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VOL. 4

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 5

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VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 5

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The Magi's Star



HINE ON! Thou piercing eye of earthly night,
Hide not thy beauty from weak human sight,
But rather let thy spirit light the way
Of sinful man lest he unknowing stray
From things of God!

Lead on! O twice blessed torch of holy light
To Bethlehem as on that prayed-for night.
Still guide the wise men to the King of Kings
Nor scorn the weakling who still hopeful clings
To things of God!

"Fear not! shall be my message to mankind,
For He hath sent me, sight to man gone blind,
To bring once more the light of love to men
Whose faltering hearts have prayed and prayed again
For things of God."

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

BOOKS AND A BOOKCASE

JOYCE KILMER, poet-warrior and friendly, homely essayist, in one of the most intimate and delightful of his prose compositions, writes of the pleasure he finds in his "inefficient library". Mine, too, is an inefficient library—at the very least a cosmopolitan bookcase.

It is not too large—my bookcase-library—nor so endowed with intrinsic or extrinsic worth as to make it a priceless household treasure. It is neither a Boule cabinet, nor a Smith-Wernicke five-foot shelf. The former is all very well for the rooms of an interior decorator, the latter for the noiseless confines of a Carnegie library. I want none of them.

No, the bookcase, itself, is very unprepossessing, and its contents equally modest. It was acquired by the family somewhere, I imagine, in the golden oak, Gibson girl period; but I do not think its coming caused any neighborhood comment even then. Of course, there must have been the usual and customary rites without which no piece of furniture enters a house that aspires to be a home. The north wall and the south wall of the sitting room each had their adherents as a permanent resting place for this newest addition to the household Lares and Penates. If tradition were as strong then as now, it must have been dragged from position to position, that day of its first coming. Would it look better between the windows or in the space on the sidewall under Rebecca? Rebecca, you see, is another family goddess. She, or it, is a large steel engraving of that fair Biblical maiden simpering coyly at the well and listening to the soft words of—was it Jacob? A gift from a maiden dowager cousin whom no one dares offend—the reigning spirit of the maternal clan—the good Rebecca occupies a small place in our affections, but an enormous amount of room.

Since either the lower part of Rebecca or the upper portion of the bookcase would have had to be shorn to permit of their being placed together, one suggestion at least must have received scant consideration. Eventually, the bookcase was placed, probably where it stands today. Tradition rules strong in our house. It took the combined

efforts of all the junior members of the clan to have "The Ships", like Rebecca another pictured monstrosity, moved into the front hallway, and it was only by a secret loosing of the cord on great-uncle Michael, and his subsequent fall from grace and the wall, that he entered the vale of departed pictures.

The bookcase is oak, not golden oak, nor fumed oak, nor smoked oak, nor anything like that. Just plain oak. It has a glass door through which nondescript bindings peer brightly, and a broad, flat top that alternately serves during the year as the soil of Bethlehem or a convenient resting place for a gilt easel frame with an old family group, a green wood toy canoe, a struggling narcissus bulb, a malachite statuette, and whatever letters the postman has delivered during the day.

It is from the first of December until after Twelfth Night that the bookcase top becomes the soil of Bethlehem, for then comes the erection of the Christmas crib. The Holy Family, the ass, the ox, the sheep and the lambs are all brought forth from their resting place and grouped together. The bookcase takes on a new, a prideful air. Besides the undoubted honor of holding the crib, there is also the wordly honor of becoming, for a brief few weeks, the centre of attraction in the sitting room. Every visitor hies straightway to the crib, and most of the woman neighbors pop in before Twelfth Night to view the creche and admire the animals new from the year before.

But, however elaborate or however plain the exterior of any book case, it is the interior that counts; and here, my bookcase, while it does not deplore its inefficiency, is proud of its cosmopolitanism. It has books that were bought, and books that were given; books that were printed years ago, and books but newly fresh from the publishers. It holds, as far as I know, the only extant copy of *Noll and the Fairies*, a gilt-edged, superbly bound thing that tells, so every one who runs may read, the subconscious reactions of a six-months old child. It was purchased as a Christmas gift by a well-meaning aunt at a period when *The Tennessee Shad* or *The Substitute Halfback* would have been more acceptable all around. The pages are cut, and everyone in the family from the heads of the household down have read at least one chapter—but only one. Whatever happened when Noll reached the end of the book must forever remain unknown.

Then, there is a copy of Paul DuChaillu's *Animal Book* that

was published in 1853, and that has entertained every generation since that time, although in the light of older years it would seem as though Paul knew comparatively little of the subject in hand. Sooner or later, as our own generation has grown from infancy, the delightful discovery has been made of Elbridge Brook's contributions to our library. Like *Noll and the Fairies* splendidly bound, within the covers they are a grave disappointment. One book tells of the American Indian, the other of the American soldier. They sound too good to be true, for an eight-year old boy or a ten-year old girl. They are. The philosophical treatise of *The Diseases of the Horse* on a lower shelf would be more interesting. *Diseases of the Horse*, the gift of a sporting friend to the head of the household, with *Legislative Enactments for 1893*, the gift of a political friend, are never disturbed unless to be dusted or to serve a child visitor in lieu of the departed high-chair that is now gracing some humbler dwelling.

A varied assortment of volumes from the Everyman's Library, *Henry Esmond*, Goethe's *Faust*, Scott's *The Abbot*, *The Essays of Elia*, and a half dozen more are on another shelf. Irish folklore and Irish poetry, modern and ancient, have of course a prominent place. Standish O'Grady, Charles Kickham, Padraic Colum, Ethna Carberry, Seumas McManus—they are all represented, most of them by works published in "the old country", and obtained either through heritage or the Irish Industries Depot in New York. John Galsworthy's *Pigeon* is there, also, and a volume of Bliss Carman's poems. Two stray volumes of Cooper, again more binding than content, edge a collection of the essays of William Lyon Phelps, who in turn leans heavily against an autographed copy of Walpole's *Fortitude*. Christopher Morley's *Where the Blue Begins* shares elbow room with *Stover at Yale*, and the doughty Stover makes a first acquaintance with *The Sayings of Marcus Aurelius*, which someone with a sense of humor placed next to him.

But it is an essay I am trying to write and not a book catalogue, interesting many times as book catalogues are. The bookcase it is which is to have fame thrust upon it. The books have already had their moment of public approval or disapproval. The bookcase is not grand nor is it too worthy of great praise, either for itself or for its contents. But as I have often seen it, crowned as it were, with its little stable, with Mary and Joseph and the Infant God, with the

Christmas star hanging above it, and the animals grouped along its top, it is more than a container of books, more than an article of furniture. It is a household possession, an essential part of our home. In serving our needs and our pleasures it has won our affections. Sir Bookcase, I salute you. With the Lady Rebecca you have become a household deity—a god of the home.

John M. Hurley, '25

Mirth

GRAY IS THE day and dark will be the morrow
 Who is there to say when ends this time of sorrow?
 But I must smile, and laugh, too, when I may.
 If it last forever or only for a day.

Francis Vonnerly, '24



CASTLE ROCK

BEFORE ME stretches the blue-green expanse of the Atlantic. As far as I can see no Lilliputian sail specks its seeming calmness. Peace reigns today in the heart of Neptune. And afar he travels to receive the courtesy of the Dame of the Clouds.

The Dame appears especially beautiful this dawn. Yesterday's mourning cloak she has laid aside. And today she saunters forth in a robe of rarest blue. The doubts of the day before have given place to the most enhancing smile. Her cheeks blush and are rosy with the welcome that she extends to her illustrious visitor. He in turn despatches swift messengers to shower her with royal gifts. Oriental laces of sheerest golden splendor to adorn her neck in its whiteness. A wondrous brooch of amber, studded with scintillating diamonds, to rule supreme on her blue breast. Strings of dewy pearls to grace her pure shoulders. On her shapely brows rests fitly the tiara of power, of beauty, of glory. Indeed, is she Queen of the Day.

On the distant horizon appears the King, her royal visitor. With him are his hosts in their golden armor. In their oriental grandeur they dazzle these eyes accustomed as they are only to the wonders of Man. I have oft been told of the marvels and the beauties of the mystic East. If that Land of the Ancients can compare with the pompous arrival of this King then that Land is to be my land. Such glories we Westerners see only on occasions like this. It is not our happy lot to abound in these enjoyments. But when I may view this regal brilliancy and may imbibe to fullest content its intoxicating radiance I thank the Heavens for it. And I thank Them now, as on this most pleasant morn They bless Earth with this glorious spectacle. My soul feels this truth:

“Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,

Though gods assembled grace his towering height.”

But, as my soul in its recesses dreams this happy scene, this mortal prison rests peacefully on the throne of Castle Rock. The King and Queen are now one. Dainty white sails break the blue monotony. The thundrous waves, charging the mighty walls of my castle, attack in a turmoil of surges and sprays of coolness. They retreat in disorder. With amazing speed they reunite and strengthen

their forces. Again they advance; this time more vehemently and savagely. The sprays are greater now, but the enemy does not succeed. One more he retreats in confusion. And another attack he makes still mightier than before, but to no avail. I do not fear this pretender. He cannot make my castle fall. Nor could he when it was my grandsire's. Nor when it was my great-grandsire's. And I am thankful for it. And for this glorious vision. And may Castle Rock be always mine where I may come to rest and see the dawn of God's day.

Stephen M. Murray, '27

Qu Each His Own



AND IF I dream all day,
 Well, what is that to you?
 Be off along your way
 For you have work to do.
 And I a song to write
 For everyone to sing.
 Cast not a worker's blight
 Upon my idling.

Francis Vonnery, '24

LEAP YEAR

LSN'T IT AWFUL BOYS! Do you dare go out from beneath the proverbial protecting wings of your maternal domicile? The way these girls take advantage of their quartennial opportunity to ensnare the affections of us poor men is astounding and should be stopped or at least subdued.

Personally, I don't mind being chased by a girl. In fact, if the paths you must cover lead to the right place it is oftentimes very pleasant. But to be surrounded by a bevy of fair, or otherwise, maidens is something that demands immediate attention on the part of the proper authorities. It's most embarrassing.

Any other year you are allowed to go home with a girl and spend a half an hour or so bidding her good-night, according to the prescribed manner. Now you go down-town and have to fight your way through the streets. Woe betide the youthful Adonis who has no means of defense save his God-given fists, and no means of retreat save his God-given feet!

Only last evening while coming home I was ambushed by a contingent of girls. They chased me. I ran. Some fell back in discouragement. Others gallantly held the trail. Using all the cunning and deceit at my command I ran through back-yards and over fences—all in a vain attempt to shake off my determined pursuers. I looked over my shoulder. What a vision of feminine beauty! A beauty that rivalled those seen by an opium smoker after his eighteenth consecutive pipe. She was about to overtake me. I received a second wind and sprinted onward. She followed, closing the gap between us with every stride. Her light bobbed hair was flying to the winds. On her angelic face were the lines of victory at hand. The products of the American Tobacco Company got in their deadly thrusts to my lungs and I was forced to stop, panting and submissive. This demon in human flesh seized me and cried aloud.

"I've got you. I've got you."

"Very evident" I breathed heavily.

I looked into her eyes and started at the gleam that shone therein. It was the glint of a work well done. A sign that makes cowards out

of strong men. I knew it was no time for hilarity. She was purposeful and her eyes told all.

Her fingers tightened their grip on my arm as she hissed
 "Give me my chum's purse or I'll call an officer."

I gave her the purse and continued my run. This time I was not chased.

John J. Fitzpatrick, '25

Visions of Yesterday



S OFTEN the twilight has fallen,
 And night is beginning to steal;
 I sense in the house at the crossroads
 The presence of visions unreal.
 From its windows now bare of the ivy
 Past its doors long since hingeless and prone,
 A light seems to creep, yet I know that
 It is only of memory grown.
 O'er its floors steal the sounds of wee footsteps
 I once heard in the long, long ago,
 And their piteous taps on my heartstrings
 Cause the fount of my grief to o'erflow.
 And the rooms where once babies have toddled
 Are now but the playground of mice—
 Their windows like time-blinded optics
 Stare sightless o'er glistening ice.
 How I long for the days of my childhood,
 When a home—not a house—stood out there,
 And a mother's sweet voice thrilled the spaces
 That are now so deserted and bare.
 Yet often I glance at the ruins
 At the home that's just over the way,
 And I treasure its memories closely—
 My visions of yesterday.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

THE OBSERVER

A POSITION in the executive, legislative, or judicial branches of the United States Government requires ability and integrity in the person who occupies it. For those who guide the political and social destinies of a hundred million people the responsibilities are great and innumerable; responsibilities for the preservation not only of official, but also of personal decorum. Integrity must be an important mark of the official since it is on his honor and honesty that the people rely. They have placed him in a position of trust and he must strive with all his strength to represent fairly those to whom he is responsible, to protect their interests and to prevent exploitation of their properties. A man appointed or elected to a representative and official position assumes a weighty task, and his ability must be equal to the services required of him.

But although we may admit that a political position cannot be properly filled by men of merely mediocre ability, it is yet a fact that all those who hold such positions of honor are not alive to the greatness of their trust. In the minds of many the interests of the people are subservient to their personal interests. The result is that such men use these positions as a means to an end. The end in all cases is an acquisition of wealth; wealth obtained quietly, illegally, and therefore carefully concealed. But such office-holders, although quite numerous, are in the minority. The spirit of ruggedly honest Americanism is still abroad, and despite such obstacles as hypocritical patriotism and dishonest dealing, it will persevere; its standard-bearers are those who are alive to their duties and responsibilities, who can at all times be ready to render an honorable account of their stewardships.

* * *

The so-called bad element that occupies a very noticeable place in American politics is unduly emphasized. Politicians are very human; oftentimes very enticing temptations overwhelm them, and they succumb, acquiring private advantages accrued at public expense. But the dishonest habits of a few should not be allowed to throw a shadow of

ill-favor over all who are engaged in political life. There are many men who have passed our laws in the past, and others who are now thus engaged, that are without a peer from the standpoints of morality and intellectuality. This side of the question deserves as much public attention as the other. After all, the manner of combatting any dishonorable dealing among ill-chosen officers is to supplant them with honorable men. The best way of discouraging viciousness is to encourage morality. The bad element can be rendered decent only by the addition of those who constitute the good element.

* * *

It is also to be considered that without a sustained interest in those who represent them and in their political activities, the people are not worthy of the franchise, that power of choosing a candidate.

The ballot is the people's right only as long as it is properly used; as long as they exercise due deliberation in choosing their candidate, only so long are they justified in using that power of choice. An interest must be fostered by them, an interest that will prompt the citizenry to an intelligent regard of all political activities of their representatives—an interest that will cause them to feel personally responsible for governmental acts exercised by the men chosen by them. For, generally, it is only when the office-holder feels and knows that he is keenly observed by his constituency, that he will serve with the faithfulness that should be his outstanding characteristic, with a disregard of all offers to abuse power and office.

* * *

A man will go through a great deal of trouble to prove his descent from a beast. A society or school, in appreciation of his labors, will give him a degree; that is, a special privilege to annex a part of the alphabet to his name. This gentleman who will, without one iota of intelligent proof, convince himself of the truth of idiotic propositions, will reject all thoughts of his destiny, that which should most concern him. His super-intellect trifles with unsupported theories of his origin, and his whole attitude is one of foolish inconsistency. Such gentlemen, self-styled scientists, usually have a gathering. These loyal followers of nonsense are quite sure that the human race is a family of glorified monkeys, quite forgetful that the apes are prone to feel hurt when imputed responsible for a race which contains so many freaks. There never will be a lack of these farcical scientists; since as long as there are

fools in the world, there will be others less foolish to prey upon them. But are there not plenty of farmers who are crying for help? These pseudo-scientists would be better engaged if they combined their searches for the missing link with the plowing of a field, or the digging of potatoes.

T. Henry Barry, '25



THE HOTCHPOTCH

Kind-hearted Professor to flunked and departing student: I wish you all kinds of luck, Old Man.

F. and D. Stude: Be specific, Professor, be specific.

Ding: Heard you've been up in Canada for the winter sports.

Dong: Yeh, had a good time.

Ding: How was the snow for ski-ing.

Dong: I dunno. I confined myself to whi-skeying.

GREAT MEN WHO HAVE MET US

It was our good fortune to know a gentleman who has become the prominent manager of a prominent restaurant, and like all prominent—and not prominent—men, he was at one time a boy. When he reached the mature age of twelve his very life became centred on one object. He became obsessed with one desire. He wanted above all things a light-grey cap with red checks. They were being worn that season in the best pugilistic circles. His very heart hungered for the cap with red checks. And finally rather than tolerate longer his pleadings the *pater familias* purchased one large, very light, very red-checked cap for Tommy. Tommy was exceedingly pleased and proceeded to give his new garment an airing. *Joseph and His Brethren*, a play, was being produced at the Colonial that week by a group of amateurs from Tommy's neighborhood. And in passing suffice it to say that Tommy's neighborhood was concretish, that is, the older it got the harder it got. Tommy and a choice company of friends attended *Joseph and His Brethren*, that is, they were apportioned shelf space in the highest recesses of the umpty-umth balcony. And at one of the highly thrilling scenes, where one of the brothers says "Cast him (Joseph) into the well" or words to that effect, and they do so, Tommy and the other bird life on their lofty perches became excited and jumped up and down and hollered and pointed in a manner most undignified. For from their vantage point it was plainly evident that Joseph wasn't in a well at all. He was reposing serenely on his tummy atop a door

on which a half-barrel served as a well-curb. It was disillusioning for they had expected and hoped to see Joseph blub-blub and go down for the last time. But as Tommy afterward expressed it: we could tell a door from a well—we were from South Providence. The sad part is this; during the hubub that attended Joseph's horizontal position on the door—or in the well—the light-grey red-checked cap became lost and Tommy went home without his headgear. The next day he said that he saw his light-grey red-checked cap on the pumpkin-shaped head of a teamster who was six feet tall and twice as wide, and the one reason that kept him from going up and plucking the cap from the teamster's head was the fact that he had eaten chicken livers for breakfast.

Song of the Wind

O sweet is the night as we speed on our way,
And bright is the frost that with crystals doth spray
The hillsides and vales: with the cedars and firs
Being kissed by the lips of the wind as it stirs
 So lightsomely gay.

The car, softly purring, the road seems to spurn,
Wheeling along unperturbed, then a turn.
A loud-sounding hiss—no need to inquire.
The answer—you've guessed it—I've blown a rear tire
 On a hairpin turn.

O the hillsides and vales and cedars and firs
May be kissed by the lips of the wind as it stirs,
But I'd much rather have it—in case you inquire—
Kiss the inside of my punctured rear tire,
 Now horribly flat.

Wunn: Did you hear the speakers at the Gungum dinner the other evening?

Too: Not so very well; but I heard the soup-course beautifully.

It may be all right to look on the present condition of the world with a bright and genial eye, but it is carrying optimism too blamed far to have a portly—not to say spherical—person with eleven widely separated hairs, the last sprouts on otherwise barren ground, walk into Foster's and ask for a pair of ebony hair brushes, the while remarking that his old set is pretty well worn.

A gentleman at a dinner recently, in attempting to gauge the intelligence of the feminine side of the present younger generation, turned to his fair partner and said "Do you know my cow has the measles and my uncle just died." And the sweet young thing said gurglingly "Oh, isn't that just delightful!" Turning away he said "I knew it. Dumber than a silent policeman."

MELLERDRAMA

Butler: The carriage awaits without, muh lord.

Lord: Without what?

Butler: Without wheels, muh lord.

Lord: 'Tis not a carriage, ye varlet, 'tis a sleigh!

Filbert: I say, does the Chinese laundryman clean your collars well?

Wilbert: No, but he sharpens them nicely.

When asked where last winter's snow went to, our own official statistician replied that 25 per cent. of it went into what we are pleased to call milk; $74\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. went into what is popularly known as 6-year bottled-in-bond liquor, while one-half of one per cent. was drunk in its natural state as water and used to wash dishes, faces, etc.

The Barefoot Boy Grown-up

Blessings on you, College Man,
Slickumed hair and brogues of tan!
With your widened pantaloons,
And your jazzy foxtrot tunes;
With your moustache, downy still,
Sorties to the Bug and Grill;
With the swagger in your pace,
And your D'looks hat's modish grace:
I drink your health and bid you joy;
I was once a rah-rah boy!

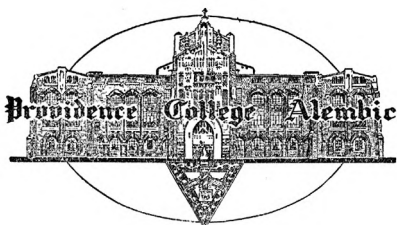
ECONOMICS

(Our own complete home-study course. Extracts taken from the best text-books and the lips of learned pedagogues)

"If the birthrate is greater than the deathrate, the population tends to increase."

"*A* may wish to exchange a vest which he has for a cow which belongs to *B*, and *B* may be willing to make the exchange provided that *A*'s terms are suitable. If it should happen, however, that they agreed that the cow is worth more than the vest, or the vest is worth more than the cow, this decision will stand in the way of the exchange on account of the undesirability of cutting a piece off either the cow or the vest in order to make the exchange an even one."

"Thus in regard to future wants. The boy with the five apples and the five-apple appetite may not think of tomorrow's need for apples, and in that case he will probably consume all five today; or he may think of tomorrow's need but expect that tomorrow will also bring apples to meet the need, and in this case he will not save any of today's apples for tomorrow. Or he may think of tomorrow's need for apples and realize that tomorrow will bring no new apples with which to supply the need. But his will may be so weak that he cannot forego the pleasure of eating today's apples today. In that case, he will make no provision for tomorrow. If his will is strong, however, he will save some of today's apples for tomorrow."



VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1924 No. 5

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John J. Fitzpatrick, *Hotchpotch*

Charles A. Gibbons, '24

John E. Farrell, '26

John B. McKenna, *Arts*

Howard F. Bradley, *Athletics*

T. Henry Barry, *Observer*

Edward V. Holohan, *Chronicle*

Earle F. Ford, '25

John C. Beirne, '27

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John E. Cassidy, *Assistant*

CIRCULATION

James J. Corrigan, *Mgr.*

Robert E. Curran, *Assistant*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It seems to have become a custom dishonorable in its observance to attempt to link the name of the College with various private activities carried out by the students. The editor neither desires nor expects to incur the animosity of those offending, but since they have used the name of the College publicly, it does not seem unjust to say publicly that they have no right to use it for the purpose of advancing their own private enterprises. The reputation which we

have achieved in our activities is the result of the work of practically every student. As such it is the property of the college as a whole, not that of any student or group of students. To say you are a Providence College man or one of a group of Providence College men is quite different from permitting the impression to go abroad that you represent some authorized activity of your college—when you do not. If you do the latter you are bartering the rights of some one else for a mess of pottage.

There have been enough exceptions to
A SUGGESTION keep up our interest, but on the whole the greater part of the work on the ALEMBIC has been done by members of the staff. In the literary department especially this has been evident. We realize that all are not born—or inclined—to woo or seduce the Muse. But surely we all can and do criticize. Hence our suggestion: if you cannot do anything else for the magazine, write us a letter telling us that the Hotchpotch is as funny as an Englishman telling a joke, or the stories as sentimental as an elderly maiden at a wedding, or the articles as interesting as a college professor who still agrees with Darwin, or the departments as badly done up as a clerk on a bargain counter. We may not agree with you, but we shall be only too glad to print your thunderbolts. They make excellent space-fillers.

Now that we have all had our fling at
A WORD TO THE UNWISE our only authorized mid-winter sport—the semester exams—every one of us has undoubtedly resolved to study *from now on*. The ground-hog has gone back into his hole and spring is still distant. So put that resolution into effect immediately. For, as one who has heard those resolutions made many times before, the editor warns you that spring is not so far distant that it will not soon be here (O, yes, I am Irish) and also (from personal experience) that spring and good resolutions mix like William Jennings Bryan and Al Smith. However, unlike the result of the latter conflict, the better part never wins. To repeat, put that resolution into effect immediately. A *paragraph* even to the *unwise* should be sufficient.

Welfare The Junior Welfare Committee, selected by President John Hurley, consists of William Dwyer, representing the school of Philosophy, Earle Ford, Science, and John Fitzpatrick, Arts. A basket of fruit and flowers was sent to T. Gregory Sullivan, confined in the Moore Hospital, at Brockton. The members of Junior Year wish for "Greg" a quick recovery, and hope that in a short time he will be able to resume his interrupted studies.

News H. Irving Potter, class of '25, has entered the business world, and obtained a lucrative position with the Harrington Real Estate firm. Mr. Potter's withdrawal from scholastic life was a surprise. Junior Year is assured that H. Irving Potter will be successful in the world of business, and will ultimately reach the goal for which he is striving—success.

The Sophomore Class extends its deepest sympathies to Harold Murray, on the loss of his mother.

Briefs Mighty Zeus has not cast a propitious eye upon Bill Griffin. Alas, poor Bill, I knew him well. Fred Greene has decided a vital question. "Whether 'tis right to part one's hair in the centre or nay." Fred says "Nay." (Not a part has Fred to hair. Q. E. D.) Bill O'Neil looks cheerful these days; wonder why? The best thing to do when it rains, is to let it rain. That is what Ed Sullivan did.

Debating The Freshmen challenge to debate on the Bok Peace Plan is under deliberation by the Sophomore Class. The Freshman Debating Society, under the able leadership of President Tammara, is confident of victory. The result of the inter-class challenge holds the attention of both students and members of the Faculty.

Edward V. Holohan, '26

ALUMNI

CONDOLENCES are extended to Bro. Dennis Gilligan, O.P., ex-'24, on the recent death of his father. The entire class of '24 attended the Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Pawtucket, for the repose of the soul of Mr. Gilligan. The members of the class acted as a guard of honor as the body was borne from the church.

Francis P. Casey, ex-'24, recently visited the college during his stay in Providence. "Red" entered St. Bernard's Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., last summer, and from appearances he is very much pleased with his new life.

John F. McCaffrey, '23, is due to arrive at Savannah, Ga., on February 15, where he will go in training for the baseball season. Jack has renewed his contract with the Rochester Club of the International League, and we are sure that he will continue to pitch the fine baseball that was so characteristic of him while here at Providence College.

Emile Jacques, ex-'24, has returned from Montreal to his home in Central Falls for a few days. Emile is studying at the Grand Seminary in Montreal, Canada.

George L. McGonagle, '23, recently visited the college while spending a few days here in town. George is studying at M. I. T., and is upholding the standards of Providence College.

Eugene Gilmartin, ex-'26, has matriculated at the Georgetown Law School at Washington, D. C., where he will study with several members of the Providence College Alumni.

Joseph V. Mitchell, '24

EXCHANGE

It is ever our habit to take the *Stylus* from the *Exchange* pile with a deal of anticipation, for we are never disappointed in its contents. If these same contents vary greatly as to quality, it is no fault of the *Stylus*, because by merely being what it is—a college publication—it is straining under a severe handicap. It is not the peculiar literary power or property of the magazine that we look forward to so avidly, but rather the vastly entertaining and explosive freedom of thought nearly always to be found in the written effort of one—sometimes more—of its contributors. In this respect the January number is in the true *Stylus* mode. We meet with this commendable individualism in—of all places—the *Exchange* section. Throughout its departmental length and breadth it is a remarkable bit of superb self-sufficiency. Frankly, we confess we got quite a kick out of it, and to inject an assimilable kick into a college-paper criticism is no mean feat. We know; we've tried it, and the result has been pathetic. From a million active fumaroles we can see the live steam of the writer's indignation rising in clearly-defined columns, until the effect produced is that of The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. We surmise that he is red-headed, if not actually, then from the point of literature. He knows what he wants to say, and he says it; not mincingly nor circuitously but tersely, exactly, with a vicious jab of the pen, and while we do not agree with everything he says, we cannot help admiring his "take it or leave it" stand. But—and we hate to be a "yes-butter"—he is prone to smirk sardonically, by means of a line or so of epilogue, at what he takes pains to state so clearly, leaving the reader with the impression that after all he may have chosen to say what he did say so precisely merely to fill space. The remainder of the magazine produces an episodic—and we facetiously think—an epizootic narrative by name *The Severed Cord*, full of thrills and split infinitives, which latter are perfectly all right in college magazines printed in Providence, but which are almost heretical in nature when found in a Bostonese collegiate publication. *Molten Metal*, a short story, deals with a gentleman who murders his game-companion for his annoying habit of twiddling his thumbs. A very human and a very probable story, but we wish that the murderer had remained undetected, for in that way we ourselves could have gained sufficient courage to kill the squidgulum who sits in front of us in Philosophy III, and

wiggles his ears so distractingly that we sometimes think we are witnessing a mule auction in Missouri. Thus the *Stylus* for January—the editorial anticipation rewarded.

All the way from the city of fogs and bobbies. This addition to our *Exchange* is put out by St. Joseph's College, Beulah Hill, London. It is, in its entirety, remarkable for the purity of its prose, being a good example for some of our domestic collegiate literary magazines to emulate. The most noteworthy among the articles in our opinion was *The Crystal Palace*. Essentially historical, it showed a most thorough, yet not tiresome regard for detail, being really entertaining in its exposition of the modes and manners of the time to which it refers. The menu offered by the commissariat of the Crystal Palace during the Great Exposition in 1851 consisted of lemonade, pork pies, sandwiches, and penny buns. It is our personal feeling that the same menu is eagerly consumed by English crowds on all such occasions today, basing our opinion on the fact that in a bit of Old England ever here in New England, in our immediate vicinity, the *per capita* consumption of pork pies and penny buns is exceedingly large and inexplicable. The idiom used in the chronicling of athletic events is so different as to be a source of wonder to this North American, so used to the zippy slang of the sports page. Just to show what American jazz music has done it is necessary only to say that the *Beulahland* has in its humorous department a reference to the shortage of bananas, which shortage seems to be world-wide. A cable from Bali-Bali—wherever that may be—stating that the scarcity of bananas was acute, would occasion us no surprise.

James H. Lynch, '25



WITH THE INCEPTION of the second semester the students turn their attention to the coming baseball season. With the memory of last year's successes still fresh in their minds, they confidently expect great things of the team this season. When the call is issued for candidates the latter part of the month practically a veteran team will report to begin the training that will fit them for the playing of a schedule that is by far the most difficult ever attempted by the representatives of Providence College on the diamond.

There are twenty-three games on the schedule, of which eight are to be played in other cities, thirteen on Hendricken Field, and two on Andrews Field. Manager John B. McKenna, Jr., is certainly worthy of commendation on the splendid schedule he has arranged, containing, as it does, games with Yale, Boston College, Brown, Dartmouth and Holy Cross. The writer is in a position to know the difficulty he experienced in arranging home games, especially on Saturdays. But the persistency and diplomacy of the manager were rewarded in the obtaining of eight Saturday games at home and only one away. The two games with Brown are regarded as of paramount importance. They are to be played on Andrews Field since it is better equipped to handle the great crowd that will turn out for each game.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

- April 8—Yale at New Haven.
- April 12—Lowell at Lowell.
- April 17—Tufts at Medford.
- April 19—St. John's at Providence.
- April 23—Colby at Providence.
- April 26—St. Francis at Providence.
- April 29—Springfield at Providence.
- May 2—Bates at Providence.
- May 3—Boston University at Providence.
- May 7—Open.
- May 9—New Hampshire State at Providence.
- May 10—Villanova at Providence.
- May 14—Northeastern at Providence.
- May 17—Seton Hall at Providence.
- May 20—Lowell at Providence.
- May 24—Open.
- May 27—Seton Hall at South Orange, N. J.
- May 28—St. John's at Brooklyn.
- May 31—Northeastern at Boston.
- June 4—Boston College at Providence.
- June 6—Holy Cross at Worcester.
- June 7—Brown at Andrew's Field.
- June 10—Boston College at Boston.
- June 12—Dartmouth at Providence.
- June 14—Brown at Andrew's Field.

Howard F. Bradley, '24

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