

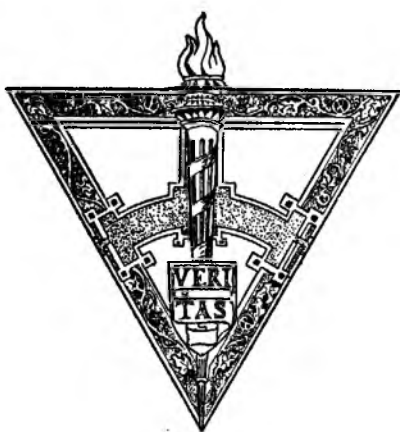
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 2

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 3



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Providence College Alembic

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 3

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Christmas



WILDLY the winds shriek out
And in the rafters ring,
But in their gruff old voice
Your hear the angels sing,
On Christmas Day.

The snow flakes softly fall
On field and hill and fence,
And in its first-flown whiteness,
There's a God-like innocence,
On Christmas Day.

Peter O'Brien '24

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."



THROUGHOUT the calendar of the year there is no festival, around which so many customs have arisen, as that of Christmas. It is the season wherein all hearts are happy and all homes are glad. And man filled with this peace and happiness, has invented as so many channels or outlets of this internal joy, the various customs that we celebrate.

From "about the middle of the fourth century," when the feast itself was first observed, these customs have been growing. Many of them are adaptations of the old Pagan customs Christianized. A fact which shows the ever tolerant spirit of the Church in imitation of her Divine Master.

From the Druids, priests of the pagan Celts, we have the custom of cutting the mistletoe. It is generally hung over the door entrances, where it is a signal of "tulip" time to the lovers standing under it. From the Goths and Saxons the name "Yule" comes. It is today the Scottish designation of Christmas time. It is also preserved in the name "Yule log," a log of wood which with much ceremony is placed as the foundation of the Christmas fire. Our own Christmas tree we have received from the Germans, who in like manner adopted it from the ancient Teutons. It was the custom at their festival of the winter season to adorn the evergreen fir, sometimes attributing to it mystical powers.

Many other Christmas beliefs are still prevalent in Europe. Particularly are they observed, at times bordering on superstition, in the countries of Germany, France, Scotland, England, and Ireland. There

is a belief or rather a "saying" among certain Irish and Scotch folk that "at the hour of mid-night on Christmas eve" the water turns to wine. For that is the hour at which they believe the Christ Child was born. This belief exists also in certain parts of Germany. Among various parts of Ireland there is the custom of placing a lighted candle on the window to direct the footsteps of the Christ Child, if perchance He might pass that way. They also throw open their doors as a token of welcome to the beggar or stranger.

Of the Christmas customs with which the American home and children are associated, there is none to equal that of Santa Claus. In whatever home there is the delightful patter of little feet, there is also, on the Eve of Christmas, the constant "watch" for the old man with the flowing snowy white beard and hair. The following is an extract from a simple but philosophic answer to the query of little eight-year-old Virginia, whether or not there was a Santa Claus:

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished."

The honoring of Santa Claus at Christmas is peculiar only to our own country. It is entirely an American custom. It first originated on the Island of Manhattan, New York. There was kept up, among the early Dutch settlers there, the old country custom of honoring St. Nicholas, or Dutch San Claas. His feast came on December 6th, and was attended by many and elaborate celebrations. Gradually, however, with the infusion of English and Dutch, the two festivals became united, and gave us our American Santa Claus. At times the burdened old man is designated as "Kris Kringle," carrying the Christmas tree. But this name is wrongly used. It is derived from the German "Christkindlein," which means Christ Child. Probably the idea of "Kris Kringle carrying the tree" sprang from the legend that "on every Christmas eve the little Christ Child wanders all over the world bearing on His shoulders a bundle of evergreens." Through every town and hamlet the Holy Child is supposed to go. As on the first Christmas Eve, He is seeking if there

may be room for Him at the inn—the inn which is every heart and home of the Christian family.

All of these grand old customs, for most of which we are indebted to the Catholic Church, help extensively to make Christmas what it is,—the holiest and happiest season of the year. They are the golden coupling links of the centuries. They are torches that glow "like a great truth binding the fleeting generations into a unity of faith and feeling." Through them the panting heart of the little one remains in its simple faith, the warm spirit of youth prevails over icy materialism, and old age returns to the land of perpetual youth. *John P. Walsh '24*

"Anchor!"



CROSS the dark blue sea of sky,
A phantom ship of cloud
With white sails spread
In fury sped.
The moon red
Turned pale with dread,
As the sceptre in pellucid shroud
With flapping sails sped by.

Across the dark blue sea of life,
A phantom ship of thought,
With passions red
In anger sped.
My soul bled
At that moment wed
To the frail bark thus caught
In the mad tempest of the strife.

John Creaby '24

FAITHFUL LIGHT



ARK HOWARD was not a hermit. But if there is a word semi-hermit he fitted well into that rôle. He lived in a gray-stone mansion that topped the bleak Seton Hill. To delineate the abode might lead one to think that it coincided well with its lone master. "Queer," was the epithet that the local people attached to his person. Few had ever approached his august person, as people were unwelcome, but this fact in no way hindered their wagging tongues. Ears itched for news about this singular neighbor and gossip had linked his name with many an odd tale. One thing the people did know about him was that by the death of a wealthy father, Mark and his brother inherited shares in a vast fortune.

Some time previous Mark purchased the Gregory Manor, because of its splendid kennels and rather isolated location. His one hobby was dogs, and this doubtless afforded him his foremost joy in life. Ample means permitted him to indulge these canine pursuits to his heart's content. He could frequently be seen, his tall, loose jointed figure topped with slightly grayed hair, passing through the kennels.

It was a gray, December morning. The tardy sun had scarcely penetrated the frosty clouds that floated across the sky. A hoary blanket covered the fields and nearby roof-tops. Mark had arisen early and was just seating himself at the breakfast table. As was his custom for many years, he ate alone.

"Have you my mail, James?" he asked, addressing his valet?

"Beg pardon, sir," said James in an apologetic voice, "the delivery has not yet been made. Here is a telegram, sir."

Mark took the envelope and proceeded to open it.

"There is a reporter from the *Press*, sir, who would like to interview you concerning the approaching dog show," interrupted the servant, "and is desirous to know if you will enter 'Blue Peter' in the airedale class?"

"Tell him the same that I have always told their kind," snapped the master.

"But, sir, it is a lady!" the hesitating valet replied.

"I have nothing to say," and with a wave Mark dismissed him. Once more he bent his eyes to the telegram.

Presently he rang for James.

"Mr. Bowen is sending down a pair of twin terriers. Tell Phil to expect them tomorrow and they are to be placed in the new kennel."

James nodded and proceeded to convey the message to the keeper of the kennels.

"Mr. Howard expects a pair of twin terriers and you are to put them in the new kennel," he notified Phil by means of the phone. His orders not only reached the ears for which they were intended but also the ever attentive ears of Miss Handy, the maid. Her womanly curiosity was aroused.

* * * * *

Mrs. Sands lived in a homely, white-washed cottage on the outskirts of Hamlin. Jovial, kind, with a heart moulded from pure gold, she was beloved by all her neighbors. She was especially the object of the ardent affection of two little golden-haired children to whom she was foster-mother. Orphans by the recent death of their mother, Mrs. Sands had taken them into her home. "Daddy" Sands, as her husband was known to all the villagers and the trainmen who passed the crossing where he tended gate, was no less affectionate toward the children. But the support of the youngsters was a heavy burden to the aged couple.

"My dears," began Mrs. Sands one afternoon as they were seated around the fire-place, "when your mother died I promised her that I would take care of you, meanwhile to try to locate your uncle. Only yesterday "Daddy" heard that he is living down in Franconia, a few stations from here. It was your mother's wish that you both be sent to him. I have a letter which she wrote for you to take. Perhaps you had better start in the morning."

With childish glee at the thoughts of the trip the youngsters danced about the room. But seeing tears welling to the eyes of Mrs. Sands they rushed to her.

"We will never leave you, aunty," they promised, throwing their arms about her while their golden curls covered her face.

"Ah!" perhaps it is better that you see him. But remember, there is always a welcome awaiting you here."

The following day found "Daddy" Sands, with the children by his side, climbing the hill which led to Gregory Manor.

"Oh! Mary," confided Helen to her sister as the cold, gray castle came into their view, "I don't think we'll like this place. It isn't pretty like Daddy's house."

"Oh, but it must be nice inside, and there are beautiful dogs for you to play with," interposed Daddy, hearing the child's complaint. He could not bear to see the children unhappy.

A snowy crust, promising a white Christmas on the morrow, covered the barren ground. Dusk was drawing its quieting mantle across hill and dale. Tapering candlelights gleamed their welcome from the cottages in the vale. But the windows of Gregory Manor were destitute of life. No light of welcome to the visitors cast its ray into the surrounding darkness. "Daddy" and the children mounted the great stone steps leading to the door. No answer came to their first summons, but after a second attempt footsteps were heard within. Presently the heavy door swung open.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," Miss Handy could be heard to say. "James always answers the door, but he has gone to town for the master. I forgot for the moment that he was out. What can I do for you?"

"Daddy" handed her the envelope. "Please take this to Mr. Howard."

Mark Howard was seated before the open fire. Cracking logs sent up a continuous shower of sparks, followed by tongues of flame which assumed fantastic, weird shapes. Grotesque figures covered the walls, seeming to flit about in the semi-darkness. The master of the Manor sat musing what the morrow, Christmas Day, might bring. His reverie was broken by the entrance of the maid.

"And old gentleman asked to have this delivered to you. He is waiting below."

Taking the envelope, Mark extracted the letter and began to read:

"My dear Mr. Howard:

A mother's heart is wrung by many sorrows in this earthly journey, but the cruellest thrust is to pass to the next life knowing that helpless little ones will be left behind. Since the death of my husband, your brother, whom you disowned on account of his marriage, I have struggled to keep our little home together. You know how, through the fail-

ure of his bank, his money was swept away, leaving us nearly destitute. Now God has seen fit to call me away. A mother's prayer speaks to you on behalf of my little ones. May you give them a place in your heart and home, and you will be blessed for it.

Helen (Mann) Howard"

Mark raised his eyes from the letter and a movement in the doorway attracted his attention. There on the threshold stood two, smiling, golden-haired children. His gaze fell upon them while within his heart anger and pity battled for supremacy. Finally he stretched his great arms towards them, and in a moment he had folded them to his breast. Their curly locks caressed his trembling hands.

Some time later, James entered the room. He could not believe his eyes, and speech failed him.

"What is it, James?" sang out the new voice of the master.

"I've brought the twin pups from the station," sir," the astonished valet managed to say.

"All right, James, but I have here the twins that will occupy my future time," answered the master of Gregory Manor, alluding to the children who rode on his knees.

Late into the night, after the two sunbeams had been hustled off to bed, Mark sat silently before the blazing logs. Into his heart crept the real joy of Christmas Eve as he planned the children's happy Christmas on the morrow. Through the window came stealing a little gleam of light from a glittering star. The light of the Christmas Star had found its way to the heart of Mark Howard.

John J. Cheney '24



Now

WILL all my songs be writ on sands
For tides of time to wash away?
Or will they stay,
When I am dust and clay
And spirit flown to unknown lands?

I care not for tomorrow's praise,
But one kind word before I go
Would help me so,
Deserving it or no.
I will not hear in after days.

—*Francis L. Dwyer '24*

Give!

O THE best that we have is never too good
To give to the world around us;
And the strength that it takes may be found in the Road
That others have borne before us.

Give your health, and your strength, to the weary and old;
Give cheer and a hand to blindness,
Give your love—and you'll reap it a hundred fold,
Give all, and you'll grieve not the kindness.

So give to the world your smile and your tear,
Unburden some heart full of sorrow,
And bring to a soul dejected in fear
A hope in the dawning tomorrow.

Fred W. Heffernan '24

THE UNKOWING CHAMUEL



HE silver tortoise of the full moon was moving sedately down to the purple-rimmed western hills. The clouds, white greyhounds, scurried across the cerulean field and lost themselves in the dark spume of the horizon. From the north there came a cold biting wind. Before me twinkled the lights of Bethlehem. Soon I would be there. In the sky above a bright star was hung. Brighter because it was the single brilliant of the great dome. The wind swept down upon the road, and I drew my cloak tightly about me.

My cortege was now far behind in the road. So I sought shelter in a rude stable at the roadside. Pushing back the rough-hewn door, I entered. What a beautiful picture was there. Cradled in the sweet hay was a Babe. Beside the rude crib knelt a young Jewess, her face shining carmine and white, as roses scattered on the snow. Nearby stood a man of gentle mien, gazing lovingly at the Mother and the Child.

The Woman looked up at me and smiled. A smile of welcome. Little she knew that she greeted a Roman general, a lord of men.

I approached the Child. A beautiful Babe. Offspring worthy of a Caesar. With sudden impulse I lifted from my neck a golden chain and laid it at the feet of the Child. The Mother smiled. A smile of gratitude. The gratitude of a queen accepting tribute from a loyal subject. I asked the name of the Child. A soft voice answered, "Jesus."

Without I could hear the stamping of my servants' horses. I turned and left the stable. The moon had sunk below the tyrian hills. In the east a grey wave swept down upon the earth. It was dawn.

I shall not forget the look with which that humble Mother gazed upon the Child. It was not of earthly origin. But from whence? No longer do I render homage to the false gods of Olympus. Themselves the slaves of passion they sought to enthrall men. Slaves the masters of slaves. But often I invoke the Unknown God. Og, Pan, Baal, Moloch, Jove? No one worthy to be the God. Would that I knew the Unknown One and could see Him. Ah! would that I could know Him.

Paul J. Redmond '24

ONE AND SEVEN

JOHN REYNOLDS was the eldest of five children of Irish emigrants. The need of another wage-earner in the family had forced him to leave high school at the end of his third year. Within three years his ability to "pick up" information had gained for him a respectable position with a large concern, and assured his comfort and that of his family. In the schools he had attended he had acquired a reputation for a high mentality and a "wicked left" which remained with him out in the world. He was not particularly noted for the natural virtues, though lacking greatly in none of them. As far as supernatural virtue was concerned—well, he stayed in Sunday-school till he graduated. That accomplishment was sufficiently unusual in his neighborhood to cause comment. Though he never found it incumbent upon himself to become the life of the party he was never the gloom of it. He attained an ordinary degree of popularity among his comrades and associates.

John had always kept up his reading, not according to Dr. Elliot's "Five-Foot Shelf of Books" indeed, but as chance and fancy led him. At the age of fourteen he had read "The Call of the Wild" at least five times, and London could always thrill him. He never wholly forsook Edgar Rice Burroughs, though the latter became at times insufferably unscientific. Articles and books whose primary object was "educational" he avoided. Facts never made any great appeal to him. Ideas were objects of his constant search. He had read almost all the works of half a dozen writers and never wearied in his pursuit of the ultimate.

During his last year in high school he had become acquainted with the writings of Father Benson. The study of Catholic doctrine, which a true appreciation of that most prolific writer had entailed, enriched his spiritual life immeasurably. The intelligence, the intrepidity, and the intensity of the English convert did not fail to impress him. The consequent strengthening of his will power and uplifting of his mind made his first lasting love-affair almost wholly spiritual and, when it deepened into the abiding passion of a man, it maintained its high plane.

But Jack London still held sway over him. That author's underlying materialism at first failed to weaken John's stronghold of faith. He enjoyed London while resting from Benson. The pseudo-scientific assumption concerning the cosmos which abounds in London's stories John picked out and laughed at. But London is a powerful writer. He gets under the skin, and stays there if let alone. And constant dropping does wear away a stone.

There is a state of mind not uncommon to man in which he sees the universe as wholly unnatural. It is made possible by the development of a twist in the mental processes. Jack London had it. And slowly this twisted philosophical conception was arising in the brain of John Reynolds. At first derided, then neglected, next unrebuffed, at length it became accepted as true. The most learned ecclesiastics warn the faithful that the sophistries of clever heretics tend to waken the faith of the most skilled of Christian philosophers. In comparison with John Reynolds, London was quite clever.

John lost faith gradually. He continued the ordinary practices of his religion but refrained from the Sacraments. He so conducted himself that no one suspected his relapse. He was not yet ready to declare himself privately or publicly. He simply let things drift, but the trend was sure though slow.

Such was his state of mind one evening following a blistering summer day. He was alone in the house. Too tired to go out, he had made himself as comfortable as possible, and had picked up a magazine to read till bed-time. Half-way through an engrossing article he became conscious of a mosquito on the back of his neck. He struck at it quickly. It evaded the blow, but persisted in its bloodthirsty attempts. John became interested and, though continuing his reading, set himself to dishearten the insect. After several forges for its evening meal had been rendered ineffective by Johns quick hand, the mosquito withdrew. A few minutes later John seemed to be surrounded by mosquitoes. Wondering whence they all had come, he gave battle viciously. For a quarter of an hour he was tormented. But his Irish was up. He would neither flee nor be subdued. Suddenly the swarm vanished. John settled back and continued his reading.

That night he had a hard time trying to get to sleep. As was his custom when wakeful he abandoned the fruitless attempt and allowed

himself to meditate on anything that presented itself. The recollection of the mosquito and his comrades persisted in his brain. Dwelling idly on the affair and smiling a little to himself he felt a vague but insistent recollection of something once heard entwining itself with the present thought. Something in the Gospel. Something Christ had said about the Devil. . . . O, that was it. About one devil that had been cast out and had returned with seven other devils stronger than itself to regain its victim. Surely, if there are such things as devils they are embodied in mosquitoes. As John developed this thought something seemed to be happening inside his brain. To the man of a sane mind a realization of a personal malignant evil whose delight is the torment of mortals postulates a personal good. And most materialists are quite sane. After all materialism consists merely of a kink in the brain. Now, smoothly and rapidly Something, Somebody, was straightening out the kink in John's brain. John's Faith had returned. How the mosquitoes and his materialistic theories were connected, how the one departed as quickly as the other, John could never adequately explain. He knew that God often moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform and he was too thankful for his deliverance, for the great peace which came upon his soul, to disturb again the settled waters.

* * * * *

The next afternoon about four o'clock one of John's chums approached him. John had been hitting the high spots once in a while lately and was always good company.

"What do you say, Jack, a few drinks to-night?"

John thought a moment. It was a warm day again and a few drinks would go nicely. He knew from experience he could stop when he had enough. There was no harm in it, either, but—well, here was a good chance to follow Christ by denying himself.

"Not to-night, Bob," he answered. "I think I'll stay in to-night and keep cool."

J. M. Keleher '24

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

Reading is mental exercise. Read wisely as much as you can. But reading is not an end in itself. Use what you learn by reading. It is far better to act than to read how to act. Knowledge of all kinds is of use. But knowledge unused is worthless. Read. Act.

* * *

There is an old adage. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Apples are a wholesome and natural food. They help keep our bodies in tone. A good book a week will keep ennui away. Good books are food for the mind. They broaden us and develop in us that priceless possession, Imagination. Would you eat a rotten apple? Not every day, but one day? Why read one rotten book? There is an unlimited number of good one to select from. Read, but be particular what you read.

* * *

The Russian Revolution was fought and won by the printed page. For the past hundred years the cumulative influence of "Red" literature has possessed the Russian mind. If men can be influenced by literature, why not make it a good influence? Bad literature can be counteracted only by good books. Milton wrote, "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. . . .

I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. Then let us not have "Limitations of Armaments" for good books. Let them increase and wage a vigorous and unending warfare for the right.

* * *

Horace Greely advised young men to go West. Then the West

was the land of opportunity. Travel to the West was difficult. Existence there was even more so. It was, "For Men Only." There is a land of opportunity close at hand. It is now as it was in Greely's time. It is not difficult to reach. Life there is pleasant. It is for everyone. But only Men care to travel there. Go Read, young man, Go Read.

* * *

Not an advertisement.

Have you read, "The Majesty of Calmness," or "The Kingship of Self Control," by William Jordan. "Living Temples," by Dom Bede Jarret.

* * *

If you read a great deal you will write. Be just as watchful of your writing as of your reading. What we say may be forgotten. What we write, never. From the fullness of the heart the hand writeth. Writing is a criterion of the character of a man. It is the man.

* * *

Our most beautiful thoughts remain unwritten. They never can be written. But some of the spirit which animated those thoughts can be placed in our writing. So when we write, let it be with a purpose. Let us write for Christ's sake.

* * *

Christ wrote but once. His finger the stylus. The earth the tablet. The first gust of wind swept away the words of dust. Swept them into every Christian heart. There to remain. They will live forever. Christ wrote but once.
The Walrus

Horace, Book III. Ode xxx.



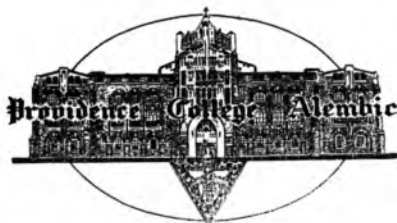
ORE lasting than the all enduring bronze,
More lofty than the pyramidal site,
A monument immune, alike to storms
And winds, to passing years and winged flight
Of time, I've raised.

My greater part to future time shall live,
And ever new in fame I shall increase,
While yet the pontiff to the Capitol
Ascends, the vestal goddess to appease
I still am praised.

Where flows the roaring Aufidus, where rules
The sturdy Daunian; upon the Roman course
As first to lead the soaring Grecian verse
Successfully, though sprung from humble source
I shall be praised.

O lyric Muse, assume the pride thus won
And willingly, for honest labors done,
With Delphic laurel wreath thy humble son.

—John P. Walsh '24



VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 3

Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

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Once again the revolving cycle of time
CHRISTMAS brings us to the threshold of that feast of feasts,
Christmas. Earth prepares again to welcome
anew the Heavenly Visitor. The lucent constellations in the skies glow
in expectation of the Hallowed Eve. Exalting, they light the path when
the King shall flee their presence. Mortal tinsel glitters. But blithe
hearts are borne aloft on wings of happiness.

The Road of strife is lifted from the world's bruised shoulder,
Peace on earth doth reign and good will is daily manifest. The time
makes all hearts buoyant, all sorrow foreign. The earthly cup of joy is
full.

Let the Babe of Peace find a manger in every heart. "Ring out, wild bells!" thy message of peace and good will.

GENERAL DIAZ "Life is formed not only of rights, but of duties, and the greatest boast of man is to accomplish all his duties, regardless of cost." So spake General Armando Diaz, recipient of the first honorary degree of Providence College, in his address following the ceremony which made him the first alumnus of our college.

General Diaz is an example of his own words, although he was perhaps unconscious of the fact that his hearers would interpret them in this manner. His modesty and humility assure us that they were never meant to be understood in that manner, yet General Diaz is a man who has performed a duty of universal value. He denounces arms and prays for peace, but fears no man when he says that he would become a warrior any time in the defense of right against might, as in the conflict which brought to the attention of the world his genius as a soldier and his sterling qualities as a Catholic gentleman.

A keen, quick thinker, General Diaz rightly deserves a place beside Foch and the other allied commanders. Providence College is fortunate to have him for her first alumnus. Few colleges have such gallant heroes at the head of their honorary lists.



COLLEGE CHRONICLE

On Friday, Dec. 9, Gen. Armando Vittorio *General Diaz* Diaz visited Providence College. As Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces, Gen. Diaz was an outstanding figure during the late war, and it was through his leadership that the Italian banner was raised victoriously over Italy's ancient enemy, Austria.

General Diaz is of a noble family of Spanish origin, the Italian branch of which dates from one of the early Spanish invasions. He was born in Naples in 1861. Selecting the military life, he entered the Military College of Naples and the Military Academy of Turin, and was graduated as second lieutenant of artillery. Chosen as one of the 60 who each year are selected from the entire army for further instruction in the school of war, he gradually rose in rank, finally serving as Colonel in the Libyan campaign. When the war came on, he was head of the office of operations at the supreme command. His ability was soon recognized by his appointment as commander-in-chief of the Italian forces. It was during the onrush of the Austrians, intending to cross the Piave and imperil Italy, that Gen. Diaz justified the responsibility that had been placed in him. Courageous in this time of Italy's peril, Gen. Diaz gradually forced back the Austrians until his successes culminated in the Treaty of Peace with Austria.

In an impressive ceremony held in the college rotunda on Friday, Dec. 9, Gen. Diaz received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Providence College. Previous to this presentation, Bishop Hickey and Fr. Noon made brief addresses, the latter speaking in Italian. Gen. Diaz is the first to be thus honored by the college, and for this reason he is to be the more remembered by us.

The opening event of the dramatic season was the *Dramatics* presentation of three one-act plays under the personal supervision of Rev. Vincent C. Donovan, O. P., moderator of the Dramatic Society. The three plays, "The Rising of the

Moon," "At the Movies," "As Good as Gold," presented a pleasing variety and this pleasure was heightened by the exceptionally well-balanced cast.

"The Rising of the Moon" was a touching, yet prevailingly humorous sketch of an Irish policeman vacillating between sympathy and duty. In this role of "enforcer" of the law Justin McCarthy ably blended the officious brusqueness of a "peeler" with the good-hearted friendship of an Irishman. John Hurley as the Ragged Man, handled this difficult part with credit. He affectingly portrayed the Sinn Feiner "on the run," and rendered a pleasing Irish ditty. James Beattie and Frank Routh could easily obtain a position on the New York City police squad.

Cast of characters:

Ragged Man.....	John Hurley, '25
Police Sergeant.....	Justin McCarthy, '24
Policeman B.....	James Beattie, '25
Policeman X.....	Frank Routh, '25

In "At the Movies," we were highly entertained by a caricature on every-day life in a movie. John Kenny's impersonation of the "Man in the Aisle Seat" was unusually accurate and droll. Daniel O'Neill as Mrs. Griggs, the general nuisance and untiring chatterer, kept the house in a continual uproar. John Smith aroused the sympathy that an unoffending husband always does. Further down the row, were Wm. McLaughlin and James Kearney as Clarice and Nell, the society belles. Their interpretation was highly appreciated, especially by those who have been so unfortunate as to be within earshot of those "explain-it-all" movie fans. Their female make-ups could have deceived a Sherlock Holmes. During this play, the audience was favored with appropriate incidental music.

Cast of characters:

Man in the Aisle Seat.....	John Kenny, '24
Mr. Griggs.....	John Smith, '24
Mrs. Griggs.....	Daniel O'Neill, '24
Clarice.....	William McLoughlin, '24
Nell, Clarice's country cousin.....	James Kearney, '24

"As Good as Gold," the third play, offered a marked contrast in the presentation of an incident between St. Francis Assisi, a miser, and three robbers. John Driscoll, besides displaying an ease and grace that

befitted his part, possessed the physical characteristics that so haply reflected the wan and gentle monk. Francis Casey uncovered to us a soul-struggle of a miser. It was a skillful delineation of the proverbial miser unable to overcome his inordinate desire of gold. Thomas Gilligan, John Casey and Wm. Byrnes presented an interesting study of highwaymen. The Goat-Boy, a short role, was capably enacted by Arthur McCaffrey. We have heard and read of those friars who are amusingly childish in their manner, but it remained for Francis Burns to make us fully appreciate the humor of their type.

Cast of characters:

St. Francis of Assisi.....	John Driscoll, '24
Brother Juniper.....	Francis Burns, '23
Goat-Boy.....	Arthur McCaffrey, '24
First Robber.....	Thomas Gilligan, '24
Second Robber.....	John Casey, '25
Third Robber.....	Wm. Byrnes, '25
Miser.....	Francis Casey, '23

Commendation should be extended to the members of the committees. They are:

Committee on Arrangements—Lewis Nugent, '24; Wilfred Roberts, '24; Daniel Rocks, '24; Paul Redmond, '24.

Scenery—Eugene Hagan, '25; Paul Redmond, '24.

Lighting Effects—Wilfred Roberts, '24.

Officers of Society—President, Joseph Fogarty, '23; Vice President, Howard Farrell, '24; Treasurer, Lewis Nugent, '24; Secretary, Peter O'Brien, '24; Librarian, Daniel O'Neill, '24.

From the present outlook, the Debating Society promises to have a busy and successful year. Already preliminaries have been arranged, in preparation for the public debate to be held in the school building on Wednesday, Dec. 21. Arrangements have been made with Boston College for a debate in January, and with Holy Cross in February. These will be the first inter-collegiate experiences of Providence College in forensic art. The following are the officers of the society:

President, Charles Ashworth, '23; Vice President, Raymond Roberts, '23; Secretary, Joe O'Gara, '23; Treasurer, Joe Flynn, '24.

ATHLETICS

The football season having been satisfactorily completed, Providence College now steps into line with other colleges in the next form of Athletics—basket ball.

For the past six weeks Coach Bill Donovan has been putting the candidates through stiff workouts. He has a sharp eye for a good basket ball player, and as a result has selected a set of fast and clever men for his squad. Bill is an old star at the game himself, and as player-coach he is doing great work.

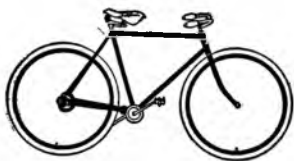
Among others of the squad, Joe McGee is holding down his reputation as a star which he made at Seaton Hall. Bentley, a former "prep" school star, Peterson of East Greenwich Academy, F. McGee and Crawford of Woonsocket, Hereau, and Hasney are also showing up well, while Dan O'Neill is full of promise.

Manager Ed Kelley, assisted by Ed Quinn, has succeeded in arranging a fine schedule of games. Handicapped by lack of time, he found much difficulty in securing satisfactory dates, but nevertheless, arrangements have been completed for the following thirteen games:

Dec. 6	R. I. State at	Kingston
Dec. 14	Holy Cross at	Providence
Dec. 16	Brown University at	Providence
Dec. 21	Crescent A. C. at	Brooklyn
Dec. 22	St. Francis College at	Brooklyn
Jan. 13	Lowell Textile at	Lowell
Jan. 17	Boston College at	Boston
Jan. 27	Holy Cross at	Worcester
Feb. 3	St. Francis College at	Providence
Feb. 10	Boston College at	Providence
Feb. 14	Clark University at	Providence
Feb. 21	Submarine Base at	New London
Mar. 4	Clark University (pending)	Worcester

Every student of Providence College is requested to take an active interest in this sport. We anticipate a fast and clever squad. But the best basket ball squad of the country would hardly amount to much if it lacked support, and the more support given the better the team will be. Apply this to your team. Its members are going to carry the name of Providence College to other cities and states, and in doing so are helping in the rapid growth of our institution. All that is asked of you is moral support, that is, your presence and cheering at the games. There are, at present, five games on schedule to be played in Providence, four of which will be at Infantry Hall, the other at Brown University. Be present at these at least, and at as many others as possible.

J. B. McKenna, '24



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