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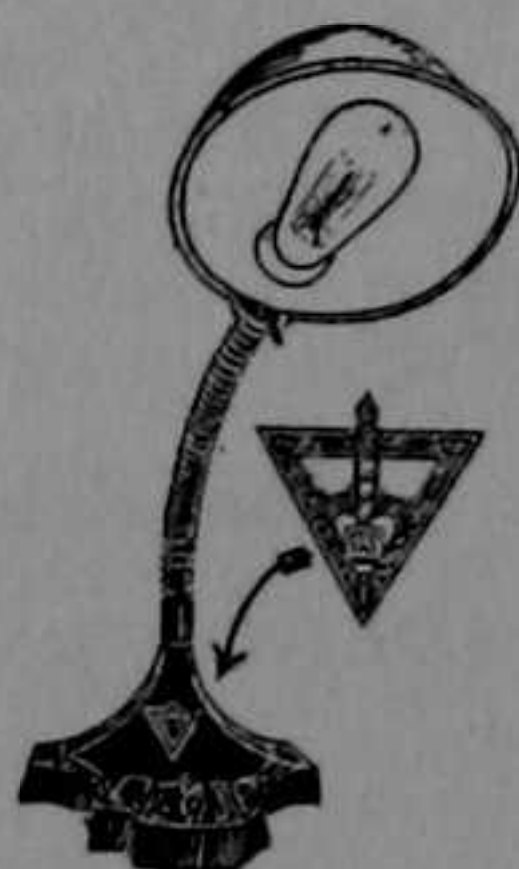
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VOL. VII.

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Dead Poets

This toast to poets, living still though dead—
Sweet dream-filled slumber is their happy rest
Whose tongues are silent, but whose songs tell best
Undying fame. Forgetting years have sped
To leave their names behind; and though they fled
Esteem at death, high Honor followed, prest
Close after them and in her interest
Adorned with laurel wreaths each ghostly head.

The scene of knightly valor changes fast,
The bravest warrior must yet be slain,
And bravery abide in victors' tents,
But poetry must live while mortals last.
For souls take up the poets' glad refrain
And make his runes eternal monuments.

J. C. Hanley, '29

LOUIS VEUILLOT

IT is indeed a sad spectacle that we witness in modern times, in the corruption of the American Press. The unscrupulous managers in their eagerness to augment the circulation of their newspapers are catering to the basest instincts of man. The editorials which were once characterized by the expression of free and courageous opinions are becoming void of strength and personality. In the "Century Magazine for November, 1926, Charles Merz of the editorial staff of the "New York World," writing on "The American Press," says: "Huge circulation and syndicate methods make for non-partisanship as far as news itself is concerned. But huge circulations also breed editorial timidity. For the theory is why tread on anybody's toes?"

Such a lamentable condition of the press brings to mind the memory of a journalist who never knew the meaning of that "editorial timidity," a writer whose style and wit elicited the admiration even of his enemies, a man whose literary achievements in a critical period of history are a worthy example for all aspirants to journalism. That distinguished writer is Louis Veuillot, the exemplar Catholic journalist.

Born in 1813 at Boynes, France, Veuillot was forced to leave school at the age of thirteen to earn a living. His devotion to the study of literature and history in his spare moments gave him a solid foundation for his future work in the realm of letters. Though not despising religion, Veuillot lacked any concept of it. But upon a visit to Rome with a friend, he there "discovered the solendours of faith." When he returned to Paris, he had sworn to devote himself to the cause of Catholicism."

To embrace the active cause of the Catholic Church was not a popular task in those times. The sophisms of Voltaire and Rousseau were still resounding in the ears of the French people. The deceptive cry of "liberty, equality and fraternity" had not yet subsided. History had been falsified and according to Joseph de Maistre it had become "a conspiracy against truth." But these and many other obstacles did not discourage the valiant heart of Veuillot who had set out to defend that Church to the service of which he

had consecrated himself. He edited the "Univers" which became the organ of the Catholic party headed by Montalembert, who was a tireless worker in demanding liberty of education for the Church. "We will show the world," writes young Montalembert, "that men can be Christian without being retrogrades and that we can serve God with the noble humility of free-men."

In 1859, during the war of Napoleon III. with Austria, Veuillot foresaw the peril to the Pope's temporal sovereignty and he pointed out the dangers of the Napoleonic policy. Pius IX., in his encyclical, "Nullius certe" (January 20th, 1860), denounced the same danger. That encyclical was published in the "Univers"—an event which led to the suppression of that journal by the government. Deprived of the "Univers," Veuillot did not rest his pen, but undertook the writing of books and pamphlets, all of which were devoted to the single cause of religious truth. In 1867 he was able again to publish his newspaper.

Veuillot was always true and faithful to his principles of courage and liberty. An example of this is his attack upon Hugo, whom the French idolized. But Veuillot saw in Victor Hugo the enemy of his beloved faith. Addressing himself to Hugo, the fearless defender of Catholicism says: "But I am at the same time a Christian persecuted in my faith, persecuted in my brethren and in the zeal which I have for them, by the outburst of your poisonous doctrines, by the scandalous noise of your impure poetry, and by the impurities which flow from your verses as water from the slopes of the streets; I am a Christian disgusted to hear an able poet publish such songs; I am a Christian provoked to the depth of my soul to the duty of telling you the truth; I am a Christian, that is in the circumstance, a voice which you must fear."

The journalistic works of Veuillot have been published in twelve volumes under the title of: "Melanges religieux, historiques, politiques et litteraires." He also wrote romances, poems and a voluminous correspondence. "Among the writers who count," says Jules Lemaitre, a skeptic and eminent critic, "Veuillot seems to be the best in the tradition of the language, while he is likewise one of the most free and individual."

In 1883 Catholic France and the Church at large lost in Veuillot a faithful and brave apologist. But Veuillot cannot be forgotten. From the day that his heroic soul first received the light

of faith, he worked incessantly for the glory of the Church. He had seen the banner of Catholicism humiliated in France and he set out to raise it to its place of dignity. "The Catholics of our time," Montalembert had said, "have a predominant inclination for one thing that is peculiar to them—sleep." Montalembert, with his brilliant eloquence, tried to rouse them from that sleep; Veuillot in his own sphere tried to awaken the indignation of free men against oppression. His pen moved at the command of his intrepid spirit—a spirit of true liberty and greatness, ennobled by humble submission to the loving yoke of Catholicism.

Anis Samaan, '27

Inspiration

If I were a clever poet,
With a fast and facile pen,
I'd not complain in a mournful strain
Of the gifts of the muses then.

For inspiration would I find
Nearby, for verse or prose,
With a sonnet fair in the curl of her hair
And an ode in the tilt of her nose.

And though I won all fair rewards,
I still would seek that prize,
With a lyric light on her lips so bright
And an epic in her eyes.

Gerald J. Prior, '27

Gloria Mundi

JUSTINIAN was ten years old. But he was, even as his parents insisted, "older than his years." In truth, he was so much older than his years that neighbors, observing him, were wont to inquire, one of another, "What manner of child is this?" And such questioning was only natural. For Justinian was a truly precocious child and precocious children are rare enough to excite wonder. But if his unusual talents arrogated the attention of friends and foes alike, it cannot be said that Justinian was slave to them. On the contrary, he dismissed them with an impatient, disparaging gesture. Were they not merely accidental, contributing nothing to the support and furtherance of his "purpose." And was not the history of his life the history of his purpose?

Justinian early decided that an obscure life was little profitable, that fame was the greatest good and the highest pleasure. He resolved, thereupon, that nothing should deter him in the pursuit of that most elusive and alarmingly fickle goddess. It was hardly a wise resolution; but then wisdom and precocity are seldom concurrent. Lacking much in wisdom, the resolution was, nevertheless, strong in determination. This was no idle ambition, no puerile longing. It was one with the designs of generals and statesmen—gentlemen of purpose.

But even the most determined encounter difficulties. Justinian was faced with one that might have discouraged one less purposeful. He met the obstacle when he asked himself, "How shall I become famous?" It was a question not easily answered and one that caused Justinian no end of anxiety. Anxiety was well nigh succeeded by despair as Justinian, one day, reasoned thus with himself: "What shall I do to become famous? I cannot be Prince of Wales. I cannot overthrow Mussolini. There are no more channels to swim, and if there were, I would be lost in the crowd of swimmers. I might hike across the continent. But transcontinental hikers are as common as channel swimmers. Yet fame is continually thrust upon the unsuspecting. What do I see in the papers? Pictures of the tallest sailor and the smallest marine, the oldest

golfer and the youngest chess player. At least the crumbs of fame are thrown to such as these, but I am denied even the crumbs. What do I see on the streets? One cannot walk for the congestion caused by champion coffee drinkers, champion orange, apple, doughnut, and banana consumers. Even the egg and the oyster have fallen into championship hands. What is left for me to do? To be sure I might achieve artistic or scientific success, but only scholars are disposed to honor such achievements. The news-papers would give me scant attention; and what an empty fame it is that is unknown to tabloid readers. Fame beckons me, but shows me no means of approach. I have searched in the highways and hedges and have found nothing that might bring me honor. My searching, it appears, will ever be fruitless. But I will search no longer. I will have done with life. If the brilliance be denied me, how ever shall I endure the darkness?" He spake not one word more.

At noon of the day following this examination, Justinian was to be found on the roof of the city's tallest building. He walked to the edge of the roof and gazed at the microscopic scene below him. People, trolley cars, automobiles, all passed below him in ridiculous eddies. "Aimless, aimless," murmured Justinian, for fame was nowhere among them. Then he sighed resignedly, smiled a sour smile and jumped from the roof.

Twenty-four mattresses, arranged in orderly piles on a delivery truck, had the kindness to receive the youth before he reached the ground. Justinian was unhurt, surprised and a little angry.

Before another sun had set, his name was on every tongue and in the headlines of every newspaper east of the Rocky Mountains.

J. C. Hanley, '29

Charles Lamb Comes up the Drive

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

—Cymbeline.

The college drive is ever beautiful. Winter, summer, spring and fall bring due seasonal changes but the way to Harkin's Hall appears as charming in one month of the year as in another. From the valley below, where the two main streets skirting the campus intersect, it wends its long, sloping way upward in gradual ascent to finally merge into the circle directly in front of the formal entrance to the college proper. Fringed on either side with youthful elms (what a gorgeous spectacle these will present in years to come!) and cutting arrow-like across a spacious campus whilst affording an unrestricted view of fascinating Harkins' Hall, it commends itself to the undiscerning as well as to the poetical eye. Throughout the day it glistens with silver sheen from the moment the golden rays of the morning sun flash across it until the shadows of crimson sunset streak its arched surface. At night the entire realm of celestial bodies seems concentrated above it, and in the dim starlight the drive becomes a mystic entrance to a topaz-studded palace.

From this, one might suspect it to be a place of eternal serenity; but such is not the case. Alas! alas! beauty and comfort dwell not together always! For example, during the winter months the drive is truly beautiful with that rugged charm so characteristic of winter yet in this same season it possesses certain horrors for the wayfarer, horrors, too, that are closely allied with discomfort. Howling winds sweep spitefully across an innocent drive. Siberian gales rush in from the wild Atlantic. And to that sturdy band of students which daily traverses its course, this article is fraternally devoted.

Experience has taught me that there is only one way to encounter these iced breaths of Boreas. This method of frustrating the wintry gales is a simple one, being merely an application of this well known slogan, "The best defence is a good assault." The

characteristic note, then, of this means is an attack, and comprises two parts; a physical offensive and a mental. Although each works in conjunction with the other, the latter is by the far more potent of the two.

The first is natural to almost anyone using the drive on a gusty day. It consists in the leaning-forward posture, in the tilting of the head at the precise angle necessary to avoid any possible loss of headgear; in the skilful and proportionate manipulation of the weight, and in the correct geographical position of the body. In short, it is the most advantageous use of the body and its parts in the struggle with the elements, and its performance is practically a matter of instinct.

The second is more difficult of explanation and hence is probably best elucidated by a short description of the manner in which I discharge this portion of my two-fold system of attack. Call your phantasy into play and picture me at the foot of the drive on the windiest day imaginable. There I stand for a second or two gazing at the scene of impending battle. Immediately two thoughts permeate my being, or if they do not arise themselves, I rouse them into existence. The first is the realization of the worth of the goal to be attained; the second, the realization of my own capabilities. The former tells me that the object of my endeavor is a highly fitting one, that once attained there is warmth, comfort, good fellowship, and learning therein. The latter informs me of my own strength, telling me that the battle will be short and decisive—with myself, of course, the victor. It is the forerunner and instiller of that invaluable asset of any enterprise, confidence.

Little wonder then that I start up the drive with a quick, firm, and aggressive step, anxious for the fray. Several yards are traversed and the kiss of a stiff breeze, the first skirmish with the enemy, tells me that the battle is on. I proceed onward, with no increase in the opposition perceptible and I confide in myself that the old saying "the anticipation is greater than the realization" is perfectly valid. Then, with the abruptness of the proverbial bolt from the blue, a mighty gale slashes me full in the face. Inwardly I revel in the beginning of real battle, but ere my joy is transfixed into a smile of satisfaction, the mighty army of winds has swooped down on me in its whirling strength. We clash, the wind and I, and in its frantic slashing and rushing and swirling, I am buffeted

about after the fashion of a passive leaf in an angry sea. With the very breath taken from me, I tack my course again and again, seeking a brief respite. But a truce is unknown, and the blustering blasts of a maddened enemy smite my ears and cheeks giving them a queer tingling sensation as they rush by in an insane frenzy, thrusting rapier-like darts into every exposed part of my body. My lips are dry and my teeth chatter, but I plod on with a grim determination of one who knows what he wants and when he wants it. I tell myself that withal I am nearing my goal, and finding pleasure in the thought, forge forward in an attempted counter-attack, only to find myself buffeted by a lashing phalanx of wild, whirling, blizzards. My ardor for battle is now but a dim glow of its former brilliant past, I must confess, but vaguely I struggle on, pushed forward almost mechanically, it seems. Then a sight, a joyous sight creeps suddenly into one corner of my lowered gaze. 'Tis magical Harkins' Hall and it seems, as its embracing form comes clearly into sight, as if it seeks maternally to draw me to its heart. The glow of dampened enthusiasm bursts into a sparkling flame and with renewed courage, I literally plunge forward into a dead calm as joyous to me as it was heart-rending to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Thence within Harkins' Hall itself and the journey up the drive is over, with the recurring thought that "the anticipation was far greater than the realization."

There, in a way, you have a conception of this second part of my attack, the mental offensive. Call it what you will, Self-Psychology, Practical Philosophy, or just plain Dreaming, it invariably accomplishes its purpose, the joy of travel up the drive on a winter's day. Perchance the above is but a replica of your own process of journeying. If such be the case, forgive me for having bored you with these words of mine and allow me to temper my apology with the excuse that the mind of an embryonic writer could no longer restrain the bonds of a youthful enthusiasm.

John O'Connell, '28.

The Fall of Amon

HIDDEN amid the forests of Alsace, near the German frontier, stood the ancient castle of De Bois. As yet untouched by the hand of progress, the mighty forest lovingly clasped these gray walls, permitting but a spire of turret to peep through its leafy fingers. To the transient of the woods there was never a sign of activity across the dry moat. However, upon investigation, one might discover an old couple who acted as caretakers of the house and attended the present owner, Carl Amon, whenever he chanced to tarry there. He was the last of the noble lineage of De Bois. Slightly gray at the temples, he possessed an imposing figure, having served in the army of France, and even now was addressed as "Captain." His services had terminated rather abruptly, it is true, when he deserted his post one stormy night. Only a splendid record saved him from confinement, for he refused to disclose the cause of his desertion.

And now he was spending the week-end at his retreat in this forest primeval, far from the bustle and confusion of Belfort. After a strenuous session at the market, he would journey to this solitude and collect energy for another assault on the stronghold of "Stocks." Possessing great speculative ability, he had strengthened the dwindling resources of De Bois and was prepared to retire. Therefore, it was in a pleasant state of mind that the Captain greeted his domestic adherents this Saturday evening, despite the forboding tempest.

As usual, he mounted the spacious stairs to the master's room on the first floor. This opened just off the corridor with two windows facing the north. Now as he entered a crackling fire welcomed him and he hurried to dress for dinner as was his custom. Anton had placed the lighted candelabra on the table, for the house boasted of no modern conveniences, and the Captain frequently surveyed himself in the tall mirror as he donned a Prince Albert. Indeed, he hadn't aged much and soon he would be able to spend his time in leisure; perhaps in a little traveling, just to recall familiar scenes.

A sharp clap of thunder interrupted his musings and he stared at his image in horror. His face was pallid and drawn.

With shaking limbs he descended the stairs and made a vain attempt at eating. The old couple exchanged significant glances, but remained silent until the master entered the drawing room. Then Anton followed and with an apology muttered that if he wished him he would be at his service during the night. Monsieur Amon, staring intently through the dripping panes, nodded his head and Anton departed. Alone in the room, he paced to and fro, darting nervous glances at the black night. His fingers twitched and his mouth was drawn. Long after Anton and his wife had retired they could hear the regular step of the master. Then it suddenly ceased and an irregular silence filled the ancient house. The storm continued in unabated fury, while flashes of lightning penciled the blackness and peals of thunder shook the very foundations.

When the Captain reached his room he fastened the door securely and lighted all the available candles. Seizing a poker, he stirred the embers and added fuel until the flames leaped madly up the chimney. Then selecting a book, he seated himself in an arm chair. But the print continued to dance before his eyes and blur his vision, even though he tried to steady his hands. What was the matter with him, anyway? Was he not safe here in his comfortable chamber? Strive as he might, he could not quiet his nerves and, flinging the book to the floor, he feverishly resumed his pacing. As he turned toward the window, he stopped. Was that a face peering in at him? No, he musn't let his imagination sway him. It was but the shadow of a flickering candle. Would that infernal rain never stop?

There was a blinding flash and a giant elm crashed against the windows, shattering the glass. The candles were blown out and the fire dimmed by the strong wind. Except for a dull red glow the room was black. Monsieur Carl staggered towards the door only to find the key missing. Turning he beheld an ominous figure squatting at the window. It danced about hideously, clawing at the air and as it maneuvered, the red glow seemed to grow larger. Tiny insects filled the room, creating a monotonous buzz, and these were succeeded by glass prisms reflecting varied colored lights. The Captain shrank back and uttered a great shout, but only a whisper escaped his lips. For as the crouching figure approached him he

recognized the face of the man he had seen that night on duty so many years ago.

He grappled with the prowler and fighting furiously, they fell to the floor. Slowly the Captain felt his throat squeezed in a vise-like grip. He struggled vainly to free himself. The glow had disappeared and likewise the insects and prisms. Only this intruder remained. His breath was leaving him, but he was unable to break the hold. The rain continued to fall as dawn appeared.

And so Anton and his wife found their master next morning. They had been forced to break down the door and found him on the floor—dead. The missing key lay behind the door and the elm's branches swayed at the broken window. When an autopsy was performed, the coroner declared he died from a weak heart. Fear had claimed another victim.

Joseph Lannen, '29

The Happy Failure

I fain would write a mournful rhyme
And revel in a grief sublime
For love that died before its time,
And thus achieve some art.

But star-points in a field of blue,
A winding road, good friends and true
The old, old jests, yet ever new—
Too soon does care depart.

And who could sing a bitter song,
When beauty wanders free and strong
With life and laughter all day long,
And sorrow leaves the heart?

Gerald J. Prior, '27

What Nice Glory

or

THE ROVER BOYS IN THE SWISS NAVY

Time: Three-minute rounds with one-minute intervals of rest.

Setting: It was a balmy summer's evening,

And a goodly crowd was there.

Synopsis of preceding episodes:

A revolver shot is heard in the mansion of the wealthy New York top-spinner, Mr. John E. Wunk. A letter is sent to the police department and in the reply it is stated that the department will have a man on the scene of the crime within a month. A bat's wing, a gorilla's tooth, a canary's egg and a dead cat are found in the library and Scotland Yard is notified. In the meantime, Harry and Gertrude have been married and are on their way to Europe. Edgar has been plunging heavily in Wall street and has broken the world's record traversing the entire length of the Kelly Pool in a single plunge. It is rumored that an attempt will be made to swim the English Channel, but in an interview with the Associated Press the Channel denies all knowledge of the proceedings. The train approaches and Willie attempts to flag it but the train does not know the Morse Code.

ACT I. Scene I. An insane asylum. Enter Aristotle with his arm around Napoleon. "Thrice upon the Lupercal did I offer him a kingly crown which he did thrice refuse. Did this in Caesar seem ambition? Yea, mark me well, Napoleon." Napoleon puts black and blue marks on his face. Napoleon: "It is not within me Aristotle to thus betake myself to warmer climes, for man was made to mourn, noon and night. And why, I ask you? It is well you do not answer for if you did you would say nothing, which I had known before. On the one hand Nero had reason to be angry and on the other hand he had a wrist watch."

Aristotle: "Splendid! I would not have believed it had I not been. And if I were not, I would never be able to be. Exeunt.

Scene II. Houyhnhums debate the Yahoos. The Nays have it.

Scene III. A Roman Candle. Enter Caesar and army.
Caesar: "What, ho! The guard!" Voice: "The guard is gone, sir. Shall I send in a tackle?"

Captain: "There is a fellow who takes life easily, my lord."

Caesar: "He should be in Chicago. They pay a good price for murders out there."

Aide: "The chariot awaits without, my lord."

Caesar: "Without what, varlet?"

Aide: "Without wheels, my lord."

Caesar: "Fool! 'Tis not a chariot; it is a sleigh." Exit. They all go sleighing. When all the enemy are slain, they return.

Scene IV. A restaurant. Two men are arguing over the dinner check. One is Scotch, the other Jewish. The Jew insists that he will pay, so the Scotchman shoots him. Curtain.

Scene V. The eye of a needle. A camel passes through. A Lucky Strike is immediately in back of him. Lord Chesterfield can't get through.

Scene VI. Exchange Place. —————, A sophomore is standing on the corner. A freshman dashes madly up to him.

Fresh to Soph—"I am going to shoot you!"

Soph—"Why?" (He was a philosopher and wanted to learn the causes.)

Fresh—"Because someone told me I look like you."

Soph—"Do I?"

Fresh—"Yes."

Soph—"Go ahead and shoot!"

ACT II. Scene I. A track meet. "They're off!" shouts the spectator who dropped his glasses and stooped to pick them up. There they were—16 men at the start, running around the track like a prairie fire before the wind (We never saw a prairie fire before the wind, but it sounds good). "This is certainly a race," said a spectator. We knew we were at the right place now, for we wanted to see a race. They were closely bunched, 16 at the start. As they passed the stand there were 17. They're starting to spread out! Murphy is leading; Cyrano in second place! They draw away from the rest on the last lap. Murphy tries to pull away from Cyrano, but he is like a tough course, he can't be dropped.

Cy gains! They're running neck and neck. Arms and legs in unison, they're running like Siamese twins. They approach the finishing line. Still neck and neck! They cross the line together. Who won? The judges announce the winner: "Cyrano de Bergerac wins by a nose."

Scene II. An old-fashioned cigar store with a wooden Indian outside. Enter Demosthenes and Columbine. Demosthenes (taking marbles, pebbles and teeth from his mouth): "Ha, a new specimen, perhaps a new kind of bird." He points to the feathers on the Indian's head. "He seems to be a sociable chap, offering us smoking weeds." He reaches for a cigar. Columbine rushes over and throws him back. "Don't take one of those! It's a trick! If you reach for one of those, he'll hit you with the hatchet he has in his other hand."

Scene III. The weekly presentation of the Thespians. We must have scenery. Imagine yourself looking at a beautiful curtain (borrowed) with beautiful pictures and beautiful sentiments painted on it. In one corner we find these "ads": "Smoke Mule cigarettes, the butts with the kick;" "Go to Dinglehopper's for doughnuts—every one a ringer;" "Buy for cash at Adolph's bakery—you get the bread, we get the dough." In the centre is a beautiful picture of a man strangling a fellowman. Fill in the rest of the curtain yourself, we're not getting paid for it.

The star: "Curfew shall not ring tonight." Just then an alarm clock goes off and the act is ruined.

Another play, a tragedy in one act. The hero enters followed closely by his wife. She rails at him; he reels at her. She pulls a gun from a drawer in the library table (That is where they usually keep them). She fires three shots at him and misses. He leaves her foreverrrr, claiming she has no aim in life.

Scene IV. Taken from one of our most popular dramas. The dialogue is unprintable, so we leave a blank.....

.....

Scene V. Exchange Place. A tall Sophomore stands there, looking like the statue of "What's the use?" Socrates approaches him and uses his Maieutic method. He tries to draw some ideas from the Soph. After 2 hours of fruitless labor, he gives up. Socrates drinks the hemlock; the Soph orders a coffee shake.

Scene VI. A poker game. This is for the benefit of the flunkers. In a poker game they get a chance to pass. One of the waiters has to open as he is holding two trays. There is 30 cents in the "pot". The game breaks up as they are all college boys and all but the winner are broke.

Scene VII. Enter the hero. Hero: "Ah, me! This is a cruel world." Then the solution of the mystery came to him and he exclaims, "Well, I'll be dratted!" The villain enters and drats him. The villain attempts to stab the hero and the heroine exclaims, "Woe is me!" At the word "woe" the villain stops as he is a horsey character. The villain stares at Little Nell. Her eyes dropped and rolled across the stage. The hero emerges from his lethargy and throws a custard pie at the villain. The villain is hit. His face falls; it is followed closely by his body.

Note the happy ending: a bridal wreath crowned the heroine, success crowned the hero, and the hero "crowned" the villain.

O. Danger, '27.



Residuum

A novelist attended a gathering of artists and during the evening was called on to make a speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as this is an assembly in which art is largely repented, I feel it incumbent upon me to say a few words on the subject of painting. Speaking personally, my only efforts in that direction were on an occasion when I enameled our bath. My friends said to me, 'My dear fellow, it is no good going in for painting unless you are prepared to stick to your work, and,' continued the author, 'I did.'"

Jerry was trying to sell some of his poems. On the way down town a woman jabbed him in the eye with an umbrella, leaving the optic a very brilliant hue of black. Arriving at the publishers office he displayed his poems in all confidence. The publisher looked at them with much interest for a few moments and then asked, "Have you shown these to any one else?"

"No," answered Jerry eagerly.

"Then," said the publisher, "who gave you the black eye?"

Jean came to town to insert an obituary notice in one of the local papers.

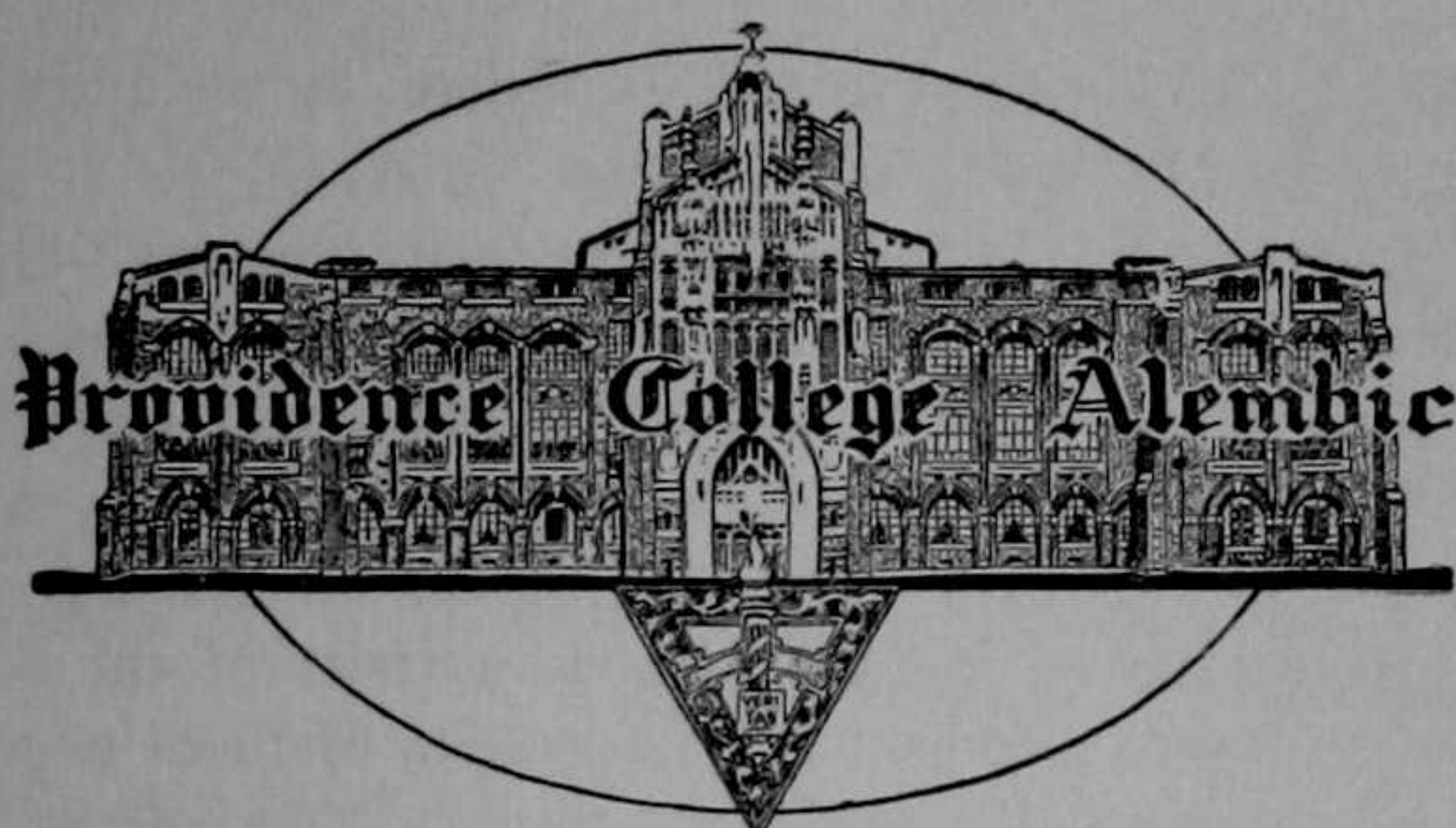
"How much do you charge?" he asked.

"A dollar an inch." was the answer.

"My gracious, he was six feet tall!"

Oswald is so dumb that when the doctor told him that his feet were frostbitten, the first thing that he did was to look for teethmarks on his toes.

Henry T. Kaveny, '27



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No. 5

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**PRESERVATION
OF TRADITION**

The current month, although remarkable for the brevity of the time it consumes in passing, deserves special mention upon another count. We refer to the occurrence of the birthday anniversaries of two of our country's most revered patriots, Washington and Lincoln. These anniversaries acquire particular prominence this year because of the recent flood of biographical literature purporting to expose the inmost secrets in the lives of the men whom we honor. This operation is

called "debunking," a word coined, we believe, by the author of one of these works, Mr. W. E. Woodward.

Its purpose is to dispel all the popular illusions which have built themselves around the lives of our national heroes and to present them to the world as ordinary mortals, very like ourselves.

While the intent of the erudite biographers may be laudable, we maintain that the tendency to destroy our familiar legends concerning great men, is, in view of certain traits of the American character, rather dangerous. For the people of the United States are never satisfied with commonplace mortals. They demand either heroes or villains. Witness the most popular type of moving picture, novel or play and observe how little the leading juvenile and the sneering "heavy" have in common with the persons we meet upon the street. Turn again to that great directory of contemporary prominence, the sporting page, and see the honor which accrues to the successful competitor, the chorus of jeers which is the lot of the one who falls from his pedestal, and the utter oblivion which surrounds the name of the steady but mediocre athlete.

So will it be with our highly-honored statesmen and warriors, provided that these "debunking" activities run their full course. But will we be content with the picture of Washington as a clever aristocrat who rose grandly to an occasion or with Lincoln as a backwoods rustic who, with the help of an inspiring personality and a certain amount of political good fortune, was able to guide his country through a great crisis. We fear, rather, that, since we are prevented from considering these men as demi-gods, we will, according to our common custom, go to the opposite extreme and regard them as demagogues—men who, impelled by overpowering ambition took unscrupulous advantage of every opportunity to advance their own interest at the expense of their country's good.

This certainly will be lamentable, for Washington and Lincoln, "debunkers" to the contrary notwithstanding, were remarkable personalities and supremely honest men. The legends which are circulated concerning them, although they may be untrue in particulars, are true in a wider sense, since they portray characteristics which both men undoubtedly possessed. These traditions, then, should be preserved, just as the Santa Claus illusion is preserved, as expressions of the altruistic spirit which animates all high accomplishments.

THE VANISHING PATRIOT

The torch in the hand of the Goddess of Liberty grows dim; the inscription "E pluribus unum" upon the nation's coat of arms becomes blurred; the American eagle seeks a lonely eyrie somewhere in the Rocky Mountains and in the United States Senate, the illustrious Mr. Heflin of Alabama rises to speak.

There is no necessity for repeating the exact words or content of the broad-minded legislator's oration. He is merely using the present religious and political crisis in Mexico as an excuse for raising a hue and cry about the old bugaboo of Papal domination. Let it suffice to say that the speech is a gem of intolerance and bigotry. However, we think it profitable to examine the causes responsible for this latest diatribe.

Among the rolling hills and peaceful valleys of a few Southern States, children are taught to dread the Pope as a demon second only in malignity to the local revenue officer. The insidious thing about this form of spectre-raising is that the fear does not as is the case with the majority of similar childish superstitions, disappear with the attainment of the use of reason. Rather it is preserved and nourished as the child grows older until it becomes a motive for many political and social activities. Thus a preacher is assured of a full congregation whenever he announces that his sermon is to concern itself with the iniquities of Rome, while a legislator may feel confident of election provided that he promises to stay the advance of the Papal army upon Washington.

It is readily seen, therefore, that we are unable to expect the highest class of representation from sections where hatred and prejudice are given precedence over tolerance and foresight. In this too, may lie the reason for the intellectual decay of a group of States which produced some of the greatest figures in our early history and now sends into the national life representatives of a type to arouse even the dormant humor of our highest legislative body.

College Chronicle

Debating On Friday, January 14, a very interesting debate was held in the college auditorium under the auspices of the Debating Society. The subject, "Resolved, That the United States Should Take Some Action in Regard to Mexico" was very capably discussed by Mr. Mullen who upheld the Affirmative side and Mr. Samaan who upheld the Negative side. The decision was awarded to Mr. Samaan.

"Resolved, That the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution Should be Repealed" was the subject of an intra-mural debate in the Auditorium on the fourth of February. The Affirmative side of the question was championed by Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Prior, and Mr. Spaight, while the Negative contentions were put forth by Mr. Costello, Mr. Roche, and Mr. Murray. The latter side was awarded the decision although many in the large audience were of the opinion that the Affirmative side had triumphed.

The Columbus Club is to be the scene of a debate on the evening of February 24. The Knights of Columbus have very graciously invited the Debating Society to make use of their facilities on that night and a very interesting program has been arranged. Students at the college are invited to attend as the guests of Providence Council, Knights of Columbus.

Senior Banquet The annual banquet of the Senior class was held on Thursday, February 17, at the Green Acre Lodge. The affair was pronounced the most successful of its kind in the history of the college. Members of the faculty were present as guests of the Senior class. The committee for the affair comprised, Richard E. Ryan, Daniel A. Spaight, Cyril A. Costello, E. Joseph Bernasconi, Thomas H. Bride, Jr., Toastmaster.

Freshman Banquet Plans are under way for the Freshman Banquet which will be held in the near future.

Condolences The deep sympathy of the student body is extended to Father Thamm, O. P. on the sudden death of his father.

Aquino Literary Club "Un Uomo D'Affari," the play which was successfully presented by the Aquino Literary Club at the society's recent entertainment in the College Gymnasium, will be repeated at St. Bartholomew's Parish Hall, Friday evening, February 18th, and again at the hall of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, on Sunday evening, February 27. The original cast is scheduled to appear in both productions and both will be preceded by musical selections, rendered by J. Della Penta, B. Ferrera and G. Ferrara.

T. Russell McGrath, '27.



Alumni Notes

'23

We have been apprised of the marriage of Joseph Burns, A. B., to Miss Aimee Florence MacLaren of Brooklyn, N. Y. on February 15th. Congratulations!

'25

George W. Whitby, A. B., is pursuing a business course at Marquette University.

Francis P. McHugh, A. B., is now an instructor in the high school at Lowell, Mass.

'25

Francis L. Alford, Ph. B., has transferred from Yale to Marquette University Business School.

James C. Conlon, A. B., and Thomas Monahan, students at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, spent a few days in Providence during the semester vacation. They were cordially received by many friends on their visit to the campus.

James Lynch, A. B., returned home recently on a vacation from the Graduate School of English, Yale University.

'26

William O'Connor, A. B., is associated with the Pawtucket Times in a reportorial capacity.

James McGeough, A. B., home from St. Bernard's Seminary on a three week's vacation, paid a visit to the campus.

'27

John Hayes, Harry Struck and Daniel Holland did not forget to pay us a visit before returning to the seminary at Rochester.

Francis McKenna, '27.

Scalpel and Forceps



German Scientists in Medicine

TO the scientists of all nations we owe our thanks for the advancement of medicine as a science, but we are indebted especially to the German scientists, whose contributions have aided greatly in its development. From the beginning of modern medicine in the seventeenth century up to the present time, German scientists have been active in the promotion of the science. In the seventeenth century Brunner, Wirsung, Schneider, and others, erected everlasting monuments by their skill and genius. Romberg was the founder of the modern era in the study of nervous diseases. Karl Ludwig and his followers elucidated not only the diseases of the circulatory system, but also those of the other systems by the now common stethoscopic diagnosis.

The eighteenth century is called the golden age of medicine. In this century Avenbrugger, the discoverer of percussion as a means of diagnosis of the diseases of large organs of the body, introduced the method in clinical investigation. During this period Haller originated experimental physiology. It was then that Paul Ehrlich, the most famous chemical-medico, developed the theory of immunization. By his thorough research he was able to cure chronic cases, both intravenous and subcutaneous, by injections with the hypodermic needle. Fundamentally these cures were purely chemical reactions. We have but to glance at modern medical practice to see what immunization by inoculation has done for humanity. Moreover, the hypodermic needle is a basic implement of medical cures. Stromeyer, who has been called the father of modern military surgery in Germany, made very important discoveries as to

the effects of antiseptics on amputations. His diligent researches into the consequences of certain chemicals as antiseptics, gave an added impetus to surgery.

The nineteenth century was but the continuation of the tendencies of the preceding period. The watch-word of medicine was pathological anatomy and diagnosis, or exact medicine. Pathologic anatomy found brilliant exponents among the German scientists in Hazel, Wunderlich, and others, and the effect of pathology upon practical medicine was evinced by epoch-making clinical observation of Ziemmsen and Haller. The work of Mueller in embryology marked the beginning of modern physiology, and this resulted in an enormous development of scientific observations and productivity. His experiments aided the scientists studying physiological chemistry, which is now an important subject to the student of medicine. The development of the microscope gave impetus to the study of the lower forms of life. The parasitic form of favos and thrush (quaint names for diseases of the skin and mouth) was proved by Schoenlein and Nagel, and the recognition of the amoeba of dysentery was the work of Loesch. In 1873, Obermayer recognized the spivillum of relapsing fever. Bacteriology becomes an exact science with the discovery by Koch of cultural methods, which made the differentiation of germs possible. The relation of bacteria and microorganisms to all infective processes has been proved by the laws promulgated by the same famous German. The discovery by Brieger of the poisons produced by bacteria was another important step in the progress of bacteriology as related to medicine. The development of bacteriology by Koch, Krieger, and Pasteur, the French scientist, has resulted in a knowledge which has revolutionized modern medicine. During this century we see great progress made in the study of cells. Schleiden's cell-doctrine was applied by Schwann to normal animal histology, and by Virchow to pathology.

Virchow is perhaps the greatest scientist in the history of Germany. He was a born investigator and made valuable contributions to knowledge in every department of medicine. He was a great teacher as well as investigator and men trained in his method are among the most famous in medicine. He created the cell-theory of disease, and though it represented an enormous advance over prevalent theories and has been most stimulating to investigation, can no more be held in its entirety as Virchow gave it than any of the

systems it supplanted. The cell-theory of disease should be regarded as an hypothesis fully justified in being formed from the knowledge at that time available. Philip Storhr whose position as an anatomist was envied, doubtlessly depended upon his surpassing gifts as a teacher. His life work was to establish the relation between lymphocytes and epithelium and the degeneration of glands in the verniform process, of course, this research required an absolute knowledge of histology. This was acquired when Stohr was a student of Von Kolliker, the most eminent of all histologists. The admirable work performed by Stohr was of inestimable value to Professor Schultes and Schaper, who carried on the work so well founded by Stohr.

If one will but look through the history of modern medicine, he will find that the German scientists have aided materially in the progress of medicine. Their ethics were always of the highest calibre. By the adaption of scientific methods, by the fostering influence of the government which provides facilities for research, and by a system which gave reward for investigation, Germany has become the leader of the world.

Raymond Spahr, '29.

Medical Systems

At the present time there is a tendency on the part of many to derive certain systems of medical practice. This is due in some small part to prejudice; but with respect to the non-professional man, it is due, largely to misunderstanding. A brief description of the therapeutics of each system may serve to correct the present attitude.

Every application, appliance, method, or procedure used in treating disease may be classified under two heads. If its effect is to modify the vital processes themselves, it is *medical*. If its effect is to remove conditions which are interfering with processes, it is *osteopathic*. Among the first are most drugs used for their physiological effect, much surgery, electricity, vibrators, and similar devices. Among the second are manipulation, germicides, regulation of diet, habits, and life-environment.

The medical practice itself admits of a differentiation, and may generally be classified into the *allopathic* and the *homeopathic* systems.

Homeopathy differs from all other systems of medical practice in being based upon a law of nature. "Like is cured by like," is the fundamental law. A brief insight into the action of remedies, from the viewpoint of both the homeopath and the allopath, will clarify the difference between the two systems.

The allopathic *materia medica* is derived from the empirical administration of drugs to the sick, their use in domestic practice, and their being taken through accident or design; indeed allopathists are guided simply by past experience in administering them to the sick with no fixed rule or law to guide them. On the other hand, the homeopathic *materia medica* is the result of carefully testing remedies on the healthy, and accurately noting down the symptoms which they cause; and when given to the sick, they are administered in accordance with the law of cure named above.

It is evident, then, that homeopathic remedies act in the direction of the disease, and simply excite a reaction which over-

comes the diseased action; whereas the allopathic remedies seek to cure by inducing an action opposite to the disease action.

Both these systems are medical, because of the fact that the effect of each is to modify the vital processes; they differ in their methods.

The third system, which is *osteopathy*, is in reality, not a medical system. It is a separate and distinct science. But because of the fact that its cure of disease has been remarkable and its growth phenomenal, I have taken the liberty to include it under the title.

Osteopathy is the science which recognizes the relation between cause and effect in disease, and seeks to remove the cause by adjustment rather than by treating the symptoms. It is because of this latter fact that the medical world has practically ostracized the science. However, in this system disease is treated by the manipulation of the bones, muscles and nerve centers. Adjustment is the keynote of the science. The osteopathist deals always with causes, and is like the allopathist in that he has no rules of action other than reliable upon past experience.

Each of the three systems has its merits and demerits. There is, of a certainty, a natural prejudice among the members of the different systems. But before judgment is passed on any one system it is but fair that consideration be given to each.

George B. McClellan, '29



BASKETBALL

PROVIDENCE VS. MIDDLEBURY

at La Salle Gym., January 13, 1927

In a fiercely fought contest at La Salle, the Providence College Basketball team defeated the veteran Middlebury aggregation, 31-27. The shift of Adair to the forward rank proved to be a clever move on the part of the coach for Dave seemed more at home at his new position than he did at the guard post.

Rzeznicki, who handled Adair's place at guard, proved to be a find, and with a little more experience, will undoubtedly develop into a clever hoopster. Pete had the difficult task of keeping track of the speedy Palmer, who took high scoring honors of the evening with seven field goals.

Leo Bourdeau, another local luminary, played brilliantly and had the spectators constantly on edge with his clever basket-tossing. He went thru the entire Middlebury defense several times to chalk up points for his club. On the defense he broke up many Vermont attacks.

During the fray the lead see-sawed back and forth no less than twelve times, and at the rest period the score was all in a knot. It was only in the last quarter that the Black and White obtained a four point margin, which they maintained until the finish.

In the closing minutes Bourdeau sunk a field goal, Adair and "Chuck" Murphy followed with a free shot apiece, making a total of 31 points for Providence, while Middlebury was short four points at 27.

MIDDLEBURY

PROVIDENCE

Hasseltine, l. g.	r. f., Allen
Spooner, r. g.	l. f., Adair
Sorenson, c.	c., J. Murphy
Collins, l. f.	r. g., Bourdeau
Palmer, r. f.	l. g., Rzeznicki

Field goals: Adair 2, J. Murphy 2, Bourdeau 4, C. Murphy 2, Wheeler, Palmer 1, Sorenson 3. Goals from fouls: C. Murphy, Collins 2, Hendry 2, Sorenson 3. Substitutions: C. Murphy for Allen, Wheeler for J. Murphy, Hendryx for Sorenson; Collins for Spooner, Ferry for Collins. Referee: L. A. R. Pierri. Timer—Bride. Time—Two 20-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE VS. NEW BEDFORD TEXTILE

at New Bedford, Mass., February 5, 1927

New Bedford, Mass., February 5—The Providence College Varsity basketball team won a hard-fought tilt here when they took the measure of the New Bedford Textile aggregation by a 35 to 33 score in the finest contest seen here this season. The fray was nip and tuck all the way, with the locals leading the parade at half-time, only to lose out to the Dominicans who opened up with a whirlwind attack in the second half to take a commanding lead. The New Bedford players also spurted in the final minutes and nearly evened the score, but the final whistle found the invaders in possession of the oval, at the same time maintaining their two-point lead.

Wheeler proved to be the best man for the visitors, being strong on the defence, breaking up many a Textile attack. He was pitted against Schofield, the brilliant pivot man for the locals, who registered seven field goals to take high scoring honors of the evening.

The Providence team opened the scoring with a long field goal by Murphy, rugged guard whose work won much applause during the tilt, but the Whalers evened the score a moment later and stepped into a scant lead which they increased towards the end of the period so that when the half-time whistle sounded they boasted a three-point lead over their Rhode Island opponents.

At the start of the second half it looked as if the New Bedfordites were going to take a long lead when they tallied five points before the Dominicans were able to run their basket, but once the Black and White got under way it uncorked an attack that was resistless, and with a clock-like pass work shot the leather through the Textilers' hoop until they had boosted their score to 31. At this

juncture Murphy was forced to retire from the fray and Dillon took his place.

The final minute rally of the Textilers nearly evened the count, but the final whistle blew with the Dominicans holding the two-point lead which had resulted from a fast dribble down the floor by Wheeler, who tossed the oval through the hoop from the corner of the court while travelling at top speed.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE	NEW BEDFORD
Fleurent, l. f.	l. f., Tripp
Rzeznicki, l. g.	l. g., Fred Tripp
Wheeler, c.	c. Schofield
Allen, r. f.	r. f., Bruce
J. Murphy, r. g.	r. g., Rockliffe

Field goals: Providence College—Allen 3, Fleurent 4, Wheeler 3, J. Murphy 4; New Bedford—Francis Tripp 2, Schofield 7, Rockliffe, Levoskey 3. Free tries—Providence College—J. Murphy 3, Allen 2, Dillon, Rzeznicki; New Bedford—Bruce, Levoskey, Schofield 3, Rockliffe 2. Substitutions: Providence College—Dillon for Murphy; New Bedford—Levoskey for Francis Tripp; Brotherson for Fred Tripp. Referee—Sullivan. Time of game—Four 10-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE VS. SPRINGFIELD

at Springfield, Mass., January 22, 1927.

Springfield made it three straight by dragging Providence over the Massachusetts court to the tune of 41-18. The Gym Teachers showed their superiority over the Black and White in every phase of the game.

The Springfield quintet uncovered a strong attack with Duncan and Wagner scoring between them more points than the entire Dominican quintet. "Spud" Murphy and Adair led the Black and White with four points apiece. Allen and Chuck Murphy worked tirelessly in a vain effort to keep the score down.

The Red and White is certainly to be congratulated upon the splendid teamwork displayed by them and the fine condition of its athletes.

The summary:

SPRINGFIELD	PROVIDENCE
Lames, l. f.	l. f., Adair
Erikson, l. g.	l. g., C. Murphy
Wagner, c.	c. J. Murphy
Duncan, r. f.	r. f., Allen
Enslee, r. g.	r. g., Bourdeau

Goals from floor. Springfield—Wagner 6, Duncan 4, Lames, Williamson, Gustafson, Shiney, Ericson, Enslee, Clark; Providence—Bour-

deau, Rzeznicki, J. Murphy, C. Murphy, Allen. Goals from fouls—Springfield—Lames 2, Duncan 2, Enslee 2, Wagner; Providence—J. Murphy 2, Adair 4, Bourdeau, Allen. Substitutions: Springfield—Williamson for Lames, Gustafson for Duncan, Shiney for Wagner, Clark for Enslee; Providence—Rzeznicki for C. Murphy, Wheeler for J. Murphy. Referee—Jackson. Timer—Knowles. Farrell, aide. Two 20-minutes periods.

HOCKEY

MIDDLEBURY VS. PROVIDENCE

at Arena, January 15th, 1927

In a bristling hockey tilt that required three 15-minutes periods and ten minutes' overtime before it was brought to a dramatic close the Middlebury College sextet opened the Providence College home hockey campaign by turning back the latter by a 3 to 2 count at the Auditorium.

The contest was cleanly played and the growing rivalry between the Vermont College and the Dominicans gave both sextets ample reason for desiring to clinch the tilt. It was only after 33 minutes of play that the invaders were able to collect a tally from the locals and although they boast a veteran outfit that has taken the measure of some of the best ice aggregations in the north country, the Vermonters had their hands full to trip up the White and Black stick wielders.

The defense players, Graham and Maloney, kept the rubber well away from the home goal for the greater part of the evening and were responsible for the low score to which the classy northern aggregation was held.

The visitors also boasted a trio of clever stick men in Capt. Simmons, Whittemore, stellar end in football, and Finnegan, clever goalie.

McDonald, guarding the Providence net, had a busy evening stopping the two dozen fierce drives headed his way and several times he brought the crowd to its feet by spectacular stops off the sticks of the strong Middleburyites. It was clever passwork coupled with a speedy attack on his lair that gave the invaders the winning markers and the failure of the Maine husky to check them in no way reflects on his stellar exhibition at the cage.

For two periods the two teams battled furiously with neither team able to tally, when suddenly Whittemore, rugged center, dashed in close to the Dominican net to drive a rebound shot past

Goalie McDonald for the first Middlebury score. With the end of the final period drawing to a close Willard took a long shot at the goal from mid-ice and much to the surprise of Goalie Finnegan the puck rolled over his stick into the net. The whistle for the end of the period put an end to the hostilities.

In the first overtime of five minutes the Middlebury skaters scored twice, the first tally coming as the result of Whittemore's fine corner shot and the second on a pass from the same athlete to Kelley, who slipped the rubber past McDonald. With a little over two minutes left to play Fred McGarry dribbled his way through the Middlebury defence and sent the disc crashing into the net for the Dominican's second tally.

With the score 3 to 2 against them the White and Black-clad outfit fought gamely to knot the count and put themselves back in the running, but the Vermonters resisted fiercely as they realized that they held the winning marker well within their grasp.

The summary:

MIDDLEBURY	PROVIDENCE
Kelley, l. w.r. w.,	Willard, Bride, Moran
Whittemore, c.c.,	McKenna, Newman
Simmons, Hill, r. w.l. w.,	McGarry
Gruggel, r. d.l. d.,	Graham
Bossert, l. d.r. d.,	Maloney
Finnegan, g.g.,	McDonald

First period—No score. Second period—No score. Third period—Middlebury—Caged by Whittemore, 2:45. Providence—Caged by Willard 10:38. First Overtime period—Middlebury—Caged by Whittemore (rebound) 1:19. Second Overtime period—Middlebury caged by Kelley :15. Providence—Caged by McGarry 2:45. Penalties: Newman—2 m. (body checking), Bossert—2 m. (body checking); Maloney—2 m. (tripping). Referees—Halloran and Kehoe. Judges—Young and McLaughlin. Time—Three 15-minute periods and one 10-minute overtime.

BOWDOIN VS. PROVIDENCE

at Arena, January 21st, 1927

With a speed and teamwork that was nigh flawless the Bowdoin College hockey team swept through the Providence College skaters at the Auditorium in a tilt that was hotly contested in spite of the one-sided score, of 4 to 1. The Maine outfit possessed every requisite that is needed to make a fine hockey team, a stellar combination well versed in passing and shooting.

The Maine team tallied once in the opening period when Capt. Cole dribbled his way past Graham and Maloney to cage the disc

on a fast drive. The remainder of that canto was evenly contested, but soon after the start of the second stanza Cole put Bowdoin far into the lead with a pretty shot from the corner of the rink.

Providence collected its only marker when Frankie Moran took a pass from Jack Newman, and drove the puck against the invader's goalie. On the rebound, Moran caged the rubber. Bowdoin increased its lead in the same period when Forsythe took Thayer's pass in front of the goal and scored easily. In the final period Ward boosted the count to 4 to 1 when he paired with Tiemer in a successful assist.

For the visitors Capt. Cole, Thayer and Tiemer were the best bets, while Frankie McKenna, Jack Newman and Art McDonald contributed the best work for the Dominicans.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE	BOWDOIN
McKenna, r. w.	l. w., Thayer
Maloney, c.	c. Tiemer
McGarry, l. w.	r. w., Ward
Willard, r. d.	l. d., Cole
Graham, l. d.	r. d., Forsythe
McDonald, g.	g, Lord

First period—Bowdoin, Cole unassisted 13:14. Second Period—Bowdoin, Cole unassisted 1:27, Moran, rebound 5:48, Forsythe, pass from Thayer 9:22. Third period—Ward, pass from Tiemer 7:33. Penalties: McGarry 2 m. (roughing); Graham 2 m. (roughing); Thayer, 2 m. (roughing). Substitutes: Providence—Bride, Moran, Newman, Powers, Cunningham. Bowdoin—Walsh. Referees—Halloran and Kehoe. Timer—Donovan. Time—Three 15-minutes periods.

SPRINGFIELD VS PROVIDENCE

at Arena, February 4th, 1927

The Springfield College sextet took ample revenge on the Providence College aggregation at the Auditorium when Coach Carroll's cohorts registered a 4 to 1 victory in a hotly contested tilt that was marred only by a severe injury to Capt. Graham. Graham was badly cut over his left eye when one of the Springfield skaters wielded his stick too vigorously, and as a result Graham had to be carried from the ice. The injury will keep him out of competition for a couple of weeks.

Then the Providence sextet lost the services of two of its best bets when the faculty ruled McDonald and Willard ineligible because of scholastic difficulties. Bill Flynn, a novice in the art of guarding a hockey net, undertook the task of keeping the rubber disc out of the Dominican net.

The shift of Junie Bride to the forward wall to fill Willard's place proved to be a wise move as he played brilliantly at the wing assignment and was quite able to keep pace with "Cowboy" Wilson, the speedy captain of the invading sextet.

The East Providence lads, McKenna and Newman, were all over the ice and proved to be the most troublesome men for the Springfield team to guard. Newman was especially effective, giving the Gym Teachers a busy evening keeping tabs on him, and finally topping his performance with a pretty drive from the corner of the rink to collect the only Dominican score.

The first period saw Springfield take the offensive, and before the stanza was very old they had collected two scores. The first marker was registered when McCabe made a fast pass to Crowell, who caged the goal. The second tally was also hung up by Crowell when he shot a rebound off Flynn's pads into the net.

The second period saw plenty of fast action with both clubs fighting desperately, the locals to score and the visitors to hold their lead. In this period Capt. Graham received his eye injury which removed him from further play. The Dominicans bombarded Boalie Lang but the scrappy Canadian managed to stop all the drives.

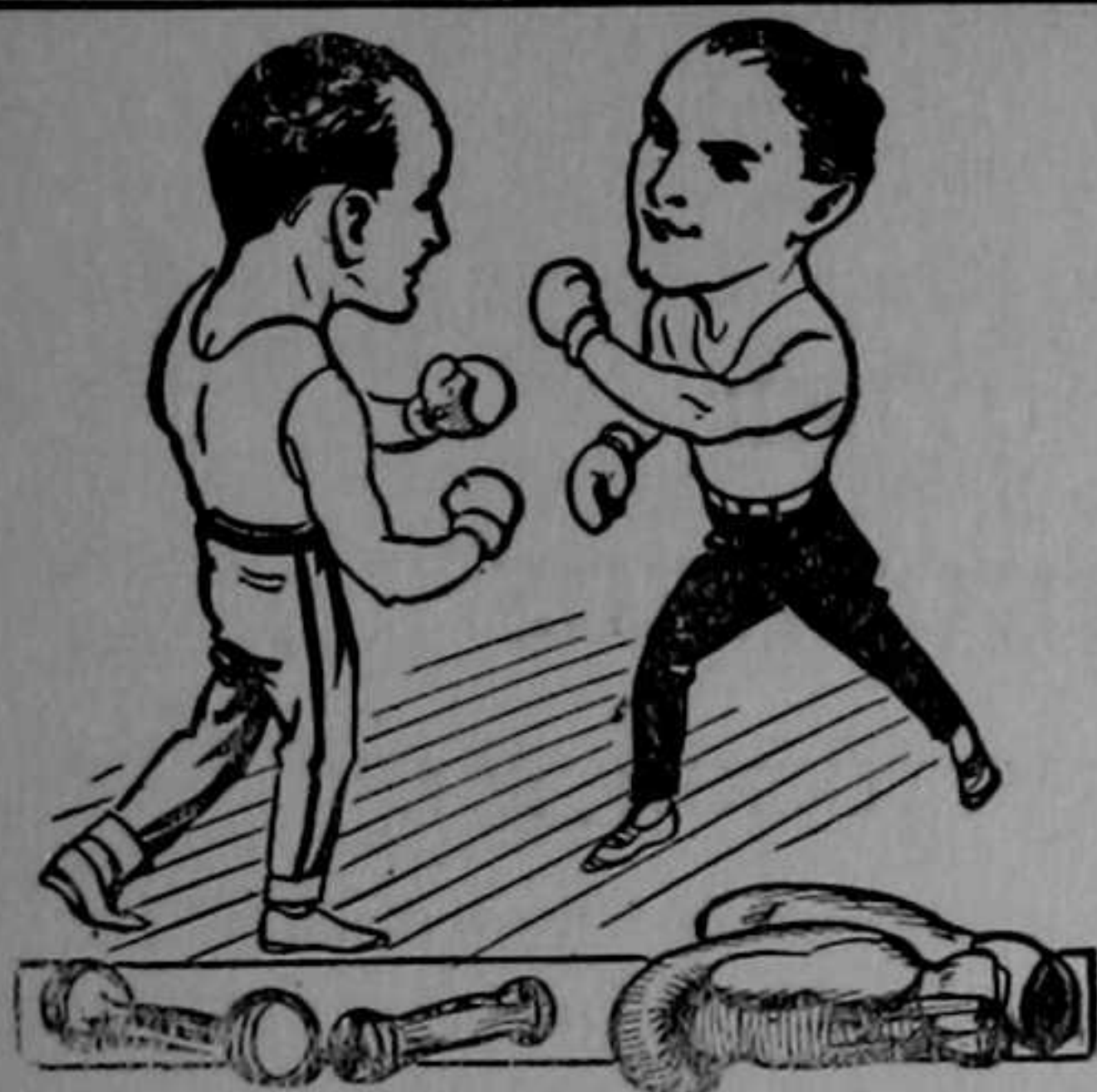
Early in the third period the Springfield team collected a lucky goal in a scrimmage in front of the Dominican net. Flynn stopped several short drives and in the midst of the excitement several of the players crowded near the goal, adding to the confusion and a tally was declared when the judge claimed that the puck had crossed the goal line for a moment, although it appeared as if Flynn had kept it clear of his cage.

In the final minute of play Flint got free long enough to weave his way past the Dominican defence to send a short drive through for the final marker of the evening.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE	SPRINGFIELD
McKenna, r. w.	l. w., McCabe
McGarry, c.	c. Flint
Bride, l. w.	r. w., Johnson
Maloney, r. d.	l. d., Wilson
Graham, l. d.	r. d., Crowell
McDonald, g.	g., Lang

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