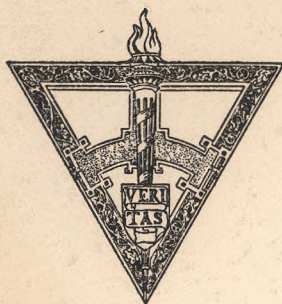


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 5

DECEMBER, 1924

NO. 3

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Providence College Alembic

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1924,

No. 3

CONTENTS

Midnight Mass.....	<i>John L. McCormick</i>	82
James C. Gibbons.....	<i>Robert E. Curran</i>	83
Real Life.....	<i>Stephen M. Murray</i>	89
William L. Murphy.....	<i>James C. Conlon</i>	90
The Quitter.....	<i>T. J. Dale</i>	91
Christmas	<i>E. George Clouthier</i>	95
In Behalf of Poesy.....	<i>Thomas P. Carroll</i>	96
A Christmas Letter.....	<i>J. C. McGonagle</i>	100
Late Fall.....	<i>James E. Lynch</i>	101
War An Absolute Custom.....	<i>John F. Fitzpatrick</i>	103
The Grocers Boy's Reply. There's A Point to This	<i>Frank J. Fanning</i>	106
The Great and Small.....	<i>John W. Ruba</i>	107
The Observer.....	<i>T. Henry Barry</i>	109
Editorials		113
College Chronicle.....	<i>John J. Fitzpatrick</i>	117
Exchange	<i>James C. Conlon</i>	119
Athletics.....	<i>Vernon C. Norton</i>	123

Published monthly from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence R. I. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized January 13, 1921."

Midnight Mass

To Bethlehem a man and maid
With painful steps their journey laid.
(The priest ascends the altar steps)
With anxious face they scanned the way
For shelter from the waning day.
(The priest now scans the sacred text)
The inns were filled with merry throng,
"There is no room, please move along!"
(The priest moves to the gospel place)
A cave they found, both rude and old,
Hewn in the limestone, dark and cold.
(The altar stone is also hard)
Before the manger angels knelt,
And ecstasies of worship felt.
(We kneel before the chancel rail)
In Bethlehem was Jesus born
Of Mary on that sacred morn.
(Today the priest brings Christ to us)
The Mother clasped Him to her breast.
He was her Son, the while earth's guest.
(A guest He comes to fill our hearts;)
A babe so tiny, helpless, frail,
Can weakness 'gainst the world prevail?
(Yet helped by Him how can we fail?)

John L. McCormick, '27.

James Cardinal Gibbons— American

PHILOSOPHY tells us that not what is spectacular but what is good should regulate man's respect for man; that productive deeds alone motivated by exalted principles should measure his fame. Greatness of mind and heart of themselves prove nothing. According as they are directed in their operation into channels of human progress and welfare they recommend themselves to grateful remembrance and well-founded admiration. Thus when a man of undeniable firmness of purpose sets about his task with a sympathetic gentleness; and, though great of intellect, practices Christian humility; while all the time engaged in the great work of man's moral uplift, he might be said to qualify for honorable mention in history! There is little of the spectacular about this character; his calling drew him to other fields of endeavor. But in his chosen profession he fills a high place by the exemplary conduct of a long life devoted to the sublime task of instilling in man an adequate appreciation of the last end and highest good attainable—God! Such a man was James Cardinal Gibbons.

The whole nation knows of him. It still vividly retains recollections of the Priest, Bishop, and Cardinal of holy life and loving disposition, qualities not at all unusual in a Prince of the Church in America, though rarely so singularly marked and effectively applied. Hence, it is not Father Gibbons the Cardinal that impressed the American people; nor yet Father Gibbons the philanthropist. There is still an element in his greatness that bears to our special day and hour a profound significance, and holds for the average American citizen a more attractive force than the theological virtues which he practiced and preached. I mean his love of country; for besides his love of God as reflected in

his holy life and Christian charity, he embodied Americanism of the highest type and noblest kind. It shone forth as an enduring light on all occasions in an unpretentious but unmistakable way; and in all places, whether at home or abroad. It was pure devotion to the Constitution and the Law, unattended by expectations of political reward. It oftentimes transcended the alluring expediency of "tactful silence" and actuated the candid pronouncements on national issues for which the great Churchman and Citizen soon became noted. It was an Americanism early engendered and lastingly retained. It covered periods of religious strife and political warfare for over half a century, and in all that time his opinion was not once of weak negation, but always positive and faultless in its patriotic sentiment. The people came to admire and respect it. Even Presidents of the United States sought his counsels, and together they enjoyed and profited by a mutual exchange of views. In a few words, the life and works of Cardinal Gibbons stamp him one of the great Americans of his day.

When we join his exemplary patriotism with his ardent Catholicity, which he vigorously promoted and defended, we have a theme full of significance and instruction for the times in which we live. It is quite becoming to the subject to rehearse briefly the outstanding incidents in which his two-fold affection was manifested. Doubtless it will serve as a source of delectable entertainment for the Catholic particularly; but in a more appropriate sense, it may be used to confound those who hold almost fiercely to the chimerical belief that sincere catholicity and whole-souled patriotism are mutually exclusive. Beyond these we may come to an appreciation of the Cardinal Gibbons method of dealing with the hereditary enemy of the Church.

"Dark were the days and dark loomed the future for America when Father Gibbons entered his work as priest in Old St. Patrick's, Baltimore," writes his biographer. Civil War and the high-pitched feeling attending it had broken out. The first blood of fraternal strife had "flecked the streets of Baltimore." Kindly neighbors of but a few days

before were now enlisted in opposing ranks with a deadly hatred for conflicting principles. Many of the best Catholics of the city left the Cathedral on Sundays when the prayers for the Authorities ordered by Archbishop John Carroll and composed by him were read. To increase the intensity and add to the medley of antipathies the Know Nothing Party had carried the state but shortly before, and the results of the victory were everywhere evident. The very name of Catholic came to be hated. And it was into this arena of conflicting passions of the most violent and invincible kind that the young priest made his debut. What a baptism of fire for his maturing principles and views. What a school of preparation for the future Cardinal! Here was a task worthy of a great man, and Father Gibbons satisfied the part. Inborn in him were the qualities of leadership and the knack of inspiring confidence in his followers. This does not mean that he would ever sacrifice his principles for a tactful advantage or even so much as compromise it. But being as devoted to his country as he was to his Church he was immutably American, and whenever occasion demanded it, he expressed himself as a free-thinking, free-acting American should, no matter what the cost; but he did so in an unostentatious way. So also with the delicate question of religious intolerance that prevailed there. He was convinced that bigotry sprang from ignorance, and believing that invective and abuse would serve but to aggravate it, he initiated a policy of kindness, geniality, and forbearance in dealing with religious opponents. It earned him a host of friends. These two principles of action so triumphantly put to a severe test abided with him throughout life.

Nevertheless the rank injustice of venomous bigotry penetrated to his very soul and left a lasting impression on his subsequent career. Who can doubt but that, in the midst of it all, he resolved to combat it with the irresistible logic of noble actions courageously performed. If he did so resolve, how consummate was its fulfillment! Fifty years after this period, when the priest, now a venerable Cardinal,

pronounced his unqualified opposition to legislative Prohibition on the grounds that it violated American individual liberty and would redound to the injury of the country, certain members of the Anti-Saloon League scored him with abuse and impugned his motives. Their assaults were boomerangs. The great Citizen has so ingratiated himself with all classes and creeds by a bold candor emanating from a sincere belief in America, that he had not to raise his voice in his own defense. Prominent men, representing a consensus of the American people, rallied to his defense and in terms of strong censure and reproof deprecated and deplored this unmerited attack upon the Cardinal's honor. America would not stand for wild accusation of a proved patriot.

The defenders of the "quiet, unassuming gentleman" were making no mistake. Countless luminous examples of his courageous championship of his country's ideals undoubtedly loomed up in their minds. So numerous are they, as to defy even simple mention here; so equally illustrious as to make the selection of a few an unjust discrimination to the others.

In 1891, there arose among the Catholic leaders of Germany a movement called Cahenslyism after the man whose brain gave it birth. It aimed at the establishment here in America in the heavily populated German districts, of a system of school instruction and church sermonizing in that tongue for the purpose of nourishing in these immigrants hearts an exclusive love for the ideals of the Fatherland and of preventing their supplantation by allegiance to any other country. The plan called for the assignment of German parish priests and Bishops for this work. Representations were made to the Pope Leo XIII to have it inaugurated. Meanwhile it had gained a foothold in America thru the efforts of some German priests and laymen "who either did not possess the real spirit of America or could not sense the danger." But it did not escape the Cardinal. He saw that it would strike a blow at "the very root of the love of country which the Catholic Church in the United States and in every land plants in the hearts of her children." He saw in

it an encroachment upon the exclusive rights of Catholicity in America; and in a rapid exchange of communications with Rome, he prevailed upon the Holy Father to frown upon the project. Then he turned his attention to that spot in America where it apparently had taken hold. From the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John in Milwaukee he denounced Cahenslyism in a sermon replete with some of the noblest patriotic sentiments utterable. "Woe to him, my brethern," he said, "who would destroy or impair the blessed harmony that reigns amongst us. ***** Let this be our watchword—Loyalty to God's Church and our Country!—This is our political and religious faith. *** Let us glory in the title of American citizens. We owe our allegiance to one country, and that country is America! It matters not whether this is the land of our birth, or adoption. It is the land of our destiny!"

Verily the founders of this Republic could not have expounded its principles more capably. The congregation entered into the sublime spirit of the sermon. Cahenslyism was dead.

On another occasion the Cardinal threw the country into a state of enthusiasm when he rose up in the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome, and delivered a eulogy upon the glories of his country's Constitution and government; giving those who were inclined to look askance upon the American Democracy to understand its strength beneath its lenience. When the Vatican commended him upon his frankness and patriotism, Catholicity was put in a different light to those who thought American Catholics "took dictation from Rome." Cardinal Gibbons had won the hearts of his countrymen. He deserved to!

A life of broadmindedness and charity and of sturdy Americanism could not go unhonored. As America loves her heroes—so the people rarely fail to appreciate them. The climax of the Cardinal's popularity was reached on the occasion of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood and the Silver Jubilee of his Cardinalate. "There has never, in the history of the country been a celebration

like it—in all probability there will never be another.” Twenty thousand fellow citizens were gathered in Armory Hall, Baltimore, to pay him honor. President, Vice-President, members of the Cabinet, Senators, and Congressmen together with ecclesiastics of different denominations sat with him on the platform. When listening to the words of unrestrained praise that flowed from the eloquent lips of the nation’s foremost orators, what a treat for the Cardinal to revert back in memory to the first days of his priesthood! What a triumph over narrowness and bigotry! How peculiar that it dares to raise its ugly, head again! Governor Austin Crothers opened the meeting and acclaimed the Cardinal “Torchbearer in our midst of religion, justice, and patriotism.”

President Taft called him “A man of character as proved by the common respect of the immediate neighbors about him in Baltimore.”

Then the forceful style of Ex-President Roosevelt rung out in the vast theatre—“I am honored—we are all honored that the opportunity has come to us today to pay tribute to what is highest and best in American citizenship!” The thunders of applause that followed showed that the estimation of a real American of another of the same kind touched the right spot in the audience.

The aged Cardinal was overwhelmed, and in his reply simply said, “Only one merit can I truly claim in regard to my civil life, and that is an ardent love of my country and her political institutions.”

He need not have said it. The nation long ago had learned it.

Robert E. Curran, '25.

Real Life

"Pray tell me, what it is to live Real Life?"
Asks blase Youth;
"I tire of only play and hateful strife,
So speak the Truth!"

His fellows answer. "Real Life must be found
In songs we sing,
In cups we drink, in dance and game not bound
By bickering."

To Youth replies the Graybeard, "If you seek
The Living Joy,
Have Heart for Sacrifice and Love; be meek
Without alloy!"

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

William Lawrence Murphy

It is with profound sorrow that we record here the loss of one of our classmates and friends. On Friday morning, November 15, William L. Murphy of Taunton, Massachusetts, a student at the College, passed from this life to his eternal reward. Death came as a consequence of injuries received while playing football.

William Murphy was born in Taunton on March 3, 1902. He attended St. Mary's grammar school and high school in that city, graduating from the latter with the class of 1921. While at high school he was very popular among his associates and displayed unusual ability in athletics. Entering Providence College in the fall of 1921, he chose the arts course. With his ever-present smile and congenial disposition he quickly won his way into the hearts of many of his fellows, forming friendships that lasted until his death.

It would be idle to extol at length his many virtues, for those who knew him and associated with him feel that they have left a lasting impression, to which mere words could add nothing. Always ready to assist his friends in whatever manner he was able; being more thoughtful of others than of himself, and possessing a sympathetic understanding, he went through the short life allotted to him here on earth, bearing his cheerful smile even to the last.

His plucky fight for life and the Christian fortitude and patience with which he bore his suffering, were typical of his manly character. He died while in his youth—at the very beginning of his earthly career, but to his many friends he left cherished memories which will remain always. May his soul find eternal rest in Paradise.

James C. Conlon, '25.

THE QUITTER

THE Metropole Sporting Club was packed with a sweltering mass of humanity. A blue fog of tobacco smoke floated and curled over the heads of men with rolled-up sleeves. Up in the gallery white shirt fronts shone faintly in the semi-darkness and faces were lighted up momentarily by flaring matches. The reflected light from the arcs over the ring showed those down front to be smoking placidly or fanning themselves with their hats. The heat of the night was stifling, yet there they sat, unmindful of it, willing sufferers that they might pay homage to the gods of Fistiana.

The waving hats were suddenly stilled and conversation lulled. Someone in the gallery yelled "Here they come," and down the aisle walked Johnny (Kid) Seeley. He was followed almost immediately by Frankie Zelig.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Eddie Mack announced, "the final bout of the evening is one of twenty rounds to a decision for the bantam champeenship of the world. In this corner, Johnny (Kid) Seeley of the West Side, the champeen of the world, and in this corner Frankie Zelig of the East Side. Both boys are down to weight."

Billy Gardner, the referee, called them to the center of the ring for instructions. Seeley, light-haired, his skin gleaming white, drawn as fine as steel wire, appeared to be in superb condition. Out of a Celtic cast, he looked the part of a champion, capable no matter how uncertain the circumstances. Zelig, dark, almost swarthy, and undeniably Hebrew, had the sloping shoulders and lightly-muscled arms of the natural hitter.

Watching Zelig flex himself while waiting for the bell, Joe Glennon, veteran newspaperman, who had been covering fights for thirty years, leaned over to the once-famous Packey Murray and said, "Packey, this Zelig is the fastest thing that ever pulled on fighting gloves—but he hasn't got

the heart. Watch him when he starts: hands hanging at his sides, he's in and out like a snake. A hundred odd pounds of speed—and how he can hit! He's got a right hook that's dynamite. Willie White showed him how to use it. But he won't fight when he's hurt—he can but he won't. Down on the East Side they still think he's a wonder, but I've seen him quit twice. All his friends are here to-night. They think he'll beat Seeley and become champ. He won't. The streak is there. "My, oh my, what a champ he'd be if he only had the courage! Now this other boy Seeley is tough, flashy, and dead game, and he's liable to make Zelig hoist the white flag. See if I'm right."

Packey's answer was drowned out by the sound of the bell. Zelig, rated as a quitter, bounded from his corner and was met half-way by the tough and willing Seeley. And then began one of the greatest battles in ring history. Zelig, like unleashed lightning, smashed away at Seeley's head, and Seeley, slightly slower of foot, fought doggedly, ripping home long lefts to the heart and wind. But Zelig took them going away. As the first round ended, ringsiders shook their heads, figuring that it could not last long at that pace. Human flesh and bone could not stand it. And the second round was a repetition of the first except that as it ended, it became noticeable that Johnny Seeley's nose was split and that there was a growing red welt under Zelig's heart. In the sixth round came the first surprise. They stood flat-footed and hit-hit with everything they had—and Zelig connected—connected with his famous right hook. It traveled a foot and found its mark flush on the point—and down went Johnny Seeley flat on his back. The crowd was on its feet yelling like maniacs. At the count of three Seeley was up, and again Zelig, cool, collected, cornered him. And that mob, red in the face from overexertion witnessed one of the greatest displays of courage that ever took place in the hempen square. Then it was that Johnny Seeley, his back against the ropes, Zelig sending in crushing drives to the jaw and body, showed himself to be a tearing, lion-hearted, little fighting demon—a champion by right of might. Lashing

out with both hands, by the sheer fury of his resistance, he fought himself from the verge of certain defeat.

In the seventh round came the second surprise. Seeley, fairly fresh after the minute's rest, went after Zelig—and got him. He hurt him with a vicious dig to the wind, and Zelig, whose fighting courage was in question, wilted. With the cold lack of mercy of the born fighter, that necessary natural savagery, Johnny Seeley stepped in to finish his man—and Zelig dropped. He went down without being hit. And then he did a strange thing. At the count of seven he rose to one knee and waited in that position, eyes open, until the referee had finished his count. After several more seconds had elapsed, he went to his corner on the arm of Maxey Gross, his second. He walked to his corner amid the boos and hisses and catcalls of those who but a moment before had cheered him wildly.

There were those at the ringside who will tell you that Frankie Zelig, the Hebrew boy from the Henry Street neighborhood down on the East Side, quit like a cur when he was able to go on: showed the white feather, the yellow streak, a craven lack of courage, and among them are Joe Glennon and Packey Murray. But there was no one there who will not admit that it was one of the fastest and greatest bouts ever fought between little fellows. Speaking of Johnny (Kid) Seeley they will tell you, at great length, that he was as game as any bantamweight that ever stepped into a ring. And that is saying a whole lot when one recalls that the bantamweight division has boasted of such fearless little fighting men as George Dixon, Jimmy Barry, Terry McGovern, and Harry Forbes. Mention Frankie Zelig and these same ringsiders will sneer. Zelig! Yellow! A quitter.

Thanksgiving night I happened to be in Robinson's, which place is known to the initiate. Eddie Mullen walked in. Eddie managed Johnny Seeley, and was his chief second in the Zelig bout. He came over and sat down beside me, and we discussed various things until I brought up the queer ending of the Seeley-

Zelig match. I very bluntly asked him if it was on the level and he looked at me and smiled.

"I'm going to tell you something. And you're the first one that's heard it. Do you know why Zelig quit? He quit because he was blind. He couldn't see a foot in front of him. I watched him lacing his shoes in the dressing room, and he fumbled with the laces so much that I noticed it. He was having trouble finding the eyelets in his shoes, and it dawned on me that he was nearly blind, so I just tipped Johnny off. I told him to keep Zelig away from the center of the ring so he couldn't follow the light-line along the edge of the ring platform. And he followed instructions. When Johnny sent a few home to the head, Zelig's nerves were affected. That's why Zelig quit. Why, if Zelig hadn't been blind, he'd have beaten Johnny, and I wouldn't be managing a champion now."

With that Eddie stopped talking and lit a cigaret. Maybe Frankie Zelig wasn't a quitter, at that.

T. J. Dale, '25.

Hail Our King!

Hail, New-born!

Our King of earth, Good Ruler far and wide:
With Whom true Love and Peace supreme abide;
To Thee all hail this blessed Christmastide!

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

Christmas

The icy hand of winter dread and drear
Is pressed upon our head; her snowy cloak
Of Heaven's warp, the druids' home, yon oak,
Must bear in servitude abject. With sheer
Delight, her chilling tongue so harsh, doth sear
The blooming cheek of youth; her sceptered stroke
Enthralls both king and serf—all feel the yoke
Of her relentless will, alike. But here
We pause. Afar I see a light; a light
Whose beam is true—a beacon shining clear
To guide us through a world of grief, a night
Of blackest mist. With promise sweet and cheer
It radiates. But kneel—'twere well to pray.
The feast of feasts! Christ's natal day!

E. George Cloutier, '27.

IN BEHALF OF POSEY

LIVING as we are in mechanical age, and at a time when all people are talking a language of dollars and cents, we are apt to be looking always for the material, useful things of life and never casting more than a passing glance in the direction of the higher and more beautiful. Especially does this seem true when we consider the attitude the ordinary man or woman holds towards one of the highest and most cultured of all arts, poetry. How content most people seem with the knowledge they have gleaned from the prescribed high school course in poetry, or if they were fortunate, from the more thorough, yet incomplete, study which a college schedule affords. To be able to scan a verse, to know that there is a meter called iambic pentameter, or to claim boastfully that a certain John Milton wrote a poem called *Paradise Lost* is not to know poetry. Meter and verse-melody are but external dressings that embellish poetry, but do not make it. An association with one, or with a few poets, no matter how intimate that relation, can never give us a true estimate of poetry. The real appreciation of the art comes only after we have walked the Appian Way with Horace; visited with Homer the land of the Cyclops; roamed the dewy fields with Burns; descended with Dante into the infernal regions; lived with the heroes of Shakespeare; in a word, only after we have assimilated all, the greatest poets, their thoughts, their imaginative fancies and their emotional heart-throbbings.

There are some who draw no distinction between poetry and verse. To them any piece of literature that rhymes and has meter is poetry. This conception or rather misconception sinks into insignificance when we review the philosophical and more orthodox definition which tells us that poetry is the art of giving expression to the beautiful through the medium of language. Our modern newspaper versifiers whose motto is "a verse a day," and who will write on anything from bob-haired bandits to milk bottles, are not, in the light of this definition, poets. Let it not be thought that the author would rob these men who are commercializing their ability to write verse, of any glory which might be theirs. Their work is

well done, for they afford many a pleasant minute to the tired business man and the busy housewife, but we could hardly recommend them to those who would drink deep of the Pyerean Spring. I have them to those who would drink deep of the Pyerean Spring. I have reservation, endowed with a musical ear, (meaning with Lamb; not an auricular appendage) and armed with a powerful command of words, would be very successful were they to take an excursion into the deeper realms of true poetry.

On the other hand, I would not have you believe that because I say rhyme, rythm and melody are but the dressings of poetry, I would abolish them forever from poetical endeavor and join hands with those who advocate the new school of vers libre. Far from it! Even while discriminating between poetry and verse, I recognize the value of the metrical forms used by the poets, and what is more I shall be the last to favor any deviation from them. Intellectual people laugh at the attempt some are making to introduce into our literary world an unbridled, unbalanced form which they recklessly call poetry. Naturally the faddists, who are ever willing to accept anything new, are loudest in their praise of free verse. Accepting the authority of eminent litterateurs, I am led to believe that every poem should have an element of thought. My own sane reasoning confirms it. It is an able writer who can suggest a thought rather than bluntly state it, but it is a foolish one who considers that a thought should be so concealed by illusions and vague suggestions that it is impossible to find it at all. The former is artistic, the latter I daresay, artificial. Free verse, as I have seen it in true representatives of that school, is grievously lacking in thought, or if it has thought it is so smothered by illusions that it is useless. Horace in his *Ars Poetica* claims that if anything be wanting in the nature of a poem, it falls from the highest degree of excellence to the lowest. Surely a poem without a thought is even lower.

With a true idea of what poetry is, and is not, we are better able to appreciate how great it is. It was but lately that I heard a college senior express a desire that all the poetry in the school monthly be placed on one page, not that he might have less difficulty in finding it, as would seem logical, but rather that he might know where to look in order not to find it. Conceding that most college

poets, even though sincere in their attempts, are wanting in that sensitiveness which comes only after profound training and practise, I still consider the expressed opinion of this senior as uncharitable and unbecoming, and doubt if he would be pleased even with the presentations of Shelley or Wordsworth. He, like most people, is unmindful of the fact that the poets have established for themselves in the minds of thinking people a place of honor, which they rightly deserve. Of poets O'Shaughnessy says:

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams:—
World losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:—
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."

Truly world-forsakers, for the poet removes himself from the world he sees, and lives in the world of his phantasy. Nature presents to him a little flower and he sees in it perhaps; the pallor of death with all its beautiful lessons. Every tree opens up to him vast fields of aesthetic meditation. In every stagnant pond he sees reflected the resplendent glories of heaven. To him no brook flows so silently that it does not sing a sweet song, no object is so common that it does not tell a story. He travels the God-blessed roads of beauty and as he goes he leaves behind him signboards to teach us the lessons he has learned.

How different this to the lives of most of us! Ours is hardly more than a bare reality; a series of meals, trolley-cars, business transactions and newspapers. Day after day, week after week, the same monotony; the same things seen; the same people talked to, and never an appreciation of the beautiful. Mechanical inventions are increasing and science is advancing, but a hunger for noble idealism seems to be sadly decreasing. Our schools and colleges are trying to keep it alive, but they can do no more than admonish and direct. Legendary tales of ancient Ireland inform us that musicians and poets of that time were considered holy. Today syncopated jazz occupies our national mind and poetry seems to be a dying, if not a dead, art. Are our norms of real enjoyment being corrupted

by our lower instincts? It would seem so, so lax are we in recognizing the beautiful and rejoicing in its contemplation. How well could we go for enjoyment to Elizabethan poetry, brilliant for its wealth of imagery; its transcending sentiments; its fullness of thought and its richness of invention. Could not Chaucer or Tennyson give us a few minutes of intellectual and emotional pleasure? Poetry is not an abstract, merely fanciful collection of words and phrases. Rather it is an idea, simple or profound, artistically expressed or majestically suggested with the purpose not of persuading or convincing but of giving honest joy and delight to the emotions.

Some men animated by a desire to please others, and incidentally perfect themselves, have dedicated their whole lives to the writing of poetry. To these our reverential gratitude is due. Let not their toils have been in vain. Rise above the distracting elements which surround you and if you would have upright delight and enjoyment cultivate a taste for poetry! Be not content with the knowledge learned in the classroom or lecture hall, for poetry can never be appreciated when read in such a cold and unemotional atmosphere. Steal away from your work-a-day lives a few minutes now and again, and in silence and solitude, read the lessons the poets have taught. In such an atmosphere poetry is sublime. Each word brings to us a new world; waves splash upon the printed page; each letter fashions itself into the likeness of some beautiful creature; stars twinkle as we look between the type; woods pass before our eyes; and though dreaming, we are awakened to an appreciation of poetry, the very soul of literature.

Thomas P. Carroll, '25.


A Christmas Letter



DEAR Santa Claus: the letter ran,
I'm writing early as you see,
Because I want you if you can,
With toys, to please remember me.
Now first of all I want a gun
With which to shoot an Injun brave,
A pair of shoes so I may run
If I don't put him in his grave.
And next I want a train of cars
And lots of tracks all shining bright;
Candy in lots of great big jars
Will surely make a pleasant sight,
And put in too, a hobby horse
And paint it red and white and blue,
And put a saddle on of course
Or else it maybe wouldn't do.
Now send these things off pretty fast
Because they might get lost, you know,
Just like they at Christmas past
They did, my mother told me so.
She said poor boys don't get no toys,
But I'll get some this year, I bet,
And all the happiness and joys
I'll have, if just you don't forget.

J. C. McGonagle, '27.

LATE FALL

UITE recently I spent one of my afternoons tramping in the woods. I was anxious to see what effect the open weather and unusually mild season had on animal life here in New England. My curiosity was aroused as to whether most of the small mammals had hibernated or were still about their task of existing.

Going down a tote road, I noticed that the bayberries were clinging to the bushes in thick clusters, and that the leaves of the scrub oak hung from their branches like curled parchment and rustled at the slightest breeze. What had been beautiful verdant ferns were now russet pieces of rich frieze-work. On my right lay newly-cut white birch, stacked in cord lengths. The birch brush was piled here and there. Walking on top of one of these piles, I was startled by a commotion. The next thing I saw was a white flash disappearing rapidly. A rabbit had jumped from the pile and streaked it for cover—his cotton tail held high. I found his burrow at the base of a young cedar. The entrance was flanked by a maze of low-lying blackberry briars.

Continuing on I crossed a dike that controlled the waters of a cranberry bog. There were traces in the now dry bed of the bog where the seeds from the few remaining cranberries had been taken out by field mice. From this point the ground rose steadily. Tall, slim poplars, their smooth bark a strange admixture of green and yellow, bent to the south. Suddenly a partridge flew from a thicket with the hollow drumming-sound peculiar to its kind, and then two more, a little farther to the left, arose from their hiding places in rapid succession. My rather noisy approach had disturbed their siesta. Above me was a great ledge whose caves were, in some instances, a dozen feet in depth with leaf-covered floors. Where the stone outcropping met the earth, the grey moss was dry and leathery, the little

black spots in it showing vividly against their somber background. Scattered about were the remains of walnuts showing that the chipmunks used the ledge for a store house.

At the highest point of the now very perceptible hill was a meadow whose grass was stiff and crunchy underfoot. Dotting the slope were tiny, seedling junipers. Some kindly wind had seeded them and there they were, bravely taking root. In the north corner of the meadow was a big white pine whose trunk was oozing resin-gum. A chick-a-dee was flitting about amid the density of the glossy green needles, lending his cheery chick-a-dee-dee to an otherwise grey day. Crossing a stone fence brought me to a road and going down this road I came to a big body of water, or rather what had been a big body of water. The prolonged drought clearly showed in the unusually low level of the water. Projecting above the surface were hundreds of stumps and trees, dead and weathered, like the silver-grey ghosts of past forests.

While noticing the uniformity of the stones on the farther shore, my eye was attracted by a disturbance midway across the lake. The black surface of the water was broken by a white wake, that formed an arrow of foam, increasing in length and finally dying away. In a moment there were several streaks of this white water, and in the gathering dusk I could just barely make out what was causing them. They were muskrats swimming and playing at nightfall, as is their custom. The surrounding hills were black and the last vestige of sunlight had disappeared. A sickle moon lay on its back in the west. A short sharp bark came from my right and above me. A red fox was sallying forth from his hillside home in search of supper. There were still some four-footed citizens of the woods abroad enjoying the late fall climate.

James H. Lynch, '25.

AN OBSOLETE CUSTOM

PEACE on earth to men of good will" are the great Christmas words. The Christmas season has always been considered one of peace. At the first Christmas no nation was in the throes of war. In feudal times the truce of God enforced the cessation of hostility at this time of the year. Now, almost two thousand years after the birth of Christ, man is trying to outlaw war for all peoples for all time. The attempt is no longer merely that of idealists, but of real, practical statesmen. The cry against war is no longer the voice of a few pacifists, but that of leaders and rulers of men.

Loud and strong should this cry rise when we consider the horrors of the past and the new ones of the future, resulting from the scientific development of warfare. Various germs which can easily be spread through a whole city, immediately causing epidemics of loathsome diseases, are now in preparation in the great laboratories of Christian countries—"blight to destroy crops, anthrax to slay horses and cattle, plague to poison not armies alone, but whole districts." The implements of warfare of tomorrow will be the pestilential findings of scientists. The horrors of the last war are still grim specters in the lives of many; specters that years of peace will not be able to wipe out. For some it is a missing place in the family circle, and perhaps that missing one is not dead but maimed, crippled or mentally incapacitated. For others it is only the memory of those mournful days and endless nights of 1917 and 1918, those days when that dreaded telegram was expected any moment or that name would appear on the list.

If mankind has forgotten these things in the joy of victory and the blessings of peace, let them again recall them for the hideous giant Mars may enter at any moment into their lives. Why should we teach our youth the glory of combat, the glamor of war, the thrill of martial music! The bludgeon, the lance, the poisoned arrow, the rifle, the shrapnel, the gas, the germ—has the horror of war reached its climax! No longer the charging of horses and flash-

ing of spears, but cold, stark, lurking death wasting away the body.

But why war? To settle disputes? Is there no other way? Some maintain there is not. From time immemorial there has been war. Cain and Abel fought their battles ages ago and since then man has been fighting continuously. The great epics and romances of history would not be but for wars and battles. The *Iliad*, the *Aeneid* and most of the classics are the results of wars. Man, they claim, has always had war. It is inseparable from the very notion of society.

We can easily see the fallacy of their argument, "*a non esse ad non posse*." There have been many so-called establishments of human society that have been dissipated and altogether annihilated. Was not slavery a universal institution and is it not now almost entirely done away with? Was not polygamy a custom and has it not been abolished? And likewise there are countless other economic and social conditions changed in the course of time from institutions to obsolete customs.

These latter are the opinions of the League. War can be outlawed as well as any other custom of mankind. Arbitration is a most fitting substitute. The League is no longer an idealistic dream. The United States is the only real government not a member. The League has a definite doctrine and it has survived without the United States. There is no question now of its ability to exist. It is a practical, well-founded, functioning organization.

On October 2, 1924, the last session of the League closed, a protocol having been passed for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes. The purpose is to make war impossible, to prohibit every form and description of war, to enforce the rule that all disputes shall be settled by peaceful means. The three mainstays are arbitration, security and disarmament. All nations must accept arbitration for all international issues and any nation fighting without arbitration shall be declared the "aggressor" to which the measure of forcible restraint shall be applied. The tribunal for arbitration shall be at The Hague, an International Court, or by some umpire, anywhere. But on this the League insists—no war.

Why cannot the United States join in this great movement for the furtherance of peace. The League has made the concession that the nations act "regionally," that is, America handle American affairs

and Europe European affairs. Thus, the Munroe Doctrine, if anyone still considers that clannish doctrine of non-co-operation binding in this age of world union, need not be violated. America is by no means isolated. She must face these problems. War has at all times been a frightful reality for all people, the United States is no exception.

The protocol, according to M. Briand speaking for France at the conference, is the "most formidable obstacle to war ever devised by the human mind." Let us then realize that this plan for outlawing war is by no means a dream, that war itself has been the great illusion of mankind—the mistake that the misery and subjection of one people is of advantage to another people. In modern warfare, all are vanquished. There are no victors. The World War has demonstrated this in Europe.

On Christmas day, the day of peace, having in mind the honored memory of that great martyred multitude who bowed before the cruel god Mars, not only our own boys, but those of France and Germany, of England and Belgium, let us kneel down and pray that these "dead shall not have died in vain" and that that day will soon come (and it will not be the millennium) when man will not settle his disputes by the killing of his fellow-man.

John F. Fitzgerald, '25.



The Grocer Boy's Reply



IS lips' remark was "Sweet Patoot!"
But in his soul this thought took root;
"O queen, you greet me every day.
Your smile lights up my weary way.
I've read the message in your eyes;
Now listen while my heart replies.
Although you now are forced to dwell
Within that lonely kitchen cell,
Some day I'll come on fiery steed
And take you—then away we'll speed.
No longer will your lovely self
Fuss with the things on pantry shelf,
You'll wait on table never more,
But dwell within my palace door
Where like true royal folks we'll live,
And all day long your smiles you'll give.
Oh, I'll be happy all my life
With you my tender loving wife.
I hope the meaning that I take
Is right—if not, my heart you'll break.
And if it is—then, princess, dear.
Behold your knight awaits you here."
His lips' remark was "Sweet Patoot!"
But in his soul this thought took root.

Frank J. Fanning, '27.

There's a Point to This

Miss Johnson pointed here; she pointed there,
She always found some point to designate.
She pointed early and she pointed late,
She ran her fingers through her golden hair.
Her hands were always flying through the air.
She thought her gestures didn't irritate,
But how my nerves they'd often agitate.
Of course these actions were her own affair.
I tried to find the trouble with this dame,
I couldn't blame her nationality.
I knew Miss Johnson's mind was not to blame,
She suffered from no nervous malady.
She spent a lot for manicures, they claim,
And wished to get her money's worth, you see.

Frank J. Fanning, '27.

The Great and Small

Two taxis stood beside a curb,
A Packard and a Ford,
The one sorry looking thing,
The other quite a lord.
"How rich and happy you must be,"
The little Ford cried out;
"You've everything a car could ask,
You lead some life, no doubt!
You're gorgeous, trimmed with nickel,
And polished coat of blue;
Say, you must cost a million:
I wish that I were you!"
Thus having said, the doleful Ford
Shed tears of gasoline.
And now spoke up the Packard,
In woe, it could be seen.
"Let not appearances deceive,
I'm only good for show;
My life is fraught with sorrows
That a Ford can never know.
I carry millionaires, its true,
But, oh! how heartless they!
They rage if I don't shine and gleam
Though used but once a day.

You chug along so merrily
With none to criticize;
But when I go along the street
The crowd is naught but eyes.
You're up at work with rosy dawn
And see the sun all day,
I'm used at night by passengers
From whom I shrink away.
The happy middle class you serve
With diligenece and cheer;
But I must serve the idle rich
In misery and fear.
If I could live a carefree life
And useful be, as you,
I'd give away my nickel and
My polished coat of blue."
The Packard spoke and rolled away,
Half choked with care and grief,
The Ford just rattled down the street
And chugged with great relief.

John V. Ruba, '27.

THE OBSERVER



WE all delight to give advice. And the donation is usually made when it is hardly necessary. The same delight is not induced when we, ourselves, are forced to listen to an advisory outburst. It is natural for us to dictate. And what is advice but dictation softened by an attitude of affection? You have noticed, as have I, that advice is rarely forthcoming on demand. The abundance and spontaneity of the most common admonition is equalled only by its uselessness. This refers, obviously, to the counsel of those who possess no authority over us. It is our friends and acquaintances that possess the overwhelming desire to use us as a means of trying out their experiments. This produces advice. Sometimes it comes as the result of generosity; or the result of deep welfare in the interests of another. It is said that he is fortunate who can listen to counsel. Verily, happier is he who knows the proper kind of advice to attend. After all, some advice in itself may be worthless, but it is able to supply a seed that may blossom forth into a practical and useful idea. It is no bad habit to listen to the admonition of another. At any rate you are not forced to follow it.

Perhaps, then, you will allow me to advise. My counsel consist in this, and it is not difficult to follow. Develop a taste for the beautiful, the artistic, and a sense of appreciation of all that is great in the literary sphere. The literary classics are composed of the greatest intellectual achievements of the representative men of all time. They are the sum total of the work produced after long years of endeavor. They are the fruition, after the greatest of toil, of all that is wonderful in our language. The beautiful resembles the more closely the ideal: that for which the soul

is yearning. It placates even those spirits whose ardent desires are vague and expressionless.

The practical in life serves but as a means toward an end. The end in the present is the satisfaction of the corporal merely. It is the satiation of the spiritual desires. Outside of religion this end is, objectively, the expression of the artistic. The mind is ennobled when it is led to a true contemplation of the beautiful. The soul is satisfied only when it breaks through the icy crusts of merely practical pursuits and drinks deeply at the springs of noble expressions—whether it be art depicted on canvas, through the medium of marble, or on the immortal page.

True culture embodies an appreciation of literature. This appreciation follows an intense knowledge: an investigation that is neither superficial nor hasty. What required years of labor to produce cannot be known and respected in a moment. Nor should one starting a journey into the interior of the literary world be weighted by too great a burden in the beginning. As the child is introduced into the realm of written words slowly and simply, one, in his introduction into a higher sphere of letters, must not expect to know intimately the great masters at once. A deep knowledge of their productions is the ideal which we must strive to attain. It is a great height to be reached only after we have trod—slowly but with great satisfaction—in the foot-prints of the lesser lights of classic literature.

Obscurity may cloud our eyes at the start. Minds unused to grand and lofty contemplation comprehend with great difficulty in their initial investigations of the works of a literary genius. Thus, we are quite unable to understand the full significance of a great monument to engineering unless we have a notion of the requirements necessary for its erection. We pass and re-pass a lofty structure, and little reckon of the incessant physical and mental labor it cost. It is the same in the field of literature. Only when we have reached a higher plane will there be opened to our view the vast panorama of literary beauty and its accompanying opportunities for mental satisfaction. It is to pro-

ceed slowly. But this means a greater sense of satisfaction at its final attainment. There is another consideration.

Do not make an attempt to be odd in your writings or opinions. There is a vast difference between oddity and originality. Originality is refreshing. It stamps its subjects as a thinker. There are many who confuse the two. They believe that to act as the vast majority of mankind is to be common. Do they then think of something new? Do they produce a new thought, or opinion, or idea? Never. Then they would be truly original. Rather they pervert the standard customs and delight in shocking their fellows. Something original may be odd, but that a thing is odd does not mean that it is original. More often it bespeaks insanity. The world appreciates the originator when he has something worthwhile to offer. The thoughtful only laugh at the odd.

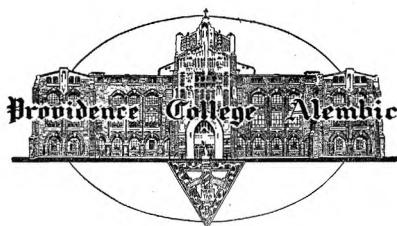
Some think it clever to deny the existence of God. The fact that a God is adored by the vast majority of civilized individuals bears no weight with them. Rather it is an argument for their denial of a Deity. Then they feel *different*. How they love to be called different! There are some others who differ from their fellow-mortals in this, and who also merit the name of odd. They fail to see anything remarkable in their country. And what is most wonderful is this: they actually boast of their various oddities. However, they are unaware that they bruit the fact of a sort of mental incapability; an inability to reason as the rest of mankind. Their antics arouse ones risibilities. But the seriousness of the question comes from realizing that they may spread their doctrine of poison: a code that may develop into cynicism. Others susceptible to the uncommon, might follow in their odd and irregular foot-steps. No; try not to think that the rest of the population is always wrong. It will not follow that you are right. You may be odd. Your prestige will not be injured in the least when you subscribe to the same beliefs as do the leaders of theological thought. In fact, you may lay claim to honor for coinciding with them in that regard. You are not original

when you fail to honor your fatherland with its national heroes. You are then peculiar. And the peculiar one will bear watching. In all the fields of thought and in every highway of life the charted course is the best. Unless you are a recognized authority in any field of endeavor, make no attempt to chart your own course. We are all made alike. We have a common end. He who denies any claim to a common origin or destiny is odd. And an odd one rarely obtains the kind of popularity he seeks.

Which all may be said thus sententiously—Be yourself.

T. Henry Barry, '25.





VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1924

NO. 3

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It is almost two thousand years since **CHRISTMAS** the nativity of Our Lord, yet the story of His birth is known and remembered wherever civilization exists. On Christmas eve the star that guided the three wise men of the east will shine as brightly as it did on that long ago occasion, and on Christmas morning millions of people will kneel in commemoration of the birth of their Savior, just as the wise men kneeled in adoration of the Child of Bethlehem in Juda. The passage of the years has not dimmed the fact that a God was born Man among men. It is as true today as it was in the time of

Herod. Men may waver in their belief and paganism may seem to be laying its stark hand on humankind, but above and beyond all these things remains the reality that God is God and that the Son of God first saw the pale light of the world in the manger of a stable. And yet in this year of the Lord there seems to be existent a spirit of doubt and cynicism and religious free thought that is unparalleled in the history of thinking man.

Ministers of the gospel proclaim from their pulpits what is, and what is not, necessary doctrine for a full faith. With the greatest positivism they cast aside age-old teachings, and with admirable eloquence they substitute what they deem right and salutary. No tenet, canon, or sacrament is too sacred for the attack of these deluded men, and their attitude of aggressive self-sufficiency lends itself to a popular appeal. One would not mind if these clergymen were of the non-intellectual type, but they are supposed to be representative of the culture and sagacity of their class of people. Numbered among them are the presidents of universities, whose dual roles of minster and university head, should result in the acme of intellectuality and prudence, but which, on the contrary, appear to promote a lack of thought and care of consequences which borders on the asinine.

Quite recently the president of an eastern university of prominence stated that belief in the virgin birth of Christ was not essential for a true faith. This eminent man is an ordained minister of God. His is the duty of preaching the gospel. He is supposed to be familiar with that which he preaches and yet he asserts as absolute teaching to those in his ministerial care that it is not necessary to believe that Our Savior's mother was a virgin. He does not say that she was not a virgin, but holds that belief in her virginity is not essential, which gives the layman the right of accepting or rejecting the doctrine. In the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew it says: Behold a virgin shall be with child, and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted, is, God with us. If this statement may, or may not, be believed, then the same

holds true for any other part of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. But it is in Matthew that we find recorded the birth of Our Lord and without violating any of the rules of logical thought or attributing too much to the gentleman in question, we can conclude that the fact of Christ's birth may, or may not, be believed, as it pleases the subject. If a take-it or leave-it rule holds good for one passage then it holds good for all.

Just as the time of Our Lord's coming had the pharisees and sadducees so today we have our doubters, cynics, and free thinkers. As Herod would have destroyed the Child, so would these men destroy Him, wittingly or unwittingly. But it lies not within the province of one man or group of men or many men to cast aside the teaching of God as it is written in the Gospel. "Heaven and earth will pass away, but My words will not pass away."

It is the consensus among students who have **OIL** analyzed and examined the conditions surrounding the outbreak of the World War that oil was the direct cause of the conflict. The control of the world's oil supply was back of all the fighting; it was the main pawn in the diplomatic relations prior to the start of the struggle; and it was the prized bone over which the dogs of war wolfishly squabbled. The nations which played the most important parts in the great encounter had developed to such an extent along commercial and economic lines that they found it necessary to guarantee their still further development by acquiring a sufficiency of the greatest factor in that development, and that factor was oil.

We have seen coal being gradually superseded by oil as the world's most powerful workman. The statesmen of all the great nations perceiving this realized the value of oil and immediately set about to gain control of a supply sufficient for their needs. And out of this procedure was born the war. We have witnessed what happened to men of high position in our own country on account of oil and its influ-

ence. In our sister country of Mexico revolutions have been incited for the express purpose of strengthening the holdings of one company and weakening those of another. Down there the lack of governmental stability is due largely to foreign ownership of the oil fields and the exploitation of them by unscrupulous corporation heads. These owners are opportunists in the full sense of the word sacrificing any and everything for their selfish purpose.

In the eastern part of the United States the big petroleum companies have built gigantic seaboard plants and as a direct consequence the marine life has been destroyed. The shell fisheries along the bays and inlets will shortly be things of the past, the oysters, scallops, clams, and mussels having been wiped out by the film of oil that floats on the water. This destruction is working a hardship to many men who depended for their livelihood on fishing. Not long ago reports came up from the south that thousands of wild ducks had been destroyed by oil. Migrating from the north, they headed for the waters and natural cover of Louisiana, but the drouth had been so prolonged that many of the lakes and ponds had dried up. Throughout the section in question, however, there were a great number of oil reservoirs, and the waterfowl, circling above these basins, mistook them for water, and alighted in them. Once caught in the oil, they struggled for a while and then died. Such is the story of oil.

Oil has become the curse of the world: treaties are no longer respected on account of it; national strength has been prostituted in its cause; thousands of lives have been wantonly wasted for it. And why? That this mechanical age may become more mechanical, and that men can continue their brutish struggle to be at the top of the heap; a heap whose top is worthless.

In behalf of the members of the Staff
GREETINGS we desire to take this opportunity to thank
all the friends of the *ALEMBIC* for the
help they have given in making its 1924 appearance both
pleasing and successful. We wish them a plenitude of the
season's blessings.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The Visit of the Papal Delegate

The day of November 5 marked the arrival at Providence College, of the Most Rev. Pietro Fumisoni-Biondi, D. D., Delegate Apostolic from the See of Peter to the United States, accompanied by the Very Rev. Paul Marella, J. C. D., auditor of the delegation.

The morning following the arrival of the delegation at Providence College, the Papal Delegate addressed the student body and all were deeply affected by his simple and well directed advice. Following this, the most Rev. Archbishop conferred upon his audience the papal blessing. The rousing cheers of the student body on this occasion gave evidence of their sincere gratitude for the honor bestowed upon them by the presence of the Papal Delegate.

On Sunday, November 9, the cornerstone of the new La Salle Academy was laid by the Most Rev. Archbishop. At the exercises, speeches were made by the Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D. D., Bishop of Providence, and the Rt. Rev. John Murray, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford. The ceremony was preceded by a large parade in which the students of Providence College took part.

On the sixth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice of the great World War, there was dedicated the Academy of St. Charles, at which the Papal Delegation was present. The day following, a picture was taken of the Papal Delegation accompanied by the faculty and student body of Providence College.

Early on the morning of November 13, the Papal Delegate, after imparting to the student body his final words of counsel, made his departure accompanied by the rest of the delegation and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Providence, amidst a

thunderous ovation, the greatest demonstration of appreciation and gratitude ever accorded a visitor to Harkins Hall.

The reorganization of the Providence College Debating Society was attended by a *The Varsity Debating Society* heretofore unprecedented response from the student body as a whole. The great interest being displayed by students of all classes is an unerring indication that debating is coming back at P. C. Attendance at the bi-monthly meetings has been large and sessions have been spirited.

Debates which have taken place were ably presented and hotly contested. By a happy arrangement in the constitutional regulation of the Society, every member has already participated in set debate. The free discussion of current topics on the floor of the meeting has proved interesting and the most effective means of bringing out the latent talent of the members.

If the future holds true to the past, the Debating Society is assured of a pleasant and worthwhile season.

The first debate of the newly formed *The Freshman Debating Society* Freshman Debating Society was held on Monday evening, November 24, 1924. All who attended agreed that it was an evening enjoyably and profitably spent. The lack of interest manifested by the student body as a whole and the Freshman Class in particular, was the only thing to mar the complete success of the evening. A very interesting program has been arranged for the rest of the semester and all those attending will be well rewarded. This is your society, Freshmen, why not make it one of the most vital of your college activities?

John J. Fitzpatrick, '25.

EXCHANGES

INSTITUTIONS of higher learning are more numerous today than ever before in the history of education. For several years there has existed a thirst for knowledge, a desire to open up new vistas of learning, wherein men would be able to find new fields of endeavor. At present there are schools devoted to every conceivable art and science. The primary end of these various schools and colleges is the intellectual advancement of man. No one can deny the need of intellectual training for at the present time it is indispensable for advancement, but besides this intellectual training there should be a certain amount of the moral or spiritual element taken into consideration. This latter training is slighted by some colleges, while it is entirely neglected by others.

We received recently a publication from a school hereabouts, containing an article which dealt with the decadence of college chapels. A group of students consulted the president of the school in question on the advisability of having a chapel, or a place where services of some description might be held. The very erudite president, considered that college chapels and services are a dying issue in the college of today and thought it impractical to take up such a practice when it is already in its last stages. Perhaps in his mind space was too valuable to be given over to such a mediæval thing as a college chapel. In these days when men are making rapid strides and wonderous advancement under the guidance of such intellectual monstrosities, of course there is little or no need for any religious or moral training for youths attending college.

The multi-millionaires of our country donate vast sums of money for the erection of college libraries, science halls and other ornamental structures wherein the intellect may be trained, but we seldom, if ever, hear of any money donated for the propagation of spiritual development. Likewise contributions are received for the execution in marble, or bronze, of celebrated artists or scientists to be placed in halls or on the campus, while the Father of all art and science is quite forgotten and sadly neglected. These schools tell

us that they possess the potential rulers and leaders of our country and we shudder to think that those, under whose guidance these potential rulers are placed, consider Christ a dying issue.

If college chapels are a dying issue in certain colleges we may infer that moral training is also on the wane. This is nothing to boast of, on the contrary, it is something that the officials may well be ashamed of. It remains for those who have made them a dying issue to attempt a revival or re-establishment of moral guidance. If the founders and fathers and those under whose protection the older established colleges and universities of our country were placed during their infancy, saw the need of moral training and religion at that time, certainly there is equally as much need for the same at present.

Approximately two thousand years ago, Christ was born in a stable in Bethelhem, because "there was no room in the inn." There was room for the celebrities and people with money, but there was no accomadations for the humble folk who did not have the price or the prestige. As Saint Joseph left the inn with his precious charge, the master of the inn little realized that "glory had departed from the inn to the stable because sheer selfishness had driven it out." How many times later did this inn-keeper recall how nearly his hostelry came to being one of the world's most famous shrines. Thus does selfishness lose the thing it seeks and longs for what it might have easily possessed.

There are some colleges that do not consider chapels or spiritual training a dying issue and do not crowd Him out because there is no room. We, who attend one of these many colleges wherein intellectual progress is accompanied by spiritual and moral training, should be thankful that such is our good fortune, and take advantage of that which is placed at our convenience. Certainly at this time of the year when the hearts of all men are filled with joy, a greater emotion and pleasure is ours on this occasion because we have made Him, and the respect and reverence due Him, not a dying issue, but something real and vital.

THE EAGLE, ROSARY COLLEGE, RIVER FORREST, ILL.

In times of shipwreck, sudden disasters and unforeseen calamities, women and children are considered first, so likewise we

employ here that ancient and most universal custom. The *Alem-bic* welcomes the *Rosary College Eagle* to its exchange list. If the first quarterly issue is a criterion by which subsequent issues may be judged we assure you that we look forward anxiously for the coming publications. Although poetry was not in abundance it is a fairly well-balanced magazine. The article on the founder of the college and designer of the old capitol building of Iowa, the distinguished Dominican, Rev. Samuel Charles Maz-zuchelli O P., was interesting, both from an historical and literary point of view. An *Eminent Georgian Novelist*, an unusually interesting essay, gave us information concerning the life and works of Hugh Walpole. The author evidently possesses a very extensive knowledge of Walpole's writings. The short story *Pirate to Penitent* contained a plot repeatedly employed, nevertheless, the treatment it received here was somewhat novel. Those who have had the pleasure or misfortune, whichever it may be, to be lured to the call of the angry waves or to the purchasing of second hand boats could enjoy the spasm entitled "*Nancy B.*" We might conclude by saying that *The Eagle* was in many respects superior to similiar publications under the supervision of young ladies.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

The October issue was as good as ever. This is one college publication that never fails to put forth excellent literary matter. Although it cannot be considered as the acme of perfection, it certainly surpasses all other magazines that come under our survey. The editorial staff as well as those who contributed to the October issue, may justly be proud of their efforts. Of the short stories, "*The Guinea's Stamp*", dealing with the time when France under the reign of Louis XIV was really romantic, with her vast array of nobles and galaxy of fair damsels, was interestingly different. Essays on the Kilmers are frequently in magazines, but the one in question was not of the ordinary type. The author selected very fine passages to illustrate his points. One of these passages written by Joyce Kilmer abounds with such a sound philosophy of life, that we cannot refrain from repeating it here. The following lines were taken from *The House With Nobody in It*.

"But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving, wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up its stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes could meet."

BOSTON COLLEGE STYLUS

It is always with anticipation that we open the cover of a *Stylus*, but in the November issue our anticipation failed to have a realization. The cover, with the slender pinnacles of the beautiful Gothic tower peircing the dark brown clouds, was far more pre-possessing than the contents. The editorial *Pass It Along*, having its root in the altruistic sentiment, conveyed a very fine thought. The story *Elopement* was not so good. A very eminent gentleman, well known in literary circles, once said, "You cannot write a short story unless you have seen life." So with this admonition we hope that the embryonic short story writers will allow their aspirations to remain latent until they have acquired the first requisite for short story writing. *The Home Coming* was the best story despite the fact that it contained a plot that has been treated by so many authors that there is scarcely any room for originality. The biography of Cardinal Mercier, the celebrated Belgian prelate, was interesting as was also the essay *The Seiner* which gave an interesting account of James Brendan Connolly now famous for his many sea stories. The author of these last mentioned is to be congratulated for his thoroughness. The efforts at versification were as good as usual. The poem *Sunset* was a very pretty thing.

James C. Conlon, '25.



Although Providence College finished its football season with a victory over the Cooper Union team of New York City, the campaign, probably the most ambitious ever undertaken by a small college, was unsuccessful from the viewpoint of the percentage column. Five games were lost, four won and the tenth tied.

When the squad of fifty odd candidates first assembled on Hendricken Field for the preliminary training, prospects were considered exceptionally bright for a successful season. No more than three defeats were expected. The dark spectre of injuries, however, hovered over the White and Black camp during the entire campaign.

The victory that rung down the curtain on the final act of the 1924 drama marked the passing of Captain Red Alford and Bunny Grouke, both guards, from the spotlight of intercollegiate football. Inspiring work of the sorrel-topped leader is now history.

We now look ahead to the baseball campaign with a score or more games to be played on the home diamond. The gridiron luminaries, however, are surveying the schedule for the 1925 season. It will be announced in full in the next issue.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY VS. PROVIDENCE HAMILTON, N. Y. NOVEMBER 1

The powerful Colgate football machine, with its sensational main scoring unit, Eddie Tyron, all-American halfback, adding to the brilliant gridiron laurels he has already heaped

upon himself with spectacular broken field running, conquered a fighting band of Providence College gridders in a contest far more interesting than the score would indicate, the decision being 42 to 0 in favor of the Maroon.

Although the gridiron luminary was credited with only two of his team's six touchdowns, he paved the way for the remaining four, reeling off long runs at will. Tyron is a clever exponent of the *dash-dart-dash* theory. While he monopolized the spotlight as far as offensive power was concerned, our own Chuck Connors, small but powerful dynamo in the centre of the line, was displaying unusual form on the defence, crediting himself with the best play of his gridiron career. He outplayed Dagrossa, veteran pivot of the winners.

Contending that the White and Black furnished his Maroon charges their stiffest workout on the home gridiron this campaign, Coach Dick Harlowe of the Colgate team requested another game for 1925. So Providence will again be on the Maroon schedule.

Held scoreless for the first period, the winning eleven registered a score early in the second quarter and another just before the half ended, Eddie Tyron stepping over the last white ribbon untouched with the twelve points tucked under his arm. Triggs' kickoff in the third period was almost converted into a touchdown by Tryon, the flash being barely downed on the Providence 10-yard stripe.

The summary:

COLGATE		PROVIDENCE	
Hynes.....	le	Smith
Abrams.....	lt	O'Leary
Davidson.....	lg	Reall
Dagrossa.....	c	Connors
Crowther.....	rg	Alford
Beuthel.....	rt	Manning
Stratton.....	re	Cullen
Morgan.....	qb	Wholey
Tryon.....	lh	Triggs
Mehler.....	rh	Ward
Schmidt.....	fb	Delaney

Touchdowns—Tyron 2, Van Horn 2, Mehler and Schmidt. Points—after touchdown—Tyron and Strack 5. Periods 15 and 12 minutes. Officials—J. A. Evans, Williams, Referee; Dan Chase, Springfield, Umpire; Don Risley, Colgate, head linesman.

Providence substitutions—Kempf for Ward, Dalton for Wholey, Maloney for Delaney, Ward for Kempf, Kempf for Ward, Allen for Kempf, Whiteside for Smith, Murphy for Manning, Sears for Connors, Gourke for Reall, Manning for Murphy, Fanning for Manning, Reall for Gourke, Vallone for Reall.

Colgate substitutions—R. Crowthers for Stratton, Strack for Abram, Van Horn for Tyron, Williamson for Dagrossa, Tyron for Van Horn, Van Horn for Tryon, Mason for Beuthel, Levinson for R. Crowther, Bray for Strack, Labelle for Morgan, Thompson for Hynes, Pearson for S. Crowthers, Dodge for Schmidt, Knight for Mehler.

SPRINGFIELD VS. PROVIDENCE

SPRINGFIELD, NOVEMBER 8

Providence College fell before the steady assault of line-bucking backs of the Springfield College eleven in a contest stripped of the usual gridiron thrills because of the failure of the White and Black players to once arouse themselves from a lethargy that seemed to grip them at the very outset. The final score was 21 to 0.

Probably for the first time in the history of Providence College athletics one of its teams was conquered without the least semblance of fight. Not a single White and Black wearer played his usual scrappy game. Work of the line was far below par, with the result that the Red and White backs ripped through it time and again for substantial gains.

Capitalising a break on the opening kick-off when Hafner, left tackle, fell on the bobbling pigskin on the Providence 42-yard line, Springfield in 10 plays swept through the weak White and Black defense allowing Beasely to make the final plunge. Caught napping, the Providence line smothered a fake play directed at its left flank only to wake up a second later to discover that Beasely untouched, had turned the other end for the second touchdown. It came just before the end of the half.

The summary:

SPRINGFIELD

PROVIDENCE

Hayden.....	le	Cullen
Hafner.....	lt	O'Leary

Bartlett.....	lg	Reall
Thompson.....	c	Connors
Elliott.....	rg	Alford
Stoebel.....	rt	Murphy
Stull.....	re	Smith
Enslee	qb	Dalton
Berry	lh	Triggs
Smith.....	rh	Ward
Quimby.....	fb	Maloney

Score—Springfield 21, Providence 0. Touchdowns—Beaseley 2 and Smith. Points after touchdowns—King 3. Referee—Percey Carpenter of Worcester; Umpire—S. W. Lowe; Linesman—George White.

Substitutions—Providence, Maroney for Connors, Gourke for Reall, Manning for O'Leary, Dwyer for Cullen, Wholey for Dalton, Kempf for Maloney, Dalton for Wholey, Maloney for Kempf, Wholey for Dalton, Kempf for Ward, Allen for Maloney.

Springfield—King for Enslee, Beaseley for Berry, Hansen for Quimby, Mahnaken for Stull, Crawley for Hayden, Hutto for Bartlett, Gordon for King, Hayden for Crawley, Moore for Thompson, Hersey for Mahnaken, Moles for Gordon, Brace for Smith.

PROVIDENCE VS. SUB BASE HENDRICKEN FIELD, NOVEMBER 15

The third annual edition of the gridiron feud between Providence College and New London Sub Base teams, prefaced by a victory for each in the two previous contest, ended in a 7 to 7 deadlock in a thrilling and well-played game on Hendricken Field, marking the return of the White and Black to its home field after successive defeats on foreign grounds.

Breaks played their part in both scores. Trailing 7 to 0 when they returned to the field after the intermission, the Huggins-mentored charges battled on even terms with the powerful service machine, doggedly waiting for any breaks that would give them a chance to equalize. The break came. Playing defensive halfback on his own 40 yard line, Tom Bride, stellar backfield performer, a real triple threat, intercepted a well-directed forward. Weaving his way in and out of the Sub Base players, the shifty halfback raced 60 yards for the touchdown. Triggs place-kicked for the extra point.

The visitors made their score in the second period when Robbins, powerful right tackle, blocked Bride's attempt to punt out of danger from his own goal line. The sturdy line-man fell on the ball before the Providence backs could recover. The contest manifested an unusual clean, hard fighting spirit between the two teams. Work of Captain Alford in this game, the last big game before the home fans, has been unparalleled by a guard on Hendricken Field.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE		SUB BASE	
Cullen.....	le	Compton	
O'Leary.....	lt	McKearnan	
Gourke.....	lg	May	
Connors.....	c	Hart	
Alford.....	rg	Wickwire	
J. Murphy.....	rt	Andrulot	
Smith.....	re	C. Murphy	
Kempf.....	qb	Kelly	
Triggs.....	lh	Brooks	
Bride.....	rh	O'Hare	
Delaney.....	fb	Locke	

Score—Providence College 7, Sub Base 7. Touchdowns—Robbins and Bride. Points after touchdown—Triggs (placement); Sub Base Providence offside.

Substitutions: Providence—Vallone for Gourke, Maroney for Connors, Dalton for Kempf, Wholey for Dalton, Gourke for Vallone, Sears for Maroney, Vallone for Gourke and Connors for Sears; Sub Base—Robbins for Andrulot, Hess for Wickwire, Jone for Brooks and Matuska for Locke. Referee—Hapgood. Umpire—Watters. Head linesman—Norton. Time—15 minutes quarters.

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Providence College lost its fifth game of the 1924 campaign at Ebbets Field on Saturday, November 22, when the heavy St. John's College machine, its backfield stockinged and the entire squad equipped with rubber pants, was able to cope with the extraordinary playing conditions produced by eight hours of steady rainfall. The score was 19 to 0.

The victory was the sweetest harvested by the winners this campaign. They were tied a year ago by the White and

Black in their last game of the season after running through an ambitious programme of eight hard contests without a defeat. Caught unprepared for the rainy weather, the Providence players trotted into the muck and mire without mud cleats and rubber pants, unique equipment of their opponents.

Handicaps produced by the heavy field and continuous downpour were too much for the Providence eleven to overcome. St. John's team capitalised these and won handily. Rex Thomas, star halfback, brother to the famous All-American star at Chicago, scored two of the touchdowns, making runs of 60 and 85 yards, respectively, to cross the Providence goal-line untouched. Caywood plunged over for the third score after he had raced to the White and Black three-yard line when he caught a well directed forward from Thomas.

ST. JOHN'S		PROVIDENCE	
McCready.....	re	Smith	
Warren.....	rt	Murphy	
McKelvey.....	rg	Alford	
Gallagher.....	c	Connors	
Motley.....	lg	Reall	
Plumbridge.....	lt	O'Leary	
Drum.....	le	Smith	
Fitzgerald.....	qb	Dalton	
Morris.....	rh	Triggs	
Thomas.....	lh	Bride	
Weiss.....	fb	Delaney	

Score—St. John's 19, Providence 0. Touchdowns—Thomas 2, and Caywood. Point after touchdown—Caywood (forward pass). Substitutions: Providence—Allen for Smith, Manning for O'Leary, Sears for Connors, Maroney for Sears, Connors for Maroney, Grouke for Reall, Kempf for Dalton, Wholey for Dalton, Wholey for Kempf. St. John's—Caywood for Morris, Cobb for McKelvey, Paulonis for Fitzgerald, Freeman for Drum. Time—Two 12 and two 10 minute periods.

PROVIDENCE VS. COOPER UNION HENDRICKEN FIELD

Concluding its home season as brilliantly as it was launched against the St. Michael's College eleven, Providence College submerged the weak Cooper Union team of

New York City under a barrage of 10 touchdowns. The final score was 67 to 0. Jack Triggs, burly halfback, catching a punt on his own 40 yard line, raced 60 yards for the initial touchdown. From then on the Providence backs and ends registered six-pointers periodically.

The one-sided victory marked the passing of five White and Black wearers from the collegiate spotlight. Frank L. Alford, '25, captain and regular guard for three campaigns; John Gourke, '25, guard; Francis Kempf, '26; Patrick Vallone, '25, pre-medical student and Peter Manning, '27, Dominican student, will not return next fall.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE		COOPER UNION	
Cullen.....	le	Vieth
O'Leary.....	lt	Benson
Gourke.....	lg	Whitney
Connors.....	c	Lowe
Alford.....	rg	Clark
Murphy.....	rt	O'Neill
Smith.....	re	Fundarek
Dalton.....	qb	Lillig
Triggs.....	lb	Suarez
Kempf.....	rb	Powell
Delaney.....	fb	Judge

Score—Providence 67, Cooper Union 0. Touchdowns—Triggs, Dalton 3, Kempf 2, Cullen 2, Delaney, Dwyer. Points after touchdowns—Triggs 7 (placement). Referee—J. J. Halloran. Umpire—A. W. Dorman. Head linesman—C. E. Boston. Time—12 and 10 minute quarters.

Substitutions: Providence—Wholey for Dalton, Vallone for Gourke, Sears for Connors, Reall for O'Leary, Fanning for Murphy, Murphy for Smith, Dalton for Wholey, Gourke for Vallone, Connors for Sears, Wholey for Dalton, Dalton for Kempf; Cooper Union—Nuojock for Benson, Cornish for O'Neill, Wise for Fundarek, Mauro for Lillig, Reinhardt for Suarez.

Tabulated results of the 1924 campaign are as follows:

Sept. 26—	Providence	0,	Boston College	47
Oct. 4—	Providence	3,	Vermont University	13
Oct. 11—	Providence	6,	Lowell Textile	0
Oct. 18—	Providence	43,	St. Michael's	0
Oct. 25—	Providence	9,	St. Stephen's	7
Nov. 1—	Providence	0,	Colgate	42
Nov. 8—	Providence	0,	Springfield	21

Nov. 15—Providence 7, Sub Base 7
 Nov. 22—Providence 0, St. John's 19
 Nov. 29—Providence 67, Cooper Union 0

ST. JOHN'S VS. PROVIDENCE SECONDS.

Built up in one afternoon from the remnants of the football squad that did not make the trip to Burlington to meet the University of Vermont machine, a second team, led by Ray Doyle, and mentored by Art Brickley and Frank McGee, both eligible first-team players, but physically incapacitated for the strenuous game, journeyed to Danvers, Massachusetts, to pit its strength against that of the St. John's preparatory school combination. A defeat, 21 to 0, was the story in a nutshell.

ST. JOHN'S PREP.

PROVIDENCE 2NDS.

Lenane,	re.....	Duffy
McCarthy,	rt.....	Murray
Harris,	rg.....	Crosson
Williams	c.....	Barney
O'Connor	lg.....	Carney
Kelly	lt.....	Brady
Coyle	le.....	Whiteside
O'Malley	qb.....	Doyle
Tierney	lh.....	Kaveny
Tracy	rh.....	Murphy
Maguire	fb.....	Maloney

Vernon C. Norton, '25



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