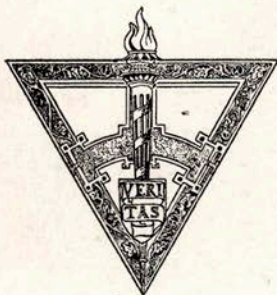


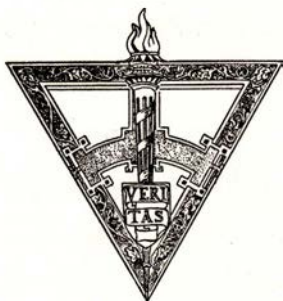
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. I

DECEMBER 1920

No. 1



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IS DEDICATED
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC
HUMBLE FRUIT
OF
THE STUDENTS' EARNEST ENDEAVOR

Providence College Alembic

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DECEMBER, 1920

No. 1

The Holy Night



HE earth was snowy white
The sky in sable drest,
When angels praised that night
The Holy Babe thrice blest.

And Shepherds hoary saw
The Virgin's Infant Son—
Approaching near with awe
They kissed the Holy One.

They stand there now bewildered,
With hearts rejoicing great:
For God their love had answered
With Jesus Christ carnate.

John P. Walsh, '24

FRANKLIN, THE SELF-MADE MAN

THAT which is of paramount interest to us today in the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* is the portrayal of successful advance through one's own efforts. In this sophisticated age when every man's advance is met with a cynical smile, a shrug of the shoulders, and the epithet "pull," it is refreshing to read the inner story of a great man, and to renew our confidence in honest effort. The conviction that success is proportionate to application is strengthened. Lincoln is probably our foremost example of the self-made man. He rose in the face of appalling barriers without the inspiration of a flesh-and-blood paragon before him, without the inducement of an enlightened civilized environment, without contact with the life of a city, nor the bustle of a sea-port town. Lincoln built his own whole structure, he laid his own foundation, employing stone where too many others are content with wood. To this extent Franklin was not self-made, and to a like degree posterity has ranked him less than Lincoln.

Franklin had this solid foundation of his character laid for him by his father. Repeatedly and unstintingly in his autobiography he refers to the felicitous influence of his upright father upon his career. He relates the instance of the wharf built under his direction by his school fellows from rock stolen from a house under construction nearby, and he closes with the words, " * * * several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest." He relates how many men of importance in the political affairs of the community were wont to consult his father on grave matters. He recalls the manner in which his father would guide the dinner table conversation to topics that would tend to improve the minds of the children. With such a father, Franklin was started on his journey of life with a certain momentum that perhaps every boy does not receive.

But Franklin's credit here, as ever afterwards in his life, is that he absorbed and utilized the admonitions. It is true that many opportunities came unsolicited to him in the course of his life. Instead, however, of allowing them to remain mere opportunities he seized them and moulded them by his own efforts into valuable realities. Whenever he felt the hinting pressure of a favorable breeze he did not hesitate, but hoisted his sails and scudded onward to fame faster than laborious rou-

tine at the oar could advance him. Yet he did not scorn the oar after the wind died down, and his dogged efforts during the lull between the fortuitous gusts at least prevented him from drifting back, if, indeed, they did not further advance him. Thus he never lost in idle jubilation the advance just made.

There was no phase of his life that Franklin did not methodically set himself to bettering. Wisely he did not attempt to rise to exalted heights of knowledge, nor to perfection of character in one grand sweep. His method exemplifies striving for moral perfection. He listed what, in his opinion, were the thirteen principle virtues and he says, "My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I judg'd it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one at a time." Pursuing this resolve, he drew up a little schedule tabulating these virtues and having spaces where each day he made cross-marks opposite those virtues violated. He concentrated on one virtue each week and had the experience of first finding his transgressions more numerous than he had supposed, but gradually, after unremitted watchfulness and daily examination, less frequent.

His first notable efforts toward advancement were in the intellectual field. His arguments with his young friend Collins convinced him of his own shortcomings in the use of English. He immediately sought for some ladder by which to rise. A copy of the *Spectator* fell into his hands and, being struck with the style of its composition, he practiced the imitation of it. It is remarkable how this boy still in his early teens could analyze himself, perceive his deficiencies, and unerringly strike upon a most effective method of correction. Though in school but two years, he seemed to have an instinctive ability to formulate the most beneficial course of study for his particular need. With a perspicacity worthy of an educator he devised a method of improving his literary ability by study of the *Spectator*. He would read a certain passage diligently, note down a few hints on the context and lay these aside. Then in a few days he would take up his notes and endeavor, without referring to the original article, to reproduce from memory a paper containing as much of the thought and style of the original as possible. Constant practice brought such proficiency that occasionally he seemed, in small matters, to have improved the original.

No hour passed without lending, in its flight, some impetus to his advance. The idle argument with his fellows, the stilted versification

of youth, the very daily labor at which he earned his board and maintenance tangibly contributed to his progress. He read an account of Socrates containing some samples of his method of arguing. The assiduous boy immediately recognized therein something of value to himself, so applied himself to mastering that unassuming but most effective form of argument, practicing daily with his co-workmen, and soon acquiring such skill that they would challenge his simplest question with "What do you intend to infer from that?" He studied poetry and considered it beneficial for facility in the use of words and the instant command of synonyms it would engender. He applied himself diligently when learning the printer's trade, and gained from it a valuable knowledge of spelling and punctuation, or "pointing," as he termed it. Each activity he enjoyed for its own sake, but he did not neglect to extract from it some lasting adjunct to his own resources.

He lost no opportunity to borrow and read a good book. At first the books at his disposal were limited and of an indifferent nature. But as he advanced in his trade he made the acquaintance of stationers' and booksellers' apprentices and was able to borrow from them over night such volumes as he desired to read. Even at noon time, while the other workmen were having their lunch, he ate little more than a piece of bread with a glass of water, and then delved into some book until work was resumed. This devotion to books was the keystone of Franklin's success. Deprived of the benefit of a regular schooling, he was thrown upon his own resources and forced to dig out what he thought of value.

This intellectual advancement opened to him new avenues of endeavor. His knowledge of books served as his pass-word into the homes of many influential people. Civic officials recognized his ability and learning, and often transacted their business with him rather than with Keimer, his employer. Such contact with the important politicians turned his thoughts to public questions. His first political activities were those of a pamphleteer. His ability to write, coupled with his remarkable powers of argument and persuasion, soon brought his newspaper to the front as a powerful moulder of public opinion.

Upon winning success, Franklin did not pause to enjoy his honors with ostentation and self-complacency. His life was one of constant application and activity. Each new success to him was but one step more, leaving much of the climb still ahead.

In his intellectual and political advance Franklin had not disre-

garded his physical betterment. In his youth he had enjoyed and become proficient in all aquatic sports. He was well developed by this exercise, and he pursued at different times various systems for the strengthening of his health. In eating he practiced moderation to the point of frugality. He avoided intoxicants especially while at work, and in London astonished the beer-guzzling workmen by his "water-bred" strength. Further we need only state that he lived to the age of eighty-four.

Perhaps the only part of his life to which his self-making tendency was ill-adapted was his religion. In his early youth he gained access to some theological works of a controversial nature and these had the effect of making him doubtful of all religions. So he discarded established religion and regulated his life by certain shrewd maxims arrived at from a purely natural point of view. He considered a precept good if its visible effect on man was good. The inadequacy of this self-made religion was manifested by some of the grave *errata* (as he gracefully terms them) of his earlier life. There are, indeed, some limits to which self-reliance should be carried.

The principal lessons that we may learn from this man are industry and ambition. We must apply ourselves in the ardent way in which he did, we must read widely, improve our English, and become the master of our work. He had an astonishing capacity for work, and lived temperately so as to maintain the physical strength to carry on the work. He advanced rapidly by alertly watching for opportunities, preparing himself for a higher responsibility all the while. He did not blatantly seek recognition and political honors. They came to him. Whenever a critical time came, and the situation demanded a man of great capabilities, the people confidently turned to Franklin, secure in their assurance that he would throw himself whole heartedly into the task, and add it as one more successful chapter to his illustrious life.

Paul F. Shehan, '23

RED SPOTTED VENGEANCE



WHEN the Blue Moon liner *Vista* slipped into her dock at Pier 30 with two dead men aboard, people said what they thought—"strange." When she crept up the harbor two months later carrying two corpses more they said what they would like to have thought—"a queer coincidence." But when she was warped in at the completion of her next trip with another two dead men, they said what did not require any thinking—nothing.

And no wonder! Company officials wished they could account for it but could not; police officials refused to say whether they could or not; while private detectives congratulated themselves that they did not have to, and they didn't—until "Old Man" Bend of the *Daily Breeze* saw a chance to take another jab at the confused police department and sent young Joe Kelly, a clever little dope-catcher, to find out "What in thunder they're all so dumb about down there." And if Joe didn't find out eventually—well, that would be another story.

When Kelly took the trail, the lineup was like this: Six dead men found—two at a time—on the lower forward deck of the *Vista*, on the morning of her arrival in the bay; a coroner's report about as clear as a London fog—"Death due to heart failure caused by a rupture of the sternal artery," and "Death may have occurred between 1 and 6 a. m., or thereabouts." There were no marks of violence on the bodies except a peculiar red spot, about the size of a half dollar, on the chest of each for which no one could account. That was all.

For one full day Joe traveled from the office, to the boat, to the morgue; and from the morgue, to the boat, to the office, until he grew so confused that he could not write a decent column nor find a lead, and so he closed shop after informing the "Old Man" that he was "going to put it up to his friend, Gregg Jackson."

Gregg Jackson was a wealthy young chemist who had a reputation for being an authority on anything from Buddhism to Pelmanism, topped off with a wonderful knowledge of chemistry. More than once he had unravelled mysteries for Joey by careful, logical deductions.

"Well, Joe," began Jackson after Kelly had related his story, "it looks deep just now, but I guess we can do it. Having little to do, as usual, I'll start right away if you'll get me a history of the Blue Moon

Line and the *Vista*, and a picture and list of the crew. Meanwhile I'll run down to the morgue and the boat to gather what I can."

Joe promised to send up the desired matter and left after telling Jackson to let him know as soon as he found anything.

Jackson visited the morgue, inspected the dead bodies, carefully examining the red spot over which the skin was brittle and flakey, and then went down to Pier 30. His card secured him admission to the ship, and an assistant purser guided him around the boat pointing out whatever he desired to see—the deck, the men's rooms, the crew's quarters. Then having gathered a few odds and ends from each, he left for his laboratory, where he spent the best part of the night studying the matter Kelly had sent, and making chemical experiments.

Shortly after nine o'clock the next morning Kelly received a phone call at the office and found Jackson at the other end of the wire.

"Say, Joe, do you think you could arrange to get the captain and the three American members of the crew to come to my place about 11 o'clock this morning?" asked Gregg.

"Do I?" blurted Joe, "Say, the 'Old Man' would bring the whole state there if he could unravel this crime. Of course I will. Got any clues?"

"I'm not talking—yet," came back Jackson, "but you'll know soon."

At a few minutes before 11 o'clock Joe and Editor-in-chief Bend, together with the Captain, three members of the *Vista's* crew, and two police officials entered Jackson's laboratory office, and after all were seated the chemist began:

"Every crime has a motive, and every motive has a reason. The problem which engages us now is not an exception, for its motive and its reason are clear to anyone who follows a reasonable scheme. You are all aware that in establishing an organization of the scope and size of the Blue Moon Line, the making and breaking of individual careers is inevitable. Usually few lasting enmities arise, and when they do they are nourished in silence. From time to time, however, some morbid victim carried away by his lust for revenge indulges in an act of wanton destruction, but his lack of caution usually makes his apprehension an easy task. In this case, gentlemen, we are dealing with a cold, calculating murderer who carefully planned to vent his spleen by ruining the reputation of the company at the cost of innocent lives. He chose a

method of death-dealing little known among ordinary criminals, and entirely unheard of by the majority of people—freezing by liquid air!”

Jackson stopped and taking from the table a thermos bottle, cracked and split at the top, continued while unscrewing the cup-cover:

“In my inspection of the crew’s quarters on the *Vista* I chanced upon this bottle and was attracted by its shattered appearance. It contains liquid air, a deadly fluid at best, but specially dangerous in the hands of an inconsiderate devil who put his own pride before the right of his fellow men to life.”

Jackson looked from one face to another while he spoke, noting the effect of his words. The police detectives were watching him with a cynical expression of men who must be shown; “Old Man” Kelly, the Captain, and one of the deck hands, a smooth-shaven, dark-haired fellow were listening with calm deference; the other members of the crew, dark, swarthy, villainous-looking rascals who hardly understood the explanation of Jackson were shaking and shivering in anticipated terror.

After removing a small suspended sponge from the neck of the bottle, he poured a little of the liquid into the cover, explaining as he did so: “When any substance is brought in contact with liquid air, its very life seems to become congealed and breaks easily when subjected to a sharp, light blow,” and taking a hammer from the table, he gently tapped the cup, breaking it in a thousand fragments.

“When applied to the human body,” continued the experimenter, “it penetrates to the internal organs, freezing everything on its way in, and leaving the skin in a crusty condition. The man who caused the death of six passengers of the Blue Moon Liner *Vista* used this quiet method to dispatch his victims. Who could hope to gain anything by ruining the reputation of the steamship company? Who could have known of the deadly use of liquid air? Who was able to enter the state-rooms of his six victims and kill them quietly as they slept? Only one man, gentlemen. And he is here!”

By this time the two deck hands who had previously exhibited fright were in the throes of terror. They were ready to admit anything real or fancied, if only they could escape the burning glances, and cold, keen words of the straightforward Jackson. The others were more or less agitated with the exception of the smooth-shaven sailor, who now leaned forward as if absorbed in the unfolding of the plot.

"This, gentlemen, is the explanation. When the Blue Moon liner *Quentin* was sunk in a collision with a barge off Sandy Hook in 1915, three men, two pilots and a look-out, were deprived of their licenses and discharged in disgrace. To those who were not interested, they seemed to drop out of sight. Through police records I have accounted for one pilot and the look-out, J. A. Larson and B. E. Traynor, respectively, who are engaged in work in this city. The other pilot is registered as missing, but private records show that a man answering to the description of James Gulden, worked as laborer in a wholesale chemical supply house for one year after his release. He was of medium height, light of hair, and wore a mustache. His morbid disposition caused him to become a lone man, and in his undisturbed life he had a clear field for brooding and working out his revenge. His knowledge of chemicals, small as it was, sufficed to acquaint him with the deadly nature of Liquid Air, for in spite of its apparent scarcity it is a staple commodity. In the duties of a deck hand he saw his chance to carry out his evil plans and——"

With a snarl and a leap the smooth-shaven sailor who had so long hidden his guilt headed for the door, but a steady blue gleam in the hand of a police detective stopped him.

"When you made your plans, your disguise was perfect, Gulden," spoke out Jackson mercilessly, "and although you did not know that the natural tendency for disguising oneself is to remove a mustache and to dye light hair jet black, at least you should have remembered that murder will out!"

Dennis J. McCarthy, '23



My Evening Thought

AT dusk when Day, her sable curtain draws;
When stars, their blinking lamps of love hang out—
In somber night
I think of you.

Beyond the marsh where quail their shrill note sound
There is a lake.
And when on mirrored silver shines the moon so round—
I think of you.

Each time the Angelus is tolled at Even's birth,
I stop awhile
And pray to Him for friends above, and then
I think of you.

I love the summer's evening breeze so cool
Because to me
It wafts fond memories of one so dear—
I think of you.

—Thos. C. Grimes, '23

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

THE Catholic Church and the system of education she has devised and fostered are always out of fashion because they are always sane. All fashions are mild insanities. The Church keeps the key of a permanent virtue, and in matters educational she is waiting until the last fad shall see its last summer. Catholic Education, to the eye of infidelity, is far behind the times just at the moment when in reality it is far beyond the times. Religious teaching aims to fit man for completeness of life, to train all his faculties, to call all his endowments into play, to make him symmetrical in body and soul,—primarily and essentially Christian. How these aims are attained and exalted is what we Catholics mean when we speak of Catholic Education.

In every age enemies have reviled, condemned, and scorned our system of education. It has been looked upon with indifference. It has been bitterly opposed. Because of the lack of it, we find men today who would rob the sunset of its glory, wash the green from the grass and the foliage, and strip the gold from fields of ripening grain were there profit in the process. But if we would preserve to human existence that which is worthier than the dirt beneath our feet, we must set our faces against any force which seeks to banish all lofty ideals from our lives, against any philosophy which teaches there is merit only in gain. We would have to go back 1800 years to find so highly organized an opposition to Christianity and its teachings as that which exists today. Religion is not only overlooked—it is actively antagonized. The notion that every change spells progress, and that in some mysterious way the outcome will be the uplifting of humanity has no basis in fact, unless we do our part loyally and well.

A new element has taken its place in the world. We are face to face with a teaching that holds Christianity to be not only an illusion and a superstition, but a fraud invented to gain control of, and to shackle the minds of men. This one can read in every tract of the Socialist, in every publication of the Bolshevik. The virtues extolled by the Catholic saint,—and even by the pagan philosopher—humanity, charity, service, are held by them to be worthy of children's attention, and men of the world must get along without them. In the public schools of Russia ten hours a week are devoted to inculcating the doctrine that everything that pertains to religious belief and organization must be excluded from

life. One would imagine that at this late date such a condition and such a doctrine could not exist. Russia, as the result of godless propaganda, is caught in a whirlwind of anarchy and tyranny such as the world has never seen.

All things, it seems, are possible. The human mind was never so credulous, never were the masses more easily moved. No doubt, in the face of all this, a widespread optimism prevails. But can it be justified? Not without earnest effort on our part. People appreciate that social upheavals and political convulsions are possible beyond the frontiers of Russia. But they are apt to take comfort in the thought that the foundations of our own Republic are too securely laid to be easily shaken, much less to be overthrown by any force whatever. Other empires once held similar hopes. Vain, too, ours without a strong bulwark.

Where shall we find this bulwark? In Christ, the Savior of the World. And how? By beginning at the foundation with a Catholic Education. But we must not forget that neither salvation nor security is found in faith alone. There is work that must needs be done and we must have men to do it. Men who think and men who act. Men with spines. Men cast in the heroic Christian molds that gave us Foch and Roosevelt.

The boy of today is the man of tomorrow, and he is heir to an inheritance in many things, the chief of which is education based upon religion. Is not religion itself a sort of Celestial education, which trains the soul to God-like life? The process of this education is complex and difficult. The school alone or the college cannot bear the burden of complete education. They have not control over all the environment of the child, and so great responsibility rests on other agents. The home must furnish the foundation and supply the atmosphere. The Church and school co-operate with the home in rounding out and completing what has been there begun. If no co-operation exists between Church and school and home; if they do not enter into partnership in handing down religious inheritance, the world will make quick progress on its journey back to paganism. There never did exist, nor does there now exist, a machine that will not run down if neglected. The human machine is no exception. It will act precisely in the same way, if the Word of God be not transmitted. We are all trustees. We pass through this world and have intrusted to us great moral, intellectual, and relig-

ious aspirations to be bequeathed untarnished to posterity. We may abuse or neglect this trust. If we do the generations to follow will know it and suffer.

In all hearts truly Christian, there is a deep and abiding yearning for great and noble men, and therefore an undying interest in the power by which they are moulded. From the viewpoint of our Church, this power is Catholic Education—that education available in our parochial schools, and the higher education secured to us by the generosity and high ideals of the people of this diocese as exemplified by their noble response to the appeal of our beloved Bishop on behalf of Providence College. Catholics pay their share for the public school system while supporting their own, and are therefore under a double burden. But this very hardship has only served to prove their practical loyalty to the principles upon which Catholic education is based. In fact, the whole parochial system of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries proves, on the one hand, that neither loss of the State's co-operation nor lack of material resources can weaken the determination of the Church to carry on her educational work, and on the other, it shows what faith and devotion on the part of parents, clergy, and teachers can accomplish where the interests of religion are at stake. The wonderful success of the recent Providence College Drive is a proof that a noble cause will ever find generous hearts or make them.

What we Catholics need is leadership. We are almost one-half the church-going population of this country. And what representation have we in the government? Practically none. Our Catholic boys played a great part in the recent war, and yet, what had we to do with making the war? Did we have one word to say about making the terms of peace? And where are we to lay the blame for this? On no one but ourselves. Are we not too ready to put all the burden of leadership on the dignitaries of our church? We must have schools for our young men in which they may secure an efficient education in civil matters along with their religious instruction. But to secure efficiency in education each school must needs be properly organized, the teachers qualified, and the subjects of instruction wisely chosen. As to teachers, where shall we find men more capable of imparting knowledge to the youth, men whose very personality tends so much toward the building of character and the preservation of faith, than in a Catholic College? It is here that our young men will be stimulated to greater activity in public mat-

ters, and in time we shall have men to assume that leadership of which today we stand so greatly in need. These instructors sacrifice their whole lives to educate and instruct young men, not in literature, art and science only, but as well in moral, social, and religious principles. They make religion an essential part of education—not a mere adjunct to instruction in other subjects, but the centre about which these are grouped, the spirit by which they are permeated. For, the study of nature without any reference to God, or of human ideals with no mention of Jesus Christ, or of human legislation without Divine law, is at best a one-sided education. The fact that religious truth finds no place in the curriculum is sufficient to warp the pupil's mind to such an extent that he will feel no concern in his school-days or later life for religion in any form. What Catholic education inculcates principally, as we are taught in our Catholic colleges, is that what we are to aim at is energetic, enthusiastic faith, and not the quietism of inaction nor the confidence of carelessness. We are exhorted to consider how great is the weight the years of our lives must bear, how much depends upon our forming here a manly and worthy view of our own purity and sobriety of mind.

And thus we enter Providence College, in whose halls we shall receive a Catholic Education—an education which seeks to make our lives roll round like the wheels of a chariot which carries us along the road of God's commands and purposes through the portals of Eternity.

"Progress, man's distinctive mark alone;
Not God's; not the beasts'.
God is; they are.
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

John B. McKenna, '24



Smiles

OFTIMES, perhaps, you're weary,
Nothing seems to be worth while.
Then the world turns bright and cheery,
Just because of someone's smile.

It may be Mother's radiant face,
That turns your night to day.
Or a forgotten friend from a far off place,
Who brightens up your way.

It may be the smile of a passer-by,
A smile never meant for you,
But a message of cheer you get from his eye
And your tasks now seem easy to do.

Next time you are feeling dejected and blue,
Just try to look happy awhile.
And someone who's rather discouraged, too,
May be helped, because of your smile.

F. L. Dwyer, '24

Providence College Alembic

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No. 1

Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

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EDITORIAL

GREETING

At last! A magazine representing Providence College! The long desired has been accomplished. The senior institution of Catholic education in Rhode Island may now properly present its principles and announce its activities through a medium of its own. The task of organization was not easy—but with Providence College spirit behind us fears faded and obstacles vanished, and today Providence College *Alembic* steps modestly but bravely forth to greet you.

OUR NAME

Time was when alembic had a quite definite and exclusive signification. Today the primary meaning of alembic threatens to pass into the chasm of oblivion. The word, however, has an accommodated meaning, "anything that strengthens or purifies character." It is our fond hope that Providence College

Alembic will prove a worthy instrument toward the accomplishment of so noble an end. For after all is not the College an *Alembic*—something to strengthen, to elevate, to purify character, an institution to mould men—as truly American as they are thoroughly Catholic?

**OUR
THANKS**

The great Lacordaire once said that nothing worth while was ever accomplished without hard work and suffering. The truth of the former we have experienced in the edition of this first number; the sting of the latter has been removed by the co-operation of numerous advertisers, and a group of citizens who generously offered their assistances as benefactors. To our advertisers and benefactors, whose names appear elsewhere, to those who were insistent that knowledge of their generosity be withheld, Providence College *Alembic* wishes here to express its sincere gratitude.

While we are loud in our appreciation of what those we have mentioned in the preceding paragraph have done for us, there is another small army of whom we are most deeply mindful. It is our student body. Eager, earnest, untiring in their efforts from the very inception of the magazine—may its first fruition be to them a source of honest exultation!

CHRISTMAS

Once again the Christian world wings its way back in imagination to Bethlehem, to the Stable, and to the Infant Christ. With hearts aglow in faith and love we kneel in spirit before the manger, and in the blessed company of the Immaculate Mother and Gentle Joseph, of angel hosts and humble shepherds, we pour forth the torrent of our heart's devotion to God before this matchless mystery of His love—the Incarnation.

If the Infant King but smile on you and give you half the grace and peace and gladness we wish you, you will, indeed, enjoy a happy Christmas!

**THE
NEW
YEAR**

Before the next issue of the *Alembic* another year will have passed into history. A year of achievement for some and a cycle never completed by others as sincere intentioned at the beginning as we are now. It is a time for reflection. All nature has ceased its activities and under a cloak of white prepares to emerge for a new year. To some, New Year resolutions are like glass, easily broken and as quickly discarded. This should not be. An accounting of the past year will show that had we been just a little more determined and a little less discouraged we would have overcome

the greatest of our difficulties. The tasks which seemed impossible to accomplish were impossible only because we lacked faith in ourselves. Confidence and perseverance are two words we should adopt for the ensuing twelve months. Looking back to the beginning of the year we find that to many of us it was but yesterday, and this serves to impress the fact that some day we will begin a new year in this world and complete it in Eternity, where years are like individual snow flakes in a blizzard. Life is but a bridge between God the Creator and God the Redeemer. We cross it but once. We cannot turn back. Our faults of today should be the signposts of tomorrow—experience our guide—religion our support—Heaven our goal.

Joseph A. Fogarty, '23

Erin Oge Machree



LAS, alas, how many griefs,
How many tears for thee!
Thou goddess of the bleeding heart
Sweet *Erin oge machree*

For once again the death-knell sound
From o'er the eternal sea,
Another dauntless Knight has called
From *Erin oge Machree*.

O weep not Erin! weep not so,
For thus doth Heaven decree,
To try the faith and noble soul
Of *Erin oge machree*.

But rise! awake! dark Rosaleen!
Rent must thy fetters be!
For freedom was—and freedom is
For *Erin oge machree*.

John P. Walsh, '24

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Bishop Hickey Scholarship

An important event of the college year of 1920 was the awarding of the Bishop Hickey Scholarship shortly after the beginning of the term. Daniel J. O'Neill of Pawtucket was the successful contestant. He is a graduate of La Salle Academy, of the class of 1920, classical department. The Bishop Hickey award was the first scholarship given to Providence College and will undoubtedly be an incentive to those desirous of obtaining a Catholic college education to redouble their efforts in preparation for the examination deciding to whom the scholarship will be awarded.



The Prom

The most important social event of the New Year in local Catholic circles will be the second annual promenade of Providence College. Committees are now at work, and according to present plans the affair will surpass the event of last year in size and elegance. It will be held at the Narragansett Hotel, Wednesday evening, January 12, at 8:30 o'clock.

Governor Emery J. San Souci, Mayor Joseph H. Gainer and other State and Municipal officers will head the list of distinguished Catholics of Rhode Island to attend.

The ballroom will be elaborately decorated in the college colors of white and black and American flags. The orchestra will play from a specially designed palm and flower garden arranged in a semi-balcony effect to the rear of the hall.

Final arrangements will be announced by the committee previous to the Christmas holidays.

The committees are divided as follows: The floor committee consists of Edward McDermott, Dennis McCarthy, Joseph A. Fogarty, Robert Turbitt and Donald Burke; Music, Raymond Roberts and Joseph McCormick; Tickets, Calvert Casey; Decorations, James Flanagan; Secretary, Andrew J. Crawley.

Dramatic Formation of the Providence College Dramatic Society took place in the auditorium, Thursday evening, Oct. 7. The Rev. Clement Donovan, O. P., was unanimously elected director. Election of officers resulted in James McGwin being chosen President; Dennis McCarthy, Vice President; Joseph A. Fogarty, Secretary, and Robert Turbitt, Treasurer; Librarian, James Flanagan.

The initial production was presented in the gymnasium Sunday evening, Oct. 31. The affair was attended by members of both classes. The first entertainment for members and their friends will be given shortly after the holidays. It will be in the form of a review of events and will include several minstrel parts.

It is expected that early in the spring a more elaborate production will be staged, and according to present plans the final work of the season will be offered previous to the closing exercises.

* * * *

Class Raymond Roberts was elected President of the Sophomore class at the annual election of officers held early in *Officers* October. Other officers elected were; Andrew Crawley, Vice President; Charles Ashworth, Secretary, and Robert Turbitt, Treasurer. The Freshman class officers are: Donald Burke, President; John McKenna, Vice President; Daniel O'Neill, Secretary, and Howard Bradley, Treasurer.

Activities of the Student Council while not general were, nevertheless, sufficient to care for over two score of the freshest of the fresh. But little trouble has been experienced from the new class since most of them have been satisfied with the formal introduction administered at the beginning of the semester.

* * * *

Glee Club Organization of the Glee Club under the direction of the Rev. Clement Donovan, O. P., took place late in October. The members made their debut at the first entertainment of the dramatic society. They have appeared at several functions and in each instance have made a very creditable showing.

Officers of the club are: President, Newman Forestal; Vice President, Leo Carlin; Treasurer, John McKenna; Secretary, James Keleher; Librarian, Raymond Quinn.



TUESDAY evening, November 16, was a history-making date in the annals of Providence College. It was held by members of the Knights of Columbus, and marked the formation of the first college "frat."

State Deputy William J. Keenan of the Knights of Columbus was the guest of honor. Mr. Keenan was welcome not only as a distinguished Knight of Columbus, but also as one of the Founders of Providence College, who has been untiring in his efforts to advance the interests of the institution. He explained the benefits resulting from a college organization of K. of C. men and urged the members to adapt themselves to the needs of the order and the college. He concluded his address by presenting the new association with a copy of the history of the Knights of Columbus by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan and John B. Kennedy. The volumes are now in the college library.

Election of officers resulted in Joseph A. Fogarty being chosen President; Newman Forestall, Vice President; Robert Turbitt, Secretary, and Dennis J. McCarthy, Treasurer. The Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O. P., was appointed Spiritual Director. Discussions relative to the establishment of a lecture bureau and appointment of an entertainment committee resulted in both matters being held over. A constitution committee was appointed and tentative plans made for the institution of a "frat" degree to be conferred about the middle of January.

* * * *

Previous to the formation of the Providence College K. of C. Club the institution was honored with a visit from Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty. He was given one of the most enthusiastic receptions ever accorded a guest of the college. In a most interesting address he described the special pilgrimage of members of the Order to Europe to dedicate at Metz their gift to the Republic of France.

The address included a vivid outline of the sailing from New York on August 7 aboard the S. S. Leopoldina, the arrival and reception accorded the pilgrims at Le Havre by the Arch-Priest and Chamber

of Commerce of that city. The trip to Chateau-Thierry, the Argonne, Verdun and St. Mihiel were graphically pictured. The dedication exercises and the presentation of a baton to Marshall Foch were also described. The Eternal City, and the general and individual reception given by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, the trip to Lourdes and Paris were briefly but most interestingly recounted. At the conclusion of the address the Supreme Knight was given a send-off no less enthusiastic than his reception.

* * * *

Another chapter of K. of C. activity was written Wednesday, Nov. 24, when Rhode Island State Officers of the Order met at the Narragansett Hotel at noon and presented to the Rev. Albert Casey, O. P., President of the College, a check for \$2500, a sum collected from the twenty-seven councils throughout the State, for the establishment of a scholarship at Providence College. This is the first of a series of scholarships to be awarded by the Order and is the first scholarship to be received from a Catholic organization in Rhode Island.

* * * *

A drive for increased membership will be inaugurated shortly after the holidays and it is expected that every man in the college who is a member of the Order will join. Only through unity can we succeed with our plans for the ensuing year. If you have not already joined do so during the campaign.



ATHLETICS

CONTENTATIVE plans of the Athletic Association indicate representation on the gridiron next year, as well as participation in every form of athletics possible for the institution with its limited gymnasium and resources. The organization is to be congratulated on its initiative in preparing an outline of the type submitted, as it shows a determination to make the best use of the opportunities the college affords. The development of the institution will undoubtedly result in greater co-operation and it is probable that the majority of their plans will materialize.

The only football contest held this season was that arranged between the Sophomore and Freshman teams in which the newcomers carried off the honors—and several of the injured. The material available for next season should encourage those interested in the sport. It is doubtful if a more promising array of warriors could be desired than that which combined the elements of the game with the steam-roller force of a class rush, into the contest of November 24. In fact one of the wise side-liners remarked that the movies and the heavens certainly lacked many of the existing stars when they failed to include the twenty-two young wizards representing the two classes. While we feel confident that next year's team will make a creditable showing, yet we do not fear that any astronomer of note will focus his telescope in this direction for a few years to come. Of course prodigies and discoveries are not new and our predictions may be altogether wrong. Old tempus will tell.

* * * *

At the formation of the Athletic Association nomination of officers was received, and at the following meeting ballots were cast resulting in Dennis J. McCarthy being elected president; Frank McCabe, vice president; Daniel J. O'Neill, secretary, and Raymond Dewdney, treasurer. The Board of Directors includes: Andrew J. Crawley, James Tully, Joseph O'Gara, Raymond Dewdney, Leo Dumphy, Edmund J. Kelly, Spencer Kelley, Vincent Dore, Calvert Casey, Charles J. Ashworth, Dennis J. McCarthy, Frank McCabe, Daniel J. O'Neill, Robert

Beagan, Francis Dwyer, Edward Doherty, James Kerns, Peter O'Brien, Paul Redmond, Albert Callahan, and Donald Burke. Rev. Ambrose Howley, O. R., is the Director of the Athletic Association and is untiring in his efforts to promote its welfare.

* * * *

Preparations for the baseball season of 1921 are being completed, and although the schedule has been only outlined, yet there is great promise of a series which will do considerable to place the institution in the environment which it deserves. J. Addis O'Reilly, the efficiency manager of a year ago, has again been entrusted with the slate, and is now laboring with the expectation of being able to present a partial schedule before many more new moons.

* * * *

Announcement of the Athletic committee has been made to the effect that John McCaffrey, '23, has been selected Captain of the baseball team for 1921. "Mac" was the star twirler of the college nine a year ago.



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