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VOL. I

MAY 1921

No. 6



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### Queen of May



WHILE sleeping powers of Nature all arise  
To honor Spring pulsating thru the air;  
Into the blooming garden of his care,  
The anxious toiler peeps with wondering eyes:  
For lo! there smiling to the sun in azure skies,  
One blushing rose doth ope her petals fair,  
Effulgent with a glowing love to share  
Her secret to each floweret ere she dies.

And thou art The first Flower of Paradise,  
Our pride and boast of Adam's tainted race!  
Alone immaculate and blessed thrice,  
Alone of God one worthy resting place;  
Our souls' sweet Guide, our hopes' eternal ray,  
Our Mystic Rose, our fairest Queen of May!

*John P. Walsh, '24*

## HOME AT LAST



WELVE o'clock. The bell in the tower tolled out the twelve slow strokes, leaving the ring of their notes for some seconds afterward filling the midnight air with their melodious music. Then all was still. Only seven more hours and I would be free. Free—how pleasant that word seemed to my ears. For three long years of nights I had lain there on my wooden cot dreaming of the coming day. And now it was here.

The cold, damp walls suddenly took on a different aspect. I was lying in an open field with the sun shining brightly overhead and beautiful flowers were blooming all around me. Lazy, white clouds floated high overhead, dotting the blue of the heavens like canvass sails on a sparkling sea. The flowers around me intoxicated me with their heavy perfume, and together with the singing of the birds in the trees and the warm, penetrating rays of the sun, I seemed blessed with an earthly paradise. I raised my arms in the ecstasy of the moment and stretched them out to touch the fragrant blossoms, and suddenly the bubble of my thoughts was dashed into a thousand pieces and I was only touching the cold, clammy, walls of my cell. However, only seven more hours and my dream would be fulfilled. I would then walk out into the open fields and it would be a dream no more. I would be free. Free as the birds in the trees, free as the clouds that floated on high, and as happy and contented as the flowers nodding their heads in the summer's breeze. I would——

Tap, tap, tap. It was only a faint noise and yet it immediately trespassed on my train of thoughts. Possibly some gray, bewhiskered prowler of the rat clan was seeking entrance. But no, it came again. Tap, tap, tap. Oh! I had it. It was Long Tom Wilmer, lifer, in the next cell to mine, striving to attract my attention. I immediately signalled back and he slowly tapped out a sentence in the code I had learned during my term there.

"Leaving tomorrow, Bud?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Gladly."



"Will you come and see me before you leave? I have something to ask you."

"I'll come."

"Thanks. Goodnight."

I signalled back to resume our slow conversation, but "Goodnight," was final, and I received no answer.

The minutes passed slowly—the bell in the tower struck one, a long wait—then two. Some time between two and three I fell asleep and slept till six o'clock. One more prison breakfast was handed into me and then a suit of civilian clothes was thrown in and I was ordered to dress and report at the warden's office as soon as possible. Ten minutes sufficed in which to rid myself of the stripes and appear before the warden. A crisp, new five dollar bill was thrust into my hand, and after a few words of advice from the warden, I received my release and was free to go. But I did not forget poor Tom. I asked permission to say good-bye to him.

"I'll give you fifteen minutes, Bud," the warden said. Two minutes later I was standing before Tom and we clasped hands.

"I've got just fifteen minutes, Tom, and we better waste no time."

He seated himself on his cot and began at once.

"You've been here three years, haven't you, Bud?"

"Yes, Tom?"

"Where are you going when you leave here?"

"I don't know, Tom. I've got a little money, and when my hair gets back to normal, I'll get a job somewhere, I guess."

"The same kind of a job that put you in here, Bud? Don't think me a stool, Bud, asking you all these questions. But haven't you any relations to go to?"

"None that I know of, Tom, and besides, surely you don't think they would want me now, do you?"

"How about your mother, Bud? Wouldn't she want you?"

I looked up and a tear came to my eyes as I said, "She died when I was born, Tom. I don't even know what a mother's love is."

"I'm sorry to disturb you so, Bud, but now I want to tell you a little story and ask your help. Will you listen?"

I nodded.

"I've been here eight years, Buddy, and—I'll probably be here eight more unless my nerves give out entirely at the thoughts of spending

them in this cell. And I'm only waiting patiently for the time when the cooling hand of death shall rest upon my brow. Because I'm not afraid to die, Buddy. I did no one any wrong. The sentence I am serving is that of a man who by trickery was able to lay the blame on me and send me here. And he—he was a man whom I called friend." He was silent for a moment.

"It happened in France, Buddy. I was on leave with him in Paris after a three weeks' sojourn in the trenches. Were you in the service, Bud? Then you know, too, that war is all Sherman said it was, and more."

He stopped for a moment, seemingly musing over those scenes of horror. Immediately the picture sprang up in my mind.

The yellow mud, water ankle deep and freezing, that leggings and trench shoes had not power to keep out. The spitting of machine guns and the whine of their deadly messengers overhead, the shrieking of shells, silence a moment, and then a detonation that shakes the earth for miles around and the seeping gas borne unsuspecting on the wind to choke the throat and kill with slow, terrible torture.

Tom broke the silence. "But I am forgetting my story, Buddy. I was on leave with this man and we had entered a café to enjoy ourselves. Of course, nothing was too good for men in uniforms in those days, and we were having a wonderful time. But the bright lights, and too much wine, soon got the better of him and he grabbed a young girl as she was passing our table. Quick as a flash, up came her hand and slapped him on the face. The rest came too speedily for me to prevent, but I remember grabbing the smoking revolver out of his limp hand as she fell, an ugly splotch of red dying her waist in warm, saturating waves."

The thoughts of that scene seemed to choke him for an instant, and then he continued.

"A few minutes later, the gendarmes appeared and demanded our weapons. I reached for my Colt to hand it over—it was gone. The only weapon I had was the one I was holding in my hand. During the excitement my friend had removed it and put it in his own holster."

"There is not much more, Buddy. I was tried before a court-martial, my commission was taken away from me and I was sentenced to life imprisonment. The only thing that saved me from being shot, then and there, was my former excellent record."

"Now, Buddy, I'm not going to ask you to seek this man. I forgave him in my heart long ago. But, Buddy, I have a mother living up in the green hills of old Vermont. She doesn't know of this affair. I was reported 'Among the missing,' through the kindness of my commanding officer.. And I know she is still praying and hoping for my return, for I know she is not dead. Never mind how I know. I just have a feeling that she is still living and waiting for my return. And, Buddy—Buddy—you say you have never known a mother's love? Oh, Bud—it's the greatest thing on this earth next to love of God. Think of that poor, gray soul on her weary knees every night, with her tired eyes and trembling hands raised to heaven, asking God to guide her boy back home. Can't you see that picture, Bud? can't you see it? That is how I know that she is living and waiting for word from me."

He had to stop again, and the tears were coursing down my cheeks unnoticed, and I seemed to have great difficulty in swallowing.

The warden approached and said, "One more minute left," and then retired again out of hearing. Tom had himself under control again although every now and then a sob shook his long frame.

"Bud," he said, "will you go up there for me? I'll give you the address, Greenhaven, Vermont. It's only a small village, and you will have no difficulty in finding her. And tell her Bud—tell her—that I really was—killed in battle. Will you, Bud—will you?"

The warden was approaching, the key was in the lock. "Will you Bud?"

"Yes, Tom."

I'll never forget, as long as I live, the look of joy that leaped into his eyes when I said that. He fell to his knees on the floor and kissed my hands again and again—me—an ex-convict. I left him there kneeling against his hard cot, thanking God and praying him to shower me with His blessings. And shower me with blessings, He did, for I left those prison walls a changed man.

One month later, when my hair had reached the zenith of its growth and the prison pallor of my face had been replaced by a healthy tan, I set out for Greenhaven, Vermont. I arrived at the station at about nine o'clock in the morning and inquired my way from a seedy looking individual, who was standing on the platform of the station. He told me between tobacco spits and much pulling of his whiskers where the old lady lived, and eyed me the whole distance to the house quite suspiciously.

I was met at the door by a middle-aged woman, who politely informed me that Mrs. Wilmer was very ill and that strangers were not welcome.

"But, I have a message from Tom, and must see her," I replied. At that she opened the door and led me into the bedroom of the dying woman.

"A message from Tom? You have heard from Tom," she whispered eagerly. And when I answered, "Yes," her dimmed eyes lighted with joy.

And then I told her how I had stood at his side during the battle. I told her of his bravery in the charge, and finally, how, when he fell mortally wounded, his last thoughts had been of her.

Tears of joy filled her eyes, and she murmured, "I knew God would not let me die without hearing from him, and now I am going to meet him in heaven." She closed her eyes, and I thought all was over. But she still breathed. Towards noon she opened her eyes again, smiled, laid her withered hand upon my head and so passed to her eternal reward. And like a small child, the hot tears streamed down my face, and I sobbed aloud, unashamed of my grief.

That evening as I sat in the village inn, reading the evening paper, I read of how "Long Tom" Wilmer, lifer, had given his life in a vain attempt to save a fellow prisoner who had been left, forgotten, during a fire that had razed the building to the ground. He had gone home at last.

We buried them together 'neath a pine tree on the green hills of Vermont, and erected over their single grave a monument with this inscription, "Home At Last." And the birds in the trees sing softly overhead; and the soft pine needles nestle closely about the grave and the wind through the branches of the pine sings its mournful song, that seems to say, "Next to love of God, there is no love greater than that of a mother."

*Fred W. Heffernan, '24*

### Evening's Benediction

**O**FT' times in the quiet of evening,  
When darkness has covered the land;  
I've stood at my mindow enraptured  
At a silent uplifted hand.

It seems to be pointing to Heaven  
And looking through space I can see,  
The moon has arisen above it  
Aglow in its full brilliancy.

'Tis the steeple of dear "Old St. Mary's"  
Alifting its cross to the sky;  
While the moon, supreme in its glory—  
Seems a great host, raised on high.

*Harold F. Boyd, '24*

## THE QUEEN

**E**ACH night upon the hill I watched my flock. My only companions were the stars. Tonight, one shone brighter than the rest. Its radiant beauty attracted me. It seemed to say "Come, follow me." Unconsciously I was drawn towards it. Lo! it illuminated the dilapidated hut where we shepherds often came. But tonight, more than shepherds tarried there. This rude home of the oxen now stood before me, resplendent with the light of heaven, resonant with the voice of angels.

I dropped to my knees. There in a manger lay the Infant King. Beside Him, His Mother knelt in silent prayer. Her whole being radiated happiness; her eyes sparkled with love; her heart throbbed with joy; gracefully, she bent over her Babe and kissed Him. He opened His tiny eyes and smiled. She was satisfied. I dared not interrupt such bliss. I left unobserved. I had seen the "Queen of the Earth," Mary, the Joyful.

One day I came to Nazareth. I chanced upon a lowly carpenter shop. Perhaps this man could do my work. I entered. A celestial atmosphere predominated. The shop epitomized neatness, comfort, and cheerfulness. No trace of luxury marred its simplicity; no ornamentation detracted from its humbleness.

In one corner of the room a meek and humble man was at work. But the sound of angelic music diverted my attention to another section of the room. There sat the devoted Mother; on her lap rested a beautiful Babe, His brown curly head upon her bosom. She is singing to Him. Her lullaby is reëchoed by an unseen choir. The Boy soon sinks into a heavy slumber. The Mother looks at Him and weeps. The tears disappear. She arises, tiptoes to the home-made cradle near by. She places her Babe upon the spotless linen. The heart strings of her Motherhood are sounded, and with a radiant smile she stoops and kisses that Dear Brown Head.

Oh! what a sight was there. I was speechless as I beheld that kiss of Bethlehem. I had forgotten the purpose of my errand, but I had seen the "Queen of the Home," Mary, the Mother.

Thirty years later I came to Jerusalem to make the Pasch. At this time they were trying Jesus, the Nazarene. Curiosity led me to follow the mad rabble to Pilate's court. In a moment a weird silence fell upon the mob. Pilate speaks, "Ecce Homo." What! there stood that Dear Brown Head, pierced by a thorny crown. Those soft, silken locks were mingled with blood. My heart sickened; my thoughts flew to the Mother; surely she must be near. The cries "Crucify Him!" "Crucify Him" brought me to my senses. Pilate led Him away. I forced my way to the hall where they were scourging Him. There stood the Mother aghast and pale. Each stroke of the steel pierced her heart, she shuddered and quivered. Their beast-like deed accomplished, they led Him through the streets of Jerusalem. All the while Mary, scarcely able to move, followed as closely as the soldiers would permit. Once she came by His side. She asked Him if He had not done enough. "Mother, be brave," He whispered, and then the soldiers dragged her away.

Calvary is reached. What a spectacle it presents. The broken heart of the Mother; the crushed, weary, sorrowful Mary, stands beneath the cross. Her eyes are turned to meet those blood-stained ones of her Boy. They deliver a message to Him. Unconsciously her arms go out to Him. She pleads with Him to let her take His place. But it must not be so. And as I gazed at her, I saw the joy of Bethlehem mingled with the sword of Simon's prophecy, the patient care of the Christ Child followed by the three years of their separation and the terrible agony of Golgatha. Surely this was a noble woman, the "Queen of Sorrows."

A few years later, I lay upon a bed of sickness. A peculiar feeling comes upon me. All is dark. I pass from this earth. I am a stranger in a strange land. The whole place resembles the reception room of a mighty palace; the air is filled with music; all is happiness, beauty, mirth and merriment. The awfulness and majesty of the place frightened me. I was met by a handsome young man, who said, "Come, I shall lead you to the King." I accompanied him to the throne and there I beheld the King, the Dear Brown Head. To His right sat a beautiful lady, as graceful as the lilies of the field, as brilliant as the stars of heaven. It was the Dear Brown Head's Mother, the "Queen of Heaven."

I could not explain it, but I felt happier now than ever during my life. I wanted to stay here with the King and his Queen in their abode

of bliss. The King spoke, "Son, what wilt thou?" "Only to remain here and be a page in Thy court." The King granted my request, and appointed me to the service of His Queen.

And one day as I performed my duties I noticed that Mary was happier than usual. I could not help but ask her the cause of this joy. She said, "It is the month of May. The earth teems with life; nature is bedecked in her gayest attire; everything is sunshine, happiness, love, honor and devotion. Today, my earthly children crown me Queen of the May'."

*Lewis M. Nugent, '24*

### Night's Coming



HERE is a hush, the sun has dropped from sight.  
The evening thrush is singing, and the flight  
Of swallows darts the shadowing day. The harsh,  
Deep-throated songs of frogs, rise from the marsh  
And drown the thrushes' note. He seeks his nest  
As other flying folk. And in the West  
The darkness deepens, and excludes the light.  
All nature seems as sleeping, for 'tis Night.

*Francis L. Dwyer, '24*



## FRANCIS THOMPSON, POET



HERE is something touchingly beautiful, though pathetic, in the life of that "voice crying in the wilderness," that Catholic mystic of the twentieth century, Francis Thompson. It would seem that the chastening rod of trial and pain would touch the soul called to a mission so unique among his fellow singers. For Thompson is indeed "a new poet," singing an old song in a new style.

In the famous shire of the "red rose," the home of the House of Lancaster, our little star first gleamed. His parents, both converts to the Catholic faith, perhaps in the fervor of their new faith dreamed for their son a priestly vocation. Hence, at an early age he was sent to the old College of Ushaw, near Durham. Failing to pursue this choice, we find him, after spending seven years at Ushaw, preparing his way for Owens College, Manchester, where, according to the wish of his father, who was a doctor, he was to study medicine. For a time reluctant to disregard his father's desire, he endeavored to fit himself to the medical profession. But day by day the life became more unbearable, the burden more heavy, until his already weak constitution, suffering under the strain, forced him to abandon the ways of science. He would fain have pleased his parents' wishes, but who shall kick against the goad? With Thompson this was the severing of family ties, the sorrowful breach between father and son. He must now carve his own path. He must wander and wonder,

"Like one who sweats before a despot's gate,  
Summoned by some presaging fate,  
And knows not whether kiss or dagger wait."

In a manner not unlike that of his soul's companions, Shakespeare and De Quincey, he turned his step toward the alluring ways of London. Here in the great metropolis, sick in heart and body, homeless and friendless, our poet spent days of misery and woe. To alleviate the bodily sufferings and the gradually developing melancholy, he attempted the use of drugs, which eventually claimed him a victim. Fallen into this abyss of human weakness, could he have seemed an elect soul, one to soar the Olympus of the Muses? Even, more to become a rhyming

philosopher teaching men the ways and the mercies of God? While yet an outcast, lying helpless on the pitiless street,

"Forlorn and faint and stark,  
I had endured the watches of the dark,  
The abashless inquisition of each star,"

there chanced along his path as if from Heaven sent, Charity in the form of woman,

".....a flower  
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,  
And though the city streets blown withering."

To this "flower" of whom he has so beautifully sung in the "Sister Songs," Francis Thompson owed his new life. Fortune had at last touched his hand and had snatched him from the precipice of despair. Filled with a livelier courage he pursued the object of his calling by fanning to flame the spark of genius. As a result he was summoned to the editorial rooms of "Merry England," where for the first time he was actually appreciated and "brought to light." With the editor and his wife, Alice Meynell, herself a poet of high merit, Francis Thompson at length found a home. And to them, out of the deepest gratitude of his heart the newly discovered poet dedicated his first little volume of poems,

"To you, O dear givers,  
I give your own giving!"

In compliance with the wishes of his "dear givers," who were equally as anxious for his spiritual as his literary welfare, he went for a brief retreat to the Premonstratensian Monastery of Storington. Here in quiet seclusion from the world, influenced by the sacred atmosphere and serenity, his soul found expression in that "one of the very great odes of which the language can boast," *The Hound of Heaven*. In it we have a picture described with the mystical fervor of a blessed Henry Suso. A soul fleeing from its divine Lover:

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears

I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
 Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
 And shot, precipitated,  
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,  
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
 But with unhurrying chase,  
 And unperturbed pace,  
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
 They beat—and a Voice beat  
 More instant than the Feet—  
 'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me'."

After the publication of two more volumes, among which were many of the poet's best works, "The Setting Sun," "Love in Dian's Lap," "The Sister Songs," etc., he returned to London. From now on his poetical productions were few. His health, which was never vigorous, was noticeably growing weaker. The slow but consuming disease of tuberculosis had grappled him. Gradually the twilight of life drew nigh. He would gladly serve a longer term, for he was yet young, when the Eternal Messenger summoned him to his Master, on the breaking of a new day, Nov. 13th, 1907.

Of Thompson's poetry there have been diverse criticisms and volumes of praise. Some have compared him with Shelly, others have likened him to Keats, and even the mighty Shakespeare himself is asked to look upon his modern peer. While in freshness of thought and vigor of language, he may be reckoned with our modern mystic, where is there poet to equal the vividness and devotional sublimity of imagination? In his "Orient Ode," with a master's touch he portrays for us the admirable picture:

"Lo, in the sanctuaried East,  
 Day, a dedicated priest  
 In all his robes pontifical exprest,  
 Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,  
 From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,  
 Yon orb'd sacrament confest  
 Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn;  
 And when the grave processions ceased,  
 The earth with due illustrious rite

Blessed,—ere the frail fingers featly  
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,  
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—  
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,  
The sun in august exposition meetly  
Within the flaming monst'rance of the West."

It is a strange fact, indeed a little less than miraculous, that throughout the life of Francis Thompson, whether in school or college, in the cruel streets of London or in the sanctuary of the study room, he possessed a heart tender and pure as a child, a character and manner as simple and unassuming. In consequence of this there is no poet who has written more lovingly or sympathetically of children. He would wish to be a little child to teach little children, thus beginning his "*Ex ore Infantium*,"

"Little Jesus, wast Thou shy  
Once, and just so small as I?  
And what did it feel like to be  
Out of Heaven, and just like me?"

Besides this, which is the most exquisite of his childlike poems, he has left many other touching remembrances of his innocent companions, as the "*Daisy*."

"Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things."

Others of this class are: "*The Poppy*," "*To Olivia*," "*The Making of Viola*," and that humble yet soaring verse, "*To My Godchild*,"

"If, while you keep the vigils of the night,  
For your wild tears make darkness all too bright,  
Some lone orb through your lonely window peeps,  
As it played lover over your sweet sleeps;  
Think it a golden crevice in the sky,  
Which I have pierced but to behold you by!"

While in tenderest simplicity, "with this dreadful childish babble

on his tongue" our poet sang his melodies to the children, yet they are not children's poems. For like all of Thompson's poetry they are rich and virile, with a vein of deeper feeling pulsating through every line. Perhaps it is for this reason that the critic has pronounced him somewhat obscure. But if there be a sense of obscurity it so often occurs, because we would skim the measured lines as those of a daily newspaper. Whereas we should, and especially so with Thompson, respond with the chords of our heart to the rhyming harper, follow the brush of the singing artist.

That the poetry of Francis Thompson is not, as yet, enthusiastically popular, we must admit, for the reason most evident of its dignity and depth. The present reading world, generally understood under "popular" are lovers and followers rather of the "hair-breadth" hero tale than of a Shakespearean sonnet. We are living in a shiftless world, a world sick in its ephemeral thirstings, the erotic screen, the thrilling novel, the column of divorce. To such a world the glowing fervor of the mystic lines is cold. The heat of a higher love, a holier passion, flaming through the poet's works is unfelt. The "voice in the wilderness" is unheard. The songs of the prophet are rejected. Yet, it is precisely on this "popular" rejection that Thompson can base his claim to immortality. For it is with poetry as with music: the commonly unappreciated masterpiece lives forever, while the heart-engulfing "jazz" sees no tomorrow. Perhaps the poet himself, in true prophet vision, foresaw this ever-living quality when "*The Singer Saith of His Song*:"

"Within her eyes' profound arcane  
Resides the glory of her dreams,  
Behind her secret cloud of hair,  
She sees the Is beyond the Seems.

*John P. Walsh, '24*

## SACRIFICE—THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

*"The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of victory."*—Burke.

**Y**OUTH is the period of fun, frolic, and fancy. No oppressing cares should encumber its tender limbs, no mental solicitude rob it of the precious joys of childhood. Like the frisking colt in the enclosed pasture, it should be allowed to romp and play, restrained only by the bars of proper training. Youth is care-free; it laughs, it dreams. It looks out upon life through the observation tower of imagination and in the notebook of memory, records a most beautiful colored map of the picture seen. Here and there are beheld the hills of success and renown through which courses the stream of continual happiness. Nearby stretches the plain of unending smoothness in human affairs and within sight is another Eden of perfect contentment.

But the first scene in the drama of life is short. The dream, that it is, quickly fades with the dawn of life's stern realities, leaving unfulfilled the lofty fancies and aspirations of youth. Now unfolds the more serious side of life. Youth must don the harness of life that it may successfully direct its time, efforts, and accomplishments to that distant realization of its youthful dreams. Youth now plans its career. It sifts its talents, sorts its capabilities and then determines upon its calling.

Success in life is a universal longing. It is alike, the yearning of young and old. But at no time in life is such a desire more complete than in youth. Face to face with its burdens and difficulties, youth none the less sees in the uncertain future the glint of success and concentrates its noblest ambitions upon it. Every man wants to succeed. It is a God-given aspiration. Perhaps it would seem paradoxical to say that a vagabond, a parasite, a "dude," or an "indolent" aspires to the crown of success. Yet, listen to their utterances. Hear their sighing, their fretting, their pining. Their highest desires are to be a success in life. No man deliberately wills to become a failure, no matter how low or obscure his station. The man whose position in life is most discouraging is not unfrequently the one to overcome his difficulties and finally become their master.

Strange it is that success which is everyone's ardent desire, does not become the possession of all. Those who enjoy its attainment, are those who realized, when life was young, that to accomplish anything worth while in life meant personal toil and sacrifice. They learned this lesson from a study of other men's lives. They did not look forward to success via the road of milk and honey. That is the road of failures. They knew that they must incur fatigues, weariness, reverses, yea, failure. Even failure was to be the reward for their diligence. But what a difference between the failure of indolence and the failure of perseverance! The one is self-satisfied, the other restless till its purpose is achieved. Successful men have made the ladder that reaches to fame with the rungs of failure and personal suffering. Time, effort, pleasure, convenience, have been willingly sacrifice for success. One of these, all of these, or more than these has been the price demanded of every successful man who ever played upon the stage of life. But no man, it is safe to say, has ever regretted the sacrifice he has made to gain the object for which he struggled.

That the fame of all successful men is not due to chance is self-evident. The obstacles which they have had to overcome cover the pages of history. Their difficulties and trials have been the stones that paved the road over which they traveled to the goal of accomplishment. Garfield rightly said that, "Things do not turn up in this world until somebody turns them up." All successful men have realized this. All who intend to be successful men must realize it. The great inventor, Thomas A. Edison, was asked one day, "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions? Do they come to you while you are lying awake nights?" To this interrogation he replied, "I never did anything worth while by accident, nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No, when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes..." Noah Webster is said to have consumed thirty-six years in completing his dictionary. The famous American historian Bancroft spent twenty-six years on his "History of the United States." The distinguished Dr. Harvey worked for years on his theory of the circulation of the blood in the human body before his efforts bore fruit. To mention the names of Benamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln as examples of the requirements of sacrifice for success is needless. Every American has some acquaintance with the struggles of these men and their dependence upon some-

thing more stable than luck or genius for success. Think of the sacrifices that must have been the lot of a Michaelangelo, a Dante, a De Vinci, the master workmen of the thirteenth century guilds, explorers, statesmen, educators, professional men, builders, and an endless list of others. Yes, even that great body known as the common people who are plodding on, day by day, silently, unceasingly, often in obscurity, for their own success and the betterment of their fellowmen make sacrifice the stepping stone to success. They all return the same answer as the great English painter, Mr. Turner, when asked to reveal his secret of success, "I have no secret but hard work." All successful men have not left a verbal maxim for the inexperienced. Many have never given advice to the youthful aspirant of glory. But all have, without exception, left in their achievements a perpetual and ineffacable guiding principle of the necessity of sacrifice for success.

The law of sacrifice is a stern and exacting master. It shows no favoritism. All who come under its authority must learn its requirements. The law of sacrifice has obliged others to observe its demands in all centuries past; it will continue to do so in all generations. Sacrifice is the law of life, a divine decree. If any man will succeed in his purpose, let him learn it. Success in life depends almost wholly upon the man himself and his realization of the need of work. He is master of the little corner he occupies in the world. Conditions, surroundings, luck, opportunities are only minor factors in his progress. Sacrifice can never mean half-heartedness in one's work, nor self-satisfaction, "getting by" as we say. This is the very minimum of success. Surely every man, young or old, who has won distinction in some line of endeavor, can point to his work and say, "There's something that has required hours of toil." It is a personal experience. Nor may any man expect to go out of life a real, true, genuine success who shall not have tasted of the gall of the gall of sacrifice.

The thought-of being bound by the law of sacrifice should not be harrowing. To work and toil is part of man's nature. Indeed, high attainment would never bring concomitant joys if it were purchased by luck or the indifferent willing of it. Intellectual happiness which accompanies sacrifice fully compensates in itself the effort made. Sacrifice is its own rewarder, if not in accomplishment, at least in the consolation of having made an earnest, hopeful attempt. Many there are who shirk the burden of sacrifice for the false hope of arriving at genuine success by



a pleasanter path. They are afraid to fail. They are afraid of criticism. They shun the weight of responsibilities. They avoid labor when success demands it. They refuse to help or oblige another because it might require sacrifice. Let it not be forgotten that the law of sacrifice is a divine decree, and the more readily one realizes it and the more willingly one submits to it, the greater will be his success in life, the greater his happiness. Sacrifice is not only compensated here on earth but receives a hundred-fold reward from Him Who has imposed the obligation of sacrifice when it is willingly borne for His love, honor, and glory. In the beautiful words of Father Lasance:

"If thy fortune seem to fail  
And thy efforts naught avail  
Chase away all doubt and gloom  
Bravely then thy work resume  
Riches of a higher sphere  
Are gained by patient suffering here.

Hard though be thy lot  
Christian workman, murmur not  
Soon the light shall dawn  
Which ushers in a brighter morn."

*Raymond Dewdney, '23*



## "SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER "



E learn by imitation. Sculptors use models. Painters portray actual or idealized scenes. There is always an inspiration. Things that are ugly do not inspire. An ash dump would not be an inspiration to a scene painter. Choose your model. Idealize it if you can. Improve on it if possible. Imitate so well, a good model, that you are original.

\* \* \*

"They also serve who only stand and wait." Milton, an English poet, said that. It might be applied to baseball, or since the author was English, we might say cricket. A team will play better with support. Stand and wait and *cheer*. There is a Freshman rule which reads that freshmen must attend all games on home grounds. Let it be an unnecessary rule. Be there anyhow.

\* \* \*

In Russia they salute a red flag. In American it signifies danger. We don't salute it. But we respect what it signifies—Danger. If you see it in the roadway—detour. In politics don't get out of the way. Tear it down. It means danger to all we hold sacred: Constitution, Liberty, Family, but chiefly to Religion.

\* \* \*

In a previous issue of the *Alembic*, there was made "A Plea for Words." The author of that article made a plea for many words. The object of this paragraph is to make a plea for one word, "Son." Make that word dearer to your Mother. All that you will be, all that you hope to be, is for Her. If you are successful, think of the joy in your Mother's heart when she says, "My son." If you are not a worldly success, if your Mother still can say, "My son," what is there more?

"I have the summer vacation all mapped out." How often you hear those words around the College. Did you plan the past year of class work? Did it come up to specifications? If it didn't who is to blame? Yes, by all means plan the summer vacation, but while vacationing, plan next year's work. And fulfill them. More careers are wrought by planning than you can imagine.

\* \* \*

Are you one of the fellows who always say that sympathy is found only in the dictionary? You are right. Sympathy can be found only in a dictionary. That's where gratitude, friendship, and love are found also. Dictionaries are helpful. We consult them often. The moral isn't difficult to see. Be a dictionary.

\* \* \*

"He is the most even-tempered man I know. He's always sore." Do they say that about you? If they do, you must learn to dissemble. Shakespeare had it that, "All the world's a stage." Be an actor. Always seem to be happy, even if you are not. You will not only make others think you are happy, but you will deceive yourself.

\* \* \*

We say of the Victorians, "Stiff." Will future ages say of the Indigestorians, "Loose?" Writers of poor prose have "gone from bad to verse." They chop up indigestible prose into, "vers libre." Kissing black horizons and painting banana stands in soprano colors is a simple matter. It really is. Simple. Carl and Amy write with their feet a little mixed. Sense is a non-essential. Don't laugh at them. It is only a natural reaction due to the latest amendment.

*Paul J. Redmond, '24*



## EDITOR'S PAGE

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Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

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Youth is the symbol of joyousness and gaiety. *L'ALLEGRO* But all can be joyous. Laughter is a tonic. We should take a dose every day in the year, night and morning, if necessary. Cheerfulness drives away fatigue and invigorates. It is as plentiful as the rays of the sun on a summer day. It is not necessary for us to travel to obtain it. It is within us. The pursuit of the laugh is a most amusing and enjoyable journey. It brings us through the land of happy childhood and into the acquaintance of the perpetual optimist. He, above all men, is most welcome in society.

The silver cloud has a lining of real silver, according to this individual. If you listen to his rival, the persistent discourager, he will say it is tarnished tin, and if you listen to him long enough you may be convinced. Don't take the chance. There is sufficient sorrow in the lives of us to mislead us into the belief that we are merely idols of clay, grains of sand awaiting the waves of the ocean to carry us into the sea of the hereafter. What we need is the man with faith, hope, confidence, and encouragement, one who radiates miles of smiles; who makes everybody feel happy and feels ten times happier because he does. No matter what his age, he is the spirit of youth, and the spirit of youth lives on and on and on just as long as we continue to brighten up that portion of the sphere in which we live. Smiling is a contagious disease. It is liable to break out all over the face once it starts. Your neighbor is not immune. It is only necessary for you to begin.

It is rarely that anyone accepts advice. It makes *THE* good reading matter—sometimes, but that appears to be *COST* its limit in most instances, particularly if the advice touches upon the idea of work or thrift. If it concerns both of them you may score 100 per cent for those who read it, and the latter two-thirds of that figure for those that follow it. Yet of all the advice that we receive the elements of Work and Thrift are fundamental. Others are desirable, but unnecessary, appendages.

Whenever a man becomes so much richer than his fellow men that he is regarded as a public menace, by that portion of a democracy which never worked hard enough to become that kind of menace, a flock of reporters and Sunday magazine section writers are sent on his trail to ferret out the so-called "secret of success." They attempt to learn what it was that raised him from the class that now dislike him, to the height which he once viewed with the rest of mankind from a rough road in a valley. Usually his first answer is that the valley was one of hope; that the highway was uncomfortable but that he removed the obstacles by work. While working he became thrifty and saved so that he had something when he reached his goal.

Work and Save. That's the secret, if one can be so odd as to call it such. It is nothing more than common sense applied. The world is full of buried treasure. Dig for it. When you get it don't throw it all away. Save a little. Have more than an umbrella for a rainy day. There is more than a personal satisfaction as a consequence. Your

neighbor will benefit indirectly just as you benefit in the same manner if he works and saves. The more you save, that is save in a bank and not in a home-made depository, the easier it is for you and your neighbor to borrow. The lower interest you will have to pay. The larger the amount you can borrow. The banking power of a nation is measured not only by the amount of money outstanding, but also by the rapidity with which the currency moves. In times of panic or war the rate of interest increases and the ability to borrow diminishes because countless numbers of timid depositors withdraw their savings to secret them about their person or premises. When the money is trusted to the banks again the situation is reversed. Idle dollars are a detriment to yourself, your neighbor, and your country.

An idle individual is no less a detriment, especially to himself. Within a month the college year will conclude. Work will be available. Accept it. The recompense may not be an inducement, but the experience must be valued, sometimes even more than the compensation. Work and Save. The buried treasure may not be buried deep, and it may consist of only a few coppers, but it is a start. Another factor to be remembered is that although the almighty dollar may appear somewhat ill as far as purchasing power is concerned, nevertheless, it must be admitted that it is convalescing rapidly. The dollar you spend is not worth 100 cents. The dollar you save will be. The high prices will not last forever. History shows that every great conflict has been followed by an era of inflation. And every era of high prices has been followed by a period of increased production and lower prices with proportionate increase in the value of the dollar that is saved.

The day when opportunity knocked with a sledge hammer has passed. You must seek your opportunity. It is not difficult to find. When you locate it, even though it is temporary, work, sacrifice if necessary, but work and save. Working up from the bottom and saving as you go is the only "secret to success." Every so-called successful, but in reality hard-working, thrifty man will tell you the same story only in a different way.

*Joseph A. Fogarty, '23*

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

*Theodore  
Maynard*

One of our most illustrious visitors during the month of April was Mr. Theodore Maynard, celebrated English Catholic poet and literary critic. Mr. Maynard is a young poet of unusual gifts. His work has only recently been introduced to the American public, but it has already found high favor. He is distinctly modern in his outlook upon contemporaneous life, and is gifted with a rare degree of poetic expression.

Mr. Maynard was for some time identified with Gilbert and Cecil Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc in a campaign against political corruption and undemocratic legislation, and was associated with them on *The New Witness*.

His works most familiar to American readers are: "Laughs and Whiffs of Song," "Drums of Defeat," and "Folly and Other Poems." In addition to these, however, Mr. Maynard has written several other collections of poems, a volume of essays, and a novel.

Mr. Maynard passed through Providence on his way to the Dominican Sisters' College of San Rafael, San Rafael, California, where he will occupy the Chair of English Literature.

\* \* \*

*Dramatics* With the rehearsals of two plays under way, the dramatic outlook for the month of May is especially promising.

The Dramatic Club is preparing an ambitious production to be given at the Providence Opera House some time during the last week of the month. The play chosen is "The Private Secretary," written by Charles Hawtrey. It is a sparkling comedy of the type best suited to college talent. It teems with farcical complications and affords splendid opportunities to our female impersonators. The fact that the play has been very successfully produced on the professional stage sufficiently attests its high calibre.

The recollection of the great success of the more modest production, "A Thief in the House," presented by the Dramatic Club at Hallowe'en time assures us that "The Private Secretary" will set a high water mark for collegiate dramatics.

The cast will consist of: John Feeney, James McGwin, Paul Redmond, John Kenney, Howard Farrell, John Higgins, Robert Lloyd, Newman Forestal, Charles Curran, Raymond Quinn, Thomas Gilligan, and Peter O'Brien.

The committees elected by the club are as follows: Committee in Charge of Theatre: Dennis McCarthy, Chairman; Joseph A. Fogarty and Edmund Kelly; Program Committee—Robert Lloyd, Chairman, Paul Redmond and Joseph O'Gara; Properties Committee, Alban Ryder, Chairman, Edmund Kelly and Leonard McAteer.

The other play in preparation is a comedy in four acts entitled, "For One Night Only." It will be presented by the Philomusian Club of Providence College on two nights, Thursday evening, May 12, and Friday evening, May 13, in the college gymnasium for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The staff acting for the club consists of: James Tully, General Manager; Charles Maher, Director; John Cheney, Property Man; Walter Martin, Musical Director, and Paul Skehan, Business Manager.

\* \* \*

Friday, May 6, marked the end of the Freshman *Freshman* Rules and the initiation period of the freshmen. On *Cap Burning* that day the freshmen were formally received by the Sophomores into full privileges of college life. The ceremonies began with the masquerade parade of the freshmen through the business district of Providence out Smith Street, and up to the College.

President Burke of the Freshmen opened the program with a short, witty speech, extolling the deeds of the Freshman Class. President Roberts of the Sophomores replied in a congratulatory speech, commending the Freshmen on the successful termination of their probationary period. Following the two speeches for the student body, the Very Rev.



Albert Casey, O. P., President of the College, spoke in behalf of the faculty. He expressed his pride in the splendid spirit shown by both classes and pointed out the underlying significance of the occasion. Then the Freshmen formed in single file, and began their snake dance around the bon-fire. At a given signal, the distinctive black and white skull caps were hurled into the blaze amidst the shouts and applause of the spectators and the roar of the college band.

Following this formal program, the freshmen entertained the crowd with a number of class pranks, such as burning effegies of some of the leading sophomores. The occasion was a momentous one, as it goes down in the annals of the college as our first cap burning celebration.

*Paul J. Skehan, '23*



## ATHLETICS

*First Game* After several weeks of careful grooming under the able supervision of Coach Duff, the team swung into action for the first game against La Salle Academy at Davis Park, April 15.

The "Maroon and White," with two victories to its credit, was confident of making three straight, but after a couple of innings found it was unable to touch McCaffrey. While Capt. Mac. was holding them to three hits and sending twelve back via the strikeout route, our men piled up a lead of three runs, and, but for the marvelous playing of the La Salle outer gardeners, would have scored more. Due to a little loose work in the eighth and ninth, the Academy team scored twice, but Dolan ended the game by nailing a line drive.

The score by innings:

Providence College.	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—3
La Salle Academy.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

*Second Game* On Thursday, April 21, the team, supported by a cheering section of more than a hundred students, journeyed to Franklin for its first clash with Dean Academy. From start to finish, the game was a thriller. Dean was the first to score, tallying twice in the second. But the "Black and White" knotted the score in the fourth. From then on, it was a pitcher's battle between Dunphy and Eastburn, until the eighth, when Dean pushed two more men across the plate. In the ninth, our team made a desperate rally, after two were out. Curran drew a pass. On the hit and run, Kelley singled to center, but Curran was nailed at third, thus ending the game. The pitching of Dunphy was the big feature of the contest.

The score by innings:

Dean Academy . . .	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—4
Providence College.	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2

The first of a series of two games with Boston College scheduled for April 23, was postponed on account of rain. The game will be played in Boston on June 6.

After a week's layoff, the team met the speedy Dean Academy outfit for the second time. It was expected that *Third Game* Capt. McCaffrey would be able to pitch his team to victory, but lack of practice, due to continued bad weather, showed its results early in the game. By bunching hits at critical times, Dean was able to run up a total of thirteen runs while the home team was garnering six.

The score by innings:

Dean Academy . . .	3	2	0	0	4	0	0	0	4—13
Providence College.	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—6

Old Jupe Pluvius again stepped in and washed away *Rain* our hopes of playing a game scheduled with Boston College. *Again* This occurred both on April 23 and on the date of our home game, Thursday, May 5. However, Manager O'Reilly expects to announce the date of another game to be played here.

Next Saturday the team will cross bats with the M. I. T. team at Technology Field, Cambridge. This will be our first big game, and there is bound to be a battle. With McCaffrey in form, *Tech Our* the "Tech" team will have great difficulty in hitting his slant's. *Next Opponent* A delegation of rooters headed by the band will accompany the team.

Matthew Carolan, '23



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