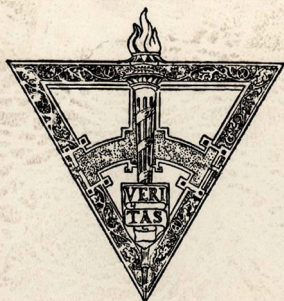


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOLUME X.

FEBRUARY, 1930.

No. 5

DICK CHAPMAN '32 — DICK O'KANE '31

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THIS MONTH

A Valentine for Mary	Edward Carlson	116
Athanasys	Carroll Hickey	116
The Fool and the Wise Man.....	Robert L. Smith	117
Snow-Bloom	Christopher Mitchell	121
The Servant of Industry.....	Daniel M. Lilly	123
White Recessional	John Lacroix	127
Editorial	Ralph S. Daniels	129
Exchange	Carrol Hickey	130
Alumni	John P. Gorman	132
Chronicle	Charles C. Quirk	134
Guzman Hall	Edward Carlson	137
Athletics	John E. Krieger	138

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A Valentine for Mary

In snowflakes what perfection lies!
In roses, or in drops of dew!
Infinity is mirrored, too,
In quiet lakes, or loving eyes;

In rain-pools clouds and sunsets shine,
And rainbows and star-splendid skies:
But, Mary, thy maternal eyes
Reflect Christ's boundless love divine!

Edward Carlson, '32.

Athanasy

Were Life to die, it were not Life,
('Tis only Death that dies!)
And vain our challenge to the strife,
And all our hopes were lies.

Were Death to live, it were not Death.
'Tis only Life that lives:
Not vain the panting for full breath,
For Life Death's sentence gives!

Carroll Hickey, '30.

The Fool and the Wise Man

Robert L. Smith, '30.

IN A LITTLE VILLAGE near Charlottetown, on the island of the potato and the silver fox, the rude farming folk are always cordial and friendly. When Mr. Samuel Fraser walks through the crooked path that leads to market, he never passes Mrs. Doyle or Mrs. Hampton without stopping—a courteous doffing of the hat, a little neighborhood gossip and that sort of thing. And little Aunt Ellen, the village school-teacher, finds herself an equal favorite in all the households. For such are the people of the tranquil island that discourtesy and jealousy are untenable.

One of the inhabitants of this farming village was an odd-looking young fellow with an insatiable curiosity and an apparently unbalanced mind who, inoffensive and willing at all times, was, strangely enough, held in a peculiar esteem by the farmers and called, in a popular manner, “good young Don.” Another eccentric and lovable character was “Old Man Briggs,” a kind gentleman who, in the face of reverses which would justify his claim to a place at the side of Job, was cheery and smiling to all, seeming to realize that trials sent from an all-wise Creator were not to be laid at the door of His creatures.

Among other universally popular persons in the village were the “Two Philosophers,” a pair of inseparable companions whose chief delight it was to sit at the tavern and discuss, with or without audience, the workings of human nature in the problems of life. That Hubert Marberry and Henry Watson were able to indulge their fancies in ease and security was due to the fact that each had a bountiful estate, passed from generation to generation in their respective families and dating back to that historic day in 1759 when Quebec fell into British hands on the Plains of Abraham and the destiny of a rushing continent was switched to another track. Marberry, it may be added, had once gone to Quebec and had not occupied his estate for six consecutive years.

That these four men were linked together in the same tale is the

result of a meeting between young Don and Old Man Briggs on a sweet morning in early May. It happened that on this particular morning the simple one gazed rudely with a seemingly vacant yet actually very penetrating glare into the eyes of the poor but cheerful man.

After a few seconds, the cheery one, exasperated by the boldness and stupidity of the youth, uttered a single word—that word which is not to be spoken to one's brother without danger of hell's fire.

"Fool!" he hissed and walked away with hobbling step.

Young Don stared at the retreating figure with a curious smile and finally, finding no further cause in the other's queer-shaped back, turned his eyes toward the sandy ground.

"He called me a fool." A soft yet emphatic repetition immediately sprang from the smiling lips. "He called me a fool!"

* * * * *

"I fully agree, my dear Henry, that all men are visited with great misfortune at some time or other, but I certainly cannot hold with you that he who cannot endure the unendurable, to quote your biased and unsubstantiated major, is justified in finding his exit in the manner of one Judas, father of despairing suicides."

"But hold, Sir Hubert," replied the grey-bearded Watson, "the troubles that cause men to despair have never been visited upon you. Judge not, then, my friend."

"Yet I have observed the humble demeanor and the cheering disposition of those to whom such grief as that of which we speak has come, Watson. Mind old Briggs, now. There's a simple soul. They say he lost both wife and daughter before he came among us two years ago, and all know of the ills that have lapped at his door with the tongue of a hungry wolf since then. If despair knocks upon his heart, we see not the evidence thereof, you must admit."

"Oh, yes, we've heard all his troubles from Eric, the grocer. That man's a genius at extracting the secrets of his customers. I suppose that's his business, though. We needn't criticise. I've a feeling, my friend, that he had not to listen close to hear old Brigg's tales, however."

A momentary lull in the debate offered to a certain awkward person, seated in a most ungainly manner upon the floor the opportunity to arise and walk in a dangling manner towards the tavern door. But before his skinny hand was laid upon the knob, young Don turned and rendered for all who cared to listen a carefree little verse:

A great man once, they say, they say,
The master of a school;
But when we met to-day, to-day,
He even called me 'fool.' "

There were few present who comprehended any of his meaning; many smilingly shook their heads and made a pitying sound with their tongues.

* * * * *

Now the Island of Prince Edward is such a quiet place at normal that when news or excitement is abroad it is not withheld even from the currents of the air, much less from the currents of the tongue. And certainly when this model state of law-abiding citizens, this living antithesis to Chicago, happens to be the scene of a murder, then who will not be sore-tempted to loose his tongue?

Again, crimes in this Maritime Province do not merit journal serials and long court trials, and accordingly, the village people had to make haste while the sun shone after their first shock at the untimely death of Henry Watson had passed. An observer could well afford to condone the ceaseless buzzing in street and lane when he learned that even now, three days after the crime, Sir Hubert Marberry was sitting in jail at Charlottetown, awaiting the time when the swiftly-moving shadow of the hangman and his noose would stop before the door of his cell and call him forth.

The evidence against the living member of the philosophic partnership was indeed so compelling that a delay of justice seemed entirely unwarranted. Yet Sir Hubert, with a leaden heart fast falling to the very depths of the waters off Mindanao, realized that he was an innocent victim of circumstance. He knew now that there was far deeper trouble among man than that of old Briggs, whom he had made a living example of the victorious general in the battle of the strong against the wickedness of despair. "Judge not, then, my friend." Watson's words. How true—

And here came young Don, that priceless fool, that prince of curiosity, who alone of all the villagers came to visit the convicted murderer with another motive than curiosity. Don was indeed a boon to Sir Hubert's confinement. Never questioning and seldom questioned, he stood an attentive and willing listener as the story of the sad philosopher's life was told to him.

The story done, a startling change came over the face and body of the queer youth, and Sir Hubert, feeling that he had already been transported to another world, caught his breath as Don started to talk with an earnestness which does not come from even the cleverest lunacy, seemingly forgetting in an instant the lifetime habit of speaking in fable and fancy.

"Then, Mr. Hubert, there was one who because of revenge would stop not at the foulest of crimes to disgrace you. There was one. And so I thought, else I had not asked of you the story of your life. But, lo! I must make sure of my capture of the wise man, for he knows, I vow, that I saw it in his eye that day he called me "fool."

That young Don went about his task with such vigor that he persuaded Lieut. Duling to go with him to the home of Old Man Briggs, to stand patient while his cunning questions squeezed from the "kind" and "patient" villager the hideousness of the awful scheme and to release the innocent victim, is sufficient proof that his mental faculties were by no means unhinged, unbalanced or unreal.

But Briggs had been clever, too. A mind which could conceive a plot so adroit as to fasten his own guilt upon the head of an inseparable friend of the murdered man could have belonged to the Master Devil himself. To plan a disguise which would baffle successfully his most hated enemy of other years required an ingenuity worthy of better things.

* * * * *

To be sure, thought I, when the case was put before me several years ago while I was visiting the island of the silver fox, there were both a fool and a wise man involved in the tale.

The wise man was so foolish as to disdain the fool; the fool was so wise as to know how to be a fool.

The wise man forgot that there was good in all God's creatures and that in the lowest man there is something noble which, sooner or later, will rise to an emergency.

But fool or wise man, as you will, "good young Don" was so little foolish and so much wise that he said not to his brother, "Thou Fool!"

Snow-Bloom

Christopher Mitchell, 31.

*"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight."—Emerson.*

IT IS HARD TO imagine anything more delightful than to sit by the window, near a cozy fireplace, watching the snowflakes drift lazily to rest in the bosom of Mother Earth. Snow has an indelible something about it which makes us take a cheerful attitude towards life. It means more to us than "frozen particles of vapor in the atmosphere in the form of white feathery flakes."

The silent, seemingly purposeless advance of the snow from the air to the earth appeals strongly to the imagination. The protecting mantle which it casts around us, covering up nature's sore spots, and giving everything an immaculate appearance, gives us a very favorable impression. Its tenacity of purpose is to be admired, as anyone will admit who has seen it attacking the wet ground and, though often repulsed, finally conquering. Of course, our attitude towards snow depends on our temperament. To the optimist it is a mantle; to the pessimist, a shroud.

I have often marvelled at the "frolic architecture of the snow." Using it as an instrument, Nature has completed works of masonry in a single day which would take years of human toil. Observe how it covers the naked trees and makes of them shimmering wraiths rivaling in splendor the finest work of art. Observe how it turns dark, forbidding hovels into fairy castles surpassing the wildest dreams of childhood. Ugly chimneys become delicate white fingers reaching into heaven as if in search of the artificer who has wrought these marvelous works. Have you ever examined a snowflake under the microscope? If not, you have missed some of the most perfect and beautiful designs, which put the efforts of human artists to shame. Francis Thompson, the great Eng-

lish poet, wrote one of his most famous poems on the snowflake, in which we find rapturous praise of the "filigree petal." Up to the present over one thousand different intricate designs have been observed, many of which designs have been copied by man in his artistic works.

The conception of snow is not always alluring, however, as anyone will attest who has heard the northern wind howling in tempestuous fury and felt the sting of the pellets hurled by it. Moreover, there is such a thing as an overdose of snow, for blindness is often common in the Arctic regions, where nothing but a seemingly limitless expanse of white meets the eye. The advent of snow may be looked upon in Rome with pleasure as a change, because there on the average it falls only one day a year, but in Moscow, where it falls every other day, the prospect of a long snowstorm is not at all pleasing. The mention of snow to Napoleon after his disastrous retreat from Moscow would by no means put the "Little Corporal" in a more pleasant frame of mind. Even in New England here we often have blizzards which make us long for the sunny days of summer. But we must admit that the good points overshadow the bad, and indeed most of us will endure the inconvenience of the most severe snowstorm when we recollect the pleasure we receive from the winter sports.

A great wind is blowing wide
In the orchards of the sky;
And on town and countryside
The scattered blossoms lie.

They have lost their white perfume,
But fresh and sweet is the air,
And white with the silver bloom
Is the black earth everywhere.

God be good to the wind that blows
Through the orchards of the sky,
And showers the fairy snows
Down on humanity!

The Servant of Industry

Daniel M. Lilly, '31

HENRY MILLER brought his car over to the curb beside the bridge. Evidently the spring freshet had begun as he had expected; for the railings were lined with curious spectators, who were apparently enjoying the struggle between the rebellious stream and its banks. As assistant engineer with a large construction company, Miller was on his way to discuss plans for a new factory with J. Hampton Clayton of the Hampton Mills, Inc. There was no hurry, however, since it was not yet noon, and he had an appointment for 3 p. m. He had often fished from the bridge in his boyhood days and he was only too glad to lean once more on the familiar iron railing and meditate upon old times and the river. Somehow it seemed to him that he had never seen the water so high at this time. It was only two feet below the previous high-water mark and the freshet had only begun. There had been an unusually heavy snowfall, he recalled, and a continued thaw might swell the rivers beyond all records. Perhaps the crowd was waiting for the river to exceed the previous mark, but there seemed to be little excitement in the throng. The conversation of the loquacious ones was lost in the roar of the swirling waters as it beat against the foundations of the bridge. The attitude of those on the bridge was that of spectators waiting for the culmination of some colossal contest, the preliminaries of which had just begun.

Suddenly Miller bethought himself of his appointment. He had been idling there almost an hour, but he still had plenty of time to reach Hamptonville, where the Hampton Mills were located. As his car sped along the roadway that paralleled the river, he caught occasional glimpses of the swollen stream and at last he came to the reservoir of the Hampton Mills. The trees that had fringed the shore were far out in the lake and many meadows of the adjoining farms were inundated. The gates at the power house must still be closed, thought Miller; for it was evident that the reservoir was filling up although it had never be-

fore been allowed to do so. Finally he arrived at the plants of the Hampton Mills, nestled in the valley below the great wall of earth and concrete that held in bondage the servant of industry. Here was another of Henry Miller's early playgrounds, the huge dam with the 110 steps leading up to the top and the sparkling waters of the lake itself. He decided to look around a little before he conferred with Clayton; for he was anxious to observe the effect of the freshet upon the reservoir. He saw that most of the water below the dam was surging from the sluiceways of the power house, but there was an almost insignificant rivulet flowing from the dam. On closer examination he perceived that a fine stream was trickling through a vertical crack in the concrete portion.

"I'll have to speak to Clayton about this. I don't know why the gates weren't opened to relieve the pressure," Miller thought, recalling that there was once a rumor about the village that the dam was not strong enough and for this reason it had never been used to its full capacity. Even as he left the dam he had a peculiar premonition of danger, something unusual with him, for he was inclined to discount such manifestations of the imagination.

The engineer and the executive were in conference for the remainder of the day; but, although Miller spoke of the danger threatening the dam, he received little satisfaction from Clayton. The explanation was that the firm had lost thousands of dollars while the power house was idle during the drought of the previous summer. The policy of the concern was to prevent future loss by using the full storage capacity of the reservoir. Since the dam was not the real object of his visit, Miller refrained from discussing the subject further. Clayton was more interested in the plans for the new building, and proceeded to get down to business. As president of the corporation, Clayton had been empowered to attend to all the details of the building and, consequently, he wished to see the blueprints. Miller was glad for one reason. He would have to return to Hamptonville the next day and hence would be able to note any dangerous rise in the river. As he left the office, he resolved that he would not let the next day pass before he did something to avert the disaster he felt sure was imminent. Just how he should proceed he did not know, but he was confident that he could formulate a plan.

The following morning Miller again took the matter up with the head of the concern, much to the latter's displeasure. Miller's efforts,

however, had no effect unless it was to irritate the executive, who at one point in the argument threatened to cancel negotiations for the building. "What was the use?" thought Miller. There was only one alternative, to spread the warning among the people; and as soon as he could get away from the office, he planned to do so.

He left the office shortly after noon and as he passed the plant he noticed a group of men lounging about during the lunch hour. A sudden inspiration came to him. Why not take this opportunity to warn the men themselves? Even if Clayton should hear of it? He could do nothing more than break the contract with his company and if the dam went out there would be no building anyway. Besides, what was a contract when the lives of 3,000 people were at stake? Miller went over to the group of laborers and introduced himself. He told them of the crack in the dam, the rapid rise of the water and the refusal of the "big boss" to open the gates. He told of the terrific pressure of 360,000,000 cubic feet of water and of the melting snows in the uplands. He advised them to leave the village because it would be utterly destroyed if the dam broke and he said that it was his opinion that it would not last twenty-four hours. While he was speaking the small group had grown into a large crowd. There were some jeers and laughter, but on the whole the men listened attentively. When he had finished pandemonium broke loose. Some thought that they ought to call a strike, but there was little time for that. Others were in favor of sending a delegation to Clayton. The majority, however, were intent on protecting themselves and their families, and many went home immediately to gather their belongings and seek safety in the hilltops. When the one o'clock whistle blew, only a handful of employes reported. The dam was crowded with men walking about, and pointing out defects, which of course, they had always noticed now that someone had spoken about them. Henry Miller saw that, at least, he had succeeded in warning the town. Now all that could be done was to await developments.

At eleven o'clock that night the engineer was standing at the edge of the crowd that had gathered on the hilltop overlooking the dam. Along the road that passed near by, there was a continual exodus of villagers in all kinds of vehicles, but the village itself was almost completely deserted. As Miller glanced toward the road he caught sight of a corpulent man running as fast as he was able. Under the glare of the headlight he recognized the face as that of J. Hampton Clayton. It was with difficulty he associated the figure before him with the man he had

seen that morning. Clayton was dressed in his business clothes, but his collar was torn off and his hair was disheveled. His face was red and he was panting as if he had run a long way.

"Clayton!" Miller shouted. "What's the matter?" The man turned toward Miller, but was unable to speak from exhaustion. The expression in his eyes, however, plainly bespoke terror. At last he seemed to have composed himself a little.

"The mob!" he cried. "They're after me! With shotguns and clubs. They'll murder me." Then he grew calmer "Miller," he said, "would it do any good now?"

"Would what do any good?"

"Opening the gates now. The keys are in the power-house down there."

"It might do some good, but you can't go down there now. The dam might go out any minute."

"I can't, can't I? Well, I won't stay here and be murdered!" he shrieked, plunging down the hillside toward the power-house.

"He's gone crazy," thought Miller. Indeed, if there had been a mob after him, they must have given up the chase; for no one arrived at the hilltop. Miller peered vainly into the darkness.

Suddenly a tremor shook the earth, then another stronger shock. Finally a dull rumble like approaching thunder gave the warning of the collapse of the dam and following right upon it came an air splitting crash. The roar of the rushing waters drowned the cries of the spectators. Onward to the sea rushed the flood smiting as it passed the habitations of those who had so long held it in bondage. The servant of industry had loosed his bonds and was taking revenge upon the empty houses of industry. Miller shuddered to think what would have happened if the houses had not been empty. He looked at his watch, it was after twelve. There was no longer any reason for remaining and accordingly he started home.

To-day if you are addicted to motoring through the country, you may come across the ruins of Hamptonville. There is no bronze plaque to mark the site, but the memorable happenings on the eve of its destruction are etched indelibly upon the memories of the former inhabitants and particularly on the memory of a certain engineer to whom those inhabitants acknowledged their indebtedness.

White Recessional

Tread lightly in the winter snow,
The melting snow! The winter dies!
A last wild blast across the skies
Sweeps long and low, sweeps long and low.

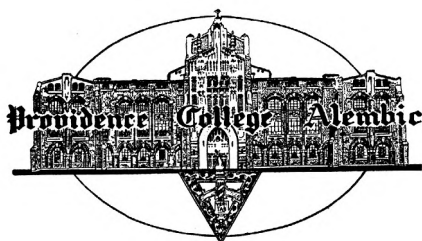
Tread lightly for the season flows
In sighing rivulets to be
Love potion of the stream and sea,
Land-blent like other winter snows.

The winds of March are requiem
For this blind season white and pale;
Enshrouded with a mist-fine veil
Its alabaster diadem.

A valiant death whose avatar
Is blessed as its brother, sleep,
Renewing in the earth root-deep
The shining livery of our star.

Our star, our world, that smiles again
Across the margin of the void,
Across the vast expanse destroyed,
And now reborn in April rain.

John LaCroix, '32.



VOL. X.

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Editorial

Ralph S. Daniels, '30

THE CHURCH AND ATHLETICS

The Church has always favored athletics. Indeed, it is true that the Church in this, as in most other things beneficial, has taken the lead. She knows that the soul of man works best in a body that is clean and healthy. Grace presupposes nature. A body vitiated by sinful indulgence and hankering for sensual pleasure is a poor instrument for the soul. Hence, a reasonable and well-ordered care of the body is part of Catholic asceticism.

If at times the Church is called upon to condemn certain forms of amusement, it is because in them lurk dangers to the soul. Now, the most innocent amusements can for one reason or another become spiritual snares. And the business of the Church is to save the souls committed to her care. This is the one thing that matters to her. If sports do not interfere with spiritual interests, then the Church not only tolerates, but fosters them.

Exchange

Carroll Hickey, '30

THE CANISIUS MONTHLY

There is something very individual about *The Canisius Monthly*. It has in its format something almost magnetic which calls for immediate attention. Before opening the cover of this magazine, we knew what to expect; and we were not disappointed. *The Monthly* is just a little superior to most of our exchanges. Manifestly, the contributors to this periodical are men of exceptional ability. In his story, "*Le Garrison de Mort*," Mr. Brzezicki proves himself to be a master at description, and the pure quality and tone of his prose is remarkable. Thus: "The sky was an untainted blue, save for a few matutinal clouds of angelic white which appeared for all the world like uneven tufts of cotton. In all directions, farther than the eye could penetrate, lay an undulating, bisque-ecru sheet of scorching sand. He gazed at his life's heyday in a civilized world—a life that he had forsaken, that he could never resume. . . ." Congratulations to *The Monthly*!

THE GOTHIC

There is no periodical in our files more stately in appearance than *The Gothic*, published at the Seminary of the Sacred Heart. Herein we find a delightful assortment of prose and poetry, with bits of humor which add to the literary merit of *The Gothic*. The most interesting as well as the most instructive features of this issue is an essay on Martin Luther. The author writes with zest, in a fresh, entertaining style, and the interest of the reader is retained throughout. We take this occasion to congratulate the editors of the "Dramatic Department" on their splendid work. During the past few months, we have read several theatrical reviews in various college periodicals, but never a more interesting one than that in this latest *Gothic*. The article on Eugene O'Neill was remarkably well done, and we have only the highest praise for the

editors of this entertaining department. As to the literary merit of *The Gothic*, we have only words of commendation. We suggest, however, that the material contained in *The Gothic* be arranged in a more logical order so as to give a well-balanced appearance to the magazine.

THE OZANAM

The Ozanam, from St. John's, Toledo, Ohio, is an old friend of ours, never lacking in literary merit or originality of style. In this issue we found much to be commended, little to be criticized. First and foremost, let us thank Mr. Mullen, the author of "Science and Sociability." In this enticing sally upon a student's attitude toward his college, we found great enjoyment and profit. He would have us acquire "a broad enough knowledge of life to be able partially to understand it, a keen sensitiveness to realize that there are so many things which are not understood at all." The reading of this essay will tend to help those who sometimes wonder if college, after all, is not a waste of time. The article dealing with the life of Arnold Bennett, while instructive, becomes a bit tiresome. Our advice to the author is: forget unimportant facts and try to acquire a fresh, easy style. Everything considered, *The Ozanam* reflects credit on the students of St. John's, and we eagerly await the forthcoming issues.

Alumni Notes

John P. Gorman, '30

NEW YORK CLUB NEWS AND BRIEFS

The first dinner-and-smoker of the new year was held by the Providence Club of New York in the Gold Room of the Columbus Club Hotel in New York City. These dinners-and-smokers are held at regular intervals throughout the year and the unusually large attendance at this one bespeaks the popularity that they hold for the members, and indicate the spirit of coöperation that exists among the Grads.

A message of greeting was read from Johnny Farrell, '25, Graduate Manager of the Providence College A. A. The basketball schedules, which were sent to the club, were distributed and received much favor. There is no doubt that the Friars will always have a large and enthusiastic cheering section of Grads., when they play in the Metropolis.

Thomas J. McBride, '25, of Carteret, N. J., and William J. Bannon, '26, of New York City, were admitted to membership in the club at a business meeting held prior to the dinner.

Fred Fratus, '25, of Providence, spent the week-end in New York City recently, and, while there, was guest of the Alumni Club. Fred spent an enjoyable time renewing old acquaintances, and he claims New York hospitality to be unsurpassed.

There is quite a large colony of Providence College Grads. at 545 West 111th street, New York. Among the latest arrivals are Franny Dwyer, '24, and Tim Sullivan, '25.

Anyone from Providence or elsewhere, while in New York, can obtain information from any of the following three Grads., whose offices are located close to the Grand Central Station: Jack O'Neill, '24, Credit Manager of Cluett, Peabody & Co., 452 Lexington avenue; Howard Bradley, '24, Divisional Sales Manager of Henry Mandel Associates, In-

corporated, 10 East 40th street, or from Tom Grimes, '24, Legal Department of the Lumber Mutual Casualty Insurance Company, 41 East 42nd street.

We have received a communication from Will Hoban, '24, former Manager of the Chevrolet Company of Hartford, Conn. Will informs us that he has secured the Ford Dealer franchise in Attleboro and North Attleboro, with a branch in each town. The firm is known as Paine-Hoban, Inc. Needless to say, that if you are in the market for a car, you will be sure of getting the best there is from Will.

The recent victory over Holy Cross brought us in contact with many of the Grads. who were home on vacation, and many others who came to see their Alma Mater defeat Holy Cross. Among those present were Chuck Murphy, '28, former captain of the Friar basketball team; Steve Nawrocki, '29, former football captain and now coach of the Durfee High basketball team, which is now tied for the interscholastic championship; Frank Flynn, '28, who has entered Columbia School of Business; George Treanor, '29, who is at Harvard Law School, and Frank Greene, '29, to whom we offer our congratulations on his recent marriage in Providence, January 25th; Jack Coughlan, '29, now teaching in Millis, Mass., and Jack Horrigan, '28, he of the iron hat and famous cigar, who is selling bonds in utter contempt of the recent Wall street fiasco.

Chronicle

Charles C. Quirk, '30

MID-YEAR EXAMS Those trying ordeals which disrupt the easy tenor of the collegian's life and plunge him into the depths of despair and horrible doubt, have once more been endured by the Men of Providence. At this writing the Mid-Year's have been concluded and the fatal report cards have been placed in the hands of critical parents.

One who has never had the opportunity of attending college can hardly appreciate the nerve-racking tension of this trying period. For three days, twice a day, we file into our classrooms and are presented with a typewritten test sheet and the inevitable blue-book. For two hours we rack our brains for the answers which were so obvious the previous evening or at an earlier hour the same morning. The ceiling, the walls, the floor, and the man in front of us are impervious to our gaze. They fail woefully to inspire us.

Finally from the confusion of ideas there arises some order and relevancy. A little ray of light penetrates the gloom and we immediately start the process of deduction or induction which eventually leads us to give written form to the conclusions formulated in our minds. One by one our brother classmates turn in their papers and the time draws closer to the moment when the bell will end it all. With a sigh of relief, we close our book after a hurried last-minute perusal and placing it with the others upon the Prof's. desk, walk out of the room in almost the same state of mind as when we entered.

Then follow the days of waiting for the postman to deliver the fatal missive. Try as we will to console ourselves with philosophical axioms, we can never quite throw off that feeling of uncertainty and depression which hangs heavily over us until we have ripped open the envelope and scanned the farthest column to the right.

All this is over now and we can breathe more easily for a brief

period, firmly resolved to study a little harder. But the temptation "to take it easy" is great and when the Finals arrive, we may pass through the same heart-breaking days and experience the same anxiety.

SECOND SEMESTER OPENS With the return of the Seniors on January 30th, the student body of Providence College embarked upon the final lap of their journey through the Scholastic year of 1929-30.

Those who survived the ravages of the Mid-Year Exams held their heads high as they filed into the College Auditorium, for the Celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We, personally, know of no finer sensation than that which a collegian experiences as he once more takes his place among his classmates after a particularly trying session with the blue-books. It gives one a feeling that he still "belongs."

The Reverend Father J. B. McGwin, O.P., M.A., Professor of Sociology, was celebrant of the Mass which inaugurated the new semester and at the conclusion of the ceremony the Reverend Father Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President of the College, addressed the assembled students.

Doctor McCarthy stressed the aim of the College and the Faculty in building up and strengthening character. He exhorted the students to help one another in this all-important duty and he concluded by saying that, unless we succeed in this phase of our collegiate training, all our education is in vain.

BASKETBALL Although it is not exactly in our province to include an account of our triumphs upon the court, we nevertheless feel that the splendid work of our Friars deserves some comment in this column.

After viewing the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the crowds that witnessed our two latest conquests with St. John's and Holy Cross, we can in no way doubt the nascent coöperation of the student body or the spirit of our ardent supporters. Never have we seen such unrestrained cheering as that which broke forth at Infantry Hall when through the efforts of Johnny Krieger, Larry Wheeler, Bill McCue, Capt. Szydla, Chick Gainor, and Jimmy Welch we managed to eke out a last-minute victory over Holy Cross. It appears that, through the efforts of Providence College, basketball will soon be one of the most popular sports in Rhode Island.

To date we have won eight victories in 10 starts and we number among our victims some of the outstanding aggregations in the East. Already sports-writers are hailing the Dominicans as potential champions of the East.

We congratulate the team, as a whole, for the clean sportsmanship which they have displayed upon all occasions. We thank Coach McClellan for his tireless efforts in "whipping" the team into shape. We appreciate the work of the "subs" who offer such indispensable service to the 'Varsity in their daily workouts. We offer our unstinted praise to Johnny Krieger and Bill McCue who form one of the greatest forward combinations ever to grace a collegiate basketball court; to Larry Wheeler, who is being hailed as one of the best centers ever developed in the East, and to Capt. Stan Szydla and Chick Gainor for their consistent work in the back-court.

Elaborate plans are being made by the Class of '32 for the SOPH annual Sophomore Hop which will be held in the College HOP Auditorium on the night of Feb. 28. The affair will be semi-formal. Judging from the tentative arrangements which call for novel decorations and a well-known orchestra, we feel safe in assuming that the event will undoubtedly be another success.

The committee in charge consists of the officers of the Sophomore class together with the following gentlemen: Thomas Nestor, William Davy, and Walter Burke.

DEBATING As we go to press we find ourselves on the eve of the first intercollegiate debate engaged in by the Providence College Debating Society this year. On the evening of Feb. 7, Holy Cross College of Worcester Mass., will come to the College Auditorium prepared to uphold the Negative of the question, "*Resolved: That the Principle of the Chain Stores is Economically Sound.*" Messrs. Owen McGivern, '31; George W. Wessell, '30, and David J. O'Neil, '31, will comprise the Crusader team.

Messrs. Daniels, Dodd, and Aylward of the Society will present the Affirmative argument. Both teams have been applying themselves diligently in the preparation of briefs and we look forward to a very interesting session upon the rostrum.

GUZMAN HALL

Edward Carlson, 'CB

The satisfactory performance of duties has brought a second term to each of the Philomusian Club officers of last semester.

Friday evening, February 14th, the first debate of the year will be held. The subject is the feasibility of the proposed 13-month calendar.

Messrs. Fenwick, Madden, Roth, and Snider; Fleming, Flood, Larnen, and McGinley, who sacrificed much of their free time during the recent vacation, placing wainscotting around the study-hall and painting the upper dormitory and the kitchen, are to be highly commended for their work and their spirit.

Did you notice the write-up our Guzman quintet received in the papers of February 1st? As for the game itself, Hermes certainly had Argus entranced during that last minute.





John E. Krieger, '31

PROVIDENCE VS. SPRINGFIELD

at Providence, Jan. 11th, 1930

Putting the Gym Teachers Through Their Exercises

The more baskets a team makes, the more points it compiles according to the wise words of some ancient philosopher of basketball. Coach McClellan's Friars, informed of the aforesaid basketball philosophy and quite anxious to try the stunt, proceeded to shoot baskets twice as rapidly as Springfield in the annual meeting of the schools and as a result rolled up twice as many points. The final score of the affair was 47-21. It was the third win in five starts for our sharpshooters.

Time was when New England basketball fans would gasp at the idea of defeating Springfield. That time was even as recent as last year until the "Traveling Dominicans" of that time journeyed to the lair of the potential gym teachers and smothered them for their first defeat in five years on their home court. About 900 witnessed the downfall of the invaders this year, but with nary a show of emotion save when the Friars exhibited some fancy shooting. Such is the reputation and consequent expectations of a title-contender !

Providence assumed an early lead by dint of some spectacular goal-shooting. McCue and Wheeler, with long and short shots, were instrumental in rolling up the lead. Once the Friars had taken the lead, they were never headed. Springfield threatened a trifle in the second-half, but Captain Stan Szydla and Chick Gainor guarded well enough to kill the flurry. Ackerman, visiting forward, was the only successful enemy to pierce our defence for a respectable score.

The score of the game:

PROVIDENCE—41				SPRINGFIELD—28			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
McCue, rf	5	0	10	Becker, rf	1	1	3
Welch, rf	1	1	3	Ackerman, lf	4	1	9
Krieger, lf	6	0	12	Poten, c	2	0	4
Wheeler, c	4	0	8	Geesman, c	0	0	0
Szydla, rg	2	0	4	Miller, rg	1	0	0
Cody, rg	0	0	0	Coutch, rg	2	0	0
Burns, lg	2	0	4	Cameron, rg	2	0	0
Gainor, lg	2	0	4	Elerin, lg	0	2	2
Totals	20	1	41	Total	11	6	28
Referee—Parker, Boston University.				Time—Two 20-minute halves.			

PROVIDENCE VS. MIDDLEBURY

at Providence, Jan. 16, 1930

Hobbling the Vermont Champs

Invading Providence fresh from victories over leading New England colleges and with a championship title of the State of Vermont dangling as a trophy from their belts, Middlebury College was given a lesson in basketball by the Friars before a capacity crowd at La Salle gym. Pre-game reports favored Middlebury to give the White and Black Courtiers plenty of opposition, and some experts even went so far as to concede the invaders a victory. The score, Providence, 44-Middlebury, 24, proves the faulty reasoning of the aforesaid experts.

Swinging into high gear at the very outset, Providence soon rolled up a comfortable margin. At half time McClellan's dribblers were leading, 20-11. In the second-half our 'Varsity, shooting with the finesse that won them honors last year, passing with the accuracy that thrilled onlookers, and exhibiting perfect team play, soon drew far away from the Vermont champions. In fact, so much did they slow the opposition down that we consider the term "hobble" in the caption quite appropriate.

Captain Stan Szydla furnished our rooters with plenty to cheer about by flashing a brilliant game in the back guard. Szydla was all over the court, breaking up enemy formations. He was ably assisted by Larry Wheeler, and the eel-like Chick Gainor. Bill McCue continued his fine marksmanship by contributing 12 points to the Friar total. Wheeler also shot in the double figures. The opposing forwards did most of the scoring for Middlebury.

The score of the game:

PROVIDENCE—44				MIDDLEBURY—24			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, lf	8	0	16	Ballukian, lf	1	1	3
Welch	0	0	0	Ashdown	3	1	7
McCue, rf	5	2	12	Johnson, rf	1	0	2
Derivan	0	0	0	Embler	1	0	2
Wheeler, c	4	4	12	Humeston, c	1	0	2
Dromgoole	0	0	0	Bellefont	0	0	0
Gainor, lg	1	0	2	Casey, lg	2	0	4
Rice	0	0	0	Hoffman	1	0	2
Szydla, rg	0	2	2	Valois, rg	1	0	2
Cody	0	0	0	Ragatz	0	0	0
Total	18	8	44	Total	11	2	24
Referee—Tower.				Time—20-minute periods. Umpire—Lewis.			

PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS

at Worcester, Jan. 18th, 1930

That Adage, "A Miss is as Good, Etc."

Proving to the satisfaction of 2000 fans that our basketball team can take a gruelling, give a gruelling, and then show how basketball should be played, Providence demonstrated effectively our superiority over Holy Cross in the annual jamboree between the two teams at Worcester. The final score was 34-33, but then to quote that ancient aphorism, "A Miss is as Good as a Mile."

The game was perhaps one of the fastest and roughest that our banner-carriers have played this year. The smallness of the Holy Cross court tended to roughen play considerably. As a result the Friars lost some of their effectiveness, but combined enough accurate shooting to eke out a one-point margin.

Captain Stan Szydla again flashed with some smart basketball. He pulled down passes and retrieved shots with the skill of an accomplished practitioner in the art of basketball. Bill McCue, Larry Wheeler, and Chick Gainor were other leading lights. Gainor played his best game of the year in collecting a total of ten points and holding his forward scoreless.

Jim Farrell and Gene Maffeo led the Cross scorers with nine points apiece. Farrell was particularly dangerous with his long heaves from mid-court.

The win was our third straight over our Worcester rivals in two years of play. Last year our team drubbed them twice and with our latest win, hopes are being held for a double victory again this year. The Purple appears at Infantry Hall later in the year.

The score of the game:

PROVIDENCE—34			
	G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, lf	4	4	12
McCue, rf	2	1	5
Wheeler, c	3	0	6
Gainor, lg	4	2	10
Szydla, rg	0	1	1
Totals	13	8	34

HOLY CROSS—33

	G.	F.	Pts.
Donovan, lf	0	0	0
Russell, lf	0	0	0
Desautels, rf	3	2	8
Shannahan, rf ...	1	1	3
Driscoll, c	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, c	2	0	4
Hickey, lg	0	0	0
Maffeo, lg	4	1	9
Leary, rg	0	0	0
Farrell, rg	4	1	9
Totals	14	5	33

Referee—Coady. Umpire—Milligan.

PROVIDENCE VS. WORCESTER POLYTECH

at Providence, Jan. 22nd, 1930

Conquering the Engineers

Notwithstanding three days of mid-year examination-ordeals, Providence still retained enough dash to score their fifth straight win at the expense of Worcester Tech., 33-18. It was evident that the exams had wrought havoc with our courtmen for at times they played as though their feet were encased in snowshoes. Providence failed to show the usual fast passing games and accurate shooting that they have been exhibiting all year. But then mid-year's always were instruments of mental indigestion and poor athletics.

The Friars failed to impress until the last ten minutes of the game. Bill McCue led the basket-barrage by tallying ten points. Larry Wheeler, Chick Gainor, and Stan Szydla were other prominent figures in the win.

Those flaunting the Providence beauseant scored first, when Wheeler dropped one through the cords. His basket was the signal for a general peppering of the net by McCue, Gainor, and Szydla. After this flurry, Providence relaxed to the extent that the score was tied at eight points all. Another spurt in the latter part gave us a 19-9 lead at the end of the first half. The lead was maintained throughout the remainder of the game. Asp, visiting guard, shone for his team with a total of seven points. His play was a feature of the enemy attack.

The score of the game:

PROVIDENCE—33			
	G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, lf	4	1	9
Welch, lf	1	0	2

WORCESTER POLYTECHIC—18

	G.	F.	Pts.
Downing, rf	0	0	0
Cullen, rf	1	0	2

McCue, rf	4	2	10	Purrington, lf	0	2	2
Wheeler, c	1	1	3	Smith, lf	0	2	2
Dromgoole, c	0	0	0	Graham, c	2	1	5
Derivan, rg	0	0	0	Asp, rg	3	1	7
Szydla, rg	2	0	4	Walker, lg	0	0	0
Cody, rg	0	0	0	Gartrell, lg	0	0	0
Gainor, lg	2	1	5				
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals	14	5	33	Total	6	6	18
Referee—Parker.							

PROVIDENCE VS. ST JOHN'S

at Providence, Jan. 25th, 1930

The End of a Long Trail

Winners of twelve straight games and perched at the top of Eastern basketball reckonings by virtue of their successes, St. John's College entered Providence, stacked up against our basketball team, stumbled momentarily, and then fell to defeat in their quest for victim No. 13. It was our seventh victory in nine starts. The score of the game Providence, 31; St. John's, 21.

The game was the hardest fought affair ever played in this city. A seesawing of the lead from time to time and the consequent brilliant play of both teams to regain that lead served to keep a crowd of one thousand basketball fans in a state of nervous suspense. The apparent one-sidedness of the score does not indicate the type of battle that it really was. Up until the final two minutes of play, Providence led by a narrow margin of two points, but a basket-barrage in the closing seconds brought the lead to a comfortable margin.

Providence immediately assumed the lead by clicking the net for five points ere St. John's could register. The visitors, however, then started scoring and from then until the final whistle, the game was the cleverest ever staged between collegiate teams in these parts. The Friars led at half time, 16-9, but relinquished the lead soon after the start of the second half. First the red-suited invaders would score and then Providence would equalize by sinking spectacular long shots. Until the final two minutes of play but two points separated the teams. The Brooklyn aggregation was kept in the battle mainly through the scoring efforts of Schuckman, hawk-eyed forward, who rang the counting station for thirteen points. Larry Wheeler was a tower of strength to our cause by contributing a like number in addition to playing a remarkable floor game.

To describe interesting phases of the game would take more space

than is permitted. Let it be said in conclusion that the lanky and left-handed Bill McCue, the likewise angular Larry Wheeler, Chick Gainor, and Captain Stan Szydla all played brilliant ball. It was by far the most brilliant basketball effort ever turned in by a Providence basketball quintet and the repeated brilliant plays sent the large crowd that witnessed the game absolutely frantic time and again.

The box score of the game:

PROVIDENCE—31				ST. JOHN'S—21			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, lf	2	5	9	Kinsbrunner, lf ..	0	0	0
Welch, lf	1	1	3	Posnak, rf	0	1	1
McCue, rf	0	2	2	Stephens, rf	0	0	0
Wheeler, c	4	5	13	Begonich, c	1	0	2
Gainor, lg	0	2	2	Neary, c	0	0	0
Szydla, rg	1	0	2	Cusack, c	0	0	0
	—	—	—	Hinchcliffe, lg ...	2	0	0
Total	8	15	31	O'Shea, lg	0	1	1
				Schuckman, rg ...	5	3	13
					—	—	—
				Total	8	5	21

Referee—Parker. Umpire—Moore. Time—20-minute periods.

JUST A REMINDER

The recent winning spurt of the basketball team and the consequent support that it should be given, furnished us with the incentive to pound out a few inches via the trusty Underwood. To date our courtiers have been successful in seven of their nine starts, six of the wins being consecutive affairs. Despite the fact that several of the wins are over major opponents the support that should be in evidence is sadly lacking. While it is true that the Northeastern and the St. John's struggles drew capacity crowds, the attendance at the Middlebury, Springfield, and Worcester Tech. games was hardly commendable. The fact that a school of seven hundred students has a contender for Eastern basketball honors should send the blood tingling up the spines of Providentians and instill in them a flush of pride for our pennant-buzzing basketeers.

COACH McCLELLAN AGAIN

Again we must take time out to review that tallish General Al McClellan, alias Providence College's basketball coach. He has done oodles towards preparing a winning team by creating harmony wherever he has the fortune to push his six-foot-three frame. Upon an inspection of the General during his spare time, we find that he still spends hours wandering through five-and-ten-cent-stores, eating ice cream sundaes, and drawing new basketball plays on envelopes.

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MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Charlie O'Donnell, 60 Washington
St.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

M. Steinert & Sons, 495 Westmin-
ster St.

NEWSPAPERS

The Providence News
The Providence Tribune

PLUMBERS

Macomber Bros., 28 No. Union St.,
Pawtucket, R. I.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Mahr & Meliklan Studio, Jackson
Bldg., 511 Westminster St.

PRINTERS

Providence Visitor Press.

RESTAURANTS

Asia Restaurant, 162 Westminster
St.

St. Regis, 129 Weybosset St.,
Providence.

SHOE REPAIRING

Hub Shoe Repairing Co., 62
Washington St.

SLATE AND MARBLE

Providence Marble & Slate Works,
470 West Exchange St.

SPORTING GOODS

Belcher & Loomis, 122-130 West
Exchange Street.

Wright and Ditson, Providence

STATIONERY

Freeman's, 79 Westminster St.
Providence Paper Co., 42 Weybos-
set St.

Weiss Stationery Co., 492 West-
minster St., Prov.

TAILORS

A. Gilstein, 6 Pinehurst Ave.

TUXEDOS

Read and White, 210 Woolworth
Building

Waldorf Clothing Co., 212 Union St.

TYPEWRITERS

Neilan Typewriter Exchange, 43
Weybosset St.

Office Appliance Co., 53 Weybosset
St., Providence, R. I.

A. H. Sanborn, 60 Weybosset St.

VICTROLAS

Shepard's Victrola Store.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Brownell, Field Co., Providence

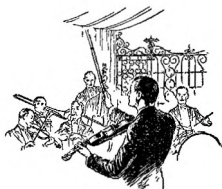
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February 28th



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