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VOL. I

MARCH 1921

No. 4



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Ecce Homo



O look on Thee, Oh Crucified!
And still not weep;
To feel the crown of thorns,
Each cutting deep;
To see Thine outstretched arms
Fixed to the Tree;
To touch Thy nail-pierced feet,
And tearless be?
To bathe each bloody gash
The scourges made,
And flesh-torn shoulder, where
The cross was laid;
To place my hand in Thine
And unchanged be?
No, no my God—for this
Thou didst for me.

Harold F. Boyd '24

THE STONE

IATE the dates and bread and with a sip of the wine, my morning meal was finished. Hurriedly seizing a cloak, I rushed down the narrow hall, and the servant at the gate hearing my approach had it unbarred and opened even before I reached him. Walking rapidly down the road, after a few turns, I came to the Hall of Judgment. There was a multitude about, and with much difficulty I made my way through the press to a point of vantage which I had marked the previous day. Almost immediately the Prisoner was brought before Pilate.

Wrapped in a torn and faded cloak, His hands bound, His head crowned with thorns, His face streaked with blood, He lifted His eyes to the multitude. And many seeing Him were moved to compassion. But, insisting, the chief priests cried out, "Crucify Him." And I was glad. For He had moved me strangely and by His very fortitude had made me feel my littleness. Would He die as He had lived?

The Roman hesitated. Descending from his seat he led the Man to the judgment seat, in the place that is called Lithostrotas. This was about the sixth hour. And Pilate said: "Behold your king." But the high priests cried out: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him!" Pilate said: "Shall I crucify your king?" The chief priests answered: "We have no king but Caesar." And Pilate granted their petition and delivered Him up to them to be crucified. But what patience and even love shone from the face of the condemned One. Oh! But soon that will be removed. With pleadings and prayers He will beg for mercy.

Leaving the Judgment Hall, I hurried along that road which leads to the hill called Golgatha. Midway I awaited the coming of the Man. Soon the procession wending its way along the crowded road came nigh; the chief priests mocking the Man; their servants striking Him. When the Cross Bearer came opposite me, I picked up a stone and hurled it at Him. It struck Him on the temple, driving the plaited thorns farther

in. The stone fell to the ground with a thud. The Man looked at me and smiled. Always will I remember that smile. Faint of heart I turned away—I faced the Man's Mother. Then I ran. Tears scalded my cheeks. Later I found my way back to the road and walked to the summit of the Hill. Just at the moment of my arrival the Cross was slid into the hole prepared for it. The thud with which it dropped reverberated throughout my whole body. Hiding behind a heap of stones, I saw all that transpired that afternoon. He was God. I know now. I shall atone for my Sin.

Centuries have passed since the first Good Friday. Today it is I who cast the stone of mortal sin. But I too shall atone. For by the Cross I too have learned to know God, Heaven, Hell, and Sin.

Paul Redmond. '24



MUSIC

MUSIC is the most sublime means of expressing the feelings of the soul. What lofty emotions may be conveyed by the charm of its sweet power! With the touch of a competent musician's fingers, the piano becomes almost human, receiving into its soul, as it were, the emotions of the composer. It seems to speak to us through its sweet chords and at times is capable of moving us even to tears, as though we pitied it. At other times when we are sad and weary at heart, a merry tune seems to send forth its chords to speak cheerful words to us. Of this Shakespeare has said,

"In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart."

So, too, the little hollow body of the violin seems to be the abode of many spirits which flit forth, unseen, to speak to us.

Just as literature reveals the character of the author, so also, great musical compositions pour forth the emotions of the inspired composer, and often those, likewise, of the musician rendering the selection. For we find that a musician will seldom play a selection which produces an emotion at variance with his mood. We might suppose that being dull in spirit he would strive to cheer himself with enlivening music. It is otherwise however. To the musician, music is an expression of the soul; it is the interpreter and not the arbiter of his emotions; through it he gives vent to his feelings. Often when we listen to such great masters as Hoffman, Heifetz, Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, and others, we are filled with wonder and admiration not only at the skill of these men in rendering the compositions, but likewise for the deep study the various composers must have given their work. And when we consider the difficult and complex compositions of Wagner, Chopin, and others of long ago, we are regretfully forced to believe that these men passed on, forgetting to leave successors. In vain shall we seek their equals among the composers of today.

Indeed it would seem that the great age of music has passed away. Today, music is ground out on systematized industrial lines for the sake of commercial exploitation. Composers are no longer masters; they are business men. How different in those early days! The composers then were deeply revered by their contemporaries as truly great men. We are told that one day Wagner, as was his custom, sought the solace and quietude of the woods while composing one of his masterpieces. A funeral procession was approaching, and, as the leader became aware of Wagner's presence nearby, he ordered the chanting to cease until out of the composer's hearing, fearing lest the silence which he sought be disturbed. How truly the people of that day appreciated real music; with what derision they would look upon the colorless paintings of the musical artists of today!

Most musical compositions have been made upon the piano, and one might think that the eighty-eight keys have been put into almost every possible combination. On the contrary, we hear new themes every day, although true enough, they are in no wise purely original. The number of simple ballads which may be composed is almost limitless, and yet we might take any one of them and trace it back through successive stages to the great composers of other days. In Beethoven's sonatas, apart from the many frills which adorn them, there are distinct airs which are purely original. The plans were first laid out in simple form, and then cast in a more beautiful form, just as an orator might make a simple statement in the most flowery language. To those simple airs of Beethoven and others we might trace many of the song hits of today, which instead of being made beautiful are transformed into "rag." Verily, to the true musician they are more than rags; they are rags torn to shreds.

But, apart from its texture, our present day popular music has its good points, for its sole end seems to be an accompaniment for dancing. We can hardly imagine any one of today dancing to Hoffman's accompaniment; nor could we believe our ears if we were to hear Mr. Kriesler leading a "jazz band" through the strains of one of Beethoven's sonatas. The music of today seems to appeal especially to the feet and not to the ears. Although elsewhere I have called it nonsensical music, in this capacity, it seems to have the sense to put into the feet the activity which the dancer of today requires.

Music, music, everywhere! Where shall we not find music? We

find it in life and at death; in churches and in revelry; in peace and on the battle-field; in company and in solitude; in love and in hate; even the Almighty has His angelic choirs. It spurs the soldier to action in time of war and affords him diversion in times of peace; it is the life of party gatherings and the comfort of solitude; through its sweet charms lovers express their sentiments; in churches it is but an exalted prayer—an exultant expression of religious feeling. Even the lower animals are susceptible to its powers; we might perceive a wild herd of colts to make a mutual stand on hearing a trumpet sound, their savage look turned to a quiet gaze. And yet we find some humans, happily very few, whose souls are not moved by sweet sounds, but of these let us say:

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagem, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.”

J. B. McKenna, '24



ASHES OF GUILT

THOSE who are conversant with the Krauer murder case, the baffling Delburne robbery, and those later mysteries which J. Madison Hatch probed so successfully, are well aware of the many oddities and eccentricities which the investigator manifested on those occasions. They will recognize those same peculiarities, as well as his observational and intuitive acuteness in the Kenniston murder affair. He not only worked independently of the police, but even derided them openly, ridiculing their theories and deductions, and when the official activities culminated in the arrest of Milton Dinwood, J. Madison made a short and somewhat tumultuous visit to headquarters, called them a "bunch of anemic-minded blockheads" and "liveried know-nothings," and told them that Dindwood was as innocent as himself and he would prove it.

Four months later he wired from Chilton, a city about 30 miles west, that he was on his way back with a man who had confessed to the crime and ensuing disclosures which were the result of Hatch's investigations set the town agog.

The news of the murder of Artemis P. Kenniston, a wealthy manufacturer and broker, caused no end of interest and comment in Hanford, and the blow that drove the murderous knife into that man's breast also caused serious inconvenience and nearly brought misfortune to many innocent people. Clues and counter-clues followed each other swiftly, and suspects were as numerous as revolutions in Central America, but these were finally narrowed down to two men who had been in the library with him that evening, Milton Dinwood and Orland Perren, the last-named gentleman being the one who first gave the alarm and whose testimony was considered of grave import.

According to his own testimony young Dinwood had engaged in a stormy session with the unfortunate broker, when he had interviewed him in regard to his status as a future son-in-law. For some time past he had been keeping company with Phyllis Kenniston, the pretty and

vivacious daughter of the victim, and it was popularly conceded that his chances were excellent.

Dinwood had emerged from the library pale-faced and shaking and in answer to the daughter's inquiries had refused to say more than "he could not see her again and it was all off." Even as he made his precipitous leave-taking, Perren had entered, and being a familiar acquaintance and business associate of the elder Kenniston, had been allowed to enter the library without any formality or delay.

Circumstances were against Milton from the start. He had been the last man in the library before the dead man was found. His nervousness upon coming out of the room and his hasty departure had to be explained away. He claimed the surprise of the parent's refusal of Phyllis' hand had taken him unawares, for he thought he was considered favorably. So, for want of a satisfactory explanation, he was bound over to the Grand Jury, due to convene in about five months.

When the news of the investigator's capture reached the office, I hurried to the station immediately, for I had been previously detailed to cover the story for *The Courier*, and felt that Hatch would in all probability tell me the whole story himself. Just what emotion was uppermost, when I beheld the prisoner step from a rakish, dust-coated car between two officers, I cannot say. Surely joy was there, for I had believed in young Dinwood if only on Hatch's statement, and surprise was there, for I never was so taken back in all my life as when I saw, manacled wrist to wrist with his captors, the chief witness for the state, Orland Perren!

* * *

As Hatch emerged from the police station, I briskly approached him and smilingly began,

"Congratulations J. Mad. I suppose you are going to give a struggling reporter a chance to——"

"No!" snapped Hatch. "Not a word!", then smiling at my discomfort—but I don't mind telling a friend a thing or two. Come along," and he led toward the car. Once we were seated in the car, I began my quizzing.

"How did you get the goods on him?" I asked.

"It was just plain patience and luck," smiled J. Madison. "You knew that Perren was employed as supervisor of construction on the new plant of the Chilton Steel Co.? Well, for three months now I

have been tracing his every movement and this morning I was rewarded.

"While watching from a disused closet in the time-keeper's office of the Construction Company, I witnessed this little affair. When the day-watchman came on at 6:00 a. m. he set to work not guarding, but robbing the safe. He had swung back the heavy door and was about to smash the strong box with a heavy hammer when an outer door slammed and Orland Perren strode into the room. Gun in hand, the robber faced him, and after a tense moment of silence, he spoke, 'I don't know how you happened to git in this early, but you ain't gonna walk outa here. I can't take no chances on you squealing on me.'"

"Perren eyed him sneeringly for a moment, and then answered with a leer. 'Can't trust me, hey? Don't make me laugh'—coming closer, 'Why, you're only a crook and I'm a murderer. I killed Artemis Kenniston four months ago!'

"Then I stepped out and took 'em both.

"But what led you to suspect Perrin in the first place?" I inquired, as we treaded our way through a waze of traffic.

"Just one thing. On the library table there was an ash-tray with some ashes, but no butt of any kind. Now I knew that Kennison never smoked, that Dinwood was an inveterate cigar smoker, and that Orland Perren was never known to smoke anything but a cigarette. A simple chemical analysis showed the presence of paper ash in the contents of the tray, and with my knowledge of recent doings in the stock market this convinced me that if Orland Perren had an opportunity, he would not hesitate to plunge a knife into Artemis P. Kenniston! He had that chance, but forget to remove his Ashes of Guilt."

Dennis J. McCarthy, Jr., '23

The Glories of March



WOULD you ask me the glories of March,
Portal of life-giving spring?
And the fountain and source of her fame,
Three heroes immortal I'd sing.

And the first of the trio august,
Is Patrick, apostle of God,
Blessed shepherd of Rosaleen's fold
And Faith of her emerald sod.

For the next, I would point to the sun
That over the world doth shine—
For so doth the Angel of schools
Prince of the Doctors divine.

But the last—is there pen would describe
Joseph the peerless and just?
To whose care did the Triune God
Eternal Truth entrust.

O, well may the proud sceptered March
When other their glories intone,
From her wind beating heart then exclaim,
"These are my jewels—my own."

John P. Walsh, '24

Irish Freedom

IRELAND! land of my fathers,
Little Isle across the sea;
In these your days of trial
My heart goes out to thee.
Long years thy heart has sorrowed
From the wounds of tyrant's hand;
Each day new names are added,
To your gallant martyr band.

But still you are undaunted,
Though your towns in ruins lay
And the tears of widowed mothers
Speak what words cannot convey.
May the Hand that has sustain'd you
Through these bitter years of strife;
Speed the dawn of Irish Freedom—
With a new and better life.

Harold F. Boyd, '24

THOMAS A. DALY, HUMANIST

THE happy habit of reading poetry is one which most people have never acquired. The untold wealth and latent joy which lie hidden within the volumes of our poets might be classified in the language of the economist, as undeveloped resources. Many otherwise broad-minded men and women, honestly regard the realm of poetry in much the same way as the mariners of the 15th century regarded the Atlantic Ocean. Their mental maps of that region are dotted with grotesque hobgoblins and fierce sea monsters. For them, its boundaries are forever shrouded in dark and impenetrable fog.

It is the relation between popular misunderstanding and the works of the living poets that concerns us most vitally. The writers of past ages who were strong enough to survive the onslaughts of criticism, or human enough to have entombed themselves in the great vault of our national consciousness, have been safely immortalized in printer's ink. A future generation brushing the dust from their long-silent pages, will find their voice and vision still as clear as when they trod the earth. But our modern poets are still in the making—or marring. To some extent, we can influence the manner of their singing by our method of reading. When readers learn that poetry was made for man it may serve to give a deeper spiritual understanding and a wider knowledge of humanity.

Thomas A. Daly can be summed up in one word, "humanist." His writings express a profound faith in the reality, and a tender sympathy with the joys and sorrows of life. His life work can be fitly expressed as the

"* * * quest of that one beauty,
God put me here to find * * *"

He chooses the familiar, homely topics of everyday life, but in the development of these simple themes he reveals a richness of understanding and a keenness of observation that are rare and delightful. Mr. Daly may

well be considered a true poet, not so much by reason of the elegance of his verse, but particularly by reason of the true and human chaos which his songs contain. He finds in the humblest of lives a ray of light and beauty. A great deal of his work has been written in the Italian and Irish dialects, a fact which has tended to lower his worth in the eyes of some people. But is there anything that could be more thoroughly human than such a poem as this, taken from his "Madrigali."

"The Laggard in Love"

"Oh," Giuseppe da barber ees crazy weeth spreeng!
 He's no good een da daytimes for doin' a theeng,
 But to theenk of da night an' da tunes he weel sing.
 Alla time w'en som' customer gat een hees chair,
 He's so slow weeth da shave an' weeth cuttin' da hair,
 Dat hees boss ain't do notheeng but grumble an' swear.
 But Giuseppe no care
 For wan blessa blame theeng,
 But to play mandolina
 Where some signorina
 Will listen at night to do love song he seeng."

The soft humor and unselfish shrewdness of priests, the inherent unworldliness of men and women from under foreign skies, the obstacles to simple folks of understanding a civilization so at odds with their own, —these may be homely themes, but they certainly are vital ones. The following poem by Mr. Daly needs no introduction. It is too true to be comfortable.

"Giuseppe Baratta ees great politeesh,"
 He w'at you call 'Dago poleetica boss,'
 He peeck da best man for da Pres'dant poseech,
 An' show how you vote jus' by maka da cross.
 He say: 'Nevva minda wat som'body tal
 Wat' dees man or dat man ees goin' do for you,
 You no ondrastan' deesa theeng verra wal,
 So jus' wait an' see w'at I tal you to do."

The Irish humor Mr. Daly knows as a book. What words more amply express the never failing cheerfulness of the Irish:

I've a dollar in me pocket
 An' wid wealth of health I'm blest,
 An me picture's in a locket
 On a pretty coleen's breast.

Mr. Daly, with his simple, homely themes, works his way to the hearts of the masses. With master hand he touches the tenderest chords of the human soul and sweet melodies of homes and hearts of new world visions and old world dreams of that borderland of smiles and tears—are sung with a wealth of feeling and a depth of sincerity that make him the favorite comforter of the commonfolk.


William J. Tierney, '24

Summa

IN the laughter of the children,
 The blithsomeness of heart:
 Is the mirror of Creation,
 The sublimity of art.

D. Meade, '24

SURPRISE

HE world is full of surprises. If we're not surprised at this, we are surprised at that. Sometimes we are agreeably surprised, mostly we are not. It was only this morning that I was not. I was just in the act of imbibing a spoonful of steaming hot soup when I espied a fuzzy-wuzzy caterpillar curled up on the spoon. Surprised? Well!

Surprise is a sneaky sort of fellow. He hides behind corners, lurks in deep shadows, and keeps his identity dark. If he ventures into the daylight he is sure to be recognized by someone. Surprise never attacks one in the open but jumps from behind, or from above, or from wherever he happens to be, and catches his victim quite unawares. Surprise is sure to victimize us just when we least expect him, although I know of several "delightful surprises" that were expected weeks in advance and would have been sad disappointments had they not materialized.

We can not be too watchful of this clever little chap, for he picks the most unusual places in which to conceal himself. Every move we make he is right at our heels, only waiting for the opportunity to pop out and overcome us. We answer the telephone. Little old Surprise gets a strangle hold on our wind pipe. We open a letter. Surprise downs us with a half-Nelson. Surprise is everywhere. We can't get away from him.

Surprise does not work alone. He has several faithful, trusted allies. Astonishment and Confusion are two of his chief lieutenants, and many of his small cases he leaves entirely in their hands. Amazement in another trusted toady, but the little imp Alarm is the most dastardly of them all. These allies of Surprise all display the same characteristics as their leader, as many an unfortunate victim will testify.

Ever since Adam and Eve discovered that they lacked conventional wearing apparel, these "Foxy Five" have been a menace to society in

general, yet so far as I know nothing has ever been done to check their licentiousness. If it were in my power I would start a movement to round them all up and sentence them to solitary confinement.

Francis L. Dwyer, '24

Imagination

I'D love to own a swell machine,
A nice big Packard limousine;
And swiftly travel here and there,
Just like a nifty millionaire.

Within the crowded surface car,
A prey to every jolt and jar!—
I'd rather travel more content
When I am out on business bent.

Let those who want a safer way,
Hand out their carfare every day;
But I with others of my class,
Hope some day to purchase gas.

You say that I just wish and talk,
Like you, am always doomed to walk?
Oh no, not I! I'll save and hoard,
And then, next year, I'll own a Ford.

A. Brown Bagg, '24

ST. THOMAS, PATRON OF SCHOOLS *

THE pitfall that lies ever threatening in the path of the scholar is pride. It is the pride of knowledge, the pride that turns one from prayer and belief in God to skepticism, or, at least to naturalism. For this reason St. Thomas Aquinas, that most learned, and at the same time most saintly man, is a splendid model for young Catholic students. We are pursuing knowledge, yet, at the same time, we must persevere in our faith and in the pious exercise of it. We must delude ourselves into thinking that reason alone can penetrate all truths.

Learning is not necessarily an obstacle to prayer, but human nature is so frail that pride, the sin of the intellectual, often displaces the true Catholic spirit of humility and fear of God. The intellectual success which are achieved through the scholar's own efforts are apt to inflate his opinion of self. He begins to rely more upon his reason, less on faith. Perceiving that his learning has made him superior in natural knowledge to the rest of his fellow men, he begins to depreciate their opinions to scorn their advice and to mock their beliefs. For he is a professor, a scientist; they are simple men. Because they practice religion, because they believe in fervent prayer, he begins to regard these things as the superstitions of the ignorant. He pities them in their childishness. His proud mind will believe nothing that it cannot see and understand.

Luther, the heralded doctor of Wittenberg, blinded by the pride of his exalted position, gradually passed from doubt to open apostasy. He was a learned and eloquent man, his words were accepted unquestioningly by his illiterate countrymen, and, intoxicated with his power, he preferred to teach his own theories rather than orthodox beliefs. Today we have other Luthers. Perchance they are astronomers, classical professors, authors, editors, or inventors. Each perhaps has gained eminence in his own narrow sphere, each condescendingly reveals his ideas

* Read at the exercises held at the college, March 6, in honor of St. Thomas.

of God, of life, of anything you want to know, and at the same time scorns the idea that any personal piety on his part is necessary.

Overshadowing these stands the form of the great St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of all philosophers, the Christian Aristotle of the West. In comparison with him, these oracular, self-satisfied free-thinkers shrivel, even for us, to the proportions at which they will ultimately be viewed by impartial history. In learning, St. Thomas ranks with the most learned. In sanctity he is one of the Church's most exalted sons. He was neither a mystic who lived only in prayer nor a rationalist who trusted only to reason. He was a brilliant professor and a pious religious. He pursued a middle way, combining the best that is in mysticism with the best in rationalism; neither so absorbed in prayer as to undervalue study, nor so proud in learning as to neglect prayer. He was keen enough to recognize the existence of two orders of truth, natural and supernatural, and to realize that these, the one depending on human reason, the other depending on revelation, are not contradictory. He appreciated learning as the road to natural truths, faith and piety as the road to supernatural truths.

From his very youth St. Thomas exhibited extraordinary powers of mind. He was gifted with a phenomenal memory and with astounding reasoning powers. At the abbey of Monte Casino, where he received his first schooling, he would frequently astonish the monks with the seriousness of his thoughts. While he was still a boy, at the very most no more than ten years of age, his precocious mind was endeavoring to fathom the deepest philosophical problems. "What is God? How can we know God? What is truth?" were questions ever on his lips.

At the University of Naples, the next school he attended, he quickly gained fame for his brilliancy. It was the custom for the students, after the professor had delivered his lecture, to deliver before their class as much of the lecture as they could remember. It was not expected that the students would even approximate in these repetitions the thoroughness and logic of the professor. Yet, to the astonishment of all, the young Aquinas not only reproduced the lectures with equal perfection, but he even surpassed the originals, and repeated the matter with greater depth of thought and greater lucidity of exposition than the professor himself had been able to command.

He achieved a similar triumph at the school of Albertus Magnus at Cologne, where he went from Naples. His naturally quiet and

retiring disposition had won for him the appellation "the great dumb ox of Sicily." Then one day an incident occurred which completely changed his standing in the eyes of both master and fellow students. The Master Albert assigned a very difficult passage in an obscure book and asked some of the brighter students to bring in their explanations of it in writing. Some of them, more in jest than in earnest, passed the question on to Thomas. Very seriously he took the paper to his cell and composed his explanation. His paper, by chance, came into the hands of Blessed Albert, who immediately recognized in it the touch of a master mind. The following day he placed Thomas at the lector's desk and called upon him to defend his thesis. This Thomas proceeded to do with such dialectical skill that Master Albert after endeavoring with countless objections to confuse his pupil, at last broke out, "We call this young man a dumb ox, but his bellowing in doctrine will one day resound throughout the world." Thenceforward Thomas' reputation for learning was well established.

He accompanied Albert to Paris and there, after three years, received the degree of Bachelor of Theology. In a dispute between the University of Paris and the religious orders, he defended the case of the Dominicans and Franciscans, and, at the trial of the case before the pope, he achieved such success that he, though a very young man, completely overthrew the argument of William of St. Amour, one of the most celebrated men of the day. He soon won the degree of Doctor of Theology and began teaching at Paris.

His life was one of constant activity, and his learning became recognized throughout all Europe. He was continuously engaged in lecturing, preaching, or writing. Paris claimed him as a professor; the king of France made him a member of his Privy Council for State Affairs; popes wished to have him at Rome as a consultor; and his order found need of his learning in the deliberations of general chapters. He was kept constantly journeying back and forth across Europe, carrying out one gigantic task and then another.

His writings cover practically all fields of knowledge, and the *Summa*, his greatest work, is a complete exposition of theology and at the same time a summary of Christian philosophy. There is scarcely a branch of learning which St. Thomas did not touch upon, and in every subject he showed himself a master of masters.

But in addition to being one of the most learned men that the

world has known, Thomas was also one of the most pious. He had constant recourse to prayer, before studying, before preaching, or when about to dictate. The margins of his manuscripts are often marked with the words, "Ave Maria." Frequently in the midst of his work, he would rise and stand before a crucifix. Sometimes he would even go into the chapel and, leaning on the altar with head pressed against the tabernacle door, he would pray for divine guidance. One of his favorite sayings was, "Love of God leads to self-contempt, whereas self-love leads to contempt of God. If you would raise on high the edifice of holiness, take humility for your foundation." Prostrating himself before God in devout and frequent prayer, he successfully preserved his humility. He escaped the pride that his knowledge, his degrees, and his great success would otherwise have aroused in him. He was able to rise to the very heights of human knowledge and still remain God's humble friar.

These are the reasons why St. Thomas should stand as the model of all students, the Patron of all Catholic schools. Studying his life, we realize that prayer is no foolish superstition, and that those learned men of the world today who neglect prayer are in reality but half educated. They may know all the natural truths that reason has yet discovered, but they are ignorant of the higher order of truth, the supernatural truths of God.

Paul F. Shehan, '23





EDITOR'S PAGE

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THE RETREAT The annual retreat, one of the most important events of the college year, will open March 21. The strenuous life of the modern business world tends, no doubt, to develop strength of character, but many of us fail to realize that Eternity is looming in the distance. Its speed is almost inconceivable. Those who are with us today are gone tomorrow. It is for us to take heed of this and welcome the opportunity to prepare for the summons that will soon be delivered.

Heaven with its beatific vision and hell with its eternal pains are before you. Towards one or the other you are hastening. Soon your

earthly existence will end. We labor for a few years on earth for the things of the world, then we depart for eternity, leaving them all behind—the work of a lifetime. The retreat is not only a benefit; it is a necessity. It is not a time for intellectual entertainment. Merely attending to hear the eloquence of the preacher does not constitute a retreat. It is a time for spiritual renovation. And the effects are not intended to be temporary. Permanent results and not momentary enthusiasm, piety and devotion are expected. This state can be reached only through sincere coöperation and exemplification of the principles outlined.

The fourth week of this month is the most solemn week in all the year. The joys of Christmas morn have been forgotten during the lenten season, and now we approach the time of commemoration of the greatest sacrifice the world has ever known. The story of Holy Week saddens the heart, but it brings a consolation to the soul that no other earthly events can equal.

We pass through the ceremonies of this week with a solemnity that only the Way of the Cross could command. We follow Christ to Calvary. He is crucified. He lowers His head and dies. Man has been redeemed! Easter Sunday morning comes with its joy and happiness. Lent is over. The joyous music and bright flowers cause many to forget the seriousness of the forty days just completed. They are pious for the lenten period only. It is the duty of the Catholic college student to fulfill his obligations more consistently. He must always remember that he is not only expected to live up to but to establish a standard of Catholicism.

Ireland today is the same old Ireland—yet changed! But how changed? By the implements of war, the bayonet, the machine gun, and tank. The commercial centres and prosperous seaports of Ireland are changed. There the British carry on a campaign more detestable, and more barbarous than the worst of the German atrocities perpetrated against Belgium.

The militarism, kultur, and brutal crimes of Germany against civilization were unparalleled in history. It remained for Great Britain to establish a new standard of murder and pillage. It is quite probable that no nation could surpass her accomplishments in this regard. Her destruction of life and property is more than a crime against civilization.

It is a series of crimes that cry to heaven for vengeance. And yet we are told that to aid this stricken country is un-American!

He who is so narrow, who lacks or fails to use his mental faculties and who is so hyphenated as to make such a statement let him turn to the Declaration of Independence. Let him compare the causes of the Revolution with those causes identified with the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland today. If he is an American, he will reaffirm the righteousness of the colonists' cause; he will likewise sanction the Sinn Fein aspirations; both are identical. It is only necessary that he interchange the names of the republics, and he will have a declaration of reasons why Ireland should have self-government. As for the statement that the battle line has been moved from France to Ireland; is it authoritative? Would the publication of the account of the use of the bayonet, the machine gun, and the tank in Ireland, the filming of troops waging war against the Sinn Feiners produce the same hysteria in America today as it did four years ago when the war centered around Belgium?

Imagine a tank "gently pushing against the door of an Irish shop in order to force the lock," as one of the British organs would have us believe. The "gentleness of a tank" is just a trifle beyond our imagination. We were always led to believe that the tank was a formidable production of an age when gentleness was considered a weakness.

What a contrast between its operation in Flanders and Cork. Should we be more detailed in our examination we would find that this attempt, by "gentle" methods to suppress the aspirations of a people rival the deeds of the most criminal commander of undersea craft in the recent world conflict. It is admitted that even they gave some consideration to defenseless women and children. The savage with club and spear could do no more than that which the Black and Tans have done in Ireland. When the scene was Belgium the whip of the press snapped and we responded. With the scene in Ireland the whip is laid aside while England's interests are in danger. Then Americans will be called upon to protect "American" interest. In the meantime we must not interfere. It would be unpatriotic. The country the colonists fought and defeated would regard it as hostile.

If we are timid and apologetic this course will prove pleasing. If we admire truth, righteousness and independence we can view the situation from any angle, but the conclusion will be the same, for Ireland is the same old Ireland—but changed!

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Holiday The college enjoyed a holiday on Monday, March 7, the feast day of St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Angelic Doctor of the Church, and the Patron of all Catholic Schools.

St. Thomas Exercises Exercises were held Sunday evening, March 6, in honor of St. Thomas. Before the program commenced, Very Rev. Father Casey, O. P., President of the college, expressed his regret that he was unable to remain and enjoy the evening, but explained that, as the representative of the College, he had been requested to attend a meeting for the Irish Cause. Before leaving he showed the Irish Bonds which the students purchased by popular subscription last year. He announced that they would be suitably framed and the names of the contributors inscribed on the backs of the bonds, evidencing the splendid support accorded to the Sinn Fein cause by the first class of Providence College.

The program of the evening consisted of several selections by the Glee Club, a paper on St. Thomas Aquinas the Patron of Catholic Schools, several eccentric harmonies by the "Springfield Quintet," a booster talk for athletics by Matthew Carolan, and a Sophomore-Freshman debate.

The question debated was: "Resolved, That Immigration to the United States Should be Prohibited for a Period of Two Years." The affirmative of the question was ably represented by Messrs. Frank McCabe, Albert Callahan, and John McKenna, freshmen. The constellation of sophomores acting as the negative team consisted of Messrs. Robert Lloyd, Charles Ashworth, and Raymond Roberts. Leo Carlin acted as chairman of the debate. The set speeches were of ten minutes duration each, and the rebuttals five minutes each. Both teams displayed keen analytical powers and remarkable forensic abilities.

Father F. G. Level, O. P., chairman of the judges, announced the decision in behalf of himself and his fellow judges, Father L. C.

McCarthy, O. P., and Father J. J. Welsh, O. P. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. Following this, refreshments were served, and a general, informal, "get-together" party ensued.

Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D., managing editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, and one of the leading Catholic editors and educators of the day, made a tour of inspection through the college Sunday, March 7, while in Providence as a guest of the Delaney and Pawtucket Councils of the Knights of Columbus. He was accompanied by a special committee of fourth degree knights. Dr. Pallen commented most favorably on the modern construction and superior equipment of the building. He deplored the decline of classical studies in modern institutions and expressed a hope that such would never occur at Providence College.

The entire student body extends its deepest sympathy to Brother Louis Healy, O. P., on account of the loss of his father, whose death occurred February 26, at Brooklyn, N. Y.



ATHLETICS

Baseball Schedule as follows: The publication of the college baseball schedule reveals some competitors of first rank. Nine games have been set, four at home and five away from home. The complete schedule, covering a period of seven weeks, is

April 21	Dean Academy.....	at Franklin, Mass.
April 23	Boston College.....	Boston, Mass.
April 28	Dean Academy.....	Providence, R. I.
May 2	Dartmouth, 2nd.....	Hanover, N. H.
May 5	Boston College.....	Providence, R. I.
May 14	Mass. Institute of Tech.....	Boston, Mass.
Pending	Brown, 2nd.....	Andrews Field
May 26	Harvard, 2nd.....	Cambridge, Mass.
June 1	Holy Cross, 2nd.....	Providence, R. I.

Coach Duff One of the most important and fortunate decisions of the Athletic Board was the appointment of Patrick (Paddy) Duff as coach of the baseball team. Coach Duff has been a star in baseball ever since his high school days. During his college career at Manhattan he made the enviable record of playing four years on the varsity nine. In his second year he captained the team which won the college championship and which only after hard battles was defeated by the Giants and Brooklyn Superbas. The last two years saw him combining the duties of captain and coach. In this capacity he produced teams of the highest calibre.

Upon graduation he was immediately signed up by Washington, which together with the Giants and Boston had been constantly after his contract. After several years with the Senators he was traded to the Giants. In his later days he played also with Indianapolis of the American Association and Reading of the Tri-State League.

Always a keen student of the game which he learned thoroughly under Willie Keeler, he has become a big figure in Providence Baseball, and to him is due much credit for the success of many well known play-

ers. Under such an able instructor the prospects of a successful season are very bright.

When the call of the coach for candidates was published, forty-five men reported. Much competition is promised for each position. Behind the bat Dore, Curran, Dillon, R. Flanagan and McVay will fight it out. Capt. McCaffery will probably do the bulk of the pitching, supported by Leo Dumphy. Other aspirants for the mound are Rocks, J. Flanagan, Kearney, Murphy, Duffy, and Carolan.

First base will be taken care of by Dolan, Coffey, Maloney, Bentley, De Lucca and O'Gara. Coach Duff has plenty of material for the keystone sack in Farrell D'Angelo, Cheney, Evans, Sweeney, Hasney, J. O'Neil and Callahan, while Spencer Kelley seems certain of short stop with little or no competition. The hot corner will be well guarded by Dumphy, Robinson and Colgan.

What promises to develop into a merry struggle is the fight for the outfield positions. There are over fifteen candidates for the three positions and in C. Casey, Burke, Kerns, Tully, D. McCarthy, Higgins, Crawford, McGarry, E. Hanley, R. McCaffrey, Maginnis, Keleher, Heffernan, Christopher, D'Angelo and Tierney there is plenty of good material.

With such material on hand Coach Duff is optimistic of winning a majority of the games scheduled. All eagerly await the arrival of the outdoor season, when the final lineup can be determined.



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