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Leander

Leander speaks but seldom in a crowd,
And then says little with a knowing air,
So that he is respected, held in fair
Esteem and even awe. His friends are cowed
Before his silences, sit humbly bowed,
Lest his swift scrutiny detect and bare
To ridicule their inmost thoughts. "Beware,"
They say, "the day he speaks his thoughts aloud."

In this Leander is no smallest part
Of wit. His cunning silences are blinds
Set out to hide his ignorance. The art
Of craftiness he puts to use and finds:
No man is wiser than the foolish one
Who hides his folly and confides in none.

J. C. Hanley, '29
Political Apathy

POLITICAL apathy is still prevalent. The very light vote of a few months ago too clearly demonstrated this regrettable fact. Despite the meritorious work of many public-spirited individuals and “Get-out-the-Vote” organizations, thousands of citizens failed to exercise their inherent right and privilege. This form of civic lethargy was especially apparent in the recent election, probably because of its being, in political parlance, an “off-year.” Nevertheless, the marked presence of political apathy in this country cannot be denied. Past experience amply verifies this statement.

This matter of political indifference is neither original nor peculiar to the United States. Rather it dates as far back as the republican form of government itself. In ancient Athens, we are told, it was customary for the magistrates to send about the Scythian Bowmen, who acted as their police, to scour the streets with a vermillion rope and drag towards the place of general assembly those citizens too busy with personal affairs to bother with those of the government. More recently we read of the adoption of the compulsory voting system by New Zealand, Belgium, and, naturally enough, Switzerland, that land of political innovations. By virtue of the compulsory voting scheme, a citizen either performs his duty or pays a goodly fine in lieu thereof. As a matter of fact, throughout the entire world, wherever a republican form of government exists, there seems likewise an inexcusable neglect on the part of many to perform the duties incident to suffrage.

What is the reason for such lethargy? This question has been agitated for many years. Through the medium of newspapers, magazines, and even books, prominent legislators and educators have endeavored to ascertain the reason for political sluggishness and, in addition, to propose a remedy. However, as results have not been forthcoming, we feel that we may safely add our bit without detracting, while entertaining simultaneously a faint hope of adding a new shade of meaning to what has been said.

Political apathy or the neglect to vote has been ascribed to various causes, chief among which are indolence, selfishness, and ignorance. These three, at least, appear to represent the consensus.
Let us examine each one. Our knowledge of the proverbial activity of the American citizen does not lead us to attribute this failure to vote to indolence. Is he selfish? We have too much faith in human nature to believe this. Is he ignorant? Ignorance? Here we need specify, for the answer depends upon just what is meant by ignorance. If by ignorance is meant ignorance in the complete sense of the word, then surely, that is not the cause of our negligence. However, by ignorance we may mean partial ignorance or ignorance along a specific line. There, we believe, lies the real answer to this question; for we are sure, and not idealistically so, that any person who possesses an intimate knowledge of his country, of its history, and ideals, together with the all-important knowledge that he is an integral and component part of that government, would eagerly play his role, minute though it may seem, in the drama of our national life.

As has been suggested above, compulsion has been offered as a solution to the problem. In olden Athens physical force was used. which reads, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make Today in the few countries which have adopted the plan, compulsion is more along the lines of duress. There is an old adage him drink." Similarly, you can lead a voter to the polls but you cannot make him vote intelligently. In our opinion, the vote of a person actuated by force, be the latter direct or indirect, is not a worthwhile ballot. Furthermore, and this is by far the stronger of the two arguments against it, compulsion is absolutely inconsistent with the prime principles of democratic government. The two are incompatible, inasmuch as voluntary action and the suffrage endowed by any form of government are concurrent. Hence compulsion is useless as a remedy.

Wherein, then, lies the remedy for this admitted evil? Having concluded above that political apathy is due to ignorance along a certain line, it follows obviously enough that the relief for it lies in the correction of this ignorance. In other words, education in the needed direction. We need not the fleeting education afforded by the various civic associations just prior to election day, but a general education, an essential part of which is citizenship and all its implications. When should such a training in citizenship begin? In our opinion, as soon as the young mind is able to grasp the principles necessary for the foundation of this study. As a general rule, we believe that citizenship is sadly neglected in our elementary
Political Apathy

schools. Immediately upon the utterance of this statement objections undoubtedly will arise. One might truthfully contend that everything taught in the elementary schools tends towards good citizenship. Admitting this, we must add that it is but a tendency. The average mind assimilates just what it is obliged to and nothing more. In most high schools and colleges, citizenship, civics or any similar subject are usually elective pursuits. Thus when we consider the many failing to complete even the course in elementary schools, in addition to the vast number failing to culminate their high school careers, the consequence is an ignorance of citizenship, its implications and obligations. In conclusion, then, it is our contention that although political apathy now prevails, it can be greatly modified in the future by way of proper education.

“Civis Romanus sum” was the proudest boast of the Roman of yesteryear. Today “Civis Americanus sum” is the proudest boast any man can make. Yet no man should take it either actually or implied unless he fulfills the obligations associated with it, chief among which is the dropping of a ballot on election day. It is one thing to say “I am an American citizen” and quite another to be an American citizen.

John F. O'Connell, '28

Jazz

The savage tomtom's tuneless beat,
A trumpet's mystic mirthless moan,
A melody obscure and fleet
That leaps the bounds of time and tone.

A wailing wild and gay and sad,
A soothing lull, a piercing barb,
The majesty of sound gone mad
And beauty in a hoyden garb.

Gerald J. Prior, '27
Noon-Hour

E had been successful, this Daniel Crockett. The grey walls of his vast factories rising above the grimy street; the small army of workmen which, with the sound of the noon-day whistle, was issuing from out these immense structures; the proud boast of the Crockett Co., “A Crockett machine in every large plant in the world”; all these bore ample evidence to his accomplishments. For it had been due solely to the perseverance and ability of this robust, red-cheeked man of forty, whose black hair was fast turning to an iron grey, that the organization which he had entered as a youth had become a dominating factor in the machine-manufacturing field.

Such were “Dan” Crockett’s thoughts as he sat in his office in the main building of the plant gazing out at the mournful November mist. For though his faults might be many, it could never be said that false modesty was one of them. It was his custom, during the comparative quiet of the noon-hour to go over in retrospect the various events which had resulted in his present state. At that time, he seemed best able to consider his actions as an impartial observer and to judge them accordingly.

To-day, however, he seemed to feel within himself the beginnings of a vague restlessness, an obscure dissatisfaction which was utterly foreign to his nature. For what cause had he for dissatisfaction, who had made his name a household expression signifying wealth and power? He sought in vain for the reason for this phenomenon. His fancy wandered until he remembered an item in the morning newspaper which had attracted his attention. Strange it was that with the usual murder, the daily war starting or about to end in Central Europe, the customary train wreck, earthquake, and marine disaster, all occupying the front page, an obscure item hidden among the advertisements upon the fourth page should be able to disturb the peace of his hitherto placid noon-hour.

A short item, nothing more than the announcement of the erection of a new moving picture theatre in Climaxville, the town of his birth and early youth, but what a host of memories it awoke within him! How they came back to him now, those memories of his boyhood! The feel of the cool creek bed under his bare
feet; the pungent odor of burning leaves and the blue October sky arched above the green and golden woods; the curl of smoke rising from the chimney of the old wooden school building standing in the shining snow. All these and then the later memories, those of his young manhood. The vaguely remembered tunes which he had heard at barn dances, “Money Musk,” “The Arkansas Traveler,” “Down on the Farm”; the thrill of a drive in an open sleigh on a snow-crusted road; the slim, brown-eyed, laughing girl with whom he had fancied himself in love.

It was this, then, that was the cause of his discontent, nothing more than homesickness. Why, to be homesick was to confess a certain weakness, ridiculous in a man who had long since forgotten his home and the silly, tender things connected with it. With a characteristic gesture of his hand, he attempted to rid himself of such childlike longings. But despite all his efforts to the contrary, they seemed to persevere. Very well, then, he would go back and return, no doubt, in a few days with all the foolishness knocked out of him. But, wait, how could he? An important dinner tonight, a not to be neglected directors’ meeting tomorrow, a conference with a strong business rival the day following, why, it would be a week or more before he could thing of going. With this came the realization that here was something which he wanted to do more than anything else in the world and which he was prevented from doing by the Frankenstein monster which he had built with his own hands. Ah! the irony of it!

The one o’clock whistle blew, a workman whistled cheerfully as he came in the gate, and in the chief executive’s office a haggard man of forty whose black hair was fast turning to an iron grey, realized for the first time that he was a complete and utter failure.
Behaviorism

The close of the 19th century experienced a new trend in the field of human psychology. This impetus was the result of innumerable experiments performed by such eminent members of the Positivist school as Morgan, Loeb, Bethe and later followed by Jennings. These men claimed that human actions, or the behavior of man, could all be explained without having recourse to an introspective analysis; and that these actions could all be explained by an external analysis. This science,—if it may be called such—which studies man by a consideration of his external actions has been termed Behaviorism, or Behavioristic Psychology.

It has always been the traditional custom of man to understand animal activity in terms of human characteristics. But, with the advent of Behaviorism, the reverse has been the method employed by the Positivists. This science was used first to describe the conditions of animal activities, but since the activities of both man and animal are somewhat related, it, therefore, concerns itself with an explanation of human and animal actions.

The notion of behavior as a separate type of organic activity, shows a gradual development. The experiments performed by Loeb led him to conclude that the lower animals respond as plants do, to stimuli; and that they follow simple mechanical laws. Somewhat later, another Positivist attempted to explain all action of animals in purely mechanical and chemical laws. But it was Jennings who noticed that the study of the actions of men and animals formed a complete and distinct natural science, and he applied the term, Behavior, to this study.

Behavior, then, is a term that designates the activities of animals, as a whole. This study distinguishes the movements of animals from those of inanimate objects, and, at the same time, does not make any reference to the conscience or to any mental state.

Many followers of this system have gone so far as to deny the existence of a conscience. They say that in the objective study of man, no Behaviorist has found anything that he might call conscience, will, emotion, perception or imagination. Not finding
Behaviorism

these so-called mental strata in his observations, he has omitted them in his explanation of man's activity.

The observations which the behaviorist makes in interpreting the activities of man and animal can alike be reduced to a consideration of stimuli and responses. Thus they consider their problem solved when they have ascertained the stimuli that cause the actions and the responses that are emitted when the animal is affected by stimuli. It is the object of the Behaviorist in his scientific study of man and animal to so amass observations upon human and animal behavior that, in any given case, given the stimulus, the behaviorist can predict in advance what the response will be, or given the response, he will be able to state what stimulus is causing the reaction.

Logically, then, Behaviorism rejects the human soul as the animating principle of the body and attempts to explain the psychological and sensible activities of man by a series of stimuli and responses. It teaches also that man should employ only tangibles in his study of human and animal activity, and that the supersensible order should be rejected, since it is intangible. But the Behaviorist in doing this has cast away the nobler portion of man's nature, his intellectual and spiritual activity which will ever serve as a firm dividing line between man and animal. The substantial principles upon which behaviorism is built would place this study among the true systems, if it confined its deductions only to facts in the physiological order from which it draws its material and made no conclusions about facts which are not within its province.

Anacleto Berrillo, '27

A Winter Memory

Snow clouds slowly drifting by,
A tinsel moon in a turquoise sky,
Phantom spires rising high
Into the ghostly night.
Your laughter gay and free from care,
Ringing in the grateful air,
The moonlight stealing through your hair
Into your eyes so bright.

Gerald J. Prior, '27
The Primary Analogue

A play in three acts, prologue, epilogue, pianologue, monologue, and no dialogue worth mentioning.

Place: You ought to know your place by this time.

Time: 7:45 Greenwich; 12:45 East Greenwich.

Cast of Characters (very low)

The Spirit of Anthracite Coal Mining ..................By Proxy
Rin-Tin-Tin ..............................................Frank Foot
The United States Army ..............................A Personal Appearance
Swiss Yodelers .........................................Local Fishmongers
Mr. Smith ..............................................Mr. Smith

Anyone who happens in during the performance.

FIRST ACT*

*(Author's Note: The first act will be performed in the interval between the second and third acts to keep the audience in their seats.)*

SECOND ACT*

*(This must be omitted as it would be incoherent without a knowledge of what had gone before.)*

THE THIRD ACT (No, Theophrastus, not of the mind.)

Scene I: Darkened Stage.
Enter two robbers singing "The Red, Red Robin."
The clock strikes one. A tomato strikes the other.

Scene II. A quiet corner in a boiler room. Mr. Doheny: "The quality of mercy is not strained" (Guaranteed to be free of sediment).
President Coolidge: "------------------We must have economy—

"June" Bride: "The words of Mr. Coolidge are very well spoken."

Scene III. College campus of the International Correspondence School. Enter: Various professors disguised as mail-men.
The Dean announces that the Post Office has been robbed and that classes are suspended for the week. Student body enters, singing "Stamp, stamp, stamp, the boys are mailing."

Scene IV. Sahara Desert. The loving pair, having been
separated for three weeks, we find our hero bound and gagged, the captive of an Arab chieftain, who is holding him for ransom. Ransom’s seen in the distance. Our hero is in a quandary. Throwing it into speed, he dashes away.

is in a quandary. Throwing it into speed, he dashes away.

Scene V. The Alaskan Gold Rush. Enter chorus of Gold Diggers, singing “Gimme, gimme, gimme.” K. O. Billy Ryan swings a right cross and the curtain drops for the count. We do not know the Count’s last name.

Act XIV. Scene I. Enter Sherlock Holmes disguised as a poached egg, looking for a piece of toast to sit down on. “Ahoy, Watson, my good man.” Watson: “I haven’t one, sir, Will a hoe do?”

Holmes: “Watson, you astound me with your ignorance.”
Watson: “A bird in the hand is a horse of another color, my dear Holmes.”

Holmes: “You call me chief and you do well to call me chief.”
Watson “Call you sir? I’ll raise the pot.”

Holmes: “I’ll bid one spade.”
Watson: “Who is the dummy?”

Enter dummy. Dummy: “———” Various gestures. “———” Dummy sprains his wrist and stops talking.

Watson: “It is your move, Sherlock.”
Holmes: “Excuse it, Watson, I’ll play the 8 ball.”
Holmes plays Beethoven’s Symphony in A Minor. (A means Asia.) This is the pianologue we spoke of. Watson plays on the linoleum.

Scene II. Port Said. (We don’t know what it said, but it said something.) The less Said, the better.

Scene III. A Scottish Town. It is tag day and there is nothing stirring.

Scene IV. The World Court. Characters: a cross-eyed judge and three cross-eyed prisoners. Judge: (or “Life”) to first prisoner: “What is your name?” 2nd prisoner: “John Smith.”

Judge: “I wasn’t talking to you.”
3rd prisoner: “I didn’t say anything.”

Court is adjourned for the principals to see “The Big Parade.” Rain. No parade.
Act your age. Scene I. Enter Hamlet with his dog, Spot. Spot is removed. (Our vacuum cleaners give best results.)

Hamlet: “To be or not to be. That is the question.” Sides are chosen and the debate is on.

We will quote Ham. (We have known him a long time.)

“Gentlemen and freshmen. We are met on a great battlefield. It is not for me to dictate to you, but this I will say, although reluctantly, now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.” Negative: “Allow me to question the gentleman. Where is the party?” Hamlet ignores this momentous question. He continues, “When chill November's surly blasts made the winter of our discontent, then I'll be happy. Prohibition is a great thing, so are they all, all honorable men. Clothes do not make the man and the world is not what it seems. One swallow does not make a summer, but two may make a corpse. We have all inalienable rights and some of us have pretty good lefts. But that is neither here nor there and so the defense rests its case.” Here Hamlet puts a case of gin on the floor. They adjourn and all go to the party.

Scene II. Dante's Inferno. Song by the entire company, “There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.”

Scene III. The Senate. A Senator is found awake. A holiday is declared in honor of this great event. The Senator acknowledges the honor, “Be it known to all men by these presents.” (Here he passes out seeds to a grateful constituency.) “When I entered these portals to-day, little did I know that I would be the first to be discovered in a conscious state and I am sure the honor is not deserved. That reminds me of a story.” Some one moves for an adjournment and the story is reserved for the next session.

Scene IV. Good old England.
Richard the Third: “A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!” Sophomore, drawing three translations from his pocket: “Here, deal me out a nation.”

Scene V. The Junior Prom. Attendant at door: “Cards, please.” Absent-minded Junior: “I'll draw three, mostly aces.” Chairman: “What will we do for lights?” Committeeman: “We can't afford to buy them, so we'll make light of the dancers.”

Freshman: “May I have the last dance with you?”
Sweet young thing: “You had it.”
The Primary Analogue

Sophomore: "That fellow is a track man."
His bitter half: "Yes? For what railroad does he work?"
Scene VI. Alembic office.
No. I. "Let's write a play."
The rest of the staff: "I can't think of anything."
No. I. "That's alright. We'll spread it over four pages. They'll never know the difference."
Scene VII. The same, two days later.
No. I.: "Here's a telegram from George M. Cohan. He wants our play. He considers it a perfect example of collegiate thought."
Rest of the staff: "Success!"
NOTE: In answer to popular demand, a second drama of these lovable characters is now under way. We will follow our hero and heroine through hitherto unexplored regions.

Gratitude

Dear friend, I cannot say
The things I would,
My tongue could never carve
The words it should.

I cannot trace the scroll
Hidden in my heart,
For the pen and soul
Lie far, far apart.

And so I can but gaze
With eyes that try
To think, that through the haze
You understand as I.

John F. O'Connell, '28
Residuum

Freshman: “Was George Washington as honest as they say he was?”

Sophomore: “Yessir, George Washington was the most honest man that ever lived.”

Freshman: “Then why do they close the banks on his birthday?”

AMERICAN HISTORY A LA JAZZ, by Well H. Jee

In the French and Indian War, Napoleon stood on the deck of his horse and waited for Captain Washington, who was fighting for the French too. You know Washington, the guy that started bank holidays, and built Washington Bridge. Well, he was going to cross the Seekonk River to get into Canada (before Prohibition). However, George was late, with his 28,000,000 men and Napoleon lost the battle of Gettysburg to Sitting Bull, the Indian President. Lincoln the Admiral of the American Navy, was sore at this and sent Napoleon a letter which said, “Don’t give up the ship.”

The war went well for a while. A young fellow by the name of Houston enlisted and was immediately made a general. He was sent to Texas to quiet the Oil-wells that were rising at this time. While this was going on, Nap. pushed eastward toward Chicago. Washington joined him in Attleboro. They went on as far as Custer’s Last Stand, which was a lunch cart on the way out West. 48,000 Indians jumped out of a Ford here under the leadership of Chief Petty Officer. After twelve weeks of battle, they called it a draw, as no one was killed or wounded. Later, they met the great Indian chief, Mickey Flynn, who was leading the Blackhead Indians. This was a great battle of wits; Napoleon won because Mickey was only a half-wit. Then Napoleon went home and fell in love with Cleopatra, but she preferred bonds, so Nap. shot himself with his own sword.

Washington gave the boys a holiday while he selected a new Commander-in-chief. The boys all went to Atlantic City, where the Beauty Contest was being held. Washington hung out a sign,
"Man Wanted For General Work." It was hard for him to make a selection from among General Nuisance, Delivery, and Uproar. He finally selected a dark horse, General Alarm. Washington blew his police whistle and the army came running back,—one on each side of the road. Washington gave them his latest address, and dismissed them for summer vacation.

Dan Spaight, '27

Landlady: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating, you know."
Mike: "That's right, but remember, I'm no test tube.

Prof. (giving lecture): "I don't mind a student looking at his watch once in a while, but what gets me is to see some one take out his watch, shake it a few times, and then put it up to his ear.

Policeman: "When you brought the would-be suicide from the water, what did he do?"
Junie: "As soon as I turned my back he hung himself to a tree."
Officer: "But why didn't you cut him down?"
Junie: "I thought he hung himself up to dry."

3.1416

Now in my time, I've stood in line
With many a hungry box,
To get my eats, with the dead-beats
Where'eere free grub would show.

Some times 'twas hard, for me and my pard,
And we'd skoff most anything.
And again we'd buck, and hit good luck.
And we'd eat as good as a king.
Now I've seen 'em rough and I've seen 'em tough
In the joints where I have been.
But the worst place under old Sol's face—
I'll tell you—listen in.

They come in with a slam, and Oh what a jam!
When the dinner bell does blare.
The punch and bite, and scratch and fight
Like a lion in a snare.

They push and shove, below and above.
And the reason I'll tell you why.
They will not miss, the unearthly bliss
Of a Ryan's Home Made Pie.

H. L. K., '27

Sophomore: Why have you put your socks on backwards?
Freshman: I have a hole on the other side.
Bride wants to know if taxi-drivers are immutable, because they have never been known to have change.
By the time this copy wends its precarious way to and from the press, the year 1927 will be well advanced upon its short, but eventful journey. A few of our most cherished resolutions will, no doubt, have fallen with a heart-rending crash and the number of paving stones upon the road to a certain well-known place of punishment will be materially increased. Our New Year's greetings arrive, therefore, somewhat late, but we assure you that, although they may lack promptness, they are not wanting in sincerity.
In regard to our personal resolutions for the New Year, we intend to maintain for the greater part a dignified silence, lest with the passing of time the present writing serve as a too grim and ghastly reminder of our good intentions for 1927. This does not, however, in the present day and age, when everyone's business is his neighbor's chief concern, prevent us from considering your private strivings for self-improvement. We do this in the hope of persuading you to include in your extensive list a firm resolve to become a contributor to the literary department of the Alembic. A meeting of such contributors for the past three issues could easily be held in a telephone booth, with sufficient room remaining to provide winter quarters for the standing army of the United States and a regiment of Marines. While the above statement may be slightly exaggerated, it is, nevertheless, a fair picture of conditions in an institution boasting six hundred students upon its roster and whose literary efforts are represented by four or five men. We know that there are more than this number who possess a fair amount of talent and we are forced to conclude that they refrain from contributing merely through indifference. Arise! then, ye budding Chestertons, unsheathe your trusty Watermans (apologies, Mr. Advertising Manager) and prepare to defend the fair name of your college in literary circles.

Due no doubt to the increased demand for "realism" in fiction, the past decade has seen a gradual diminution in the number of popular novels dealing with the gallant adventures of persons in the higher ranks of society. At one time, our public and private libraries were filled to overflowing with such pretty tales as "The Queen's Secret," "The Toast of Society," and many others of a like nature. Our current fiction has for its hero and heroine, in place of the handsome young heir to the throne traveling incognito and the beautiful "belle of the ball," the middle-aged Babbitt and his female counterpart, the modern business-woman.

Undoubtedly, much meaningless and even harmful drivel has been written by the modern school, but the tendency to draw literature away from the frothy realms of finger-bowls and six-course dinners into the more substantial kingdoms of the cafeteria tray and the dairy lunch is, we believe, fundamentally a healthy one.
It is, indeed, high time that the reading public were taught that human emotions are much the same whether experienced by a prince or a pauper, that, and we venture this to be the first time that Tennyson was ever misquoted in a defense of modernity, kind hearts are at least as interesting as coronets. For the sentiments of Mrs. O'Grady when she watches young Terence set blithely forth to his first job in the boiler factory are of the same degree as were those of Lady Vere De Vere on a misty May morning some centuries ago when she gazed fondly at the scion of the house riding gayly south toward the gray hills of Camelot. They are just as worthy of consideration and can be made into as fine literature.

We look therefore for a new development from the modern school, a gradual decrease in attempts to present the maximum of shocks in the minimum of words and a steady increase in the portrayal of sane and truly realistic character.

"Not only is it difficult to get talent and power into the teaching profession, he said, but our teachers themselves have been trained in a rotten system of education. They have been taught technical scholarship and not liberal understanding."

We quote from the "New Student" report of the address of Professor Alexander Meiklejohn at the Second Annual Congress of the National Student Federation. According to this report, the urgent task in education today is the securing of teachers properly fitted for their work of moulding the minds of youth.

Not being familiar with teaching conditions in the various colleges, we are unable to judge of the truth or falsity of the learned gentleman's statements. Professor Meiklejohn should be well acquainted with the present state of the academic world, as he has spent the greater part of his life as a leader in that sphere. We know, however, that, thanks to the training in liberal understanding which our preceptors receive, his words are untrue with regard to our own institution. Our teachers, although some of them are required to specialize in certain technical subjects as a preparation for teaching them, do so only after a thorough course in the liberal arts and sciences.

We have, then, no fear of failure in finding the proper instruction as long as the Dominican Order provides such training. The collegiate world might do well to emulate the Order and make a firm foundation in liberal understanding necessary for the attainment of a professor’s chair.
Immediately upon receipt of the Boston College Stylus we were struck by the appearance of the publication. "Do not judge a book by its cover," we are told, so we examined the contents and were surprised to find ourselves more pleased with the contents than with the exterior. Congratulations to the editor of this paper for the excellence of his publication! The November issue contained an instruction in oratory that was very illuminating; light, but witty. The verse of the Stylus is very good. We refer particularly to "The Legend of the Maladetta" in the November issue. The thought contained in this piece is splendid and the expression of it leaves nothing to be desired. Again, congratulations!

The Alvernia contains some very interesting articles and some very well conducted departments; especially well handled is the College News Department. Would it not enhance your publication very much were there some stories to intersperse with the splendid articles? More verse would also aid in improving your paper by broadening the scope of its literary activities.

From our outlying fellow citizens comes the Green and White of De La Salle College at Manila. Sketch No. 2 is a good burlesque and is surely as plausible as Hamlet in Knickers and a short-skirted Ophelia. O tempora! O Mores! The muse is gone. Again we encounter an absence of verse. Congratulations to the heads of the various departments for the good work they have done!

The ALEMBIC received honeyed words of praise from the Alvernia: "The October number of the ALEMBIC approaches our ideal of a college magazine. It is neat in design and its contents are refreshing. The essay on Thomas of Aquin is well written, and it gives us a fuller realization of what that learned Saint is to us, and a keener appreciation of his works. 'The Carrier' is worthy of mention, and although the story is short, it fulfills the design of the writer as it exposes the happiness that fills a soul by sacrificing for another's sake. The Residuum is clever but we were disappointed upon reaching the end so soon. We owe a debt of gratitude to the one who simplified the manner of tying a bow tie. Heretofore it has always been a great difficulty. We hope to
live again the happy moments we spent within the covers of the ALEMBIC upon the arrival of the next issue."

We acknowledge receipt of the following which space does not permit us to review:

The Torch,
The Lyre Tree,
The Record,
The Beacon,
St. Francis’ Voice,
The Text,
The Tower,
St. Benedict’s Quarterly,
The Anselmian,
Rosary College Eagle,
The Xavier,
The Laurel,
The New Student.

Daniel Spaight, '27.
College Chronicle

A trip to New York, where they furnished the Orchestra music for the Prom at Mount Vernon, featured the vacation for the members of the orchestra. The Alumni Association of Providence also honored our very capable musicians by engaging them for the Alumni Ball on December twenty-ninth.

Fred Smith of the Junior class was the holder of the lucky number in the recent drawing held by the combined musical and glee clubs and thereby became the possessor of a very fine wrist watch.

The Christmas vacation over, examinations loom up Exams ahead. For the earnest student such times have no terrors, but for those who have neglected their studies for other and more pleasurable diversions the thought of the little blue books inspire only dread. Many doubtless will fall by the wayside before another Alembic goes to press, while many more, getting by with little to spare, will make strong resolutions never to be caught in such a predicament again. If they will keep these resolutions they will have gained greatly by their close call on this occasion.

Debating Society Plans are practically completed to hold a debate in the Columbus Club under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. The affair will be held on a date in February yet to be selected.

On Friday night, January 14th, the Aquino Literary Club presented its first dramatic offering of the season, "Un Uomo D'Affari." The play, which was a comedy in one act, was well received by a representative audience of students and their friends. The leading roles were interpreted by Vittorio Gabriele and Luigi Iannuccillo, who were splendid in their respective capacities. Minor parts were taken by Joseph Della Penta, Palmino DiPippo, Berardino Ferrara and Anacleto Berillo. The performance gave evidence of the spirit of culture and literary endeavor which animates the body of the society. Members of the organization and, particularly, the cast of the play, are to be congratulated upon their successful production.

T. Russell McGrath, '27
Alumni Notes

The annual Alumni Ball, recently held at the Narragansett Hotel, was a grand success. The event eclipsed by far that of preceding years. The affair was distinguished by the presence of such guests as retiring Mayor Jos. H. Gainer and Mayor-elect James Dunne.

The committee, composed of John E. Cassidy, J. Addis O'Reilly, Howard J. Farrell, John J. Mulhern and Daniel J. O'Neill, are to be congratulated for their splendid work. On behalf of the association we wish to thank those whose presence made the affair such a success.

'24

Howard Bradley and Eugene Sweeney are pursuing a course in business at Columbia University.

James Kelleher is in the employment of the New York Telephone Company.

James Corrigan is studying Law at Yale University.

The presence of John B. McKenna, our Alumni President, at the Ball was the source of great delectation to all, as it evidenced his recovery from a serious malady.

'25

Timothy Sullivan is associated with one of the local newspapers.

 Francis McKenna, '27
Scalpel and Forceps

Carry On

The excellent phrase "Carry On" that was used during the war is now more aptly applied to our own interests. This column is our first achievement this year in the Alembic. Up to this time, you have, perhaps, known a few of our more talented classmates, but you have thought of them as individuals. Now, you will see not the efforts of a few, but the combined strength of the Pre-Medical Classes. You have become accustomed to hearing of other prominent schools or colleges, but you have never realized the possibilities of your own school. You have taken it for granted that the upper classes should constantly bring about new developments in the school, but you have never before realized that we undergraduates have the power to do just as much. We hope you will respond well to the call for material and will succeed in making this column a great credit to the Pre-Medical students of Providence College.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."
—Emerson.

Every word in this saying is true. We should be enthusiastic in all our undertakings, for enthusiasm is the power of the mind. We can accomplish much more when we work or study with vim than we can without it. Without this force our labors become dull and uninteresting, but with it they are changed into pleasures. One of the principal reasons why many people fail in their work is lack of enthusiasm. We have a short stay at this institution and instead of letting our enthusiasm decrease we should increase it. If every individual shows more enthusiasm, the school as a whole will gain more "pep" and we will have a school spirit of which we can be
Carry On

proud. If we Pre-Medical students get and keep this vigor, future students will catch the spirit and carry it along with them through their whole course, so that the Pre-Medical classes of Providence College will be known far and wide for its lively, enthusiastic school spirit.

Pre-Meds, know your own school, and so discover your own might. You are the leaders of to-morrow, but you are even more the builders to-day. In gazing at the brilliancy of other Pre-Medical Colleges, you become blinded to your own abilities. In dreaming of next year, you lose sight of the opportunities of this year. Realize not only the responsibilities you will have, but also the responsibilities you now have. The more you do this year, the more you can do next year. Pre-Med menteurs, wake up!

A fast growing institution the size of the Providence College Pre-Medical School should be known and recognized all over the country by right of its virtue. So, because of its important work, let me justly say to the Pre-Med students of this year and the years to come, “Carry On.”

Samuel Epstein.
The Medico—A Broad Man

Far and wide it has been lamented that one of the most distressing tendencies has been the gradual and continued decline of the old-fashioned general practitioner in the field of medicine. However, the general practitioner of old has now become modernized. He lives in an era of great scientific advancement. His former saddle-bag of instruments and equipment has been replaced by such facilities as X-ray and clinical laboratories. Nevertheless, the same craftsmanship, friendliness, and ability to act in the capacity of an adviser that have characterized the physician from the time of Hippocrates and Sir William Osler characterize the modern medico.

The physician’s craft is best observed in the process of healing and mending physical ills. This craftsmanship is readily applied in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. He is always alert to apply the findings and discoveries of the student in the laboratory. He, therefore, spares no effort to locate the source of danger and annoyance to a person suffering from some unknown disease. His skill, thus, consists not merely in observing and recording physiological and chemical reactions, but in the accurate and righteous application of such observations in the treatment of a patient. In surgery the medico must possess even more dexterity and skill than the carpenter or sculptor. Here the organs of a human and not a mechanical machine are being mended. If the patient does not then get along as well as is expected, the surgeon doubts his skill. He then worries and proceeds with the operation in his mind step by step to find some possible explanation for existing conditions.

The statement of the Great Physician, “I came into the world not to be served, but to serve,” has always been the motto of those worthy to be called physicians. The medico is, therefore, the true friend of his fellow men. He has an altruistic rather than an egotistic outlook on life. The physicians as a class are unselfish. We can then easily see why he is always willing to extend a helping hand, be it to an infant that has just been brought into the world and has scarcely taken its first breath, be it to an expectant mother that must be guided as to a correct diet and relieved of pain, or be it to some other creature of the human race that has fallen on the roadside. With every visit the doctor carries an atmosphere of
cheerfulness and hopefulness into the sick-room. He, furthermore, extends his friendship to the different members of a family, for many times he acts to bring about a spirit of peacefulness and harmony. Frequent visits are paid to industrial organizations in order to study health conditions and environment. He meets his social obligations and increases his knowledge as to the worker to his work and its effect upon his health. In a few words the medico gives a helping hand when it is most needed; assists his fellow creatures to their feet when they have fallen; encourages them when down-hearted; and then sends them on their way rejoicing with a word of hope and cheer.

At the approach of death, the medico is very often called to act in the capacity of a legal adviser. He is called upon to give a helping hand in a will, and to care for the welfare of those that remain. His words of precaution and warning are by no means infrequent. When his fellow men become destitute, the physician is always ready to advise and use his influence in order to secure employment for the unemployed or seek the aid of charity. In these cases, as well as in the case of death, he is always ready to sympathize. His duties are a mixture of the pathetic and the humorous. He weeps with those that weep and laughs with those that laugh.

In conclusion we can, then, rightly assume that the medico, due to his dealings with the operation and effects of natural laws, is a great lover of nature. Consequently, we then conclude that since the most complex and phenomenal organization of Mother Nature is the human being, naturally toward the latter an emotional relationship is borne that has always characterized the physician.

William Rivelli, '29.
John E. Farrell Appointed Graduate Manager of Athletics

The appointment of John E. Farrell, '26, as graduate manager of athletics was announced by the Athletic Board of Control at the second annual football banquet last month. Mr. Farrell is well versed in the duties of his new position, having managed the baseball team in 1926 and assisting in the football work of last fall. One of his first official acts was the announcement of a fine eight-game football schedule for the 1927 season, which includes four games at home and is featured by an intersectional tilt with St. Xavier College to be played at Cincinnati on October 29.

The complete list is as follows: Oct. 1, Springfield at Springfield; 8, Norwich at Providence; 15, Vermont at Burlington, 22, St. John's at Providence; 29, St. Xavier's at Cincinnati, O.; Nov. 5, Boston University at Boston; 12, Fordham at Providence; 19, Middlebury at Providence.

The choice of John E. is a popular one with the student body and the ALEMBIC Staff takes this opportunity to extend to him in behalf of the undergraduates, their best wishes for success in his work to place Providence College athletic teams among the best in the country.

The appointment of Walter T. Dromgoole, '28, as student manager of football for the 1927 campaign was recently confirmed by the Athletic Board. Dromgoole is one of the most active members of the Junior class, being a member of the ALEMBIC Staff and the college orchestra.
The Providence College Varsity basketball quintet opened its first campaign auspiciously by taking the measure of the Bridgewater Normal five by a 31 to 19 count. The visitors proved too strong for the locals, who were unable to cope with their flashy attack.

Heck Allen acted as captain and his floor work enabled the collegians to flash through to a victory. Heck was also the leading scorer of the fray, collecting nine points. His nearest competitor, Dave Adair, added eight points to swell the total.

The Bridgewater aggregation was the first to dent the score column when Shaw, rangy centre, dropped a foul shot through the hoop. A moment later Kiley collected another marker and then Graves made the score 4 to 0 with a pretty corner toss that rimmed the basket. But after this play the Dominicans began to show their ability and becoming accustomed to the small floor and the dim lights, staged an attack which soon carried them into the lead. When the first period ended, the Dominicans were ahead by an 11 to 4 score.

The line-up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>BRIDGEWATER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, r. f</td>
<td>I. g., Shirley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Szydla, l. f</td>
<td>r. g., Tanner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Murphy, c</td>
<td>c. Shaw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourdeau, r. g</td>
<td>l. f., Kiley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adair, l. g</td>
<td>r. f., Graves</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


The Dartmouth five showed its superiority by defeating Providence 40 to 16 at the Indian's court. The Green was superior to
the Black and White in all departments of the game except at foul shooting where honors were equal.

Heep, Ketz, and Vossler were the individual stars for the Hanoverians while Allen with five points led the Providence hoopsters.

The line-up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, r. f.</td>
<td>1 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Murphy, l. f.</td>
<td>0 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Szydla, l. f.</td>
<td>0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Murphy, c.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheeler, c.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourdeau, r. g.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adair, l. g.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring, l. g.</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>5 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<tr>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ketz, r. f.</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vossier, r. f.</td>
<td>2 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bunge, r. f.</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hein, c.</td>
<td>1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierce, c.</td>
<td>2 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkevitch, c.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dey, l. f.</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, l. f.</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis, r. g.</td>
<td>2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaeh, r. g.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cohen, r. g.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heep, l. g.</td>
<td>3 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austin, l. g.</td>
<td>1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>17 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PROVIDENCE VS. YALE
at New Haven, December 14, 1926

Yale ran wild against Providence and ran up a total of 52 points to 23 for the Dominicans. Simmonds and Charlesworth, with four field goals and Billhart’s three floor goals and three fouls were the Yale high scoring features.

Allen of Providence registered 11 points while Adair and Bourdeau countered five and four points respectively.

The line-up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>YALE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, r. f.</td>
<td>r. f., Billhardt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Murphy, l. f.</td>
<td>l. f., McNulty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Murphy, c.</td>
<td>c., Simmen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourdeau, r. g.</td>
<td>r. g., Reeves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adair, l. g.</td>
<td>l. g., Charlesworth</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PROVIDENCE VS. BOSTON UNIVERSITY
at Boston, December 16, 1926

Providence College basketball team went down to a close defeat before Boston University in what was one of the most stubbornly contested tilts ever to be played by the Terriers. The score was 30 to 28.

The Providence outfit played a better game than it showed against Yale, and the Boston hoopsters had their hands full to keep Allen and Adair from their basket. The former garnered an even dozen points while the rugged guard collected four field goals and a foul shot for his evening's work.

Louis Cohen, the fast forward and leader of the Terriers, gave a fine exhibition of floor work and was high scorer of the evening with 13 markers to his credit. He had plenty of opposition to his efforts, however, from Bourdeau, and Jack Murphy. The latter played a brilliant game and kept the veteran Cotter from scoring a single basket.

Both teams were evenly balanced throughout the fray and at the end of the first half the Terriers were leading by a margin of two baskets, having boosted their total to 18 while Capt. Allen's outfit had only 14 markers.

The latter part of the tilt was a bitter tussle with both teams fighting hard to clinch the verdict. Boston led all the way and soon took an eight-point margin which seemed to be sufficient to give them the game. But the White and Black battled through the strong Boston defence and rolled their count to 28.

With but a few minutes to play and victory hanging in the balance, the Dominicans missed several baskets while attempting running shots. Cohen added another point to his score in the closing minute to give his team a two-point lead which proved to be sufficient to decide the contest.

The line-up:

PROVIDENCE

Allen, r. f. ............ r. f. O'Brien
C. Murphy, l. f. ........... l. f., Cohen
J. Murphy, c. ......... c., Cotter
Bourdeau, r. g. ........ r. g., Bitgood
Adair, l. g. .......... l. g., Herberts

PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN
at Boston, Mass., December 18, 1926

The Northeastern University quintet annexed its second straight win at the expense of the Providence College aggregation before more than 1200 spectators who jammed the Johnson Memorial gymnasium to see the Red and Black collect 31 points to 18 for the Dominicans.

The Northeastern quintet took an early lead when Kobera, their lanky centre, started looping the oval through the nets with uncanny accuracy, and when the halftime whistle sounded, they Dominicans in this period featured the play of the evening, as Adair were leading by a 21 to 14 count. The fine defensive work of the and Bourdeau proved to be strong guardians of the Rhode Island hoop. In the closing minutes of the same stanza the Providence five uncorked a spurt that carried them within fighting reach of their rivals, but they were never dangerous after that one attack.

The summary:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NORTHEASTERN</th>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Renker, r. f.</td>
<td>l. g., Adair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simms, l. f.</td>
<td>r. g., Bourdeau</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kobera, c.</td>
<td>c., J. Murphy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roffone, r. g.</td>
<td>l. f., C. Murphy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janssen, l. g.</td>
<td>r. f., Allen</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


PROVIDENCE VS. CRESCENT A. C.
at Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1, 1927

The Crescent Athletic Club basketball team defeated Providence College, 40 to 12. Providence held the half-mooners in check in the first half, which ended with the count at 12-4. After intermission, however, the Crescents clinched the verdict with teamwork that was unbeatable. Allen, J. Murphy and Bourdeau were best for Providence College. The summary:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>CRESCENT A. C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, l. f.</td>
<td>r. f., Keating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Murphy, r. f.</td>
<td>l. f., Rhodes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Murphy, c.</td>
<td>c., Mahein</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Athletics

Bourdeau, r. g. ....................................................... r. g., Crabtree
Adair, l. g. .......................................................... l. g., Raymond


PROVIDENCE VS. UNIVERSITY CLUB
at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 31, 1926

The undefeated University Club basketball team added the Providence College quintet to its list of victims at the St. Francis College court by tacking a 40 to 17 defeat on the collegians.

The Dominicans displayed an aggressiveness in the first period that kept the ex-college stars on the defence all the time. The stellar guard work of Bourdeau and Adair kept in check Capt. Knipe and Jarvis of the locals. Five seconds prior to half time Adair dropped a pretty “Long Tom” through the basket to bring the score to 10 to 9 in favor of the Brooklynites.

Raye, centre for the University outfit, hurled the leather into the basket from all angles and boosted the count.

The Rhode Islanders lost many an opportunity to narrow the winning margin by their inability to make good their foul shots. Of 17 free tries at the hoop, resulting from fouls by the Brooklynites, the Dominicans were able to garner but three points. The summary:

PROVIDENCE UNIVERSITY CLUB
Allen, r. f. .......................................................... l. g., Karnow
C. Murphy, l. f. ................................................... r. g., Smith
J. Murphy, c. ........................................................ c., Raye
Bourdeau, r. g. ..................................................... l. f., Knipe
Adair, l. g. ........................................................... r. f., Jarvis

Hockey

PROVIDENCE VS. SPRINGFIELD
at Springfield, Mass., January 6, 1927

The Providence College 'Varsity hockey team opened its first campaign by taking the measure of the Springfield sextet by a 6 to 4 count.

Early in the opening period, Maloney, defence player for the Rhode Islanders, shot the first Dominican goal, and in the middle of the same period, Flint of the Red and White team, evened the count by a fast shot from the side of the rink.

The Dominicans came back strong in the second stanza and Maloney swept through the Carroll-coached aggregation and by clever dribbling registered three successive goals to put the visitors far in the lead. Johnson of the locals made the count 4 to 2 towards the end of the same period.

In the final part of the game, the gym teachers fought hard to tie the count and after McKenna had given the Dominicans a three-point margin, crashed through with a brace of goals. In the closing minutes McKenna again got away and swept through the locals defence to cage the final tally.

Jack Graham of New Haven was elected captain of the Dominican sextet prior to the tilt, and gave a fine exhibition of puck chasing, and in the absence of Coach Landry, generalled the team in flawless manner. His fellow townsman, Frank Maloney, was the biggest threat on the ice and his all-around work was the best seen here in some time.

The star of the Dominican team, however, was Art McDonald, rugged goalie from Maine. McDonald stopped everything that came his way and earned much applause by his stellar work at the cage, making several sensational stops. The summary:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>SPRINGFIELD</th>
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<tr>
<td>Willard, r. w.</td>
<td>l. w., Flint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graham, l. d.</td>
<td>r. d., Hughes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKenna, c.</td>
<td>c., Johnson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGarry, l. w.</td>
<td>r. w., Pendleton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maloney, r. d.</td>
<td>l. d., Wilson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDonald, g.</td>
<td>g., Heartz</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Athletics

First Period—Goals scored by Maloney 1:15, Flint 8:42.
Second Period—Goals scored by Maloney 0:25, Maloney 1:35, Maloney 10:0:, Johnson 11:04.
Third Period—Goals scored by McKenna 2:08, Johnson 4:17, Wilson 11:00, McKenna 12:25.
Penalties—Crowell, 2 m. (tripping); Maloney, 2 m. (broad checking).

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

The schedule to date is: Jan. 6, Springfield at Springfield; 15, Middlebury at Providence; 21, Bowdoin at Providence; 29, N. H. State at Durham, N. H.; Feb. 4, Springfield at Providence; 12, N. H. at Providence; 19, Colby (pending); 25, Boston University at Providence; March 1, Brown at Providence; 11, Brown at Providence.
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<th><strong>CONFECTIONERS (Retail)</strong></th>
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<td>J. Fred Gibson Co., 220 West Exchange St.</td>
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<th><strong>COSTUMERS</strong></th>
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<td>Clark's Bakery, 183 Smith St.</td>
<td>A. Slocum &amp; Son, 37 Weybosset St.</td>
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<td>Piche's Bakery, 661 Smith St.</td>
<td><strong>DAIRY PRODUCTS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tommy Tucker Baking Co., Delaine St.</td>
<td>Providence Dairy Co., 157 West Exchange St.</td>
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<th>BANKS</th>
<th><strong>Turner Centre System, 135 Harris Avenue</strong></th>
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<td>National Exchange Bank, 63 Westminster St.</td>
<td><strong>DEPARTMENT STORES</strong></td>
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<td>Industrial Trust Co., 49 Westminster St.</td>
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<tr>
<th>BARBERS</th>
<th>McDeVitts, Pawtucket</th>
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<td>Elm Barber Shop, 997 Smith St.</td>
<td><strong>DRUGGISTS</strong></td>
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<td>Leo Venegro, 428 Smith St.</td>
<td>O. J. Hannaway, 675 Smith St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jack Volge, 229 Smith St.</td>
<td>Haskins Drug Store, One Block Down from the College</td>
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<td>La Salle Barber Shop, 1007½ Smith St., cor. Academy Ave.</td>
<td><strong>HILLIS DRUG CO.</strong>, 306 Smith St.</td>
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<tr>
<th>BOILERS</th>
<th><strong>McLaughlin's Pharmacy, Chalkstone - River Avenues</strong></th>
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<td>Wholey Boiler Works, 95 Whipple St.</td>
<td>John J. Neilan, 143 Smith St.</td>
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<th>BOOKBINDER</th>
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<th>BOOKSELLERS</th>
<th><strong>ELECTRIC SHOPS</strong></th>
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<td>Preston &amp; Rounds Co., 98 Westminster St.</td>
<td>Narragansett Electric Lighting Co., Eight in Rhode Island</td>
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<td>The Book Shop, 4 Market Square</td>
<td><strong>ENGRAVERS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<th>Boots and Shoes</th>
<th><strong>FURNITURE</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td>F. E. Ballou Co., Weybosset and Eddy St.</td>
<td>Burke-Tarr Co., 270 Weybosset St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas F. Pierce &amp; Son, 173 Westminster St.</td>
<td>Elmhurst Garage, 558 Smith St.</td>
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<td>Sullivan Company, 159 Westminster St.</td>
<td>Orms Street Garage, Union 2042</td>
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<th>BUILDING MOVER</th>
<th><strong>FUEL</strong></th>
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<tr>
<th>CHURCH GOODS</th>
<th><strong>FUNERAL DIRECTORS</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td>William J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.</td>
<td>J. Will Carpenter &amp; Co., 1447 Westminster St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. J. Sullivan, 53 Eddy St.</td>
<td>T. F. Monahan &amp; Son, 207 Wickenden St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph M. Tally, 506-512 Westminster St.</td>
<td><strong>FURNITURE</strong></td>
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<th>CIGARS AND TOBACCO</th>
<th><strong>FURNITURE</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td>Costello Brothers, Pawtucket</td>
<td>Burke-Tarr Co., 270 Weybosset St.</td>
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<td>Morse Tobacco Company, 53 Eddy St.</td>
<td><strong>GARAGES</strong></td>
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<th>CLEANERS AND DYERS</th>
<th><strong>GARAGES</strong></th>
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<th>CLOTHING</th>
<th><strong>GAS COMPANY</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td>Browning King &amp; Company, 212 Westminster Howell, 75 Westminster Street</td>
<td>W. E. Larmarine, 144 Westminster St.</td>
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<td>Kennedy Company, 180 Westminster St.</td>
<td><strong>GENERAL MILL SUPPLIES</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>The A. Nash Co., 385 Westminster Street</td>
<td>W. E. Larmarine, 144 Westminster St.</td>
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<td>Wolfe Brothers, 38 Washington St.</td>
<td><strong>GIFTS AND NOVELTIES</strong></td>
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<th>CONTRACTORS</th>
<th>The Butterfly Box, 121 Empire St.</th>
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<td>James H. Lynch &amp; Co., 75 Westminster St.</td>
<td><strong>PLACE THE PLACE—IT'S PLACE'S PLACE</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mahoney &amp; Tucker, 72 Weybosset St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>U. S. Concrete &amp; Roofing Co., 321 Grosvenor Bldg.</td>
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