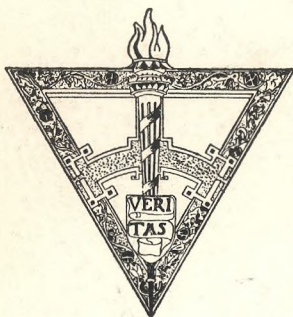


# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 5

MAY, 1925

NO. 8

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# Providence College Alembic

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VOL. V.

MAY, 1925

No. 8.

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*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."*



## Longing

In the land of my dreams flow two sparkling streams

    Drawn down from the hills afar;

Drawn down to the sea, the restless sea,

    From the place of the evening star;

From the hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee

    To the shores no ship has seen.

And I long for those hills, and tumbling rills,

    That are lost in the billowy green.

My life's day dies in the golden skies.

    Yet I sigh for the place never trod,

Where the singing rills from the purple hills

    Are blessed by the presence of God.

*Richard Ferris, '27.*

## The Master of St. Thomas



NOTHING is a greater blessing for a master-mind, than to come into contact with another master-mind, more highly educated and having greater experience than itself. This truth must surely have moved John of Germany, fourth General of the Dominican Order, when he deliberated upon the necessity of securing a teacher capable of bringing to its perfection, the budding genius of Thomas of Acquin. It is without doubt a source of wonder to many that John should have undertaken the tedious journey from Rome to Paris and thence to Cologne where Albertus Magnus was lecturing when he might have saved himself the hardships of this trip by sending Thomas to Naples or Bologna, where there were many teachers famed for learning and ability. It becomes even more puzzling when we contemplate the great labor which the long journey must have necessarily entailed; for it represented a three months trip on foot with no assistance other than a stick and a prayer book. Yet the reason is very evident. At that time, no scholar was so promising as Thomas of Acquin and no master so great as Albert Magnus.

John of Germany knew the value of a great teacher. He realized also the exceptional ability of this neophyte, the moulding of whose intellect had been placed in his hands and he had implanted deep in his heart those principles of Dominican success—Time and trouble and expense—patience and confidence in the result. John knew the danger of forcing nature beyond its pace and with all these things in mind he selected Albertus Magnus to pour the light of truth into the groping mind of the “Angel of the Schools.”

Immediately we begin to wonder, who then was this inspired master, Albert, that he should hold such prominence among scores of men admitted to be recognized as the most learned of all time?

Picture, if you can, a friar of the Middle Ages who, in spite of his many duties as a religious, as provincial of his Order, and an incessant traveler from Cologne to Paris and Rome and a frequent traveler over the length and breadth of Germany; found the leisure to compose a veritable encyclopedia in which was contained scientific treatises on almost every known subject, displaying an insight into

each that was remarkable. Imagine a man who, besides all these great labors, made himself a recognized authority on physics, chemistry, physiology, zoology, mineralogy and even phrenology. Picture a genius such as this and you will begin to have an understanding of the magnitude of that wonderful man, Albertus Magnus.

As a man, Albert was an intellectual wonder; as a lecturer he was unrivalled. People of all ranks thronged the places where he lectured. Always a great student of Aristotle, he made the logic, ethics and physics of this great master, together with a portion of Holy Scripture, the subject matter of his lectures. He conceived and carried to completion the tremendous project of the correction of errors and filling in of the gaps in Aristotle's works. The enormity of this task may be the more readily appreciated when we consider that the works of this great master covered the entire field of natural learning. Albert organized a general plan of studies into which he interwove texts of Aristotle and the results of his own vast investigations.

To be sure there were some defects in his method but they were so minute that the genius of his great pupil, St. Thomas, was required to discover and correct these faults in arrangement.

Without in any way detracting from the eminence of the "Angelic Doctor" it has been proved in recent years that more than one doctrine previously attributed to St. Thomas really belonged to Albertus Magnus.

Albert's life appears as if it were devoted entirely to travelling and talking. In 1228 he was sent to Paris to look into the system of studies there. He soon returned to Cologne and it was only a few years later that he first met St. Thomas. It was his destiny to collect that great mass of material out of which the genius of St. Thomas, guided by the Sacramental God, built that peerless system of philosophy and theology to which ultimately the world must look for the solution of the evils affecting society in the present day.

It is not strange that the brilliant young men who were studying under Albert at that time should have ridiculed the young Acquino when they perceived that he was equally reserved in the school as he was in conversation. While his companions boldly disputed, this youth remained silent and they misinterpreted his humility and taciturnity as signs of dullness. What is more strange, is that for a time Albert held the same opinion as his pupils regarding the defi-

ciency of St. Thomas. Both master and pupils ridiculed him publicly and called him the dumb Sicilian Ox. But one day after hearing the young man give a brilliant defense of a very difficult thesis, Albert exclaimed, "We call this young man a dumb ox but his bellowing in doctrine will one day resound throughout the whole world." From this day St. Thomas seems to have become a close friend of Albertus Magnus.

In 1245 when the master was sent to Paris, Thomas accompanied him as a student and then returned with him to Cologne in 1248. Under the able tutorage of Albert the mind of Thomas Aquinas was gradually broadening until he was beginning to rival even his illustrious master in brilliancy.

Acting with the advice of Albert, the master general of the Dominican Order in 1251 sent Thomas to fill the office of Bachelor in the studium in Paris. This appointment appears to have been the beginning of his public career and his teaching soon attracted attention.

Albert's influence was felt again in 1259 when he collaborated with St. Thomas and Peter of Tarentisia in formulating a system of studies which is substantially preserved to this day in the *studia generalia* of the Dominican Order.

Then in 1270 the master sent a memoir to Paris to aid Thomas in combating Siger De Brabant and the Averroists.

Finally, Albertus Magnus lived to uphold the works of his illustrious pupil and to correlate the diverse elements of knowledge and reconcile truths acquired by reason and those held by faith; declaring at the same time that they were so perfect that Thomas's works would endure to the end of time.

Although at the time an aged and feeble man something of Albert's old vigour and spirit returned in 1277 when it was announced that Stephen Tempier and others wished to condemn the writings of St. Thomas on the plea that they were too favorable to the unbelieving philosophers. The master journeyed to Paris to defend the memory of his great disciple. He said of St. Thomas in defending his doctrine at this time, "What a glory it is for the living to be praised by the dead."—meaning by this that Thomas, while living was endowed with the light of life and even the shades of death had failed to mar the magnitude of his glory since the nature of his death had

only the more certainly proclaimed him inspired by God. He eulogized St. Thomas's doctrine as resplendant with orthodoxy and piety and vanquished all opponents to his teachings.

So let us in our admiration and wonder at the great works of the pupil, never forget that great honor belongs also to the master. For it can be seen that we really owe to Albertus Magnus the splendid *Summa* of St. Thomas; for humanly speaking, it could never have existed had it not been for the training and direction given by the "Doctor Universalis." Nor, probably could it have continued after the death of St. Thomas, had it not been for the brilliant defense of the master which saved the doctrines of his pupil from being wiped out by the spiteful criticism of Tempier and his followers.

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

## Piper of Dreams

Wood of wonder, wonder ways,  
Where the Fairy Piper plays,  
Bidding all to up and follow  
Over haunted hill and hollow,  
And behold again the fays  
Whirling in a moonlit maize.

Him who once our childhood knew,  
Piper of the dream come true;  
Who with music reared us towers  
Midst the forest ferns and flowers  
And with dim enchantments, too,  
Peopled it for Daring-do!

Oh, to hear the pipe he blows  
Saying all of Let's-suppose!  
Who once bade us brave the danger  
Of the dragon for the stranger  
Princess, who, to tell her woes,  
Dropped from her high tower a rose!

Oh, again to leave regret,  
Fever of the world of fret;  
Fears and loss and work and worry,  
For the land of Song and Story;  
For that land none can forget  
Of which Thought is minion yet!

Wood of wonder, wonder ways,  
Where the Fairy Piper plays,  
Saying "Quit your melancholy!  
Leave the world of work and folly,  
Follow me to where the fays  
Trip it as in childhood days!"

*Joseph Rocco, '27*

## Here I Am

**I**T WAS a beautiful morning, one of those rare spring mornings, sun shining, birds twittering, breeze sighing, etc. It was on such a morning that William Reamy, familiarly known as the Wind Jammin' Kid, heard the call of his Big Ben and the great outdoors. He skipped out of his trundle bed and then tripped blithely to the window, where he inhaled a dozen breaths or so of the balmy fluid, and then he proceeded to exhale a like number. Turning to the Victrola he had a five-minute session with Walter Camp, accompanied by many grunts and groans. Intermingled with these was an occasional "I can't lose." He was strong for the Harvard System. This referred to what the day had in store.

The Kid, after much labor and after many studied hours with Chick Evans on "How to Golf," had reached the heights. He had worked his way through the preliminary rounds and today was the big event, the finals. The other two members of the Shanticut Country Club were going to be present, one as defending champion and the other as referee.

The neighboring roosters had only a short time previous announced the break of day, but the Kid, nothing daunted, slipped out the back door to engage in a little precursory practice. He still believed in the motto, "Practice makes Perfect." After about ten years of practice—anyway, he was an obstinate chap. So, gripping the club with both hands, his own invention, he proceeded to take a few swings before directing his energy on the ball. Now the Kid had no ordinary mind, his was of an inventive turn, which saved him many steps as we shall see. Attached to one end of the sphere was a tack, to which a long elastic was fixed. The other end of the elastic was glued to a small stake situated nearby. The idea was, that when the ball was hit, it, the sphere, when it reached the end of the line, i. e., when it could not go any farther, i. e., when it stopped rolling, it would return according to one of Newton's Laws. After subjecting the little white pellet to more or less thunderous smacks, he uncorked a beautiful drive, the like of which he had before never been able to accomplish. The Kid stood spell-bound watching its flight. The little ball sped on and on, but like all good things it had to end. It reached the terminus and began to return, gaining impetus every foot. The Kid came to just in time to duck and thereby allowed the

little ball to speed on and on through his wife's bedroom window. Thereupon ended his wife's slumber, his preliminary practice and incidentally the peace and quiet of the whole neighborhood.

The Kid as he arrived at the course promptly at 6 o'clock on that sunshiny morning, was an oil painting of a man of the great open spaces, where men are men. He was nattily attired in a khaki shirt, rough, tweed knickers and high leather boots. His twinkling eyes now and then flickered from behind their lenses. All the women of the Valley pointed to this five-foot he-man with pride and exhorted their children to follow in his footsteps.

The course was fairly well deserted at this time except for a few robins shacking worms and a Scotchman, who was looking for a ball he had lost the day before. It is known as a regular beach course only there isn't any beach for miles. The three members had put in their time advantageously, for after a week of steady golfing, it looked like a newly ploughed field with here and there a bunch of weeds. The caddy system was of the best for everybody carried his own clubs. It might also be said that there was no record for the course as it had never been completed in a single day. There was one thing noticeable about it and that was the surrounding woods. They were beautiful as any member could attest. They played in them most of the time.

The Kid's opponent had arrived. Sure enough, there was the village constable, popular man about town and the defending champion, Winsor J. Finch. Now Winsor, having become quite adept at the game of pasture pool, appeared in an outfit, befitting a champion, and one which would make Joe Brooks turn green with envy. His six feet of skin and bones was incased in a white silk shirt set off by a flaming red tie, knickers of the palest blue with an exquisite bit of monkey fur at the bottom, and socks, a beautiful lavender, rolled at the top and permitting just a wee bit of calf to be seen. He also wore shoes.

The match had to commence without the services of a referee. He had attended a banquet the night before and as yet, had not been heard from. There was a slight argument as to who should have the honor, neither of them wanting it, so they compromised with the following set of rules:

1. There should be no honor, both to drive simultaneously.
2. Missed or so-called practice strokes were not to count.



3. Putts of more than twenty feet could not be conceded.
4. Balls were not stopped until they stopped rolling.
5. There must be no fighting during the match.

The match is on. The Kid unaccountably hits the ball and about two feet of *terra firma* down the course, the first time he swung. Winsor had already swung six times to no avail. He had not taken his exercise and was grasping this opportunity to catch up. It might also be noted that he was the one who introduced and seconded Rule 2. When the Kid wasn't looking he kicked down the course. What a sight as these two Sarazens trotted nimbly down the course, the Kid, the golfer, with his three dozen balls and two bags of clubs, and Winsor, with his paraphernalia safely ensconced in an express wagon. Neither of them believed in the axiom about the straight line because they were here, there and everywhere but on the course. The ball was sent in all directions including backwards, when the Kid became so befogged as to send the ball hurtling back towards the tee. They both finally holed out and as the second ball dropped in the cup, Winsor broke the stony silence. "What did you get?" "I took a twenty," said the Kid, as he drew himself up to his full height, "and you?" "Nineteen," was the succinct reply. The Kid looked askance, but said nothing. They teed off together and in an hour or so the second hole was history. "What did you get?" Winsor asked as before. "Fifteen, and you?" "Fourteen," came the discouraging reply. The Kid felt the cold sweat forming on his brow. He drew his arm back as if to strike but remembered Rule 5 in time and calmly brushed his hair instead.

The Kid had learned his lesson, two holes later he had evened up the match. On the fifth he was so eager that he asked for Winsor's score before they even drove off from the tee. This was a flagrant breach of etiquette on the Kid's part and it can easily be seen what disastrous results might occur if the Kid again forgot himself as to ask before they had holed out. They were in another dilemma. It seemed as if they couldn't trust each other. It was just a case of asking first. Another compromise was in order. Winsor was to play the hole while the Kid counted and then going back to the tee, the Kid was to play while Winsor counted. Here the Kid had a distinct advantage for Winsor failed to remember many strokes which the Kid was too polite to tell him about. Incidentally it helped his score.

Eight hours had elapsed. The afternoon was fast waning and our wanderers of the wastelands had reached the sixteenth tee. The Kid had been down all day notwithstanding the many strokes which his opponent had overlooked. The strain of the conflict, plus the weight of the two golf bags, which luckily had diminished appreciably due to the fact that some clubs were dropped, others broken and still others thrown away, had its effect on our hero. This man who at times had stropped his razor, brushed his hair and performed many other such arduous tasks was about spent, but his indomitable spirit remained. He had finally evened up the match with three holes to go. As night grew on he got better. On this hole he had a beautiful drive, a wind-jammer. Now a wind-jammer is a ball that starts off low and graceful like, which never attains a great height, and which when tired falls to earth gently or otherwise. The only trouble with the Kid's drive was, that it got tired when over a trap, and settled gracefully amidst its sandy recesses. Note. A trap is a seashore without any water. It might be said that the Kid had never seen service in France, but when he finally dug that ball out he knew more about burrowing than a mole. Besides a couple of clubs, he lost most of his good nature and needless to say, the hole as well.

With a lead of one, Winsor was all smiles, but after feeding four balls to the fishes in the lake, and then giving a couple more to the woodchucks at the edge of the wood to play polo with, the smiles unaccountably left him. He then proceeded to throw the hole away by taking eight putts on the green. The Kid was now in pretty good form and won the hole with a stroke to spare, making the match all even again.

The crucial hour had come. All even and the eighteenth hole to be played. Evening had arrived, thus afternoon and daylight were forced to leave, but this did not bother the participants, they were prepared for just such an emergency. Playing by flashlight was nothing new to them. Despite this fact, Winsor remained on the course for the first time during the match. He was using his putter as it was extremely difficult to play with broken clubs. Upon nearing the hole he again trusted to luck and slapped one in the direction of the red lantern which marked the receptacle. It dropped. With it went the Kid, bag, spirits and all. Here was our hero draping himself on the green, apparently disgraced and beaten. Did he give up? No, his indomitable spirit had again come to the fore.

After great effort he sprang up to resume the conflict. Fate was in his favor. Unbeknown to the contestants, one little white ball had dropped into the hole in the excitement.

It was the Kid's turn to play. Carefully choosing from his stock of broken clubs his best, an iron, and exerting every ounce of vigor and vitality which his massive frame could command, he proceeded to hit the ball. Alas, his swing, timing, stance, and follow-through were all wrong. He had used the wrong end of the club. After a few more attempts the red lantern could be seen in the distance, but the Kid had lost his last ball.

He was flitting about with his flashlight more like a young firefly than an exponent of St. Andrew. His partner aided him as half-heartedly as possible. In a moment of despair the Kid cried, "Oh, where are you?" and instantly from the woods, from the marshes, from the trams and from the lakes, came the same reply, "Here I am." The Kid, not understanding cried, "Louder." Again came the chorus of thirty-six in a louder and more dignified manner, "Here I am." The Kid had been using the famous Bungle Bawl.

With a cry of glee, he rushed to the nearest ball. There was no hesitation now. He struck bodily for the hole and immediately began to call. An ominous silence greeted him. "Louder," urged his opponent and louder cried the Kid, but to no avail. With a final cry of despair he said, "Oh, where are you?" He received the same answer as before. Silence and more silence. The poor little balls had strained their voices in that last effort to cry louder.

The Kid had again resumed his lightning bug activities, but to no avail. He was becoming wilder every minute. Winsor, now very happy joshingly asked if he had looked in the cup. The Kid with a vacant look on his face approached the cup, looked in and fell into a dead faint. There was his ball resting serenely on the bottom. Victory was his. When he came to he remarked that that was just the way he played it. Being prepared for any emergency, he beckoned to the photographer to do a life size portrait of him with the red lantern in his hand. The flashlight having been taken, he went his way, every muscle and fibre of his body singing, "Oh, where are you?" while Winsor wended his way slowly, sans glory, sans spirit, sans express wagon, while every bush, leaf and tree appeared to mock him and say, "Here I am."

*John A. Graham, '27.*

## Madness or Content?

Fell grief is now forgotten  
With winter's snows and sighs,  
Midst flowers fair begotten  
Of bluer, brighter skies.

For Pan is in the meadows,  
His pipes ring loud and clear  
Through noonday's shortened shadows,  
As Maytime's reign draws near.

They will all men to follow  
And heed the satyr's call;  
To speed through grove and hollow;  
To join the Bacchanal.

To heed their call is madness,  
'Tis best to be content  
With echoes faint of gladness  
From out the wood's sweet scent.

*John J. Hayes, '27.*

## Our Chinese System



THE following is an extract from an editorial in *Liberty*, a weekly magazine:

“The metric system is French. It has made headway almost everywhere except against the old Anglo-Saxon-Chinese system of weights and measures which prevails with the English-speaking people. Mathematics is hard enough study for most of our children. Why make it still harder by a Chinese system of weights and measures? The metric system dates back to 1799 and this progressive nation hasn't got it yet. Our system dates back probably to the first, second, third, fourth and fifth centuries in England and we have it still. That is not like us.”

This statement is worthy of a little study. An examination of the claims of the metric party and of the adherents of the old standards of weights and measures reveals the fact that all the arguments are not on one side.

The metric system is assumed by its advocates to be “in habitual and customary use” in forty-four countries. As a matter of fact it is in use in a few in Western Europe, and then by compulsion. Other countries of the list have passed laws of two general kinds, one of which merely legalizes the system—that is, makes its use permissible while the other adopts it as an official government system without compulsion on the people.

We find our most conclusive answer in the attitude of the people. Everywhere there is unanimous preference for their old non-decimal units, even after, in some countries, several generations of use of the new, and in spite of the imposition of legal penalties. This preference can be explained in two ways and in two only: Either the old units are preferred because they have been found better for their purpose than the new, after long trial of the latter; or the change from the old to the new system is so difficult that even compulsory laws are not able to bring about its use. The metric party must choose between the horns of this dilemma. Even in France where the system originated the people have not adopted the system in

trade and commerce. Where we find it used extensively this is due to compulsion. Were the advantages claimed for it real, compulsion would long ago have become unnecessary. The adoption of improvements is always because of their merits, and were the metric system an improvement it would be adopted for that reason.

The fundamental feature of the system is that it is a decimal system, the ratio of each unit to the one above it being expressed by the number ten. As the editor of *Liberty* points out a meter is 39.37 inches; a decimeter is 3.937 inches, i. e., one tenth of a meter, while a centimeter is 0.3937 inches, i. e., one tenth of a decimeter, and so on.

The old units are preferred because they have been found better for their purpose than the new, and the change from the old to the new system is so difficult that compulsory laws have failed to effect its adoption. The metric party claims convenience in calculations and the easy adoption of metric equivalents of existing sizes.

To prove the convenience of the metric system in calculations the metric party give hypothetical problems to solve. They assume a distance of so many miles, furlongs, rods, yards, feet and inches, show the number of figures required to reduce this expression to inches, and then give a corresponding problem in which distances are expressed in kilometers, hektometers, dekameters, meters, decimeters, centimeters and millimeters and show that the expression can be reduced to millimeters by the simple process of properly locating the decimal point. In other words merely moving the decimal point to the right place changes the value of the expression. All very true, and apparently quite simple.

The difficulty lies in the fact that no one in practical engineering, business or manufacturing life has such problems to solve. With the exception of feet and inches which are used in combination, quantities are commonly expressed in single units. The flow of aqueducts, and the capacity of city reservoirs are given in gallons, and the strength of materials in pounds per square inch. We buy milk by the quart, gasoline by the gallon, grain by the bushel, and so on, but no one ever sees these units used conjointly. The civil engineer has two units of length; the mile is his long unit and the foot, his short. It is readily seen, then, that quantities are commonly expressed as single units, and that reduction, ascending or descending, among these units is among the rarest of problems. The use of a mixture of

units for the same purpose is uncalled for and unnatural. In practical use one calculates as rapidly in the English system as in the metric system. The engineer calculates stresses or pressures in pounds per square inch with absolutely the same simplicity of calculation that he does in kilograms per square centimeter. From the foregoing it is seen that the metric claim for convenience in calculations is based solely upon convenience in reducing expressions; but as we have shown this is a rare problem and not encountered in everyday practical use. Therefore, we must conclude that the aforementioned claim for convenience in calculation is grossly exaggerated.

*Liberty* asserts we should adopt the metric system at once. It is not so easy as it sounds. In fact, we must say that the use of metric equivalents is impossible. The chief objection to the adoption of the system comes from the manufacturer, for it involves a complete change in the established system of sizes used in manufacturing—a change so difficult that it has not been completed in any so-called metric country. Until recently the devotees of the metric system failed to take notice of the difficulty of using metric equivalents. They now suggest the continued use of existing sizes expressed in millimeters and fractions thereof. This latter method would give one a severe headache. For instance where a draftsman had memorized a set of sizes such as 1,  $1\frac{1}{8}$ ,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches, etc., he would have to learn the metric equivalents. 25.4 mm, 38.57 mm, 31.75 mm, etc. The absurdity is apparent.

All arguments for the adoption of the system rest upon the tacit assumption that the old units are to disappear. If the old units are to persist, every argument for the system inverts itself and becomes an argument against it. Thus, instead of uniformity we would have diversity of units; instead of simpler, more complex ratios; instead of simplified, more complex calculations, and so on to the end.

*Earle F. Ford, '25.*

## Confidences

Buried in the deep vaults of my heart  
Living treasures softly glowing lie,  
Alluring lights of mem'ry set apart,  
New discovered jewels to my eye.  
Coins of untold worth are now disclosed,  
Held securely screened from foreign view.  
Each I quickly hide and once disposed,  
Scrupulously hoard though they be few.  
In number, mine are riches wondrous fair;  
Life can no greater wealth e'er to me send,  
Vested though I be with jewels rare,  
Your confidences are my treasures, friend.

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



## Memories Will Return

Blossoms bright—and beauty;  
Winds that laugh and sing,  
That knave to work and duty,  
Which mortal men call Spring.

She binds me and enthralls me  
With dreams of roses fair;  
Goddess sweet, she calls me  
To deck her lovely hair.

And yet there is much sadness  
Which hearts must ever learn,  
Though days be filled with gladness,  
Memories will return.

*John J. Hayes, '27.*

## OBSERVER



THE legislature of one of the American Southern States has recently approved a measure which will prohibit the teaching of Evolution in the public schools. Such an act has naturally caused much comment, and it is quite amusing to read some editorial criticism on the subject. Yet, it is rather odd that the legislature of a state, the business of which is to engross itself in political affairs, should bother itself with an academic question. Indeed, one editorial writer calls such an attitude pathetic; for what reason he does so, is unimaginable. The term evolution is popularly accepted, not as the emergence of one type from another, but to signify the descent of man's body from that of a lower form of life. That man's body did thus evolve from the ape is an open question. It is possible that man did so descend, but the proof of such a theory is not complete, nor yet overwhelming, as it is claimed. Despite this, in many schools the evolution of man from ape is taught as a certainty as if the theory had been proved and the question were closed. So, the reason for the unusual action of that state legislature is commencing to assume a logical appearance. Thus, if man's body cannot be conclusively proved as having evolved from lower forms of life, why teach that such was really accomplished? The fact that popular belief favors the acceptance of evolution, or the additional fact that it is taught as a certainty in many institutions, is no proof whatever for the fact of evolution.

Again, we read that the major implications of the Darwinian theory are generally accepted. This is not true, for this particular theory is self-contradictory and rejected by scientific opinion. Man's body may have had that of the ape for its origin. But the particular method whereby such a transformation was effected has not been discovered. It is not sufficient to say with the utmost assurance that we certainly are descendents of the ape and its kin. Nor is it valid proof of such statement to offer the objection that one is "old-fashioned" if he refuses to believe it. Rather one is a step ahead of the crowd

when he refuses to accept with bucolic gullibility every fad and fancy which appeal to the popular fickleness; he demonstrates his possession of reason when he demands that a sweeping statement be accompanied and supported by legitimate proof.

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That those who have given their lives for the foundation and preservation of this Republic be fittingly commemorated, the nation has set apart an especial occasion known as Memorial Day. The meaning and exercises of this occasion are known to all, but men are too apt to realize but superficially of the great sacrifices so many have made. All are not called upon to die for their country, but those who have crowned their duty with death should be truly remembered. Life is very sweet; it is sweetest at that moment when it is about to be offered up. Despite the allurements life can offer, thousands have closed their eyes to all but duty, and for the sake of an ideal and for the maintenance of a nation, they have leaped the ramparts of death. It is most difficult to appreciate such sacrifice, for the patriotism of those who have given up their lives for their country took a concrete form and had a deeply-rooted meaning. On the other hand, it is quite easily accepted as true patriotism and national spirit that which consists of much oratory, many songs, and flag-waving exercises. It is only too easy to lose sight of the necessary underlying sentiment that is binarily compounded of a willingness to serve and a resolve to sacrifice. A country worth dying for is a country worth striving for, and if the service should become irksome to us, it can easily be recalled to our mind that there were many who did not hesitate until they had given all. Every day of service will thus be a memorial day.

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Journalism is a great profession and the amount of undiluted good it has in its power to effect is of great magnitude and nearly limitless. The journal is the center of instruction for multitudes; it guides and counsels hundreds, while it is the only source of learning for vast numbers of people. Its policy and ideals are veritable incentives to the intellectual activities of many of its readers, and it shapes the sympathy and public actions of whole sections of people. Conversely, under misguided or perverse management, the journal may, and often does, stoop to the sordid and the low. Often it flings propriety to the winds, and rejects, in its journalistic course, the prin-

ciples of morality and decency—it may not respect the religion that motivates its readers, or it may openly sneer at the God that its supporters adore, and it may conduct its business so to undermine what is chaste and just. Under different guises it achieves its purpose; it may be openly anti-religious; or, still worse it apparently respects right and morality, but in its subtle manner and by numerous underhand ways, it praises the dishonest, gives publicity to error of the rankest sort and undermines the reverence and moral decency of a people by its attitude and construction. Newspapers that are covertly anti-Catholic in spirit, that teach anti-Christian philosophy, or sneer at the reverential ceremonies of the Faith, do far less evil and malicious harm to the principles of Christ than that journal professedly decent, and Catholic in sympathy, but which stoops to the sordid and the impure, that covers its pages with indecent representations and gives marked prominence and great detail to accounts of scandalous activities. It breaks down the resisting walls of virtue and arouses the sordid curiosity that can be satiated only by increasing materiality.

There are few greater callings than that to the field of journalism, but it entails vast responsibility. It cannot be thrown aside, for responsibility rejected by one is rarely assumed by another. The worth of journalism depends on the journalist, and it becomes his duty to stamp his work with that character, lofty and clear, which should distinguish it. Then does journalism accomplish its most necessary task.

*T. Henry Barry, '25.*

# RESIDUUM

JOE CRITIC

Just a little criticism,  
About a certain witticism,  
Which appeared in last month's issue. So and so  
Wrote "Letters Home" as it was known  
And kinda got our dander up.—Let's go.—

That Indian, Henri Cave Knee, is a native of this burg,  
And he tries to ride the boys from other towns.  
He took some anasthetic, and quite sudden waxed poetic  
'Bout the boys who come here for their caps and gowns.  
In a flash it will be seen that he hops at each extreme  
Though you'll see it was quite witty in a trice;  
But there's none such in this College, at least not to my knowledge,  
So 'twas crazy when you think it over twice.  
The boys up here are not so tough—'course some are mild and others  
rough.

But all of us expect it.  
It takes all kinds to make a world, together nonchalantly hurled;  
All good or bad would wreck it.  
If all were good within this wood the Dean would lose his job;  
If all were bad it would be sad with two Deans for the mob.  
The "gang up" from New Haven, may do a little "ravin',"  
They haven't got a corner on it though.  
And when it comes to spending,  
I can just annex in ending,  
There are others who are quite free with their dough.

So amid all this confusion,  
I've arrived at this conclusion,  
In the spring a young man will get wet.  
(If he stays in the spring long enough.)

*F. J. McGarry, '27.*

## THE FIGHT'S THE THING!

Turning back the frayed and yellowed pages of fistic history, the careful peruser of pugilistic annals should note meticulously one great bout. Its story, hidden by the mists of antiquity, has been ignored by the greater part of those interested in the battles of the squared circle. The scrap to which we refer was held in historic old Rome, long before the days of Big Purses and Boxing Commissions; it will always live in ring history, and though the story may at times appear to have passed into oblivion, there yet will be those who shall revive that history, to be considered by them as the greatest and most momentous ever fought.

The memorable scrap to which reference is made was fought twenty long centuries ago, and had for its participants "Battlin' Jule" Caesar and "Slim Arthur" Cassius. For the sake of exactness let us glean our story from the pages of the Roman Eagle (morning edition) of July 16, 40 B. C., the story being the work of that master of sport writers, Sporticus Publicus of Rome.

THE ROME EAGLE—JULY 1, POST IDES, 40 B. C.  
TEN THOUSAND WILD FIGHT FANS WITNESS GRUEL-  
LING AND RIP-ROARING SCRAP (PROELEUM) BE-  
TWEEN BATTLING JULE AND SLIM ART. — FIGHT  
ENDS IN TERRIBLE HUB-DUB (PURTABATIO).

One of the most cleverly fought and interesting boxing exhibitions ever held under the grin of Father Jupiter was witnessed yesterday by ten thousand fans at Agrippa's Thirty Acres, at Jersae, just outside of Rome.

(Let us skip the unnecessary details and lead our readers to the ringside.)

At 12:21 Battlin Jule entered the ring attired in a purple toga. The crowd applauded. He was in the pink of condition, weighing an even 170 lbs. Slim Art entered a minute later, and his frown was no signal for popular applause. He had that characteristic lean and hungry look and appeared overly trained; but his training was in the

hands of Scipio Conditio who runs the Maditio Square Gardens over at the corner of West 57th Street and the Appian Way. This is to say that Cassius was in the best of form. Brutus, erstwhile pal of Caesar, was in Cassius's corner, talking to him quietly. In Caesar's corner was his young nephew, Octavius, who was taping his uncle's hands. Caesar's chief second, Marc Antony, was out in the box seats talking to Cleopatra, the Queen of the Nile Naborhood, who had come to Rome on a shopping tour and stayed to see the bout. Among the notables present was Roy Hannibal of Carthage, later to be light-heavy champ of the world. Spartacus, chief of the gladiators, was head-usher and he kept the crowd in perfect order.

At 12:25, Patsy Lepidus the referee, called the men together in the center of the ring. After a few seconds' talk the pugs returned to their corners, the ring was cleared, the bell sounded, and the fight was on.

#### ROUND ONE

Cassius ignored Caesar's out-stretched hand and struck him lightly on the jaw. Caesar rushed and beat Cassius back with heavy lefts and rights. As the bell sounded Caesar landed a terrific right and the unshaven crowd of gladiators in the fifty-sesterces seats howled.

Cassius advanced cautiously and as Caesar rushed whacked him with a left and right. Caesar smote Slim Art with a straight left to the body following with a right to the jaw. Caesar was boxing superbly, making the sullen Cassius miss time and time again. Just before the bell Slim went into a clinch and rabbitted Jule's neck. He was warned by the referee.

#### ROUND TWO

(Rounds 3, 4 and 5 are not legible. Tradition has it that they went to Caesar by an overwhelming margin.)

#### ROUND SIX

Cassius could win only by a K. O. He missed two wicked rights and Caesar beat him back with everything in his repertoire. Repeatedly he used the Helvetian crouch to let Cassius's swings fly harmlessly by. The crowd was in an uproar as the round closed when Caesar let fly a mean right that bumped Slim Art over the optical apparatus bringing a crimson flow.

## ROUND SEVEN

Caesar went in to finish his man. Cassius was flattened by the Boetian Bopp (the present one-two punch) to stomach and horn. He was up at the count of nine. Caesar measured him carefully; then out shot his serpentine left and Cassius passed out.

The crowd went wild. Cassius was dragged to his corner and revived. Wild with rage he savagely attacked Caesar with the referee's spear and the rest is history.

We moderns are too prone to relish the present-day struggles, with their tremendous stadiums and thousands of lethargic spectators. But give me the greatest of them all, that ancient setto wherein the victor was vanquished, wherein the noble Caesar after being flattered by the crowd was flattened by his cruel opponent.

Needless to say, when the Boxing Commission was formed immediately afterward its first official act was the disbarment of Cassius for six months because of unnecessary roughness.

*B. T. Henry, '25.*

SOME WELL-MEANING CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE  
RESIDUUM

Too much praise altogether is lavished on these daring (so-called) crooks who rob mail trucks, hold up trains, clean out bank vaults, and what not, escaping with a couple of million in each case. There is no exceptional nerve necessary to stick a forty-five into the ribs of a startled citizen and relieve him of his financial burdens; no unusual manifestation of bravery is required to slink abroad in the stillness of night under cover of darkness to perpetrate the accomplishment known as cracking a crib. If such bravado were a necessary requirement these acts would be few and far between.

But we take our hat off, and donate our admiration unreservedly, to the crafty and most uncommon type of native who is able to enter undetected the Central Police Precinct, thence to escape with the Captain's spare trousers. That is our idea of a brave, bold intrepid, heroic raffles.

## A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

*POPULAR SONG*

The Moonlight  
A June Night  
And You.

*POPULAR FEELING*

A Dark Night  
A Lead Pipe  
And You.



## OVER THE BOUNDING BILLOWS

(A Poem)

It was a motor speedster  
 That churned the midnight seas;  
 And the crew were hardy gangsters,  
 Whom officers meant to seize.

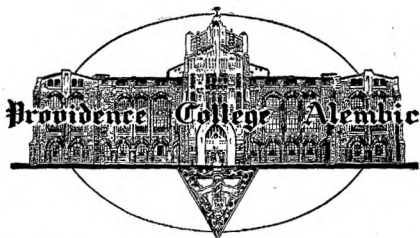
It had a twelve-mile journey,  
 Way out to schooners stark;  
 Where wooden boxes exchanged hands,  
 And money, after dark.

But our little motor speedster  
 Was ill-fated; motor went quite flat.  
 The stuff was jettisoned and  
 The fish went on a bat.

*(Lachrymal Overflow-Curtain.)*

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The purpose of  
 This stuff is to  
 Cause a laugh  
 Whether tremendous  
 Or only a mild  
 Giggle.  
 If you are  
 Not so affected  
 As to burst  
 Out uproariously  
 Upon reading this  
 Jargon  
 Do not conclude  
 That you have  
 No  
 Sense of humor;  
 The stuff may  
 Not be funny.



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VOL. V.

MAY, 1925.

NO. 8

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America, or that part of it termed the United **ECONOMY** States, is experiencing a siege of economy. Everywhere economy is being widely acclaimed as *the* practice of the hour and the solution to all our problems. And perhaps economy is *the* practice of the hour and the solution to all our problems. But, on the other hand, it may be the fashionable practice of the hour, and at the same time it may not prove to be the solution to all our problems.

government in the world, and our international brethren view our economy with ill-concealed amusement. We have always been ready to risk our all on a flimsy agreement, and foreign folk cannot comprehend our new role of economist. If our economy was attended only by amusement and non-comprehension on the part of these foreign folk we might well wend our way undisturbed about the future and its store, but such is not the case. We have ourselves to consider, our industrial, commercial and economic future to protect.

The persons who are guiding our governmental policies at present were elected by the people of the Union on the strength of their promise to administer the affairs of State honestly, expeditiously, and economically. Apparently they have fulfilled the two conditions requiring honesty and expedition. It is with the policy of economy that we find fault. To all intents and purposes the present government has striven earnestly to economize in every instance where economy could be practiced. Thus far it lived up to its promise. The question arises whether this same government has not in its enthusiasm gone to extremes in economizing?

It cannot be denied that the status of business in general is a very precarious one just now. Labor conditions are not the best and industry is suffering from growing stagnation, while shipping has many times had a much stronger pulse. One might go so far as to say that our preaching of economy has backfired with disastrous results to the enclosing structure. This is supposedly the era of prosperity, but the prosperity part has been much exaggerated. There is a wide gulf between extravagance and extreme frugality, and somewhere in that gulf is the sane medium to be embraced by sane persons.

Someone has been so bold as to say that the novel is a short story with too many dresses. After reading some of the modern type novels one is easily led to believe that there is some truth in this statement. One might go further and say that the new novel has too much paint on its face and too little substance to carry the paint.

Once upon a time the mission of a novel was to entertain, but that time seems to have fled with the passing of the dodo and the moustache cup. The present novel cannot hope to be a best seller

unless it is scientific, learned in one way or another. Not so long ago a novel, to attain success, had to be psychological — and, of course, sordid. It had to chronicle the thought and action of a person of the “middle class” (whatever that is) and tell in full detail his innermost secrets. Lately, however, there has been a vogue among the novelists for that which is psycho-analytic, and even more lately, the fad has been to be spiritualistic in one’s novel.

In our opinion it is all very well for a novelist to be learned, that condition is not a handicap to writing novels, but it is not necessary for the writer’s erudition to intrude itself to such an extent that the reader is overawed and subjected to a feeling of inferiority. There are a sufficient number of complexes mentioned in the average novel without forcing the benighted reader to experience that feeling which is commonly termed an inferiority complex. If we desire to gain a fund of knowledge by reading, we should read weighty books which treat of the desired subject, but when in that state of mind we should avoid novels. By this we do not mean that a good novel and learning should be mutually exclusive terms, or that all narratives should be of the consistency of froth, but we do maintain that the novel to be worthwhile, need not be essentially obliterated by a mass of new theories and scientific tangents. May this year of grace see the advent of a number of novels which we can enjoy wholeheartedly without danger to our mental equilibrium, while swaying in a porch hammock.

# ALUMNI

The opening of the baseball season at Hendricken Field brought many members of the Alumni to the opening games. Home from graduate schools for the Easter vacation, the loyal grads gathered around to root again for the fighting Providence College nine. Prominent among the fans were past leaders of the college football and baseball teams, and some who had played on previous college aggregations were seen among the spectators.

Some of those who came to renew their relations were Frank Holland, pre-Med. '23, captain of baseball in 1923; Bud Feid, ex-'25, baseball leader in 1924; Joe McGee, '24, football captain in 1922; John McKenna and Addis O'Reilly, managers of athletics in '24 and '23.

Beagan, Bradley, Considine, Callahan, Dwyer and Kelleher, all of the class of 1924 manifested that they are still with us, rooting for the team hard and long.

Howard Farrell, '24, assistant editor of the *Alembic* last year entered the Law School at Columbia University at the beginning of the second semester.

Howard Bradley, '24, who had charge of the Athletic Department of the College Magazine in 1924, recently resigned his position with the Post Office Department to accept a place with the United States Rubber Company, Providence.

The Alumni Day committee are arranging plans for the reception of the class of 1925 into the society, a day to be set apart in Commencement Week solely for Alumni activities. There will be a Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of deceased Alumni followed by the annual meeting and election of officers. The annual banquet will be held in the evening.

*Earl F. Ford, '25.*

# EXCHANGE

## THE ATENELO MONTHLY

After reviewing *The Ateneo Monthly* from Manila we could come to no other conclusion than that the study of philosophy exercises a potent influence on the contributors of this neat and pleasing publication. The essay *Modern Schooling* was a very fitting introductory feature for the mass of information on modern education which followed. The essays were cogently written and much light was thrown on the errors and fallacies of the schools of today. The author of *Classics In Modern Literature* has exceptional powers of description and other noteworthy traits that are peculiar to masters. We were in perfect accord with his views until we came to the last paragraph wherein we read the somewhat sweeping and general statement, "The classics are waning in popularity, but the world is a sorer, darker place for their going." What actuated this pessimistic outlook? What is the reason for believing that the classics are on the wane? Are not the immortal plays of Shakespeare as popular as ever they were? Have they not been given a new impetus through the talent of such men as Walter Hampden and Warfield, who have employed every effort to bring classical productions to the fore? Have not the writings of Hugo, Dumas, Scott and others been placed on the screen and before crowded houses? Does not the intelligent and appreciative audience continue to applaud the dramatized classic? Do not classical schools continue to encourage and foster the study of the old masters? We see no reason for believing that the classics are on the wane. But supposing the classics were dying in popularity; what of it? Undoubtedly new writers would arise to fulfill the mission of their precursors and we doubt that the world would be a "sorrier and darker place" to live in. Console yourself with the words of Tennyson: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

### THE ALVERNIA

The distinctive mark of the March issue of *The Alvernia* was the poetry. *Tulips* was unquestionably the best. The story, *The*

*Newly Wed*, was, we believe, intended to be romantic, but the author did not go much beyond his intentions for we found little that was romantic. In the first place dream stories are prosaic and trite. They serve their purpose in the nursery but are out of place elsewhere. And what inelegant and unromantic names for the hero and heroine! We hope that the somewhat quixotic author will choose a more fanciful name for the damsel of his next spasm. The indefatigable writer of *The Man Who Laughed* resembled Dickens inasmuch as both have a penchant for tiresome and useless detail. Apart from this the story was interesting and contained a good moral. The department entitled *Timely Tips* deserves commendation. What is the cause for the dearth of essays and articles?

#### THE TEXT

We have nothing but adulation for *The Text* from the Lowell Textile School. The satire on *College Slang* was truly humorous. Modern campus conversation is like a foreign tongue to the uninitiated. Phrases and short expressions make words do the work of sentences. College men are supposed to be representatives of culture and refinement as well as those "little elegancies which go to make up educated gentlemen." When we listen to the inelegant terms and words so frequently employed by the student of today we realize that the English language is being subjected to repeated and barbaric indignities. Take for example the word "wet," which in former days meant a ducking at the college pump, has in this age of intelligence many varied meanings. It is now employed to designate a mentally deficient, a loud-mouth braggard, an over-dressed man, a humorous story which fails to "get across" and so on. The word "dumb" has likewise many peculiar significations. It is a favorite word of the college man and means "mental obtuseness bordering on the "wet," with not quite all the latter's intensity and objectionableness." The editorials that we have read in *The Text* have been worthy of any high-class publication. They are indicative of a capable and experienced editor. The excellent choice of subjects and the inimitable manner with which they are handled make the editorials the outstanding feature of your bi-monthly issues.

#### THE DOVE

The *Dove* flew into our exchanges all the way from Atchison,

Kansas: Our first expression was "What a handsome cover!" Despite the hallowed strictures of criticism militating against the use of the word "delightful," it is the most fitting descriptive adjective that can adequately typify the story, *Uncle Jack's Niece. Checked But Not Foiled* was most unrealistic and insignificant. A little more imagination on the part of the author! Also, typical country mansions are never rambling structures, moreover, it is not of the nature of a mansion to be a rambling structure. The abundance of good verse was gratifying. The criticisms in the exchange were superficial and exceedingly balsamic, with one startling exception. This one exception was sufficient evidence to prove conclusively that the exchange editors do not possess the least vestige of diplomacy.

*James C. Conlon, '25.*





Another successful baseball season under direction of Coach Jack Flynn is forecast with the early season successes of the remodelled '25 diamond machine, no less than five new players appearing in the regular lineup. Providence College inaugurated its winning campaign with an 11 to 9 victory over Middlebury College. The strong nine representing Springfield College disputed the White and Black's honors on the diamond with a 1 to 1 tie game, both teams being satisfied to have the contest end with honors even.

The early-season victories—not a defeat with one-third the season gone—is another tribute to the baseball genius of our incomparable mentor. We believe he has no peer in college circles. Jack Flynn having firmly planted our colors among the topnotchers in collegiate circles.

#### PROVIDENCE VS. MIDDLEBURY

Coupling their timely hits with opposing errors, the White and Black players triumphed over Middlebury College of Vermont in the opening game of the season, played before a big crowd on the diamond at Hendricken Field. The final score was 11 to 9. Charley Reynolds, ace of the '24 campaign, turned in a good exhibition, the raw day handicapping the star in his '25 debut.

Ray Doyle and Captain Johnny Halloran divided batting honors on the home team, each smashing out three hits. An eighth inning rally paved the way for the triumph, three hits and a sacrifice fly accounting for the winning runs. With two Middlebury players on the bases in the ninth, Charley Reynolds ended the game by whiffing March, pinch hitter.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						MIDDLEBURY					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen, 3	3	1	2	2	0	Papke, s.	4	2	0	4	3
Wholey, m.	5	0	1	1	0	Novotny, l	3	3	1	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	3	0	4	2	Klavenow, m.	5	0	2	0	0
Delaney, r.	5	1	0	0	1	Whitney, 2	3	0	4	2	0
Sullivan, l	4	1	12	0	2	Banks, r.	5	3	2	0	0
Halloran, c.	3	2	8	1	1	Conley, 3	4	2	0	0	0
Graham, s.	5	3	2	2	0	Kilbride, c.	5	2	4	2	0
O'Brien, l.	4	1	1	0	0	Hasseltine, l	3	0	11	0	1
Reynolds, p.	3	0	1	4	0	Witham, p.	4	1	0	3	1
						Rice	0	0	0	0	0
						March	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	12	27	14	6	Totals	39	13	24	11	5
Innings		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Providence		0	1	3	0	1	1	2	3	x—11	
Middlebury		1	0	0	0	0	5	0	1	2—9	

Runs—Allen, Doyle 2, Sullivan 3, Halloran 3, Graham, Delaney—11; Novotny 3, Klavenow, Conley, Kilbride 2, Hasseltine, Whitney—9. Stolen base—Halloran. Two-base hits—Doyle 3, Allen, Graham, Witham, Novotny, Banks 2. Three-base hit—Novotny. Sacrifices—Reynolds, Papke, Whitney, Hasseltine, Halloran. Struck out—By Reynolds 6, by Witham 3. First base on balls—Off Witham 4. Hit by pitched ball—By Reynolds, Conley, Whitney; by Witham, Sullivan. First base on errors—Providence 3, Middlebury 5. Left on bases—Providence 6, Middlebury 8. Time of game—2h. 20m. Umpire—Meehan.

PROVIDENCE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE

Whittling down an eight-run lead piled up by Lowell Textile in the first three innings, the Providence College team came from behind to win out 10 to 9 in one of the most thrilling games played on Hendricken Field. The victory can be credited to the strategy of Coach Jack Flynn, the mentor injecting pinch batters into the lineup during the seventh inning that turned the tide of defeat into one of victory. Four runs were scored, pinch hitters accounting for three.

Tom Delaney, in right field, led the attack with three hits in as many trips to the plate. One of the safeties was a three-base smash to the left field fence. Joe Whalen, substituted in the box for Joe Smith after the third frame, pitched masterful ball, the visitors going runless until the ninth inning when two of the six hits made off the yearling were combined with a sacrifice fly for a single tally.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						LOWELL TEXTILE						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	c	
Allen, 3	2	1	0	0	2	Linsey, s.	5	1	4	1	3	
Wholey, m.	5	0	1	0	0	Logan, l.	3	1	3	0	0	
Delaney, r.	3	3	1	0	0	Pierce, 2	5	1	2	3	0	
Doyle, 2	4	0	0	4	0	Joy, r.	5	4	1	0	0	
Sullivan, i	4	0	10	0	0	Burke, p., m.	5	0	0	3	0	
Halloran, c.	5	0	12	2	0	McKay, m., p.	4	0	2	0	0	
Graham, s.	3	0	0	0	2	Kenny, i	4	1	8	0	1	
O'Brien, l.	1	0	1	0	0	Cartier, c.	4	1	6	0	0	
Smith, p.	1	0	0	1	0	McKinnon, 3	4	1	0	3	1	
Whalen, p.	4	2	0	3	0							
Brickley, l.	1	0	2	0	0							
MsLaughlin, s.	0	0	0	0	0							
*Triggs	1	0	0	0	0							
†Considine	1	1	0	0	0							
‡Maroney, l.	1	1	0	0	0							
Totals	36	8	27	10	4	Totals	39	11	x26	10	5	
Innings				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence				0	0	1	0	2	1	4	1	1-10
Lowell Textile				4	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	1-9

Runs—Allen 2, Wholey, Considine, Whalen, Delaney 2, Sullivan, Halloran, Triggs—10; Logan, Joy, Burke 2, McKay, Kenny, Cartier, Linsey—9. Hits—Off Smith 5 in 3 innings; off Whalen 6 in 6; off Burke 9 in 9. Stolen base—Logan. Two-base hit—Kenny. Three-base hits—Delaney, Cartier. Sacrifice hits—Delaney, Logan. Double play—Whalen to Allen. Struck out—By Smith 6; by Whalen 6; by Burke 3; by McKay 2. First base on balls—Off Smith 1; off Burke 9; off McKay 1. Passed balls—Halloran, Cartier 3. Hit by pitched ball—By Burke—Doyle, Delaney. First base on errors—Providence 4; Lowell 3. Left on bases—Providence 9; Lowell 6. Time—2h. 55 m. Umpires—Meehan and Ferrick.

\*Batted for Graham in 7th.

†Batted for O'Brien in 5th.

‡Batted for Brickley in 7th.

xTwo out when winning run was scored.

### PROVIDENCE VS. ST. FRANCIS

The third straight victory of the Providence College baseball team was registered over the strong St. Francis College nine of Brooklyn, Coach Flynn's players concentrating their attack in the third, fifth and eighth innings, two runs being scored in each. The final decision was 6 to 4.

Pete Malloy was on the mound for the White and Black, the cool-headed portsider keeping the eight hits made by the opposition well scattered. The team showed remarkable improvement, the in-field settling down to good defensive work. Stretch Sullivan on first for the home team captured individual batting honors with three hits

## Providence College Alembic

to him in the ninth for a home run to the centrefield gate, the drive being the longest ever made within the grounds. The next batter, Cobb, 250-pound first baseman, swung on the first ball, lifting it to the right field fence. Art Considine caught it after a great run, the catch giving Triggs added confidence to dispose in order the next two batters.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						ST. JOHN'S						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e	
Allen, 3	4	0	0	3	0	Morris, 2	3	0	3	0	0	
Wholey, m.	3	0	0	0	0	Feeney, l.	3	1	3	0	0	
Considine, r.	4	0	3	0	0	Freeman, c.	4	1	8	1	0	
Doyle, 2	2	0	2	3	1	Thomas, 3	3	1	1	1	0	
Sullivan, 1	3	2	14	0	0	Mattey, m.	3	1	2	1	1	
Halloran, c.	3	1	3	1	0	Cobb, 1	4	1	7	0	0	
McLaughlin, s.	4	2	2	2	1	Livote, r.	2	0	0	0	0	
O'Brien, l.	4	2	3	0	0	Brown, p.	3	0	0	3	0	
Triggs, p.	4	2	0	2	0	Murtaugh, s.	2	0	0	1	1	
						*Paulonis	1	0	0	0	0	
						†Plun'ge, r.	1	0	0	0	0	
Totals	31	9	27	11	2	Totals	29	5	24	7	2	
Innings				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence				0	0	1	0	0	2	0	2	x-5
St. John's				1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	-2

Runs—O'Brien, Sullivan 2, Halloran, McLaughlin—5; Morris, Mottey—2. Two-base hits—McLaughlin, Sullivan. Home run—Mottey. Stolen bases—O'Brien 2. Sacrifice hits—Feeney, Sullivan, Halloran, Mottey. Base on balls—By Triggs 2; by Brown 3. Struck out—By Triggs 3; by Brown 8. Double plays—Doyle, McLaughlin and Sullivan; Considine and Sullivan. Wild pitch—Triggs. Hit by pitched ball—By Triggs, Brown Paulonis. Time, 1h. 50m. Umpire—Meehan.

\*Batted for Liverti in seventh.

†Batted for Murtaugh in seventh.

## PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN

Joe Smith was added to the list of winning pitchers on the Providence College staff in the game with Northeastern University, the lanky portsider yielding but two hits to the Bean Eaters in a contest that the White and Black won easily, the final count being 11 to 2. The victory was the fifth of the season.

Tom Maroney, understudy to Captain Johnny Halloran, made his debut behind the plate. So few opposing men got on the bases, the catcher had no chance to exercise his arm. He worked Smith to perfection, however, an even dozen strikeouts being recorded for the southpaw. Art O'Brien continued to shine at the bat, coming thru

in four trips to the plate while Ray Doyle, with a home run, and Heck Allen, with a three-bagger, featured for long-distance clouting.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					ST. FRANCIS							
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e	
Allen, 3	3	2	2	3	1	McCabe, 2	4	0	0	4	0	
Wholey, m.	4	1	0	0	0	Crane, 3	4	0	1	2	0	
Delaney, r.	4	0	0	0	1	Hennigan, s.	4	1	1	2	1	
Doyle, 2	2	1	4	3	0	W. Sullivan, m.	3	2	1	1	0	
J. Sullivan, 1	4	3	16	0	1	Gillespie, p.	3	1	0	4	1	
Halloran, c.	4	0	4	4	0	O'Hara, 1	4	2	13	0	0	
McLaughlin, s.	4	1	1	2	0	McCormick, c.	4	1	7	0	0	
O'Brien, 1	3	0	0	0	0	McWalters, l.	4	1	1	0	0	
Malloy, p.	3	0	0	6	0	McNamara, r.	3	0	0	0	0	
Totals	31	8	27	18	3	Totals	33	8	24	13	2	
Innings				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence				0	0	2	0	2	0	0	2	x-6
St. Francis				0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2-4

Runs—Wholey, Doyle 2, Allen, O'Brien, Malloy—6; O'Hara, McCormick, W. Sullivan, Gillespie—4. Three-base hit—Allen. Home runs—Doyle, Allen. Stolen bases—Wholey, J. Sullivan. Sacrifices—Wholey, O'Brien. Double play—Malloy to Doyle to Sullivan. Struck out—By Malloy 4; by Gillespie 4. First base on balls—Off Malloy 2; off Gillespie 5. First base on errors—Providence 2, St. Francis 3. Left on bases—Providence 8, St. Francis 4. Umpire—Meehan. Time—1h. 50m.

### PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Holding St. John's College hard-hitting nine to five hits and two runs and leading his team's attack with two hits, Jack Triggs, burly two-letter athlete, turned in a great twirling exhibition in his comeback as a regular member of the hurling staff. The final score of the contest was 5 to 2.

The lower part of the batting order crashed out all the hits credited to the Providence College team. The last five players in the lineup won the contest, Triggs himself coming through with opportune hits. The visitors scored in the first inning, a base on balls giving them an opportunity to make good. For the next seven innings they were held in check, but three hits being made off the big right-hander. In the seventh, he fanned Plumridge with three men on the sacks, a performance that merited much vociferous praise from the fans.

Art O'Brien, the midget left fielder of the home club, was the individual star, his two timely hits accounting for three runs while his defensive work far outshone that of any other player on the field. Captain Mottey, of the Brooklyn nine, crashed the first ball served

in the pinch twice. Four hits coupled with a sacrifice and a base on balls accounted for six Providence runs in the third stanza. Heck Allen poled a home run with Smith on first in this inning.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						NORTHEASTERN						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e	
Allen, 3	6	1	0	2	0	Mader, s.	4	1	0	2	0	
Wholey, m.	5	1	3	0	0	Eldrige, 3	4	1	0	4	1	
Considine, r.	5	2	0	0	0	Dennis, l.	4	0	0	0	0	
Doyle, 2	3	1	3	0	0	Flynn, r.	3	0	0	0	1	
J. Sullivan, 1	1	0	2	1	0	Watson, m.	4	0	2	0	0	
Maroney, c.	3	1	12	0	0	Freeland, 1	3	0	13	0	0	
McLaughlin, s.	5	1	3	0	2	E. Sullivan, 2	1	0	0	0	0	
O'Brien, l.	5	2	2	0	0	Gray, c.	3	0	8	0	1	
Smith, p.	3	2	2	0	0	Pender, p., 2	3	0	1	3	1	
						Brouse, p.	2	0	0	2	0	
Totals	36	11	27	3	2	Totals	31	2	24	11	4	
Innings				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence				1	0	6	0	0	3	0	1	x—11
Northeastern				0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

Runs—Considine 3, Doyle 2, Maroney 2, Smith, Allen, McLaughlin, O'Brien—11; Eldridge, Dennis—2. Stolen bases—Allen, McLaughlin, J. Sullivan, O'Brien 2, Wholey. Two-base hit—Maroney. Home run — Allen. Sacrifice hits—J. Sullivan 2. Struck out—By Smith 12; by Pender 3; by Brouse 4. First base on balls—Off Smith 1; off Pender 2; off livan. First base on errors—Providence 2, Northeastern 2. Left on bases Brouse 5. Passed ball—Gray. Hit by pitched ball—By Pender—J. Sullivan—Providence 11, Northeastern 3. Umpire—Meehan. Time of game—2h. 20m.

### PROVIDENCE VS. SPRINGFIELD

The winning streak of the Providence College nine was temporarily halted by the Springfield College nine in a 1 to 1 well-played contest. Each team was on the defensive during the entire contest. Jim Crawley, clever pitcher of the visitors, scored his team's only run in the sixth inning when he stole home after reaching third base on Berry's single to right field.

Crawley's pitching baffled the White and Black during the entire game, but two hits being made by Coach Flynn's players. The tying run was scored by Sullivan in the seventh inning. Three infield errors were responsible, Mahanken's failure to hold Berry's throw on McLaughlin's grounder allowing the home first sacker to score.

Charley Reynolds was nicked for six hits but the veteran kept them well scattered, no two coming in the same frame. A triple by Shellenberger, first batter to face him in the fourth, went to waste

## Providence College Alembic

when the husky first baseman was nipped at home on McLaughlin's great peg on Eckerson's liner. The defensive work of McLaughlin and Art O'Brien featured.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e	
Allen, 3	3	1	0	3	0	Wright, 3	4	0	2	1	0	
Wholey, m.	4	0	0	0	0	Shanks, m.	2	0	2	0	0	
Considine, r.	3	0	0	0	0	Crawley, p.	3	1	1	1	0	
Doyle, 2	4	0	4	3	0	Shellenberger, i.	2	1	6	1	0	
Sullivan, I	4	0	11	1	0	Berry, s.	4	1	0	4	2	
Halloran, c.	4	0	5	1	0	Eckerson, 2	3	0	4	3	1	
McLaughlin, s.	3	0	3	3	0	Jenkins, l.	3	2	2	0	0	
O'Brien, l.	3	0	3	1	0	Erickson, r.	4	1	0	0	0	
Reynolds, p.	3	1	1	3	0	Hanson, c.	2	0	8	0	1	
						Malinson, l.	1	0	2	0	0	
						Fowler, 2	1	0	0	1	0	
Totals	31	2	27	15	0	Totals	31	6	27	11	4	
Innings				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence				0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0-1
Springfield				0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0-1

Runs—Sullivan—1; Crawley—1. Stolen bases—Crawley, Berry, Eckerson, McLaughlin. Three-base hit—Shellenberger. Sacrifice hit—Hanson. Double plays—Berry to Eckerson to Shellenger; McLaughlin to on balls—Off Reynolds 4; off Crawley 2. First base on errors—Provi-Sullivan Sullivan. Struck out—By Reynolds 4; by Crawley 8. First base dence 4. Left on bases—Providence 5, Springfield 8. Umpire—Meehan. Time of game—2h. 10m.

## PROVIDENCE VS. MAINE UNIVERSITY

Maine University was unable to interrupt the winning streak of the Providence College nine, the White and Black wearers registering their seventh victory of the season with a 3 to 1 decision over the Pine Tree Staters. Joe Whalen was on the mound for the winners, the clever flinger yielding but four hits.

Red McLaughlin proved the main cog on the offense, the sorrel-topped lad whacking out a pair of two-baggers, one of which started the second inning rally that resulted in the two winning runs. The shortstop also had a great day in the field, handling six chances without the semblance of a slip. The baffling change of pace possessed by Speed Crozier, visiting hurler, was solved by five Providence batters, Captain Halloran and Red McLaughlin being the only players to collect more than one hit.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						MAINE UNIVERSITY						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e	
Allen, 3	4	1	2	3	0	Meserve, l.	4	1	0	0	0	
Wholey, m.	3	0	3	0	0	Hackett, m.	4	1	1	0	0	
Considine, r.	3	1	0	0	0	Stearns, s.	4	0	2	4	1	
Doyle, 2	3	1	3	1	1	Wing, r.	1	0	0	0	0	
Sullivan, r.	3	0	8	0	2	Paul, r.	3	0	9	2	1	
Halloran, c.	4	2	9	3	1	Stanton, 3	3	0	1	1	1	
McLaughlin, s.	4	3	2	4	0	Gay, 2	3	1	2	4	1	
O'Brien, l.	4	0	0	0	0	Gruhn, c.	2	0	7	1	0	
Whalen, p.	3	0	0	2	0	Crozier, p.	3	0	1	1	0	
						Newhall, r.	2	1	1	0	1	
						*Repscha	1	0	0	0	0	
Totals	31	8	27	13	4	Totals	30	4	24	13	5	
Innings				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College				0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	x-3
Maine University				0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0-1

Runs—McLaughlin, O'Brien, Allen—3; Paul—1. Two-base hits — McLaughlin 2, Hackett. Sacrifice — Wholey. Double plays — Gay to Stearns to Paul; Gay to Paul. Struck out—By Whalen 9; Crozier 7. First base on balls—Off Whalen 4; Crozier 2. Passed ball—Halloran. Hit by pitched ball—By Crozier, Sullivan. First base on errors—Providence 5; Maine 2. Left on bases—Providence 8; Maine 5. Time—2h. 20m. Umpire—Meehan.

\*Batted for Gay in ninth.

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

Jack Triggs, starting his second game of the season, shut out the M. I. T. Beavers with no hits and runs in an abbreviated five-inning contest, a steady downpour of rain forcing Umpire Meehan to call the game in the sixth inning. The final score was 3 to 0. So well were Triggs' curves breaking that not a single opposing batter reached first base during the official time of the game.

Spectacular defensive work by Art O'Brien in left field featured, the midget flash pulling down five drives, three of which were labelled for home runs. Home runs by Red McLaughlin and Ed Wholey accounted for the three winning runs in the fifth frame. The defensive work of the White and Black was well-nigh perfect, not a single miscue being charged to Coach Flynn's players. Incidentally the victory was the seventh of the season.



## Providence College Alembic

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						M. I. T. BEAVERS					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen, 3 .....	3	2	0	0	0	Cotter, m. ....	2	0	1	0	0
Wholey, m. ....	3	1	0	0	0	Crandall, 1 .....	2	0	8	0	1
Considine, r. ....	3	0	0	0	0	Mereweather, 2..	2	0	1	1	0
Doyle, 2 .....	2	0	1	2	0	Robinson, 3 .....	2	0	1	1	0
Sullivan, 1 .....	1	0	5	0	0	Casey, r. ....	2	0	0	0	0
Maroney, c. ....	2	0	4	1	0	Freeman, s. ....	2	0	0	2	0
McLaughlin, s. ..	2	1	0	0	0	Nickel, l. ....	1	0	0	0	0
O'Brien, l. ....	2	0	5	0	0	Clough, c. ....	1	0	4	2	0
Triggs, p. ....	2	0	0	2	0	Reinhardt, p. ....	1	0	0	3	0
Totals .....	20	4	15	5	0	Totals .....	15	0	15	9	1
Innings .....						1	2	3	4	5	
Providence .....						0	0	0	0	3-3	

Runs—McLaughlin, Allen, Wholey. Stolen bases—Allen, Doyle. Home runs—McLaughlin, Wholey. Struck out—By Triggs 5; Reinhardt 5. Base on balls—Off Reinhardt 1. Wild pitch—Reinhardt. Hit by pitched ball—By Triggs—Clough. Left on bases—Providence 3. Time 1h. Umpire—Meehan.

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