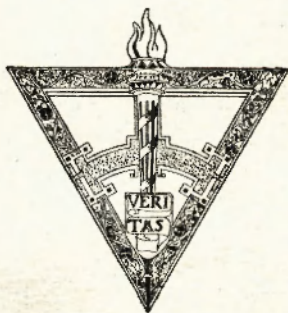


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 6

DECEMBER, 1925

NO. 3

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MENTION THE ALEMBIC

Providence College Alembic

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1925

No. 3.

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Noel

Now fast deep winter grasps with frigid hold
The crispen night. High-piled the fleecy snow
Has purged a sordid world, and all aglow
Reflects the stilly glisten which the cold
And distant moon, and starlets multifold
Cast through the clear and frozen air below
Thus, till the midnight hour, advantage slow
Does in majestic brilliance all enfold.

Burst forth, ye joyous bells of Christmastide!
Ye choruses of angels' voices, sing!
Ye happy sons of earth, break open wide
Your bonded hearts, loud let your praises ring!
All hail the Lord, who does with us abide!
All hail the Christ, all hail the new-born King!

Walter Heffernan, '28.

ANY MOTHER

KINGS have been stripped of their glory, nations have lost their power, and noble institutions have been besmirched with ignominy; but neither time nor persons have been able to detract from the dignity of motherhood. Volumes have been compiled on the magnitude of the universe, poets have sighed over the beauty of waves, stars and trees, but an earthly hand cannot describe the prerogatives of a mother; they are of sublime origin.

God Himself, in His earthly life, gave us an example of the reverence due a mother. The stainless Mary received the first smile of the Babe, her Creator, in Bethlehem; likewise, it was she upon whom He lavished His last glances, as His blood trickled down the gibbet of destruction. At Mary's side the Saviour spent His childhood; in answer to her request He performed His first miracle; and during His public life, she was ever His consolation. If then a God so honored the woman who gave Him birth, why should not we?

In the morning of life, a woman hazards her existence, that another soul may come into the world. To the ears of a mother the cries of a baby are like to the songs of angels. The care and concern lavished on the infant increases daily, until the days total months, until the months roll by into years. During all these years the child knows no other companion, the mother plays the part of the world.

School days tend to destroy the union. Friends are made and mother sinks into the role of teacher. She guides the child by the light of experience over the difficult lessons, and in this manner keeps in intimate contact with him. With the boy's entrance into high school, another link is loosened in the chain that binds the son to the mother. The guiding hand is felt, however, during this period. With graduation day comes the crisis, and the position of the mother changes. Up until this time, the mother has held up a standard behind which the son has marched. Now the mother relinquishes her

lead and is willing to be overcast by his shadow. Thus the high-noon has been reached.

College life calls not a few sons. Although the home circle is broken, the mother is content in the realization that a career is within the grasp of her boy. Sacrifices are often necessary but are cheerfully performed lest any deterrent be placed on the lad's hopes. Indeed, the hopes of the son are the hopes of the mother; the struggles of the son are the struggles of the mother; and the triumphs of the son are the triumphs of the mother.

However, all sons are not students. Unfortunately the ages have seen many failures. Prisons have been built, asylums erected; and every man occupying a cell or a room is the son of a mother. Some mothers have seen how pitiful and desolate may become the plight of a wayward boy. Yet every mother of such an offspring assumes a blindness that is pathetic in its heroism. Indeed, it is assuredly heroic for a woman to place herself between the world and her child. Ignominy cannot touch him, slander cannot be heard by him, insults are not for his ears, and of crimes he has no guilt. Were he a great criminal, would he not yet be her baby? Often it is necessary for a mother to defend a prodigal in manhood as she guarded his cradle. Thus we discover the bent, grey-haired woman, in the evening of life, struggling as she did at dawn, that the world may offer a place to her son.

And so it is with all women who are blessed with the title of mother. From the Indian squaw in a humble tent, to a royal queen in a palace, they are alike. If we all were what our mothers believe us to be, this world would be a paradise.

Robert Lane, '29

Laughter

Like the soft, sad ripple of waters
That flow 'neath a dusk gray sky,
Or the beautiful rose day dawning,
Comes the sigh when tears are nigh.

Like the sparkling play of starlight
O'er the waves of a quiet bay,
Comes the echo of pleasant laughter
At the close of each glad day.

Soft as the moonlight straying
Over a fair blue sea,
Steals the wistful tear betraying,
My dear friend's woe to me.

As the radiant beauty of rainbows
Is known only after storm,
So the laughter of joy comes after
The sighs of life are gone.

For one day we'll stand together
In the land where rests the sun,
And know that grief is over
And our laughter just begun.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

The Country Doctor

SNUGLY hidden away among the hills and basking in the cool rays of a New Hampshire sun lies the little town of Charlestown. A wide macadam-paved street shaded by the leafy branches of tall elms and giant oaks; lawns green with the green of a northern summer, coming down to meet the roadway; little gravel walks leading up to houses, some palace-like in their colonial magnificence, others charming by their very homeliness; and over all like some reigning goddess—a peaceful stillness. Oh! it is beautiful—this rural Charlestown!

Just a step from the old parsonage and separated from it by a gurgling brook which runs along musically until it loses itself in some hidden outlet underneath the road stands the home of the country practitioner, Dr. Francis Cole. It is a cozy, homelike, little cottage—one that I have always dreamed of—white and with green blinds. Roses bloom in the doorway, white roses, blending in harmony with the simplicity of the setting and suffusing the air about with the sweet perfume of the Summer beauty. Fragrant honeysuckle climbs the side of the house, stretching up its tendrils almost beseechingly to the roof but a short way above it. A home with a soul was this tiny, country cottage.

And the soul of the home was the young physician, Doctor Cole. Tall and blonde, he immediately impressed one by his manliness, his self-possession. His finely-chiseled features bespoke a certain delicacy, a certain gentility which you knew was in the very nature of the man. The whole impression of dignity was but enhanced by a rugged, square-cut chin which revealed the dogged determination and unconquerable resolution of will which characterized his every action. A physician, he was by profession, and a gentleman by nature.

Any morning you might see him walking slowly up to the post office; and you would know it was he by the big Newfoundland which trotted along at his heels. And shortly after you would hear the "honk" of the klaxon as he drove his blue roadster recklessly

down the road on an errand of mercy. People would stand and gasp, "There goes the young doctor; it must be Mrs. Wilkins with her chronic rheumatism again or probably he's trying to beat the stork to Mrs. Williams. You know her? She was Knowlton before she married."

One Sunday morning about 3 o'clock just as the doctor was strolling the paths of dreamland with his fancy's queen the telephone rang. He awoke with a start and reached over to the instrument. "Hello—yes. I will be right over." With the speed that comes of long practice he jumped into his clothes, grabbed up his bag, and dashed out of the door. A roar of the motor and he was off on the case.

It was an elderly lady, Mrs. Reynolds. When he reached there her body was writhing in agony, her face was convulsed with pain, and her breath was coming in short, labored gasps. He felt her pulse; asked what she had eaten. Then he took a small vial from his bag and held it to her lips. "Whiskey," he remarked, "an old-fashioned remedy for indigestion." Shortly after, the system of the stricken woman, unaccustomed to such a stimulant, responded favorably to the young doctor's treatment and it was but an hour before she was resting comfortably with her head held in the arms of her daughter—who had been standing by murmuring tearfully and staring helplessly.

The daughter Alicia, was a charming young woman, but lately passed from the glory of her teens. Her hair of hazel brown was coiled gracefully on her well-poised head. Her eyes, delicately blue, were large and innocent, looking up at you from their azure depths with the trustfulness of a child. And the doctor, so he told me later, could think of nothing but the "peaches and cream" of baby days when he gazed on her lovely face. Divinely slender, she carried herself with the dignity of beautiful womanhood. None saw Alicia but to admire her and she was perfection in the eyes of the doctor.

It became a familiar sight to the village people to see the young couple, Alicia and the doctor, together. Perhaps they would be strolling, blissfully and unconcernedly, along the country highway. Or even more often they would see Alicia sitting demurely beside him as he sped his little car into town. The wise ones nodded their heads sagely and remarked, "They're an up and coming couple and

well suited for one another." Some even hinted broadly to the doctor that the wedding would be a grand festival.

The doctor loved her—and none but he knew better—yet he feared to ask her to become his wife. "Suppose that she should laugh me to scorn, ridiculing my prospects and my future? Suppose she called me a fool for all my dreaming? Oh! The sting of it would ruin me! I am nothing; and she is everything," he pondered hopelessly to himself.

And then came the night of the country club ball. Everyone was there—the Palmer twins who attended some exclusive finishing school for girls, the Hancocks, the Townes, the Jordans—everyone, and with them was Alicia and the doctor, who were by far the most popular couple in the village.

The men swarmed about the charming Alicia, holding out their program cards imploringly. And when the orchestra blared out the doctor had to fight his way through a score or more of admiring men. He reached her side and putting his arm around her waist waltzed away. Gracefully she danced—as lightly as some fairy elf—and the doctor could not resist bursting out with, "Alicia, you're wonderful."

Smiling sweetly, she countered, "And, Francis, you dance so beautifully."

Still glowing with the pleasure of her nearness he led her out—away from the blare of the orchestra, from the foolish laughter, and from the crowd. Slowly they walked along beneath the sorcery of a moon which was shining down with all the golden glory of July. They were chatting aimlessly when suddenly the doctor stopped, "There is a time in the life of every man, Alicia, when the soul that is within him cries out for companionship, for tenderness, and for love. There is a time when the heart—Oh, Alicia, love you." He halted and with hanging head awaited the outburst which he expected would come.

Shyly she looked up at him and said, "I have been waiting so long for you to say this. Francis, I love you, too." Tenderly her little arms crept around his neck and she drew his head down and down until his lips met hers in the first, sweet kiss of love. Passionately he crushed her to him and sought her honeyed lips again and again until she pushed him away breathlessly.

Softly he murmured, "My own—now and always."

Shortly after, their engagement was announced to the little vil-

lage—which awaited the marriage with the interest that is common in small communities. Busied with the details of the coming nuptials the time flew by on the wings of happiness for the young couple who lived in a world of golden tinted dreams.

Then, the Great War. And the doctor was among the first to volunteer. Captain Francis Cole, he was now, of the 26th Division. Vainly did Alicia beg him to marry her before he went across. "Little girl, to know that you are mine, and yet to be away from you would drive me mad. God knows I want to!" he sobbed, "but it is better for you—and for me."

Gently he took her in his arms. Kissing her for the last time, he whispered, "Alicia, you will be with me ever. Goodby for a while." And then, turning quickly he rushed out the door lest the sight of her tear-dimmed eyes would unman him completely.

Days of longing turned to weeks of lonesomeness; and weeks of loneliness to months of heartache and sorrow. Three years passed by. The captain was transferred to Russia on epidemic work. Valiantly he labored in the filth and horror of Siberian squalor to check the terrible white death that was sweeping over the country. Offering up his life on the altar of human suffering he gave his very heart's blood to the cause of stricken humanity. And always before him was the image of Alicia, an angelic vision of loveliness—to urge him on.

He was working for her. She would want him to if she only knew. Morning saw him praying to her—beseeching her to be patient; evening saw him praying to her—entreating her to love him ever. Alicia was with him in the terror which hung over the country and he was content to labor on.

Two more years passed. And then the monster which he had been fighting overcame him. For months the captain lay tossing on a bed of delirium calling for Alicia—begging her to come to him. And all the while, she who had read his name in the list of casualties, was suffering from a heart that was near to breaking. Dazedly she lived through the months—sobbing out the tale of her woe to her pillow at night. In a haze of loneliness she drifted along the dark days through.

The tears that had dimmed her baby eyes no longer came. She

was too dazed to weep—to sad to care what else life might bring her of happiness or misfortune.

Too tired to fight against herself she gave herself up in marriage to one who had been persistently pressing his suit for her hand. And on her wedding night she wrote in her diary, "Francis, where are you? where are you? Life without you is like the day without the sun. Francis, whatever I have done was in good faith. I shall love you always—and some day when welcome death has taken me to his arms I shall live again with you in the love that is yours—in the love that is ours.

. . . The captain returned some months later—the shade of his former self. He sought out his promised bride with the love and passionate eagerness that years of separation had not cooled. And when he learned what she had done he crumpled up helplessly and was brought to the hospital, a hopeless wreck.

But life which is ever perverse would leave him not and despite the fact that he prayed for death it would not come. Slowly the health of the body returned to him and at last he left the hospital as nearly cured as medical science could effect. But the physicians remarked, "If only he had the inclination to live."

One night when the ache of his heart was too painful to resist he sat down and wrote:

"Dear friend Alicia—Loneliness is like a pall about me and hounds me so that I fear the very sunlight. A loneliness, not for companionship—but for you who are gone from me forever.

"But you are happy, and in your happiness lies my only consolation. And thrice blessed is he who may call you wife—which blessing was snatched from me just at the moment when it seemed nearest. May you and he find in life that happiness which is the proper associate of ideal love. And may you, dear friend, pity one who, losing the beautiful vision of heaven is suffering the pangs of hell.

Convention—that hellish creature born of the perversity of mankind—is strangling me. Dear friend, if I could only see you, but for a moment, my heart would be lightened and the clouds of

my gloom would be dispelled in the radiance of your presence. But it is impossible, for convention brands it as such.

"With my kindest regards to your husband and you, let me remain in memory's page,

"Your friend,

"FRANCIS COLE."

Later he wrote:

"Dear Alicia—Altho you didn't answer the last letter my aching heart has given me the presumption to write again. I pass by your home each day and yet I dare not even cast a glance in its direction lest the heart within me break.

"I am going away—away to the forgetfulness that will never come as long as I am I. Courting happiness I seek nothingness. Do you marvel at the paradox? In answer I would ask what would a world be without you to brighten it? May God pity one who is as unfortunate as I.

"Think of the loveliness which would have been mine, which might have been mine, I recall this old, old poem of my childhood days,

'Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, "It might have been."'

"And less divinely, but none the less sincerely I have written,

'The hours with you are golden,

And the years without you—lead.

A heart once young is olden,

But love is never dead.

"Memory's folio is filled with the romance of my dreams—gay, fanciful dreams of you, and me, and life. Turning over the gilded pages slowly I feel anew the happiness which then was mine in glorious youth; and I am loath to come back to the stern, painful reality of loneliness and the dread present.

"Reality is like a spectre, haunting me, dogging my footsteps, driving me mad in its horrible relentlessness. I never dreamed that life could be so void of peace, of hope. Death is welcome and I will receive it kindly, graciously as a friend to liberate me from misery.

"If there is ever a time, dear Alicia, when you need a friend—God grant that it never be—when you need someone to suffer even life's sacrifice, I can but pray that you will call upon me to show that

the reverence, the adoration, the love which I have had for you and still retain will never die.

"May your little daughter be half as wonderful as her mother and she will be sainted before God and man. To your husband my best wishes; to you the purest of love.

"Gliding down the stream of years forget not

"Your faithful

"FRANCIS."

". . . Years—long years of loneliness are passed and the doctor is now among the martyrs to love—feeling that happiness in heaven which earth never offered to him. As he was stepping off the bark of life, he murmured softly, "Alicia, I am coming."

E. George Cloutier, '27

Christmas

Soft through the mists of morning
Steal the chimes of the Abbot Tower,
Tunefully greeting the dawning
Of the Master's natal hour.


Hushed—the sighing of the wind,
Low—the breathing of the earth,
Stilled—the shuddering of linn.
Awe enshrouds the Master's birth.

Peace in the heart of Nature's kin
And love in the soul of men—
Joy for the good, reprove for sin.
The master is come again.

E. George Clouthier, '27.

Joyce Kilmer

The Poet of Main Street

HE record of an ordinary man's accomplishments may be comprehended on a small surface of his tombstone. Joyce Kilmer, was, however, a great exception. It is impossible for a brief paper of a few hundred words to contain even a concise summary of his life and works. A folio volume would serve inadequately one who would write an appreciative story of his life.

The spirit being an invisible thing cannot be seen but can be heard. We can hear its music in the language of the soul. The expression of man's noblest emotions is poetry. The soul of man is the same now as it was in the time of Socrates and Virgil. The ancients yearned for the expression of the beautiful, and the early writers, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Varius, Catellis and others, tried to put forth their noblest emotions in poetry. The twentieth century era of America wished to express its highest ideals and emotions and it chose Joyce Kilmer as its medium to express these sentiments.

He was born at Brunswick, New Jersey, Dec. 6th, 1886, son of Annie Kilburn and Frederick Kilmer. Then again, if we should traverse the graves of France we would find, "Sergeant Joyce Kilmer—killed in action July 30th, 1918." This is the alpha and the omega of his life. But oh! the vast treasures of noble deeds that lie between—humanity, faith, charity, hope, and above all, love of his Creator.

There is some hidden quality in Kilmer's work that immediately strikes the mind of the reader. He did not dwell amid the foibles and fancies of antiquity but found lore and beauty in apparently common things, as a delicatessen store, a deserted house, an elevated train. He proved that there is something fine and noble in the things with which we come in daily contact. His essays are simple, human and sympathetic. He did things that every man does, but performed every action for God and loved Him with a never-ceasing love.

In 1913 "Trees" appeared. Perhaps his greatest work as testi-

fied by the fact that it was published far and wide. The poem follows:

"I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.
 A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
 A tree that looks at God all day
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
 A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robbers in her hair;
 Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
 Who intimately lives with rain.
 Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree."

No one will deny that trees are simple and commonplace. We see them wherever we go. We see them on the main street of our home city—whether it be the spacious main street of Cleveland or the crooked, winding cobblestones of quaint old Providence. Of this Main Street, Kilmer says:

"The truck and the motor and the trolley car and elevated train
 They make the weary city street reverberate with pain;
 But there is yet an echo left deep down within my heart
 Of the music the Main Street cobblestones made beneath a butcher's
 cart."

Then again he tells us of our home in heaven:

"They say that life is a highway,
 And its milestones are the years,
 And now and then there's a toll-gate,
 Where you buy your way with tears.

It's a rough road and a steep road
 And it reaches broad and far,
 But at last it leads to a golden Town
 Where the Golden houses are."

and immediately our thoughts turn to heaven and happiness.

Joyce Kilmer saw the hand of God in all things. He wished God to place responsibilities upon him. He expresses this feeling in one of his poems:

“The roar of the world is in my ears,
 Thank God for the roar of the world.
 Thank God for the mighty tide of fears
 Against me always hurled!
 Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife
 And the sting of His chastening rod!
 Thank God for the stress and the pain of life
 And Oh! Thank God for God!”

Who could have thought that delicatessen shop was capable of arousing noble emotions! Many times we wearily trod our way to this shop to get our

“Rich spices from the Orient
 And fruit that knew Italian skies,
 Strange pungent meats from Germany
 And currants from a Grecian hill.”

We rarely greet the owner with a smile for

“He never heard of chivalry,
 He longs for no heroic times;
 He thinks of pickles, olives, tea,
 And dollars, nickles, cents and dimes.”

We seem oblivious to the fact that this shop man has a heart and soul as we ourselves, and so the poet strives to drive this truth home to us.

“Yet in a room above the store
 There is a woman—and a child
 Pattered just now across the floor,
 The shopman looked at him and smiled.”

We never thought of it in that light before. This poet sees the image of God in every creature. So in the very words of the poet describing the delivery man we can say of Joyce Kilmer:

“This man has God and love and life
 These stand—all else will pass away.”

In the "House with Nobody in It" the poet laments the sight of this house. Many times have we passed by such a vacant house with feelings of fear and trepidation. We thought that it ought to be torn down; that it detracted from the appearance of the neighborhood, but Joyce Kilmer puts life, vigor and love into it by diving it a heart and a soul as he says:

"A house that has done what a house should do,

A house that has sheltered life.

That has put its loving wooden arms

Around a man and his wife.

A house that has echoed a baby's laugh

And helped up his tumbling feet,

Is the saddest sight when it's left alone

That ever your eyes could meet.

Yet it hurts me to look at its crumbling roof

And shutters falling apart,

For I can't help thinking the poor old house

Is a house with a broken heart."

It was at the death of his daughter Rose in 1919 that Joyce Kilmer entered the Catholic Church. In 1917, he enlisted in the 7th National Guard of New York and later was transferred at his own request to the 69th.

When the battle raged the fiercest and the shots and shells were bursting all around him, he wrote this poem which clearly shows his great love of God:

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack.

(Lie easy cross, upon His back)

I march with feet that burn and smart

(Tread holy feet upon my heart)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb

(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come)

Men shout at me who may not speak

(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek)"

And the closing lines of this poem clearly show us the spirit with which Kilmer entered the War:

“Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea
So let me render back again,
This millionth of thy gift, Amen.”

In Flanders field a small cross marks the resting place of that man who has passed along that way of which he writes:

“God be thanked for the milky way
That runs across the sky,
That’s the path that my feet would tread
Whenever I have to die.

Some folks call it a silver sword,
And some a pearly crown,
But the only thing I think it is,
Is Main Street, Heaventown.

Joseph A. Slavin, '28

Christmas Eve

Lift your hearts, Ye who have bowed in sorrow,
Raise your heads, Ye who await the light,
The Presence comes for which you wait.
Not as the king in triumph comes;
Not mid the stirring throb of drums—
But silently e'er bird calls mate.

Raise your eyes, Ye who have lived in yearning,
Bare your sin, Ye who have crouched in fear.
Sing! Infinite wrath is now appeased.
Bend your knee, prepare in sweet devotion
The path of one whose own Divine emotion
Shall flow to cleanse you from sin's foul disease.

Joseph Dean, '26

The Seven Stages of Life

INFANCY

Nothing to do but smile,
Nothing but cribs to roam,
Nothing to see the while,
But the "Kingdom of Love," a home.

CHILDHOOD

Nothing to crave but toys,
Nothing to do but play,
Nothing to fear or harm,
To darken his bright way.

BOYHOOD

Nothing to read but books,
Nothing to write but themes,
Nothing but cross eyed looks,
To banish youthful dreams.

YOUNG MANHOOD

Nothing to win but fortune,
Nothing to seek but fame,
Nothing to crave but riches,
A purse and goodly name.

MANHOOD

Nothing is left but work,
Nothing to do but toil,
No one to thank but God,
For this-our "Mortal Coil."

LOVER

Nothing but one fair maiden,
Nothing but pleasures rare,
Nothing but life's long Aidenn,
And castles in the air.

SOLDIER

Nothing to love but valor,
 Nothing to hate but shame,
 Nothing to seek but glory,
 Freedom, Nation, Name.

LIFE

Nothing to gain but heaven,
 Nothing but soul to save,
 This is life's great purpose,
 From cradle to the grave.

Edward McEntee, '28.

Joe

Time was when I too looked forward like you;
 Ambition let loose each bond; my blood ran
 Like a galloping steed; each separate plan
 As seed took root, sprouted to sunlight, grew
 As your plans, yes, just as your plans do,
 Clear-eyed, flushed were my cheeks, and my brow tan.
 I was Youth! Tomorrow I'd been a man!
 Night came,—black night, and that's all that I knew.

When morning broke all my flowers were dead.
 Broken stems, each bud and blossom quite marred;
 For I was a cripple; my legs as lead;
 White walls and ether; hushed voices; flesh scarred;
 Broken hopes;—and so my world now a bed;
 Oh ye who have health, praise ye, praise ye God!

Thomas F. O'Neill, '29.

Conventions and Courtesy



MOST of us have at one time or another raised our voices in protest against conventionality, that practice of acting in accordance with the dictates of society, of thinking and speaking in a manner similar to that of the multitude. Some of us with the rebellious attitude so often found in youth, have boldly set aside convention and lived not as society would have us but rather as we found circumstances directing our own wills. There are those who are continually ranting against all sorts of conventional mannerisms and decrying them as the consequence of mob psychology continued year after year and decade after decade in a way much in common with the Chinese custom of ancestor worship. There are those who ridicule the conventional human as a creature content to let those who have preceded him map out his course in life, whether or not it be in keeping with his desires; who mock the conservative man as being afraid to model his actions after the dictates of his own conscience.

To be specific they have little use for the man who reads Shakespeare not because he likes it but because—well—everybody reads Shakespeare; or the man who goes to the Opera and attempts to register pleasure on his countenance when inwardly he has not the slightest liking for such presentations.

In answer to a question which will naturally arise in your minds I, myself, can be numbered among those rebels against insincerity of action. I consider it an evidence of weak character in a man to pretend an absorbing interest in Shakespeare, Milton, Galli Curci, Chopin, or the Boston Symphony Orchestra when, actually, he would rather be reading Tom Moore and C. Henry or listening to Paul Whiteman and A. Jolson. It is perhaps an evidence of an uneducated mind to prefer O. Henry to Shakespeare; it is without a doubt a confession of poor artistic taste to prefer A. Jolson to Galli Curci, but in my opinion he is more worthy of human respect who confesses a lack of interest in the greater artists than he who professes an absorbing pleasure which he does not feel in their work. This practice of acting after the method of society appears to me to be no less than living a lie. If you have not found Grand Opera

capable of arousing in you sublime emotions or discover yourself lacking in an appreciation of great litterateurs, why fear to confess that feeling? Perhaps the world may criticize you for a lack of proper education in the valuation of effort but there always remains the privilege of training your intellect to an appreciative view of the masters. But until this stage is reached does it not seem futile to falsify your attitude? I can see no dishonor in a man's inability to feel a pleasure which he has not been trained to feel in the great geniuses. To me it seems an act to be frowned upon for a creature to assume unfelt likes and dislikes simply because he would be conventional. To this extent I heartily agree with the rebels against conventionality. I might even go further and confess a disrespect for many of those petty mannerisms which are offered in the book of etiquette, as necessary to a gentleman. Many of them appear to me as ridiculous to a man of ordinary means such as those for whom such books are manifested as being intended. Happily many of the customs advocated in such manuals of behavior are being relegated to obscurity.

But here my rant against conventionality ends. There is, I believe, a distinguishing line between acts of conventionality and acts of courtesy and while I may be heartily opposed to many of the unique customs of society I have no such distaste for the courtesy of that same society. I conceive as an excellent example of a cad, the man who refuses to give his seat in a street car to a lady on the grounds that it is no longer conventional to do so since women are now our social and political equals through the privilege of suffrage. He is right; it is no longer conventional to offer the seat, nor was it ever conventional, but it was always and still is an act of courtesy to proffer that seat. There is a very evident line between convention and courtesy in this instance as in many others. A man may be esteemed for refusing to accede to the provision of society which directs him against his will, but never for a failure to concede to the niceties of common courtesy due his fellow man. Convention is the dictate of society but courtesy is the dictate of individual fairness. You may comply with convention in knowing which fork to use at a banquet but you are a discourteous cad if you make that knowledge of conventionality evident by calling attention to your neighbor's ignorance of customary action on such an occasion. He, in

his profession of that ignorance, is worthy of far more consideration than you in your knowledge merit, for you have lost sight of the fact that courtesy is more to be admired than conventionality.

So you, who mock conventionalism think, lest you forget the dividing line between conventionalism and courtesy. It is no disgrace to disagree with custom. It is an unforgivable faux pas to refuse courteous action.

Joseph Dean, '26

Crede

If men who scoff, loved Jesus
 And if this love were great,
 There'd be no place among us
 For envy, lust or hate.
 If blows were but caresses
 And bitter oaths but prayers,
 The lot which each possesses,
 Would be devoid of cares.
 If people would not hasten
 To pass a beggar by
 The bonds of love would chasten
 Their souls for God on high.
 If men would give no scandal
 And women tell no tales
 The peace of the Immortal
 Would rule the hills and vales.
 If each would love the other
 As he, himself would love,
 To men, he'd be a brother,
 A saint, to God above.
 Each day would then be brighter
 And every one would sing
 For hearts are always lighter,
 Where Christ the Lord is King.

Charles J. Fennell, '28.

The Shepherd of the Stars



FAILURES have little respect from this world of ours; great failures though they may be. Usually they attract only ridicule, sometimes deserved, yet often brutal gross misunderstanding of the underlying aim of that attempted. Even in a college professor failure to impart that great passion which motivates him to attempt the teaching of such an ill-appreciated science as astronomy is not productive of sympathy. Certainly it is touching to note that this ridicule is forthcoming not from the student body itself but is that scathing mockery which a man has for himself when he believes that he has failed to transmit to others that conception of beauty so evident to himself.

And in his own mind Professor Tully of Tulane University was truly a failure, a miserable failure. He had failed, failed completely in his attempt to picture that harmonious beauty of the heavenly bodies. He believed that not one student in his class had attained a knowledge which he tried so hard to impart.

Day after day he walked to class and delivered the beautiful thoughts manifested in a sincere knowledge and love of the science of the heavens. Day after day, he saw the same bored expression settle on the countenances of the members of the class and knew that he was failing in his great ideal.

Mind and body, heart and soul, all of him poured forth in this vain attempt to teach the magnificence of his subject. Yet it seemed that his all was not enough. Despite his every effort the class continued as in the past, unappreciated and oftentimes ridiculed. No one appeared to notice the great sincerity flowing through his lectures; no one seemed to care how hard he pleaded for understanding; no one tried to visualize the grand diety glorifying evidences that he pictured for them.

Too well he realized that his subject meant nothing more than just one more course to be endured. How it hurt him to believe that he was failing. How it goaded him to hear the mocking references

to his course. His heart ached as he thought of the beauty that these men refused to see.

Tonight, as he walked across the campus, he was discouraged, tired of it all, tired of shouting his subject at uninterested classes, tired of hearing the subdued ripple of laughter go through the rooms. He couldn't stand it much longer. No! that was certain, he'd have to give it up soon. He didn't want to do it but he knew he must. Something which none of his pupils even faintly guessed, something that he hated to admit, was stealing upon him, terrifying him. A week before he had gone to a great eye specialist and was given the awful information that he was going blind. Blind! Never again to see his beautiful stars, never again to watch the moon sweep across the heavens or watch the rainbow flare in the wake of the storm.

Well he'd keep it up as long as he could. There was no preventing it the doctor told him. It was an incurable disease of the eyes. Perhaps it might come in a week, perhaps a month, at most a year.

He spent a restless night. His eyes pained him. In the morning there was a sort of blur in his vision. Perhaps it would come sooner than the doctor expected.

Professor Tully walked to his classes that morning with a feeling of resignation. At least he would give his best while he could.

As he stepped to the desk he was surprised to see a young man waiting there for him.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked in a nettled tone. Probably, just one more scoffer to join his class.

"Pardon me, professor! I'd like to enroll in your Astronomy class. Do you think you can arrange matters so that I can go right on with the class? I'll make up the work I've missed, within the next two weeks."

Tully glanced up surprised. This was something unexpected; none of the others have offered to make up back work.

"Yes, I guess we can arrange it. What is your name please?"
"James Manning, sir."

"An athlete, I suppose."

"Why Yes. I play football."

"Why did you decide to take this course?"

"Well you see professor—"

"Oh yes" wearily, "I see." You're looking for something easy so you were told my course was the best one here."

Manning looked up quickly. "No, Professor Tully, you're wrong. I took the course because some one told me that you were so absorbed in your subject that you even forgot discipline in your classes. It strikes me that a man who has such an interest in the course he teaches must know a bit more than the average prof. about it. I'm taking astronomy, not because I like it especially, but because I want to see this 'Shepherd of the Stars' and hear what he has to tell me about his vision."

Professor Tully stared; this man was extraordinary. The old man studied Manning closely—about medium height, rather broad shoulders, attractive face, eyes—ah! there was the difference, there was not the glint of mockery in this man's eyes that he saw so easily in the rest. They looked straight at you and they did not fall before the professor's steady gaze. He might be honest in his statement.

"I'll see you after the class Mr. Manning."

"Yes, sir."

The "Shepherd of the Stars" began his lecture and promptly forgot all about his new pupil.

The period closed and as the professor was gathering up his books he saw the newcomer again approaching the dusk.

Quickly the instructor outlined the work to be made up. The young fellow appeared sincere enough.

That night the professor stayed awake very late thinking—Wondering how long before that film would completely cover his eyes, if it would come suddenly or drop slowly over them like a shroud. That was an apt simile for that instant would mark the death of all that was worthwhile to him. Then he remembered his new student. Oh! he'd probably have some vague excuse for not turning in the work in the morning. Tully decided to have a long talk with the man when they met next day.

At last he dropped fitfully off to sleep.

He stepped to his desk in the morning and found three neatly written papers lying there. Manning had done the work after all.

The old professor's eyes pained more than usual that day so he created a surprise by cutting the class ten minutes short.

A few minutes later he walked slowly across the campus. That sun hurt his eyes. He wished he had someone to talk to.

Suddenly he was aware that somebody was hurrying behind him. He turned and saw Manning approaching.

"Pardon Professor, but would you mind telling me what you want done for tomorrow?"

"Yes, yes, I had forgotten. Just read over the next chapter."

"Alright sir, is that all?"

"Yes, I think so. You seem to be taking an interest in the work young man."

"Well, you have an interesting method of teaching it, sir."

"You like my lectures then," questioned Tully surprised.

"Why, yes sir, I do."

The professor laughed bitterly, "Young man do you know that you are the first I have ever heard say such a thing about my course?"

Manning stared, "You can't mean that sir."

"But I do. For years I have given my every effort in an attempt to make these young men realize that the heavens have an appeal all their own. I've tried to make them see the tribute to the All-highest manifested by the symmetry of the motion of the heavenly bodies; tried to show them the mercy of God in not leaving the universe in chaos as He might have done. But they refuse to see it; they laugh at me, ridicule my course, mock me as the 'Shepherd of the Stars.' Oh, yes, I know what they say about me. Manning, I hope you never have to face the realization that you have loved God so little that you were unable to make that love felt by others." Discouragement filled the old man's voice and heart.

Manning was deeply touched. Here was something above him. He wanted to help, to comfort the man but he could think of nothing to say. "Don't be discouraged sir," he blurted finally. "No true love is ever wasted. Everything will be all right."

A few days after, Professor Tully again called the class to a close before the end of the period. He waited until the students had left the room and then slowly lifted his hand to his eyes. A shudder ran through him; his frame sagged; he grasped the edge of the desk to steady himself. It had come. He could no longer see the chairs before him. He could barely tell that it was daylight. A

groan of anguish wrung itself from his lips. He groped for his books, found them, felt along the edge of the platform with his foot and slowly started for the door. His foot struck a chair left in the way by the hurrying students. He stumbled, felt a strong arm grasp him about the shoulders and a voice ask anxiously, "What's the trouble, sir, are you ill?"

"III! III! Merciful God, No! I'm blind, blind. Do you hear me? Blind."

Manning stared aghast. "No, no sir, not that!"

"Yes, I tell you, yes."

Carefully the young man guided the professor to his rooms. He called the college physician and waited to hear what he would say. "He isn't . . ."

Yes, my friend, I'm afraid he is—Blind!"

There was a suspicion of moisture in Manning's eyes as he walked slowly from the room. He walked toward the athletic field. The football squad was assembled there. They were waiting for him. He did not hurry.

"Come on Jim, snap out of it. It's time we were out there." Manning looked up; many of these men were in Professor Tully's class. They were the men who were taking it as the "snap" course.

Suddenly he was filled with a great anger against these. Scarcely realizing it, he began to talk.

"Listen you fellows. I've got something to say to you. His mouth was dry his voice sounded strange and unnatural. "Did you realize that you have been listening to one of the greatest, most courageous men who ever lived try to drill into your thick skulls the most beautiful truths ever offered to you? Do you know that you've done nothing but mock and ridicule the man who, above all others, had for you the knowledge which might have taught you the worthwhile things of life? Have you ever stopped to think that the subject, which to you meant nothing more than a 'snap' course, was really the most ideal of classes? Did you ever happen to know that the man whom you laughed at and scorned is a bigger and better man than either you or I will ever be? You stones! haven't you seen that the one man in the college who taught his work because he loved it, was the man whom you jeered. You've killed all his hopes,

choked his ambitions, laughed to scorn his ideals and now—now he is blind—do you hear me? He's blind. The 'Shepherd of the Stars' is blind! He'll never be able to see his stars come home at night, never again watch the beautiful things he loved sparkle in the skies. He has lost all that made life a joy to him. Do you understand? And above all he thinks he has failed because he could not make you fellows see the wonderful things he saw. I just left him with the doctor. He will never see again. He thinks he is forgotten, thinks nobody cares whether he lives or dies. He believes that none of you will even go in to see him. Now what will you do? Can't you begin to realize what he offered to you? Aren't you men enough to appreciate that life that was devoted to an attempt to show you the Great Truth? He is in his room all alone. He will be there tomorrow and tomorrow, waiting for the voices of his fellows, waiting and doubting that he will ever hear you come in to offer a word of cheer and encouragement. It's so little to hope for fellows; his life is broken now, won't you do that little for him?"

A hush had settled over the group of men and long before he had finished, heads begun to bow and shamed looks began to creep over the faces of the listeners.

In his room, Professor Tully sat in an old Morris chair. His features were set in a despairing, yet not entirely hopeless look. Well, what if he was through, what if he had failed, there was still One who saw and appreciated his work. Yes, there were even two who realized what he found in the study of the heavens. If only some of the students could care. God and Manning were all who believed in him.

A step sounded in the corridor. The old man listened eagerly. He heard the door open.

"Who is it, you Manning?"

"No sir, this is Conley, one of your astronomy men. I thought I'd drop in to see you sir. You see I heard—er that is—someone said you were hurt sir. May I sit down a few minutes and chat sir?"

The old man was surprised and he showed it plainly but a few minutes talk showed him the sincerity of the man's sorrow and his spirits began to rise.

Soon the knocks began to come with regularity at the door.

Cheerful words of consolation, pleasant bits of campus gossip and an occasional joke found its way into the room.

With each call the face of the old instructor brightened and as they continued day after day, a quiet happiness filled the heart of the blind man.

The climax came one day when talking to Manning, Tully said reminiscently, "I guess I was mistaken Manning, those boys of mine took a greater interest in me and my course than I ever knew. They never let a day go by without dropping in for a chat and they really tell me many pleasant stories about my classes."

"I was right, professor," said Jimmy, knowingly, "no love is ever wasted."

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

Happiness Insured



HE NEVER harmed a soul. Of course he drank—drank hard—but he injured no one but himself.

“You’re a bum,” a stranger slashed at him one day.

“You’re a liar,” Jim—that was his name—retorted. And so the stranger was for altho Jim drank hard he did so outside of working hours. For over twenty years he had worked in the night shift at the Paper Mill, and in that time had only missed a few nights. A bum wouldn’t have that record. As I have already stated Jim hurt no one but himself. He was unmarried. He boarded out. Thus when he did go on a spree no one but himself suffered.

One day I met him in the park. “Hello Jim,” I yelled.

“Lo Tom,” he muttered, looking up at me from where he was sitting on a bench.

“How’s things going?” I asked him.

He didn’t answer me at first but after a while he motioned me to come over and sit beside him. I did so to please him.

“Say, Tommy,” he muttered, “I’m drunk.”

I nodded.

“Yes, Tommy lad, I’m drunk, but I know what I’m talking about—understand?”

“Now, Tommy, let me tell you I knew your father. He was a fine man, may the Lord rest his soul and I hope you’ll be as good a man as him.”

“Sure Jim.”

“Don’t ever drink, Tommy; it will do yer no good. I never done anyone any good yet.”

“Oh no, Jim—,” I consoled.

“Yes, Tommy, I never did a soul any harm, but I never did them any good neither. Now, Tommy, I had a brother, and he and his wife died during the flu epidemic. They left a daughter then eighteen years old. Now, Tommy, I should have been able to help the poor kid out ’cause she’s not so strong,—and well the factory life ain’t doing her very much good. I’m afraid of her lungs . . .

hereditary, understand? But, Tommy, I'm a drunkard and I never save a cent. So here I am, yer see, Tommy—say will you help me home? I'm kind of weak.

That afternoon I brought Jim home, and saw him safely up the long narrow stairs of his boarding house.

Three weeks after I read an account of his death in the paper. It told how on the day before he had slipped upon going up the stairs of his boarding house, lost his balance and fell headlong down the stairs. A few hours later he died in the hospital. I inquired from other sources about his spiritual welfare: "Yes, a priest had arrived in time."

Yesterday I was speaking to his former boarding mistress.

"Say," I inquired, "Did Jim's neice ever come for his belongings?"

"Sure," she replied, "Didn't you hear? Lucky girl. You know Jim was insured for over three thousand dollars and he had the policy made over to her. She left yesterday for California.

Walking up the street I smiled and a stranger looked after me as I unconsciously said aloud. "Poor Jim, he didn't do any good while he was living, but he's causing a great deal of happiness—dead."

Thomas F. O'Neill, '29

THE OBSERVER



THE appalling disasters of the American submersible S-51 and the British M-1 may be the final straws to break the camel's back. These terrifying tragedies have convinced the non-militarists of the world that the undersea craft must be outlawed as a means of warfare. Submarines have long lost favor, they are now fast losing their utility. Their only use is one of breaking blockades and even in this they are being steadily rendered inefficient due to the constant development of detection appliances. At the same time, aircraft are most efficient hounds and destroyers of the diving warships. The submersible has failed to demonstrate any but an uncertain naval worth and it cannot be transferred in times of peace to commercial engagements as can be done with ships of the air. Moreover, if the horrors of the submarine were confined to war times, their continued use could perhaps be justified, but when we have so many examples of unwarned sinkings in peace times and the consequent unavailing slaughter of human life, it is apparent that civilized nations must rid themselves of this curse of the sea. France, however, argues against their abolishment, as do other countries of continental Europe, claiming that as long as America and especially England possess the right of blockade, France and the others must continue the construction and development of submersible warcraft in the interests of self-preservation. The submarine, they believe, is the only effective weapon in blockade combat. But, in the light of its diminishing effectiveness, would not these nations, such as France, do better to substitute for the undersea craft some other means of defense? Thus they will better retain the naval balance of power they so warmly desire. It is found in the United States that one fleet submarine is equal in cost to one hundred and fifty observation and fighting airplanes, but, to our mind, not equal in usefulness to a single plane. Does it not behoove France, upon considering these facts, to discard her submarines and to increase her air forces? Should France, however, agree to eliminate the submarine, both America and England must,

in the name of justice, refrain from naval blockade. All of which is another shattering grenade thrown into the dugout of "never-say-die" militarists.

* * * *

The American Debt Funding Commission has been busily engaged these past months in accepting and rejecting proposals for payment of war debts made by various nations of Europe. Some delegations from these countries have approached the United States much as they might an old soft-hearted millionaire uncle, burning with the hope that that relative will cancel half of their thousand-dollar debt. With no sincerity of purpose nor prick of conscience they have laid their brazen propositions before the American Commission. Consequently many of these proposals have not met with the pleasure of Washington and have been summarily returned to their foreign proposers for more thoughtful and less intriguing consideration. Other proffers have had a better fortune, and since they were made in all frankness and honesty, they have had the unstinted and hearty co-operation of the American representatives. Of these the most notable example was the offer made by Signor Volpi and his colleagues in the name of the Mussolini government. By her openhandedness and fairmindedness, Italy has drawn unto herself not only the amicable respect of the United States but of all the world. Having made a thorough investigation of her capabilities for payment of her war debt, deciding impartially what she had, what she could get, and of what and how she could make instalments on her legitimate bill, Italy despatched Volpi with her frank statement of financial affairs. After slight readjustments, the whole was accepted as the best that could possibly be offered or expected. It is true that on the entire debt, covering sixty-five years of payment, the Mussolini administration has received a practical discount of seventy-five per cent. This difference must come from the pocket of Uncle Sam, but what a small price, after all, to assist in re-establishing the economic world and, at the same time, to retain the friendship and good will of the Boot of Europe! Such, at least, is the unanimity of opinion found in the American press, whether the papers are in general agreement or perennial disagreement with the present Administration. All hail Italy for her diplomatic at-

titude in this delicate matter and they emburden her with justified praise.

* * * *

What an entangling maze this business of debt funding? It leaves little room for diplomatic impatience and requires much sagacity and statesmanship to solve it properly. Upon its satisfactory settlement depends the economic restoration of the world and the retainment of good will between America and her debtors. Practically every nation of the Entente Allies has borrowed during the past war various sums of money from the United States government. In the aggregate these loans total staggering billions. They were secured from the American people, borrowed by their government and lent to the different Allies. The payment of the debt is simply a return of this money to the Americans who lent it. It is rightfully theirs, but will it be good for them economically to receive such great sums? Will it not hurt their business and the standing of the United States in the economic scale? Many of ability claim that it is folly for America to demand payment on these debts, that it amounts to an enormous accumulation of funds without the expenditure of effort, a psychological danger to Americans. Yet, if these debts are not paid by the ones who borrowed them, they must be paid by the ones who loaned them—the American public. This means that the Allies hand to the children of Uncle Sam the greater part of the bill for the World War with the request that it be met. The Americans compensate themselves out of their own pockets. But, say others, this gives Europe an opportunity to get upon her feet and to utilize those sums, which might otherwise be paid on account of the debts, for the purchase of foodstuffs, clothing and machinery from the American farmer, merchant and manufacturer. And the profits from such transactions would help to offset what the American has to pay on the loans he made to the Allies. The argument is plausible, but Europe is on her feet and so sufficiently that she finds it possible to engage in her inbred petty wars and disputes and, further, to maintain the greatest armies and to build the biggest air fleets. Better still, she is busily trading with America and prospects are excellent that this latter state will continually increase. So, rather than burdening America with the full payment of the war

debts, it is better that each nation assume that part of her debt that it is felt she can meet conveniently and at the same time place her money standard on a stable foundation. This relieves the United States of an overwhelming obligation, lightens the burdens of the debtor nations, gives all a fair share in the cost of the conflict and is most conducive to the restoration of the economic conditions of the world, and the continuation of international good-fellowship. Still, what an entangling maze this business of debt funding!

Stephen M. Murray, '27

RESIDIUM

DARKNESS

I didn't know where I was or how I got there. I only knew I was there. And where? Darkness, very, very black darkness. A minute before I was out in the daylight, but now darkness.

I remained very still. I could hear my heart beating and the thumping of it was so loud. What is it I thought, why this change? A minute before and I was feeling the warm sun upon my face, and now darkness, pitch darkness.

I moved my hand, my foot. Nothing seemed to happen. I grew very bold. I walked a step, another, yet instinctively I put my hand out in front that it might guide me. I walked a yard. Did I hear something? No! Yes! A low faint rustle, a woman's skirt? What? A chill ran up my spine. I felt a cold deathlike breath against my face? Madly I swung around. Nothing impeded me. Cold sweat started rolling down my face. A great fear took hold of me. What was it?

To my ears now there came a sound like the rattling of chains. I immediately thought of prison. Had time brought me back thru the centuries? Am I in some Inquisition's dungeon? By this time I was almost too weak to walk. My whole body shook. Yet I cursed myself for my weakness. "Coward," I said to myself, "coward, are you a man?" I clenched my fists. Then an insane thought flashed thru my mind. I would run. Think of that, I would run in such darkness, never knowing where my feet would take me. But I was determined. I started, my feet fairly flew over the ground, and all around me darkness. I could not even see my own hand. I ran, ran, how long I do not know. But I know I never ran faster. Yet the darkness never abated. Finally exhausted, out of breath, unable to move another step I fell flat on my face.

Still my troubles were not all over for no sooner had I landed on the ground than I felt my body being drawn, yes really drawn thru the darkness. It was just as though some colossal vacuum cleaner had drawn me into it. After what seemed ages, I saw in the distance a small light—it grew larger and larger till finally I was within a few yards of it—coming from an opening then in an instant I was thru it. Never again would I be so foolish as to spend

a perfectly good quarter to visit the Dungeon of Darkness at Coney Island.

Thomas F. O'Neill, '29

SPECS ABOUT THE CAMPUS

BY G. LASSES

(Modern Miracles)

A dumb man entered a bicycle shop, picked up a wheel and spoke.

A blind man went on a yachting party and finally came to sea.
A deaf quarterback pulled a bone and so he 'erred.

Couldn't fix it up.

My mother-in-law was arrested for thinking, she went into a dry goods store and took a notion.

Dumb Bird

A gentleman bought a parrot in a down-town store. The bird was supposed to speak seven languages. He sent it home by special delivery. That night upon entering the house he expected to hear it talk. His wife greeted him and told him that the bird he sent home was now being cooked. "Oh!" shouted the gentleman, "that bird can speak seven languages." "Well, why didn't he say something," responded the wife.

Belief

(Parson in act of baptizing by immersion the members of some of his colored flock.)

The head of the boy is withdrawn from the water and the questions are asked?

Parson: "Do you believe?" Boy: "No!" Parson thrusts his head under again.

Parson: "Do you believe?" Boy: "No!" Again the head of the boy is thrust under the water. Parson: "Do you believe?" Boy: "Yes!"

Parson: "Now tell the people assembled on the banks just what you believe."

Boy: "People I believe that this here man am tryin' to drown me."

Queen: "Charles, the baby has stomach ache."

King: "Page the Secretary of the Interior."

Teacher: "Izzie, give me the definition of 'vortex.'"

Izzie: "'Vortex' is the two cents extry you pay in the movies."

BITS FROM LIFE

Some unknown tool for petty gain,
Amid the Senate's bluster.
Dropped a bomb of chlorine gas,
To end the filibuster.
It ended.

A merchant from the land of Greece,
One bright day last May,
Placed his small savings in a scheme
That would in truth a fortune pay.
He lost both.

A skeptic youth of fourteen years,
The movies on his mind,
Drew from a pencil seller's cup,
A dime—well thinking he was blind.
He wasn't.

A blushing bride, just one month thus,
To her great delight,
Made biscuits for her sweetie spouse
To help his appetite.
They didn't.

John W. Murphy, '28

"FROM ONE WHO KNOWS"

I'm not an embryo Shakespeare,
A Milton or a Keats,
The things I write I often fear,
Are low and humble feats.

The publishers are bitter,
To me a writing man.
My manuscript they litter,
In every garbage can.

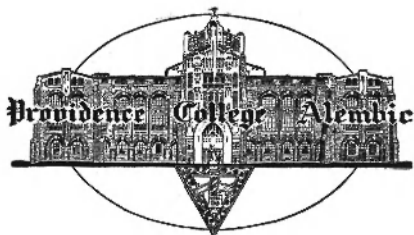
I am a starving poet,
Whose poems are not read.
The reason I do wonder,
Till pains shoot thru my head.

If men would only journey,
Thru heaven's vault of blue.
They'd see the things I write of,
And pay me credit due.

But my verse is aesthetic,
And climbs on planes above.
The heights attained by mankind.
(An eagle and a dove.)

So hark, ye! gentle reader,
And listen to my plea.
There's lots more pay in plumbing,
Than in good poetry.

Fred Langton, '28



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CHRISTMAS CHEER

The day approaches on which we rise to welcome into our midst the God-man as He is born again in spirit in the hearts of all Christians. The occasion when there arises in the intellect of even the weakest, a great wonder that a God should have sacrificed His divine majesty, heavenly glory, and angelic harmony to descend into the mall of human discord to stand upon equal footing with the humblest of men; to assume even the environment of the most humble.

Our own notion of the infinite mercy and goodness may be strengthened by the contemplation of the magnitude of the sacrifice involved in the descent of Christ for the redemption of man. Think!

You who magnify your own virtue, of the magnificence of the God-heart which so throbbled with the love of its vassels that it should be ready to pour forth its sanctifying flood in a majestic effort to purge the universe of sin. Think! you who bemoan your sacrifices, of the mocking scorn facing the Christ-child; the prospect of the futility of his great effort, the knowledge that despite the gift of His life, men would continue to transgress the law of God. Picture the greatness of the love which prompted the continuence of the sacrifice in the face of all these discouragements. How truly catholic was the sacrifice which was offered in the full knowledge that it would meet with a great measure of scorn, even antagonism. How truly democratic the life which fostered the principle, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

With all these thoughts in mind there should be nothing, absolutely nothing, to mar the great tribute which we, as Christians, offer up to heaven in thanksgiving for that great mysterious sacrifice of the Incarnation. We can never in this world hope to understand it nor can we hope adequately to appreciate it but we can, and it is necessary that we do offer up a heartfelt prayer of gratitude for the act of mercy begun in the stable in Bethlehem on that first Christmas day.

* * * *

The close of the past football season **APPRECIATION** marked the retirement of the Rev. **AND APPROVAL** brose Howley, O. P. as director of the athletic teams of Providence College. Father Howley's resignation was accepted by his superior, to take effect at the close of the football season. It is with deep regret that the student body hears the news of Father Howley's retirement, for the students of the institution, especially of the upper classes, are well aware of the great work accomplished by him in this field. Since the formation of the first athletic team in the college he has been the guide of sports. His career as director has been marked by a complete sacrifice of self to the betterment of the college along that line. He watched the growth of athletics from insignificance to a point where Providence teams command the respect of the greatest college aggregations of the country. The rapid strides of the institution in sport can be attributed in no small measure to the

able direction of Father Howley. Realizing that great work accomplished by him the students of Providence are unanimous in offering to him their sincere gratitude for the efforts which he spent in the making of athletics at Providence College.

Father Howley will be succeeded by Rev. F. J. Baeszler, O. P. Father Baeszler is capable in every way of continuing the excellent work started by his predecessor. To him the student body offers its sincere promise that he will be afforded the same hearty co-operation as was given Father Howley.

* * * *

OUR TEAM Yes! As a battered and disheartened squad plodded slowly off the field at the end of the Springfield game, Providence College witnessed the close of a rather disastrous football season. For were we to gauge the worth of our team and coach by the measure of games won and lost they certainly were failures. Even the most prejudiced Providence man would hesitate to term successful, a season showing seven defeats and two victories.

But we, who have watched our colors sink lower and lower as the team fell in defeat before opponent after opponent, were able to see beyond actual victory or defeat. We, who have watched touchdown after touchdown roll over their heads, who saw the magnificent battle which Captain Reall and his men made against overwhelming odds, are able to visualize even in the failure a greater success. For after all the true worth of an accomplishment lies not alone in that which is attained but in the effort involved in the attainment of that goal. Bearing this in mind we hesitate not at all in offering to Coach Golembeskie, Captain Reall and the members of the football squad our sincere congratulations. Certainly no student who has seen the valiant spirit manifested by the Providence men even though each succeeding game found more and more players unable to participate because of injuries; no student who saw the brilliant flashes of spirit evident in the battered team during the Holy Cross, St. John's and Colgate games, could lift the finger of scorn in the faces of such men who fought with an unquenchable courage in the discouraging prospect of certain defeat. We do not believe, we will not believe, that there is among us a man so lacking in true appreciation of effort that he will refuse to shake the hand of every member of the team and say: "Well done!"

THE COLLEGE CHRONICLE

With the successful presentation of a debate last *Debating* month, plans for proposed intercollegiate debates received additional impetus. J. Austin Carroll, sustaining the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved: That Aviation in the United States be Directed by a Member of the President's Cabinet," was given the decision. Paul Roche and James Drury upheld the negative side of the question.

Arrangements have been completed for a debate to be held this month. The topic selected is "That the United States Should Enter the World Court Under the Harding-Hughes Amendment." Raymond Murphy and James Walsh have selected the negative presentation of the subject, while Edward McEntee and Thomas Nolan will represent the affirmative side.

Communications have been exchanged with Fordham and Boston College but as yet a possible date has not been selected by President Charles F. Reynolds.

College Orchestra Under the direction of Rev. F. J. Baezler, the Orchestra Society has enrolled a membership exceeding *tha* of any previous college year. Rehearsals are being conducted weekly and engagements will be filled during the winter. The first appearance of the newly organized orchestra was at the Freshman Reception tendered to the Class of 1929 by the upper classmen and the Dramatic Society.

Freshman Activities The first Freshman organization meeting was held during the past month and plans made for a Christmas reception and entertainment to the upper classmen and the Debating Society in recognition of the initial reception. Edward Reilly, George Earnshaw and James Deery were appointed to complete arrangements for the event. A Freshman football

team was also organized to accept the challenge of the Sophomore's. The contest will be held this month.

Alumni Ball The Alumni Ball will be held at the Narragansett Hotel, December 29. Efforts are being made to make the event one of the most successful in the history of the organization. The support of the student body has been requested by the general committee.

Condolences are offered to Edward Boland on the death of his father.

Nicholas J. Senior, Jr., '29.

ALUMNI

FINAL plans have been drawn up for the Third Annual Alumni Ball to be held at the Narragansett Hotel, December 29, 1925. The committee met in the college November 8, 1925 and a report of the preparations for the affair was given. The reception committee will be appointed in the near future.

The members comprising the Third Annual Alumni Ball committee are as follows: James J. Corrigan, '24, Chairman; Raymond W. Roberts, '23; James F. Kelliher, '24; Daniel J. O'Neil, '24; Earl Ford, '25.

To the request made in the Alembic last month asking our Alumni for information of their fellow classmates we have failed so far to receive an answer. By the next issue we hope to hear from many.

Joseph F. Flynn, '24, president of the Alumni Association, is studying law at Georgetown.

James Colgan, '24, has transferred from Harvard Dental to Tufts.

Howard Bradley, '24, resumed his studies at Columbia Business School. John J. O'Neil, '24 is also in his final year at this instituting pursuing the same course.

Steve Emidy, pre-medical, '25, has entered the Medical College of St. Louis University.

Clarence Riley, Pat Vallone, Jerry Daley, Lennie Spearman, and John Vallone of last years Pre-Med class are at Georgetown Medical College.

Leo Gartland, pre-med. '25, has accepted a position with a manufacturing concern at Millville, Mass.

Joseph Casparian, pre-medical, '25, has opened a Grocery and Meat Market on Reservoir Avenue.

John Dillon, '25 and Harry Winter '25 are at Georgetown Law School.

George McCarthy, '24 has returned to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

J. H. Shunney, '24 has resumed his law studies at Georgetown.

Arthur Earnshaw, '26.



PROVIDENCE VS. COLGATE

Hamilton, N. Y., November 7, 1925.

For the second time in as many years the Providence College football team suffered defeat at the hands of the powerful Colgate eleven when our scrappy warriors finished on the short end of a 19 to 7 score. With the brilliant Tryon out of the lineup the New Yorkers were unable to penetrate the Black and White line for more than three touchdowns while the Providence team performed a feat worthy of applause in being the first team to cross the Colgate goal-line on their home field in two years.

While the Colgate eleven had a comparatively easy time with the fighting Black and White gridders yet they were never without stubborn opposition. Colgate scored one touchdown in the first, second and fourth periods. In the fourth quarter, Maroney, who has substituted so capably for Connors, crashed through the heavy Maroon line and blocked a kick which was recovered by a Providence forward. Then, on a fake kick formation, Junie Bride tossed a pass to Spud Murphy who planted the ball behind the hitherto unmarred Hamilton goal line.

Newell and Vanhorne were the stars for the New York eleven while Henry Reall, Tomassi, J. Murphy, Junie Bride and Heck Allen were the outstanding men on the Rhode Island eleven.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY		PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
Connors.....	le.....	J. Murphy
Adams.....	lt.....	O'Leary
Harnish.....	lg.....	(Capt.) Reall
Burke.....	c.....	Connors
Bloomfield.....	rg.....	Tomassi
Mason.....	rt.....	Nawrocki
Schmidt.....	re.....	Smith
Bull.....	qb.....	Dalton
Anderson.....	rhb.....	Allen
Newell.....	lhb.....	Bride
Vanhorne.....	fb.....	Spring

Touchdowns—Colgate, Vanhorne 2, Anderson; Providence—M. J. Murphy. Points after touchdowns—Newell, Allen. Substitutions—Colgate, Timm for Schmidt, McFarlane for Timm, Timm for Connors, Seybolt for Bull, Curran for Harnish, Simmons for Bloomfield, Williamson for Burke, Brewer for Newell; Providence, Maroney for Connors, Sullivan for Tomassi, McNeice for Spring, Spring for McNeice, McGeough for Dalton, Russo for Smith, McNeice for Spring, Murphy for O'Leary, J. Russo for Murphy. Time of periods—1st half, 15 minutes; 2nd half, 12 minutes. Referee—C. P. Miller (Haverford). Umpire—D. R. Benson (Villanova). Linesman—Earl Hathaway (Syracuse).

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Fenway Park, Boston, Mass., November 14, 1925.

Still suffering from the injuries received in the battles with Boston College, Syracuse and Colgate, the Providence eleven invaded Fenway Park determined to hand the Boston University aggregation a set-back, but Fate, that grim Referee who decides so many games, decreed that the Hub outfit should finish on the long end of a 14 to 6 score.

The game was one of the hardest fought battles of the current season and it was filled to the brim with spectacular plays on the part of both elevens. Providence threatened to score several times but seemed to lack a scoring punch when within striking distance of the Terriers goal. This lack of scoring offence was mostly in evidence in the last period. After a twenty-five yard pass had brought the ball to the B. U. 40-yard tape, Junie Bride plunged through tackle for seven yards and a moment later made it a first down on the Terrier's 25-yard strip. Then Allen skirted right end

for a gain which carried the pigskin to the 8-yard line. Four line bucks failed to carry the ball over the goal line and so the Boston team took the ball on downs. McDonald immediately kicked out of danger.

In the second quarter, Steele, the B. U. right tackle, broke through, blocked and recovered a kick on the Providence 8-yard stripe. After three plunges Carlson took the ball over for the first touchdown of the contest. Again in the third quarter Steele assumed the hero role when he recovered a Providence fumble on the Dominican's 3-yard line. Then Spike Carlson, the brilliant B. U. fullback crashed through the Providence forward wall for his second score.

In the last period a Providence pass was intercepted by Isackson. McDonald attempted to open an aerial attack on the Rhode Islanders but Heck Allen lept high into the air and intercepted the pass on Providence's 20-yard stripe and then dashed through the entire Boston team the remaining 80-yards for a touchdown. It was a spectacular play but its success can be attributed to the excellent interference given Heck by the Providence team and by J. Russo and O'Leary in particular.

Spike Carlson was the "big gun" in the B. U. backfield while Steele and Capt. Murphy were the outstanding linemen on the Hub eleven. Junie Bride, Captain Reall, Heck Allen, J. Murphy and Tom Maroney were the men who turned in the best work for Providence.

The lineup and summary:

BOSTON UNIVERSITY		PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
Pope.....	lc.....	Smith
Fitzpatrick.....	lt.....	Nawrocki
French.....	lg.....	Tomassi
Isackson.....	c.....	Maroney
Dorr.....	rg.....	(Capt.) Reall
Steele.....	rt.....	O'Leary
Murphy (Capt.).....	rc.....	J. Murphy
McDonald.....	qb.....	Dalton
Sims.....	lhb.....	Bride
Henry.....	rhb.....	Allen
Carlson.....	fb.....	Spring

Touchdowns—Carlson 2; Allen. Points after touchdowns—Murphy; Providence offside, no point allowed for first touchdown. Substitutions

—Providence, McGeough for Allen, Sullivan for Tomassi, McNeice for Spring, McGeough for Dalton, I. Russo for Smith, J. J. Russo for J. Murphy; Boston University, Whelton for Sims, Reinherz for Dorr, Lewis for French, Jenkins for Carlson, Gilman for Steele, Oswell for Henry, Morse for Murphy, French for Reinherz, Sims for Whelton, Halliday for Sims, Tripp for Oswell, Powers for Morse. Referee—Carpenter (Harvard). Umpire—Giles (Mercersburg). Field judge—C. C. McCarthy (Georgetown). Head Linesman—Whalen. Linesman—Scanlan for B. U., and J. E. Farrell for Providence. Time of periods—15 minutes,

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE

Springfield, Mass., November 21, 1925.

In their final contest of the 1925 football season the Providence College Team was defeated by a fighting Springfield College eleven in one of the most bitterly contested games ever witnessed on Pratt Field. Fully 3000 fans saw the game marked by spectacular line plunging and end running on the part of the Springfield eleven and a dazzling aerial attack from the Rhode Island aggregation.

After an evenly contested first quarter, the Red and White cohorts opened up with a brilliant offensive attack with Berry and Mahnkin tearing off long gains around the ends and ripping through the line consistently. With the ball on Providence's 4-yard line Mahnkin plunged over the last stripe for the Massachusetts boys first score. With Jimmy McGeough as pilot the Providence machine managed to hold its own for the rest of the period. In the third quarter the Springfield backfield swept through the Rhode Islanders and brought the ball to the Providence 20-yard line. But here the invaders strengthened and after Berry had been thrown for a loss, Maddox dropped back and botted a goal from the 35-yard marker, thereby giving his team a 10 point advantage. The second Springfield touchdown came as a result of an exchange of punts which gave the Red and White lads the ball on their own 45-yard tape. From this point they marched down the field on sweep-end runs which carried the ball across the Providence goal.

With a 17 point handicap to overcome the Providence opened up with an aerial attack which swept the Red and White eleven off its feet and startled the Springfield fans. Advancing from mid-field on end runs and short passes Junie Bride finally brought the pigskin to the Springfield 20-yard line. After two line bucks had

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failed to produce any yardage Allen dropped back and tossed a pass to Junie Bride who made a brilliant catch of the ball while surrounded by Springfield backs and raced across the goal line. Heck kicked the goal for the extra point. With but four minutes to play Providence elected to kick. After three plays Howe kicked to Silva on the Providence 30-yard stripe. After two successful short passes Bride hurled the ball down the field to Spud Murphy and netted the invaders 35-yards. It was the longest pass of the afternoon. On the next play Heck took his turn at throwing the oval and as a result Providence chalked up its second score when Joe Smith snatched the ball out of the ozone as he was crossing the Springfield goal line. Allen's attempt for the extra point failed. The whistle ending the game prevented the Rhode Islanders from any further scoring and it also terminated one of the greatest aerial attacks ever seen in Springfield.

Henry Reall, our peerless captain, played his last game for Alma Mater and it certainly was his greatest. Others who also played their last for Providence were Tom Maroney, who, as a substitute for Connors, proved himself to be one of the most aggressive players on the team; Jack Triggs, who for four years has been a vital cog in our athletic teams, Jimmy McGeough, who though handicapped by an injured ankle, played a brilliant game; and Franny Kempf, who has turned in some fine work at the halfback and quarterback posts.

For Springfield, Boughner, Nordyke, Berry and Maddox were the outstanding stars. Besides those mentioned above the Russo brothers, Junie Bride, Spud Murphy and Heck Allen were the high lights for Providence.

The lineup and summary:

SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE	PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
Crawley.....le.....	Smith
Hafner.....lt.....	Sullivan
Bartlett.....lg.....	Watterson
Elliot (Capt.).....c.....	Connors
Howe.....rg.....	(Capt.) Reall
Rav.....rt.....	O'Leary
Bollier.....re.....	J. Russo
Berry.....qb.....	McGeough
Smith.....rhh.....	Bride
Nordyke.....lhb.....	Triggs
Boughner.....fb.....	J. J. Russo

Touchdowns—Mahnkin 2; Smith, Bride. Points after touchdowns—Maddox 2; Allen. Field Goal—Maddox. Substitutions — Providence, Maroney for Connors, Tomassi for Sullivan, Allen for Triggs, J. Murphy for Smith, Spring for John Russo, Dalton for McGeough, McNeice for Spring, Smith for Joe Russo, Sullivan for Reall, Cannonmachio for Tomassi, Silva for Dalton, R. Murphy for McNeice; Springfield—Maddox for Nordvke, Mahnkin for Boughner, Enslee for Crawley, Clogsten for Howe, Shaffer for Bollier, Bardo for Shaffer, Leader for Crawley, Smith for Clogsten. Referee—J. N. Young. Umpire—F. W. Lowe. Head Linesman—A. G. Johnson. Linesmen—Smith for Springfield and J. E. Farrell for Providence. Time of quarters—Two 12 minute and two 14 minute periods.

CORRECTION

The editor of this department wishes to correct an error made in the November issue of the Alembic. In the Providence starting line-up for the Syracuse game the name of Bride should be substituted for Triggs at the right halfback post and Triggs should be substituted for Spring at fullback. In the Boston College contest the name Bride should be substituted for Triggs at right halfback.

OUR ALL-OPPONENT TEAMS FOR THE 1925 SEASON

Now that the curtain has been rung on another season of intercollegiate football and as it is now time for post-mortems, the writer has endeavored to pick two teams which shall be called All Opponent teams.

O'Connell (Boston College) . . . r. e. . . Murphy, (Boston University)
 Finn (Holy Cross) r. t. Rugge, (Syracuse)
 Biggs (Syracuse) r. g. Londergan (Holy Cross)
 Isackson (Boston University) . . . c. Elliot, (Springfield)
 McManus (Boston College) . . . l. g. Mottey, (St. John's)
 Plumridge (St. John's) l. t. Pendergast, (St. John's)
 Leary (Fordham) l. e. Karpowich, (Holy Cross)
 Foley (Syracuse) q. b. Graham, (Fordham)
 Manning (Fordham) r. h. b. Carr, (Syracuse)
 Kittredge (Holy Cross) l. h. b. Cronin, (Boston College)
 Barbuti (Spracuse) f. b. Vanhorne, (Colgate)

John E. Farrell, '26.

NOTA BENE

This is Advertisers' month in the ALEMBIC.

We all realize that, without a regular department of advertisements, it would be an impossibility for the Staff to present to the students of Providence College and their friends, a monthly publication of any size, worth or quality. It is only through the financial assistance derived from our Advertisers that this periodical is made possible. It is to them that we all are greatly obliged for the unfailing monthly appearance of this college magazine and advertising medium.

The Staff desires sincerely to better this paper, but to do so requires a financial reserve sufficient to offset a corresponding rise in the cost of production. A nominal subscription rate fails to supply the need; the single solution is a larger division of advertisements.

But the Managers of this Department do not wish to beg Providence merchants for material. Businessmen demand a fair return on their money invested in these pages and readers of the ALEMBIC alone can make advertising in this medium profitable and popular.

So we request that, in appreciation of our benefactors, every and all students should spend a moment upon receipt of the magazine in the perusal of this all-important section, and that, when the opportunity arrives, they should always patronize ALEMBIC Advertisers and heartily encourage others to do likewise. And fail not to mention the ALEMBIC when so doing!

THE ADVERTISING MANAGERS.



SPORTING GOODS AS GIFTS

are very welcome indeed to the lover and patron of outdoor sports, such as golf, tennis, football, baseball, etc. Put some of your gift money into the sporting outfits you have been waiting all year to buy. Sensible Xmas gifts these!

DAWSON & CO.
54 Exchange Place

JOHN F. MURPHY

Optician

Doctors' Prescriptions
Carefully and Accurately
Filled

171 WESTMINSTER ST.
HOWARD BLDG.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Telephone Union 5446

Ask for Our Personal Shopper

WHEN you are making your Christmas purchases, Miss Natalie Keene will shop for you or with you, offering such suggestions that will help you in selecting gifts. This Service was created to help you—use it.

Gladding's

Gibsons

CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS

PROVIDENCE MADE—FRESH DAILY

PROVIDENCE

PAWTUCKET

WOONSOCKET

TOMMY TUCKER BREAD

The Loaf with the Home-Made Flavor

Tommy Tucker Baking Co.

Providence, R. I.

WEST 4542

HARDWARE

OJACO PAINTS

Shellac

Varnishes

Window Glass

CARRIAGE WHEELS RETIRED

KEYS FITTED

J. F. McGlinchey

Union 5674

420 Smith St.

William F. Casey

**MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS
HATS AND SHOES**

—
With

KENNEDY'S

Westminster and Dorrance
Streets

M c C A R T H Y ' S

Woonsocket's Greatest Department Store
ALWAYS MORE FOR LESS HERE

M c C A R T H Y ' S

BICKFORD ENGRAVING AND ELECTROTYPE COMPANY

20 Mathewson Street

Providence - - - Rhode Island

JOHN J. NEILAN

DRUGGIST

143 Smith St. Prov., R. I.

HILLIS DRUG CO.

DRUGGISTS

Agents for Parker Duofold
Fountain Pens

306 Smith St., Cor. Orms

E. C. Church Co.

Builders of

IRON AND WIRE FENCES

134 West Exchange St.

GA Spee 0362

Providence, R. I.

PERMANENT AND MARCEL WAVING

By

A. A. DOLAN

By Appointment

Permanent

Marcel

Lowest Rates

\$10 00

50c

39 Ruggles Street, near Smith

Phone Un. 5506-J.



Frank L. Hanley

ATTORNEY

AT LAW

36 Olneyville Square

COME DOWN BETWEEN PERIODS
AND GET THAT NEEDED HAIRCUT, SHAVE OR MASSAGE

ELM BARBER SHOP

Smith Street at River Avenue

Quick Service

Ladies Beauty Parlor

WILLIAM J. FEELEY

Jeweler and Silversmith

**Ecclesiastical Wares in Gold
Silver and Bronze Medals
Class Emblems**

The Rosary in Fine Jewels

Illustrated List on Application

181 Eddy St., Providence, R. I.

Next to City Hall

Telephone Union 0276

Morse Tobacco Co.

STRICTLY WHOLESALERS

53 Eddy Street

Providence, R. I.

**"OUR BOY'S COMING HOME
FOR CHRISTMAS"**

They're bragging about you already, telling the neighbors how well you're doing.

For their sake, even more than your own, you'll want to "look a million" for the Christmas reunion.

You will look that, too, if the label in the new suit says "Hart, Schaffner & Marx."

The Outlet Company

Men's Store

Restaurant Dreyfus

CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND MATHEWSON STS.

ESTABLISHED 1892

Cuisine Francaise Par Excellence

Coffee Shop Service { Collegian Lunch, 11 to 2:30 P. M..... 65c
< Breakfast, 6 A. M. to 11 A. M..... 50c
{ Supper, 5 to 8 P. M..... 75c

The Parisian Room { Business Men's Lunch,
11:30 to 2:30 P. M..... 65c
{ French Table d'Hote Dinner,
5:30 to 8 P. M. \$1.00
A La Carte Menu all day

SPECIAL FAMILY DINNER SUNDAYS 12 NOON TO 8 P. M.

Music by the Hotel Dreyfus Orchestra

Academy of the Sacred Heart
Elmhurst

Providence

Rhode Island

Greetings

The Alembic wishes their Advertisers and
Readers A Merry Christmas and A Happy New
Year.



SEE ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS FIRST

