

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



Get Back of a

PETER SCHUYLER

COSTELLO BROTHERS

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

GILLETTE

Razor Blades 78c

Package of 5 39c of 10 78c

The latest improved Gillette Razor delivers the quickest, cleanest, cool shave that can be had from any source.

Our price is \$4.50, money back after a thirty-day trial if you wish it.

Remington Pocket Knives
50c to \$8.00 All Good Cutters

99 Years a Store of Service

BELCHER & LOOMIS
HARDWARE CO.
83-81 WEYBOSSET STREET
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

CHURCH GOODS

BOOKS

Tickets to and from Europe

JOSEPH M. TALLY

506-512 WESTMINSTER ST.



Brownell & Field
Company

Providence, R. I.

THE COLLEGE MAN

Has Some Smart Ideas
About His Clothes

HERE THEY ARE

—HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX
—STEIN-BLOCH AND
—GOODMAN & SUSS

The Outlet Company

Men's Store



WALDORF LUNCHES

MOST EVERYWHERE

JACK AHERN, DIVISION MANAGER

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THEM—Use the Alembic Directory

Restaurant Dreyfus

CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND MATHEWSON STS.

ESTABLISHED 1892

Cuisine Francaise Par Excellence

Coffee Shop Service	{	Collegian Lunch, 11 to 2:30 P. M.....	65c
		Breakfast, 6 A. M. to 11 A. M.....	50c
		Supper, 5 to 8 P. M.....	75c

The Parisian Room	{	Business Men's Lunch,	
		11:30 to 2:30 P. M.....	65c
		French Table d'Hote Dinner,	
		5:30 to 8 P. M.	\$1.00
		A La Carte Menu all day	

SPECIAL FAMILY DINNER SUNDAYS 12 NOON TO 8 P. M.

Restaurant can be rented after 9 P. M. any night for Private Dances,
Class Dinners, Smokers, Etc.

Telephone Ed. Dreyfus—Gaspee 6343

DESK LAMPS WITH PROVIDENCE COLLEGE SEAL!



\$5

These lamps come in three rich finishes. Specially designed to brighten the hours of night-time study.

THE ELECTRIC SHOPS

NARRAGANSETT ELECTRIC LIGHTING CO.
TURKS HEAD BUILDING

Warren
Bristol

Olneyville
Washington Park
E. Providence

E. Greenwich
Arctic

William F. Casey
MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS
HATS AND SHOES

With

KENNEDY'S

Westminster and Dorrance
Streets

ROYAL THEATRE
Olneyville Square

World's Best in Motion
Pictures at Popular Prices

J. Fred Lovett, Manager

Providence College Alembic

VOL. VI.

February, 1926

No. 5

C O N T E N T S

Ships That Pass (Verse)	<i>W. Harold O'Connor</i>	186
The True All-American Team	<i>Francis C. Hagerty</i>	187
Tribute (Verse)	<i>Gerald J. Prior</i>	190
Clipped Wings	<i>Arthur Earnshaw</i>	191
The Letter Table (Verse)	<i>Robert E. Grant</i>	197
The Perfumed Letter	<i>H. Edmund O'Connor</i>	198
Life's Quest (Verse)	<i>Edwin C. Masterson</i>	201
Farewell (Verse)	<i>Thomas F. O'Neill</i>	201
The Residuum	<i>Francis V. Reynolds</i>	202
Editorial	<i>W. Harold O'Connor</i>	206
Alumni	<i>Arthur Earnshaw</i>	210
Athletics	<i>John E. Farrell</i>	211
Alembic A. B. C.		
Alembic Directory		

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."

Ships That Pass

I watched the ships sweep from the sea
With their stiff sheets gathered round them,
Their trembling spars
With icy scars,
Gleam as the waters pound them.

I love the ships that slowly creep
In the face of blasts that greet them.
Their low rails dip,
Their torn sails drip,
As the great waves leap to meet them.

I feel the song their riggings sing
As the racing winds sweep by them.
Their chants of reign
That die in pain,
E'er some one learns to cry them.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

The True All-American Team

THERE has been a great deal of discussion throughout the country relative to naming the All American Eleven. It seems that Fate had to decree that Walter Camp had a certain span of years to live and when they expired he would be called beyond that unbridgable chasm—death. Walter Camp made his exodus from this earth last year after fulfilling his annual compilation of All American Stars. There is a great vacuum at this time in the football world because the All American inventor is no more. The great question that asserts itself now is: Who is to name the All American Eleven? Who is to take the place of Walter Camp?

There have arisen many candidates well qualified to fulfill this exacting and punctilious vocation; there are candidates numbered among the sports writers of the leading papers throughout the country; the coaches of the various college football teams, and many noted football enthusiasts.

Some have already arrogated to themselves this desiderated position and we are confronted with the names of the players and the college teams they represent as constituting the All American Eleven. From the want of uniformity and constancy in the selections made by these men, it would seem that it is impossible to arrive at the real All American Eleven and another Walter Camp is sorely needed to put at rest all the claims which the present selectors are making for thier choices on this famous American institution.

I believe that if Camp could return to this earth of ours he would unhesitatingly make out an eleven like this:

Starting from the sinister side in naming this All American team. He would place at left end—Rampant Crime. This fellow is acceded by all to have this position easily clinched; gets away to a flying start, opposing interference to him is negligble. He is a very big and extravagant fellow. He and his teammates have toured the whole country and vestiges of his deeds are on the lips of all. The college this fellow represents is called Public Indif-

ference. From the feats accomplished by him his college is acquiring for itself a great name and a large following.

At left tackle we find a fellow who distinguished himself in valor last year and even to a better degree this past season. He is a clean tackler and gets his man whether he be big or little. Takes everything coming his direction and thrives on it. A very busy fellow, ever alert, a source of constant vexation to all his opponents, they cannot avoid him; he dogs their every move. They call this fellow Income Tax and he represents a well-known and large college down in the District of Columbia.

For left guard we have assigned "Hysteria" Mitchel. This fellow has accredited himself superbly in all skirmishes. He has fulfilled his position with honor to his Alma Mater. He has made a name not only for himself but for his team of Old Warhorses. He was chosen for this position on account of his outstanding aerial feats. He destroyed many potential victories by his superb defense in smothering the air attacks of his adversaries and in stealing offensive strategy. On last year's All American Eleven his school was represented in the person of Anglophilia Sims.

At Center we have a great big giant, a rather unnatural place for a big fellow. He has earned this position, however, on account of the fact that he has primogeniture rights when it comes to football—at the present time college authorities do not know what to do with him. He is a free lance; unattached. He is called Overemphasis.

Starting on the dextral side for Right guard we have a guant, moody, grim and hopeless-looking fellow. He is, however, a guard in the strict sense of the word. Representative of a backwoods college he is a national figure now. He is called Dessicated Dry, a name which his Nordic uncle Mr. Volstead as sponser at his birth suggested.

For Right Tackle we have a fellow who has distinguished himself in a peculiar manner. He has an idiosyncratic habit of masking himself every time he plays and we do not know how his physiognomy appears. He may be some sort of a cousin to the Phantom of the Opera. He is, however, called by the very cacophonous name of Ku Klux which stands for All American.

At Right End we have for the first time in years a typical representative of the real southern section, a fellow who, speaking

truly and in the expressive Anglo Saxon, likes his mud. Plays best on wet fields and accomplishes amazing results. A very spectacular character and by dint of uniqueness has earned the Right End of the All American line. He is a Florida Gables Boy.

For the position of Right Halfback, Left Halfback, and Fullback, we find respectively representatives of the Big Three, viz Bombast, Blatant, and Bull. The representation accorded the Big Three this year does not seem to fulfill their prestige, but we understand that their student body at the present time is to a large extent composed of the commonalty and this no doubt explains their poor showing.

For the general's position on the team, commonly called the quarter back, we find the outstanding player of all. This fellow is not only a celebrity on the gridiron, but in all phases of college life, intramural and extramural. He belongs, incidentally to that National Taurine "frat"—"Toughta moo" and like all "frats" it is bereft of that Christian and Philadelphian spirit: Love thy neighbor as thyself. There is not an affair no matter how trivial in football or in any other activity that he does not capitalize to perfection. He is the most spectacular and splashy character on the Eleven, and truly, were it not for him, the others could not have been given their respective positions. He is the sine qua non of the whole scheme. He is called Cheap Publicity.

Francis C. Hagerty, '26.

Tribute

Gifts of gold and jewels fair
And wreaths of fragrant roses,
And verses filled with thoughts as rare
As Dante's dream discloses.

Such gifts I would and cannot give,
Naught but these weary rhymes
Penned by a lad who yearns to live
With ghosts of other times.

Whose dreams are one with wingless birds,
With caught and captive joys,
Who plays awhile with witless words
As once he played with toys.

Whose bright ideals too soon were maimed,
Save this, he knows no other,
Whose lips no fairer phrase have framed
Since first they murmured, "Mother."

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

Clipped Wings



HE sun's rays were shining on the still water where small sailing craft were resting as if in slumber. The waves rolled in, faintly splashing against the rowboats, and then retreated. The waves of heat did not disturb the green tufts of grass lining the sandy shore. Here and there, from the hot sand flickering sparkles reflected, only to pass into oblivion. The sea gulls occasionally arose, soared the dreamy blue, and then with a swish downward, alighted and devoured their prey.

The movements of a single gull arrested the attention of Alfred Marshall. It was floating serenely, apparently not exerting itself, casually dipping its wings. Seating himself, contemplating the smoothness and steady glide of the bird winging its way, ever ready watchful, on the alert for its opportunity, "life—what it would mean to everyone should they follow the example of the flying of this creature and at the same time have such keen perception.

Sitting in this meditative mood, thoughts of his past seven years slowly and faintly were arising—graduation from High School—the desire for stylish and little work—continuous round of dances and parties—always welcome because of the gift of gab.

Reclining on a small mound of sand, he quieried—"What did they amount to compared with the solace and calmness of this scene. He had been moving too quickly—not with the grace and moderateness of the gull. Observe—never had it been given a thought—what did it matter until now."

He lay there thinking and planning—had a job now which was very laborious but who knows what one can not do if he is ever vigilant and takes time—others have done it—why did he not concentrate upon this before; no, he was blinded by his own vanity."

He was suddely aroused from his dreaming by a child's sweet voice, "Mister, will you get my ball."

Raising himself on his elbow he was looking into a little girl's face, covered with tears. Glancing about he saw that she was alone and the beach deserted—the revelers arise at three. He took her by the hand asking where it was. She pointed to the water. The

ball had drifted beyond his waist. Getting into one of the boats he recovered the "bouncer" and returned it to a much pleased child, who taking it, immediately tossing it in again.

"She wants somebody to play with, but darned if I'll keep jumping into this boat—what an awful bore, children," he thought.

A distant call—"Elsie, Elsie."

"Here I am," chimed the wisp thing, paddling.

Over the short embankment came a young lady, puffing and panting, more so from fright than the short run.

Grasping the child and holding her close to her—"where-h--ave you-been' "Wh-at are you do-ing near the water?" between breaths.

"This good man got my ball for me," glancing up at Marshall, and adding, "ain't he nice, Sis?"

Sis had not seen the young man, who had secured the ball the second time and was standing a little to the rear. Looking up she saw only his dark curly hair and clean face—"what nice teeth."

"That was a pretty scene, just as if you were her—or like a mother would do," he resolutely said.

"Thank you kindly for the trouble which she has caused you, Mr. _____"

"Marshall."

"Marshall," bluntly answered.

"No trouble at all," becoming rather nice or familiar, "you see, I am rather fond of children," and adding, "especially such a one."

"I am sorry I can't accommodate you by leaving her with you, good day and I wish to thank you again."

"Ah—but he caught himself in time. As they moved away he scrutinized the pair—"what lovely hair, and those eyes how they sparkle, and just the oh, she is so different from the others—no paint—yes, she is."

Marshall had been there a month and this was the first time that he had seen her. He became ascetic and longed for her the rest of the afternoon. He went bathing but there was something wanting. Realizing that he had to get that 4 a. m. train he went to bed.

In the early hours he passed by the large mansion to which she returned the previous afternoon. He could not think of asking her to the Saturday night dance. No, she was not of his class—and hadn't the child called her Sis. It hurt him—yes, he would ask. The

train whistle startled him—he must get that one or he would not be at work.

On the limited he was in a semi-conscious state. “Always those eyes, that hair, and sweet voice. So different—was she? Yes, she was—what tenderness and thoughtfulness for her little sister. These clothes — can’t be seen in these — the nearest path through the back woods and in the rear door—this will have to be done until after Saturday,” he concluded.

As the train was slowing he dropped to the ground and ran into the path, casting furtive glances to the right and left. Walking at a swift gait—a little jaunt and “what if she does see me.”

Arriving in his room, throwing himself on the bed and heaving a sigh of relief—“she didn’t see me.”

Nonchalantly changing into his bathing suit and in the same manner strolled onto the beach. He sat at the spot where he was accosted while meditating the previous afternoon, wishing for the same occurrence. Not perceiving anyone he took a few dips and returned to the same place—“what was the fascination?” — stopping for a minute and then passing on.

He appeared on the beach immaculate in white knickers, white shirt, many-colored stockings. He was an ad for the display window of any large department store. He saw little Elsie. He waved. She came running to him.

“Oh, Mr. Mar—r—, you look nice, those are pretty stockings.”

“Would you like them.”

She eyed him askance, twitching her lips, knitting her smooth brow. He sat down conceiving that she was going to say something, but evidently could not be brought to it.

“What are you thinking about,” inquisitively asking.

“Sis says, you’re a nice big man for getting my ball.”

“Does she, well ain’t that nice,” looking his clothes over and wondering what he would say to Sis when she should come after Elsie.

Taking the little hand he went a few feet from the water’s edge and dug holes. Digging and relating fairy stories to the child, ever on the alert for the coming of someone. Presently he saw a little figure, light wavy hair and—“Elsie, you bad little dear.”

Standing above the two—“I think she has taken a liking to you.”

"A child always leads the way, wouldn't you like to play? It has been so long since I did this that it makes me feel like a child again, and in such pleasing company," readily remarking.

Sis blushed a little and sat down—not too close.

"I haven't much time to myself—wondering if he would ask why—mornings, Elsie and I take a swim; in the afternoon I read to her or take a walk in the back woods; and then evenings I read as I have to prepare for returning to school," this latter part said a little softly for his own ears.

"The only time I have to myself is from two in the afternoon until the next morning—would he tell, no—you see, I am what you call a fashion plate for one of the large tailors, and that requires only morning work," wondering if it went across.

They both sat thoughtfully until attracted to the child sitting in the water.

"I will have to take her home and change her clothes."

Should he ask her to go to the dance—"may I take you to the dance, Saturday evening?"

Bending her head to the ground—"I will be free—you may call at 8:30"—and she was off.

Those words "take a walk in the back woods annoyed — she would go to the dance—she must not see him coming from work in those clothes, he would take the distant path as she would not stray that far from her home."

It was Saturday and he had avoided her in those abominable clothes—"why be so particular, he was going home next week and would never see her again—anyway, she was like the rest," not able to dispel the idea that she wasn't.

He called punctually at the appointed hour.

As they walked along the boardwalk a middle aged woman came up to them—"Sis, you'll be home early and look after Elsie."

"Yes, Mrs. Henderson," was the soft reply.

Alfred heard this suspiciously—"why did she not address her mother—now he would go through with—she's a darn nice girl even if she is playing a game—well, so was he."

They left the dance early and strolled the beach to her home. The moon was shining forth in all its glory on the darkened crest, reflecting on the black water. What solitude, only the rippling of

the waves on the shore. He touched her arm, she did not move it. They walked along in silence.

Not a word had been spoken. Awakening from his trance he realized that she was standing there in front of him. He didn't want her to go." Still staring at each other, he took her hand.

"I have had a wonderful time tonight,—would he call her by her first name, yes, no—Sis."

She was calling him Alfred unaware and they were in each other's arms. How long—it seemed only a minute.

"May I see you tomorrow, we'll go bathing."

"At two," and she was gone.

He stood a minute looking after the vanishing figure, then he went off into the night—"oh, what a girl."

Sunday was passed serenely—bathing, canoeing, beach strolling in the evening.

He lay abed a long while longing for her presence. Glancing at the alarm clock—1 o'clock—three hours sleep and a day of drudgery after such a pleasant week-end. He rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

Monday, the noonday train was puffing slowly out of the station as a shabby figure jumped onto the last car. Breathless, tired, he threw himself into the nearest vacant seat—hair disheveled, face worn, head drooping from exhaustion, shirt streaked with dirt marks, uncreased woolen pants, and heavy shoes. Weary and languid, this figure fell asleep after asking the conductor to awake him at his station—"sixteen miles."

The train stopped with a jerk, Marshall fell forward and instantly awoke. It was his station. Alighting from the train he took to the nearest brush, ever mindful of the words "take a walk in the back woods." He came to the distant path and was treading along it with alacrity, moved by a spirit not physical. His eyes half closed, glancing neither to the right nor left. Suddenly a small body fell in front of him—"it was Elsie—what to do—had she seen."

The child looked up and kept scrutinizing not knowing what to do and then recognizing—"Mr. Marshall, oh, Sis, here is Mr. Marshall and he looks so funny."

He stood, twisting his hat, abated, blushing, cold sweat covering his body—"why don't a hole open in the ground"—caught red

handed—what does she care—I'll tell, everything—flashing before his mind. He saw that she was not even smiling but seemed to be sympathizing with him—"gosh, she's a dream"—what misfortune. Neither spoke, looking at each other.

"I'm only an iceman," he said bluntly, pulling and turning the cap with no control.

The singing of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, the verdurous bushes and trees—"she was like a fairy among it all."

"Does it matter?"

"No, I am only the governess to this child and I am not her sister. They call me Sis for Cecilia," she readily replied.

As Marshall was holding her—"that sea gull's movements are all wrong—no more slow and easy for mine—I'll stay another month."

Arthur Earnshaw, '26.

The Letter Table

I search among them scattered there,
Lilies of delight,
In hopes that one might bloom for me
Pale blue or gold or white.

They breathe the scent of memories,
They tell of bye-gone days;
They echo back the laughter
And sing familiar lays.

From many climes they travel far
To sow the seeds of joy,
A violet from Northern Maine
And Columbine from Troy.

Kentucky laurel, too, is there
A full blown Jersey rose,
Whose perfume, mingling with the rest
In sweet effusion flows.

But still another flower smiles
And blossoms all for me;
It is the sweetest of them all.
My Primrose, Tennessee.

Robert E. Grant, '28.

The Perfumed Letter



AS the title would indicate, this story is about a letter—not a common letter written on plain white paper in a plain white envelope—but of an epistle that breathed of romance, daintily inscribed and held in a pink envelope. Deep pink, it was, and highly perfumed, reminding you of the flaring valentine you may have sent to your boyhood sweetheart, or perhaps if you never had a boyhood sweetheart, a feminine relative may have intruded into your collection of quiet grey or white envelopes with a few such as the one of which I speak.

However, for the time being you need only remember that it was pink, deep pink and highly perfumed. Our story is concerned not so much with the pinkness of the envelope as with its perfume. If there had been no perfume there would be no story. Even if there had been the perfume nothing might have resulted if Anna Lane hadn't possessed an insistant suspicion of her newly attached husband. She took Warren Lane for better or worse but the thing that was worrying her was the fear that he might be worse than she took him for.

Mrs. Lane was one of those little wives who begin by looking curiously over hubby's shoulder while he reads the mail and ends by demanding to see any letters that look interesting. Warren Lane was just the kind of a husband who would tolerate the beginning of the practice and later find himself too weak to ward off the results.

Warren had his office in town and his home in the suburbs. Warren was an accountant. He specialized in telling other people how their business should be run and then went back home to have his wife tell him how to run his own. He had a stenographer—not a pretty blonde—Mrs. Lane didn't like pretty blondes. He also had an assistant. The assistant, Walter Cannon did the pro-saic thing by falling in love with the stenographer. That was what started all of the trouble. Myrtle Kenyon had one very evident failing—she liked perfume, not just a little perfume but lots of it.

Oh yes! she had another failing, too. She liked the accountant's assistant.

Miss Kenyon was having her vacation, not her daily one but her annual trip to a resort. Of course she wrote long letters to Cannon, daintily addressed letters they were, pink and highly perfumed. Miss Kenyon spent her vacation in Bridgeton, Me. Bridgeton happened to be the town where Warren Lane had left an old-time sweetheart. Oh yes! Mrs. Lane knew all about that episode.

However, to get on with our story: Mrs. Lane strolled into her husband's office and with a glance through the mail on his desk she passed on to his chair. Suddenly her delicate little nose went up as she detected the odor of roses.

"Warren, have you any roses around here, I smell them?"

"Why no, dear, you know I can't bear flowers about my desk."

"Well, querulously, I smell roses."

"But I haven't any."

Have you been using any of that cheap hair tonic again? Warren you know I detest perfume."

Slowly she looked about and after a few minutes began to thumb the letters again. Suddenly she lifted one of the envelopes to her nostrils just as Warren slipped a pink envelope partly into his pocket. "Warren that perfume comes from those letters. Who has been sending you perfumed stationery?"

"Now listen Ann don't begin to get suspicious again; there is nothing to be alarmed at. That is merely a letter from my stenographer to my assistant and it came with my mail this morning."

"Oh! is that so? Well then let me see it if it is."

"Why should I let you see it, returned Lane becoming nettled. It doesn't belong to me and even if it were mine I don't know if I'd let you see it because I'm getting rather tired of turning all of my personal mail over to you to be censored."

"Why—why—Warren Lane, what do you mean? Show me that letter instantly do you hear me?"

Suddenly she spied the offending letter protruding from Lane's pocket and made a grab for it, She just missed the edge of it but got close enough to notice the postmark, which was printed in large black letters Bridgeton, Me.

"Oh! so she is sneaking around you again is she? Well you

just tell Mabel Kenny that she can have you if she wants you that badly. I'm going home to mother as fast as I can get my clothes together and I hope I never see you again."

With this burst of petulance Ann Lane rushed from the office leaving her husband in a quandry. He knew he would never let her go home to her mother but it galled him to think that he must sooth her ruffled dignity by showing her the letter. She was that kind, easily pacified if given her own way. Slowly and reluctantly Warren stepped to the phone about fifteen minutes later and as his wife's voice answered he began at once to sooth her.

"I'm so sorry dear I didn't mean to hurt you that way. I was just nervous and irritable from too much work I guess. Please come down now and I'll show you the old letter. It wasn't anything anyway only just what I told you, a letter from my stenographer, who is spending her vacation in Bridgeton, written to my assistant, Walter Cannon.

A tearful voice came back, "Are you sure you won't be cross to me again and you'll let me see any letters that I want to see?"

"Yes Dear I Will."

"All right then I don't want to see the old letter anyway. Let's forget it. Be home early tonight, I'll have something nice for supper."

Alright, Wifie, good-bye."

A few minutes later Walter Cannon strolled into the office and sat down at his desk.

"Say Cannon here's a letter of yours and after this please keep your mail addressed to your home will you?"

Cannon took the proffered missive looked at it and then grinned "What are you trying to do, kid me?"

"I? Kid you, what do you mean?"

Here—

Lane took the letter and slowly read,

Mr. Warren Lane,

Grosvenor Building,

Altoona, Pa.

H. Edmund O'Connor, '26.

Life's Quest

In vain I have tasted of worldly-prized joys
To find sweet contentment and peace;
I've drained the full cup and I find that it cloy
Too soon, it gives not care's surcease.

The lure that the world lables falsely as love
Wanes soon, and leaves naught but flesh;
Gold calls, so I struggle to heights high above,
It crumbles like dross, loses pow'r to refresh.

Ah, blind! dost not see thou art on the wrong road,
The road that leads thee far from Me?
Dear Lord, take my broken heart to Thy abode,
There is peace, contentment with Thee.

Edwin C. Masterson, '28.

Farewell

Forget me as you would a rose,
Whose petals drooping, at length close,
And crumble to the ground;
What fragrance I have lent to you
Is gone, and now I must go, too,
As fox before a hound.

Thomas F. O'Neill, '29.

RESIDUUM

THE SEMESTER FINALS

KID STUDENT VS. MIDY EARXAM

8 Rounds

Kid Student Defends His Place in the Vicious Circle

Round 1.

Kid Student, little over-confident takes the aggressive, but Midy Earxam with a blow from essence nearly takes students existence. They battle at close range, some think they clinch, however, Student emerges with his existence distinct.

Round 2.

Student cautious, adopts defensive; Midy Earxam offers a wicked left packed with objectionable force, but Kid Student, tho badly mutilated, cries out "Distinguish." Cry frightens timekeeper, who sounds bell. Student saved by a distinction.

Round 3.

After being saved, Kid takes offensive and with a major blow to the heart, minor smack to the ear and a wallop in conclusion to the jaw, Midy Earxam falls to the canvas. At the count of eight the bell rings.

Round 4.

Kid Student, looking pale (from intensive study) rushes in and batters Midy with long powerful explanations. Midy is in a daze. Finally by some words—unheard by the audience—presumed to be "Sows your wild oats," Midy loses his wind and goes down for the third time when the bell rings.

Round 5.

Midy Earxom completely outpoints his rival, follows Day Carts instructions and nearly floors his rival. Some judges say it is the result of a false major or poor minor. Anyhow the substance of the thing is that it is an accident.

Round 6.

Midy begins to unpack all the dope learned from Pith Agorazz, the Greek dietitian. T. Hales, the water boy, and Zeno, short for

Zonite, with the result that poor Kid sees his chances of passing a line and gradually to pros, conditional.

Round 7.

Thinking he's got something new Midy trots out new attack taught by Sue Araeth. Kid, already prepared, smacks the attack with nineties. Midy covers up, seeing his point going wrong.

Round 8.

Most fiercely contested round.

Kid Stude rushes at his rival in attempt to end battle before bell rings. Midy gets more obstinate. Student inflicts more punches but they don't sink in. The Kid sees an opening, he lands a quantity of punches of tough quality, in weak places at close relation at the right time and space and down goes Midy Earxom substance and all. Bell rings, bout is over.

And they had the nerve to call these accidents.

SPECS ABOUT THE CAMPUS

By G. Lasses

Modern Youth

Father to 4-year-old: "Is the clock running, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "No! it's just standing there wagging its tail."

Distinguish

"Ma can I go out to play?"

"What with those holes in your stockings?"

"No, with the kids across the street."

Pascoag Courtship

First Eskimo: "Where have you been the last six months?"

Second Esk.: "Oh, I spent the evening with my girl."

Dat so?

Teacher: "Abe, give a sentence with the word viaduct."

Abe: "He threw an egg at me and dats viaduct."

Heard at the store:

Einstein: "I want some powder."

Salesman: "Mennen's."

Einstein: "No, Vimmins."

Salesman: "Scented."

Einstein: "No! I'll take it vit me."

Our Weekly Axioms

A harelip is a misfortune but a mustache is any man's own fault.

A grapefruit is a lemon that had a chance and took advantage of it.

Just because a student has big feet doesn't mean that he is always in good standing.

A condition precedes a fall.

Lucidity (tabula raza)

Irish officer to men before a battle:

Officer: "Will ye fight or will ye run?"

Men: "We will!"

Officer: "Which do ye mean?"

Men: "We will not."

Officer: "Good, follow me."

Look for the Moral

"Waiter, this steak is the toughest I've seen in months."

Sorry, Sir, but we are not responsible for the morals of our food."

"This is another case of where a little thing goes a long way," said the flea as he settled on the transcontinental flyer.

Eluding the Officers:

Convict 13: "What's the idea of eating so much candy?"

Convict 1313: "Sh! I'm trying to break out."

"Only the brave deserve the fare," the hold-up man remarked as he struck the old conductor.

Modern Panaceas

As pictures tell stories
Of ailments so chronic,
So ads paint the glories
Of this and that tonic.

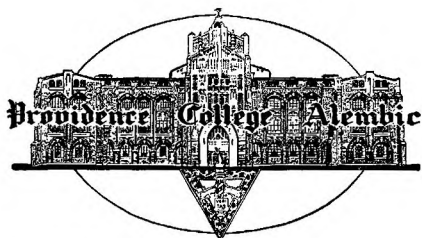
Pick up but a paper,
Be it far or near,
And there you'll find it,
The true panacea.

The ads are so written,
Well, er, I got caught;
And now I'm oft smitten,
With this bit of thought.

Away with your ranting!
Ye writers of ads,
Away with your chanting!
Ye songsters so sad.

Begone! you needs be wealthy
Aside with your ills,
For I was once healthy
Ere I took to pills.

J. O'Connell, '28.



VOL. VI.

February, 1926

No. 5

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

Stephen M. Murray, '27, *Assistant*

Arthur Earnshaw, '26

Allen O'Donnell, '26

Joseph Slavin, '28

E. George Cloutier, '27

Gerald Prior, '27

Francis V. Reynolds, '26

Nicholas Serror, Jr., '29

Cyril Costello, '27

Advertising

Circulation

John C. Beirne, '27

John E. Farrell, '26

Stephen Murray, '27

Eugene Sullivan, '27

CARDINAL MERCIER

For days the light of life flickered feebly in the hands of the torchbearer of modern philosophy and finally, its work accomplished, died. At the hour he predicted Belgium's great "War Cardinal" passed on to meet his keeper in the same courageous manner that characterized every great act in his life. As the clocks of Belgium tolled three on January 23 the great Cardinal Mercier gave up the glory of his earthly life to accept the greater spiritual reward which certainly awaits him. Quietly and without fear,

Desire Cardinal Mercier passed on to meet the great Keeper of Light, the torch of whose teachings he had so steadfastly tended. Quietly and without fear—how truly these words describe every great action of Cardinal Mercier, Right and the word of God, with these the great philosopher fought by pen and speech to stamp out the vices of the christian world.

Knowing full well that the Catholic people are what the priests make them—or more correctly what the priests are themselves—Cardinal Mercier considered it his highest duty to labor for the greatest possible uplifting of his clergy and took special delight in preaching theological conferences and retreats for his priests and seminarians.

Desire Cardinal Mercier was a wonderful man-familiar with the greatest problems, yet concerned with the slightest details; honored as few men have been, yet simple as a child, an untiring worker yet always willing to listen to everyone. To Belgium he is revered as a saint. Whatever he did, he did well. He strengthened the wisdom of a master with the kindly consideration of all troubles presented to him.

You who were fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the great prelate will remember him as tall, very tall and very slender with the aspect of an ascetic; not only did he possess this aspect but he led the life of an ascetic—simple, at times even severe. If you have ever seen him you will recall at once his most striking feature, the beauty of his eyes. Wonderful eyes they were, speaking eloquently of the kindness and humanity that flooded the soul of the man who gave his life to the glory of his creator.

It is eminently proper, therefore, that in this, the greatest hour of sorrow for Belgium, the voice of the American people should be lifted in heartfelt sympathy for we, as they, cannot fail to feel the great sense of loss. Cardinal Mercier, Scholar, Teacher and priest. May he rest in the peace which he so richly deserves.

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS

It is strange that among men being educated and groomed for the betterment of society there should be those who take pleasure in writing vicious suggestive literature to be read by their fellows. It would seem that there is op-

portunity enough to come in contact with questionable reading matter outside the confines of the American colleges without the periodicals of these institutions stooping to present such material to their readers.

Yet a glance at the matter offered by many of our college magazines leads us to wonder if after all, a college education, manifestly intended to develop the finer side of a man's nature, is really fulfilling that mission. If the highly touted educational systems of many of our great institutions of learning are developing the better characteristics of their students, the results certainly are very inevitable if judged by a persual of the literature printed in their student publications. From a reading of smutty jokes, questionable stories and suggestive articles in a college magazine, one naturally concludes that the minds of the men writing must be vicious and from such a conclusion the question logically arises; Does not the type of thought and writing exhibited by the students of an institution reflect upon the nature of the teachings they receive in the classrooms? One wonders what moral instruction can be governing the thought of men who are offering such reading matter to be printed, as it often is, in papers sponsored by the college.

Vicious writings are not hurtful because they are censored but censored because they are hurtful and the presentations of some of the American college periodicals certainly are harmful not alone to the readers but also to the men writing such literature. True, such wrong turns of mind as evidenced in this work may not be immediately destructive of the character of a man yet it is none the less certain that such wrong turns of mind, when completed by time, are almost as difficult to cure as those of the body. These vices of the mind like diseases of the body are more easily prevented than cured. The matter is not one to be set aside lightly. If such unclean and suggestive material will be accepted and printed in college publications, supposedly the work of the better educated person, how can we except anything except work of a lower degree of immorality in periodicals unrestrained by collegiate ethics.

To support our belief that this type of literature is scorned by the true American man of affairs, we offer the following letter recently received from a prominent business man of this city.

Providence College Alembic,
Providence, R. I.
W. Harold O'Connor, Editor-in-Chief

Dear Sir:

Copies of your November and December issues came to my desk to-day en route to our checking department, and, inasmuch as I find myself pleasantly affected by the literary and news contents, it occurs to me there should be no harm in my saying so.

Not being a college man, I have never felt quite sure of my ground in my distaste for the rank and file of college publications, particularly of the joke book variety.

It has always seemed to me that a man in college as well as a man coming out of college should be reflecting the best that is in him or the best that could be put into him, rather than the worst.

Most of us recognize the value of a clean joke or a good story, but when I see smutty jokes and questionable stories, as broadcast through college publications, I wonder sometimes whether college life is intended to be a joke or whatever, and when some fellow just out of college drops in here to say to me with a flourish that he has made up his mind he would like to get into the advertising "game", as he calls it, I wonder if he realizes what business, to say nothing of the professions, is all about.

Cordially,

Geo. W. Danielson, *President*.

ALUMNI



ORD comes from Europe telling us that Providence College has many staunch alumni at Louvain University, Belgium. Of the pioneer class is Harvey M. Crepeau, while John Kenny and Zeno Tetreault represent the '24 and '25 classes, respectively. Gerald F. Dillon and Thomas Maloney are upholding the honors of the class of 1926.

Edward Boylan, '27, who recently lost his father, is working with the Providence Journal as a reporter. "Although I have left college I have no desire to forget about it." This is an excerpt from his letter. That shows the true Providence spirit.

Met John Baglini, '25, in the library the other day. John is taking the Teachers' Course at Boston University and is specializing in French.

George Whitby, '24, is attending the Dental School at Marquette University.

We hear that Mathew McCormick, '25, is studying law at Northeastern University and intends going to Fordham next September.

Ambrose Flaherty, '25, is teaching night school in Cumberland High, besides taking a preparatory course in law.

We see Manuel Stephens, '25, very often but he is always on the run—not good to be in such a hurry, Manuel, better be careful.

"Big" John Sullivan, '25, is in the building business with his father.

The student body offers its sincere sympathy to the family of Richard Allen, who died recently. He was one of the pioneer students in the college.

Arthur Earnshaw, '26.



BASKETBALL

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL

In their first home game of the current season the Freshman quintet smothered the Commercial High five by a 75 to 19 score. The Freshies got a flying start and at the end of the first period held a 30 to 0 advantage over the high school boys. In the last half, though the yearlings eased up, the Commercial team was unable to offer any serious offense. McNeice and Nawrocki were the high scorers with nine field goals apiece.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE, 1929	COMMERCIAL HIGH
Murphy, l. f.	r. g., Greene
McNeice, r. f.	l. g., McGee
Nawrocki, c.	c., Slattery
Wise, l. g.	r. f., Capron
Dillon, r. g.	l. f., Bomley
Field goals—McNeice 9, Nawrocki 9, Murphy 7, Wise 6, Dillon 2, Conte, Friscella, O'Leary, Bomley 4, Capron 2, Schwartz, Mann.	
Goals from fouls—Murphy 3, Bomley, McGee, Mann.	
Substitutions: Providence—Conte for McNeice, Friscella for Wise, Spring for Dillon, J. Russo for Friscella, J. J. Ruhssso for Spring, O'Leary for Nawrocki; Commercial—Schwartz for Bomley, C. Giles for Capron, Mann for McGee, J. Giles for Greene. Referee—John Murphy, Timer—T. H. Cullen. Time—Two 10-minute and two 8-minute periods.	

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. SCHOOL OF DESIGN

Displaying their usual fine offensive and defensive game the Freshmen overwhelmed the School of Design in the College gym by an 85 to 24 count. McNeice, the star forward, was unable to play due to sickness but his place was capably filled by Jerry Dillon, who

gave a great exhibition of floor work. Spring and Wise were strong on the defense.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929	SCHOOL OF DESIGN
Murphy, l. f.	r. g., Turee
Dillon, r. f.	l. g., Smith
O'Leary, c.	c., Borroughs
Wise, l. g.	l. f., Drew
Spring, r. g.	r. f., Biddles
Goals from the floor—Dillon 8, Conte 2, Murphy 11, O'Leary 5, Spring 4, Nawrocki, Wise 8, Drew 2, Biddles 4, Borroughs 3, Tureo.	
Goals from fouls—Wise 4, Murphy 3, Tureo 3, Biddles.	
Referee—T. Maroney. Timer—Flynn. Time—Four 10-minute periods.	

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. PAWTUCKET HIGH SCHOOL

The yearlings quintet registered its third victory within a week and its ninth of the season when the Pawtucket High School was defeated by a 39 to 20 score.

Pawtucket's man-to-man defence was responsible for the low score to which the brilliant Freshman team was held. Conte was without doubt the star of the college team, while "Russ" Wise was runner-up for individual honors.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929	PAWTUCKET HIGH SCHOOL
Dillon, r. f.	l. g., G. Moriarty
Conte, l. f.	r. g., Roberts
Nawrocki, c.	c., F. Mooney
Spring, r. g.	r. f., Keough
Wise, l. g.	l. f., McGarrigley
Goals from the floor—Conte 6, Wise 4, Murphy 3, Dillon 2, O'Leary 2, Keough 7.	
Goals from fouls—Murphy 3, Dillon 2, McGarrigley, F. Mooney, Moran, Main, Rickard, Roberts.	
Substitutions—Murphy for Dillon; Dillon for Spring; O'Leary for Nawrocki; Russo for Wise, Rickard for F. Mooney. Referee—Haughey. Time—10-minute periods.	

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. ST. JOHN'S PREP

Due to delays in starting and to misfortunes on the road, only five men reached Danvers in time to start the game against the strong St. John's Prep quintet. As a result the yearlings went down to a 33 to 13 defeat, their first set-back of the current season.

J. D. Walsh played a great floor game for the prep school lads,

while O'Leary was the star of the college team, scoring 9 of the 13 points registered by his team.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

ST. JOHN'S PREP.

McNeice, r. f.	l. g., Tierney
Murphy, l. f.	r. g., Lenana
O'Leary, c.	c., Walsh
Spring, r. g.	l. f., O'Connor
Dillon, l. g.	r. f., Clancy

Goals from the floor—Clancy 3, O'Connor 2, Walsh 3, Lenana 3, Tierney, O'Leary 4. Goals from fouls—Clancy 2, O'Connor 2, Walsh 4, Lenana, McNeice 2, Murphy, O'Leary, Spring.

Led by their brilliant guard, Russell Wise, the Freshmen ran wild against the Hospital Trust quintet in the college gym, and when the final whistle blew the count was 84 to 22 in favor of the yearlings. Wise scored 15 baskets by his clever dribbling and his almost uncanny accuracy in dropping the leather into the net from all angles. Nawrocki, star center, contributed nine field goals to the evening's total, while McNeice added seven as a result of his clever floor work.

Brogden was easily the best performer for the Trust team, but was practically alone in his defensive play and was unable to stop the yearling avalanche that descended upon him.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

R. I. HOSPITAL TRUST

Conte, r. f.	l. g., Brogden
Murphy, l. f.	r. g., Johnston
Nawrocki, c.	c., Grover
Spring, r. g.	l. f., Records
Wise, l. g.	r. f., Smith

Goals from the floor—Wise 15, McNeice 7, Nawrocki 9, Murphy 7, Friscella, Spring 3, Britton, Grover 3, Haselton 2, Johnston, Brogden. Goals from fouls—McNeice, Murphy 5, Wise 3, Britton, Grover, Johnston 2, Brogden 2. Substitutions—McNeice for Conte, Friscella for Murphy, DeNicola for Nawrocki, Dillon for Spring; Britton for Smith, Haselton for Johnston. Time—Two 20-minute halves. Referee—Maroney. Timer—Martin.

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. BRIDGEWATER NORMAL

In what was one of the feature games of their schedule the Freshmen emerged victorious over the Bridgewater Normal Varsity team by a 38 to 30 count.

The first half ended with the Providence yearlings on the long end of a 23 to 12 score. Bridgewater fought hard in the second half but the Dominicans managed to retain their lead till the final whistle. It was one of the finest games ever played in the Bridgewater gym, and inasmuch as the Massachusetts quintet plays college 'Varsity teams the Freshmen's win was a notable one.

O'Leary and Spring played a great defensive game while the passing of Wise and McNeice was flawless.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

BRIDGEWATER NORMAL

McNeice, r. f.	l. g., Tanner
Murphy, l. f.	r. g., W. Murphy
O'Leary, c.	c., Buckley
Spring, r. g.	l. f., Kiley
Wise, l. g.	r. f., O'Donnell

Goals from floor—R. Murphy 6, McNeice 4, O'Leary 2, Wise 4, Kiley 3, O'Donnell 2, Buckley 2, W. Murphy 2. Goals from fouls—R. Murphy 2, O'Leary, McNeice, Wise Nawrocki, Kiley 3, Buckley 3, O'Donnell 2, W. Murphy 2, Tanner 2. Substitutions: Nawrocki for Wise, Dillon for Spring; Healy for W. Murphy. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. Y. M. C. A. PREP

The Freshmen added another victim to their growing list of victories when they defeated the "Y" Prep team, 38-19, in a fast and clean game at the Y. M. C. A. gym.

The fine defence of the victors was the outstanding feature of the contest. Wise, McNeice and Murphy tied for scoring honors with five baskets apiece, while Pollock shot all the "Y" baskets.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

Y. M. C. A. PREP.

McNeice, r. f.	r. f., Pollock
Murphy, l. f.	l. f., Glover
O'Leary, c.	c., Brigham
Spring, r. g.	r. g., Temple
Wise, l. g.	l. g., Pett

Goals from the floor—McNeice 5, Wise 5, Murphy 5, O'Leary, Pollock 5. Goals from fouls—McNeice 2, Murphy 2, O'Leary, Dillon, Glover 6, Brigham 2, Temple. Substitutions—Dillon for Spring Conte for Murphy; Cymaford for Temple. Referee—Roy (R. I. State). Timer—McCarthy. Time—Two 10-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. WORCESTER BOYS' CLUB

The Worcester Boys' Club handed the Providence College Freshmen a 41 to 30 defeat, in one of the fastest games ever seen on the Boys' club court this season. The Freshmen offense was unable to penetrate the Worcester team's defense, and as a result the Boys' Club team managed to maintain its early lead.

Sheary and Early led the offense for the Boys' Club while the defensive playing of Melican was an outstanding feature. For Providence, McNeice and Wise were the stars.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

WORCESTER BOYS' CLUB

McNeice, r. f.	l. f., Sheary
Murphy, l. f.	r. f., Early
O'Leary, c.	c., Follett
Spring, r. g.	r. g., Melican
Wise, l. g.	l. g., Jerome

Goals from the floor—Wise 4, O'Leary 2, McNeice 5, Murphy 2, Allen, Sheary 8, Early 7, Follett 4, Jerome. Goals from fouls—Wise, McNeice, Early. Substitutions—Allen for Murphy, Courville for Jerome. Referee—P. W. Hehir. Timers—Cornwell and Silva. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

The month of January has witnessed the renewal of winter sports at Providence College. The Freshman basketball team has progressed amazingly and promises to be one of the leading yearling quintets of Eastern colleges.

With such star players as Russell Wise and James McNeice, formerly teammates on the St. Joseph's high (Pittsfield) quintet; O'Leary, the giant center, who had an enviable record in sports while at Dean Academy; Murphy, who has developed rapidly while holding down one of the forward posts; and Spring, who was a star at

New Hampton, the yearlings have a team that will go a long way before suffering a defeat.

With the success of the Freshman team, a 'Varsity club is practically assured for next year, provided suitable facilities are obtained for the playing of the court game at Providence.

During the past month a hockey rink has been constructed on Hendricken Field. This rink will serve for both the Freshman and 'Varsity hockey teams which have been organized.

The yearling sextet has played three games to date. The first two contests resulted in a 5 to 3 win over La Salle and a 1 to 0 defeat at the hands of Cranston High. In their third game the Freshmen played a one-all tie with the strong Tech High team, conquerors of Pomfret School, at Roger Williams Park. Seilan was the star of the yearling team and scored their only tally after carrying the rubber down the ice by clever work.

A relay team is being formed to compete in intercollegiate meets this coming spring. James McGeough, who made an enviable record for himself while running at Fordham two years ago, will act as coach for the runners.

John E. Farrell, '26.



DO YOU PLAY BASKET BALL?

If you do, you will be interested in looking over our complete line of balls and accessories. In fact, we carry everything in the sporting goods line, suitable for all outdoor and indoor games. Pay us a visit.

DAWSON & CO.
54 Exchange Place

BICKFORD ENGRAVING AND ELECTROTYPE COMPANY

20 Mathewson Street

Providence - - - Rhode Island

STOP AT McLAUGHLIN'S PHARMACY THE COLLEGE DRUGGIST

4 River Ave.

Rooters



RENT A NEW CORONA TYPEWRITER FOR YOUR THESIS WORK

EVERY student these days must have or borrow a typewriter. Borrowing may be all right but why not rent a new Corona Four and have it handy as often as you need it? Then you won't have to wait until the other fellow is through with his machine. For a reasonable sum you can rent a brand new Corona Four, the office typewriter in portable form, with standard, four-row keyboard. This machine represents the utmost obtainable in a portable typewriter and is made by the pioneer manufacturer of portables, who have had 19 years' experience in building typewriters for school and college use.

Notes and themes look neater and get better ratings when Coronatyped.

Corona Headquarters

OFFICE APPLIANCE COMPANY

53 Weybosset Street

Telephone Gaspee 6636

Providence, R. I.

NORTON'S *Checker*

WALDORF

TUXEDOS

A LA COLLEGIATE

NEW TUXEDOS IN THE ENGLISH MODEL

Loose fitting, wide lapel and long roll, with
wide-bottom trousers..... **\$29.50 & 32.50**

WALDORF CLOTHING CO.

212 UNION STREET

Largest Tuxedo House in the City



BILL
GRIFFIN, '26
Providence College
Representative
Special to
Providence Men
TUXEDOS
FOR HIRE
\$2.75

TOMMY TUCKER BREAD

The Loaf with the Home-Made Flavor

Tommy Tucker Baking Co.

Providence, R. I.

WEST 4542



M c C A R T H Y ' S

Woonsocket's Greatest Department Store
ALWAYS MORE FOR LESS HERE

M c C A R T H Y ' S

SEE ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS FIRST—Use the Alembic Directory

A National Institution  From Coast to Coast

Browning King & Co.

ALL CLOTHING SOLD BY US
IS MANUFACTURED BY US
104 YEARS' EXPERIENCE



We never have to ask you to
"Please Excuse Our Rust."

This is a fast moving, fast growing
business—

We never sit around with our feet
on a roll top—all our footwork is
done in sprinting shoes—and while
we are speeding ahead every minute
—we never have to ask you to ex-
cuse our rust—because things never
stay long enough in this store to
become rusty!

BROWNING, KING SUITS AND OVERCOATS

at greatly reduced prices

\$27.50 to \$49.50

ENGLISH BROADCLOTH
SHIRTS \$2.15

Westminster and Eddy Sts.
Providence

ESTABLISHED 103 YEARS

B-R-O-A-D-C-A-S-T

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The mileage shoe for men

\$8

A style for every require-
ment of the college year.

Thomas F. Peirce & Son
SIX GENERATIONS OF SHOE RETAILING
SINCE 1767

Westminster and Dorrance Sts.

WILLIAM J. FEELEY

Jeweler and Silversmith

Ecclesiastical Wares in Gold
Silver and Bronze Medals
Class Emblems

The Rosary in Fine Jewels

Illustrated List on Application

181 Eddy St., Providence, R. I.

O'DONNELL & CO., INC.

THOMAS E. O'DONNELL

President

JOHN F. O'DONNELL

Treasurer

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

48 Custom House Street

Providence, R. I.

Established by Thomas E. O'Donnell in 1894

McDEVITT'S

PAWTUCKET

Distributors of

KUPPENHEIMER

Good Clothes

Mallory

Fownes

Fine

Hats

Gloves

Furnishings



**BUILDING
BETTER
BODIES**

The difference between the strong, husky athlete and the pale, anaemic boy is often a matter of diet.

**DRINK MILK
PROVIDENCE DAIRY
COMPANY**

157 West Exchange Street
GASPEE 5363

FLETCHER COSTUME COMPANY

Costumes

Wigs

Masks

Beards

ALL ARTICLES DISINFECTED AFTER USE

DRESS SUITS AND TUXEDOS

524 Westminster St.

421 Weybosset St.

Gaspee 4685

Opposite Cathedral

DON'T GIVE UP ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS—Use the Alembic Directory

JOHN CURRAN

SILKS - - WOOLENS - - COTTONS
DRAPERIES

ARCADE - - - PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Tel. Un. 5403-J—Un. 2041-W

COOK'S FISH MARKET

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN ALL KINDS OF
SEA FOOD

216 SMITH STREET

Providence, R. I.

Prompt Delivery to Mount Pleasant and
Smith Hill Daily

JOHN J. NEILAN

DRUGGIST

143 Smith St. Prov., R. I.

Gibsons

CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS

PROVIDENCE MADE—FRESH DAILY

PROVIDENCE

PAWTUCKET

WOONSOCKET

ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS CAN PLEASE YOU—Use the Alembic Directory

ALEMBIC DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

ACADEMY

Sacred Heart Academy, Elmhurst

AMUSEMENT

Royal Theatre, Olneyville Square

AUTO DEALER

Olneyville Hudson-Essex Co., Olneyville

AUTOS TO RENT

Checker Cab Taxi, Union 7000

Red Top Taxi, Gaspee 5000

Earl G. Page, 225 Fountain St.

AUTO SUPPLIES

Belcher & Loomis, 91 Weybosset St.

AUTO WINDSHIELD GLASS

Holden's House of Glass, 93 Stewart St.

BADGES

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

BAKERS

Piche's Bakery, 661 Smith St.

Tommy Tucker Baking Co., Delaine St.

BANK

National Exchange Bank, 63 Westminster St.

BARBERS

Elm Barber Shop, Smith St. at River Ave.

Leo Venegro, 426 Smith St.

BICYCLE DEALER

Dawson & Co., 54 Exchange Place

BOILERS

Wholey Boiler Works, 95 Whipple St.

BOOKBINDER

Walter E. Horton, 661 Westminster St.

BOOKSELLER

Preston & Rounds Co., 98 Westminster St.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Thomas F. Pierce & Son, 173 Westminster St.

Sullivan Company, 159 Westminster St.

BUILDING MOVER

Fahey Company, 137 Willow St.

CATERERS

James F. Corcoran, 45 Olneyville Square

Ryan Catering Company, 14 Greene St.

CHEMICALS

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

CHURCH GOODS

William J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.

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

Joseph M. Tally, 506-612 Westminster St.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Costello Brothers, Pawtucket

Morse Tobacco Company, 53 Eddy St.

CLASS PINS AND RINGS

Wm. J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.

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

CLOTHING

Bolton, 213-214 Woolworth Bldg.

Browning King & Company, 212 Westminster

Kennedy Company, 180 Westminster St.

CONCRETERS

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

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

CONFECTIONERS (Retail)

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

COSTUMER

Fletcher Costume Co., 524 Westminster St.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Providence Dairy Co., 157 West Exchange St.

DEPARTMENT STORES

McCarthy's, Woonsocket

McDevitts, Pawtucket

Outlet Company, Providence

DRESS SUITS

Narragansett Tailoring Co., 73 Weybosset St.

Royal Dress Suit Co., 112 Mathewson St.

Waldorf Clothing Co., 212 Union St.

DRUGGISTS

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

Thomas H. Goldberg, Smith and Candace Sts.

Hillis Drug Co., 306 Smith St.

McLaughlin's Pharmacy, Chalkstone - River Aves.

John J. Neilan, 143 Smith St.

DRY GOODS

John Curran, 39 Arcade

Gladding Dry Goods Co., 291 Westminster St.

ELECTRIC SHOPS

Narragansett Electric Lighting Co., Eight in Rhode Island

ENGRAVERS

Bickford Engraving & Electrotyping Co., 20 Mathewson St.

H. T. Hammond, 72 Weybosset St.

Thomson & Nye, 212 Union St.

USE IT AND WATCH IT GROW

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

Kathleen O'Brien, 110 Lauderdale Bldg.

USE IT AND WATCH IT GROW

