen and Francis Lowry.

**Banquet** The members of the cast of "Nancy," the executive staff and authors, were tendered a banquet at the Metacomet Golf Club on the evening of May 25. The dinner took the form of a love feast in celebration of the great success of the play.

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**Prize Debate** The fourth annual prize debate was held in the Gymnasium the evening of May 27, under the auspices of the Providence College Debating Society. The question at issue was "Resolved, That the United States Should Become a Member of the World Court as at Present Constituted." The affirmative was defended by Edward J. McEntee, '28; Francis V. Reynolds, '26, and John J. Hayes, '27. The negative was upheld by T. Gregory Sullivan, '25; Joseph A. Slavin, '28, and Stephen M. Murray, '27. The decision was awarded to the affirmative.

The judges were Dr. Charles Carroll; Edward M. Brennan, Esq., and Christopher J. Brennan, Esq.

Robert E. Curran, '25, president of the Debating Society, acted as chairman.

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**Lecture** Mr. James Drury, librarian of the John Hayes Memorial Library of Brown University, gave a lecture to the members of the Senior and Junior classes on May 28. His subject was "The Library as a Detective Agency."

*Walter F. Reilley, '26.*

## EXCHANGE

**I**N REVIEWING the various college magazines during the past year we have noticed that each weekly, monthly or quarterly as the case may have been, had some feature peculiar to itself. We also have observed in the course of our experience that though each magazine had its peculiar quality there were a few salient characteristics common to each and all of them.

In the first case the lack of good short stories in college magazines is almost universal. Even the best monthlies, which it has been our pleasure to review, have failed when the short story was in question. It is true that we found many well-written articles, essays and a plentitude of verse of pleasing quality—even a few specimens of free verse, but when we read the stories we were disappointed. The story in the college magazine smacks of the amateur. The plot centers chiefly around the romantic with an occasional mystery story and the altogether too-frequent pugilistic story—and deliver us from those pugilistic stories! Not knowing what is the cause of the present dearth of short stories in the college publication we cannot offer any solution to the matter but the unsuccessful and pitiable attempt at the short story is noticeable in practically all the college magazines which we have seen.

Another fact that has been so evident that it could not possibly have escaped our notice is that some essay subjects are decidedly overworked. We refer, and take for our example, the essays on Joseph Conrad and Anatole France. France died a few weeks following Conrad, whereupon several writers took their pens in hand and wrote lengthy encomiums on Conrad and cutting diatribes on France. We were interested to read these essays in the exchanges of the September and November issues. But the writers were not satisfied, for being replete with information on these two contemporaries they continued, and we found essays on these two literateurs even in the March and April issues of certain monthlies. Moreover, almost without exception, the essayists treated these two men in the same

manner. They had little but praise for Conrad, but such treatment as poor old Anatole received with the pens of these writers! He was subjected to repeated indignities and precipitated so nonchalantly by college scribblers into a most ignominious eternity, the common designation of which my modest pen, blushing, refrains from writing here. We assure you that we are not a devotee of France, but when we read the series of invectives and the whole-hearted condemnation of the follower of Renan we were led to believe that prejudice was playing an important role in this over-worked essay subject.

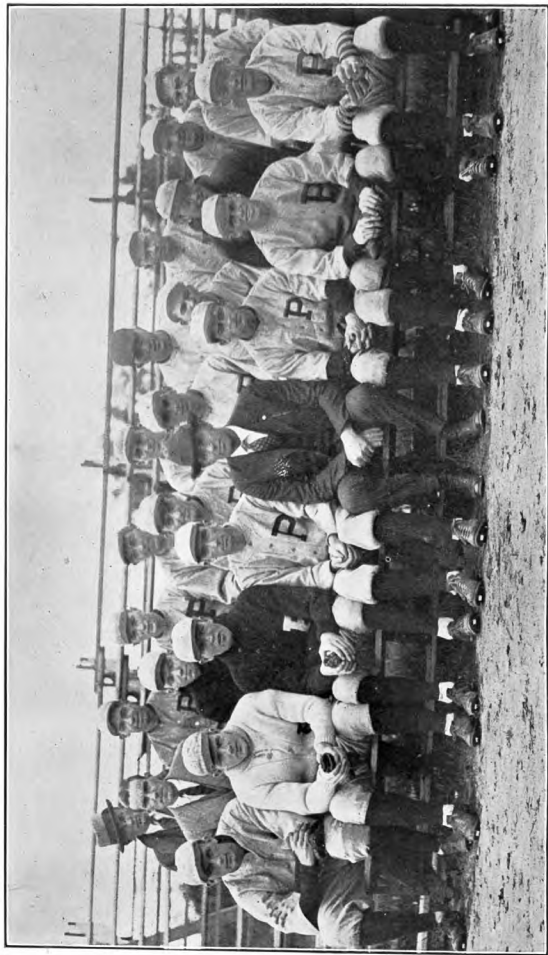
Then, too, it has been amusing to note the attitude that some of the exchange editors assume. Fearful lest the exchange editor of the magazine they are reviewing might reciprocate, they sacrifice the truth for sweet sounding and meaningless phrases. The exchange editor refers particularly to those exchange columns written by the young ladies. For the exchange editors of magazines under the supervision of the damsels indulge in such obsequious flattery and balsamic tid bits that we are frequently led to exclaim that somewhat inelegant phrase, "it's the honey." The exchange editor's duty is to review the magazines as he finds them and those exchange editors who constantly resort to flattery have a misconception of the purpose of the exchange column.

During the past year it has been our pleasure to receive the exchanges listed below:

- Alvernian, The*, St. Francis College.
- Ambrosian, The*, St. Ambrose College
- Anselmian, The*, St. Anselm's College
- Anesthesia*, Mills Training School
- Ateneo Monthly*, Ateneo De Manilla, P. I.
- Beacon, The* Rhode Island State College.
- Beulahland, The*, St. Joseph's College, London, England
- Borromean, The*, St. Charles College
- Brown Jug, The*, Brown University
- Bulletin, The*, Northeastern University
- Boston College Stylus*, Boston College
- Chimes, The*, Cathedral College
- College Days*, St. Benedict's College
- Dove, The*, Mt. St. Scholastica College

*Fordham Monthly, The*, Fordham University  
*Green Horn, The*, Manhattan College  
*Green and White, The*, De La Salle College  
*Holy Cross Purple, The*, Holy Cross College  
*Labarum, The*, Mt. St. Joseph's College  
*Laurel, The*, St. Bonaventure's College  
*Micrometer, The*, Ohio Mechanic's Institute  
*New Student, The*, New York, N. Y.  
*Niagara Index. The*, Niagara University.  
*Notre Dame Scholastic, The*, Notre Dame University.  
*Ozanam, The*, St. John's College  
*Patrician, The*, Aquinas College  
*Purple and Gold, The*, St. Michael's College  
*Rosary College Eagle*, Rosary College  
*St. John Record, The*, St. John's University  
*Setonian, The*, Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.  
*Sinsinawa, The*, St. Clara Academy  
*Text. The*, Lowell Textile School  
*Tomahawk, The*, Holy Cross College  
*Tower, The*, Catholic University  
*Vers L'Ideal*, College De L'Assomption.  
*Viatorian, The*, St. Viator College

James C. Conlon, '25.



BASEBALL TEAM 1925





With but seven more contests remaining on the '25 diamond programme, Providence College this season established its White and Black colors in the Eastern collegiate spotlight with a record unsurpassed by any institution in the East. Conquering Villa Nova and Boston College in thrilling battles on Hendricken Field, the machine developed by Jack Flynn registered successes that firmly placed them in the running for championship honors. Big games still are to be played with Holy Cross and Brown University.

#### PROVIDENCE VS. VILLA NOVA

Letting down the championship-aspiring Villa Nova team of Villa Nova, Pennsylvania, with four hits while his teammates bunched seven of their ten hits for three runs, Charley Reynolds, ace of the White and Black's twirling staff, registered a clean-cut 3 to 1 victory in a well-played contest on Hendricken Field.

Great defensive work by the home outfield trio—Art O'Brien, Ed Wholey and Tom Delaney—assisted Reynolds in the triumph. Providence established a first-inning lead when Heck Allen, leading off with a triple, easily scored on Wholey's Texas leaguer to left field. Wholey crossed the plate in the third with what proved to be the winning tally. He singled to left field, stole second and completed the circuit on Captain Johnny Halloran's timely hit along the left field foul line.

Leading off with a triple in the fifth, Mascardi, visiting right fielder, easily scored on Shuman's line single to centrefield. Bill

Jacobs, husky catcher of the Pennsy team, was relieved of his duties in the third when he suffered a split finger from a foul-tip.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						VILLA NOVA							
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e		
Allen, 3b	4	2	0	1	0	M'y'han, 2b	4	1	3	5	1		
Wholey, m	4	3	2	0	0	Hartnett, ss	4	0	0	2	0		
Delaney, r	4	0	3	0	0	Cotter, 3b	4	0	1	2	0		
Doyle, 2b	3	2	0	0	0	Connell, 1b	4	2	12	0	1		
Halloran, c	3	2	7	0	0	Jacobs, c	3	0	4	1	0		
Sullivan, 1b	4	0	10	0	0	Sheehan, c	3	0	4	1	0		
McLaughlin, ss	4	1	0	3	0	Mascardi, r	3	1	2	0	0		
O'Brien, l	4	0	4	0	0	Shuman, l	3	1	1	0	0		
Reynolds, p	3	1	1	4	0	Volos, m	3	0	1	0	0		
						Slombouski, p	3	0	0	2	0		
						Griffith, p	0	0	0	0	0		
Totals	33	11	27	8	0	Totals	31	5	24	12	2		
Innings	.....1					2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence	.....1					0	1	1	0	0	0	0	x-3
Villa Nova	.....0					0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-1

Runs—Allen, Wholey, Reynolds—3; Mascardi—1. Hits—Off Slombouski 11 in 7 1-3 innings; off Griffith none in 2-3 inning. Stolen bases—Wholey. Two-base hit—Connell. Three-base hits—Allen, Doyle, Mascardi. Sacrifice hit—Mascardi. Double plays—Cotter to Connell. Struck out—By Reynolds 6; by Slombouski 4. Base on balls—Off Slombouski 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Reynolds—Jacobs; by Slombouski—Halloran. Left on bases—Providence 7; Villa Nova 5. Time—2h. Umpire—Meehan.

### BOSTON COLLEGE VS. PROVIDENCE

Providence College, after registering seven victories and a tie in its eight previous games, suffered its first defeat of the season at Chestnut Hill when the powerful Boston College team, with Eddie Mullowney on the mound, hit opportunely and piled up seven runs while Jack Flynn's players were held runless until the ninth.

Joe Smith started for the White and Black but was relieved in the second inning by Joe Whalen. Ed Wholey was the only Providence outfielder connecting for four safe hits in as many trips to the plate. Heck Allen saved his team from a shutout with a home run drive to left centre in the ninth frame. Owen Murphy's one-hand running catch of Doyle's bid for a home run in the fifth was the fielding feature.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						BOSTON COLLEGE								
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e			
Allen, 3b	5	2	1	1	0	Foley, 3b	5	2	0	1	0			
Wholey, m	4	4	2	0	1	G. Whalen, 1b	4	1	9	0	0			
Considine, r	5	1	1	0	0	Darling, m	4	2	1	0	0			
Doyle, 2b	5	1	0	1	0	W. Cronin, 2b	4	1	4	2	0			
Halloran, c	4	1	5	0	0	C. Cronin, r	4	1	0	0	0			
Sullivan, 1b	4	0	10	0	1	Murphy, l	4	1	2	0	0			
McLaughlin, ss.	2	0	3	4	0	Moncewicz, ss.	4	2	0	6	0			
O'Brien, l	3	0	2	0	0	McMenimen, c	2	0	11	1	1			
Smith, p	1	0	0	0	1	Mullowney, p	2	0	0	1	0			
*Maroney	1	0	0	0	0									
J. Whalen, p	2	0	0	3	0									
Totals	36	9	24	8	3	Totals	33	10	27	11	1			
Innings						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston						3	1	1	0	0	2	0	0	x-7
Providence						0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-1

Runs—Foley, Darling 2, W. Cronin, Murphy, Moncewicz, McMenimen—7; Allen—1. Hits—Off Smith 4 in 1 inning; off Whalen 6 in 7. Two-base hit—Doyle. Three-base hit—Foley. Home runs—W. Cronin, Murphy, Allen. Sacrifices—Wholey, Mullowney 2. Double play—McLaughlin to Sullivan. Struck out—By Mullowney 12, by Whalen 4, by Smith 1. First base on balls—Off Mullowney 1, off Whalen 2, off Smith 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Mullowney, O'Brien, McLaughlin. First base on errors—Providence 1, Boston College 2. Left on bases—Providence 11, Boston College 7. Time of game—2h. 10m. Umpire—Talbot and Halloran. Balk—Mullowney.

\*Batted for Whalen in the 9th.

### PROVIDENCE VS. M. I. T. BEAVERS

Pete Malloy, clever portsider on Coach Jack Flynn's staff, hung up his second victory of the season by letting down the M. I. T. Beavers with three hits and no runs, the final score reading 6 to 0 in favor of the White and Black. The whitewashing was the second administered to the Bay Staters within a week, Jack Triggs a week before yielding no hits and no runs in an abbreviated five-inning contest.

Four hits accounted for as many runs in the first inning and the substitution of Canfield for Reinhardt, visiting hurler. The fielding of Captain Mereweather at second base for the losers was the feature of the game. The victory was the ninth of the season for Providence.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						M. I. T. BEAVERS					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen, 3b	3	0	1	1	0	Cotter, m	4	1	5	0	0
Wholey, m	3	1	1	0	0	Robinson, 3b	4	0	0	1	0
Considine, r	4	1	0	0	0	Mereweather, 2b	4	0	4	7	0
Doyle, 2b	4	2	3	2	0	Crandell, 1b	4	0	10	0	0
Maroney, c	4	1	10	0	0	Nickel, l	3	0	1	0	0
Sullivan, 1b	4	2	10	0	3	Fahey, r	3	2	0	0	1
McLaughlin, ss.	4	1	2	3	0	Freeman, ss	3	0	0	0	1
O'Brien, l	4	1	0	0	0	Clough, c	2	0	4	0	0
Malloy, p	4	2	0	3	0	Reinhardt, p	0	0	0	0	1
						Canfield, p	3	0	0	0	0
						Michelena, c	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	11	27	9	3	Totals	31	3	24	8	3
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9					1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9					
Providence	4 0 1 0 0 1 0 0					x—6					

Runs—Allen, Wholey, Doyle 2, Sullivan, O'Brien—6. Hits—Off Reinhardt, 4 in 2-3 inning; off Canfield 7 in 7 1-2. Stolen base—McLaughlin. Three-base hit—Doyle. Sacrifice hit—Wholey. Double plays Mereweather to Crandell; McLaughlin to Doyle to Sullivan. Struck out—By Malloy, 9; Reinhardt, 1; Canfield, 2. Base on balls—Off Malloy 1. Passed ball—Clough. Hit by pitched ball—By Canfield, Allen. First base on errors—Providence, 1; M. I. T., 2. Left on bases—Providence, 6; M. I. T., 5. Time of game 1h. 55m. Umpire—Meehan.

### WILLIAM AND MARY VS. PROVIDENCE

Providence College sustained its first home defeat of the season and the second in two seasons when the William and Mary College nine of Williamsburg, Va., fresh from an 11-8 victory over Holy Cross, tripped up the White and Black in a closely-fought contest, the Southerners eking out a 6 to 5 decision.

Charley Reynolds, on the mound for Coach Flynn's combination, was off form, the sorrel-topped lad giving way to a pinch hitter in the seventh inning after the visitors had scored the winning run in the first half of the same stanza. William and Mary inaugurated its attack in the opening frame, coupling four hits with two infield errors for four runs. Providence, fighting every inch of the way, gradually whittled down the advantage, taking the lead in the fourth.

Three hits decided the issue in the seventh, Brasseur crossing the plate with the winning tally. Joe Whalen, substituting for Reynolds in the eighth, retired the six men to face him in order. The defeat was the second suffered by Reynolds in his college career, Brown University beating him 2 to 1 in the second series game last season.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						WILLIAM AND MARY								
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e			
Allen, 3b	5	1	2	4	1	Brasseur, 2b	5	3	2	4	0			
Wholey, m	4	1	1	0	0	Kahn, ss	3	1	2	1	0			
Considine, r	5	1	0	0	0	Todd, l	4	2	2	0	0			
Doyle, 2b	4	2	2	2	1	Drewry, 1b	4	2	12	0	0			
Halloran, c	4	1	5	1	0	Parsons, r	4	2	1	0	0			
Sullivan, 1b	4	0	12	1	0	Delk, c	3	0	5	1	2			
McLaughlin, ss.	4	1	4	5	1	Moss, m	4	1	3	0	0			
O'Brien, l	3	1	0	1	1	Thompson, 3b	4	0	0	1	0			
Reynolds, p	2	1	1	4	0	Ely, p	2	0	0	2	0			
*Triggs	1	0	0	0	0	Gregory, p	2	0	0	2	0			
Whalen, p	1	0	0	0	0									
zMaroney	3	0	0	0	0									
Totals	37	9	27	18	4	Totals	35	11	27	11	2			
Innings						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
William & Mary						4	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0-6
Providence						1	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0-5

Runs—Kahn, Todd 2, Drewry, Parsons, Brasseur — 6; Considine, Doyle, Allen, McLaughlin, O'Brien—5. Hits—Off Ely 5 5in 2 2-3 innings; off Gregory 4 in 6 1-3; off Reynolds 11 in 7; off Whalen 0 in 2. Stolen bases—McLaughlin, Sullivan, Considine. Two-base hit—Doyle. Three-base hits—Todd 2, O'Brien. Home run—Allen. Sacrifice hit—Kahn. Double play—McLaughlin to Sullivan. Struck out—By Reynolds 1; by Ely 2; by Gregory 2; by Whalen 2. First base on balls—Off Reynolds 1; off Ely 1; off Gregory 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Reynolds — Kahn. First base on errors—Providence 1; William and Mary 2. Left on bases—Providence 7; William and Mary 5. Umpire—Meehan. Time th. 50m.

\*Batted for Reynolds in 7th.  
zBatted for O'Brien in 9th.

PROVIDENCE VS. NEW HAMPSHIRE

A home run drive to the left field fence by Heck Allen, first batter in the home half of the ninth, gave Providence College a 6 to 5 victory over the New Hampshire University team in a closely fought game on Hendricken Field. Relieving Jack Triggs with the bases loaded in the seventh inning, Pete Malloy forced Clark to pop up for the third out.

While Malloy was holding the visitors helpless, his teammates vainly strove for a deciding run in the home half of the seventh and eighth frames. In the ninth, however, Allen came through with a drive that bounded off the left field foul stripe and rolled to the fence for a circuit clout. The victory was credited to Malloy. Break-

ing into the lineup for the first time, Frank McGee played an impressive game. He was used in right field.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						NEW HAMPSHIRE								
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e			
Allen, 3b	4	3	1	1	0	O'Connor, r	5	0	1	0	0			
Wholey, m	3	1	4	0	0	Lufkin, 2b	5	3	3	2	1			
McGee, r	3	1	2	0	0	Nicara, 1b	5	2	10	1	0			
Doyle, 2b	3	1	2	3	0	Campbell, 3b	4	0	1	0	2			
Halloran, c	4	1	4	0	1	Jenkins, m	4	1	1	1	0			
McLaughlin, ss.	4	0	4	3	2	Clark, l	3	0	3	0	1			
Sullivan, 1b	4	0	9	1	0	French, c	3	2	4	0	0			
O'Brien l	3	0	1	0	0	Hammersley, ss.	3	0	1	1	0			
Triggs, p	3	1	0	3	2	Garvin, p	4	1	0	3	0			
Malloy, p	1	0	0	0	0									
Totals	32	8	27	11	5	Totals	36	9	*24	8	4			
Innings						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College						2	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	1—6
New Hampshire						0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	0—5

Runs—Allen 2, Wholey, McGee, Doyle, Halloran—6; Lufkin 3, Nicara, Jenkins—5. Hits—Off Triggs 9 in 6 2-3 innings; Malloy 0 in 2 1-3. Stolen bases—Wholey, O'Brien. Two-base hit—French. Home run—Allen. Sacrifices—Wholey, McGee, Hammersley. Triple play—Doyle to McLaughlin to Sullivan to Allen. Struck out—By Triggs 2; Malloy 1, Garvin 4. First base on balls—Off Triggs 1; Garvin 3. Hit by pitched ball—By Triggs (Clark). First base on errors—Providence College 3; New Hampshire 3. Left on bases—Providence College 7; New Hampshire 7. Time—2h. Umpire—Meehan.

\*None out when winning run scored.

### PROVIDENCE VS. BOSTON COLLEGE

Offering a defense that was well-nigh impregnable but an attack that was punchless against the baffling delivery of Charley Reynolds, the Boston College nine fell helpless victims by an 8 to 4 score before the fighting Providence College nine in the return game on Hendricken Field. The victory was the first registered by the White and Black over the Maroon and Gold.

Timely hitting by Captain Johnny Halloran coupled with the home-run clouting of Stretch Sullivan, Red McLaughlin and Ray Doyle paved the way for the cherished triumph. Providence College did what Holy Cross, Eastern champions, had alone been able to do this season—trim the Eagles on a New England diamond. A third game may be played to settle supremacy between the two teams. The biggest crowd ever to pack itself into Hendricken Field

marvelled at the veteran work of our incomparable battery combination—Charley Reynolds and Captain Johnny Halloran.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					BOSTON COLLEGE									
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e			
Allen, 3b	3	2	0	1	1	Foley, 3b	5	1	0	0	0			
Wholey, m	3	1	6	0	0	C. Cronin, 2, 1b	5	2	4	2	0			
Considine, r	2	0	1	0	0	Darling, m	5	1	1	0	0			
Doyle, 2b	3	1	2	1	1	Whalen, 1b	3	0	10	0	0			
Halloran, c	4	3	11	0	0	Clinton, 2b	1	0	0	0	0			
McLaughlin, ss.	4	1	2	3	0	Murphy, 1	5	1	1	0	0			
Sullivan, 1b	3	1	3	0	0	Costigan, r	5	1	0	0	0			
O'Brien, 1	3	0	2	0	1	Monewicz, ss.	4	1	1	4	0			
Reynolds, p	4	0	0	1	0	McMenimen, c.	3	1	7	2	0			
						Carroll, p	2	1	0	3	0			
						*W. Cronin	1	0	0	0	0			
						Shea, p	0	0	0	0	0			
						Mullowney, p	0	0	0	0	0			
						zMcNamara	0	0	0	0	0			
						McCrehan, p	0	0	0	0	0			
Totals	29	9	27	6	3	Totals	39	9	24	11	0			
Innings						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College						2	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	x—8
Boston College						0	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—4

Runs—Allen 2, Wholey 2, Doyle, Halloran, McLaughlin, Sullivan—8; C. Cronin, Murphy, Costigan 2—4. Hits—Off Carroll 5 in 5 innings; off Shea 2 in 0; off Mullowney 2 in 2; off McCrehan 0 in 1. Two-base hits—Carroll, Darling, Costigan. Home runs—Sullivan, McLaughlin, Doyle. Sacrifice hits—Wholey, Considine 2, Sullivan. Double play Carroll to C. Cronin to Whalen. Struck out—By Reynolds 10; by Carroll 3; by Mullowney 1; by McCrehan 2. First base on balls—Off Reynolds 4; off Carroll 1; off Mullowney 1. Losing pitcher—Carroll. Hit by pitched ball—By Carroll—O'Brien. First base on errors—Boston 3. Left on bases—Providence 4; Boston 12. Time—2h. 15m. Umpires—Meehan and Ferrick.

zBatted for Mullowney in 8th.  
\*Batted for Carroll in 5th.

PROVIDENCE VS. SUBMARINE BASE

A pitchers' battle, unparalleled in the three years' history of diamond activities on Hendricken Field, was won by Joe Smith of Providence College, the 18-year-old yearling conquering Pete Harrell and the New London Submarine Base nine in the best game ever played on the home field. The final score was 2 to 0, the shutout being the third registered by the White and Black this campaign.

The performance was in the nature of a comeback for Smith. He yielded but three scattered hits while his teammates bunched three of their five hits in the fourth and sixth innings. Phenomenal

catches were contributed by Moore at shortstop, Justice in left field, and Knoppley on first base, all of the visitors' team while Ed Wholey's putout on Moore's line drive in the seventh was written down indelibly in the record book.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						SUB BASE								
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e			
Allen, 3b	4	1	0	2	1	Hawes, 2b	4	0	1	1	0			
Wholey, m	4	1	3	0	0	Stubbs, r	4	1	0	0	0			
McGee, r	2	1	2	0	0	Harrell, p	4	2	1	4	0			
Doyle, 2b	2	0	1	3	0	Anctel, c	4	0	3	2	1			
Maroney, c	2	1	1	0	0	Witherspoon, 3b	3	0	1	1	0			
McLaughlin, ss	3	0	2	2	1	Moore, ss	3	0	4	0	0			
Sullivan, 1b	3	1	10	0	0	Justis, l	3	0	1	0	0			
O'Brien, l	3	0	4	0	0	McDonough, r	3	0	4	0	0			
Smith, p	3	0	2	2	0	Kneppley, 1b	2	0	9	0	0			
*Graham	1	0	0	0	0									
Considine, r	0	0	2	0	0									
Totals	27	5	27	9	2	Totals	30	3	24	8	1			
Innings						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College						0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	x—2

Runs—McGee, Wholey—2. Stolen bases—Harrell, McGee. Two-base hit—Allen. Double plays—Doyle to Sullivan; McLaughlin to Sullivan. Struck out—By Smith 1; Harrell 2. First base on balls—Off Smith 1; Harrell 3. First base on errors—Submarine Base 2. Left on bases—Providence College 4; Sub Base 4. Time—1h. 43m. Umpire—Meehan.

\*Batted for McGee in 8th.

### PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN

Good pitching by Joe Whalen, yearling star, and timely hitting by Frank McGee and Ray Doyle in the first inning paved the way for the 13th victory of the Providence College ball team, the White and Black shutting out Northeastern University 2 to 0 in a well-played game on Kent Field in Brookline. The defeat was the second sustained by the Bay Staters at the hands of Coach Jack Flynn's players this season.

Allen was safe on Eldridge's error in the first inning. Wholey neatly sacrificed and McGee drove a timely single into left field, Allen scoring and the batter taking second on a useless throw to the plate. Ray Doyle then connected for the second hit of the inning, sending McGee home for the final run of the game. The contest



was the fastest of the campaign, consuming but one hour and thirty-eight minutes.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						NORTHEASTERN								
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e			
Allen, 3b .....	4	1	2	2	1	Ayles, ss .....	4	0	3	2	0			
Wholey, m .....	3	0	4	0	0	Dennis, l .....	4	1	3	0	0			
McGee, r .....	4	1	1	0	0	Mader, 2b .....	4	0	3	4	0			
Doyle, 2b .....	4	3	2	1	0	Freeland, 1b ....	4	0	9	0	1			
Halloran, c .....	3	0	6	1	0	Eldridge, 3b .....	0	0	0	0	1			
McLaughlin, ss..	4	1	0	3	0	Pender, 3b .....	4	1	1	0	0			
Sullivan, 1b .....	4	0	9	0	0	Watson, m .....	4	1	0	0	0			
O'Brien, l .....	3	0	2	0	0	Flynn, r .....	3	1	2	0	0			
Whalen, p .....	3	0	1	2	1	Meehan, c .....	3	0	6	1	0			
						Lang, p .....	3	1	0	3	0			
Totals .....	32	6	27	9	2	Totals .....	33	5	27	10	1			
Innings .....						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College .....						2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Runs—Allen, McGee—2. Sacrifice hits—Wholey, Halloran. Double plays—Mader to Freeland; McLaughlin to Doyle to Sullivan. Struck out—By Whalen 6; by Lang 5. Base on balls—Off Whalen 1. First base on errors—Providence College 2; Northeastern 2. Left on bases—Providence 6; Northeastern 7. Time—1h. 38m. Umpire—Coady.

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. MICHAEL'S

A two-year-old 3 to 1 defeat was avenged when St. Michael's College of Burlington, Vermont, was turned back 8 to 6 in a slow and loosely played game on Hendricken Field. The victory was the 14th of the season for the White and Black. The visitors hit hard, bunching seven of their nine hits off Pete Malloy at opportune times.

A home run drive by Randall in the first inning after two batters had been retired featured the attack of both nines. Providence established a four-run lead in the third frame only to lose it. With the score deadlocked, the White and Black forged ahead in the seventh and eighth innings, only to be threatened again in the ninth.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen, 3b .....	3	0	0	3	0	Benoit, l .....	55	0	1	0	0
Wholey, m .....	4	2	2	0	0	Hickey, c .....	5	2	11	0	0
Considine, r .....	3	0	0	0	0	Randall, c .....	5	2	11	0	0
Doyle, 2b .....	3	0	5	3	1	Bouchard, ss .....	5	3	1	5	1
Maroney, c .....	4	1	4	2	0	Cote, 1b .....	3	0	8	0	0
Halloran, c .....	0	0	0	0	0	Perotta, m .....	4	0	0	1	0
McLaughlin, ss. ....	4	1	2	2	1	Pollinger, p .....	3	2	0	3	0
Sullivan, 1b .....	4	2	12	0	2	Robinson, r .....	4	0	0	0	0
O'Brien, l .....	4	0	2	1	0	Wakefield, 3b .....	4	1	1	1	3
Malloy, p .....	3	0	0	7	1						
Reynolds, p .....	0	0	0	0	0						
*Triggs .....	0	0	0	0	0						
Totals .....	32	6	27	18	5	Totals .....	38	11	24	11	4

Innings .....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College .....	0	1	4	0	0	0	1	2	x—8
St. Michael's College .....	1	0	0	0	2	1	1	0	1—6

Runs—Allen, Wholey 2, Doyle, Maroney 2, McLaughlin, Sullivan—8; Benoit, Hickey 2, Randall, Bouchard, Pollinger—6. Hits—Off Malloy 9 in 8 innings; Reynolds 2 in 1. Stolen bases—Considine, Doyle, Sullivan, Benoit, Hickey. Three-base hits—Maroney, Wholey, Bouchard. Home run—Randall. Sacrifices—Wholey, Cote. Double plays—Malloy to McLaughlin to Sullivan; Allen to Doyle to Sullivan. Struck out—By Malloy 4; Pollinger 11. First base on balls—Off Malloy 2; Pollinger 5. Wild pitch—Malloy. Winning pitcher Malloy. Passed balls—Hickey 3, Maroney. First base on errors—Providence College 4; St. Michael's College 4. Left on bases—Providence College 6; St. Michael's College 8. Time—2h. 10m. Umpire—Meehan.

\*Batted for Malloy in 8th.

Averages for the first fifteen games, compiled by the writer, indicate a healthy offensive attack, the team batting average being .259. Opposing teams are hitting at .159, an average that warrants consideration of our pitching staff as the best in intercollegiate circles. The batting and fielding averages are as follows:

## Athletics

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Player	g	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	sh	sb	per.	po	a	e	per.
McGee, rf	2	5	2	2	0	0	0	1	1	.400	4	0	0	1.000
Allen, 3b	15	56	15	20	2	2	5	0	2	.357	10	27	6	.884
Maroney, c	8	12	2	4	1	0	0	0	0	.333	27	1	0	1.000
Graham, ss	3	9	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	.333	2	2	2	.667
Doyle, 2b	15	48	11	15	5	2	2	0	1	.312	27	32	6	.909
Halloran, c	9	42	7	13	0	0	0	2	1	.309	73	13	3	.966
Triggs, p	5	11	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	.275	0	10	2	.833
Wholey, m	15	57	9	15	0	0	1	5	4	.263	27	1	1	.966
McLaughlin, ss	14	47	6	12	3	0	2	0	4	.255	28	34	7	.899
Malloy, p	3	8	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	.250	0	6	0	1.000
Smith, p	4	8	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	.250	4	3	1	.875
Considine, rf	11	34	5	7	0	0	0	2	1	.206	7	0	0	1.000
Sullivan, lb	15	49	9	10	1	0	1	4	3	.204	143	4	9	.909
Delaney, rf	4	20	3	5	0	1	0	1	0	.200	4	0	2	.667
Reynolds, p	5	15	1	3	0	0	0	1	0	.200	4	16	0	1.000
O'Brien, lf	15	45	6	7	0	1	0	1	5	.156	28	2	2	.938
Brickley, lf	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	2	0	0	1.000
Whalen, p	4	10	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	.200	0	8	0	1.000
Team	480	81	124							.259	390	158	41	.930
Opponents	472	51	77							.159	362	158	41	.926

*Vernon C. Norton, '27.*



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