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A Church in the Mart

Here in a mighty river
Where swift transition flows,
A steadfast light of changelessness
Perpetually glows.

Only dark confusion
Wherever eye may see;
But God's bright guiding star still gleams
With brilliant majesty.

Din of trade and barter
And heckler's shouts are heard:
The gray stones tower silently
Unstirring and unstirred.

Mid the greed of striving,
And wars of grasping hands,
Unsullied and victorious
The peaceful palace stands.

Golden lights of heaven
Begild the holy walls,
And on the heedless thoroughfare
The temple's blessing falls.

John C. Hanley, '29

The Poetry of Gilbert K. Chesterton

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON in his "Life of St. Francis" said, "There was only one Franciscan and that was Francis." We might with equal truth say there is one Chestertonian and that is Chesterton. But in the course of this article, we shall realize that St. Francis and Chesterton are alike in many respects. St. Francis came to lead men back to an appreciation of nature after they had been purged of the last remnants of paganism. Nature still exists, but it is "too much with us." We needed a St. Francis to lead us back and we received a Chesterton.

Today Gilbert K. Chesterton is perhaps the most widely read author in England. He has captured crowds with his brilliant style and subtle humour. The chief reason for this is, that, in an age when all conventionalities and artificialities have been cast aside, Chesterton appears as the most unconventional of English authors. He has returned to a simple and unobtrusive view of humanity and enters zestfully into the most inconspicuous of human mannerisms. He is like a child viewing the circus for the first time. His eye misses nothing of the many things round about him, whereas an older person is content to see one thing and let the rest pass. This simplicity and straightforwardness of Chesterton has won for him the hearts of the English reading public.

In the profuseness of his prose works we are apt to forget that Mr. Chesterton is the best English poet today. In 1900, he published his first collections of poems, "Greybeards at Play" and "The Wild Knight," which drew attention to their qualities of originality, humour, and felicitous phrasing. Such arresting poems as "Lepanto," shows what gifts of expression are Mr. Chesterton's. These works are extremely journalistic in style and densely packed with earnest thought.

The versatility of Gilbert K. Chesterton is almost axiomatic. Nothing illustrates this more pungently than the fact that one man could publish "Orthodoxy" and "The Ballad of the White Horse." Macaulay said; "As civilization advances, poetry declines." He re-

ferred to the epic, which depends upon vivid concrete language for its effectiveness; but as civilization advances we become more philosophical and abstract in our expression, and epic poetry declines. However, the versatility of Chesterton produced "Orthodoxy," a highly philosophical work and "The Ballad of the White Horse," which is the nearest approach to the Epic in modern English verse. This perhaps justifies Chesterton's position as England's greatest poet.

There are three traditions in England about Alfred who is the central figure of the "Ballad": first, that Alfred played the harp in the enemy's camp; secondly, that the woman in the forest threw a hot cake at him, when he had let it burn; and thirdly, that he fought and won a battle in the vale of the White Horse.

Chesterton might have begun this poem with "*Arma virumque cano*," for it is essentially militaristic. However, its chief excellence is the presentation of a fast fading tradition in England. This vale of the White Horse is connected with a glorious period in English history, and it is well to recall to the minds of Englishmen their past achievements.

The language, as in all of Chesterton's works, is vivid, the verse is musical, and the entire theme is symmetrical. The metaphor appears at its finest. This startling use of the metaphor is markedly characteristic of the Chestertonian style, and lends his works a very palatable flavor. His keen sense of the connection between things which ordinary observers place in different categories has done more to popularize his works than any other quality of his original style.

A man who can compose such verse as this deserves to be read:

"And when they came to the open land
They wheeled, deployed, and stood,"

where we can see and hear the measured tramp of marshalled troops. The charge rings through the following lines and ends in the pangs of death.

" 'Spears at the charge' yelled Mark amain
'Death to the gods of death! ' "

What finer lines than these could any poet write?

" 'Brothers at arms' cried Alfred,
'On this side lies the foe.
Our slavery and starvation flowers
That you should pluck them so.' "

However, the poetry of Gilbert K. Chesterton and the poet Chesterton are quite distinct. Chesterton has produced a meagre amount of poetry. It would perhaps be better for his future if he were to write more poems like the Ballad. But it is safe to say that Chesterton throughout all of his works is consistently a poet. We are fairly familiar with the very romantic figure, Father Brown. We are perhaps less acquainted with that still more romantic figure, St. Francis of Assisi.

We need but read his life of that saint to realize the truth of what I said in my opening remarks. Chesterton sees the full meaning of nature. He perhaps often neglects the forest for the trees, only because he finds the tree more interesting than the forest. When he knows each tree he can appreciate its part in making the forest. To me it seems Chesterton's "Life of St. Francis" is more an autobiography than a biography. At least it is his greatest lyric poem.

It is difficult and perhaps foolish to attempt an estimate of Chesterton's literary position in the future. Suffice it is to say that the only reason why Chesterton will not go down to posterity as a poet is because people will pay more attention to his prose. But even his prose works, as I have said before, are sufficient to mark his deep poetic nature.

James V. Egan, '30

Clouds

JINNY sat on the marble bench beneath the blooming Magnolia tree and reread the letter for the fifth time. It was so like Jim. Every word, every phrase sparkled with his personality. It was not long, but it was Jim's.

Virginia Marlowe was a tall, slender girl whose clear cream complexion, rather sharp features, cherry lips, and deep brown eyes veiled by beautiful lashes gave testimony to her creole ancestry. Her glowing dark hair, parted evenly in the center, was stretched back and simply coiled. Her crinoline was covered by a plain black dress whose somberness was brightened by a snowy lace fichu.

Times were hard for the loyal Confederate adherents in Missouri because of those unspeakable Yankees, and the staunch Marlowes had sold a great deal to sustain the sinking cause. Most of Jinny's jewels and dresses had gone, but she easily endured the weight of these sacrifices without murmur because they were for *Dixie*.

She read with a wistful smile, "*I can see you now as you stood beside me in the candle lit ball room, your dainty head surmounted by your curls, in your exquisite silver and lace, your sweet lips smiling at me and promising unending fealty. This recollection revives my courage when grim failure is nigh—I feel your delicate hand in mine and I am happy. . . .*"

Ah, the crinoline of lace and silver; it was the only lovely dress she had left. She would never part with that, for it was her only remembrance of the happiest evening in her life.

The precious letter slipped from her hands to her lap, and her melancholy eyes wandered to the shrouded, purple Ozarks in the distance frowning through the flimsy, gauze like mists that trailed their snow covered peaks upon the town of Bois d'Arc, two miles from the Marlowe estate. South—beyond the gorgeous mountains, Jim was in the ranks. She could see his genial Irish face, his clear, candid, blue eyes,

his thick, straight, black hair, and his queer smile so full of good humour. She smiled at the vision. His merry chuckle resounded in her ears.

She was proud of James Vincent McNamara, that Irish youth to whom she was affianced, because he was a Southerner. Like many other young men whose parents had come as immigrants to the state, he had been indifferent to political issues and dissensions, so what greater compliment could she have desired than that he should choose *Dixie's* cause for her sake. Out there Jim was fighting for *Dixie*, for *Missouri*. Bois d'Arc might be under the control of the swaggering Yankees, but Jinny's heart was *Dixie's* forever.

All her girlish patriotism, her loyalty, her allegiance was the South's. The Unioners were scoundrels; Lincoln an ogre. Whatever the South did, that was right. Secession was justifiable because the South had enacted it. She loved her *Dixie* with a fervent, intense, real love. And Jim . . . Jim was a true Southerner.

She glanced down at the letter and affectionately perused his bold, careful handwriting. It was dated three months ago. Three months ago . . . was he safe *now*? She was confident that he was and if, perchance, it should be her unhappy lot that Jim should fall, her heart would ever glory in the realization that he had poured forth his blood as a libation for the freedom of her beloved South.

As she sat amid the pink blossoms dreaming of her sweetheart, she was unaware of the grim, ominous storm clouds that had gathered in the East.

A strong breeze wafted the letter from her lap and it was only when she stooped to pick it up that she realized that it had begun to drizzle. She noticed then the dark, threatening skies that were hovering in the distance over the mountains; so, gathering together her basket and garments, she hastened indoors.

That evening Colonel Carver retired to his den immediately after supper to spend a pleasant evening with his documents and juleps. Jinny went into her little parlor to sew; the tiny room was intimate and cosy. A log fire crackled cheerily in the grate, for late in the afternoon the storm had broken and the atmosphere was piercingly humid and chilly; the cosy quiet of the room was accentuated by the heavy patter of the raindrops on the roof of the veranda.

Jinny had no inclination to sew. She was nervous and worried. She knew she had no cause to be, but she was worried about Jim. She

sensed that he needed her. She tried to convince herself that he was merely wounded but she could not quiet her tremors. Then was he dead? No! no! she must not think of that . . . she *must* not!

She sat down upon the haircloth sofa and took up her sewing with determination. She must surpress these morbid fancies. And although her fingers toiled, her mind was active and she listened to the raindrops that plaintively, sobbingly murmured that beloved name. Jim! Jim! Jim!

Dulled by the incessant sound, her head fell back and she sank into a lethargy, gazing wide-eyed at the metal ceiling. She was rudely awakened by the crash of glass. She blinked her eyes and saw a bleeding hand seize the window latch through the opening it had smashed. A moment later a gush of cold air dashed itself against her drowsy senses, the French window was violently slammed and a ragged, dripping figure stood in the room. She rose in fright, but the scream that rose to her lips was never uttered. She recognized the intruder.

Jim!

The apparition fell upon the sofa and buried his face in his hands. Jinny could not think. What could it mean? Why was he here? His ragged clothes, his beard . . . why?

He raised his head and understood her emotions, and then enlightened her with desperate bitterness in his voice, "Hate me! Despise me! Scorn me! I am a *deserter*."

It was too much for her, she swayed. She felt as though she had been struck by lightning and its tremendous glare had brought lucidity and coherence to her thoughts. This then was the unknown danger of which her intuition had apprized her. *This* was the man whom she loved—this creature, a vile traitor, a base deserter. *This Wretch!* A curl of scorn appeared upon her pretty lips.

He saw it.

Then he rose in desperation and turned to go as he had come. But some sudden thought checked his flight, for he resumed his seat and stared at the dancing tongues of flames in the grate. They, too, mocked him.

He had come many miles to face her and she would—she would have to listen. He had sneaked through the lines—tramped for miles and miles, and this was his reception. He had anticipated it only too well. How could she possibly act otherwise? Her heart and

soul were wrapped up in the *South*—she had merely countenanced his suit because he fought for her Dixie. She had deceived him; she never loved him. Bah! He allowed his cynical bitterness to conquer his mind, but he could not tear himself from her side.

And Jinny? She stood erect and watched him; soon the scorn faded from her eyes for she realized that her love for the South was secondary to her love for this unhappy youth. He was so upright, so lovable, so honorable. There must be some weighty reason for his desertion.

She went to him and, kneeling at his side, took hold of both of his hands. She looked straight into his clear eyes and murmured, "Jim, dear, why did. . . ."

But in his bitterness he tried to repulse her. "You never did care for me. The Confederacy is your dream, your life . . . your hope! You despise me and hold me in contempt now . . . I can see it. You hate me!"

"No, Jim, you know that is not true. Tell me *all*." She clasped his hands.

He stared at her in surprise and his cynicism slipped from him like a discarded cloak. "Jinny," he cried, "I went only for you!"

"I know now, Jim. But I so want to know everything." She rose from her knees and sat beside him, retaining his hands. He faced her.

"I did not know what I was doing," he explained. "I came here with my father when I was a mere boy, and I grew up indifferent to party struggles. I loved you and I was enthusiastic for the South because you were—because all my companions were. You loved Dixie so much that when Secession came I enlisted for the Gray because I knew that you wanted me to. But . . ." His voice faltered.

Jinny repressed her rising tears and queried gently, "Yes?"

He sighed heavily. "In those two years at the front among the Southerners I learned much, and had time to think. I grew serious from the shadow of the ever-present peril of death. I learned the true facts and reasons for Secession and I began to gradually feel myself averse—well, out of sympathy with them." Jinny nodded her dark head understandingly. "I wanted to know the sentiments of the opposite faction. Then an opportunity presented itself. As sergeant, I was given charge of a group of Blue prisoners. I became attached to one

of them and from him I learned to understand and appreciate the justice of the Northern view. I became acquainted with a Lincoln shorn of all calumny. And I became disgusted with the cause I had enlisted to defend, but my pride and my dearest hopes forbade me to draw back. I loved you so! I wanted you, and I knew that if I deserted and joined the Blue you would despise and hate me. I do not care what others may think. But I do care so much for your opinion. I hung on and fought until I could no longer endure it. I could no longer fight for a cause that I knew to be unjust, wrong. My heart bade me go. I pictured you before me, I saw the smile of scorn and contempt upon your lips—but I had to go. Jinny, I had to go! Do you understand? I *had* to. . . !”

“Yes, Jim. I do understand.”

“But I had to come and see you, to tell you the torture of my heart, my trials. I wanted you to learn it from me—not from the distorted calumny of gossips. I . . . I am glad that you understand.” He swallowed his rising emotion, but he could not conceal the mist that veiled his eyes. He said with grim determination, “I must go now. I cannot hope to have you for my wife, but I am happier, because I am sure that you. . . .”

“Jim.”

She whispered his name and slipped to her knees beside him. Her soft, sweet brown eyes were dimmed by unshed tears. “Jim—I don’t know where to begin. I . . . I . . . don’t know how to say it.” She lowered her eyes. “I would love you if you were the vilest of men—worse than a . . . a deserter. But instead you are . . . oh, my Jim, I cannot condemn you and scorn you because your convictions have come to differ from mine. I am only a weak woman. I cannot drive you from me because you do not love *Dixie* as I do, because . . . because you are everything to me, I need you!”

“Jinny!” He lifted her to her feet and embraced her.

She cried, “Oh Jim. I know you are no coward. I can see and appreciate how couragaeous you have been to follow your convictions into the jaws of Death. Oh Jim, Jim, I admire you for it and, if possible, I love you more.”

“Jinny, you have. . . .”

She interrupted, “No, Jim. Do not speak to me any more now but . . . go. Go to Judge Carver tonight and explain . . . explain

to him. He will understand and place you in the ranks of the Cause that you now love—the *Union*." She sobbed out the antagonistic word. "He has a great deal of influence. And Jim, write to me more often . . . much more often, for I shall need you . . . I need you!"

The young man pressed her to him and kissed her. Then he cried: "Jinny, I shall come back to you."

One last embrace and he left her.

Jinny ran to the window and out upon the veranda to watch the blackness of the storm swallow up his athletic figure. Then she returned and sat upon the sofa. She clasped her hands and stared at the leaping flames. Jim! Dixie! Jim! She pressed her palms against her temples. Jim! Her eyes welled up with tears, and then, suddenly slipping to the floor, she rested her head against the seat of the sofa. There were three drops of blood, vividly fresh and scarlet against the faded green haircloth. *Blood*. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed as through her heart would break.

Paul F. Csanyi, '30

On Wings of Silence

Soft and even, silvered stillness,

Hushed and calm, a time divine!

Broken: breaks an awful chillness;

Kept: the world is none of mine!

Gone the mart's bold blare and blasting—

Sanctuary from all strife!

Moments treasured everlasting—

Fragile rendezvous from life!

Frank E. Greene, '29

That Amazing Proposal

FOR centuries the world has desired peace. The instigators of war have not been the multitudes, but rather ambitious leaders in a position to subvert the will of their political inferiors. This platitude becomes more evident when we realize that the constant reaction of every war has found expression in a common urge for peace. Indeed, the one good achieved by war seems to have been lodged in the peace movements consequent to every conflict, and these, because of the brevity of their existence, have been of little material value in fulfilling their purpose. It has been customary for them to gain momentum for a few years, reach a certain peak, and then suddenly vanish into oblivion until the recurrence of war, whereupon the same process would ensue.

It is a surprising fact that, with all his lessons, man has rarely made any concrete attempt to eliminate the possibility of war. He has talked of peace. He has written in behalf of peace. He has, and always will, want peace. Yet, oddly enough, when the point was reached where definite, tangible action would be necessitated, were progress to continue, he has shrunk back into his shell, fearful of taking the climactic step.

In the light of experience, then, the recent proposal of Maxim Litvenoff, Russian Soviet delegate at the Disarmament Conference, becomes all the more significant. It will be remembered that this particular gentleman, after listening to the remainder of the committee prate on trivialities, arose and, with little prefatory warning, stunned his auditors with the challenge that the whole world lay down its arms. We do not recall his exact words, but, with a little imagination, the substance of his remarks might be voiced thus:

"Gentlemen, you want peace. We want peace. There is a way in which we may all have peace. Lay down your arms! Scrap your armies! Scrap your navies! Destroy your instruments of warfare!

Do these things and Russia will do likewise. Gentlemen, if you would have peace, destroy the agencies of warfare..”

What a radical—what an amazing—but what a glorious proposal this was! Were the nations of the world to pursue this policy, think of the benefits that would accrue to humanity! Not merely time, energy, and money would be saved, but lives,—millions of human lives—would no longer be sacrificed at the feet of the selfish God of War. The billions of dollars spent in warfare would be converted into educational uses.

And to think that Soviet Russia—scorned and despised land of the Bolshevik—had offered such a plan of peace! It seems almost preposterous but, regardless of the sincerity of its spokesman, Russia deserves a vote of thanks from humanity. She has offered a concrete plan of peace. Despite the fact that her proposal has been shelved by the Disarmament Committee, despite the criticism of the press of the world, despite the hosts of vested interests subtly opposing peace, Russia has awakened the world to a fuller realization of the facts; and the proponents of peace, we hope, will find in her suggestion a source of inspiration and encouragement.

Eventually, the world must come to peace. Each day finds modern invention knitting nations and peoples closer and closer together. When this proximity attains a fuller development, war will become a thing of the past. Old prejudices and dislikes will be dissipated under the influence of friendship, and the common brotherhood of man will assert itself in terms of fact.

Again, this has been termed an age of specialization, chiefly in reference to individuals. Yet, we are sure, the germs of that ideal economic situation—specialization of industry in the nations according to their inherent resources—will find nourishment in contacts effected by modern invention. Thus, nations will become more and more dependent upon one another and war will find no place in a world of co-operation.

Yes, we are glad that Maxim Litvenoff voiced a concrete plan for world peace. In his amazing proposal, he wiped away all precedent. That, as we understand it, represents true progress—the eradication of precedent when something better can be found. The trouble is that most of us view the destruction of precedent with alarm. A small amount of reflection, however, shows us that the progress of the

world has been synonymous with the breaking of precedent. The greatest inventions of the world were scoffed at in the early days of their existence, and the genii who produced them were often subjected to the deepest humiliation.

The world, today, may scoff at Maxim Litvenoff and his startling proposal, but we prophesy that when universal peace has come into the world, the words of this scorned Russian Soviet will be listed in the treasured archives of mankind. For the present, let us hope that the proponents of peace will see in his dramatic proposal a spark, which they may fan into a flame; and which, in turn, will increase in brilliancy and intensity until that which man has for centuries desired but never attained shall be effected—peace.

John H. F. O'Connell, '28

Mr. Hyde

When venture calls—then must we hear
The toll of mystery and fear!
I tremble with a child's delight
To feel the spell of Bagdad's night.
I see the crescent moon above—
My heart beats fast aglow with love.
Black cobras sway to lilting tune;
To mystic perfume senses swoon.
The flying carpet soars on high—
It flutters now, 'twixt land and sky!
Ah! 'twas a scene in dreams arrayed—
And now I wake to watch it fade.

James J. Sheridan, '30

Religion in Literature

WHEN we ask ourselves what part religion plays in literature, we face a question that assumes enormous proportions. First, because religion and literature are as broad as humanity itself, and secondly, religion and literature are at times so closely interwoven in their influence, one upon the other, that it is hard to fix any clearly defined limits between the two. Be that as it may, we shall attempt in this paper to indicate some of the respects in which literature in general depends upon religion.

Religion and literature are linked by so many bonds and have so much in common that they are nearly identical. We cannot think of literature and not associate religion with it. Where is the great book, the masterpiece of literature that does not contain religious implications, that does not rest on some sort of religious basis? The four Vedas, the sacred writings of Brahmanism, the most ancient system of philosophy of which any record exists, extol various gods and are wholly based upon religious principles. The great epics from "Mahabharata"—the great poems of ancient India—to "Paradise Lost" have their deep religious foundation and sentiment.

Now to trace this influence of religion as manifested in the various departments of literature. In the drama religion has always played a leading role. From the simple religious ceremonies of the primitive tribes, down through the ritual of the highly cultured Egyptians, through the Grecian tragedy and comedy, through Shakespeare—to our own modern drama we can trace this same unchanging, forceful, religious instinct driving men to seek a union with their Creator. In pagan as in Christian times the drama is deeply religious. In all drama, be it the Grecian tragedy or comedy, the miracle plays of the Middle Ages, or the modern drama, there is some religious basis. We must remember, too, that poetic justice which is the constant objective of the serious drama, is in some way an application of religious principles. Another

noteworthy fact is that the great dramatist must be a teacher of morality. He may consciously or unconsciously be so, but at any rate he cannot be blind to religious implications. His purpose is to depict human life and character in objective action, and by means of contrast to portray human sentiments, interpret the thoughts of men, their customs and ways; and these things cannot be separated from the moral law. As an example of the great drama let us take "Macbeth." If we were to summarize it in the shortest possible form, the central theme would necessarily be somewhat like this: "the evil desire is punished by the attainment of its object." The same can be done to any other famous play and the result will invariably imply some religious teaching. At the bottom of every dramatic plot there is unmistakably a moral issue.

In dealing with the essay we are concerned here only with that essay that is literature, the essay that views human life through a human mirror and gives a beautiful impression of the same. Every essay that is literature in a serious and vital sense, is in some way open to religious implications. The essay of this type shows how different men react to vital questions. The author's impressions and sentiments on religious issues are set forth for the benefit of the reader. The essays that work the greatest amount of good are those serious and thought-provoking essays dealing in some way with religious sentiments. We are here on earth to know, love, and serve God; and those essays treating of the most important object of life are perforce more valuable and interesting. On account of the infinite scope of the essay we cannot confine its religious correlation with any degree of precision, but it is well to remember that in general the most beautiful and beneficial essays are those which treat of the noblest sentiments; and where can you find a more sublime theme than God?

In poetry the influence of religion is even more marked. This is as it should be. If poetry is defined as "the imaginative representation through the medium of language, of true grounds for the noble emotions," then certainly no truer basis for noble emotions can be found than religion. No really great poem was ever written that did not embody a pronounced religious element. In the rudest folk ballads and primitive epics, the religious note is prevailingly sounded. The metrical romances are deeply religious both in form and content. Religion, in fact, has inspired the greatest poems in the world. Had there been no religious foundation or inspiration, the literary firmament would not

have been graced by such masterpieces as the "Divina Commedia," and Milton's "Paradise Lost," to say nothing of the exquisite Psalms of David, the Canticle of Canticles, the Book of Job,—all of which are parts of the Bible which is admittedly the world's Masterpiece of every kind of literary production. Religion is a fundamental condition of real poetical merit. The religious element in no small measure accounts for the poetical excellence of Browning, Tennyson, and Longfellow, as it explains to a great extent the poetical limitations of Keats and Byron. Poetry, then, needs religion. Every poetical classic shows a distinct religious background. And why not? Poetry deals with the noble and sublime, and surely religion is that power calculated more than any other to uplift and expand the human heart.

Such in brief is literature's indebtedness to religion. As we have seen, religion plays a paramount part in literature; it is the underlying current of the drama, it is reflected in the essay, it is the soul of poetry. Religion colors every thought and feeling of man, and shapes the whole of human life. According to the same token, religion colors and shapes literature which, as Maurice Egan says, "is the written expression of life."

Joseph J. Della Penta, '30

RESIDUUM

Ed Sexton having a date with Ethel one night betook himself to a barber shop which was crowded with patrons. Being in a hurry he asked:

"Say, how long do you think it will be before I can get shaved?"

"Oh," said Paul scrutinizing him very carefully, "I should say about two years."

Doc: "What protection do you take against microbes in drinking water?"

Luke: "First, I boil the water. . . ."

Doc: "Yes, and then?"

Luke: "Then, I sterilize it. . . ."

Doc: "That's right, and then what?"

Luke: "I drink nothing but beer."

Prof.: "What is a tissue?"

Coughlin: "A tissue is a collection of similar cells."

Prof.: "Illustrate."

Coughlin: "Sing Sing."

Croft: "How ya feeling?"

Bourdeau: "Rotten."

Croft: "Whassa matter?"

Bourdeau: "Got insomnia."

Croft: "How come?"

Bourdeau: "Woke up twice in Spanish this morning."

The following one is credited to the creators of the "bull-pen" upon Hendricks Field.

D: "Did you know I can strike nails like lightening?"

L: "No, can you?"

D: "Yes, lightening never strikes twice in the same place."

If slang should be adopted in the "Sanctum sanctorum," we should expect to hear something like this:

Cease masticating the fabric.

Torrid canines.

It's the feline's facial hirsute adornments.

Atta young male of the species "homo sapiens."

I will announce to the third planetary satellite of the sun.

Recently we noticed something very amusing in one of the local papers. A teacher in a small western town sent a note home with one of her pupils advising the mother to allow him to take the Schick test. The following day she received an answer which read as follows: "I go to the movies and I see the shieks there and also hanging around, and I no wanta my boy to be no shiek."

John Horrigan, who is an expert on antiques, (not some of the cars he sells) claims that the electric chair is a piece of period furniture—because it ends a sentence.

Spencer Sullivan claims that he had a queer dream New Year's eve. Two frogs fell into a large can of milk. They began at once to struggle for freedom, leaping for the top, but always falling back. One of them became discouraged and said, "It ain't no use, it ain't no use. But the other kept on trying and said, "I will never give up." When the frogs were discovered several hours later, the one that had said, "It ain't no use," was dead, but the other one was sitting on a cake of butter singing, "I will never give up."

Foolish, isn't it? But still there is a moral—never put hops in the ginger ale before going to bed.

Prof.: "Tell the class about the sun spots."

Hooks: "Well, sun spots are what people have when they are young. They usually go with red hair, and are commonly called freckles."

IN THE D. T. WARD

Head Nurse instructing green trainee: "Now rub the patient well with glycerine at two-hour intervals every day."

Green Nurse: "And what shall I use at night, nitro-glycerine?"

That is enough to make anyone "go up in the air."

The following advertisement recently appeared in a small Kentucky paper:

Card of thanks: We wish to thank the many friends for the expressions of sympathy and for their assistance in the death of my husband.

EVERY HOME A GARAGE

Here is one from the Washington Star:

Young Lady Wanted with car to teach driving in private home; give phone number. Star Office.

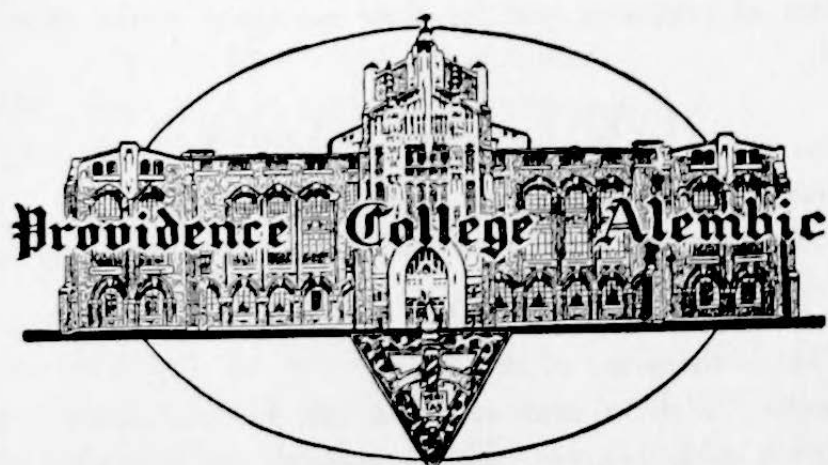
What is the order of the bath:

Frosh: "Well as near as I can see, first the water is too hot, then it is too cold, then you look for a towel, and finally the telephone rings."

ONE FOR MR. WEBSTER

Wust wants to know why, if four people are called a "quartette," two people laboring under the same delusion aren't called a pintette."

Philip B. Hearn, '28



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THE TEACHER

During the darkest hours of the struggle for public education in Massachusetts, Horace Mann, outstanding pioneer of American education, wrote:

"Neglected, lightly esteemed among men, cast out, as it were.

from the regards of society, I seem to myself to know that the time will come when education will be revered as the highest of earthly employments."

The more noble a profession is, the more noble should be the character of the man in that profession. Teaching, by virtue of its nature, is, with few exceptions, the noblest calling in the world. Naturally, then, the character of those engaging in this profession should be of the highest possible calibre.

One of the greatest errors of all education in the past has been lodged in the quality of the teaching personnel. Whatever we may say of the old and new systems of pedagogy, or however we may look upon this or that method, the fact remains that the greatest factor in education is the teacher himself. If every teacher represented or even approached the ideal requirement of his profession, the major portion of the problems now confronting educators would be solved.

It is a sad fact that the teaching profession has ever been crowded with the mediocre. Why, the question naturally arises, has society been content to allow this most noble calling to include within its ranks the incapable? Why has society permitted the greatest single factor in its development to be neglected? It would but represent the loftiest heights of egotism for us to venture an answer to these questions, or to ascribe a reason for such a state of affairs. That, however, is aside from the purpose of this article.

Our point is this—society should meet the issue squarely and supply this want of good teachers. But, the question again arises, how can such a cure be effected? How can the quality of the teaching personnel be improved? Let us look into the existing conditions in order that we may be able the more clearly to judge the situation.

Among others, two glaring weaknesses of the profession immediately confront us:

- (1) a lack of the proper social recognition of the teacher;
- (2) a totally inadequate financial remuneration accorded him.

Each of these statements requires no proof further than experience. Let the individual reader indulge in a bit of introspection. Let him link the ideas associated in his mind with the word, teacher, and he will see that both statements are unalterably correct.

Admitting these truths, then, it is easy to see why there is a shortage of good teachers. Any profession which fails to provide for

its adherents due social recognition and an adequate financial return cannot expect to draw character and ability to itself. Man is a social creature and there are few things which he prizes more highly than the favor of his fellows. Indeed, much of our behavior can be understood only in terms of effort to secure approval and avoid disapproval. Again, it must not be forgotten that life, even that of the teacher, has its material basis. However noble our aspirations may be, they must be wasted unless "we forever keep one foot on the ground."

Even from these brief remarks, it is evident that the reason why mediocre teachers predominate lies in these two existing weaknesses of the profession. Until they are remedied, we shall continue in the same rut. It is obvious, then, that to effect a cure in the teaching profession, due social recognition and an adequate financial return should be accorded the teacher. The nature of his calling justifies such action and the future of the nation demands it. Society should see to it then, that the teacher, the moulder of youth and the master of destiny, the participant in the most noble earthly calling, should be given ample financial return for his labors. He is a sacred trust and until his profession overcomes its two present defects, we cannot expect him to fulfill the obligations of such a mission.

Increase the teacher's salary and, we are sure, in this age in which man is inclined to make money the criterion of success, social recognition will follow.

OUR TEACHERS

Incidentally [the editor takes it for granted that the reader peruses one editorial after another (ye god, this is egotism)] we at Providence College have much for which to be thankful in regard to our teachers. We have men to guide us who are of the noblest character possible—priests of God. We have men to guide us who have undergone a far longer period of preparation than the ordinary professor. We have men to guide us who are wholly unconcerned with, and have no desire for, the things of the world. We have a system of learning that, for over seven centuries, has withstood the assaults of time and circumstance.

There is a lesson here for every one of us—the lesson of gratitude, which, by the way, is best expressed through an active and whole-hearted co-operation with our every professor.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEED

The year 1927 is dead. We are glad that it is dead. What did it contribute of moral value to the world? Relatively, nothing. Here, however, are a few of the things it did contribute. There flashed across our mind as we attempted to make a mental review of its most notable events:

Murders! Divorces! Religious Suppression! Cults! Martyrdom! Free Love! More Murders! Anti-Catholic Propaganda! Companionate Marriages! More Divorces! Atheism, etc., etc.

The year 1928 is already throbbing with life. Well can one appreciate the sagacity of that small speech which reads,

"The world's greatest need is God."

PRIZE CONTEST

January has been described as a month in which resolutions are made and broken. The ALEMBIC, then, is merely following custom when it makes a resolution. The only difference is that this resolution will not be broken. It will be carried out to the letter. So you see that, in reality, it is not a resolution at all. Rather, it is an announcement. But if it were a resolution, here's how it would read:

"The Providence College ALEMBIC hereby resolves to give the sum of ten dollars to the author of the best non-staff contribution between the date of this publication and March, 1928."

In other words, we are launching a literary contest with a substantial prize to the winner. There are no restrictions, no red tape, not even a blank to fill out. Any student in the college, with the exception of the members of the staff, is eligible. It matters not whether your contribution be prose or poetry. A group of professors, connected in no way with the ALEMBIC, will pass upon the contributions and select that which they deem the most worthy of the yellowback.

In all seriousness, however, the ALEMBIC is presenting to every student the opportunity, not merely of winning ten dollars, but in a more significant sense, of developing the lurking and latent talents within himself. "Writing," said Bacon, "maketh the exact man."

Wherefore, students of the institution, get busy. Don't let the other fellow walk off with the \$10. Remember—any form of literature—any topic—any type of manuscript, longhand, shorthand, or Un-

derwood, will do. Simply give it to any of the professors, staff members, or the editor himself.

The contest is on! Let's go!

SCIENCE AND LAW

A very interesting suggestion has recently been made concerning the sentencing of criminals. This suggestion, which has been put forward by a New York man, would take the power of imposing sentences from the hands of juries and judges, and give it to a specially organized body of doctors and scientists whose knowledge of criminology warranted their appointments.

This is one of the most practical and common-sense arrangements that has yet been proposed to counteract the results of increased crime outbreaks. No one can honestly say the present scheme of law enforcement is adequately able to hold back the underworld forces. It is an obsolete system full of loopholes by way of which murderers, thieves, and even worse may easily buy their way to freedom. It is unexplainably cruel in some instances and amazingly indifferent in others, so much so that any but the most gullible are forced to admit that punishment for wrong-doing is graduated, not according to the crime committed, but rather according to the criminal's financial ability to hire any imposing array of alienists, lawyers, and insanity experts.

Of course, it might be argued that the new proposal also carries with it many imperfections. But it is, nevertheless, a magnificent step in the right direction. It is a step toward substituting scientific protection of society for a blind-folded system that is built upon the old, merciless law of retaliation. It seeks not to inflict pain upon the mentally or morally deficient so much as it seeks their confinement and utilization for the improvement of society.

Perhaps the most promising feature of this suggestion is the abolishment of parole-boards and pardoning rights. These are, at their best, a nonsensical makeshift. If a man is dangerous to society, he should be confined until competent experts declare him otherwise. The pardoning of criminals today is much like a lottery. Sometimes a deserving individual is freed, but more often an unbalanced beast is set free to complete his ravages upon an unarmed society.

EXCHANGE

THE ABBEY STUDENT

The Autumn number is a well balanced copy, and quite diversified in subject matter. The subjects treated, however, are of ordinary import, and as we judge, required no considerable amount of thought or very great research. Some of the writings are very well done, and a few others are not so good. We believe that in the makeup of a magazine, biographies, historical narratives, and philosophical treatises should be considered. A proper treatment of these subjects cannot but elevate the tone of a magazine.

In "In Our Old Attic" the author rambles with his reader among spiders and cobwebs and unearths the musty relics that repose in this unfrequented museum. "The Pony Express" presents a trace of the historical element that we have submitted above for consideration. It is one of the "shift of tense" essays which finds little or no favor with this writer. The practice of jumping from a past to a present tense is resorted to for vividness we know, and when properly used, as in the historical present, the coherence of the theme is not disrupted. In this essay, however, the practice is entirely overdone, and the reader becomes confused and loses interest in the trend of events.

"Thieving Waters" we consider the best written of the short stories. The plot is not new, yet the development of the story, and the description throughout are admirable, the climax not in the least unusual. "Old North 5th," and "Hell as Dante and Milton Saw It," are the best essays of the issue. We think the former the better of the two, for charm and purity of diction, and a mild cynicism that we admire, pervade it.

Verbosity and an over-emphasis of the "ego" characterizes "Working on the Playground," while "The Round-About Road" presents a few chapters from the book of "Experience." We doubt

if any college man has encountered as many vicissitudes as the author before hearing the call to the higher life.

Of the poetical presentations "The Fourth Dolor" stands apart. Consider these lines:

"Stand back." The stern centurian gives command,
The surging mob divides and halts a space.—
————— Foiled hate to fury fanned
At sight of Him, they mock His deep disgrace,
But He regards not, for He sees a face,
His Mother's, where she takes her sorrowing stand.

The Chronicle, Exchange, and Athletic Departments are complete and newsy. Mr. O'Malley's editorials are real "chats."

THE ANSELMIAN

Upon opening the pages of the November issue, we are informed of the elevation of St. Anselm's to the rank of Abbey, and we congratulate her upon the honor and dignity thus conferred. A resumé of the works of Ellen Glasgow follows. "Knight In-Deed," a story of "would be" crooks, has many crude edges that might well stand beveling. The plot is strained and major details are lacking in the introduction. "A Bachelor's Degree" abounds in ingracious diction. The introduction of slang, especially in such large measure as in this case, lessens the value of the entire theme. There are many respectable and vigorous equivalents in our language without resorting to the "barbaric" tone of expression.

Two very well written essays are "Christianity and Modern Scientists" and "The Value of a Catholic Education." Due to the nature of the subject, the former might well be enlarged upon. We hear a great deal nowadays about the "conflict" between Science and the Catholic Church, the "opposition" of the Popes to scientific research, in a word, the "hostile attitude" of the Church to all things scientific. For this reason we think a more comprehensive treatment of the subject is necessary, and this we know is not beyond the capabilities of the author.

The various departments are complete and well edited. There is plenty of humor in "Laffin Gags."

THE PURPLE AND GOLD

Our introduction to this magazine was quite favorable. The quarterly, though none too copious, nevertheless caters to quality, and this we admire sincerely. "Aesthetic Education" is well constructed, and shows originality and mature thought. Though the tragic end of "Francois" was not to our liking, yet in setting, description, and character portrayal the author must be commended. The Woman Haters Club has a splendid candidate in Mr. Avery (if he is not already enrolled), for in "An Age-Old Phenomenon in Modern Garb" he bewails man's loss of the tonsorial throne, and he heaps his indignation and wrath upon the feminine usurper.

A splendid essay is "Cor ad Cor Loquitur." The evolution and development of the essay from Montaigne to Beloc are treated briefly, yet none the less admirably. A free and easy style, and a true chronological sequence characterize the essay.

The editorials are well written, though the field is too limited. Perhaps in your next issue you could present views on matters of wider scope and significance. We suggest that more space be allotted to "Suggest for Reading." Since the Reviews are done by various individuals, we think at least eight or nine should be printed in each number, as the magazine is but a quarterly.

We acknowledge receipt of the following Exchanges:

<i>The Abbey Student</i>	<i>The Green and White</i>
<i>The Anselmian</i>	<i>The Holy Cross Purple</i>
<i>The Beacon</i>	<i>The Laurel</i>
<i>The Blue and White</i>	<i>The Maroon and White</i>
<i>The Borromean</i>	<i>The Setonian</i>
<i>The Boston College Stylus</i>	<i>St. Ann's Monthly</i>
<i>The Canisius Monthly</i>	<i>St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle</i>
<i>The Clark News</i>	<i>The Viatorian</i>
<i>The Creighton Prep</i>	<i>The Xavier</i>
<i>The Fordham Monthly</i>	<i>John W. Murphy, '28</i>

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE ATHLETIC BANQUET

The events of this month's Chronicle are few since they were crowded into a short space of time preceding the holidays. First among these we place the Athletic Banquet. Although in former years the annual testimonial by the students to their athletic representatives honored only the football lettermen, the Senior Committee offered this year's testimonial to all lettermen in all branches of sport for the past year. The banquet was attended by one-third of the student body, and proved a huge social success. The invited guests were: Right Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D., Rev. Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., Rev. F. Jordan Baeszler, O.P., and the class moderators: Rev. L. M. Shea, O.P., Rev. A. B. Cote, O.P., Rev. P. C. Perrotta, O. P., Rev. P. E. Rogers, O.P., Hon. James E. Dunne, Hon. Joseph H. Gainer, John J. Flynn, Archie Golembeskie, and Albert McClelland. Stephen A. Fanning, President of the Senior Class, was the Toastmaster. Musical entertainment was furnished by the College Orchestra and by members of the Glee Club. John A. Quirk and James Hanaway contributed to the fun-making with an original vaudeville skit.

The Committee, which was to a large measure responsible for the success of the affair, was composed of: Thomas A. Monahan, '28; Paul J. McNally, '28; J. Austin Carroll, '28, and James A. Flaherty, '28.

THE FALL RIVER CLUB

The Fall River Club of Providence College, an organization which had its inception last year and which at the present time boasts of a membership of thirty students, held its first meeting for the present scholastic term on Tuesday, December 6th, 1927, when the election of officers took place.

The following officials were chosen: President, Christopher J. Fagan, '28; Vice President, William B. Norton, '30; Secretary, Austin Sullivan, '31, and Treasurer, Edward B. Downs, '29.

The Fall River Club held its annual dance at Anawan Hall, December 30, 1927, which was attended by members of the club, students, alumni and friends. The music was furnished by the College Orchestra.

THE PYRAMID PLAYERS

The Pyramid Players have come to the front with an announcement scheduling three one-act plays for presentation during early January. The plays selected are: "Fennell," "The Boor," and "The Bishop's Candlesticks."

James E. McDonald, '28

ALUMNI NOTES

'24—James F. Colgan, B.S., was in town for the holidays and was among those seen at the Alumni Ball.

'24—Word was received from Thomas M. Donnelly, Ph.B., (Brother Chrysostom) who is now at the Dominican House of Studies, River Forest, Illinois. Tom says that everything is fine and that the life appeals greatly to him.

'24—Francis L. Dwyer, Ph.B., was a member of the Alumni Ball Committee.

'24—Great praise and congratulations are to be extended to Howard J. Farrell, A.B., for the long, laborious, and anxious hours which he underwent as Chairman of the Business Committee in charge of the Alumni Ball. The success of the affair was a credit to the efforts of the untiring chairman.

'24—John B. McKenna, B.S., returned to Providence from Harvard Medical School for the Christmas holidays.

'24—Daniel M. O'Neill, A.M., was untiring in his exertion for the ball, and all those who attended the affair were greeted by the inimitable O'Neill smile at the entrance.

'24—We met Joseph C. O'Reilly, A.B., quite frequently during the past Christmas season.

'24—Edmund A. Quinn, B.S., seemed to be having an enjoyable time at the recent Alumni Ball.

'25—Thomas H. Barry, A.B., was home from the seminary during the recent vacation.

'25—Frederick J. Fratus, Ph.B., was seen on a recent afternoon hurrying about town in the company of Thomas P. Carroll, A.B., who claimed that Fred was bargain hunting, although for what he did not say.

'25—Cletus A. Lenaghan, A.B., was a recent caller at the College.

'25—Robert E. Murphy, B.S., is doing well at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he is specializing in Business Administration. Bob hopes to finish his studies in June.

'25—Timothy J. Sullivan, Ph.B., was home from the Columbia School of Journalism during the holidays. He informed us that his brother "Ned" (Brother Bede), wrote and directed a play given by the Novices at the Dominican House of Studies, River Forest, Illinois, just after Christmas.

'26—James N. Eastham, B.S., was a frequent visitor at the College during the vacation. Jimmie is at present an instructor in Mathematics at the Catholic University, where he is pursuing studies leading to the degree of Master of Science.

'26—John E. Farrell, A.B., after the Alumni Ball, hurried to New York where he attended the convention of the National Collegiate Association.

'26—Redmund F. Kelly, B.S., visited at the College on his return from Canada.

'26—We were pleased to notice that William H. Leslie, Ph.B., who made such a good record in basketball while at Providence, was in attendance at the Ball.

'26—Thomas R. McGrath, A.B., is doing very well in his graduate studies at the University of Notre Dame.

'26—William H. O'Connor, Ph.B., was in town for the Alumni Ball.

'26—Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Reall were among those at the recent alumni celebration. Others of the Class of 1926, who were also seen at the Ball, were Charles F. Reynolds, A.B., and Joseph A. Roney, Ph.B.

'26—Joseph V. Tally, Ph.B., brings up the long list of those from the Class of 1926 who were in attendance at the Alumni Ball.

'27—Stephen M. Murray, A.B., is doing very creditably in his graduate work at Notre Dame University. Steve has charge of several Boy Scout units in South Bend, and the youngsters have earned the reputation of being Honor Troops.

'27—John C. Beirne, Ph.B., is now located in Springfield, Mass.

'27—Anacleto Berrillo, Ph.B., returned from Jefferson Medical School for Christmas.

'27—Thomas H. Bride, Jr., Ph.B., paid us a visit at the College while home from Harvard Law School.

'27—Among our many visitors during the Christmas season was Archie Dailey, B.S., who is doing graduate work at Catholic University.

'27—Dr. Francis A. Holland, who received his honorary Master of Arts last June, before departing for the land of the Esquimaux, celebrated his return by attending the Alumni Ball. He announced the opening of his office at 311 Cranston Street. Dr. Holland was a member of the Class of 1925.

'27—Nicola Lucarelli, A.B., stopped for a moment the other afternoon on Westminster Street and informed us that he is a student at the Harvard Dental School.

'27—We almost had a disastrous collision with Bernard J. Mangione, Ph.B., as the latter was rushing for a train on his way back to Boston University Medical School.

'27—Vincent Mattera, Ph. B., is at present a student at Jefferson Medical School, also Leonardo Miragliuolo, Ph.B., the latter paid us a visit at the College during the vacation season.

'27—Harold F. Morris, B.S., called to see us prior to the Christmas vacation. He is employed by the State Board of Public Roads.

'27—Frederick R. Riley was home for the holidays from Jefferson Medical School.

'27—Chester F. Sears, Ph.B., managed to put aside the boxing gloves long enough to return to Providence for the Alumni Ball. Later newspapers carried the story of Chester's great battle in winning from Eddie Adonis over the twelve-round route.

James E. McDonald, '28



BASKETBALL

PROVIDENCE VS. CLARK UNIVERSITY at Worcester, Mass., December 7, 1927

The Providence basketball team opened its second year of Varsity competition with a 42-21 victory over the Clark University quintet. Larry Wheeler and Johnny Kreiger ran rings around the Clark defense men. Wheeler cleared the hoop for seven field goals and six free tries, while Kreiger came through with six goals from the floor and four foul shots, for a total of 16 points. Shannahan, captain of the losing aggregation, led his club with 11 points.

The strong defense work of Captain Murphy and "Nap" Fleurent broke up the offensive tactics of the Clark forwards throughout the game. With Allen, Murphy, and Fleurent feeding Wheeler and Kreiger, the second half of the contest resulted in a walkaway for the Black and White.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (42)	CLARK (21)
Krieger, l. f.....	l. f., Shannahan (Capt.)
Fleurent, l. g.....	l. g., Mattson
Wheeler, c.....	c., Ciano
Allen, r. f.....	r. f., Alderman

Murphy (Capt.), r. g. r. g., Roy
 Field goals: Providence—Wheeler 7, Krieger 6,
 Allen 2, Fleurent; Clark—Shannahan 5, Alderman 2. Free
 tries: Providence—Krieger 4, Wheeler 6; Clark—Alder-
 man 3, Shannahan, Ciano 2, Roy.

Substitutions: Providence—Nawrocki for Fleurent,
 Bzezniki for Allen; Nawrocki for Wheeler, Szydla for
 Fleurent; Clark—Amsden for Alderman, Alderman for
 Ciano, Whitman for Alderman.

Referee—Parker. Time of game—20 minute halves.

PROVIDENCE VS. DARTMOUTH

at Hanover, N. H., December 10, 1927

The Black and White quintet suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of Dartmouth, last year's Eastern champions, 52 to 30. The Green used three full line-ups in annexing their third straight win of the season.

The high-scoring honors of the evening were won by Johnny Kreiger, flashy Dominican forward, who made seven field-goals and two from the foul-line for 16 of his team's 30 points. Captain "Chuck" Murphy, veteran guard, was successful in scoring eight more points.

In the second half the Dominicans changed their defense, which resulted in a check on the Green offensive. During the latter part of the game Providence held the Green on even terms.

Ellis, crack guard of the Dartmouth Five, led his team in scoring with five baskets from the floor, but he was pressed for honors by Spaeth, Vossler, and Langdell, with four baskets apiece.

The summary:

DARTMOUTH (52)	PROVIDENCE (30)
Spaeth, l. f.	l. f., Krieger
Heep (Capt.), l. g.	l. g., Murphy (Capt.)
Langdell, c.	c., Wheeler
Swarthout, r. f.	r. f., Allen
Ellis, r. g.	r. g., Fleurent
Field goals: Providence—Krieger 7, Wheeler, Murphy 3; Dartmouth—Swarthout 2, Spaeth 4, Langdell 4, Ellis 5, Heep 2, Sass, Smith, Vossler 4, Cheeney 2. Free tries: Providence—Krieger 2, Wheeler 2, Murphy, Fleurent, McCue 2; Dartmouth—Heep, Cheeney. Substitutions: Providence—McCue for Allen, Nawrocki for Fleurent; Dartmouth—Austin for Heep, Sass for Swarthout, Hein for Langdell, Vossler for Spaeth, Smith for Sass.	
Referee—Crowley. Umpire—Couture. Time—Two 20-minute halves.	

PROVIDENCE VS. UPSALA COLLEGE

at East Orange, N. J., December 16, 1927

Providence opened her New York trip with a 34-27 victory over Upsala College in a game replete with thrills. Coach McClelland's Dominicans led during the first half, but were forced to show their strongest attack during the closing minutes of the fray to be returned the victors.

The consistent play of McCue, substitute for Allen, was the high-light of the game. Breaking into the lineup in the first period, he showed varsity calibre and caged three baskets from difficult angles.

Kreiger led the Dominican scorers with eight points, Wheeler was next with seven, Fleurent and McCue closely followed with six points apiece.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (34)

UPSALA (27)

Krieger, l. f.....	l. f., Forsberg
Murphy, (Capt.), l. g.....	l. g., S. Jostrum
Wheeler, c.....	c., Parsons
Allen, r. f.....	r. f., Law
Fleurent, r. g.....	r. g., Spose

Field goals—Providence: Allen 2, Krieger 2, Wheeler 3, Murphy, Fleurent 3, McCue 3; Upsala—Law 3, Forsberg 4, S. Jostrum 2, Parsons 1. Free tries: Providence—Krieger 4, Wheeler, Szydla; Upsala—Forsberg 6, Spose. Substitutions: Providence—McCue for Allen, Szydla for Fleurent; Upsala—Johnson for Spose.

Referee—Kennedy. Time of game—20-minute halves.

PROVIDENCE VS. SETON HALL

Seton Hall avenged last year's defeat by trimming Providence 38 to 19 in a bitterly fought game. The battle was marred by frequent penalties to the Dominicans, many of which were of a doubtful nature. Early in the first period, Larry Wheeler, the backbone of the Dominican offense, was forced out of the game for personal fouls. McCue, a substitute forward, played centre for the remainder of the game.

Deprived of their best hoopster, Providence was never able to show her real power on the small court. The Setonians, on the other hand, passed fast and accurate and soon rolled up a commanding lead.

Singleton and Pruzinsky, Seton Hall veterans, were the high-

scorers of the evening, with 13 and 12 points, respectively. McCue and Kreiger each garnered six points.

The summary:

SETON HALL (38)	PROVIDENCE (19)
Singleton, l. f.....	l. f., Krieger
Mickevich, l. g.....	l. g., Murphy
Henaby, c.....	c., Wheeler
Nelligan, r. f.....	r. f., McCue
Pruzinsky, r. g.....	f. g., Fleurent
Field goals: Providence—Krieger 2, McCue 2, Murphy, Fleurent; Seton Hall—Nelligan 3, Singleton 6, Henaby, Pruzinsky 5, Mickevich. Free tries: Providence—McCue 2, Krieger 2, Fleurent, Allen, Dillon; Seton Hall—Singleton, Henaby, Pruzinsky 2, Mickevich, Mahr. Substitutions: Providence—Szydla for McCue, McCue for Wheeler, Allen for Murphy, Forrest for Krieger; Seton Hall—Gallagher for Mickevich, Mahr for Pruzinsky. Referee—Neuschaefer. Time 20-minute halves.	

PROVIDENCE VS. COLUMBIA PHARMACY COLLEGE at New York City, December 19, 1927

Providence scored her third victory of the season over the fast Columbia College of Pharmacy at the Columbia University Gym. The rugged five-man defense of the Dominicans, which was successful in holding the Gathamites scoreless in the early stages of the game, was the feature of the tilt.

At half-time, Providence was leading 14 to 9, but by combining fast floor-work with superior passing, the Black and White soon gained a commanding lead. Fleurent, Wheeler and Kreiger garnered most of the invaders' markers, while Hand, with 12 points, was the big gun for the Lions. The final whistle found the Dominicans holding a 35-20 lead.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (35)	COLUMBIA (20)
Kreiger, l. f.....	l. f., Cherr
Fleurent, l. g.....	l. g., Kaufman
Wheeler, c.....	c., S. Cohen
McCue, r. f.....	r. f., Hand
Murphy, r. g.....	r. g., Sorocco
Field goals: Providence—Fleurent 6, Wheeler 2, McCue 1, Kreiger 2, Murphy 1; Columbia—Hand 5, Cherr 3, S. Cohen. Free tries: Providence—McCue 1, Wheeler 3, Kreiger 7. Columbia—Hand 2. Substitutions: Providence—Szydla for Fleurent, Allen for McCue. Columbia—Sahr for Kaufman. Referee—John Murray. Time of game—20-minute halves.	

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S
at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 20, 1927

Providence closed her New York trip with a 38-26 set-back at the hands of the St. John's quintet of Brooklyn. St. John's, foremost rival of the Dominicans, earned their first athletic victory over the Black and White this year. Previously they were defeated in both baseball and football.

Both teams played a defensive game during the first period which resulted in the very low score of 3 to 1. St. John's increased their lead over Providence to 18-11 at half time. After the intermission the Dominicans came back strong and succeeded in cutting the Scarlet lead down to 22-19. This attack proved their last offensive, as the Brooklynites, led by Collins, gradually piled up a commanding lead.

The Patterson stars, McCue and Kreiger, and Larry Wheeler, for Providence, and Collins, of St. John's, with 16 points were the stars of the fray.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (26)

ST. JOHN (38)

Krieger l. f.	l. f., Collins
Murphy, l. g.	l. g., Feeney (Capt.)
Wheeler, c.	c., Posnack
McCue, r. f.	r. f., Gerson
Fleurent, r. f.	r. f., Wolf

Field goals: Providence—McCue 3, Krieger 3, Wheeler 2, Murphy; St. John's—Gerson 3, Collins 6, Posnack, Wolf 2, Feeney 2, Flannagan, Kleinman. Free tries: Providence—Krieger 5, Wheeler 2, Allen; St. John's—Gerson, Collins 4, Gallagher.

Substitutions: Providence—Szydla for Fleurent, Allen for McCue, Dillon for Krieger; St. John's—Flannagan for Collins, Gallagher for Wolf, Kleinman for Gerson, Shuman for Feeney.

Referee—John Murray, N. Y. A. C. Time of game—20-minute halves.

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