

**THE
ALEMBIC
PROVIDENCE
COLLEGE**

Vol. XIII No. 9

June, 1933

WHO'S WHO HEREIN

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They say that Caesar detested scribblers. That's because he never was charged with editing a magazine. Once the necessity of finding suitable articles and stories arises, scribblers become men to be feted and lionized, not detested. **The Alembic** has suffered considerably from a want of interest on the part of the majority of the student body in the matter of submitting papers for publication in its columns. Students who have contributed have our heartiest appreciation and those who have conducted departments regularly deserve an extra bit of praise for their work.

We have enjoyed some of the criticism that we received. When **Dan Higgins** expressed his honest opinion of things dramatic a good deal of copy poured out of the **Tie-Up** to show how utterly deficient Higgins was in critical ability. We never investigated it but we believe the man who wrote most of the **Paragraphs in the Tie-Up** was a good contributor to the **Alembic** and although we never agreed with his view of the dramatic situation we most certainly recognize his right to express himself on the subject. Others want us to make the **Alembic** a 'humor mag.' We have no intention of doing that, and when a change is made it will become strictly scholarly, something it is not a present. If humor is wanted, and it ought to be, let the student body wake up and support some worthwhile medium devoted to humor exclusively. Still others queried about the ads. Why didn't we get more lively copy? Why not run better-looking ads? The answer to that is that you must use the copy the advertiser supplies, and finding advertisers is itself a real task in these days.

And so it goes. We recognize the defects of the magazine and we have plans prepared for the time when it will be possible to make it better and more interesting to its readers, scholars and non-scholars. But for the criticism of those who neither contribute to its columns nor offer an intelligent proposal for its improvement we have no time and no patience.

The writers this month are not all new but one is, **Henry F. Jason Jr., '33**. His article on the **Wandering Jew** touches a subject that was always interesting as a legend and has become timely since the Hitlerites began their strange ousting of Jewish merchants, scholars and athletes in Germany. The legend is so old and many-sided that only the barest outline could be suggested here, but if it stimulates anyone to further study of this engaging folk-tale it will do all its author expected.

Charles E. Mulhearn, '33, was working on a drama for this issue but decided to change it to a story. It didn't suffer a single bit in the transformation and it provides a story that is oddly built. The play of humor is constant and is continual and the ending is what you never expected.

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MEN'S STORE

Words

By

J. Ford McGowan, '35

I AM NOT so much the bromide as to preface my humble observations on this subject by reminding you that words are media through which ideas are expressed; nor so addicted to epigrams as to quote that "words show what we should be but deeds show what we are." I propose to look at words as we look at people—as personal and significant beings. For in my meagre experiences I have found fallacy in both the above contentions: we all know people to utter many series of words without the remotest semblance of an idea being expressed; likewise, individuals have so explained their actions to us that their deeds did not show what they were—their words did. But enough of people! Let us turn to the subject of words, which is to me as interesting and worthy of a man's mettle as any I know.

In the first place, man is as much a conversational being as a social one. Words are as necessary to him as friends. And usually, in the case of both, a few do not suffice; for are we not constantly adding friends to our group, and words to our vocabularies? And can it not be said with security from challenge that one who is not found to be doing these things is irregular, subnormal? If a man cannot agree with people, it is useless for him to acquire the use of many fine words. Conversely, one who neglects to maintain a modern and adequate vocabulary is of no conversational worth to those with whom he associates. Caution here as elsewhere, however, against intemperance. A superabundance of friends is often fatal to individuality, and an oversupply of words begets Verbosity—a social sin. Let both be well-chosen and true; ready when needed, ready to defend, but never to condemn.

Personalities vary. We must catalogue people according to their traits and characteristics. An interesting analogy may be drawn with words, which bear close parallel to humans. Let us examine the various types of both simultaneously. For example, there is what

I am pleased to term the "Verb type." This refers to a very efficient, active young man who is always working hard toward some objective. He is forever serving on some committee or other, never idle, all in all an indispensable person to all who know him. Not so energetic, but more of a check, and, when necessary, an inspiration to the former, is friend Adverb. He likes to coördinate activity that none may be in vain. A patient explainer, he has cleared up many doubts in my mind as to method and means. Next comes the Adjective. In many languages, adjectives are both masculine and feminine; but in English I cannot resist the temptation to consider all my adjectives feminine. Nay, further—Miss Adjective must keep company with Adverb. The two are so alike, so delightful to associate with. What a pity that rules of grammar forbid them to be near each other in sentences! Unfortunately, she has sisters who are mean, just as his brothers are, some of them, distasteful to me. Some members of her family are plain and ordinary, while others are colorful, picturesque, vivid figures—really charming. They must be, for my next dear friend finds life drab and uninteresting unless he is accompanied by at least one of her sisters. I refer to the stoutest of heart, most dependable of nature, and longest in the ranks of my acquaintances, good old Noun. He may not be as vigorous as the others, but he holds a high place in the esteem of all

who know him...and who does not? Only when necessary do I sacrifice his company in favor of that lesser mortal, his near-name-sake, Pronoun. Preposition is small and wiry, usually a step ahead of the other two. He is brief and direct, and always has an object in view. A good mixer, but like so many little fellows with long names that everyone has on his roster of companions, sometimes confusing. In size he resembles Messrs. Conjunction and Interjection; but these are never found in his immediate vicinity. Con is the bond that ties many friends together. Without him, many of them would separate into factions and be forever shut apart from each other by the period, but Con is equal to any occasion, and frequently patches up difficulties of such a nature. Interjection, the third of the tiny trio, pops up quite unexpectedly—usually when I am in a predicament. He is a tonic to tortured nerves, ready at my side whenever an outlet for emotional energy is necessary. His family, like those of my other friends, is varied. Some members are very mild and weak by nature; others strong—sometimes to the point of being offensive to people of sensitive temperament.

...All these I number among my friends. As you have noted, they compose as motley an array as could be desired. Yet we all have such friends, and we know that each fills his own peculiar niche. Each, too, is endowed with innumerable relations whose acquaintance is well worth cultivating. Whether we are speaking of people or words, it is evident that no normal person is content with knowing just a few.

As for lineage, most of my word-friends can point to a derivation that would rival the family tree of the most aristocratic. The Mayflower? Why, many of my word-friends' ancestors voyaged in Roman triremes, walked the floor of the senate chamber with Cicero, or from the throne of Pharaoh saw the now ancient pyramids gradu-

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And Suddenly—

By

Charles E. Mulhearn, '33

THE Leighton Apartment Hotel at 1000 Park Avenue, New York City had the estimable reputation of being the most exclusive of any in that locality, and the suite of rooms on the fifteenth floor front, occupied by Miss Agatha Brinsley, a wealthy spinster, was also considered the finest in the building.

It was dusk, and the room was barely illumined by the light that would soon be a part of another day. Jack Nawton, Miss Agatha's nephew was lying on a divan, the only sane looking piece of furniture in the room. Both his mother and father being dead, Jack, when not at college lived with the Aunt. Bob Landow, his chum, stood at the window watching the many sights.

"Great view from here," sighed Bob.

"Yes," answered Jack in an uninterested manner, "very."

"You couldn't ask for a more beautiful sight," mused Bob reminiscently. "It was worth a million dollars...you don't appreciate the beauties of nature, Jack."

"And you," said Jack, somewhat irritated, "have you ever seen the Grand Canyon?"

"Why, no," came the somewhat startled reply, "what about it?"

"Well, if you've never seen the Grand Canyon, and you call a view like this a beauty of nature, your aesthetic sense is rather flat."

Bob realized his friend wanted to argue; consequently he didn't answer him, nor did Jack continue the conversation. Bob pulled on the light behind him, opened the magazine to no certain page, and in a short time was deeply interested in one of its stories. Jack was about to say something once or twice but each time he remained quiet.

Eventually he arose and walked to the writing desk. He was soon writing in a manner that suggested determination and a mild temper. Writing a few more lines, he cast the pen aside, carefully blotted the paper and then leaned

back in the chair reading his hastily written note. He arose and walked toward Bob, handing him the paper. "Here, read this. I guess it will explain everything to the point."

Bob took the note glancing over it quickly, "What is it? Whom is it for?"

Jack seemed disconsolate. "Oh, my Aunt Agatha," he paused for a moment and then continued. "I've decided to let her know I'm through."

Bob tried to hand back the note. "Oh well, you'd better keep this to yourself...I haven't any time poking my nose into family affairs."

But Jack pushed the paper aside. "This is confidential...I have more faith in you than anyone I know of."

"I understand all that," answered his friend, "but why don't you go to her room now and talk with her?"

"No," he persisted, "after I've gone that note will be representative of me. Let her read it over once in a while...she'll realize every time that her plans were useless."

Bob's conscience bothered him...once more he thrust the paper into Jack's hand. "I'd rather have you keep it to yourself...it's none of my business."

Jack was disgusted. "Read that note and tell me what you think of it," and once more Bob had the

note. "Go ahead and read it!" he exclaimed, "read it aloud...I must know if it's really impressive." There was nothing else to do; Bob had to give in. "Well if you insist," he replied, commencing to read the note.

"Aunt Agatha," he hesitated a moment and then looked up at Jack. "I think if you began with 'My Dear Aunt Agatha,' it would sound much better."

Jack shook his head. "Just plain 'Aunt Agatha' is good enough...she isn't dear to me any longer."

Thus Bob read the note. "Aunt Agatha:—I've decided to tell you that I'm through. Your plans for my future were not in accordance with my own. Everything I have will be lost. Everything I hoped to gain will go besides. I'm leaving for California; sorry I can't stay for the wedding. Jack." Bob stared at the paper before him, amazed at the apparent foolishness of it all. But Jack was satisfied.

"That sounds great," he remarked, "short and sweet."

"What does it all mean?" asked Bob, "is your Aunt getting married?"

Once again Jack was his old aggressive self. "Just the opposite," he grumbled. "If I stay around here much longer I'll be the one to marry."

Bob was puzzled. "You mean to someone other than Dorothy?"

"Truer words were never spoken," came the abrupt reply.

"Really!" exclaimed Bob, now quite enthusiastic about the note.

"Since you have my curiosity aroused, perhaps you might tell me who the fair lady is."

But Jack couldn't tell what she looked like, and he couldn't recall her last name, but he knew her first. He said it was Patrice and that she lived in Paris.

"Patrice from Paris," Bob repeated, as though he liked the aliteration of the words. "Sounds interesting to me—tell me everything."



"I thought you didn't want to be mixed up in family affairs," reminded Jack.

His friend smiled. "I've changed my mind...these affairs are just the right kind for me."

And so Jack told him how his father and mother had died when he was a child; how Aunt Agatha had been his faithful guardian for the past nineteen years, and that he had fulfilled her requests at all times to the best of his ability. "But," he added, "this is one she'll have to hang on the rack."

"And why does she want you to marry this Patrice?" inquired Bob.

"Because her wealthy sister in Paris, my Aunt Sadie, has suggested it in every letter for the past two years. She adopted Patrice as her ward about five years ago, and has promised to bestow nearly a quarter of a million dollars on us if we marry before the end of next month."

Bob acted a bit suspicious. "What kind of a woman is your Aunt Sadie?" he asked. "Is she kindhearted for reasons of her own, or is she just kindhearted?"

"I've never seen her," answered Jack, "except a few snapshots that Aunt Agatha has. She wears clothes that were the rage about twenty years ago, and from what I've heard she's as deaf as a bat, and a little eccentric."

Bob evidently was amused. "She'd have to be," he exclaimed, "in order to give away all that money for a wedding ring."

The two men discussed for the next ten minutes what Aunt Sadie might be like and then they began criticizing Aunt Agatha. They both agreed she was an adverse creature, cold as an iceberg, a domineering sort of woman. Bob advised Jack not to leave, but to stay with the Aunt, and while not consenting to marry Patrice, he could pretend to the Aunts that he had fallen in love at first sight. He further suggested that Jack develop a complex, but the latter didn't quite understand.

"Complex!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, a complex," continued Bob. "Keep them guessing, have

them wondering if you mean "Yes" when you say "No."

Jack remained quiet for a moment and then burst forth spontaneously, "I think I see the light—I'm to be a man of mystery, is that it?"

"That's just it," was the quick response, "and not only that, but have confidence in yourself, stand up for your rights, and tell them where to get off. Aunt Agatha will soon come to her senses." Bob realized that he could at any time, with the right provocation, convince Jack of what he thought was the correct thing. .he watched the reaction.

The disheartening look had disappeared from his face. "I see everything from a new angle now. I'm to have a complex—be mysterious and sincere, yet independent—boy, I'm about all set."

"I hope so," replied Bob rather dubiously.

But Jack continued as though he didn't hear Bob's answer. "Have confidence in myself, stand up for my rights, tell them where to get off—"

"This isn't a dream you know," interrupted Bob fearing his advice was a little hypnotic. "Have you told Dorothy about your plans?"

Jack appeared dazed. "Why, I haven't said anything to her yet."

"I think she should be considered before everyone else," suggested Bob. "You know Dorothy is a real friend."

Jack took offense at this. "I know it...are you trying to tell me something I don't know? I wouldn't put it past you to marry

her if I was forced to march up the aisle with Patrice."

"All right," Bob fairly shouted, throwing the note on the desk, "if your practising your complex stuff now I won't have it. As a mystery to me your an awful pain in the neck." He started for the door. "I'll drop in again—sometime...if I think you're in a better mood."

"Bob," Jack called as his friend was nearly out the door, "don't go. I guess I lost my head...I do say crazy things."

Bob hesitated a moment and then decided it was best to stay. "Well, maybe if I was in the same predicament things might be pretty hazy."

"Perhaps the whole thing might blow over," Jack remarked encouragingly.

"Most likely it will," answered Bob, his attitude now somewhat ironical. "Blow over the Atlantic from Paris to New York. Confidentially though," he advised once again, "you should have said something about it to Dorothy—she'd understand."

But Jack had made up his mind. "I shan't say a word to her until I'm obliged. Aren't three women enough trouble without bringing in a fourth?"

Bob was about to reply when he perceived Aunt Agatha standing in the doorway. In a moment Jack realized they were not alone. He turned about, but Bob greeted her first. "Oh...how do you do, Miss Brinsley."

"Very well, indeed," came the rather cool reply. "And you?"

"Never felt better in all my life," Bob answered as pleasantly as possible.

"You look it," she added sarcastically. She turned to her nephew. "What were you saying, Jack, when I came to the door?"

Jack pretended to forget. "Er...let me think...what did I say?"

Bob thought quickly. "Something about our Club members I believe."

"Something about women I believe," the Aunt interjected.

Jack did all in his power to convince her that what was being said could be of no interest, but

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The Wandering Jew

By

Henry F. Jason, Jr., '33

ON THAT dreary night the roads gave way to puddles, flashes of lightning seemed to find impetus in the wrath of God, and I, with each tremendous crash of thunder, was convinced of personal sinfulness. Along the way, I passed a cemetery, and a peculiar sensation came over me as I watched the eerie curls of light weave their mysterious pattern around the jutting tombstones; and I thought that the most peaceful place on that world-shattered night was the little cemetery with its cloistered dead. So to speak of death seems intensified morbidity, but for me it was peace in the heart of utter confusion.

In a melancholy mood, I thought that the forces of nature so often seem to crush the spirit from mankind, and the individual appears as a tool in the clutch of tribulations that enjoin man to seek solace and to share worldly trials only as long as need be to assure eternal reward. My mental tirade was interrupted by the voice of an acquaintance of Jewish extraction plodding his way homeward. And by some curious association, from out of the hodge-podge of musings came faint recollection of the story of the Wandering Jew.

*"I am the Jew of old accurst
Prey of storm and swelling;
Ageing not tho by years opprest;
While time endures will last my sorrow."*

As the story goes, the wandering Jew was a legendary character doomed to wander the world until the second coming of Christ because he taunted the dying Meassiah on the road to Calvary, saying, "Go quicker." Jesus replied, "I go, but thou shall wait till I return."

We know not the name of the unfortunate. Sometimes he is known as Isaac Loquedam which is Hebrew for "Isaac of old"; at other times, Paul Marrane, from Marranos, a secret society which flourished for many years in Spain. Then again, here and there over the world: Ahasuerus, Jo-

seph of Arimathea and Juan Espera en Deos. More often, however he is known as Kataphilos who served as a door-keeper in Pontius Pilate's palace. The story has a peculiar twist in that the legendary character was in some versions not a Jew but a Roman.

Perhaps the unfortunate plight of the Jewish race throughout the centuries induced the story-tellers and tale-makers to personify Judas in the character of the wandering Jew. It is a popular belief that because of the outrageous renunciation of the doctrines of Christ, and the repudiation of His promise of eternal life, the Jews have been subjected to supernatural punishment. The political, economic and social warfare that has been carried on against the Jewish race since the death of Christ makes this theory of the legend plausible.

The first record of the legend is found in a pamphlet published at Leyden in 1602. The story was related by Paulus von Eiyen, Bishop of Schleswig, who wrote that he had met at Hamburg, in 1542, a Jew named Ahaseurus, who claimed that he was "eternal," and was the same individual who had been punished by Christ. The pamphlet was supposed to have been written by Chrysostomus Dudulacus of Westphalia and published by Chritoff Crutzer. As a matter of fact, there is no record

that any such publisher ever existed.

The first really interesting account is found in the chronicles of St. Alban Abbe for 1228. A visiting Archbishop claimed that before leaving Armenia, he had met an unusual character called Joseph of Arimathea. Originally named Carthaphilos, he had admitted to the Archbishop that he had struck Christ; thereupon Christ had sentenced him to live until He returned. The story further explained that at the age of one hundred the unfortunate wretch reassumed the appearance of a man of thirty. It was further established that this Joseph of Arimathea, or Carthaphilos as he was more generally known, had been an eyewitness of the Crucifixion of Christ.

Later reports of the wanderings are numerous. Madame de Mazarin, writing to Madame de Bouillon, mentioned a Roman officer condemned by Christ to live for all time because of a serious sin against charity. She claimed that English university leaders, having questioned the wanderer, were convinced of the truth of his story.

The legend of the wanderer has intrigued many writers. A monk named Robert of Wendover mentions the unfortunate in his Flores Historiarum. Matthew of Paris completes the tale in his Historia Major, published about 1200. The authors, Lew Wallace and Eugene Sue wrote novels based on the story, and Beranger and Shelley made use of the legend in their poetry.

In Sue's novel the "Jew" wins redemption at last, and dies blessing God for His greatest mercy, death. Lew Wallace in his "Prince of India" depicts the character as the religious arbiter of the world. According to this account there was to be a universal brotherhood and all contrary tenets were to be heretical.

Shelley mentions the "Jew" in "Queen Mab," "Hellas" and the

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IN MEMORIAM

*Softly night crept up the valley
Where brave men had fought by day;
And the evening breezes sadly
Knelt beside the dead to pray.
Through the vale a trumpet sounded
Notes of farewell on the air;
And the breezes kissed the fallen—
For their loved ones were not there.
Sorrow settled o'er the valley
Where the poppies soon would grow,
Bringing to the world reminders
That we reap just what we sow.*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35.

Fireman for a Night

By

Frederick E. Poole, Jr., '34

IN a moment of asininity Milt Vincent agreed to take his cousin's place at the fire station while the cousin, Curly Littlefield, went dancing with his girlfriend.

"You'll just have to sit around," Curly told him. "I've been driving the hook-and-ladder for three years and there has never been a call on a Wednesday night yet. If the Chief should drop in, you look enough like me to fool him."

Thus it was that Milt found himself upstairs in the fire station playing checkers with Jack Mason, the chap who manipulated the wheel at the rear of the hook-and-ladder.

"Curly promised to be back by midnight," Milt observed, shoving his single king into a safety corner. "I hope no alarm comes in before that."

"Don't worry," Mason admonished. "The fellows often send substitutes here, but only on a Wednesday night. I've had my younger brother taking my place a dozen times." He marshalled his three kings for an attack on Milt's lone monarch.

At ten forty-five it came! A loud gong clanged downstairs. Mason and Milt were still playing checkers, but at the sound of the gong Mason jumped to his feet, pushed the table aside, and lifted Milt out of his chair.

"Listen," Mason said. "Go down, get into the driver's seat of the hook-and-ladder. When the hose engine goes out you follow it and keep following it. When we get to the fire simply follow instructions."

"But I—"

"Go on, and don't worry about the rear-end. I'll take care of that."

Milt slid down the shiny pole quite inexpertly, burning the palms of his hands considerably. He climbed into the front seat of the hook-and-ladder and his heart sank. The hood of the truck seemed to be a mile long; the ladders in back of him stretched away to infinity. That speck in the distance was Jack Mason slip-

ping behind the rear wheel. He waved assuringly to Milt.

"Say, who are you?"

A red-headed chap was climbing into the front seat beside Milt.

"Curly's substitute, eh?" he chuckled before Milt could answer for himself. "This is the first Wednesday that—there it is, there."

Milt had been fumbling around for the starter.

"Just follow the hose wagon and you'll be okay, kiddo," the red-head said, and he slapped a helmet onto Milt's head.

In the far distance Milt heard an explosion as his engine jumped to life; he was somewhat comforted, however, as he felt the steady pulsing of this crimson leviathan.

The hose truck, of seemingly tiny dimensions, pulled out of the right hand lane, and gingerly Milt released his clutch. The whole universe seemed to move with him at the controls. The blinding rays of the head-lights cut through a heavy blanket of fog that had descended on the outside world.

Milt drove into the fog and pulled the wheel to the right and was somewhat surprised to find that it offered no particular resistance. Before he realized it he had swung around in the street and he saw the tail light of the hose wagon growing dim in front of him. He accelerated to keep the guiding light in view; the red-head beside him murmured a word of encouragement.



Milt heard three other trucks roar out behind him. He shot a backward glance and beheld Jack Mason's upright form silhouetted against the fog-diffused rays of the lights of the following engines. Then he turned his attention to the red tail-light of the hose wagon before him.

The red-head was cranking the siren vigorously and someone in back was clanging the bell. On they raced, cutting through the gray vaporous curtain.

And then the guiding light seemed to dissolve into the fog; Milt felt sick.

"He turned to the right," yelled the red-head, sensing the tyro's bewilderment.

Milt hauled his wheel around and picked up the scent again. There followed a series of further turns, and Milt began to take heart. It thrilled him to see the many vehicles, dimly outlined, scurry from his path like frightened animals; through the mist he could discern slender pencils of shadow that were curious spectators on the sidewalks.

The siren continued to emit its eerie wail, synchronized with the full-throated clanging of the bell. The hose wagon turned another corner. Milt followed. The wind whistled in his ears and whipped tears into his eyes. The accelerator was half way to the floor board. The blood rushed through his body and his heart pounded against his ribs. His hands perspired.

Again the red light in front of him disappeared; Milt turned a corner and once more had the little red eye in view. He vouchsafed another backward glance and saw the twin head-lights and the blazing red lamp of the engine behind him. It was strange to think that that straight figure of Jack Mason—so far away—could be an integral part of the giant whose destinies he, Milt Vincent, was guiding.

The tail-light in front of him

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EDITORIAL

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PROFESSORIAL GOVERNMENT

Now that Prohibition is passing from the political picture the national and international writers and cartoonists are concentrating on the Roosevelt "Brain Trust." Any radical innovation attracts the poison-pens of individuals who must keep the public abreast of the times. The new method is important, however, because it may mean very much to every citizen of the country. Naturally, the politicians, who have been side-tracked and the business interests which have been checked in their exploitation, are denouncing the new type of government.

Just what success this novel experiment will attain it is difficult to ascertain, inasmuch as we are too close to the scene to get an accurate view. The politicians claim that there is too much secrecy and too little patronage, and the commercial groups maintain that the "Brain Trust" is too radical for conservative business. There may be truth in both accusations but we are inclined to believe that these

prejudicial opinions do not stand keen analysis.

Tradition has established the claim of politicians, and it has been suicidal in the past for any administration to fight big business. But these are different times; traditionalism is giving way to Utopianism. We must be practical before we can be idealistic. But with millions of men out of work, there must be a concentrated effort to remedy conditions. The politicians have failed miserably and the current opinion is that the price of the financial world cannot be paid by a starving nation. In boom times a generous spirit was manifest, but no man can overlook downright robbery when he has hungry children at home.

Perhaps the "Brain Trust" can produce benefits and reach that much publicized "forgotten man." Some are of the opinion that, as a people, we are not prepared to sustain that idealistic state which might be fancied by an honest and intellectual group. Nevertheless, if we hitch our bandwagon to the highest governmental star, we may be able to lift the nation from the sloughs of despond, and give every man, once again, the opportunity to maintain his own bread on his own table.

ADIEU

Parting—The most melancholy word in our vigorous language. Bitter-sweet must be this parting for we have enjoyed our allotted four years. One is reminded of Thackeray's, "The play is done—the curtain drops." Our four acts are ended, and as we walk from the stage, clothed in cap and gown, we look forward to taking a more intense role in the greater drama of life.

A spirit of sadness comes over us as we realize that we must leave, but sadness shaded with joy and tinged with envy. We realize that others will take our place, know our heartaches and happiness. They, too, will struggle through academic dilemmas, and, having passed

the acid tests, will join us in that ever increasing body of Providence College Alumni. We hope that their preparatory period will be as pleasant as that we have enjoyed.

As graduates we enter a new world not as sheltered nor as gentle as we have known. Having attained greater right, we must accept greater duty. The fields of activity, while as diversified as ever, are difficult to enter. At the present time there are obstacles that seem insurmountable, but the difficulties will toughen the physical and moral fibre and give strength to assure eventual success. There is every reason to believe that the prevalent depression must lift from a weary world. In normal times the competition is not so keen, and the confidence that spreads with some achievement will produce impetus for continued progress in which we may have great part.

HITLERISM

In an article in a recent issue of a nationalism publication Hilaire Belloc gives expression to one of the most pertinent and profound thoughts of the day. With characteristic power this eminent thinker points out that the departure from the doctrines promulgated by Christ has occasioned the confusion in the world. We have reached the stage when this departure means very much to every individual. The rebellion of the leaders has at last reached the stultified brain of the last remnant of humanity, and in this realization we have the decay of ideal and the corruption of moral force.

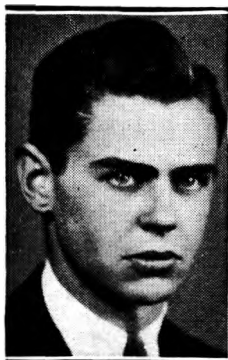
This article has particular significance at this time because of the tendency of government epitomized in the pagan spirit of Hitlerism. Today, Europe is turning its back on Democracy. They return to absolutism; they return to the principles of Nietzsche, and in that return we find an outspoken declaration against the spirit of Christianity. It is a sad day that brings the realization that the work of centuries to free man from tyranny is offered on the altar of gold. Indubitably, the prevalent political revolt is the result of economic frenzy and despair. Mankind, having squandered the wealth of the world, is unwilling to await the return to prosperity after payment of just debts. The irony of the situation destroys the desire of many to carry on, to maintain a sane doctrine which will assure prosperity without sacrificing the inherent rights of mankind ensuing from the expenditures of untold wealth and incalculable human hardship.

(Continued on Page 24)

MERELY PLAYERS

*"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players"*

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33



To mark our last appearance in these pages this bit of comment will be of a very general nature and will be confined entirely to dramatics as they are presented at Providence College.

It is not my intention to cast any serious reflections upon our college presentations. The Pyramid Players are, at all times, seriously handicapped. They cannot perform every play that happens along due perhaps to difficulties in casting, staging, and also for financial reasons. Then too, they are handicapped in the matter of filling feminine roles. There are two ways of solving this difficulty, one by making the college co-educational and the other by selecting plays with none or only one or two feminine roles. Obviously the latter method is chosen. But all of these drawbacks, taken collectively, restrict the activities of this group immensely, so that until they are entirely removed harsh criticism of this admirable group would be unjust.

But there is one fault to be mentioned and that is the extremes they reach in their selections of plays. Their undertakings are either too serious or else too light. Last fall their comedy presentation wasn't even laugh-provoking. "Richelieu" and their Shakespearean offerings of past years were of too heavy a nature for college productions. I do not wish to condemn their ambition in these undertakings nor do I want to detract in any way from the success they attained in these ventures,

but looking at it from the point of view of the audience I often wonder if they receive their full share of enjoyment from "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth" or "Richelieu." And in order not to be misleading let me say I am not using the word enjoyment in the sense of general appreciation.

For this appreciation of a play, whether it be from the pen of Shakespeare, Bulwer-Lytton, or any of the moderns, we can always read it in classrooms; study it under the intelligent guidance of capable professors, and, with the aid of footnotes and critical discussions and comments, draw from the play all the artistry that reposes in it. For the enjoyment of a play we usually demand that its action move at the tempo of the time in which we live; that its lines be so constructed that we do not have to resort to reflection and study in order to get their meaning; and that its subject matter be of the sort in which we are interested. Now for these reasons I strongly advocate that the Pyramid Players leave not only Shakespeare but also all of his many imitators and devote their time and energy to the production of plays of a more interesting type, both for their own sake and for

the sake of the audience which comes to see them.

Let it be understood that I am not in any way advocating that they produce the inane and assinine concoctions that are springing up like mushrooms and disappearing as quickly. Nor do I find anything to praise in the material of an exhibition like last fall's. Such slapstick work as that is extremely detrimental to their good reputation. It was fortunate for them that they did such commendable work in "Richelieu" and regained the high state from which they had fallen.

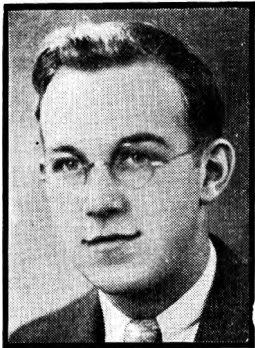
There might be a serious argument advanced against the use of modern plays because royalties must be paid for the privilege of producing them. But I think that the money spent in royalties would be offset by not being obliged to hire or buy the costumes needed for classical and period productions. Also the argument, in the matter of feminine roles, can be stilled by pointing out that there are many modern plays requiring but few women. And in addition to these the settings and the staging of these plays are easy to arrange and to finance.

So in eager hope and anticipation of the relegation of Shakespeare et al. to the class rooms and with congratulations to the Pyramid Players for their success in "Richelieu" and with the best of wishes for future successes I hereby close my "career" as a dramatic critic.



CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



Well, this marks the end of the second year of all this nuisance... We had some fun and not too many of you got real angry at us.. at any rate no fisticuffs were engaged

in which was some help...because our man Burdge is getting lazier all the time and he probably wouldn't be so strong for defending us in this hot weather as he has been in the past.

Just because of the fact that you have all taken it so gracefully we will be easy on you for this last issue...but we hope to start anew in the fall and give you all the trouble that you desire...and maybe more...

Our leading character, Francis Skenyon, we will have to say, has taken all this riding like a man... not that we are any more friendly toward him...and not that we forgive him for not bringing home from the big city last year...but he has taken it all fine...we were just giving him a ride to make up for the one he didn't give us...and anyway we don't think it would have done him much good to object...We did notice that he knew somebody by the name of Betty who attended some of the graduation services...he knows them all...

We begged to have the editor let us write this article after the Commencement Ball but to no avail...he replied that they probably wouldn't print it anyway... Maybe not but we think it might make good reading for the things

those boys do after they graduate is not to be missed...some of them didn't wait until after they graduated though...Take happiness while it comes is their motto and maybe that is the way to take it anyway...

This year has been a good one though and we saw a lot of funny things that happened...for instance, Tom Griffin, sitting on the steps waiting for his roommate to come home and let him in because he forgot his key...and his roommate was in all the time.

Then it was funny when Sammy Shapiro developed a sore arm from pitching too much and he wanted some liniment...Lou Page very accommodatingly gave him some that he used and Sammy said he felt like a new man after the rub down. He ought to have because the stuff that he put on was nothing less than hair tonic...Paine gave us that one to put in, Sammy...

This is being written before Koslowski, The Great Lover, steps out to the Junior reception but we wish it wasn't for there would be plenty to write about after that... what a time it will be when Clark trips the light fantastic with his arm stretched out the whole length of Harkins Hall Auditorium...

If you recall, Matt O'Neill was an usher at the graduation exercises and was he good...He looked very fatherly leading three children down the aisle by the hand...he was right in his glory that day...

Eddie Reilly attends the Senior Ball with a very close friend of ours and we hope that he behaves himself...we were pleased to see that he goes but can you imagine the poor fellow that sits in the back seat in Lamb's car with him... 'cause he sure has some

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one night and a couple of nights later lets Reilly do the same thing sure is a martyr...

Matt O'Neill was there in all his glory in his white pants...and was his company proud of him...It was all right until he started to butt in and then he became annoying...something like Maguire on a previous night...We couldn't get rid of him...and that dance he does is a corker...

Lamburque was also right on the job...the old Essex went in fine style but he went in still better...He is just a reformed man...he was well taken care of...

Those dreamy waltzers were also in attendance...Robie and Reavey...trotted around the old floor in grand style...with their eyes closed...Robie said he hit just as many people when they were open and Reav said he doesn't close them until he is tired but to us it looked like something else...

We just hope that the Ball is half as good as the reception...the seniors put that one over.

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ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33



As we bid you adieu for the year our column reflects a spirit of optimism. Up until this time our Friars have attempted one of the most strenuous of baseball schedules in the history of the college, and thus far have come through all their major battles unscathed. We have reason to be proud of the team which defeated our major rivals, Holy Cross and Brown.

Providence 7, Lowell Textile 2

Invading foreign territory for the first time the Friars kept their record unblemished, downing Lowell Textile by the score of 7-2. It was the first defeat of the year for the Lowell boys who boast one of the finest teams in the history of their school.

Al Blanche worked on the mound for the Friars and he proved himself equal to the occasion in holding the Textile batters to five scattered hits. He was never in danger except in one inning when the home team tied the score at two all but in the next inning the Friar steam roller went into action to give him a lead which allowed him to coast home to an easy victory.

Providence opened the scoring in the third inning pushing across two runs, but the home team came back in the fourth to even the score at two all. A big fifth inning proved to be the undoing of the Tech boys when the Friars scored four runs on three walks,

two errors, and singles by Corbett, Marsella and Koslowski. Marsella and Blanche led the Providence attack, the latter contributing two doubles to his own cause, while Kososka and Poremba fielded brilliantly for the Lowell club.



Providence 5, Holy Cross 2

When Dominican and Jesuit nines clash something is bound to happen and fireworks of an extraordinary nature took place on Hendricken Field, May 6, with the Friars scoring the sixth straight victory of the year, defeating the Cross, 5-2.

Leo Marion and Eddie Quinton proved to be the big guns of the Providence assault. Leo found the offerings of Joe Mulligan for two circuit drives and Eddie, besides pitching a beautiful game contributed to his own cause by driving out a home run in the seventh.

Until the fourth inning the game was a real pitchers' battle. Neither team had been able to score although on two occasions the Cross gave every indication of falling upon Eddie. However in the last half of the fourth Marion started the fireworks when he connected for his first home run of the day. Another run crossed the plate in the fifth on two singles and a sacrifice. In the sixth Marion hit his second home run of the day and singles by Marsella and Reilly coupled with a stolen base brought home the Friars' fourth run.

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Eddie lost a shutout in the seventh when the Crusaders combined two errors and a single to score their first run of the day. After Providence had scored their final run in the seventh by virtue of Quinton's home run, Holy Cross scored their final tally in the ninth on a single by Maynard and Schorrick's double.

Quinton deserves great credit for the game. Besides the home run he hit, he tied the record now held by Bob McNamara of N. Y. U. who is the only other pitcher to beat the Cross three times. He fielded his position brilliantly and this, coupled with the fine defensive support of the Friar infield, clearly proved the superiority of the Friars.

Providence 13, Georgetown 3

Old Man Weather held the edge over Providence in their scheduled game with the Boston College Eagles, but the day of rest proved the thing for the Friars as they found their batting eye against Georgetown the following day to pound out a 13-3 victory.

The victory atoned for the defeats which Providence has suffered at the hands of Georgetown during past years. Charlie Burdge starting his second varsity game of the year was master of the situation at all times holding the Georgetown boys to six scattered hits in scoring the seventh victory of the year for the Friars. As usual, Marion and Marsella proved to be too much for Georgetown. "Chief" ran true to form in driving out a long home run and Leo kept up the fireworks by hitting safely on two occasions to bring home his mates.

The Georgetown runs came in the latter part of the game after Providence had established a comfortable lead. Burdge lapsed momentarily and during this time the Georgetown boys showed enough power to score three runs.

Providence 10, Brown 1

The Friars paid their first annual visit to Aldrich Field to do battle with the Bruin, but the Bruin proved no match for the Friar steamroller and when the last man had been retired the score stood Providence 10, Brown 1.

Al Blanche took his turn on the mound for Providence and he had little difficulty in stopping Brown. He gave them five scattered hits during the eight innings he worked, giving way to Charlie Rennick in the ninth and in the final canto Brown scored its only run of the day.

Brown used three pitchers in the effort to stop the Friar assault. Arthur Hunt, Bill Sullivan and Steve Sweeney took turns in the order named, and Sweeney proved to be the only one effective against the Friars.

Hunt started on the hill for the Bears but before the game was two minutes old he was in trouble. After Madden fled to the outfield, Perrin started things off by working Hunt for a free ticket. He went to third on Marion's single and after the latter had pilfered second both men scored on Marsella's single to left. The "Chief" was out when hit by Koslowski's single but the latter scored the third Providence run on Reilly's double down the left field line.

Hunt kept out of danger until the fifth when the Friars again put on a rally to score four runs to drive him to the showers. Included in this fifth inning rally was a perfect double steal with Reilly and Roberge as the participants. Sullivan replaced Hunt before the inning was over and he retired the Friars only to run into trouble in the next inning when they fell upon him for three more runs to bring their total to ten.

Marsella, Corbett, Roberge and Reilly led the Providence assault, the latter driving out two singles

and a double in five trips to the plate, while the other three connected safely on two occasions. Hal Kroeger, Bruin outfielder, showed best for the Bruins, taking eight difficult chances without a miscue.

GOLF

Worcester Poly. 5, Providence 1

Displaying superior form in every match, Worcester Polytechnic Institute proved too much for the Friar golf team, downing Providence 5-1. Don Sleeper and Tony Kowalski did the best work for the Worcester boys, the former defeating Mike Thomas on the 17th green 3 to 1, while the latter played excellent golf in defeating Danny Galasso, captain of the Providence team. Jud Flannagan scored the only Friar victory of the day defeating Arthur Anderson one up to gain the only Friar point.

M. I. T. 6, Providence 0

Against a veteran M. I. T. outfit Providence proved no match, losing both the single and four-some matches in an Intercollegiate golf match at Boston. Jud Flannagan and Joe McLaughlin showed the best form for Providence, both extending their opponents to the final green before admitting defeat.



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TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Words

(Continued from Page 3)

ally assume form and proportion. Their genealogy is open to all, under a special name—Etymology.

We set out, however, to consider words as people—not as friends only. There is some unfortunate quirk in human nature that prohibits the terms “people” and “friends” from existing simultaneously. Rather than using the fact that we are all co-members of one species as the basis for friendship, we find ourselves distinguishing for and against. So also with words. Unfortunate as it may seem, all words are not our friends. So many have the power to embarrass, humiliate, wound. So many are tools of falsehood and calumny. Like many human beings, they undoubtedly want to be otherwise but cannot. Nevertheless, I am one of those who are convinced that there is more happiness than sorrow on earth, and I hold that there are

more kind, soothing words, words of comfort and solace, than evil ones. Just as love is more dominant than hate, affectionate words far outnumber unkind and spiteful ones.

People assemble for diverse purposes: for instance, to dispense cheer, or to breed ill-feeling. Words do likewise. You have heard a choir composed of, let us say, a hundred voices. Is it not easy to compare such a group to a good book—a classic? For beauty, quality, truth to life, each is unrivalled in its sphere. Both are rich, emotional, moving, powerful. They are capable of producing tears or raptures of joy. The heart can be made to swell with pity, or leap for sheer delight. Such is the power of words or music. The author of the classic knows, as does the composer, how to choose and balance his subjects to effect his theme, blend them in such a manner as to bring forth the inspiring harmony. After all, harmony is

the objective. “But,” you say, “the great masterpieces do not appeal to everyone.” Then if harmony be your objective, retain it, once found, in any case. It may be present in a small group of singers or in a quartet. Yes, even in a duet. So long as discord is avoided, the result will be pleasing. Naturally, the quartet does not attain the stateliness or majesty of a choir. Neither does a short-story rival the epic poem for immortality. Again caution: never attempt a great chorus with mediocre voices, for the effect will be ridiculed. Nor should an opera singer’s tenor be put to such ignominious use as the rendition of tavern ditties. Similarly, it is exceedingly poor taste to attempt to express noble thoughts with an inadequate vocabulary, or to employ an ostentatious flow of speech in voicing a childish or trivial thought.

Words, then, should be considered as people: carefully chosen, intimately known, discriminately dealt with, never abused, and grouped without possibility of conflict or discord. They should be numerous, but never in the proportion of an unwieldy mob. Love them, nor ever forsake them. They are yours—ever ready at your command, unwavering in loyalty, asking no price,—only the opportunity of serving you.

And Suddenly—

(Continued from Page 5)

Aunt Agatha implied she was intensely interested. “In fact,” she added, “I would have entered sooner had I not heard you both talking about Dorothy.”

“You listened!” said Jack angrily.

“Rather was I waiting to hear your friend,” she looked at Bob, “give his bit of advice, but evidently I arrived too late.” She remained quiet for a moment, looking Bob squarely in the face. “You should be able by now, Jack, to tend to your own affairs.”

“That’s impossible,” he replied, “with other people tending to them for me.”

This remark was too much for

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Aunt Agatha. Her austere dignity had been wounded deeply. "Why, I'm astonished!" she exclaimed. "That's the height of disrespect." There was no apology made. "It's associations such as these," her penetrating eyes referred to Bob, "that cause you to become so unmindful at times."

Bob felt he must say something. "You referring to me, Miss Brinsley?"

"No one else."

Bob tried to speak but, ignoring him, she again turned to Jack. "Furthermore Jack, you didn't tell me you were having visitors."

"Bob dropped in unexpectedly."

"Your visits, Mr. Landow, are always most unexpected."

"That fact has already dawned upon me," answered Bob.

"And what advice were you giving Jack?" she asked him. Her manner was abrupt. Her questions were to the point.

"I suggested that Jack stand up for his rights."

Aunt Agatha hesitated for a moment and then replied. "His rights? I don't just understand."

Her indifference had Bob boiling. He felt he would like to speak his mind, but he remained quiet.

"Bob has good intentions Aunt Agatha," entreated Jack. "Anything he said will do no harm."

"Every time I come here you treat me as a stranger," added Bob.

The Aunt was unmoved. "And I will continue to do so... you're too influential with Jack... your poisonous advice is already taking effect."

She was about to continue when Jack interrupted. "You surmise too much, Aunt Agatha."

"Need I surmise," she replied, "when only a few moments ago I heard you say that things were bad enough now without bringing in another woman? Isn't that proof of how he is corrupting your mind?"

Bob was indignant. "That's not true!" he exclaimed.

"True or not, I've given you facts."

"And what would you have Jack do?"

"I'd have him free from such ignominious creatures as you," she replied sharply. "In fact I'll make it my business to see that you visit here no more."

"And I'll make it mine," repeated Bob ironically, "to see that I visit here no more."

The Aunt was flustered. "Boldness!" she exclaimed. "Leave this place immediately!"

Bob bowed graciously. He then turned to Jack. "Please, my hat and coat, Jack... this time I am leaving."

Jack walked toward the door dejectedly. Aunt Agatha, evidently was not finished with what she had to say. No sooner had Jack left the room than she turned to Bob and spoke hurriedly. "Mr. Landow," she began, "Jack isn't here now and so I have the opportunity to say what I want."

Bob didn't answer, in no way did he acknowledge her presence.

"Mr. Landow." Her tone suggested the sweetness of a spoonful of honey with the bee on the bottom ready to sting. "Jack is but a child. What I intend doing for him will be readily appreciated in the years to come, and so—"

"I am to keep away from Jack," added Bob, finishing the sentence.

"Exactly," she continued. "You realize then how much you have misled him?"

"I realize nothing of the sort," was the prompt reply.

"Then you are showing yourself in your true colors," answered the Aunt mockingly. "Why do you think I've taken such good care

of Jack all these years... to have him fall into the hands of a—"

"Please," Bob interrupted, "it's my turn. Before I say adieu I'll have you know that if I ever had an Aunt like you, I'd be rid of that person as soon as the dog catcher came around." He realized he should keep still, nevertheless he continued. "I know these aren't the words of a gentleman, but what difference does it make—you're not a lady—now Good Evening."

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Jack had just entered with his friend's clothes unaware of the latest clash. He was assisting Bob with his coat when Aunt Agatha burst forth again. "Jack," she cried, "don't touch him...keep away from him!"

Jack stepped back quickly. "Why?" he asked. "What's happened?"

Bob adjusted his coat and then turned about. "S-sh," he whispered, a finger to his mouth, "you ought to know by now...I'm contaminated." At this Bob walked toward the door, opened it, and with a most impolite slam that caused the pictures on that side of the room to tilt a little to one side, he was gone.

* * * * *

Aunt Agatha was triumphant, at least she felt she had every reason to be. Even though Bob did have the last word...he had gone. She composed herself and then began a renewed attack on Jack who had fallen into a chair

pretending to read a magazine.

"Well," she sighed with a feeling of relief, "now that your friend has gone, perhaps I can talk with you."

"Go ahead," encouraged Jack, "say anything you please, and take as long as you want to say it."

"I realize that's a polite hint to leave you alone, but this time you shan't have your way." Jack wondered if he ever would. She talked incessantly telling him of the things she had in mind...that Aunt Sadie and Patrice would be in the country in less than a month...that they would all move to Long Island for the summer, and numerous other things. Jack ignored her...but when she said she had been talking with Dorothy and that the latter was coming to the house within the next half hour, that was another thing... Jack talked then. He told her it was his privilege to speak to Dorothy first, and that she wouldn't

come now anyway. Then he rose and left the room.

Aunt Agatha was now alone... there were things to be done and she intended losing no time doing them. She went to the desk and opened the drawer. She was about to take a large framed photograph of Patrice from it when she espied the note. She read it and then wrapped it in her handkerchief. The picture was then taken from the drawer and placed on a small table near the lounge. At this moment the doorbell rang. Aunt Agatha took one more look at the picture and then hurried to the door. In a few minutes Dorothy walked into the room, followed by her hostess. She was a smartly dressed girl, but her pensive expression betrayed her inner feelings. The Aunt glanced at her quickly and then spoke.

"Have a chair, Dorothy...you must be tired after walking so far."

"Not the least bit," replied Dorothy, seating herself in one of the tubular chairs. "I enjoyed it."

"Why don't you sit in this wing chair?" asked the Aunt invitingly.

"No, thank you," responded Dorothy in a manner that reminded one of a frosty September morn. "Straight-back chairs help you to keep that perfect poise."

That annoyed Aunt Agatha. "Well, you just sit there and keep it," she exclaimed. "I'll get Jack," she said, "I'm sure he wants to talk with you."

She was about to open the door when Dorothy called to her. "Just a moment please, Miss Brinsley... I want to talk with you first...that is, privately."

"Oh," the Aunt exclaimed as though surprised, "I see you are changing your attitude."

Dorothy pointed toward the table. "Is that a picture of the girl who lives in Paris?"

"Yes," the Aunt replied enthusiastically. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"I like the frame," answered Dorothy indifferently; "it matches the interior decorations."

"But I mean the photo itself," insisted Aunt Agatha. "She's a charming person, you'd love her... I met her when abroad two years ago," she continued, "Patrice at-

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tended the most fashionable finishing schools of Paris and London."

Dorothy was now regarding the photo. "A well educated girl, I suppose." They both remained quiet for a moment until Dorothy spoke again, quite seriously. "Do you...do you think she appreciates all your sister is doing for her?" she inquired.

"Of course," persisted Aunt Agatha, "what put that strange question into your head?"

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she sighed, "I was just wondering if girls who have everything served on a golden platter are as appreciative or as sincere as the girl who tries to do something herself."

"You mean that Patrice is selfish and spoiled?"

"Why, no," replied Dorothy. "I've never met her—but supposing the marriage is a failure? Jack will be unhappy," she pointed to the photograph, "she will be unhappy—and you'll have a lot to regret."

"Are you saying all this," asked Aunt Agatha, "to change my views."

Dorothy looked straight at her. "I think that's impossible," she replied. "You know what you're doing."

"Certainly I do...there are plenty of other men, Dorothy, just as good as Jack. You'll meet someone else in time whom you'll think just as much of."

"How do you know?" asked Dorothy.

The Aunt was at a loss for words. "Well, you see," she stammered, "your very attractive—you have a charming personality. You not the kind of a girl, shall I say, to be left alone in the world."

"Is that the reason you intend to spoil our happiness," Dorothy flared, "because you're left alone?"

"You're becoming too personal—I'm not alone, that is, I could go abroad and live with Jack's Aunt anytime."

"But she's coming over here, and then he'll have two Aunts to watch over him," replied Dorothy. "He doesn't know what's in store for him."

The Aunt became suspicious. "Your attitude is just that of a

certain young man who left the apartment not ten minutes ago."

"Yes, I met him," replied Dorothy, "but it was a little less than ten minutes ago—he told me a great deal."

"Really," exclaimed Aunt Agatha. "What did he say?"

"Oh, he said that he wanted to talk with you confidentially about Jack, but you were too haughty."

"It's the only way to act toward a young puppy like that."

"Well please don't talk that way to me, Miss Brinsley," pleaded Dorothy. "I came here to ask sincerely and honestly if you really are going to have Jack marry Patrice. Tell me truthfully."

"Yes," said the Aunt, "he will be married in less than a month."

"And you're not considering me?"

"Do you want Jack to be a bigamist?"

"That's not a fair answer," argued Dorothy, "what does Jack think of your plan—your scheme, may I call it?"

"It is neither a scheme nor a plan," insisted Aunt Agatha, "it's just a proposal."

"And he hasn't objected?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the Aunt. "He rather believes it is the best thing to do."

"You're talking nonsense," Dorothy was perturbed. "Or else I've been a fool—tell me the truth!"

"If you came here to humiliate me," said Aunt Agatha pointing to the door, "then you may leave!"

"I'll leave soon enough," replied Dorothy, "but there must be some understanding before I go."

"There can be no understanding," exclaimed the Aunt determinedly. "You realize by now that Jack will marry Patrice—she will be with us in two weeks."

Dorothy was amazed at this. "Jack hasn't said a word about it."

The Aunt tried her best to smile. "He didn't know Patrice would be here so soon until tonight."

"But he knew that you wanted him to marry someone other than me?" The Aunt nodded her head.

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"Then why didn't he speak of it?" At that moment Jack entered the room. "Here he is now. Perhaps he can explain things to you satisfactorily."

"What's that?" asked Jack somewhat surprised. "Oh, hello Dorothy." Jack walked toward the desk hoping to find the note. It wasn't there. He realized someone had taken it...an anxious look swept across his face. "I left a note I was writing here on the desk, Aunt Agatha. Have you seen it?"

"Yes," replied the Aunt, her old self again as she produced the note. "I found it after you left the room a short while ago. Shall I show it to Dorothy?"

"It's of no importance to her," he exclaimed. "Why didn't you destroy it?"

"I wanted to keep it as a souvenir in case you did go away," responded Aunt Agatha cautiously.

"Go away...where are you going Jack?" stammered Dorothy.

Jack was about to explain, but Aunt Agatha started reading the note. "I'm leaving for California," she then looked at Dorothy, "You see dear, he was going without saying good-bye to you."

Dorothy was about ready to give up. Jack walked toward the Aunt. "You're giving her the wrong impression," he fairly shouted. "I did write that note but it was in a fit of emotion."

"And I suppose it was emotion that kept you from telling me about Patrice these past two months?" inquired Dorothy.

"It wasn't just that Dorothy, but I wanted to make sure she was coming to America before I told you."

"That's very considerate of you indeed. Now that everything has been made clear, I believe the proper thing to do is make my exit and become your fair lady of the past."

"You're taking it in the wrong way," insisted Jack. He turned suddenly upon the Aunt. "What have you been telling her?"

"Accusing me again," replied the Aunt as though surprised. She turned to Dorothy, "Have I said anything to you that I shouldn't?"

"You ought to know whether you have or not," Dorothy snapped.

"Respect your elders," Aunt Agatha reminded.

"That's pretty difficult," answered Dorothy shortly, "after your saying that Jack believes the best thing to do is marry Patrice."

Jack was exasperated. "You said that," he almost shouted at Aunt Agatha. "You know I've given my consent to marry no one—why did you tell her that?"

"Am I responsible to you?" she asked.

"You're responsible for telling a lie," Jack stated emphatically.

"We shan't discuss that," replied Aunt Agatha.

Jack turned to Dorothy again, "But I didn't say that—you believe don't you?" But Dorothy was not sure whether she did or not. Jack said she was fickle, at which she took immediate offense.

"I wouldn't be calling you fickle if you'd only believe me," Jack said to Dorothy in something of an apologetic manner.

Dorothy was exasperated, "Oh, well stop calling me fickle!" she cried. "I hate it...it reminds me of something slimy...fickle, fickle...ugh!"

"Call her something else if she doesn't like fickle," suggested Aunt Agatha.

"If I lose my temper I'll do a little calling," answered Dorothy.

"Are you good at it?" Aunt Agatha inquired ironically, as she smiled a most professional smile.

There was no answer. Dorothy dropped into a chair. Jack walked to her side. "Don't be so sensitive, Dorothy. You never acted this way before." Still there was no answer.

He placed his hand on her shoulder. "Aw, come on, will you?" he coaxed.

"Don't say 'aw, come on, will you,'" interrupted the Aunt, "it sounds vulgar, Jack."

Dorothy addressed the Aunt once more hoping by pretending to be deeply hurt she might soften her a bit. "Why are you so heartless," she asked. "Your insults and insinuations are too much—must I endure them from you?"

"Certainly not," replied the Aunt, "the elevator in the hallway runs all night."

"Don't be so short," entreated Jack. Then to Dorothy: "You'd ought to understand her by now."

"Aunt Agatha by now," corrected the Aunt.

"Yes," retorted Jack highly irritated, "Aunt Agatha by now ought to be out of this room."

The Aunt remained unmoved. "To oblige is no sign of mutual feeling," she said, "I'll leave though, but I'll be back in a few moments—perhaps by then we'll all feel a little better." She glanced quickly at the couple and then left the room. There was silence for a moment and then Jack spoke to Dorothy; there was no reply. He tried a second time but with little success. At the third attempt he made up his mind to make Dorothy talk; this time he became romantic. "Dorothy," he began, looking around him to make sure Aunt Agatha wasn't about, "remember when I met you. Wasn't it at my first College dance?" It apparently made little difference because Dorothy remained as indifferent as ever. "Remember," he continued, "I couldn't dance a step and I had the nerve to ask you for a waltz? When the music began I started struggling...I stepped on your white shoes, I remember they were white because when I finished walking all over them they were black." He tried to laugh at this, but co-operation was lacking. "And remember," he spoke again, "your telling me that with the proper training I could be a good dancer—and then we spent the rest of the evening together—you, the patient teacher, and I, the willing pupil." He hesitated for a moment, hoping for response and then whispered, "remember?"

Dorothy didn't look at Jack but the expression on her face showed she hadn't forgotten. "I have a plan," exclaimed Jack. "We'll tell Aunt Agatha that the engagement is broken...and that I'm free to marry Patrice...of course between ourselves all this will be untrue—she'll be genial with you then and she might grant my requests more readily."

"It sounds reasonable enough," agreed Dorothy, "but I'll never see you."

"Sure you will," said Jack encouragingly, "I'll be at work here in the city every day, and if it does appear that I will be forced to marry Patrice, well," Jack shrugged his shoulders, "I leave my Aunt."

Dorothy smiled at this statement. "My romantic Romeo," she said laughingly, "your imagination is getting the better of you."

"Perhaps," replied Jack, "but I've made up my mind to do as I please and I'm going to do it."

"S-sh, don't be so noisy," whispered Dorothy, "she might hear you."

"I don't care," he cried just as loudly as before, "my life is ruined."

"Not so loud," she repeated, "do you hear?...She'll come and put me out without an explanation."

Jack started toward the door. "I'll call her," he said. "I'll try to make her think we're really through." At this Dorothy took the ring off her finger and hurried toward Jack. "Wait," she cried, "you had better take this...if she sees me wearing it she'll know we're fooling her."

"Keep it in your pocketbook," said Jack, pushing her aside. He knocked on the door, "Aunt Agatha," he called, "are you there?"

"Here, quick, take it," insisted Dorothy, forcing the ring into Jack's hand. "She might ask you where it is after I've gone." Jack thrust the ring into his pocket, and was about to knock again when Aunt Agatha opened the door, just on time to see Dorothy backing at a fast rate to her original position. "What is all the noise about?" she exclaimed. "I do declare it sounded like a football game."

"We were just arguing to see who would tell you that...our engagement is broken."

"Indeed!" The Aunt was quite elated. She walked toward Dorothy. "You're a real sport, Dorothy," she began. "I knew you'd come to realize sooner or later it was the best thing to do. I have always considered you a bosom friend... and I'll continue to do so as long

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as I live." Dorothy smiled graciously, but Jack after many valiant attempts caught her eye. By pantomime he told her to act sad and cry instead of being pleasant—she understood. "As I've said before you'll forget Jack soon enough and another boy will come along whom you'll like just as much." At this Dorothy fell into the Aunt's arms weeping—the Aunt pushed her aside. She pretended to wipe the tears off her dress...her attitude very much changed. "I don't mind people weeping, but I can't have this good dress made a blotter." Dorothy continued sniffing. "Do you carry a handkerchief with you?" she asked somewhat authoritatively. Dorothy nodded her head. "Well, put it in use," she insisted.

Aunt Agatha turned to Jack. "I almost forgot. Did she give you the ring?" Dorothy shook her head "no" at Jack. The Aunt, not seeing her do this, turned suddenly around. "Did you give him the ring?"

Dorothy looked in her pocketbook. "I have it here," she mum-

bled, "somewhere." Aunt Agatha noticed the ring missing from her finger.

"Why aren't you wearing it?" she asked.

"I took it off right after you left this afternoon. I considered the engagement as good as broken then and there." She fumbled a little more. "I can't find it."

"Did you put it in your pocketbook?" continued the Aunt.

"Why, yes," replied Dorothy, "it's been in my mind all day." She looked in the pocketbook for the last time. "It still is now."

"Jack can't be engaged to two girls at the same time you know," Aunt Agatha reminded Dorothy.

Jack winked at Dorothy. "Sure, I could be engaged to two but marry one."

"But this one must be Patrice," insisted the Aunt, "and she doesn't wear the ring." She turned to Dorothy. "If you don't bring it here tomorrow then I'll force you to sign a written promise saying the engagement is broken."

Dorothy became suddenly sur-

prised. "I remember," she exclaimed.

"You have it," asked the Aunt encouragingly.

"No," sighed Dorothy, "I lost it while at lunch."

"I doubt you," said Aunt Agatha hurrying toward the desk. "However, I'll make a note of the fundamentals that will be incorporated in the promise—and you'll write it now—that will settle everything."

Aunt Agatha was anything but gentle with the pen and paper—Dorothy made sure she wasn't looking and then motioned to Jack to throw the ring to her. No sooner had she caught the ring and put it in her pocketbook than the Aunt called her. "Come now," she demanded, "write out this promise please." The Aunt arose and gave Dorothy the chair. Jack diverted the Aunt's attention from Dorothy. The latter, unseen by either of the two, folded the paper on which Aunt Agatha had previously written and tucked it in her sleeve. She folded another piece of paper, arose and handed it to Aunt Agatha.

"Oh my," Dorothy exclaimed, looking at her watch, "I didn't think it was so late."

Aunt Agatha was very happy. "Won't you stay awhile, now that we've come to some understanding?"

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders. "There isn't anything to stay for as far as I can see," she replied, as her eyes fell upon the wine table near the hallway door. She approached it, taking the cork off the bottle, "Unless!" she exclaimed.

"Look here," called the Aunt walking toward her, "That's my best claret."

Dorothy turned about...the glass half-filled. "Glad to know it," she answered, rather flip-pantly, "there isn't anything too good for me."

"I didn't invite you to drink."

"I realize that," returned Dorothy, "but this is an individual invitation and an individual toast." She raised the glass. "Here's to my beloved, who is my beloved no more." She smiled ironically at

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THE EVENING BULLETIN

*Rhode Island's Great and
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Aunt Agatha. "Here's to Aunt Agatha...the kindest woman I've ever known." Dorothy drank the wine and then nonchalantly put the glass back on the table. Aunt Agatha and Jack stared in amazement at her. She opened her pocketbook and displayed the ring to the Aunt. "You were right in doubting my integrity Miss Brinsley...I have the ring." She took the paper from under her cuff, "and here is the note of the fundamentals I was to incorporate in my written promise." Aunt Agatha opened the paper in her hand for the first time. Dorothy smiled triumphantly. "You have a note in shorthand which says—well... can you read shorthand?" She paused a moment and then continued. "If Jack does marry Patrice it will be only with my consent...a pleasant summer to you both." Dorothy opened the door and was gone...the Aunt and Jack were thunderstruck.

"I knew she had both of them all the time," sighed Aunt Agatha, still staring at the door. She turned to Jack. "What will your foreign relations say to this?"

But Jack didn't answer... he was despondent. He turned about quickly, knocking over one of the strange looking table lamps. He ran toward the open window, falling over a bowlegged chair and in a moment he had jumped out the window and was falling through space. It was the end for him, and also probably for the doorman who paced calmly back and forth before the first floor entrance. Suddenly a voice called—it must be Gabriel, Jack fell faster, the ground grew nearer. "Wake up," the voice cried, "wake up, Jack!"...he did. Bob was shaking him... "Come," he said, "you must have had a nightmare...you've been acting queerly ever since you fell asleep a few minutes ago."

"Why er—why I'm here...I thought I landed," exclaimed Jack. "Landed?" asked Bob.

"Yes...I jumped out the window and..."

At this point Aunt Agatha entered the room. Her manner was dignified, but the ugly choker was missing from around her throat...

she walked hurriedly toward Jack. "Why Jack, what's the matter... are you ill?"

"Thank the Lord, no," replied Jack. "I had every reason to be... by the way Aunt Agatha have you a black lace dress with a white choker at the top?"

"A black lace dress with a choker at the top?...I did have," answered the Aunt smiling, "but that was years ago."

Jack wasn't quite sure of himself yet. "I can only remember that and something else...have you another sister in Paris by any chance...she has a ward by the name of Patrice?"

"A sister...a ward named Patrice," repeated the Aunt, "I've never known as much if I have."

"And Dorothy," continued Jack, "am I still engaged to her?"

"I hope so," replied Aunt Agatha almost laughing, "I came in here to tell you she just called on the phone...I believe you have a dinner engagement with her tonight."

"That's right too," said Jack, rising and walking toward the window...it can't be later than seven-thirty now." He was almost talking to himself. "It's funny how you dream sometimes...this one was a peach, only I can't remember anything about it." Aunt Agatha and Bob smiled at each other. Jack stood gazing out the window...the stars above still blinked accommodatingly—the myriad of park lights over to the right had won their struggle to stay on. To the left the sky grew brighter from the lights that were Broadway. "Well," sighed Jack, as he walked slowly to the door, "I'll be ready in a few minutes, Bob... I've got to go to dinner."

The Wandering Jew

(Continued from Page 6)

"Wandering Jew." In "Queen Mab" the Jew is sentenced to Life by the Angel of Death. In rage, bedeviled by a black friend of Hell, the character desecrates his family's tomb and wildly curses his parents; buffeted around the world he knows no rest, and fails

in every attempt to take his own life. Finally, God gives him respite, permitting him to sleep until the second coming of Christ.

Beranger in his "Le Juif Errant" wrote one of the most sorrowful and pitiful poems in all literature. He tells of the man who would forget and yearns for rest, but is driven ever onward for yet another morrow dawns. He warns us thus, not to be, as he was, uncharitable:

"If thou dost fail in charity

Tremble lest that strange doom o'ertake thee

For lack of love God had forsaken me."

Such is the account of the wandering Jew who traveled over the globe experiencing all the bitterness that life can know and assured that he can have no rest until the return of Christ. While there is little reason to believe this legend, we can understand why so many have found it extremely interesting. The unpleasant history of the Jewish race is a persuasion

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to the plausibility though not the actuality of the theme.

From squalor to palace, from wealth to want, the Jews have tread their way in every part of the world. Without home or country, without securities or comforts, they have striven to make their peace with God and the world. Firm in their belief that the Messiah is yet to come, they maintain their ancient tenets and practice their rigorous religion as did their forefathers for centuries. A people great enough for the inspired leadership of Moses and hated enough for the vituperative pen of Shakespeare, they must work out their destiny. Subjugated for many years, they have developed an aggressiveness which engenders race feeling against them, but such aggressiveness is the result of a valiant attempt to overcome servility to other more guarded peoples.

Even today with all our boasted toleration, we have examples of

diabolical tyranny against the Jewish people. Anti-Semitic movements have been part and parcel of world history, and there is every reason to believe that they will continue into the future. It is unfortunate that a race with such a great heritage and such characteristic excellence should be the footstool for all the puppets of the world, but such perhaps is the result of the great Renunciation that gave birth to the legend of the Wandering Jew.

Fireman For a Night

(Continued from Page 7)

turned into a narrow street and Milt followed suit with the three other engines roaring after him. Milt felt cold sweat go coursing down his back, his mouth was dry, his lips were caked. Would they never reach the fire?

His pilot light led him onto a broader thoroughfare and began to pull away from him. He pressed

the accelerator harder. The monster leaped forward. The fog seemed to seep through his pores and bathe every organ in his body.

At last his guide pulled to the side of the street. Milt eased up on his speed and followed. But then the little red eye swung out to the center of the highway. Puzzled, Milt did likewise. It seemed to him that he had been driving for hours.

He saw the red-head's brow creased in mild anxiety. Perhaps—but again the light ahead was plunging into a narrow street—too narrow for his engine to fit into, so it seemed. He clenched his teeth and steered his howling creature after the guiding light. Presently he was turning into a broader street once more. He had lost all sense of direction ages ago; the fog obliterated any familiar landmarks, obscured everything—everything except that single red light ahead.

On and on they sped. The red-head was cranking the siren with his left hand now. He yelled to Milt:

"Seems to me we ought to be outside our district by this time."

Milt began to notice that there were no longer any vehicles jumping from his path, and there were only occasional shadows of people staring after them. The dull gold orbs of the street lights were less and less frequent. Nevertheless, he followed the red light ahead.

Finally it slowed down. Milt removed his foot from the accelerator and rested it on the brake pedal. He could see no signs of a fire, but he could distinguish lighted windows on both sides of the street.

The tail-light in front of him edged in to the curb and stopped. Milt drove up behind and halted a few yards to the rear. As he did so, his body suddenly felt limp, his insides seemed to drop out.

The red-head had ceased his cranking of the siren and stared open-mouthed. The red light that had stopped—the red light they had been following was the tail-light of a green sedan. Its driver was stepping to the ground and

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walking back to the hook-and-ladder.

"Say," he demanded, "what are you following me for? I thought I was mistaken at first, but when I pulled up to a curb or shot through narrow lanes you followed me. Do you think I can lead you to a fire?"

Milt continued to gape. The houses were disgorging a host of startled people. The members of the other three fire trucks were crowding around and demanding to know where the fire was.

"We must have lost the hose on one of those turns," the red-head ratiocinated. "Where are we?" he asked of the driver of the sedan.

"Huh!" gasped that worthy. "Do you mean to say you don't know where you are? Say, what is this?"

"Hey, Curly," yelled one of the other drivers, "what do—for cryin' out loud, you're not Littlefield!"

"No, I'm not," Milt replied dazedly. His mind was in a turmoil. He had visions of irate fire chiefs, burning buildings with no fire apparatus on hand, shrieking people trapped—

"What box was it that rang in?" the red-head was asking of his comrades.

"1896," said one. "Corner of Darbey and Beechman Avenues. Didn't pay any attention to the route we were following; just kept behind this ladder."

"Why stand here gabbin'?" snapped Jack Mason. "Let's get on to the fire. Boy, will the Chief be rippin'!"

"Where are we now?" one of the men inquired.

"If you fellows are supposed to be at a fire in the city," laughed the sedan's driver, "you'd better hurry up. You're out on Hamilton Boulevard, now."

The red-head groaned. Mason yelled to one of the other drivers: "You lead the way back, Phil. We'll follow."

"Who's going to take the blame for this mess?" someone asked.

"Blame it on the fog," barked Mason. "Get going."

Milt had to swing his behemoth engine eleven times before he had it turned around, but at last

they were on their way—this time, the last of the four engines.

"Whatever you do, don't pick up the wrong light again," yelled the red-head, and he resumed his cranking of the siren.

The fog had become thicker it seemed; Milt coughed. He dreaded the thoughts of what would happen as a result of this night's wild ride. He vehemently consigned Curly's soul to a hotter fire than he anticipated finding at the end of his journey.

He riveted his eyes upon the engine ahead of him; he turned where it turned, but he was scarcely conscious of the fact. All he cared about was what faced him when it was learned that he had been driving in place of the regular man. Surely there was a long jail sentence for such a crime.

They were in the city again; people lined the sidewalks; other vehicles were once more pulling to one side; this time there was no thrill. Milt told himself he was racing to his doom.

At last! The engine ahead of him pulled up. They were stopping at the Box. There was no red glow indicative of a conflagration in the vicinity. Things must have burned to the ground, Milt thought; he wondered how many lives had been lost.

People were clustering about, the red-head jumped to the ground. Milt remained in his seat. He saw a policeman approaching with rapid strides.

"Another false alarm been turned in at this box?" the officer demanded.

"Another?" queried the red-head.

"Yeah," was the answer. "About twenty minutes ago an engine drove up here, claiming that an alarm had been sent in. Oh," he added as an after thought, "maybe you're the fellows they were looking for. It wasn't entirely clear to me, but I received the impression that they were looking for four other engines."

"Then it's a false alarm?" shouted Milt hopefully.

The policeman gazed at him.

"Let's get back to the shack and face the music." The red-head precluded further conversation, and he climbed back to his perch.

The engine roared to life and the bells commenced their clanging again; Milt slipped into line behind the other three trucks.

He glanced sideways at the red-head and saw relief written on the ruddy countenance, but his own face was the picture of despair. There was still the ordeal to be encountered upon the return to the engine house.

* * * * *

Curly Littlefield halted abruptly as he neared his fire station. He had enjoyed a wonderful evening, and his faith in the Wednesday night tradition had kept his mind at ease. But now he saw that the doors were open!

He went forward slowly. Good night! there were no engines at home. Wait—yes, there was one, the hose. With rapid strides he advanced through the doors. The crew of the hose wagon were

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standing about idly, and on each face was a worried expression.

Shorty French was seated at his little desk, equally worried in appearance. Everyone jumped slightly when they beheld Curly.

"Where have you been?" cried Shorty, bounding forward. "There's been the devil of a mess someplace."

"Where are all the others?" Curly countered.

"That's what we'd like to know," the driver of the hose wagon spoke up. "An alarm came in an hour ago. Five engines



started out to answer it, but only one got there. Good thing it was a false alarm. Who's driving the ladder?"

"D-does the Chief know?" Curly asked, ignoring the question addressed to him.

"Not for a minute," said Shorty. "He was late in getting to the

Box, and when he found only one engine there, the boys told him the others had been there and had returned when they found it was a false."

"Who was driving the ladder?" the hose driver asked again. "I could have sworn it was you getting into the seat."

"Looked like me!" exclaimed Curly. "Don't tell me Milt took it out! Holy Moses!"

"I told you fellows to quit sending substitutes up on Wednesdays," Shorty said. "If it is ever discovered that you've been sneaking time off, the whole town would feel the results of the explosion that would follow."

A clanging of bells sounded through the fog. Shorty ran outside.

The hook-and-ladder was the last of the four. Milt pulled his wheel around and nosed into his lane.

"Hey," the red-head grabbed his arm. "You back into these places."

Curly ran forward and jumped onto the running-board.

"Good work Milt," he slapped his cousin's shoulder. "I'll put 'er in. Everything's okay."

Questions bombarded the returning men. Milt was dripping with perspiration.

"We've been out touring on Hamilton Boulevard," one of the men explained. "Playing tag with a green sedan and looking like asses in front of the police force. Where's the Chief?"

"He thinks everything is all right," Shorty explained.

"Then there won't be any trouble?" Milt inquired, edging up slowly.

"I think not," said Shorty.

* * * * *

Milt Vincent loved parties, and Tommy Smith knew how to stage them. Milt stood sipping from a glass of punch and smiled as his host approached him.

"I say, Milt, do me a favor, will you?" Tommy began.

"Sure. What am I to do?"

"I want you to take my place—" Tommy stopped short. Milt had

dropped his glass of punch to the floor and was disappearing into another room.

Editorial

(Continued from Page 8)

Hitlerism is surely doomed to failure but the regression may shatter the lives of millions subjected to an intolerable rule. Today, people are questioning the benefit of progress; because we have not developed sufficiently to control properly our God-given gifts is no proof that these benefits are in vain. The economic chaos



has brought about unrest, and Hitlerism is one of the consequents. It is unfortunate that a minority such as is propagating Hitlerism can gain control of government. Unquestionably, this circumstance is due to the departure from Christ, and the natural consequences of abuse of power which might have been used to finer purpose.

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