

Bro Augustine

PROVIDENCE
COLLEGE
ALEMBIC



VOL. 2

JUNE, 1922

No. 9

McIntyre Engraving Company

ADELBERT McINTYRE

PENWORK and DIPLOMAS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

72-74 ARCADE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

New York Trips Daily

FOR FURNITURE—Padded vans leaving Providence and New York DAILY, stopping at New London, New Haven and Bridgeport. Will take loads or part loads. Goods insured.

AFFLECK'S MOTOR EXPRESS

(Safe and Machinery Movers)

127 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I.

Tel. Union 2959—Evenings 7822-R

Murtough's Orchestra

Music for All Occasions

Jack Murtough

West 1522W

Residence, 8 APPLETON ST.

SAMUEL G. MOVSOVITZ

Ladies' and Gents' Custom Tailoring

We Make Clothes and Know How

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

447-449 SMITH STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Phone Union 5709-M

Books

Stationery

Office Supplies

Rhode Island
News Co.

Novelties

Periodicals

Confectionery

*Providence
Hat Mfg. Co.*

466 WESTMINSTER STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

"Say It With Flowers"

William A. Bowers

Florist

134 WASHINGTON STREET

Union 5164

HUNT'S

Delicious Ice Cream

All Flavors

Made Fresh Daily

1665 WESTMINSTER STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

HATS
SHIRTS
TIES

Novelties in Men's Wear at
Moderate Prices

Ettlinger's

60 WASHINGTON ST.

CHARLES A. O'DONNELL

Mitchell Brothers

Formerly Geo. P. Peterson Co.

188-200 CHARLES ST.

Branch: 770 BROAD ST.

Builders' Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Varnishes, Glass
and Wall Papers

Union 5064

Broad 2379-R

TO HIRE

New and Snappy

Tuxedos and Dress Suits

ROYAL DRESS SUIT CO.

112 MATHEWSON STREET

Second Floor

Tel. Union 3779-J

A. F. Lombardozi, Mgr.



TURBITT & COMPANY

Bottlers of High Grade Carbonated Beverages

191 GANO STREET

Tel. Angell 499

Providence, R. I.

**Maine
Creamery Company**

Ice Cream and Ices

Known as the

**ICE CREAM OF
RHODE ISLAND**

*Smith Street Shoe
Repairing*

A BORAGINE, Prop.

255 SMITH STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Reasonable Prices

Louis Oliver

PHOTOGRAPHER

333 Westminster Street

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Margaret
Montague
O'Neil

**EXCLUSIVE
MILLINERY**

343 MAIN STREET

Chamber of Commerce Bldg.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

**American
Stationery Co.**

School and Office Supplies

91 WASHINGTON STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

W. H. McINTYRE

187 Messer St.

Registered Pharmacist

Drugs and Candies

Makers of Our Own Ice Cream

Telephone Union 8106

MAHONEY & TUCKER

Contractors—Engineers—Builders

72 WEYBOSSET STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

J. B. PIERCE

SANITARY PLUMBER

Telephone West 1782-W

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CHEVROLET

ELGIN

STEPHENS

Kelly Springfield Tires

Messinger Motor Co.

WATERMAN AVENUE

EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Thomas E. Doherty

Olneyville Square Drug Store

Film Service—24 Hours

Flynn's

Olneyville Square Tobacconists

Wholesale and Retail

John J. Rourke & Son

Wholesale Dealers in

Beef, Poultry, Butter, Eggs and Provisions

Telephone Union 1535

259 CANAL STREET

REAL ESTATE

NOTARY PUBLIC

MORTGAGES

Insurance of all Kinds

WILLIAM J. LYNCH

18 EAST AVENUE

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

ROOM 311—ARNOLD BUILDING

Leo The Barber

Sanitary Shop

426 SMITH ST.

Providence, R. I.

George C. Fogarty

COAL

Anthracite

Bituminous

Main Office

18 PLAINFIELD STREET

Telephone West 299

Thomas Beswick Hugh F. Glancy
Telephone 1194-W

Beswick & Glancy

Real Estate
Insurance

Beswick Building
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Martin Shoe Co.

Fine Shoes

Woonsocket, R. I.

Established 1884

The
Wm. R. Brown Co.

COMMERCIAL PRINTERS
RIBBON AND METAL BADGES

Society Goods A Specialty

Telephone Union 1455

33 EDDY ST., COR. WASHINGTON
(Back of the Biltmore)

Room 10 PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Burke's
Auto Supply

Oil, Gasoline, Accessories

249 ACADEMY AVE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

If you are interested in High Grade Home Furnishings at Money Saving Prices, now is the time to buy at an Old Reliable Furniture Establishment. Local agents for Crawford Ranges, Alaska Refrigerators, Glove-Wernicke Bookcases, Whitney Baby Carriages, Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets, and Perkel Phonographs.

James Mullen & Co.

76-78 MAIN STREET

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

S. T. JORDAN, Proprietor

Telephone Connertion

General Photo
Company

Commercial Photographers

PHOTOGRAPH ANYTHING
ANYWHERE

404-405 Mercantile Building

131 WASHINGTON ST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Gallagher & Mooney

Mill Supplies
Gas, Electric and Auto
Supplies

Builder's Hardware
Sporting Goods
Cutlery and Tools

318-320 MAIN STREET

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Telephone

PHILIP A. MULVEY

Everything in

Wall Paper, Room Moulding, Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Window Glass, Brushes, Etc.

Painters' Supplies in General at Lowest Prices

2 and 6 MARKET SQUARE

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

Telephone

Telephone Gaspee 1947-W

Halloran Studio

College Photos a Specialty

433 WESTMINSTER STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(Opposite Modern Theater)

FAHEY BUILDING MOVING CO.

Building Movers

Moving, Shoreing, Raising and All Their Branches

137 WILLOW STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Telephone West 4271

John H. Walsh & Co.

(EDWIN L. WALSH)

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

1706 WESTMINSTER STREET

Service Garage

212 SMITH STREET

Auto Repairing

Expert Mechanics

Accessories—Oil—Gasoline

All Work Guaranteed

CHRIS FIORE, Prop.

Riverbank Canoe Houses

ON THE TEN MILE

Robertson, Waltham, and
Old Town Canoes

Best of Service

Telephone E. P. 780-W

G. E. CRAMM, Prop.

E. P. O'Donnell

at Gaspee 990

FORD

and

LINCOLN

Cars

with

Dutee W. Flint

LaSalle Square

The United States
Concrete & Roofing
Co.

321 GROSVENOR BUILDING

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

B. P. McGARRY, Prop.

Lappen's Ice Cream

980 CHALKSTONE AVE.

1669 WESTMINSTER ST.

722 CRANSTON STREET

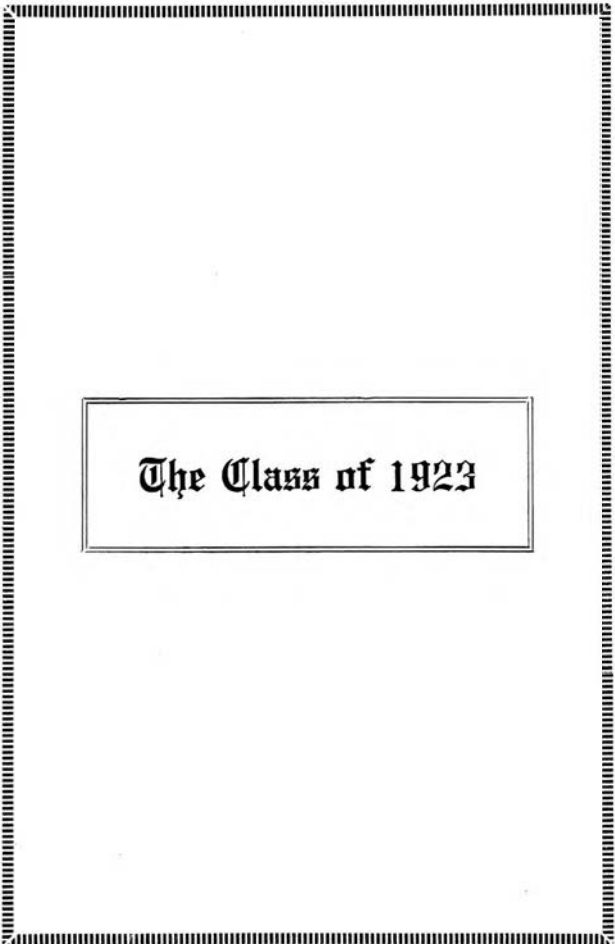
"Old Shoes Made New"

B. & S.
Shoe Renewing Co.

99 HOLDEN STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

NICHOLAS FAVICCHIO, Prop.



The Class of 1923

ALWAYS

**"Better Shoes For Less
Money"**

Sterling Shoe Store

214 WEYBOSSET ST.

Opp. Mathewson St.

D. A. Rigney

**"Ice Cream That Always
Pleases"**

For all occasions

920 MANTON AVE.

Tel. West 4031

**J. HERZOG
PHOTOGRAPHER**



Successor to

Ye Rose Studio

Special Rates to Students

Providence, R. I.

**State Oil Co.
Keystone**

Wholesale and Retail

**Gasoline Kerosene
Lubricating Oils Greases**

Main Office and Plant

202 KINSLEY AVE.

204-204 BROAD ST.

Providence, R. I.

WILLIAM F. CASEY

Men's and Young Men's Clothing and Furnishings

Hats and Shoes

with

KENNEDY'S

WESTMINSTER AND DORRANCE STREETS

Joseph McCormick

Distributor

TAUNTON AVENUE

East Providence

PEERLESS

MOTOR

CARS

**Joseph C.
O'Donnell & Co.**

Prescription Druggists

278 PUBLIC STREET

Providence, R. I.

JOHN A. GRAHAM

Ph. G.

675 SMITH STREET

Apothecary

675 SMITH STREET

Cigars Cigarettes
Choice Candy

ACADEMY OF
THE SACRED HEART

ELMHURST

Smith St. Providence, R. I.

Eugene Allen Tully

PHOTOGRAPHER

489 Westminster St.

Dr. J. J. Dolan

DENTIST

357 Westminster St.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE LOAF BAKED THE
MODERN WAY

Charter Bread

Every loaf of *Charter Bread* has to be as good as purest ingredients, assured skill and ideal baking conditions can make it.

Batastini Bros. Co. Bakery
MASTER BAKERS
Providence, R. I.

McCarthy Bros.

CATERERS

Formerly of 67 Washington, now at
873 NORTH MAIN ST.

Banquets of All Kinds
Buffet Lunches

Parties
Wedding and Church

Call Angell 583-R or Angell 1257

Common Sense means simply keeping your eyes open, learning from experience and exercising your best judgment.

It is that kind of common sense that made savings banks in the first place.

It is that kind of common sense to which the Savings Department of this bank appeals. It appeals to you.

National Exchange Bank

63 Westminster Street

Providence College Alembic

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1922

No. 9

CONTENTS

Our Ship.....	John P. Walsh	256
A Plea for Censorship.....	John E. Dillon	257
Blush.....	Jack Creaby	259
The Pre-Medical Class.....	Wm. J. Tierney	260
En Avant.....	Francis S. McAvoy	261
The Sower.....	J. A. Mulcahy	262
Education in the United States.....	J. P. Walsh	263
No! Never!.....	Francis L. Dwyer	265
The Junior Class.....	Joseph P. O'Gara	266
"There's Nothing New".....	James F. Lynch	267
The Worker is the Winner.....	John H. Shumney	273
The Sophomore Class.....	Frank J. McCabe	274
The Bat.....	Howard J. Farrell	275
June Nights.....	Francis L. Dwyer	281
The Freshman Class.....	Robert E. Curran	282
"Said the Walrus to the Carpenter".....	Walrus	284
Editorials.....		287
Dad.....	John D. Palmer	290
Dramatics.....	Lewis M. Nugent	291
The Rocker.....	Fred W. Heffernan	293
Read 'Em and Weep.....	Paul J. Redmond	294
Athletics.....	John B. McKenna	297
Index.....		301

ILLUSTRATIONS

Pre-Medical Class, facing page.....	260
Junior Class, facing page.....	266
Sophomore Class, facing page.....	274
Freshman Class, facing page.....	282
Alembic Staff, facing page.....	287
Cast of "Who's Who?", facing page.....	291
Baseball Team, facing page.....	297

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."


Our Ship

O'ER the heaving breakers, o'er the awful deep,
Where the secrets of her future are in keep,
Ever onward through the unexplor'd seas
With her standard floating proudly in the breeze
Sails our mystic enterprising ship of thought.

Two leagues forward, by the steering hand of Time
Drifting onward to some undiscovered clime,
Ever anxious for the messages of youth,
May her glory be the fervor of her truth
And her mission may it be with blessings fraught!

—*John P. Walsh, '24*

A PLEA FOR CENSORSHIP

HERE is not an institution, outside of our religious and educational systems, capable of doing more for the welfare of mankind—and yet with few exceptions, there is not an institution doing more harm to the minds and souls of men, than the modern motion pictures.

The movies, as they are commonly called, could be a most powerful factor in reforming the evils of society. The position of this industry is such that it might well serve as a means to make our people realize the duties and obligations of their individual stations in life. If properly regulated this business would have sufficient influence to educate, to elevate, to amuse the minds of the public and to emphasize the vital importance of character and honor. But on the contrary, the majority of modern films tend to degrade instead of to uplift. They extol unfaithfulness in place of duty. They poison the mind, where they might educate. Where they could elevate the soul of man they arouse his sensual nature. Pictures that are produced with the professed mission of entertaining and of amusing, in most cases, disgust. Some scenes in which the value of character and the nobleness of honor ought to be illustrated depict before our eyes the sacrifice of character, and for honor we see nothing but shame and dishonor.

These heinous evils of the screen are jeopardizing the American public. Some preventative medium is necessary to restrain the movies from corrupting the public, and most especially from ruining the minds and the souls of innocent children. Bad, immoral pictures imprint an almost indelible impression upon the minds of the little ones. Their impressionable minds are poisoned. Their reasoning powers are disconcerted. Their conception of morality and integrity is distorted.

The present-day, money-mad, unscrupulous producer presents pictures that are at once so vulgar and impure, that if I were to express, even vaguely, the excesses of the screen, the vileness of my language would of necessity be disgusting. Visualize the exposition of a picture of which even the vague account would be disgusting, would be repugnant, would be unfit to read.

It is not my contention that the motion picture industry should be abolished. All films are not harmful. Those pictures that have clean, pure themes, that educate and entertain, of course, are not objectionable. Neither are all pictures that deal with crime and violence. Some such themes, although sensational in themselves, may be turned to instructive ends. But the greater part of modern films, that are absolutely degrading in their influence on spectators and particularly on the immature mind, should be expurgated. I am referring to those pictures that openly portray immorality—those pictures that are mostly composed of lewd, immodest and suggestive scenes—those pictures that place before the eyes every form of vice,—that uphold divorce, birth control and other such evils. I am objecting to pictures that treat with sacrilege and disrespect religious bodies and other things held sacred. It would be possible to go on indefinitely mentioning innumerable instances and examples of baseness, but these ought to suffice to impress on the minds of our readers that many indecent, vulgar and sacrilegious films are produced and exhibited daily to many millions of our American people.

This deplorable evil must be remedied. All decent people should feel it their duty to cope with the situation and see that it is radically adjusted. It is evident that reform is necessary. Censorship will initiate and establish the best reform. Every one of us can do his part to bring about this much-needed cleaning. This can be obtained by the powerful weapon, propaganda. If public opinion can be generally aroused to the need, there is no good reason why censorship may not be made so universal, so effective that the public, our people, our children, may be protected from the flagrant, arbitrary demoralization of the screen.

A movement has been started to establish censorship. It matters much that each respectable citizen be prepared, when the time comes in his locality, to either inaugurate a movement for this indispensable censorship or at least support such an undertaking when introduced by others.

No doubt, it will be a hard fight. Some film producers will pour their immense wealth and exercise their great power to defeat such a movement. But the steady, combined efforts of our religious, our educational and our social organizations can attain a victory. Their united forces will free us from the deleterious atmosphere of the screen which youth cannot breathe without serious mental, moral and spiritual contam-

ination. They can make the moving pictures what they ought to be: that is, a good, clean moral force rather than the embodiment of a baneful, menacing influence which they exert at present.

John E. Dillon, '24

Blush



MYSTERIOUS privilege of man
Invaluable in youth and age,
How fair in the person of a king,
Most fitting to the slave and page!
A consciousness of Right—
A soul in the clamor or hush
Abashed in the presence of God,
Registers abasement in a blush.

How cold is all beautiful art
How insipid the product of paint,
E'en Nature, how stale her attire,
When compared to the blush of a saint.

—Jack Creaby, '24

THE PRE-MEDICAL CLASS

ANOTHER milestone is distanced. We twelve have served our apprenticeship and are now ready to enter into the real study of medicine. Tough, hard, testing years of trial and endurance stretch before us, but the vision of our goal draws us onward. A lonesome pain gnaws at our heart-strings as we leave Providence College, for within her walls we have toiled long and well.

Two years together cement impressions, so we twelve of the Pre-Medical class inscribe our epitaphs upon the records of Providence College. One of our big men is Bodie, who is in fact the biggest bundle of good nature we have in our midst. Castronovo is pre-eminently a ladies' man. At socials he is a bear and for sartorial splendor is unsurpassed. Although handicapped by the fact that he was born in Pawtucket, Christopher has succeeded in getting through P. C. with a good record. Our prize exhibit is D'Angelo, the boy who is very meek and gentle (when he is asleep). Gormly says he has honored P. C. by his presence and doubtless this is true, for any student of his calibre is an honor to the school he attends. Of course every group has its bubbling fountain, and we have not been spared. Hasney has the honor of being our cheery, chubby cherub. Whenever we want work done we call upon Irace. He is our earnest and deep-thinker, but his ability to grasp a joke or to spring one enlivens the routine of our existence. Our class jester, Nolan, is so lively that it must have been very hard for him to stand still long enough to have his picture taken. In the foremost of the mob that reached P. C. in 1920 was Quinn. He managed to squirm in and now, like most of us, is trying to squirm out again. When we hear the jingle of money we prepare for the appearance of Rattenni, our class treasurer, who tries with varying success to separate us from our dough. A scholar and a gentleman, a quiet, good-natured studious fellow. That is Tenaglia. As a naughty, irrepressible, mischief-loving rascal, Tierney will be beloved. We dare not say more because his parents may read this.

Thus we eulogize the class. We have sojourned together and have come to the parting of the ways. At some future commencement day we will be reunited and until that day we will say:

In the days that will come to us far, far away
In life's journey on land or on sea,
Our thoughts and affections where'er we may be,
Will fondly turn backward to thee.

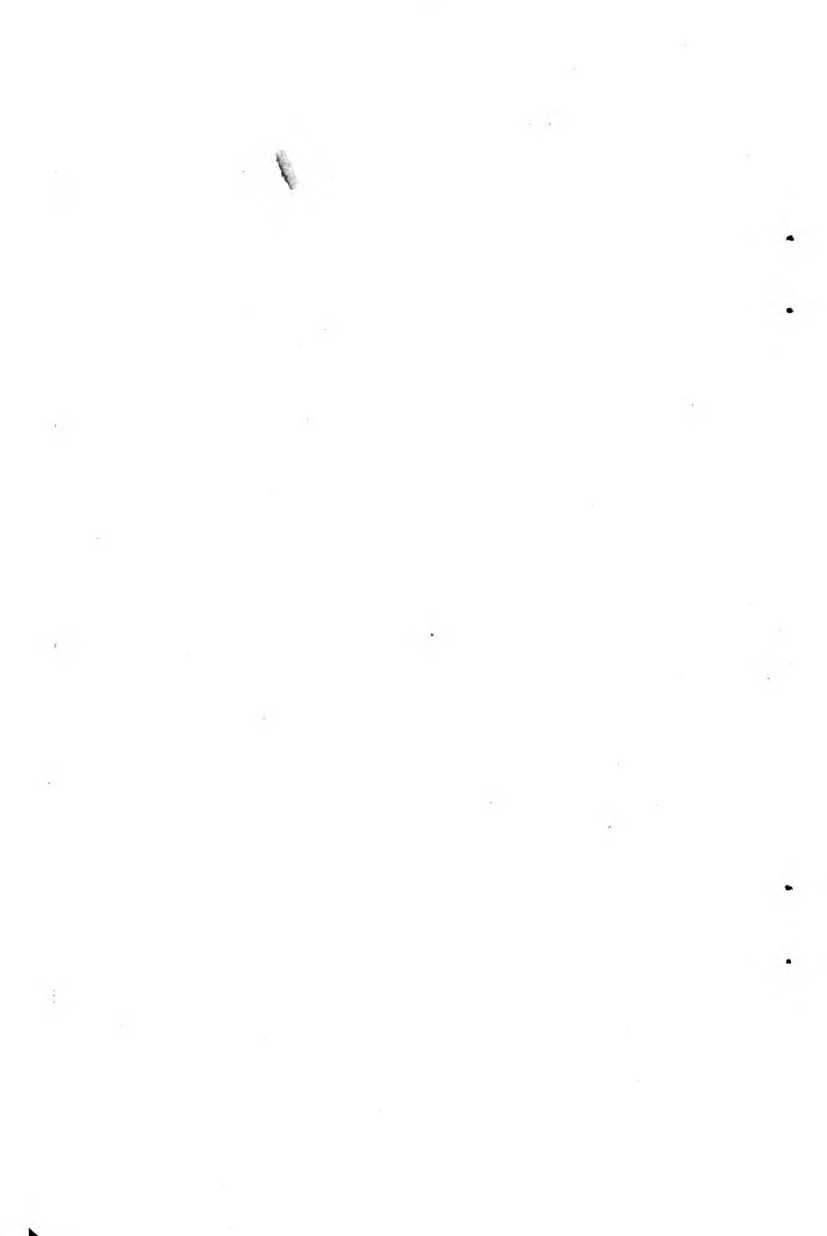
William J. Tierney, '24



General Photo

THE PRE-MEDICAL CLASS

Top: Fred Hasney, Wm. Bodie, Wm. Tierney
Center: Anthony D'Angelo, Frank Irace, Joseph Castronuovo, J. A. Gormley, M. Nolan
Seated: A. Rattenni, H. Christopher, R. Quinn, J. Wittig, E. D. Tenaglia



EN AVANT!

FOR quite some time, in fact I know the date of my beginning from hearsay only, I have been on a journey. My course lies through a wood of wonderful variety. At times a clearing flooded with sunlight and carpeted with the hues of Joseph's coat. Then again a copse crammed with inky gloom, adventure lurking behind each trunk and boulder.

My course is to the Kingdom of My Lord and His Gracious Queen Mother. The road I travel is at times indistinct and rough, but with me I have a guide and counselor sent by the Queen and given me by a traveller farther on the road. When the shadows creep and expand until they are all embracing, I become affrighted. Then I grasp my friend and crouch close down to the ruts of the road-bed. While my counselor tells me they are creatures of my own imaginings that smirk and leer at me from out the gloom. They are real only when I would have them so.

When I lay down to rest my hand is with my counselor and he begets in me new courage and refreshes my weary heart. Then he narrates the Joys and Sorrows which the King and His Mother shared in common when they travelled this road. Sometimes when he tells me of the Kingdom, I close my eyes so that I may follow the description free from worldly vistas. Then when the angel of the night brushes her wings across my tired eyes my friend is tightly clasped in my hands.

You wonder to what kingdom I am travelling? Who is my guide? The Kingdom is that of Christ and His Blessed Mother. My guide is my Rosary, given to me by the traveller just ahead, my Mother. The narration of my guide concerns my Lord's and Lady's Joys and Sorrows on this plane. The Joyful and Sorrowful Mysteries. The Kingdom described is the Glorious Mystery. For my Rosary is to me more than a beaded chain. It is a scourge, a scaling ladder, a girdle. It is the most beautiful manner in which I may invoke my Heavenly Mother. And when I have come to the end of the road and my Rosary is still my beloved friend, I am assured of a kind reception into the Kingdom of my Lord and His Gracious Queen Mother.

Francis S. McAvoy, '24

The Sower

ALL the days of my childhood return in my dreams
Bringing all that the mem'ry holds dear
And I ramble once more by the wandering streams
Whose soft music beguiles every tear.

For no shelter more pleasant, more sweet can be found,
Than this harbor where storms never break;
Where the echoes returning, as gently resound
As the wavelets that play on a lake.

So when sorrow's dull burden brings wearying pain
And contentment's warm sunshine has flown,
May my heart steal away down the long-winding lane
To the joys that my childhood has known.

May the seeds I now scatter on life's thorny way
So flower and thrive through each year,
That the pathway returning to infancy's day
Shall an arbor of roses appear.

—*J. A. Mulcahy, '24*

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

SOME nineteen centuries ago a very great Man, a perfect Man indeed, Who proclaimed Himself to be the Son of God, appeared on earth. So powerful and so far-extending was the influence of this God-Man that it changed completely the moral standards of millions of mankind, and revolutionized either directly or indirectly the whole order of civilization. His teachings all pure, simple, and full of divine wisdom are still and ever will be the only basis of true education. And upon the propagation and advancement of this education, which we call Christian, depends the future greatness of mankind and of our nation in particular.

There are at present in this country various and different systems of education. But for the sake of brevity and conciseness we may condense them into two great systems: One, that which is purely Christian, advanced under the guidance and direction of the Catholic Church, and the other, which is in some way either in whole or in part non-Christian, advocated chiefly in public institutions. The vast difference between these two systems can be stated in a few words: The first or Catholic system aims to make "the child of the flesh a child of God," while the second or public system aims to make the child of the flesh a perfect animal.

According to the Catholic system, God and Religion occupy first place in the entrance of the little tot into the kindergarten to his or her graduation from college or university. The thought that this temporal life is but an introduction to the Eternal is ever kept before the young mind. It is expressed in his daily lessons and exercises, in the lives of the great hero martyrs and saints whom the child is taught to reverence and honor, even as of old the Greek and Roman children venerated their heroes. He sees this idea exemplified in the persons of his self-denying teachers, the great majority of whom are men and women who have abandoned the world with its greed for money and pleasure that they may the more fully and freely give themselves to their tasks. In this manner, through association and imitation, unconsciously, the young hero-wor-

shipper is gradually developing his intellect according to the principles of Christ, with the lower faculties ever subservient to the higher.

In contra-distinction to this is the public system of education, many institutions of which have entirely abolished religion from their curriculum. As a consequence the child's spiritual powers which alone distinguish him from the brute beast are developed not in accordance with the teachings of divine wisdom, but by the direction of man's fallible and limited reason. The all-wise modern educators tell us in their eugenic theory that "a child cannot be moulded to our will. The design laid in heredity is the only one that can be worked out in actuality." This, of course, denies the property of plasticity and consequently the possibility of effective divine grace. For the little mind, pliable in itself as wax, there is no redemption from its hereditary course. What more abominable or un-Christian doctrine than this can we find? Yet it permeates many of our public systems of education. Surely, the parents in whose hearts smoulders even a spark of Christianity, realizing the baneful effects of such teaching must shudder at the thought of their children drinking this poison.

It is said that in the school are laid the foundations of society. Granting the statement to hold certain truth, what kind of society is to evolve from a school system whose curriculum is void, even of the name of God. Drive God from the school and you drive Him from society. And if there be no recognition of God, who will expect recognition of truth, justice or authority? It would seem indeed, that the present state of a great part of society explains this Godless system of so much of our public education. Our country has the unenviable reputation of ranking second lowest in the moral roll-call of nations. The extensive columns of crime and divorce in the daily papers give a reason for this dearth of morality. Reformers preach and bellow to unheeding ears. They variously accuse society, parents, and even the children, but in vain is their preaching. The child cannot give what he has not got. And he is still the father of the man. Thus does society suffer and will continue to do so until God and religion are again recognized in the system of public education.

Nor is it necessary for the reformers who are in earnest and serious about their work to invent a new system. If they will but snatch from the eyes of their minds the black veil of obstinacy and materialism, they

will see vigorously functioning a system founded on two thousand years of experience, and Jesus Christ behind that. In that system is alone fully recognized the value of these words of Washington: "Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. . . . Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." *John P. Walsh, '24*

No! Never!



GRASSY bank
 In shady nook,
 A briar pipe
 And friendly book,
 With silence reigning
 Round about
 That e'en a whisper
 Seems a shout;
 With sun spots splashing
 On the grass, . . .
 Could I be blamed
 For cutting class?

—*Francis Lucien Dwyer, '24*

THE JUNIOR CLASS

AT the termination of our Junior year another step has been taken towards the coveted goal of knowledge. With a serious effort we have endeavored to build firmly our singular position as the standard-bearers of Providence College.

On the opening day of college, last September, a cursory glance at our numbers showed that more than a score of that memorable gathering which attended the opening exercises, and which passed through the embryonic stage as Sophomores and Freshmen, answered the call to resume their studies within the portals of Providence College. The greater part of those absent had responded to the higher call, to labor in the fields of God. Others of our former colleagues had entered medical schools.

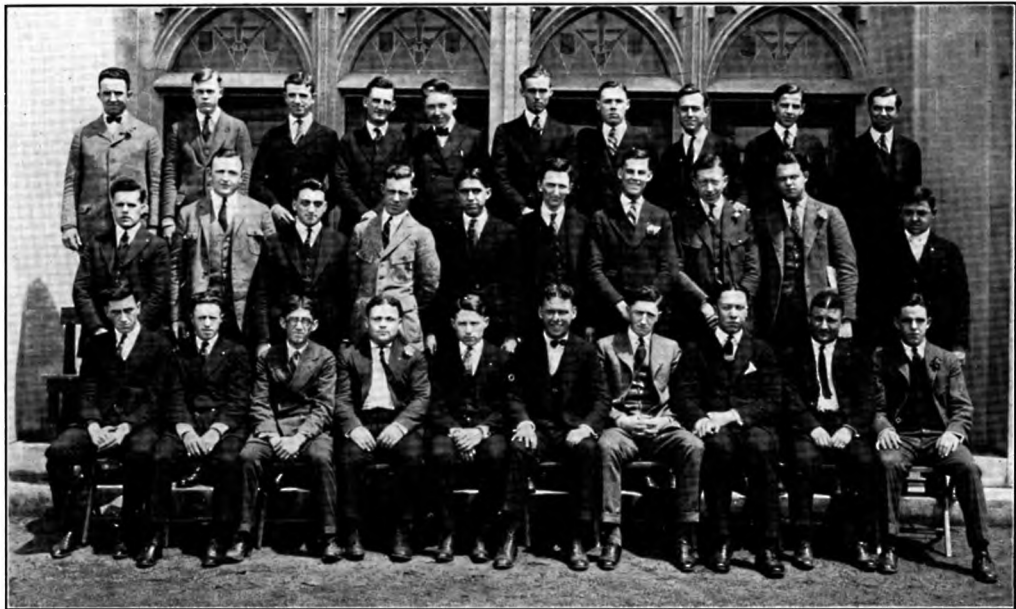
As the tradition-makers of Providence College we set about our work with as much energy as had characterized our undertakings in the first two years of our collegiate life. Our initial move was to organize and elect officers for the first Junior class of Providence College. It was our good choice to make George Donnelly, a man of initiative and a shrewd leader, our president. The following capable gentlemen comprised his staff: James Higgins, Vice President; John McCaffrey, Secretary; Joseph McCormick, Treasurer.

Once again we assumed the governing reins of the student council, one of the creations of the present Junior class. We were to a great extent neutral. However, to keep the dignity of a true collegiate court in trying those Freshmen who were accused before the court, these Juniors were indispensable, namely, Lloyd Coffey, George McGonagle, Amos Lachapelle and Raymond Roberts.

In the early part of May the Junior Prom, the gayest and most memorable event in the social life of the college man, was held at the Metacomet Golf Club. The affair was conducted with the characteristic dignity which has marked every enterprise of our class.

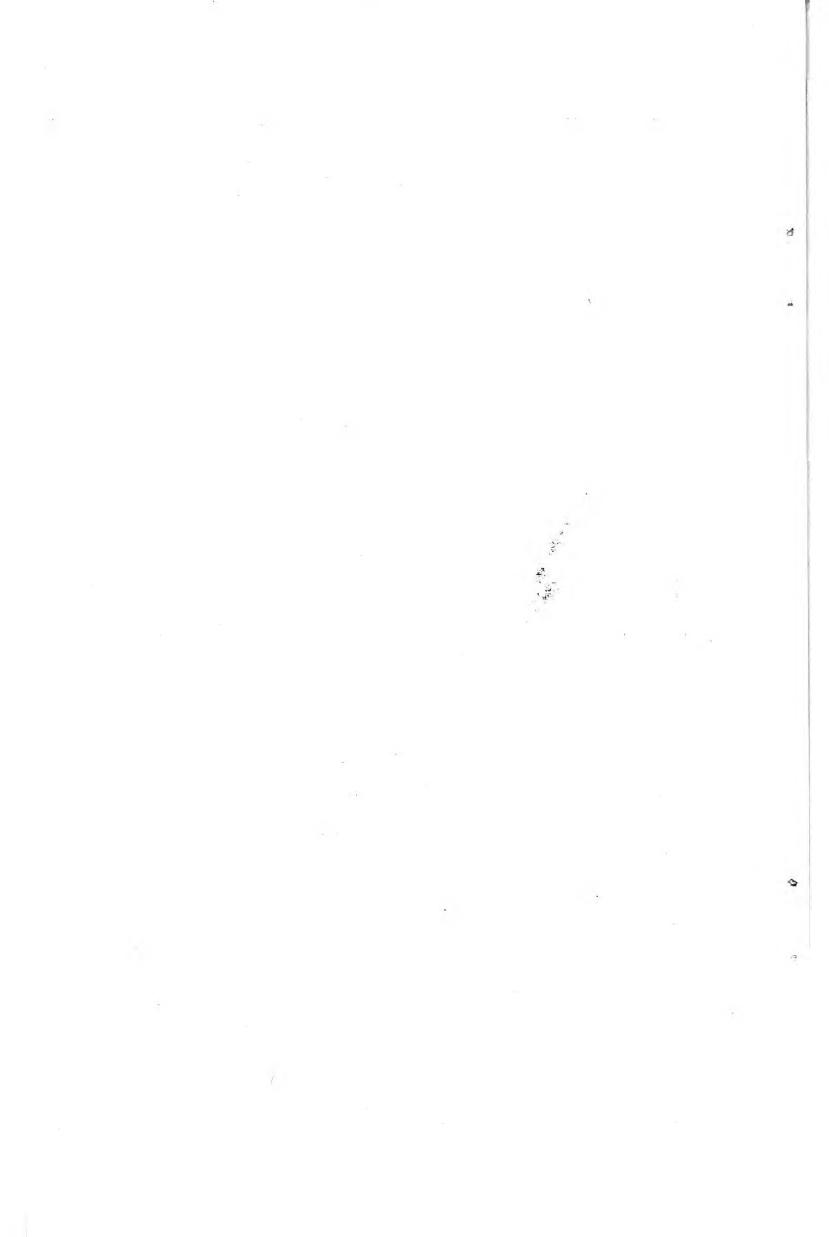
But as the last year approaches, the realization that we are the tradition-makers of Providence College impresses itself upon us more deeply. And as this fact is a privilege, so, too, is it an obligation. It is an obligation which solemnly binds every member of our class to be loyal to Providence College and all for which it stands, to be loyal and grateful to those living and dead, who made Providence College possible.

Joseph F. O'Gara, '23



THE JUNIOR CLASS

General Photo



“ THERE'S NOTHING NEW ”

SOME wise man once remarked that he did not see anything new or novel under the sun. Yet to hear our ultra-modern citizens sing the glories and inventive genius of twentieth-century civilization would lead one to believe that Solomon (or whoever said it) wore the tall jester's cap and spangles. But a review of history from the time of prehistoric man to ancient Rome will show that we are not so marvelously in advance of our age as we smugly think.

Just to prove it:

Noah had the largest traveling zoological exhibit that the world has ever seen. The wild animal display of the Greatest Show on Earth is a mere two-cage side show when compared with Noah's floating menagerie. Noah's two of a kind beat Ringling Bros. full house.

If we stop to consider where our apartment-house idea of living came from, we see that the Cloff Dwellers were the originators of the Sardine form of habitation. Maybe their edifices were not equipped with dumb waiters and elevators, but I will wager that they had plenty of plain, wholesome food on their prandial boards, such as rock candy and marble cake.

Twenty-five thousand years ago man painted himself in gaudy colors. The pigments he used remain to this day in Spain and France. Nowadays the order of things is reversed. It is his wife who dons enough war paint to suffice for the whole family.

Some twelve thousand years ago, Swiss lake-dwellers caught their herring and goldfish with the same kind of fish hooks we use today. They also made a yeastless bread, but strange to say, cheese is not mentioned in historical accounts of the Swiss lake-dwellers.

Babylon was called the "Brick City," and it was here that the first iron-wheeled vehicle made its appearance. Probably it was a public taxicab.

Either the Egyptians were away ahead of their time or we are away behind ours, for they possessed everything that made for comfort, from

scissors to summer villas. They were the first to invent the incubator in which to hatch eggs. When you order eggs in a restaurant you generally receive the kind that smacks of partial-incubation in ancient Egypt. Doubtless the Egyptians are shipping us their surplus supply of poultry products, which same supply of embryo omelettes was probably in vogue during the building of the Great Pyramid.

The Egyptians had a large number of ferry-boats, crossing and re-crossing the Nile. So you see the Hudson River system of ferries cannot be listed among modern innovations. Fords were also very popular with the Egyptians who indulged in commerce, but they were not the kind of Fords we see so frequently on our thoroughfares. They were the Fords in the Nile.

The ceilings of the chambers in the pyramids were sprinkled with stars to resemble the face of the heavens. On the ceilings of some of the Thebean catacombs we find astronomical tables giving the aspect of the skies fortnight by fortnight throughout the months of the Egyptian year. From which we conclude that the Egyptians invented pictorial calendars.

The Egyptians had huge serpents guarding the soul-chambers of their catacombs, to which they gave such quaint names as "Fire-Face," "Flaming-Eye," and "Evil-Eye." When you go to the movies and see the "Curse of the Evil Eye" do not comment on the brilliancy of the title-writers' phraseology. Just remember that he is stealing the very ancient Egyptian's very ancient stuff. From paintings on the walls of Egyptian tombs we know that sheep, swine, cattle, goats, gazelles, cats, dogs, ducks, geese, and hawks were very numerous. Fish were also frequently depicted. The onion was known to the Egyptians. According to the ancient priests the arrogant onion was barred because it caused a flow of tears, hunger and thirst. Hence, it was not allowed on fast days and during religious ceremonies. Evidently it did not seem right to weep on occasions of joy or to be tormented by hunger and thirst on days set aside for fasting. The next time you eat a delectable onion soup, remember that you are enjoying something that the Egyptians had, but could not relish.

Egyptian manufactures included porcelain, linen, glass, papyrus, and embalming fluid. The wealthy Egyptians had gem-inlaid perfume containers, mirrors of polished metal, hairpins, pin cushions, spoons, knives, scissors, pillows, bedsteads, arm chairs, divans, and tables. Pecu-

liar to Mrs. Egyptian were the essences, pomades, and the variously-colored preparations with which she used to stain her cheeks, lips, eyelids, nails, and palms.

Queen Hatasu, most extraordinary of Egyptian rulers, is represented on her monuments in masculine garb and with a long beard as a symbol of wisdom. It is possible that Queen Hatasu was the first suffragette.

Looking back to the Egyptians we can justly say that they were hustlers, and a consideration of their architecture must promptly concede to them supremacy in the art of building.

Cretan civilization saw the advent of bathrooms and pipe-systems. At approximately the same time soap came into existence, for a little later Pliny writes that the Germans used both hard and soft soap. From which it is not difficult to deduce the fact that Cretan billboards were plastered with soap advertisements. The Cretans were devotees of bull-fighting. After the Spanish fashion probably a par-boiled gentleman in red flannels hopped into the Cretan arena to vanquish El Toro or probably he hopped into the arena wearing white flannels. Who knows or cares?

Daedulus tried to make a flying machine by affixing waxen wings to his subject Icarus, but he must have made his attempt in July or August, for the waxen wings melted and Icarus descended (without a parachute) into the sea, where he needed water-wings instead of air-wings. No doubt Daedulus received what we slangily call "the good old gooseberry" for his apparently foolish efforts, but even so, he was a bit previous to the Wrights and Curtises.

The Greeks were exceedingly quick to adopt and invent. At one time Aristotle had as many as a thousand correspondents scattered throughout Greece gathering material for his natural history. From all accounts the Associated Press learned something from Aristotle.

It has been said that Eratosthenes measured the earth and came within fifty miles of the real diameter, which probably shows that Eratosthenes thought the world round before Columbus did.

Herophilus was an anatomist, which simply means that he artistically carved the human bulk into diverse designs to see what made it tick.

Aristophanes wrote the comedy "The Clouds." A few weeks ago a modern musical comedy entitled "Up in the Clouds" visited our bright

and bustling city. But none of the press notices gave Aristophanes credit for titling the production. Likely it was an oversight on the part of the press representative.

Grecian philosophy is the basis of some modern philosophy. The Greeks have given to us a love and appreciation of artistic beauty. They were a nation of thinkers and as such they have taught us how to think.

The Romans were coldly mercenary, empirical, ever the seekers after practicality. For this reason it is they who have given us our laws and manners of government.

It has been said that the city of New York had no running water in its houses until 1776, but during the time of Julius Caesar Rome was equipped with a remarkable lead-pipe water system.

Caesar organized a fire department in Rome in 73 B. C. Caesar had a fire department, but Nero needed one.

The ancient Romans had water-mills for grinding grain built on barges in the Tiber. Probably the grain mills on the Tiber caused some Roman Romeo to write that ditty "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

Archeologists have found that the Romans used latch-keys, bodkins, thimbles, safety pins, combs, tweezers, buttons, studs, and false teeth. By this I do not mean that all Romans had false teeth.

The Romans used bronze, crescent-shaped razors. Some authorities say that Julius Caesar must have amputated his facial foliage with such a razor on account of his portraits showing him to be beardless. For that matter he must have shaved his head, for he is always shown as being bald as an egg.

On Caesar's monument was inscribed "To the Father of the Country." And yet we thought we were being original when we so called Washington.

The Roman Forum was used for military reviews, public banquets, gladiatorial fights and exhibitions of the wonders of nature. It was here that a snake fifty feet long was shown during the time of Augustus. That snake must have been the grand-daddy of all our modern reptiles. Butchers, copyists, book-sellers, shoemakers, and fish-mongers had their stalls in the Forum. The lower Suburba was the section devoted to bankers, brokers, usurers, pickpockets, and receivers of stolen goods. Roman

bankers were under the supervision of the prefect of the city. They used the double-entry system and paid interest on their deposits.

On the right of the Sacred Way stood the most fashionable shops, those of the jewelers, goldsmiths, perfumers, and musical instrument makers. On the left were the offices of the chemists, florists, and fashionable physicians.

From this true picture of Rome's business centre one may readily see that Rome was not a one-horse village. It was a large, live city.

Circus riding must have been a profitable profession, for T. Flavius Genethlius took to banking after having been a rider in a circus. He hired an office in the Basilica Julia, where the money lenders resided. One may well imagine a financially embarrassed citizen of Rome going to the office of T. Flavius and offering his overcoat as collateral. And after a minute inspection of the garment T. Flavius would likely say "Seven dollars I give it to you for the coat. Not a nickle more." With a tear in his eye the R. C. probably parted with his winter-season toga. This little drama has been acted and reenacted from the time of T. Flavius to the present moment.

The Arvales, a Roman religious institution, held banquets which cost one hundred denarii a seat. Translated they cost seventeen dollars a cover, which charge included phlegmatic oysters, soft-boiled lobsters, and hard-boiled speakers. Today we receive the same menu at our banquets, including the speakers, and we pay ten dollars less than the Romans did.

Between the years 37 and 41 A. D. there were built on Lake Nemi, a body of water four thousand feet in diameter, two monster ships, one two hundred feet long with a sixty-foot beam; the other larger. These boats were equipped with marble terraces, enameled decks, shrines, fountains and hanging gardens. The decks were made of porphyry enameled gold, green, red and white. Their hulls were caulked with tar and sail-cloth. Their three-inch larch-wood sides were protected by copper nailed lead plates. They were real floating palaces. But because the new gigantic Majestic has a marble swimming-pool we lavish whole columns of newsprint on her.

We talk of the modern trend of the times; our almost unbelievable

civilization; but how often do we wax laudatory about the accomplishments of the ancients who were cruelly hampered by nature?

Whenever tempted to burst forth with a forensic effusion concerning the wonders of up-to-the-minute Man and his institutions, pause a moment and reflect on the splendor and magnificence of the progress made by our handicapped ancestors. Remember that the world awaits with breathless suspense, archaeological proof that Horace had the asthma and that Rameses II rolled about the Nile country in a Rolls-Royce.

Which only goes to show that the wise man was right.

There is nothing new under the sun—or the moon—or the stars.

James F. Lynch, '23



The Marker is the Winner

IN the early light of morning, flung from out the eastern sky
Youth regards the distant vistas with a smile,
For the pathway worn before him holds no terror in his eye
As his vagrant feet traverse each passing mile;
Nor would stay Time's onward flight
In his race to reach the height
With a faith in all his fellows that must put stark age to shame;
While the one would render all that he might bear an honored
name;
Still another toils in secret, and disdainful mortal fame,
Out to those who grope in darkness, bears the light.

Would that youth might be eternal for 'tis life's most painful hour
That reveals another's baseness and deceit,
When Illusion's subtle magic fails to hold him in its power
Then 'tis he of saintly mold who scorns defeat.
For the scales have dropped away
At the zenith of the day,
And Ambition ever bekons to the goal that looms so near,
For the efforts that were failures, blasted hopes that he held dear,
And the happy hours now mem'ries, now a smile and then a tear,
Are the talents of the debt that he must pay.

In the witching hour of evening when the gently ebbing tide
Bears him outward to eternity's dark shore,
Then he fain would check the speed of Time's relentless onward
stride
As he hears the distant breakers somber roar.
Though no human meed of fame
And no honor hails his name,
Let no mortals sit in judgment on the deeds that he has done;
If in life he wore no laurels in the race that he had run,
But just labored, striving ever for the goal that he had won
And according to his lights just played the game.

—John H. Shunney, '24

THE CLASS OF 1924

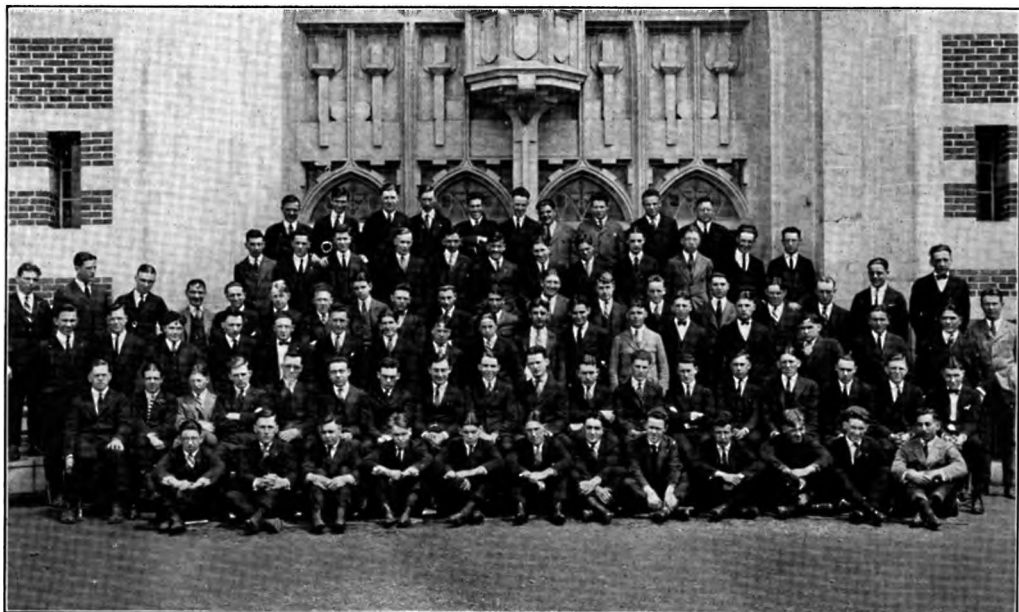
ONWARD has always been the shout of the Sophomore class; "Onward and never falter," has been its battle cry. Glorious, triumphant, and brilliant has been the course of the Sophomore ship. Sailing, some two years ago into a sea never before explored by a class at Providence College, the fearless, intrepid, and dauntless spirit of her navigators won for the class of "1924" the respect and admiration of all. Many a stiff current, a howling wind, and a roaring sea has she encountered in her course, but never did she falter. She has accomplished what others would not have dared to undertake; won where others have failed. Today, she stands mighty and victorious at the termination of two successful years at Providence College.

While too many prominent classes have strong minds with enfeebled bodies, the Sophomore Class seems singularly blessed with having a wonderful intellect, and an equally great physique. At the beginning of the year, when the Freshmen challenged the Sophomores to a football game the superior athletic ability of the Sophomore class was in evidence and we accumulated a sufficient number of points to win. For a Freshman Class to have a banquet without the intervention of the Sophomore Class is a feat which would make any neophyte dance with joy. This, however, was not the case this year, as the Sophomore class intervened to such an extent as to carry off the laurels.

Our next encounter with the Freshmen was, when their debaters matched their forensic ability with that of the Sophomores. Here again the Sophomores could not be denied victory. Always has Dame Fortune smiled on the Sophomores and never has there been an ominous look in her eye, as the days rolled by, we managed to gather together a neat collection of ball players. They practiced and played with the harmony and ease of a big circuit club. This combination met the Freshman team and proved itself superior in every department of the game.

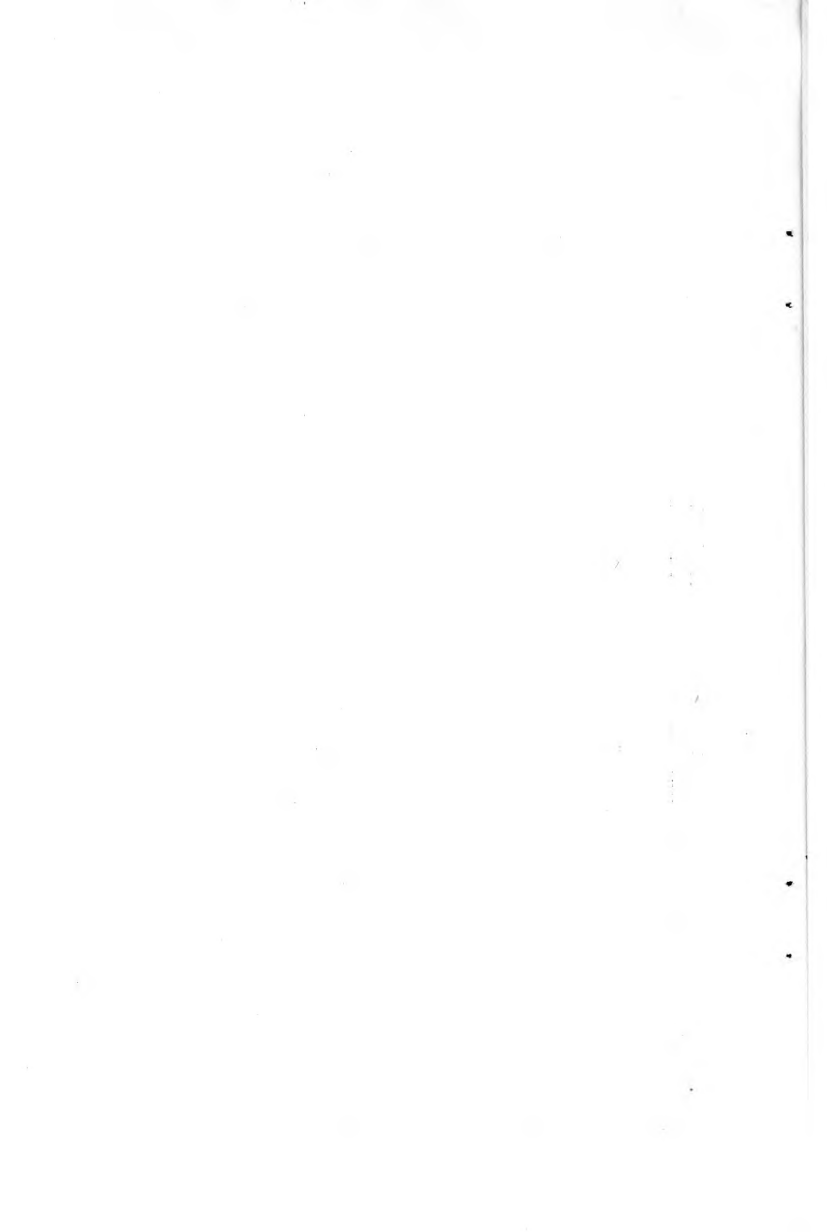
Thus every undertaking was accomplished with such a thoroughness that the record made by the "Class of '24" shall remain for years, and who would not dare to say forever unequalled. We feel assured that after imbibing the teachings of P. C., we shall enter the world skilled men in Catholicism, principle and knowledge, and worthy upholders of our Alma Mater.

Frank J. McCabe, '24



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

General Photo



THE BAT

THROUGH the mist that enveloped London Bridge there appeared a solitary figure. It halted and leaning over the rail peered into the black Thames. The dampness and the cold seized it, and with a shiver it turned up its coat collar. Fumbling in its pocket for a match it lighted a half-smoked cigarette. Some few minutes passed. Then the mist gave up another figure. It was alone. It passed the one peering into the river, with scarcely a glance. As it faded into the mist a minute later, the one at the rail turned and followed it.

A half hour later a Bobby sauntering along met a brother in arms.

"'Ello Jock!"

"That you, George?"

"It's me, Jock."

"The bloomin' mist is thick tonight George ole top."

"It is, and I am right tired of it."

"And so am I. What's the word?"

"Nothing much. They found a mon lyin' unconscious up the bridge a bit tonight."

A moment of silence followed.

"The Bat?"

"I suppose so."

"It's too bad, George. They say 'e promised to be 'ave."

"It's funny about 'im, George. Don't you think?"

"Well I 'ave me doubts, Jock," replied George, "about the Bat and the Chief."

"'e and ole MacAllister are the only two that 'ave really seen 'im. You remember Mac brought 'im to the chief one night when the boys were asleep."

"That I do," Jock replied.

"All I know is the Bat as we uns calls 'im 'walked' out of Scotland Yard 'alone.'"

"And George, ole top, that is all the rest of us know," Jock said, shaking his head slowly.

"Oh, the chief is too easy, boy. Why, Jock Mon, if I ever get

me 'ands on 'im 'e will go to the Yard and not walk out soon."

"Right George, lad. I feel the same way. It's a shame 'e is loose. If I ever get me 'ands on 'im, Jack, 'e will go up a bit now, believe me. The Bat, ole mon, 'as never been up they say. And George," Jock said drawing close, "it's a lift we get if we land 'im."

"Well, I must be on me taps, Jock. Keep your eyes peeled, mon."

"That I will; I'll see you later, George."

"All right, Jock."

They parted, one into the mist across the bridge, the other, the opposite direction, into the mist.

Some distance away in the district where culture and refinement spell disaster, a small figure hurried along. Now and then it cast fearful glances back over its shoulder. No one was following it. Yet it evidently feared some one. It halted for a moment, and huddling close to a fence, waited fearful and expectant. For five minutes it stood there—waiting in the mist. Then as if relieved that no one followed, it hurried away. As it approached the light on the corner it pulled its cap down over its eyes. In turning the corner it collided with another. The same small figure instantly recoiled at the shock. And with a low cry dashed across the street and disappeared into the dark lane leading to the wharves. For a minute the other figure was motionless, then with a shout gave chase. The strong arm of the law searched the lane and the nearby wharf without a trace of its victim.

"George, you ole fool," it said in disgust, "you are a credit to the force."

Then with a muttered curse George gave up the chase. But the thought of promotion stirred him. So he hid in a doorway. He began to think of the incident of MacAllister, the chief and the Bat. Why the bat was freed was beyond him. A slight noise warned him of someone's approach. A slim figure appeared at the head of the alley. For a moment it stood there as if undecided which way to go. Cautiously crossing the street it halted before a doorway not ten feet away from him. Carefully looking around it darted into the building. He followed.

A door squeaked and a guarded whisper came from above. Slowly he ascended the stairs. A moan of one in extreme pain frightened him. A board creaked and his heart stopped for a moment, only to beat again

at a furious rate. Reaching the third floor, he turned to the left and felt his way along in the dark. Finally his hand touched the panel of a door. He peeked through the key hole. A chair and a wash stand was all that he could see.

He listened. Someone was speaking. It was the voice of one in pain. A sympathetic murmur was the only response. Some one was weeping softly, bitterly. A chair was pushed back and some one crossed the room. Again he looked through the key hole and saw a small figure standing before the wash stand. Its back was turned to him. As it turned about, wringing a towel, he saw "The Bat."

He roughly opened the door and stepped into the dingy room. The small figure uttered a soft cry. A look of fright came over the face at the sight of the bobby. It passed in a flash, and hatred took its place.

"Is that you Clarence, my boy?"

At the sound of another voice the bobby turned and saw a small woman huddled upon a small bed. With difficulty she sat up in the bed. Her eyes were wide and staring, her dishevelled white hair fell upon her shoulders.

Again she asked the question. The young man rushed to her side.

"Yes, ma, it's Clarence. He's come back to yer at last," he said in a girlish voice.

"My God, is it you Clarence! Oh, my boy, come to my arms. My baby, don't leave your mother; please don't leave me again. Oh, don't leave me. Come to me," she wailed. Her voice cracked with pain and sorrow.

"Come, Clarence, come," the young man said.

The bobby crossed the room to her bedside. The pleading of the heart-broken old woman touched him. The youth passed his hand before his eyes and shook his head. There was not a flicker of an eye-lid. He halted at the bedside. She was blind! The scene touched him more than any other ever did. Was it a trick, he thought. But no, the sorrow, the pathos of that poor, blind old woman—oh, a bobby is only human.

But how could he deceive her? It was brutal. Why didn't he seize the Bat and depart? He couldn't. The sorrowful, pleading mother restrained him, so he touched her arm. With a cry she wrapped her arms about him and sobbed convulsively on his shoulder.

"My boy, my boy," she murmured.

The youth stood at the bedside sobbing hysterically.

"Oh God, I thank you. My boy 'as come 'ome to me," she cried. A lump arose in the bobby's throat. He was only a man after all. And she a mother. The pallor of her face told him death was nigh. Upon her upturned face, sweet as only a mother's can be, the angelic presence shone.

"My boy, I'm goin' fast. Your mother's dyin'. Oh, my boy, go straight, I beg you, go straight. Promise me you will be good and will never let a bit of harm come to her. Promise me you will never let her name be dragged through the dirt. Promise me, my son," she pleaded as she lay in his arms, dying, blind and broken-hearted.

As he looked into that face of a mother, so sorrowful, so helpless, he saw it all. Who was he to cheat her of one last moment of joy and happiness. A tear stole down her withered cheek and seared its course upon his soul.

"Mother, dear, I promise," he answered. And bowing his head he kissed her icy forehead. She slowly settled in his arms, a smile serene upon her face. The candle on the table flickered and danced wildly. He pressed his lips to her ear.

"I'll guard her, I'll protect her, mother dear," he said to the soul that was passing.

The candle on the table flickered and went out. The youth lighted it again and drew near. With tear-dimmed eyes and trembling lips he waited, awed by the silence of death drawing near.

With all the tenderness of a child he bent and kissed her wan cheek. The coldness of death chilled his soul. Her lips were cold, lifeless.

"My God, she's dead. My mother's dead! Oh, God, have mercy on me. Oh, mother, mother, speak to me. She's dead, my mother's dead,"—his voice faded away into the shadows of the room.

The heavy tramp of noisy feet and a shout of greeting echoed down the hall. A hearty laugh—and a door slammed.

The hysterical sobbing of the youth ceased. He stood and faced the officer. A moment tearful—then defiant. But defiance faded away to softer expression.

"It was great of yer to do that—you a copper," he said.

"You have given her her reward. She wished to die happy and

she did. I can't thank you—— but I——," he broke off into tears. A storm of youthful sorrow shook his slight frame, as an oak bows before a gale.

"My dear mon, I am sorry, but you must come," the bobby began. "Duty calls and I must answer."

"Why do you want me," the youth asked.

"My boy, I hate to do it, but I must arrest you, the Bat, for assault and battery."

"Me? Will you wait here a minute?" the boy asked. "I promise to return."

"You promise?"

"Yes."

"All right," the bobby replied.

The youth entered the small compartment screened off from the rest of the room. The bobby crossed to an open window and looked out upon the city. The mist had disappeared. To his right was London bridge shining with its many lights. Just beyond were the Parliament buildings, where England made her laws. Here he was, her servant, waiting to execute one of them. Just how long he was there he didn't know. He thought he heard someone whispering. He turned. A look of utter amazement crossed his face.

A young woman stood before him.

"Well, here I am," she said.

It was the Bat! And the Bat was a girl.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the one you promised my mother to guard and protect," she replied.

"I promised?" he asked.

"Yes, you promised. You remember," she replied.

He turned away from her for a moment.

"You are wondering about the Bat," she said as he looked at her puzzled.

"That I am," he responded.

"Well, the Bat is no more," she said.

"No more?"

"Yes."

"I don't understand."

"Did you ever see the Bat?" she asked.

"I saw 'im one night at 'eadquarters. But 'e 'ad a cap pulled down over 'is eyes and I didn't get a good peep at 'im."

"Your orders are to bring 'him' to headquarters?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"You never will," she declared.

"And why not?" he asked.

"You want me 'The Bat?'" she asked.

"Yes, for assault and battery and other offenses," he replied.

"Well, I am sorry, but you will never get the Bat. You orders are to bring the Bat, a man, to court. You don't know whether I am the Bat or not. I am a woman, not a man."

He looked at her in silence. Then walked to the door and hesitated.

"You are leaving London in three days?" he asked significantly.

"I promise," she replied.

"Good night, and may God bless you, little girl."

"Good night," she said as he softly closed the door.

He had scarcely closed the door when the curtain of the compartment parted and a young man stepped out. He was her double, in height, size and looks. The girl turned to him.

"Clarence, you are free. Little did I think when I changed places with you that you would be here with me, free. But there is one thing. You must keep my promise—to leave London and this life."

"I promise, Emily," he said. A tear stole down his cheek as he turned to the ragged bed where a mother lay in perfect peace and rest, a smile serene upon her white face.

"I promise," he repeated. "I've suffered for my sins. Oh, God! think of it. I had to stand back and see my mother die in another man's arms, thinking him me. Yet she died happy as she prayed. Yes, Emily, I promise. The Bat is no more."

Howard J. Farrell, '24

June Nights



HE leaves seem softly singing
A sweet enchanted tune.
The night wind's gently bringing
The fragrant breath of June.
The waves of silver, shining
On the lake, reflect the Moon.
What cause for hearts repining
On wond'rous Nights in June?

What cause for hearts repining
On wond'rous Nights in June
Oh, Youth, in years declining
When you look upon the moon
And the leaves seem sadly sighing
And a funeral dirge the tune
Then you'll hear your heart's faint crying
"Oh, for Youth, and Nights in June!"

—Francis Lucien Dwyer, '24

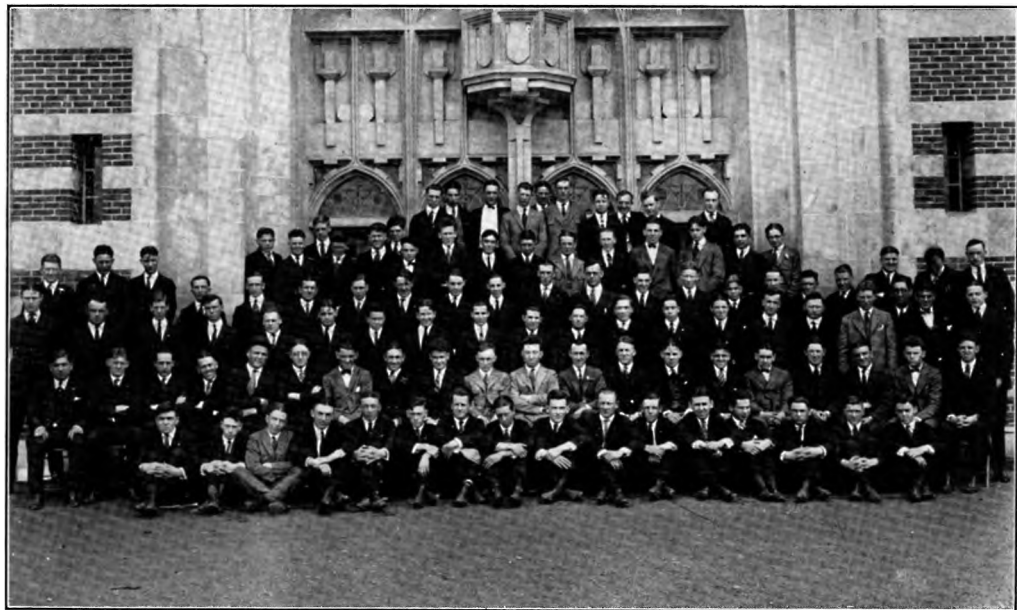
FRESHMAN CLASS

IN accordance with the steady advance of Providence College, the class of '25 is the largest to seek admission to her sources of truth and knowledge. Our size in comparison with the upper classes gives us little cause to boast. The outstanding quality of our class is that prevailing atmosphere of good fellowship which makes for happiness within, and pride and consolation without. It is our relation with ourselves that greatly pleases us, now about to terminate that period which "tries men's souls"—the freshman year. It augurs well for the future years that this one has been spent in unforgettable comradeship.

Incited to union by the advances of the Sophomores, we early convened in September to organize our class and to elect officers. We chose "Hughie" Hall, a winning and popular youth, our president; James Lynch was chosen Vice-President; Charles Young, Secretary; John O'Donnell, Treasurer. No sooner had we cemented our relations than the cloudburst came. The upper classmen published an edict enjoining us to abide by a set of fourteen rules. The only excuse they offered, was their unselfish intention to make "men" of us. To enforce these they created a student council, strict, just, stern in its judgments. Praise for its effectiveness cannot be too great, but it failed to enforce the "sir" clause.

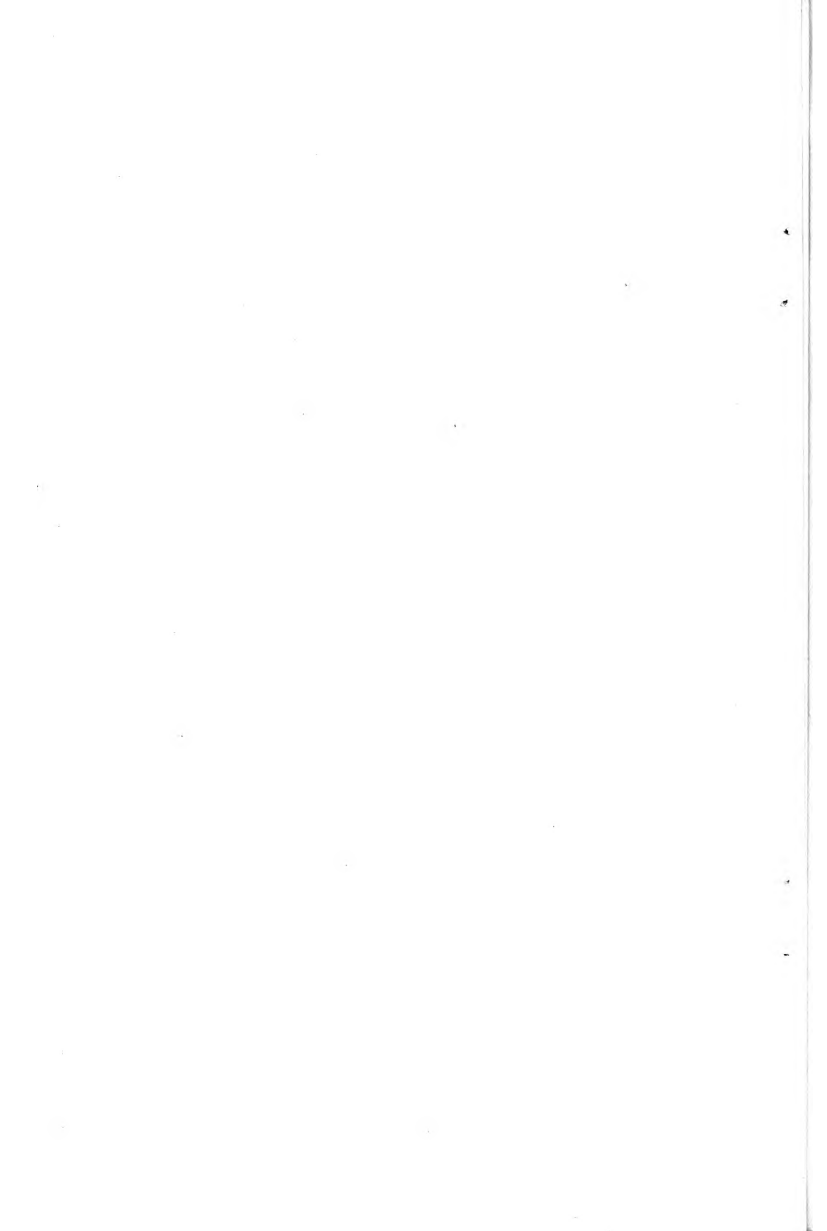
In spite of the isolating influence of these regulations, we had an opportunity to meet the Sophomores in an even contest of Rugby late in the fall. The game was fraught with uncertainty for three quarters, then, by some design of fickle fate, the Sophomore president caught a fumble and scored. A 6-0 defeat is no humiliation.

We did not long remain under. On Hallowe'en night the Freshmen entertainers and contestants carried all before them. The ducking contest—not so soft as it sounds, but requiring grit and persistence, was ours by a mile. In evident recognition of our victory the Reverend Dean suspended all rules for a week, and in celebration of this we "snaked through the city triumphant."



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

General Photo



Things stood about even now. Talk about holding a banquet arose. The whole class became enthusiastic and unanimously voted affirmation, but the Sophomores got air of the news and determined to prevent it. By some misunderstanding or misconception of the consequences the Freshman President had the audacity to take leave of absence before he was surrounded. Thus we lost an official victory. But the Sophomores were not content with this. They had to lose a physical one. For we held the banquet at Warren and had the most exciting and enjoyable time of the year. Honors about even.

Bravo to the persistence of the Sophs! They defeated us in the forensic art. Messrs. Frank Foley, Charles Young and Robert Curran, representing the Freshmen, so ably upheld their class honor that the Dean pronounced the debate the best ever produced within the college and announced a precariously close decision.

If we Freshmen lost the majority of decisions throughout the year, remember we worked under regulations; and besides, by our steady and willing support, and through no mean talent, we greatly aided in putting across the best activities of the college: the Debating Society lectures; the St. Thomas debate, Boston College and Holy Cross debates, and every other undertaking of the college this year.

When the day arrived for the hat-burning exercises, Hugh Hall extolled our successes to a crowd of a thousand people, who swarmed across the campus. Frank McCabe, Soph President, lavishly paid tribute to his own following and to ours. Then the Very Rev. President congratulated the student body as a whole. And in the spirit of that address let us close this brief outlined by adding that this year has inseparably joined us in spirit and sentiment with Providence College; that a year's association in friendship with our own, and in fair, innocent, sportsmanlike rivalry with others, has fulfilled the high hopes with which we entered here. Here, therefore, we intend to strive for future success. United with upper classmen we will work for the enhancement of Providence College, of established success and happy memory.

Robert E. Curran, '25

" SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER "

Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, or is it *Imminent Victorians*, make delightful reading for the undergraduate because they are so undergraduate in tone. In speaking of Manning being made a prince of the Church: "Ask in faith and in perfect confidence (he himself wrote) and God will give us what we ask," He does not tell us that Manning said this long before he was made a Cardinal. Strachey would have us believe that Manning was seeing red when he made the petition. He further writes that Manning earlier refused a mitre in the Anglican Church, and he concludes that by refusing it he was merely suppressing a desire for it. By this may we conclude that his acceptance of the red hat was the suppression of a desire not to be a cardinal. His notes on the Papal Infallibility are about the only real Victorian things in his book. It has been proved time and again that the Pope does not cast a shadow or a vote in England or any other country. Mr. Strachey would have us believe many things, among them, that John Cardinal Newman and Florence Nightingale were genial idiots. Mr. Strachey is not genial.

* * *

A savage may possess priceless jewels but he will prize some valueless trinket far above them all merely because it is highly colored or amusing. An educated Mohammedan might look on a masterpiece of Christian art and admire only the artist's technique or the coloring. He does not read a prayer in every stroke of the inspired brush. He does not know what it means to be a Christian.

Men cannot succeed without an education. Some men are self-educated. Lincoln was. But men like that are few and far apart. Statistics prove that the majority of successful men are graduates of colleges. Follow the crowd. But don't follow the ordinary crowd. Get a Christian education. An education in a Catholic College gives a broader outlook on life and makes us susceptible to its beauties.

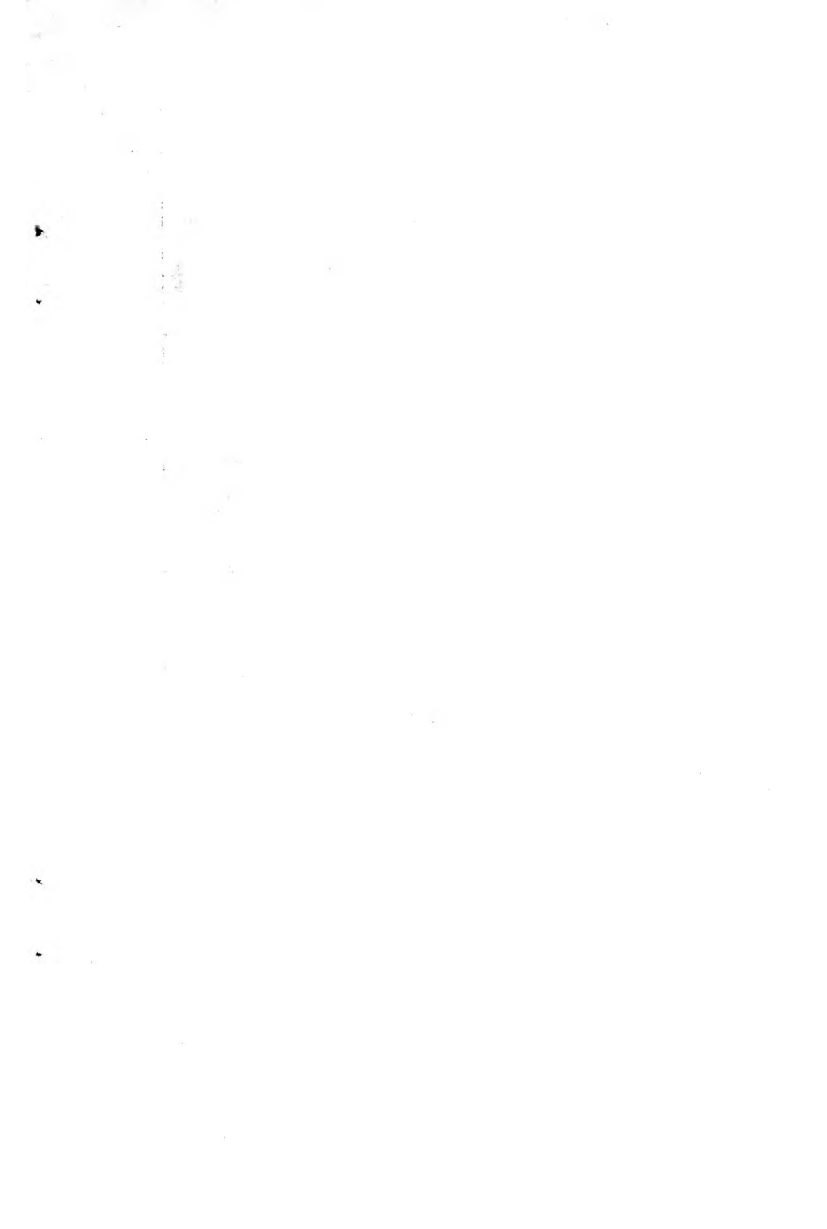
the goal at which you are aiming? Wellington's men went to battle with clean uniforms and well polished boots. Only well trained men do that. And only well trained men fight as they fought. It is not enough to die with your boots on, have them polished and wear a clean white collar.

* * *

Life's a rough road and a steep road and stretches broad and far, but it leads at last to a Golden Tower where Golden Houses are. Joyce Kilmer. And sometimes when we walk along with bowed head we see in the dust at our feet a shining pebble. We stoop to pick it up and hold it in our hand a moment to admire. We rub it and place it on the wall by the side of the road, where all who pass may see it. Pebbles are thoughts. Today I cannot look at a tree without thinking of Kilmer's poem, *Trees*. It is beautiful. All of his poems are pebbles which he placed upon the wall for us. They do make the rough road smoother and the steep road level by their magic. They bring to us some of the sheen of the Golden Tower.

P. J. Redmond, '24



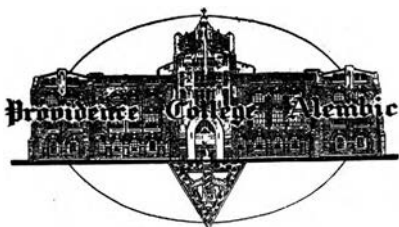




Oliver Photo

ALEMbic STAFF

Standing: John Muleedy, Wm. Farrell, Daniel O'Neill, Joseph O'Gara, Peter O'Brien, John Walsh, Arthur Famiglietti, Sitting: John McKenna, Paul Redmond, Charles J. Ashworth (Adv. Mgr.), Joseph A. Fogarty (Editor), Harold Boyd (Cir. Mgr.), Francis Dwyer, Gilbert Robinson



VOL. II.

JUNE, 1922

No. 9

Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

Staff

Francis L. Dwyer
Paul J. Redmond
Charles A. Gibbons
Frank J. McCabe
John Mulleedy

Gilbert E. Robinson
Joseph O'Gara
Arthur Famiglietti
John B. McKenna
John J. Casey
William J. Farrell

Daniel J. O'Neill
John P. Walsh
Peter O'Brien
James J. Keleher
Arthur Rattenni

Charles J. Ashworth, *Advertising Manager*
Harold F. Boyd, *Circulating Manager*

No one likes to read books that have sad endings. The Russian novelists are quite popular at the Suicide Club. Yes, endings are very important. And also the whole story. Laughing wrinkles the face. Crying seams it. Has this been a happy and a good scholastic year? Does your story end well? So well that you can continue its happy theme without imaginative vaulting. Or is it a real finish? Is it a smash? Will it be necessary to rewrite the chapter? Happy endings require planning. Did you ever know of anyone, in real life, to plan for a sad end?

Over the door of one of the Oxford Colleges there is inscribed this motto. "Manners maketh men." Colleges are the finishing schools of manners. With some manners are inherent, with others, acquired. And quite a large number have none. We learn manners at home. We apply them at home and whenever we come in contact with any of the gregarious species. We can learn much from associates. Be careful, therefore, of your companions. Education is no drawback to manners. But a man may be of poor breeding and yet highly educated in a narrow sense of the word.

Last year there was a fire in a playhouse in New Haven, Conn. The entrances became blocked. People, especially women and children were being trampled on in the mad rush for the windows and fire exits. The theatre was near Yale, and it happened that many students were in the place at the time. These young men, at the risk of their lives aided the women and children to the fire exits. At one window a young girl was attempting to climb out. A large man came up behind her and deliberately struck her so as to reach the window before she could. She fell, he used her for a step to gain his objective. Several people saw the man disappearing through the window, but they could not identify him. But all agreed that he did not wear a Joe Broofs model and that he did have a derby on. One student lost his life and many were injured in the rescue work for which they volunteered. The next morning the Assistant Chief of the Fire Department wrote to the President of Yale College and told him of the heroism of the students. And it was only because of their aid that a holocaust was averted.

Colleges make men. It merely turns out others. On the Smith Street trolley line, especially on the crowded cars, it is a common sight to see students of Providence College offering their seats to women and elderly men. These are the men who in great things prove their worth. It is this type which the New Haven fire chief had in mind when he wrote to the College president.

We learn chivalry in college. We should practice it in and out of college. Don Quixote may be dead, but Amfortas and Galahad are very much alive. Newman, the ideal gentleman, was well qualified to write the definition of the word, Gentleman.

RENDEZVOUS If a notice was put up on the bulletin board, saying that Christ would be in the College Chapel at eight o'clock the next morning you would be there. Well, He is there at eight o'clock every morning and all during the day. It is considered, among a certain type of Catholics, quite the thing to speak disparagingly of religion. They talk of religious pests, fanatics and apply other names. There are people in whom zeal has overcome discretion. But at least they are sincere. They do see Christ when they attend church. There is a time for all things, and there is a place. But why put religion in the last place. It is the greatest motive force in your life. Give credit where credit is due.

THE STAFF The *Alembic* Staff of 1921-1922 wishes to thank all members of the faculty and student body who have aided them in any way during the past year. We do not rest upon our laurels, but we expect that future *Alembic* staffs will honor us by adding to the fair name of the College publication. The best of success to those who succeed us!

EXCHANGES The *Alembic* gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following exchanges: Boston College Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.; Holy Cross Purple, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; The Anselmian, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.; College Days, St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph's Minn.; Fordham Monthly, Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.; R. I. State Beacon, R. I. State College, Kingston, R. I.; The Patrician, Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio; The Brown Jug, Brown University, Providence, R. I.; The Purple and Gold, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, N. Y.; The Alvernia, St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.; The Xavier, Xavier High School, New York, N. Y.; Maroon and White, La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.; St. Joseph's Prep, Chronicle, St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Student, English High School, Providence, R. I.; The Micrometer, Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, O.

Dad

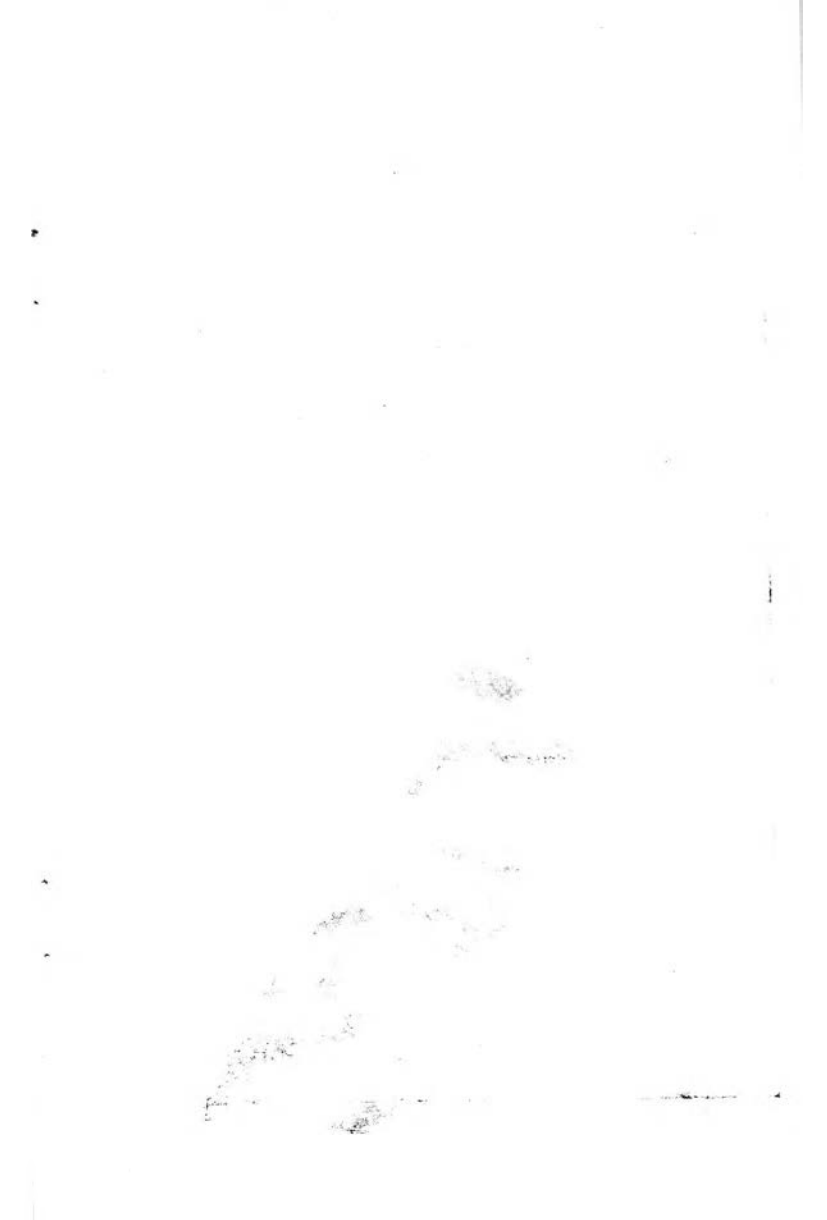


WHO was it your troubles foiled
When everything went dead wrong,
Who was it that worked and toiled
That your life might be one sweet song,
Who was it that sheltered you
When you were a little child,
Who was it that tempered you
When you were a trifle wild,
Who was the pal, the best you had?
One guess, you're right, my boy,
'Twas Dad.

Who was it that heard your prattle
When mother could stand no more,
Who was it picked up your rattle
When it had dropped to the floor,
Who was it that carried you
Along the hall each night,
Who was it tried to quiet you
And you louder yelled for spite,
Who was this martyr, you ask me lad?
I'll tell you my boy, it was
Your Dad.

Now when your dad has passed away
You think of the good he has done,
You think of the times he passed up play
That he might give to his son,
Now when a lad says to you some day
My dad did this or did that,
Do not forget, nor yet feel sad
Just think of the pal that you once had
The best old pal that a lad could have,
His Dad.

—J. Devitt Palmer, '25





Tally Photo

CAST OF WHO'S WHO

Standing: J. P. Walsh, P. J. Hammill, J. P. Kearney, J. E. Driscoll, H. L. Sparks, G. E. Robinson, J. E. Evans, F. A. Routh
Sitting:—W. J. McLaughlin, L. M. Nugent, J. E. Dillon, Geo. Conway

DRAMATICS

IN the early part of the scholastic year the Rev. Moderator opened a "drive" for new members of the Dramatic Society. The results were gratifying and all things pointed towards the most successful epoch in the short history of thespian activities at Providence College.

At the first meeting extensive plans for the ensuing year were outlined by the Rev. Moderator and the society then proceeded to choose its officers. Mr. Joseph Fogarty, '23, was honored with the Presidency. Mr. Howard Farrell, '24, was selected Vice-President, while the roles of Secretary and Treasurer were given to Mr. Lewis M. Nugent, '24, and Peter P. O'Brien, '24, respectively. Daniel J. O'Neill, '24, was named Librarian. Thus had been enacted the prologue of "Dramatics of Providence College, 1921-22."

The latter part of November witnessed the production by the Rev. Vincent C. Donovan O. P. of three very beautiful and well-chosen one-act plays. The diversity of themes and variety of sentiment expressed in these plays catered to the most fastidious of audiences.

The first was one of Lady Gregory's works, "The Rising of the Moon." It was laid in the bogs of Ireland and presented a story of a Sinn Fein spy who through the good-heartedness of a "peeler" was left to go his way unharmed. The interwoven strains of Irish music added pathos to the scene.

The second act was a true and realistic caricature of those oft experienced pests of the "movies" who read the titles aloud and presupposing the ignorance of the audience, take it upon themselves to explain the plot to those in the immediate vicinity. The play was mirth-provoking to the highest degree, and was sure to throw even the sourest of creatures into hysterics. The female impersonation was superb and the entire act was termed "a howling success."

The third and last number of the entertainment was a sublime and inspiring presentation of the seraphic St. Francis of Assisi. Interwoven with the gentleness of the saint was the amusing childishness of Friar Juniper. The character of the miser offered a role for real dramatic interpretation.

Indeed the whole evening was one grand and glorious event equally

for the actors and their admirers. And then the curtain was lowered on the first act of "Dramatics of Providence College, 1921-1922."

The undisputed success of "For One Night Only," speaks well for the players. The announcement of the title "Who's Who?" added interest by reason of its mysteriousness. Consequently as the curtain was drawn on the first evening of the performance the house was well filled with an expectant and responsive audience.

The most handsomely furnished reception room that had ever been fitted out in Gymnasium Hall lay before them, and as the various characters, male, and especially female, made their appearance they displayed costumes in accord with the magnificence of the surroundings. But when the plot began to be unfolded the players demonstrated that all this display was merely a means to a greater end.

The plot was the idea of mistaken identity, but was presented in such a novel way that it had no semblance of a trite and time-worn scheme.

Each member of the cast, which was composed of: Prof. Alexander Wright, John E. Dillon, '24; Mrs. Wright, Howard L. Sparks, '25; Mildred Wright, William J. McLaughlin, '24; Robert Mangan, Lewis M. Nugent, '24; Hilda, Gilbert E. Robinson, '24; Peggy, the Professor's Ward, James P. Kearney, '24; Florella Promrise, unattached, James T. Evans, '24; Smith, John E. Driscoll, '24; Carey, Francis A. Routh, '25; Bishop Anthony Wright, D. D., George J. Conway, '25; "The Injun," Patrick J. Hammill, '25; Arnold, John P. Walsh, '24, performed so well that it would be impossible to single out any one for particular mention.

As the play progressed the audience perceived the absence of that awkwardness and stiffness which is prevalent in amateur theatricals, and some went so far as to classify the production with the best stock companies of this section of the country. At any rate it was evident from the continuous bursts of laughter and the spontaneity of the applause that the production "had made a hit," and the presence of many people during the entire run of the show warranted its being termed "the best thing of its kind ever produced at the college." Thus triumphantly closed the second act of "Dramatics of Providence College, 1921-22."

Louis M. Nugent, '24

The Rocker

IT is only an old-fashioned rocker
Broken and weary and worn,
That creaks on its joints with such anguish
T were a pity to treat it with scorn.

For if chairs could respond to our scorning
And speak forth their tales old and true
In silence, our head bowed and shameful
We'd realize how little we knew.

From each shoulder suspended by ribbons
Now faded and tattered and torn
Hangs a tidy of linen embroidery
Old-fashioned, decrepit and worn.

Yet how fondly I'll always regard it.
If care can preserve its weak strands
It will be with the chair—a memory—
Made sacred by Mother's dear hands.

It is only a broken down memory
Of days when I climbed daddy's knee,
And fell fast asleep in a twinkling
To the tune of Sweet Mother Machree.

What a magic there seemed to its motion
I remember it even today.
Enchanting my path through dreamland
When I grew too weary of play.

And I hope 'neath the sway of its charming
When Death will no longer delay
I'll fall fast asleep as I used to
And peacefully pass away.

—Fred W. Heffernan, '24

READ 'EM AND WEEP

Travels with a Jackass, by Stephenson. Cook Bros. pub. \$.25 net. double mesh. The author tells us in the preface of the anthropoid Jackass' mania for the personal touch. The first chapters tell of the peculiar manner in which the Jackass receives his first personal touch in London. Curious as it may seem, this touch was German. It happened this way, according to the author. The Jackass attempted to shake hands with George Rex while he was riding in state. One of the Horse Guards came up behind and kicked the author's companion with a Hessian boot. The Jackass did not sit down for some time afterwards, for the touch was too personal, if you know what I mean. Shortly afterwards, however, he entered the elevator in the Eiffel Tower and sat down, but he rose immediately. After reaching Spain the Jackass wished to come in contact with King Alphonse, the most democratic king outside of the United States. It is even whispered abroad that Al's personal motto is "A cat can look at the King." But the little Infanta Terrible (Crown princess) has added a piquant touch to the King's bon mot. "But the cat should not make faces." After the traveller's introduction to the King, the Jackass made an awful bull (Sp. for *faux pas*). He asked the king if he preferred the auto de fe to the American cars. The king is nothing if not a wit. He replied that the only comment he had heard was to the effect that whenever a politician went West in an auto de fe, the taxpayers complained that they were burning too much governmental oil. In Rome the author made the statement that the city was full of mendicants to which the Jackass replied that even the American College towns had them. Especially Providence, where he knew about fifty pre-medicals, which class the Jackass considered more trying than the full fledged mendicant students. After the matter was explained to the Jackass he said, "Well, after all, Charity Begins in Rome." The Travellers went next to Constantinople because the Jackass wished to see how they cured camels for cigarettes. The Dervishes, or Camel worshippers were quite incensed when they heard the object of the visit, so the wayfarers wended their weary way to Greece under the

direction of Cook. They enjoyed this very much until one evening they went up to the Acropolis to enjoy the sunset. They became embroiled in one of the local quarrels and the Jackass was killed in a riot of color. The author, much grieved, returned to the United States and wrote this little volume. Some critics have suggested that free copies be distributed to the Greeks for revenge.

How to Be Well Red. Ima Syndicalist. Red Light on the Track of Progress Printing Press. Price 1,000,000 rubles or fifteen cents cash. Really a charming expose of the radical element in our drawing rooms. It is quite thrilling. Many verbal bombs are thrown. And so very many of the common bourgeois ideas are exploded. As the Mayor of Kokino said when he found out that a bomb had been placed in the office waste basket, "I am quite up in the air over this, but I expect to land on the culprit any day." Ima is well qualified to write on the subject. She was a member of the Right in the Russian Dumas until it was placed on the Index. She said that she found the Right too conservative so she left. But she left right. She is now in right in Left. She is also the author of another brochure. "Why I could not be Lenin Morvich to Trotsky in the Derbyvich." Ima it will be remembered is quite advanced in age. She even remembers when the last Czar was only the little Czardine, or Crown Prince. She even remembers the rejoicing at the birth of the Heir. She says that this was because the Czar was afraid that he would be hairless. On the fact of it this statement may appear bald, but it has been confirmed by Ed Pinaud our Paris co-respondent.

Psychic Phenomena by Kronin B. Hoyle. Narrowgansett Bottling Works. By the qt. \$1.00. Quite a spirited little book. According to Hoyle cards have a mystical meaning. Many people hold the same opinion of laundry checks. Mr. Hoyle claims that he sees through a lot of things. Have the English been fair to us? Have they a concealed sense of humor? Here we have Mr. Hoyle seeing through a lot of things for which we never gave him credit. Mr. Hoyle wished to arrange a meeting with Pussyfoot Johnson in front of the State House in Boston, but Mr. Johnson replied that they had no spirits in Common. But perhaps they could arrange another Tea party over in the Back Bay Section. The book does not go into details concerning the Tea, but we are led to believe that Doyle took his with a grain of salt. When he returned to the Copley Plaza he probably summoned up a few congenial

spirits. But this is all conjecture on our part, buy the book and see things for yourself.

Homespun Poetry. Barney Google *et al.* These little poems are woven in and out of the wiff and woof of life. It also deals with philosophical dyeing. We give two of the poems below. Below zero in fact.

The Last Minute Man

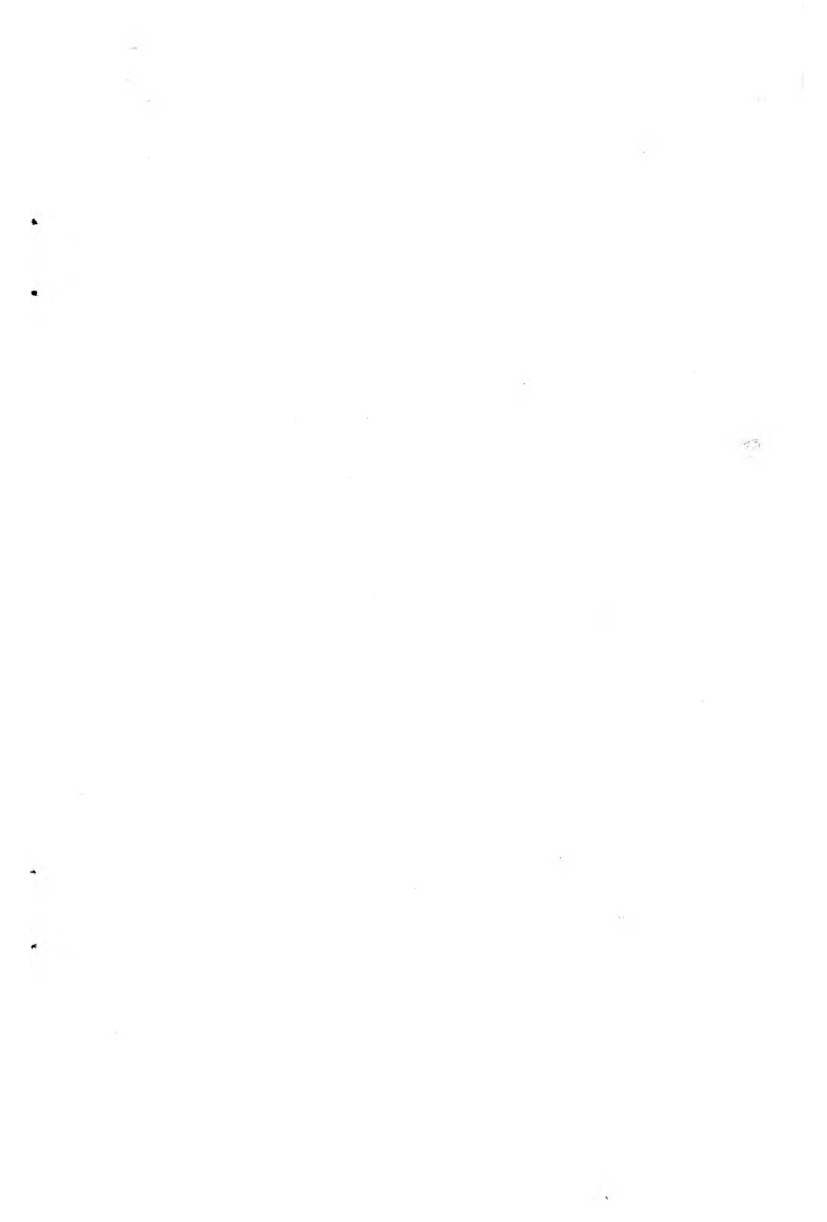
Oh, where is the Spirit of '76?
 Has it gone with 'XX over the Styx?
 Oh, where are the men ever on time,
 Ready to do, ready to climb?
 They are no more
 But at 8:59 the door
 Swings wide to admit
 The Last Minute Man,
 Douglas.

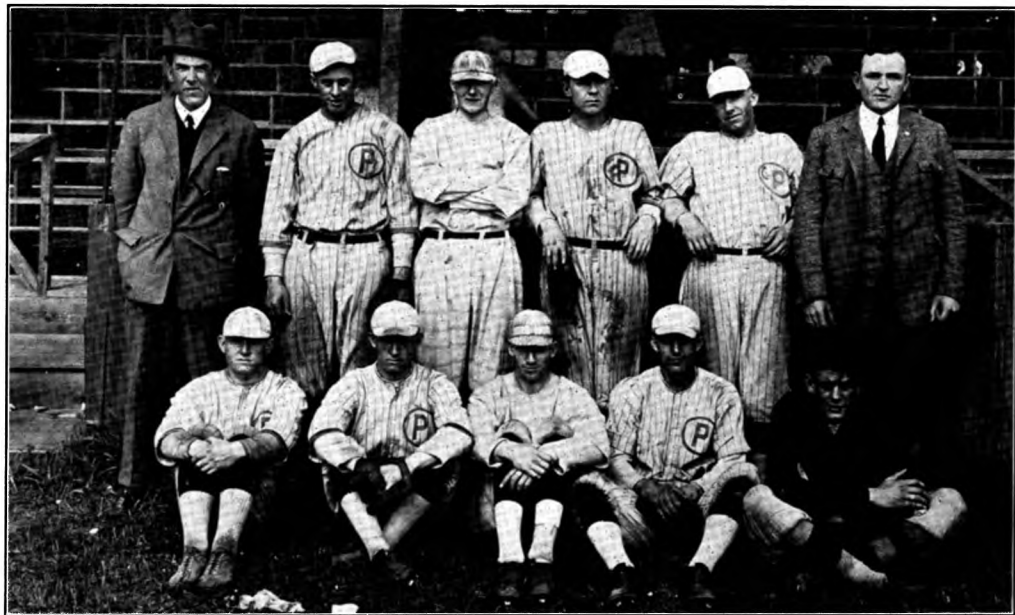
Nature is grand like a piano
 So upright and square.

Bee Natural.

Beeses by Febre. A Romance of Beedom. Abounding in mellifluous language. At times the author's retorts are stinging. However, the plot is very sweet, although at times a trifle thick. The story concerns Cleowax, Queen of the Bees, one day while combing her lair, she spies Dew Drop, the Drone. It was love at first sight. So with honeyed words she wooed him with promises of Eskimo Pies. But Dew Drop was cold. For the remainder of the story read the book.

Paul J. Redmond, '24





General Photo

THE BASEBALL TEAM

Duff (Coach), Fied, McCaffrey (Capt.), McGee, Kelliher, O'Reilly (Mgr.)
Brennan, Holland, Ford, Beck, Morrissey

ATHLETICS

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 3; TRINITY COLLEGE, 2

Captain McCaffrey, the pitching ace of the Providence College squad, led his team to victory against Trinity College, at Hartford, by the score of 3 to 2. The game went ten innings, during which McCaffrey fanned 12 men, allowed but three hits, and walked only one batsman.

In the second inning Coleman, the Providence third baseman, sent a homer over the left fielder's head, counting the first run of the game. Trinity scored two runs in the third inning, and the game went along to the seventh when Providence scored, again tying the count.

In the tenth, Kelliher reached first on an error by Cram, of Trinity. Feid sacrificed and Kelliher came home when Ford collided with the Trinity first baseman, who dropped the ball.

The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Providence . . .	0	1	0
Trinity	0	0	2
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	1—	3	6
	0—	2	3
		3	3

R. I. STATE, 5; PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 3

In a game marked with timely hits, combined with costly errors by Providence College, R. I. State triumphed by the score of 5-3, at Kinsley Park.

Both teams played excellent baseball up to the seventh inning, when Kelliher, the Providence twirler, blew up and his teammates made costly errors which lost the game. At this stage of the game the score stood 1-0, in favor of Providence, but the State tallied four runs in their half of the inning.

Kelliher was retired in favor of McCaffrey in the seventh, and in the eighth Edwards replaced Turner when Graham, of Providence, started a rally with a triple to left field.

The score:

RHODE ISLAND					PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Kirby, 2.....	4	1	4	1	0	Holland, 2.....	4	0	2	2	1
Kilkey, m.....	4	1	2	0	0	McGee, l.....	3	0	9	1	0
LaBree, s.....	5	1	3	3	2	Morrissey, l.....	2	0	1	0	0
Johnson, 3.....	5	1	0	2	0	Feid, s.....	4	1	2	3	2
Smith, l.....	2	1	0	0	0	Coleman, 3.....	1	0	2	0	1
Lucey, r.....	2	0	1	0	0	Ford, r.....	3	0	1	0	0
Wright, l.....	3	1	12	0	0	Beck, m.....	2	2	0	0	0
Turner, p.....	2	0	1	4	0	Graham, m.....	1	1	0	0	0
Connefry, c.....	4	0	4	1	0	Brennan, c.....	3	1	10	2	0
Edwards, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	Kelleher, p.....	3	1	0	1	0
						McCaffrey, p.....	1	0	0	0	0

Totals 31 6 27 11 2 Totals 27 6 27 9 4

Runs—Kirby, Smith, Lucey, Turner, Connefry—5; Feid, Coleman, Graham—3. Hits—Off Kelliher 5; off McCaffrey 1; off Turner 5; off Edwards 1. Two-base hit—Gilkey. Three-base hit—Graham. Sacrifice hits—Holland, Morrissey, Coleman, Ford, Lucey. Struck out—By Kelliher 6; by McCaffrey 4; by Turner 1. First base on balls—Off Kelliher 4; off Turner 5; off Edwards 1. Hit by pitched ball—Lucey. Umpire—Devron.

R. I. STATE, 2; PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 1

In their return game with R. I. State, the Providence College squad displayed a much better brand of baseball than in the previous week's game, but lost by the score 2-1 in the tenth inning. Providence scored once in the third, the State doing likewise in the fifth, and the game went the remainder of the ten innings with no score.

Edwards, the Kingstonian twirler, pitched a great game, allowing but two hits throughout the entire ten innings. Kelliher went well until the fifth inning, when his arm went back on him and he was replaced by McCaffrey, who pitched a fine game.

In the tenth, Wright, the State's first baseman, stole second during a mixup with the umpire. Kirby then drove a high liner through short which Feid muffed after dislocating his shoulder in trying to reach the ball. Morrissey had a perfect day in left field for Providence.

The score:

RHODE ISLAND					PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Kirby, 2.....	5	2	1	2	0	Morrissey, l.....	3	1	3	0	0
Kilkey, m.....	3	0	1	0	0	Holland, 2.....	2	0	1	0	0
LaBree, s.....	4	1	2	3	1	McGee, r, l.....	4	0	1	0	0
Johnson, 3.....	3	1	0	2	0	Feid, s.....	4	0	3	0	0
L. Smith, l.....	3	1	1	0	0	Coleman, 3.....	3	0	1	2	0
Edwards, p.....	2	1	2	1	0	McCaffrey, p.....	3	0	7	6	0
Lucey, r.....	2	0	1	0	0	Beck, m.....	3	1	2	0	0
Wright, l.....	3	1	15	1	0	Brennan, c.....	4	0	6	2	0
Connefry, c.....	3	0	6	0	0	Kelleher, p, r.....	3	0	6	7	0

Totals 28 7 30 7 1 Totals 29 2 30 17 0

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 Rhode Island State..... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1-2
 Providence College..... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

Runs—Lucey, Wright—2; Morrissey—1. Stolen bases—Kirby, LaBree, Johnson, Wright, Morrissey, McGee. Sacrifices—Johnson, Smith, Lucey, Wright, Holland, McCaffrey, Beck. Struck out—By Edwards 6; by Kelliher 1; by McCaffrey 2. First base on balls—Off Edwards 4; off Kelleher 2; off McCaffrey 2. Wild pitch—Kelleher. Umpire—Graham. Time—2h. 15m.

BOSTON COLLEGE, 16; PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 0

Providence College met its defeat of defeats when the team lost to Boston College by the overwhelming score of 16-0 at Alumni Field. Both McCaffrey and Kelliher of Providence College were out of the game with injuries to ankle and shoulder respectively and Ford was sent to the mound.

Mallowney, of Boston College, pitched a tight game, and both he and his teammates gathered many hits and reached first on as many errors. Coleman was sent to the box for Providence in the seventh, but the game was then far beyond recovery.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 11; U. S. SUBMARINE BASE, 1

Providence College caused much surprise in baseball circles when the squad defeated the conquerors of R. I. State and Connecticut Aggies by the score of 11-1.

The game was put on ice in the first frame when Providence piled up three runs, one in the third, and two in the fourth, while the sailors scored only one in the fourth. Their only run was made in the fourth when Lockwood smashed out a triple over Kelliher's head. Saltnick then singled, scoring Lockwood.

Joe Morrissey ran the bases wild, stealing second three times during the game. He also made several fine catches in the field. The team played the best game of the season, accepting everything without a single error. Capt. McCaffrey allowed but four widely scattered hits and struck out twelve men.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						NEW LONDON					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Morrissey, l ...	1	0	3	0	0	Leshick, 2	4	0	0	2	2
Holland, 3 ...	4	2	1	4	0	Albertson, 3 ...	4	1	0	2	0
McGee, l ...	2	1	10	0	0	Lockwood, c ...	4	1	1	0	1
Feid, s ...	4	0	0	2	0	Saletnick, l ...	3	1	1	0	0
Kelliher, m ...	4	1	0	1	0	Lopez, l ...	4	0	10	0	1
Beck, 2 ...	3	1	1	3	0	Donahue, s ...	1	0	2	2	1
Graham, r ...	1	0	0	0	0	Burdette, s ...	3	0	1	1	1
Brennan, c ...	4	1	12	0	0	Burns, m ...	4	0	0	0	0
McCaffrey, p ...	4	0	0	0	0	Mam'ki, r ...	1	0	0	0	0
						Baker, c ...	3	0	9	0	2
						Furin, p ...	1	0	0	1	0
						Michaels, p ...	2	0	0	1	1
						Posick, p ...	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	30	6	27	10	0	Totals	35	4	23	9	9

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 Providence College 3 0 1 2 0 1 0 4 x-11
 New London 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0-1
 Runs—Morrissey 3, Holland 3, McGee, Feid, Brennan, McCaffrey 2—11;
 Lockwood—1. Two-base hit—Kelliher. Three-base hit—Lockwood.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 6; NORTHEASTERN, 5

McCaffrey's whistling triple defeated Northeastern for Providence College, 6 to 5, in the last inning at Davis Park on May 31.

Curran's catching a throwing was a feature. McCaffrey fanned 14 and was airtight until the eighth, when a fusilade of two homers, a single and triple sent over five runs and tied the score.

McCaffrey was not to be denied, however, and he rounded out his good pitching with a slam that won the game.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					NORTHEASTERN						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Morrissey, l	4	1	4	0	0	Ayles, 2	4	1	2	1	0
Holland, r	2	0	0	2	1	Newman, c	3	1	8	0	0
McGee, l	3	0	4	0	0	Jones, 3	4	1	0	2	1
Feid, s	2	1	0	1	0	Robbins, l	4	2	10	2	0
Kelliher, r	4	1	0	0	0	Rosenblatt, m.	4	1	1	0	0
Beck, m, l.	4	0	0	0	0	Young, l	4	1	1	0	0
Kelly, 2	4	1	1	0	0	Lehan, r	4	0	3	0	0
Curran, c	4	0	17	1	0	Riccio, s	4	0	0	3	1
McCaffrey, p	4	2	1	1	0	Cotter, p	4	1	1	2	0
Graham, m	0	0	0	0	0						
Totals	31	6	27	5	2	Totals	35	8	*26	10	2
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Providence College	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	1	—6	
Northeastern	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	—5	

Runs—Feid 2, Morrissey, Holland, McGee, Kelly—6; Cotter, Ayles, Jones, Robbins, Rosenblatt—5. Stolen bases—Ayles, Newman, McGee. Three-base hits—Ayles, McCaffrey. Home runs—Reid, Robbins, Rosenblatt. Sacrifice hits—Holland, McGee. Double plays—Curran to McGee. Struck out—By McCarthy 14; by Cotter 7. First base on balls—Off Cotter 3. Wild pitch—Cotter. Passed balls—Newman 3. Hit by pitched ball—By McCaffrey—Ayles, Newman. First base on errors—Providence 2; Northeastern 1. Umpire—Ferrick. Time—2h. 5m.

*Two out when winning run was scored.

SOPHOMORES, 6; FRESHMEN, 5

The Sophomores once more triumphed over the Freshmen in a closely contested baseball game. This marks the second defeat of the Freshmen in athletics, they having lost the football match last fall.

Serbst and Bob Curran pitched to Feid for the losers, while Carolan and Charlie Curran were the battery for the Sophs. Murphy, at second, was the individual star for the victors. Graham, a freshman fielder, banged out a smashing home run. *John B. McKenna, '24*

INDEX TO VOLUME II

Alban Flake, The (Verse)	<i>Francis S. McAvoy</i>	110
Alpha and Omega	<i>James F. Keleher,</i>	219
Anchor (Verse)	<i>John Creaby</i>	69
And No Play	<i>William J. Connor</i>	195
Ass, The (Verse)	<i>Jack Creaby</i>	197
Athletics	<i>John B. McKenna</i>	30, 60, 87, 147, 177, 216, 251, 297
Awful Lyre, The (Verse)	<i>A. Shifter</i>	131
Bat, The	<i>Howard J. Farrell</i>	275
Bibliodulia	<i>Paul J. Redmond</i>	90
Blush (Verse)	<i>Jack Creaby</i>	259
Bud Squares the Game	<i>E. Francis Ford</i>	128
Carpe Diem	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	168
Christmas (Verse)	<i>Peter P. O'Brien</i>	66
Christmas Customs	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	67
College (Verse)	<i>Dont Dodge</i>	115
College Chronicle		28, 59, 84, 116, 146, 173, 215, 249
Color Scheme, The	<i>John J. Sullivan</i>	94
Cult of Progress, The	<i>James J. Keleher</i>	8
Da Dagoman	<i>Lewis M. Nugent</i>	17
Dad (Verse)	<i>John D. Palmer</i>	290
Divina Comedia (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	205
Dramatics	<i>Lewis M. Nugent</i>	291
Easter (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	180
Editorials		26, 55, 82, 111, 138, 166, 206, 242, 287
Education in the United States	<i>J. P. Walsh</i>	263
En Avant	<i>Francis S. McAvoy</i>	261
Ex Morte Vita (Verse)	<i>J. A. Mulcahy</i>	45
Faithful Light	<i>John J. Cheney</i>	70
Field Goal, The	<i>Charles A. Gibbons</i>	40
Freshman Class, The	<i>Robert E. Curran</i>	282
Friend, A (Verse)	<i>Harold F. Boyd</i>	236
Fruit of the Tree, The (Verse)	<i>Paul J. Redmond</i>	127
Give (Verse)	<i>Fred W. Heffernan</i>	74
Grey Streak, The	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	121
Have a Heart	<i>James McCaffrey</i>	125
Home (Verse)	<i>Harold F. Boyd</i>	109
Horace, Book III Ode XXX (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	81
I Heard My Casket Coffin	<i>John Palmer</i>	192
"I Thought So—But——"	<i>Patrick J. Hammill</i>	106

Iconoclast of Imagery, The (Verse)	<i>Paul J. Redmond</i>	108
Il Pleut (Verse)	<i>J. P. Walsh</i>	226
Impero (Verse)	<i>Paul J. Redmond</i>	39
Into What Port? (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	120
It Pays to Advertise	<i>James H. Lynch</i>	132
It's Easy to Dream (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	227
Januarius (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	91
June Nights	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	281
Junior Class, The	<i>Joseph P. O'Gara</i>	266
Lady of Hebrin Hill	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	186
Masterpiece, The (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	163
May (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	228
Memories (Verse)	<i>Frank Casey</i>	209
Memory (Verse)	<i>Francis S. McAvoy</i>	124
Morpheus—The Pirate	<i>Thomas H. Barry</i>	229
No! Never! (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	265
Not Fireproof	<i>E. Francis Ford</i>	198
Notable Anniversary, A	<i>Harold F. Boyd</i>	5
November (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	47
Now (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	74
Now Is the Time (Verse)	<i>J. A. Pierce</i>	237
Ode to Free Will (Verse)	<i>Tres Froid</i>	214
One and Seven	<i>James Keleher</i>	76
Our Presidents	<i>Charles J. Ashworth</i>	2
Our Ship	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	256
Peace (Verse)	<i>Peter O'Brien</i>	12
Painting Ponsdale Red	<i>John Cheney</i>	50
Plea for Censorship, A	<i>John E. Dillon</i>	257
Poe, Poet of Songs and Sorrows	<i>Thomas P. Donnelly</i>	103
Poetry of Ireland, The	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	151
Power Unseen, A	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	13
Precious Jewel, The	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	100
Pre-Medical Class, The	<i>Wm. J. Tierney</i>	260
Read 'Em and Weep	<i>Paul J. Redmond</i>	169, 210, 245, 294
Rocker, The (Verse)	<i>Fred W. Heffernan</i>	293
Rosary, The (Verse)	<i>Francis S. McAvoy</i>	189
Rosary, The (Verse)	<i>Paul J. Redmond</i>	4
"Said the Walrus to the Carpenter"		
<i>P. J. Redmond</i> , 24, 48, 79, 114, 141, 164, 202, 233, 284		
Sailing Home (Verse)	<i>Earl J. Hanley</i>	98
Say It With Jobs	<i>Gilbert E. Robinson</i>	190
Sciomachy (Verse)	<i>Francis S. McAvoy</i>	163
Shall We Forget (Verse)	<i>Harold F. Boyd</i>	58
Soldier, The (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	218
Some Contemporary Poets	<i>Lewis M. Nugent</i>	181

Songs (Verse)	<i>John E. Dillon</i>	25
Sophomore Class, The	<i>Frank J. McCabe</i>	274
Sower, The (Verse)	<i>J. A. Mulcahy</i>	262
Spoken Word, The	<i>William J. Connor</i>	238
St. Patrick in History	<i>James V. Beattie</i>	158
Sunshine (Verse)	<i>Mortimer W. Newton</i>	102
Tears—Then A Truce	<i>James P. Kearney</i>	160
There Are Guests and Pests	<i>Frank P. Casey</i>	223
There Came a Knight		144
“There’s Nothing New”	<i>James F. Lynch</i>	267
Think (Verse)	<i>Francis J. Duffy</i>	137
Tide of Life, The (Verse)	<i>John O’Neil</i>	54
To Father Level (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	241
To Our Friend (Verse)	<i>John P. Walsh</i>	150
Tomorrow (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	97
Treasure for the Taking	<i>Philip C. Sheehan</i>	46
Unemployment	<i>Justin P. McCarthy</i>	37
Unknowing Chamuel, The	<i>Paul J. Redmond</i>	75
Varsity (Verse)	<i>Trixi Chevrolet</i>	118
Vers Libre (Verse)	<i>Jack Creaby</i>	162
Victim, The	<i>John E. Dillon</i>	155
Worker is the Winner, The	<i>John H. Shumney</i>	273
Wreck, The (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	36
Youth (Verse)	<i>Francis L. Dwyer</i>	157

ILLUSTRATIONS

Very Rev. Albert Casey, O. P., S. T. Lr. facing page	2
Very Rev. N. D. Noon, O. P., S. T. M., facing page	3
Very Rev. B. F. Logan, O. P., P. G., facing page	150
Rev. F. G. Level, O. P., facing page	218
Pre-Medical Class, facing page	260
Junior Class, facing page	266
Sophomore Class, facing page	274
Freshman Class, facing page	282
Alembic Staff, facing page	287
Cast of “Who’s Who?”, facing page	291
Baseball Team, facing page	297



DAWSON & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BICYCLES, GUNS and
FISHING TACKLE

*Sporting Goods of Every
Description*

181 WEYBOSSET ST.
Providence, R. I.

Laboratory Apparatus and Equipment

For school, home, or industrial use
Special Outfits for Beginners

GEO. L. CLAFLIN
COMPANY

The Scientific Supply House

65 SOUTH MAIN ST.
Providence, R. I.

PRESCRIPTION OPTICIANS

10 per cent. allowed on Eye Glasses
and Spectacles to any one connected
with the College by mentioning this
ad. Our prices are reasonable.

**Doleman
Optical Company**

73 WEYBOSSET STREET
Next door to Arcade

Wright & Ditson

FOUR STORES

Boston Worcester
Providence Cambridge

Managers planning for their
Athletic Teams should get our
special rates on

Baseball Uniforms
Balls Bats Gloves
Mitts Masks Track
Basketball Gym

82 WEYBOSSET STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Class of 1924

wish its departing members

all possible

success

"Prudentia, Fortitudo, Veritas"

Religious Goods

Catholic Books

JOSEPH M. TALLY
WESTMINSTER STREET

Royal Theatre

Olneyville Square

WORLD'S BEST IN MOTION
PICTURES AT POPULAR
PRICES

J. FRED LOVETT
Manager

The kind of clothes college men want are faithfully
designed and tailored by

Hart Schaffner & Marx
SOCIETY BRAND : and : STEIN BLOCH

Here in Providence exclusively at

The Outlet Company

O'DONNELL & CO., Inc.

Insurance

Thomas E. O'Donnell, Pres.

John F. O'Donnell, Treas.

48 CUSTOM HOUSE STREET

Wilcox Building

Telephone Union 8510, 8511

Providence, R. I.

Providence College Orchestra

for engagements

consult

Mr. Arthur Addeo, Leader

To Hire

for Weddings, Dances, etc.

New Dress Suits
neat Tuxedos
nifty Cutaways

Prince Alberts Silk Hats

Dress Shirts

**WALDORF
CLOTHING CO.**

212 UNION ST., Providence

Formal Clothes for Every
Occasion

The Bert Horton Studio

(G. Wurth, Successor)

BOSTON STORE

The Best in Artistic
Photography

Special Rates to all Students

COL. PATRICK E. HAYES

Extends His Compliments

Richards' Canoe Houses

On the Ten-Mile River

TO LET

CANOES

STORED

FOR SALE

323 NORTH BROADWAY

EAST PROVIDENCE

Residence, Tel. E. P. 233R

Canoe House, Tel. E. P. 1236

JAMES MCGREGOR

Established 1882

CARPENTER and BUILDER

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to

Estimates and plans cheerfully furnished

Screens and Screen Doors, Storm Sash, Storm Porches, Store and Office

Fitting, Furniture Crating and Shipping, Blue Printing

RES. 125 SIXTH STREET

12 CHARLES STREET

Edward J. Quirk

GRO CER

BRISTOL, R. I.

Joseph A. Labbée

BOOTS AND SHOES

OLNEYVILLE SQUARE

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Class of 1925

Hugh J. Hall, President

James H. Lynch, Vice President

John M. Palmer, Secretary

John M. O'Donnell, Treasurer

TIOGA

On the Ten-Mile

CANOES

TO LET

STORED

Lunches Ice Cream Cigarettes
Cigars Tobacco

J. B. MUIR **B. M. MUIR**

Formerly Miss Brown's

Tel. E. Prov. 1213

JOHN J. O'BRIEN

Carnival Supplies

CAPS

BALLOONS

NOVELTIES

9 EMPIRE ST.

Providence, R. I.

Providence Electric Company

ELECTRICAL GOODS

449 WESTMINSTER ST.

Providence, R. I.

Tel. Gaspee 746

Kuppenheimer Palm Beach *and* Mohair Suits

*also Gabardines and Tropical
Worsted. Everything for
Vacation and Hot
Weather wear*

McDevitt's

PAWTUCKET

Brownell & Field Co.



PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE GILLETTE RAZOR

The new Gillette uses the same blade as the old type, but in a different way. It gets right down to the business of a clean shave in less time than seems possible until you have tried it.

Clean—Cool—Comfortable

Former users of the old type are the best pleased users of the new. Come in and see the new model.

PRICE \$4.50

For Ninety-Five Years the
Store of Service

BELCHER & LOOMIS
HARDWARE CO.
83-91 Weybosset St.

McCARTHY'S

Woonsocket's Greatest
Department Store

Always More for Less Here

McCARTHY'S

Smoke

MURIEL

Cigars

10c and up

Philadelphia Perfectos 10c

Cinco 8c

El Dallo 8c

New Currency 5c

Marie Antonette 10c and up

COSTELLO BROS.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Compliments of

State Officers
Knights of Columbus of Rhode Island

State Deputy

JOSEPH P. REARDON, Pawtucket

State Secretary
William P. Nolan
Providence

State Auditor
John J. Barrett
Natick

State Treasurer
James Hennessy
Edgewood

State Warden
Richard Herrick
Woonsocket

State Advocate **James E. Brothers, Providence**

The Tribune

ESSENTIAL IN COVERING RHODE ISLAND

A clean newspaper with a keen
sense of its own power for good.

Goes directly into the homes

EVENING AND SUNDAY

SHERMAN-BERKANDER CO.

Optometrists

Opticians

268 WESTMINSTER STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Daniel F. O'Neill

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

125 PINE STREET

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE

OFFERS NEW TWO, THREE AND FOUR-YEAR DAY BUSINESS COURSES OF COLLEGE GRADE which lead to Bachelor of Accounts and Bachelor of Commercial Science Degrees.

Bryant & Stratton Courses are conducted by University Graduates, Certified Public Accountants, Practicing Attorneys and assistants who are specialists in their particular subjects.

New students enter Every Monday. Summer Session. Enrolments are now being taken for September.

Bryant & Stratton College

For Business Training

Founded 1863

When you are in need of a good Sporty Suit, the kind that College Boys like, try

Rogers Co.

and you will be suited and save from \$5.00 to \$10.00 on each garment, too.

Don't Forget the Place

Rogers Co.

Weybosset and Eddy Sts.

Narragansett Hotel Bldg.

Buy Direct from Maker

Established 1896

H. M. Koppel & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade Clothing for
College Men

55 EDDY STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Providence College Representative,
Bill Connors

Drawing Materials

AND

Photographers' Supplies

C. S. BUSH CO.

244 WEYBOSSET STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

James F. Corcoran

CATERER RESTAURANT

OLNEYVILLE SQUARE

H. E. Stanley

Photographer

Kodak Finishing—Copying

Photos for Reproduction, Etc.

Visitor Printing Co.

JOB AND BOOK PRINTING
a Specialty

Linotype Composition for the Trade

We take pride in our work and can guarantee you absolute satisfaction.

63 WASHINGTON STREET

Fifth Floor

Telephone UNION 468

FAMIGLIETTI BROS.

General Contractors

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Gold Mark Knitting Co.
Gold Mark Dyeing & Finishing Co.

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

SUITS

SHOES

FURNISHINGS

LOW PRICES RELIABLE GOODS

H. C. NOTT & CO.

OLNEYVILLE SQUARE

McDUFF COAL AND LUMBER CO.

McDUFF BROS., Proprietors

9 HIGH ST., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Coal and Lumber

Delivered at Short Notice

The Winchester Store

SPORTSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS

Westminster and Snow Sts.

M. H. CORRIGAN, Phar. D.

1654 WESTMINSTER STREET, COR. MESSER, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Walter B. Clark

Picture Frame Maker and Gilder

Restoring of Paintings, Mirrors, Designing, Bleaching of Engravings,
Wood Carving—Estimates urnished

Telephone, Union 1743

131 WASHINGTON STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Bailey's Music Store

Established 1884

Music and Every Variety of Musical Merchandise

RENTING OF INSTRUMENTS A SPECIALTY

Repairing in All its Branches
on All Instruments

The Finest Strings and Fittings At
Lowest Prices

72 WEYBOSSET STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Agents for All
The Leading
Makes of
Instruments in
Brass and Wood

Band and
Orchestra Music
in Stock

Our Lawyer Friends

FITZGERALD & HIGGINS

COONEY & COONEY

ALBERT B. WEST

THOS. P. CORCORAN

JOS. P. CANNING

T. L. CARTY

M. F. COSTELLO

Compliments of

NATHAN M. WRIGHT

SARAH M. DEMPSEY

EDMUND DREYFUS

DR. THOMAS L. O'CONNELL

DR. McCUSKER

HON. JOSEPH H. GAINER

WM. A. NEEDHAM

PETER G. GERRY

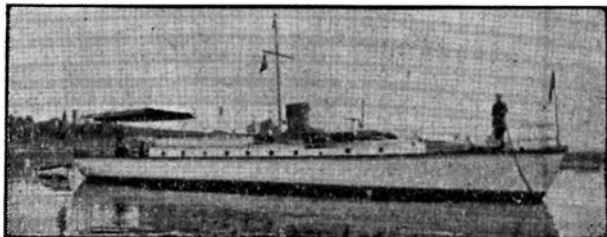
JOHN G. KEENAN

Twin Screw Yacht Merito

Safe and Comfortable

Party or Charter Work

Day and Moonlight Parties



School Classes a Specialty

Phone
Gaspee 796

N. A. MESSINGER

First Mate
Jack Warburton

41 IVY AVE., EDGEWOOD, R. I.

Established 1871

The P. & J. Tierney Company

Plumbing and Heating

RUDD AUTO-WATER HEATERS

520 WESTMINSTER ST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Granolithic Sidewalks

A PERFECT
PERMANENT
PAVEMENT

James H. Lynch & Co.

501 River Avenue

Providence, R. I.

