

ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE



VOLUME XX

NUMBER 2

JANUARY, 1938

VOLTAIRE

IRVING WARDLE

EUTHANASIA

JOSEPH V. CAVANAGH

POLYPHONIC POETRY

WILLIAM D. GEARY

THE ALEMBIC

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE
STUDENTS OF PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



CONTENTS

VOLUME XX

JANUARY, 1938

NUMBER 2

Voltaire	5	<i>Irving Wardle</i> , '39
Euthanasia	9	<i>Joseph V. Cavanagh</i> , '38
Polyphonic Poetry	13	<i>William D. Geary</i> , '39
When I Am Dead	18	<i>John Houlihan</i> , '40
Social Catholicism	19	<i>Thomas Sheehan</i> , '38
Ballet-Ho	25	<i>Lionel J. Landry</i> , '40
To Mother in Her Grave	30	<i>William D. Geary</i> , '39
On Home	31	<i>Francis Finnegan</i> , '40
On Wearing Overshoes	33	<i>Walter F. Gibbons</i> , '39
Editorial	35	
Obiter Dicta	37	<i>Walter F. Gibbons</i> , '39
Book Reviews	39	

The ALEMBIC is published bi-monthly by the students of Providence College, Providence, Rhode Island. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, Rhode Island, December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions, \$2.00 the year. "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932." Printed at Oxford Press, Providence, Rhode Island.



Voltaire

IRVING WARDLE, '39

“**T**O name Voltaire is to characterize the eighteenth century in France,” says Hugo. And on investigation the truth of this statement is strikingly brought home. A century, so full of the seeds of economic change, the breaking of feudal rule, the growth in power of the middle class, and the unconscious portentous mutterings of conflict to come cried out for a spear head genius, a shining light; and this it got in the person of Voltaire.

Francois Marie Arouet, born 1695, died 1778, dramatist, poet, thinker, essayist, historian, firebrand, wit, liar, shrewd saver, benefactor, cynic, and above all a good man. France could not ask a more versatile voice. No more versatile literary man ever lived.

One of his teachers, Father Lejay, at the college of *Louis le Grand* envisioned him the coryphaeus of deism in France. Hugo said again that his proportions seem paltry enough between those two monuments, Louis XIV and Napoleon. Louis XVI, remorsefully reading their works in prison, said he and Rousseau sawed the legs from the Bourbon throne. Saint Beuve remarked fearsomely, “He had the devil in his body.” Lamartine “judging by what men have done” called him the greatest writer of modern Europe.

Here is contradiction, and misstatement, and jealous diminution. Just what was Voltaire? The answer may well

drown the question: he was a genius. A genius possessed of one of the most versatile minds of all time, a full man in a sense that breaks that limping phrase asunder. Also, of course, he was a devil who took upon himself the care of Corneille's impoverished niece.

It is simple enough to attach the tag, genius, to a man but the appellation may indeed be hard to qualify. In the case of Voltaire it is more than ordinarily difficult. When you encounter a great man in art, philosophy, or literature, you inevitably inquire as to his finest work, the best examples of his greatness. What has Voltaire left us that is immortal?

His drama is brilliant with hard, unexcelled satire, or poignant, with whole scenes worthy of Corneille; but he was not of the same water as Corneille, or Racine, or Moliere. His poetry is inferior in its field; the vicious *Pucelle* is much better poetry than the epic *Henriade*, yet it is by far not the best of its shameful class. His attempts at history are full of errors, both because of insufficient scholarship and personal prejudice. *The Philosophic Dictionary* as a document of thought and definition holds no high place among the philosophical literature of the world. His *Letters on the English* which earned a public burning, and banishment for their author, were the first germs of the Revolution, but no one reads them today out of choice. *Candide*, *Zadig*, and others of his romantic tales retain much of their original vigor though skepticism places a blight, however small, upon them.

Nothing that Voltaire has written seems worthy of immortality. All of it sparkles and glints like a morning sea with a finished, uniform luster of style that never perceptibly fades. Even the meanest pamphlet dashed off in the dead of night has that magical turn of phrase and choice of word that marks it, as definitely as the signature, the work of Voltaire. You will always find flash and fire, magnificence and luxury in whatever Vol-

Voltaire

taire's pen has touched, but also you will find an insufficiency, a lack of that power and scope and full strength that makes immortal literature. Voltaire, however, is a genius. It is not in the item that this genius lies but in the bulk. It is the marvelous sheen of style, the even tone of skill and quality, and the unmatchable Voltairian wit that glitter on all his pages that justifies the term, genius.

This is the paradoxical Voltaire. Will Durant, no literary critic, to be sure, but worthy of a hearing, asks if Voltaire's might not have been the greatest mental energy ever bestowed upon a man. There is reason to give an ear to such an apparently rabid statement. The volume of the man's work is prodigious. He poured it out in his hasty smiling way, drama and diatribe, monologue and madrigal. His mind must have been forever at work, framing, plotting and rhyming.

There has been much useless sighing over Voltaire as over other great men of literature. Ben Jonson wished Shakespeare had blotted a thousand lines; Hugo wished Voltaire had occupied himself solely with tragedy. Even with a superficial reading, I am constrained to agree with Hugo. Voltaire's gift is too diffuse to be appreciable to the full extent of its worth in any one of his works. He turned his facile pen to a multitude of subjects and forms of such divergence that he spreads himself in a thin veneer over all that he has done. Who can guess what he might have produced if he had adopted the single mold of tragedy and poured all his artistry into it?

Perhaps he would have equalled and surpassed Corneille and Racine as France's writers of tragedy. He might have become the Jupiter of the whole French theatre, overshadowing even the world's greatest writer of comedy, Moliere. He might have been the great Frenchman.

But this is all pure speculation. It helps the case not at all. Voltaire is dead; we must judge him by what he left behind.

The Alembic

Many plays, many poems, many pages of treatise and tale, now, almost completely, as dead as the Pharaohs, yet suffused with that post-mortem glow of style and unclouded gemmary of wit that alone belonged to the patriarch of Firney.

Voltaire was like a man who could not quite acclimate himself. He could not realize his little narrow rut in literature. He wanted to walk in all the wagon tracks.

As to his place two hundred years from now, who can say? Style and bitter unbeautiful wit are hardly buoys sufficient to sustain a man's name against the hard unfeeling changes in modes of life and thought. They are small and superficial attributes indeed to elect to the company of immortals. Probably he will be remembered simply as an influence. Many think of him as such even today.

Personally, and heretically I suppose, I think of him as the magnificent diletante, the perfect dabbler; not in the sense that we accept it today, but as a higher stronger notion, a grand diletante equipped with some sincerity.

In conclusion: I have perhaps proved nothing. I have simply stated that Voltaire was a genius blessed with a most versatile mind. I have striven to illuminate slightly this genius, and to show exactly how it proved its own existence. I have harped, *ad nauseam* perhaps, on Voltaire's "style and wit," but only because these are the only things Voltairian worth harping upon. (His skepticism and laughter are threadbare from much handling and remain unsolved, as enigmatical as ever.) I have speculated briefly and to no point about what Voltaire might have accomplished if he had confined himself to the tragic stage.

Again, I have speculated on his chances of long further life; and lastly, have added a personal impression of Voltaire. But whatever I have, or have not, done, I may have aided, in a small way, to a solid, though narrow, comprehension of the great laughter, Voltaire.

Euthanasia

JOSEPH V. CAVANAGH, '38

THAT euthanasia is but a clever euphemism serving to conceal the sin of murder seems to be suggested in our catalogues and reference guides which append a list of euthanasia literature with the note SEE HOMICIDE. It is sometimes well to call things what they are, especially when our modern age tends to give pleasant-sounding names to what our forefathers recognized as grievous sins. Hence we may speak of euthanasia as homicide.

Dismissing with a single statement any argument based on morality, the present day humanitarian speaks at great length on the expediency of euthanasia. He would justify this practice on the grounds that the person suffering from an incurable disease spends a useless life of physical pain and mental anguish which death alone can relieve; that he is the cause not only of great financial expense but also of ruined lives and shattered careers for his family; that incurables are a burden to society in general. He asserts that man has a right to take his own life; that in the face of insurmountable odds it is not a coward who chooses death, but a fool who clings to life; that since the teaching of Christianity is nothing more than sentimental prejudice, the statement that euthanasia is a sin of murder has no place in the discussion.

Those who look to their emotions for a standard of right and wrong find a most compelling argument in such heart-rend-

ing stories as that of the aged mother who has spent thirty years of her life nursing her invalid son while he endures unending suffering. The mother in mercy to her son and justice to herself gives the sufferer an overdose of narcotic and thus he passes into "eternal sleep." After performing a merciful and praiseworthy deed, the mother must then face a harsh court in answer to the charge of murder.

We cannot admit that charitable motives will essentially change the morality of murder, nor can we agree that euthanasia, viewed from a purely sociological angle, is desirable or even practical. Since euthanasia is concerned with the "incurable" we may well ask first who is "incurable." The progress made in medical science during the past fifty years should make us hesitate before answering this question. Our research laboratories may tomorrow produce a cure for diseases which are today regarded as incurable. For some time our physicians have been prolonging life, alleviating pain, and curing the "incurable." Are we now going to replace their science with legalized murder?

It is a deplorable fact that there are many individuals so materialistic minded that they cannot conceive of any good coming from suffering. Suffering brings out the best in us. It is only in the face of obstacles that we become brave, courageous, and heroic. It is the trials and hardships that make us appreciate the good things in this life. It is the crosses we bear that make us look beyond this world to an eternal life. It is only when our fellow-man is afflicted that we can be charitable. Our higher forms of love find expression only when others are in need. Is suffering so evil that we should look to the sin of murder for a refuge? Sin was the cause of suffering; it will hardly serve to remove it.

Life is a most precious thing. To preserve it is man's first and strongest instinct. Man will endure poverty, starvation, pain, and disease and yet will cling to life to the end. Men by nature

Euthanasia

shun death. Yet humanitarians would disregard this instinct simply because it is convenient that the incurable be put to death. How charitable! How merciful! The less harsh humanitarian advocates euthanasia only in those cases where the individual expresses a desire to end his sufferings by death. In judging the morality of an act do we depend on our intellect or on our emotions? Having determined the morality of an act, are we to be deterred by the irrational wish of an individual?

That incurables constitute a burden to society is no argument. The doctors, the nurses, the charitable organizations, the people who support our hospitals and sanitoriums, the ones who should feel the "burden" above all others, are the last to complain; they would be the least likely to subscribe to euthanasia on this argument. If "mercy-killing" were legalized, it would have to be supervised by the state. Of course there would have to be a board of doctors to declare who were incurable and consign them to the lethal chamber. There would have to be a commission to carry out their orders. It is not improbable that the number of boards and commissions necessary to supervise the killing of all the incurables, would become a real burden to the public.

The impracticability and the cruelty of euthanasia ought to be sufficient to turn a thinking people against it, but there is another consideration which deserves the attention not only of Christians, but also of all those who hold a belief in a God. Euthanasia is a violation of an eternal, immutable law. This fact may not appeal to some. The atheist says there is no God; the materialist says we have no soul. They do not believe in a life hereafter. Would they then annihilate a human being? Reduce him to mere nothingness? Some speak of a life of happiness "where there is no pain, no suffering." That criterion—whether it be tradition, conscience, or reason—which tells them that there is happiness after death also tells them that there is

punishment. Why do they accept the one and not the other? They may deny that we have a soul, that there is a God, that there is a hell, but they are not sure of their position. At best they can only be in doubt. Why, then, in the name of reason should they act as if they were sure?

The mild name of euthanasia may replace the harsh word of murder; descriptions of sorrow and suffering may make it emotionally appealing; civic law may make it legal; the world may subscribe to it. But will all the wishes, thoughts, intentions and actions of men ever make murder anything else but murder? Can anyone say that society has the moral right to take the life of an innocent sufferer who has a natural right to life and has done nothing to forfeit his right? The Church teaches that euthanasia is a sin of murder. The teaching of the Catholic Church is not the mere "sentimental prejudice" but rather the teaching and precepts of the Lawgiver, infallibly interpreted and handed down generation after generation unmutated. It is the teaching of an institution which has gained the support of some of the greatest thinkers of all times. Perhaps then it is worth a little more than "sentimental prejudice." Perhaps then our modern philosophers might do well to consider it as an argument against euthanasia. To deny the tenets of Christianity is not quite sufficient to convince a reasoning people. Nor can the mere assertion that euthanasia is morally justified make a thinking people doubt that it is murder.

Polyphonic Poetry

WILLIAM D. GEARY, '39

THE poetry of the last thirty years has shown all of its sides to the vulgar gaze, and not a few of them have been more or less ugly. The twentieth century has been one of reaction and counter-reaction, revolt against convention followed by a reaction against revolt. After the decadence of the nineties, the art of poetry was buried with the century and all that was left was the namby-pamby iambs of the versifiers. They couldn't coordinate their ideas with the accepted forms, and, since the ideas were worthless, they were sacrificed on the altar of form. It was this that the Prosaics and the Imagists revolted from, and their revolt grew out of a noble purpose. But they went too far. They strove for stark realism in form, and unconsciously achieved it in subject matter also. And their art, which should be representation, not presentation, suffered. Then came the more conservative counter-revolt and a balance was achieved. The lifeless iambs were revived and realism took on the filigree of artistry.

But when the Imagists drew up their six rules for poetry, they didn't realize that they were merely restating the age old rules of prosody, and said exactly what Wordsworth had proclaimed as poetic dogma scarcely a hundred years before; and when the Prosaics took to free verse, or more sympathetically called "polyphonic poetry", they adopted what to them was an innovation, refusing to realize that they were reverting to a form which had a more honorable and ancient history than the one which they rejected. It seems to be unprecedented; in fact, Walt

Whitman startled America with it in 1860. But if we turn to other countries we will find ample precedent. In the eighth century Li T'ai-Po, and in the eleventh Ou-Yang Hsiu enhanced the legends of Japanese literature with their polyphonic poetry. The very plinth of English literature, the Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse, is a sort of polyphonic poetry. Some centuries later on the Continent, Heinrich Heine used it in *The Northerner*. After this monumental work, Matthew Arnold and W. E. Henley stand forth as notable examples in a long heritage of this type of poetry in England.

With a history like this, there must be some quality which gives it its *raison d'etre*, something which makes it last. It is the more variegated textural rhythm which is possible in this form. There is no dependence upon a rhythm of feet, accented and unaccented; but upon a rhythm of sounds, consonant and vowel. This fugue-like form employs counterpoint for its rhythm and music. Its rhythm is not the regular beat of a song, or of an emotion of "clear-cut certainty", but the more subtle rhythms of the movement of the fog, the gentle blowing of the breeze, or the marching of waves across a sea. Its rhythm is implied rather than thrust upon the reader. Shakespeare, realizing the shortcomings of metrical verse, turned to the run-on lines and injection of supernumerary syllables into his blank verse. I often wonder how monotonous *Paradise Lost* would be without its variations, and the monotony is the only drawback of either *Hiawatha* or *The Highwayman*. They are too perfect, if one can use the term.

In metrical verse the unit is the line to which the idea is subjugated. We cannot possibly scan *Mesopotamia*, and so instead of saying "the fertile plains of Mesopotamia" we must say "the fertile plains that border on the Tigris", or some such thing no matter how much the sense cries out for *Mesopotamia*. It is this difficulty which prompted Quevedo to write his plea for po-

Polyphonic Poetry

etic liberty, which, incidentally, scans rigidly and even rhymes, in his *Complaint of the Poets in Hell*;

“Oh, this damn'd trade of versifying,
Has wrought us all to Hell for lying;
For writing what we do not think
Merely to hear the Verse cry Clink;
For rather than abuse the meter,
Black shall be white and Paul shall be Peter.”

This is the artificiality which the Imagists declaimed in their insistence upon presentation rather than mis-representation. And they adopted polyphonic poetry whose unit is the strophe or stanza with the stanza or strophe length depending upon the grammatical or thought unit. And so *Mesopotamia* runs to the fortress of polyphonic poetry and is admitted, much to the chagrin of the versifiers who are surprised to find that there is a certain definite rhythm in the line “the fertile plains of Mesopotamia.”

In throwing off the corseting metrical restraint, polyphonic poetry dons the more rigid restraint of reality. Adelaide Crapsey in one of her fragile Cinquains, a form which she originated after the Japanese *hokku*, gives an admirable example of this realistic restraint and also of the textural rhythm of polyphonic poetry.

“Listen.
With faint dry sound,
Like steps of passing ghosts,
The leaves, frost crisp't, break from the trees
And fall.”

The very movement of these lines suggests the falling of leaves. The short vowels and the soft consonants of the first two lines suggest the light soft movement of the gently falling leaves as they break from the trees. The *t* of “faint” is softened by the immediately following *d* of “dry,” and is prophetic of the movement of the following two lines. But then the harsh wind of the November night comes and drives the leaves, which move-

ment is represented by the long vowels and hard consonants of the third and fourth lines, the storm reaching a peak in the word "frost crispt." But then the wind dies down and we return to the first movement again in the last line.

We have another line which by its movement gives the dancing of candle flames;

" . . . and on the lake the wavelets flicker—flames
Of candles flickering."

The slow succession of long vowels interspersed with the two quicker shorter vowels in *flicker* captures the movement of many candles on an altar swaying and dancing, now slowly and gracefully, now leaping as if inspired by something more than a mere breeze. With a freedom from the restraint of metricism, polyphonic poetry is capable of subjecting itself more readily to the stricter restraint of textural rhythm.

In this movement, as well as any other, there have been the extremists who have refused to be bound by any rules whatever. John Donne was one in the earlier part of English literature, and Wordsworth wrote as extreme poetry as can be found. In the twentieth century movement there are writers who go to any lengths for individuality. Few have gone quite so far, however, as Gertrude Stein, who although not writing poetry is indicative of the spirit of her imitators, James Joyce, in both his poetry and his prose, and e. e. cummings. Typographical trickery is cummings' medium for achieving individuality, and it is the separation of vowels and the medial capitalization that almost destroys his truly sentimental lyricism. The descent into the absurd seems to have become a great part of the movement, forming the undertones which almost drown out the main theme.

However, if one were to prove to himself that there has been good poetry in the movement, he need only to turn to Henley's *In Memoriam; Margaritae Sorori*:

"A late lark twitters in the quiet sky;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended

Polyphonic Poetry

Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night . . .
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing;
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

and find all the lyric beauty, all the poetic restraint, all the rhythmic power of any passage in the annals of English poetry.

It is in a poem like this that we find what the movement has done for modern poetry. It has freshened the bouquet of poetic verbiage by clipping the wilted stems and giving fresh water. It has cried out against the decadence of the late Victorian artificiality and superficiality. But above all, it has given life to poetry as a department of the Fine Arts. In no time have people been writing so much truly good poetry, except perhaps in the time of Elizabeth, and in no time has there been so much discussion and controversy, which is a sure sign of life. This activity is a good sign. With metrical verse revived, with polyphonic poetry finding its scope, and with the important element both are finding in everyday life, it is not too optimistic to look forward to a genuine renaissance in poetry within a very few years.

When I Am Dead

Dear ones, when I am dead
Do not lay my lifeless head
On Satin piece.
Dear ones, when I am gone
Do not paint my pallid lips
To mock at life.
And flowers are not for Death,
But for the living.
I cannot breathe their perfume,
And their exuberant charm
Is not for Death to harm.
Dear ones, when I shall sleep
Do not fret or weep
So foolishly;
And do not keep my sight
Throughout the carefree night;
For to your laughs and talk
I cannot now reply.
Dear ones, when I am put away
I want no stone, nor urn, nor wreath,
But Nature's sweet embrace
Of rooted flowers at my feet.

JOHN HOULIHAN, '40

Social Catholicism

THOMAS SHEEHAN, '38

THE Catholic Church is often asked what it is doing for the working-man. Individual Catholics are often asked what they, as such, intend to do to relieve the distress that afflicts so many today. Such questions are being put in sincerity, because there are many people who do not know what the Church is doing; they are being put in honest expectation that a Catholic should have a practical course of action to offer, because of the social-mindedness of Christianity. A great number of former Catholics have fallen away from the Church precisely because they never learned that the Church alone has the full set of principles which are necessary to guide social reform. Let the reader mingle for himself in the crowd at any Communist meeting and see there the number of former Catholics he can meet. One of the gravest problems facing the Church today is the wholesale alienation of the working classes from Religion.

The trouble lies not in the Church—for even a cursory perusal of her teachings will reveal the remarkably social nature of Catholicism. The fault lies rather in Catholics, ecclesiastic as well as lay, for their remissness: first, in not making the social teachings of the Church a dominating part of their mental and emotional equipment; and secondly, in not carrying these vitally conceived principles into action, into both individual and group activity. A serious fault of many a Catholic is his tendency to keep religious and charitable feelings strictly within himself.

Christ's admonition to "teach all nations" is gingerly left as the work of the Hierarchy, "whose job it is."

The same mentality obtains in the matter of social reform. No Catholic disagrees with the two basic precepts: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole soul, thy whole mind, and with all thy strength," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But too common is the Catholic who is always doubting just how far these principles must go in practise. He seems afraid to give free rein to Faith for fear he could no longer contain it within himself and so would embark on a much different course of action. Still more frequently does he hedge the second precept round with strong inhibitions against any except the most conservative and colorless external manifestations of the charitable spirit in him.

As for becoming a "radical" advocate of reforms for the sake of the laboring classes, or as for going to the extent, however imperfectly, of personal social service for the very poor that the saints did,—he is afraid. The answer is not that the Catholic's Faith or his Charity is weak, but that he is too timid to let his Faith and his Charity grow strong. There is so little of the hero here. And it is so often overlooked that a saint is just a Catholic who dared to be what every Catholic should be.

The modern social Catholic movement is a concerted attempt, for the most part arising spontaneously and developing autonomously in many countries, which seeks to bring the social principles of the Church into widespread application to relieve the distress of the present-day materialistic economic civilization. The Church, of course, cannot supply detailed programs, her work is to supply the religious and philosophical principles and aids for the movement. It is the duty of Catholics, inspired by these guides and stung into action by the widespread misery and wrong all around them, to develop specific programs of action.

Social Catholicism

It is the good fortune and the glory of the modern social Catholic movement that it has had so many outstanding leaders. And it is the sorrow and the shame of the movement that the broad numbers who should comprise its active membership have not been true to their responsibilities. Despite tremendous obstacles the movement has accomplished a great deal; however, it has accomplished so very little, when one considers how much needs to be done!

Loss of the spiritual outlook, or "repudiation of the ancient religion" as Leo XIII called it, is a root cause of social distress. As men lose sight of God, they tend to become dehumanized, selfish, brutal. Therefore, the primary task facing the modern social Catholic movement was the renewal of the old Faith. No deep or lasting social reform could be effected without a change of heart. A serious problem then posed itself. Should the social Catholics preach religious principles first, or social reforms?

The workingman was abandoning the Church because he had become convinced that the Church favored his oppressors. He had come to believe, particularly because of the inaction of the Church, that Christianity contained only "opiates" such as the Beatitudes and "love thy enemy." Suffering was destined to be his lot, but he at least had a heaven to which to look forward. "He was starved, but they threw him a stone," became "but they threw him a *principle*," a thing for which he had no more powers of digestion than for a stone.

Unfortunately, the true interpretation of such Catholic notions was not known to him. "It is not likely for a man to be virtuous in poverty, if that poverty has not been voluntarily chosen by him." "The Beatitudes promise rewards for him who suffers, but they do not imply he may not seek with every legitimate resource to ameliorate his condition." "The obligations

of charity and justice bind the rich and the strong in a special way." Such are social Catholic ideas.

Because of such a state of misconception regarding the Church, the working-classes had first to be convinced of the true nature of the Church through social reforms effected through its influence. By the social Catholic movement then, social reform was given prime importance in time, not in dignity. But the workers were made to see that the inspiration of the reforms was religion; that the effectors of the reforms could not be so acting if it were not for their religious inspiration; and that religious faith and practice is the vital principle for any properly ordered social life.

Thus the double obligation of Faith and service to neighbor was expressed in the movement. But there were two further problems: first, that of spreading wide the knowledge of Catholic principles of reform; and secondly, that of putting these principles into effective operation. The first difficulty is taken care of by the study club, like those numerous groups within the English Catholic Social Guild; by various congresses, as the French *Semaines Sociales*; by the Catholic press; by the propaganda scattered from the lecture platform and in the legislative hall. If a Christianized program of social reform was to be a reality, then the profound ignorance of Catholics of the social principles of their Faith had to be combatted first.

The second feature, that of putting Christian principles into effective operation, has always proved a very difficult matter. Since Catholics are members of every social class, they can hardly be expected to see eye to eye in regard to specific courses of action. While there may be no disagreement on principles in the abstract; nevertheless, the interpretation of the facts of any case, the precise application of the principles themselves, and the remedy to be supplied are all capable of varying opinions. It is because of this inability to have unanimity in concrete in-

Social Catholicism

stances, that the social Catholic movement has not left a more definite impress. Many of its members think it should stay in the realm of theory. Then the individual Catholic, well grounded in the spirit of social-mindedness, should carry into general practice the principles of social justice. This was the idea of leavening by the infiltration of Christian ideals.

Other more impatient men were skeptical of the ability of this method to bring about the needed reforms. Seeing effective strength only in organization, they sought to have their groups apply pressure on the existent political parties. Thus members of the non-political *Volksverein* who were also in the political Center Party supported certain bills in the Reichstag, although the *Volksverein* itself was not committed to their proposals. In other instances, however, as in France where anti-clericalism and other hostile sentiments threatened the very existence of the social Catholic movement, a definitely political party like the *Action Libérale Populaire* was founded.

Despite its barbarousness in some respects, the medieval period has very much in its favor when compared with the barbarity of the *laissez-faire* period. The duty of charity, the evil of avarice, the dignity of a human being, the social responsibility of property, such were axioms of daily life. The modern social Catholic movement sought to recapture these views for modern industrial civilization. Indeed, it has been criticized as an attempt to go back to those days, when it is actually seeking to bring forward the good features which it will adapt to modern conditions, as in the new Guilds and the back-to-the-land programs.

The Reformation and the Renaissance completed the breakup of the old medieval civilization. Unfortunately, its good qualities, which flowed so inevitably out of its religious unity, were supplanted by a growing host of severely objectionable ideas. Of these the Industrial Revolution is a special ex-

ample. It is impossible to read of the conditions of work, of housing, of life itself which the working classes were forced to endure without feeling keen sympathy and resentment. But it is much more arousing to a Christian conscience to read the utterly inhuman philosophy and economic theories of the writers of the period, such as Adam Smith, Ricardo, Marx.

Conditions were so unbearable that a movement of revolt was inevitable. It was an imperative matter then that the workers be guided by Catholic ideals rather than by materialistic Socialism. Fortunately, outstanding Catholic leaders appeared on the scene. Gradually they gathered the Catholic laborers into various organizations, combatting Socialism on one hand, fighting for Christian social reforms on the other, at the same time that they sought to hold Catholics of all classes within a general program of reform. To the modern social Catholic movement, amorphous as it is in form and membership, the workers of the world, and all Catholics in general, owe a deep debt of gratitude for services rendered. But its work is far from done, and today the movement is in especial need of the good-will and active support of every single Catholic.



Ballet-Ho

LIONEL J. LANDRY, '40

I AM by no means an aesthete. Nor am I a linguist. In the bargain I am short-sighted. All this immediately disqualifies me as an enthusiast of the ballet. Yet it wouldn't be quite the truth for me to say that I actually dislike the dance, or the "dahnce" as I heard it called several times when I went to see my first ballet.

At first the thought of seeing a ballet did not appeal to me very much. However, when I saw colorful advertisements heralding the advent of a troupe of Russian dancers to town, I became slightly interested. Before long I capitulated before the posters, and the placards, and the photographs of stunningly beautiful ballerinas. (I suppose the linguists would say *ballerine*.)

The tickets for the performance were not yet on sale when I decided that I wanted to see the beautiful danseuses in action, so I had to leave a reservation. The well-rouged young lady who was in charge of the ticket-sales promised to send me a good seat in the rear of the orchestra. But when the ticket arrived, it was marked "Balcony, Row L," and it bore a few cryptic figures the meaning of which is known only to the intelligent young men who act as ushers. One thing was clear to me: I would have to sit "upstairs." Unfortunately for the well-rouged young lady, I did not know at the time just how far upstairs Row L was, or I would have bellowed at her most heartily.

When the long-awaited evening came, I reached the theater even before the doors were open. I was not the only early arrival, however, for several other early-birds had assembled on the cold November sidewalk under the blazing marquee and were shivering for all they were worth in none too substantial evening-gowns.

After a few eternities the doors were finally thrown open. Then came my habitual fumbling and searching for the elusive ticket. The pasteboard was produced at last, and I made my way toward the door marked "Balcony Entrance." Before I could reach it, I was arrested by the voice of a refined hawker who sold "beautiful souvenir-programmes of the ballet, beautifully illustrated, containing the pictures of all the stars, etc." Of course I bought one.

I went through a maze of corridors and finally emerged at the foot of the balcony. With all due respect I showed my ticket-stub to one of those demi-gods of the theater, an usher. And then, came the *gradum ad Parnassum*. I was in search of Terpsichore and had to climb high to find her. When I had finally climbed up all the stairs to row L, it would have taken a cyclone to replenish my lungs. Never had a theater balcony seemed to stretch upwards so endlessly.

I collapsed into my seat and just sat, staring at the stage, far, far below. After a while, when my breath and my pulse had returned to normal, I began thumbing through my "beautiful souvenir-program," gaudily illustrated and replete with photographs of shapely and lovely Russian girls. They all had names like Tatiana Riabouchinska, Tamara Grigorieva, and Lubov Tchernicheva, and I wondered deep down within myself if any of the Russian ballerinas might not come from Brooklyn or the Bronx.

"Poddon me," came a voice from the aisle. I had hardly enough time to gather my hat, coat, and gloves to my stomach,

Ballet-Ho

when several large matrons squeezing by settled in the seats at my side. I had to repeat this painful procedure several times before I could notice with relief that the row was filled.

At length the brilliant lights were doused and lilting strains of music arose from the orchestra pit. I was agreeably surprised when the curtain rose to find that the dancers appeared not nearly so small as I had imagined they would. They were extremely agile and youthful as they turned, twisted, twirled, stooped, leapt, leaned, crouched, and jumped with a skill which defies description.

The splendor of the *décors* and of the costumes as well as the split-second timing of the very least gestures and motions made a deep impression upon me. I had expected the ballet to be beautiful, but only in a vague, nondescript way. While it was entirely different from what I had thought it would be, I was very far from being disappointed.

The first interpretation was adapted from a fairy tale of Hans Christian Andersen. It was about a prince who turned swine-herd in order to obtain a hundred kisses from a haughty princess. That recalled to my mind all the pleasant childhood hours I had spent with old Hans, and brought to life all the phantastic characters with whom I had once been so familiar. I do not often wax sentimental, but I let myself go for once and thoroughly enjoyed myself until the number was over.

Then came the usual burst of applause, curtain calls, bows and all that goes with a good theatrical rendition. This was followed by that bane of all theater-goers' existence, a fifteen-minute intermission, when boredom reigns supreme. Looking over the program, I learned that the next number was to interpret the life and love of Francesca da Rimini, but reading the program took only a few minutes and left quite some time to kill before the next curtain.

There are times, as you know, when one can't help overhearing conversations. Well, there were three going on around me, so that I could do nothing but listen. In back of me some giggling high school girls were well-nigh breaking their jaws trying to say "Tatiana Riabouchinska." They slaughtered the poor girl's name, but they had a merry time while they were about it. Next my attention was attracted to a lady in the row in front of me, who was the sweetest thing. She agreed with everything the lady across the aisle said, cooing honeyed "Yes, isn't it?" 's, and "I think so too." 's, and "Uh-huh, that's the way I look at it." 's.

Then I chanced to see that the lady at my left (she who had almost trampled me to death) was looking covetously at my "beautiful souvenir-programme." Now, believing as I do that the age of chivalry is not past, I asked her if she and her friends would care to see the book. Whereupon she pounced upon it and said haughtily, "Oh, thank you so veddy mawch," and turning to her friends exclaimed, "Oh girls, look what I got." She returned it in due time—halfway through *Francesca da Rimini*, to be exact.

Francesca da Rimini was by far the best of the three ballets that were staged that night. I do not claim to know much about ballet or interpretative dancing, but it seemed to me that that particular number expressed emotional turmoil and passion beautifully. To say the least, it was gripping. Poor Francesca, with her devilish husband and her handsome brother-in-law! The latter was just as good-looking as the former was satanic, and it was no great wonder that she fell in love with the Robert Taylorish Paolo. Her love, her lover's duel with her husband and the tragic death of the two lovers of old Italy were movingly depicted by the Russian artists. They had to answer eleven curtain calls.

Ballet-Ho

Then came the second intermission, which somehow or other managed to go by much faster than the first. Almost before I knew it, the third and last ballet was being given. It was called *The Fantastic Toyshop* and portrayed the antics of dolls in a shop when two of them, long considered lovers, were bought by different customers. As I remember, it was quite a farce and an excellent caricature of English old maids, Russians, and American tourists. All the dolls came to life to bid farewell to the two dolls, who were about to elope rather than be separated. In the morning, the irate customers, finding that the dolls were gone, suspected the proprietor of having cheated them and were on the point of wrecking his shop when all the dolls came to life and drove off the would-be wreckers. It was quite a jolly little story, well told in the pantomime of the Russian Ballet.

The evening was over. Only the task of finding a way out remained. Of course I had to descend those abominable stairs. There chanced to be (in front of me) a gown-clad lady whose dress trailed a few inches. I never felt so much like stepping on anything as I did on her train. I don't know what suggested the idea, but I do remember that I had a very difficult time trying to restrain myself until I reached the foot of the balcony. From there I spied a comparatively uncongested exit, toward which I tried bravely to make a way and finally reached.

I am not yet a linguist. I am still short-sighted. But I am a little more of an aesthete than I was before that memorable evening when I attended my first ballet performance. Since I plan on seeing more of these exhibitions, in spite of the mental torture that fellow-theater-goers inflict upon me, who knows but some day I may not only grasp and understand the meaning of the word "aestheticism," but be a full-fledged aesthete as well?

To Mother In Her Grave

It's many years that you are dead today
And so I sadly bring these flowers to you.
They will be freshened by the morning's dew,
But then will wither in the sun's warm ray,
And like all earthly things will fade away.
Though to the outer world the summer's new,
Within my heart a winter weeps for you.
And lo! how lonesome is the long cold day.

But though you're gone from this poor vale of tears
Your memory has stayed to lead me on
To finish labors that you have begun
And so continue life through many years.
You're gone, but inspirations yet remain,
Which imitating, I'll not live in vain.

WILLIAM DENIS GEARY, '39

On Home

FRANCIS FINNEGAN, '40

IT is Christmas Eve and everywhere is peace. The snow is falling silently, slowly drifting this way and that as if it dreaded contact with a corrupted earth and the very silence of its movement seems to be melodious. As each flake reaches the ground it is crushed by a hurrying foot. It seems that these hurrying feet in their quest for beautiful gifts forget that they destroy even greater beauty. But the excitement of the season has crowded every bit of restraint and care about such things as snowflakes from the hearts of everybody.

I watch other people as they pass me and wonder what their homes are like; if there will be a tree to be decorated, children around that tree. Everyone is smiling and happy. Friends are meeting friends all around me and laughingly exchange greetings. Why, in all this friendship and happiness must I be so alone? Behind me somebody calls, "Merry Christmas." Startled, I turn, hoping against hope that that greeting will be meant for me. But no, I might have known nobody would speak to me. If only one of these many greetings, these many smiles, these many heart beats were for me! Distraught I yell at the top of my voice, "Merry Christmas to you all!" Will someone please return that greeting? People smile, several laugh knowingly at me and pass on. I am ashamed. I start away from the crowds towards the more quiet section of town.

The section through which I go is one of those which is the dividing line between the homes and the offices of business men. It is the section of homes where many families live together. Poor as these people may be, each window boasts a wreath and many a glittering tree. I stop before one of these windows and watch a mother sending her children to bed. I know, even though I can't hear, what she is saying. I start towards the door to ask if I may help to decorate the tree; but I stop. Why should I intrude? Christmas Eve is for the family and the home. The only visitor should be the Child. Christmas Eve for the family and the home!

What a sweet, resounding word is Home. I am reminded of my room—its bare walls, hard bed, dark stairs leading to it. How would it look with a tree? But no, it is too small. A sprig of holly in the window would be a mighty poor attempt to give it a homey atmosphere—but, an attempt at least.

I reach my room with the holly. On my way upstairs I am stopped by the landlady. "Merry Christmas," she says. Somewhere in the distance I hear carols and bells. I smile, and go on into my home.



On Wearing Overshoes

WALTER F. GIBBONS

YOU know, I've been thinking. This statement will perhaps, be received in most places by a rather skeptical uplift of one eyebrow (or possibly two, depending on the place). But it's the downright truth. Spurred on by a contemplation of the approach of winter, with its associate petty discomforts, such as rubbers, and hats, and, more especially, that Mephistophelean invention to tie man down to the sordid facts of life, the overshoe, I've been investigating to see just how the great men and women of the by-gone ages met this same situation in their times. Startling to say, I've found that in all history and literature, the most famous characters had such an abhorrence to that particular form of habiliment that they absolutely refused to wear it.

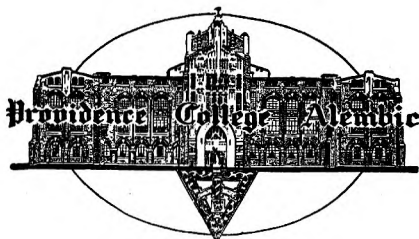
Take Elizabeth of England, for example. Not that I actually want you to take her; mine is not a malicious nature. I mean consider her for a moment. Old Bess (God bless her soul) didn't wear overshoes. For proof we submit the Walter Raleigh top-coat story. Chronologically preceding the perpetration of this deed there must have been a rainstorm of at least moderate severity, and we find Bessy without her "gaiters." Why? Because *she* wasn't going to hide *her* dainty dogs in those ugly things. Supposing she had worn them, just think of the loss to posterity. To what, then, would the gentlemen of each succeeding generation look for inspiration and encouragement, and the ladies, for

consolation and hope. They would have to drag out that Sir Philip Sidney episode, which is, at best, a rather sordid thing.

Next (as the tonsor says), let's look at Shakespeare. Did he smile on the use of overshoes? Of course not! His frown was of the blackest. Cleverly and rather subtly interwoven throughout his works, this is, perhaps, the predominating tone. Why does not Macbeth wear overshoes in the storm on the heath? Why does not Brutus wear overshoes in the storm in the Forum? In the storm at sea in the "Tempest" there may be noted a marked absence of mention of any kind of boots or overshoes. But the epitome of the Shakespearean theory is reached in "King Lear," wherein the aged gentleman weathers one of the worst storms in literature, without even a thought of his overshoes. No, gentlemen, we cannot overlook this testimony.

Keats (John, I believe) deigning to surrender any last vestigate of spirituality to the morbidly mundane feeling which always accompanies the donning of overshoes, made the supreme. In reverently whispered words, we say he gave up his life to the exposition of this theory. He died of consumption brought on by a cold contracted when he went out in moist weather without his overshoes. So with the great English scientist and experimenter, Roger Bacon. He caught a severe cold, the immediate cause of his death experimenting in a snow storm, wearing only his ordinary footwear, because he wished his brain to function properly.

And so, but for lack of time and space (and energy, you say?), we could write on interminably. But I should think that this array of material would convince anyone (excepting Mr. Hood and Co.) that great men simply do not wear overshoes.



Editor-in-Chief

JOHN H. FANNING, '38

Associate Editors

WALTER A. HUGHES, '39

WALTER F. GIBBONS, '39

ROBERT C. HEALEY, '39

WILLIAM D. GEARY, '39

NORMAN J. CARIGNAN, '39

Contributing Editors

JOHN A. GRAHAM, '38

JOSEPH V. CAVANAGH, '38

ALBERT McALOON, '38

LIONEL J. LANDRY, '40

Business Staff

JOHN J. MAHONEY, '39

RICHARD KOEHLER, '38

LEONARD MORRY, '38

VINCENT ANIELLO, '38

EDITORIAL

THE spirit of Christmas looks out once more on a brooding world and is confused. Man, occupied more with the individual material good than with the universal spiritual weal, is filled with the troubles of trying times. The spirit of Bethlehem has been lost and forgotten.

On all sides of the world war is flaring. The warm sun of Spain smiles down on an internecine conflict which has embodied all the vaunted horrors of modern warfare. Brother kills brother. The world applauds by sending ace reporters and star cameramen to cover the event for other blood-hungry brothers. The world aids and abets by spinning out a torrent of diplomatic

nothingnesses and by swaying dizzily on the problem of stopping the conflict. Thus Spain, the beautiful, the legendary, is racked and raped by her own sons.

And the yellow man imitates his white brother in destruction. Japan pushes farther and farther into the heart of China, cutting more and more of a ruinous swath across the country. With her latest modern equipment Japan possesses an immense advantage which she is wielding to the utmost. China, secure in her ageless tradition, her deep sense of antiquity and its meaning, is impotent in a modern world and is suffering for it. And again the world sits by, idly twiddling an enormous thumb, unable to agree on the salvation of a nation.

But war of steel is not the only war. Social, economic and religious wars cover many parts of the world with their darkness. In the United States we are in the midst of a social and economic war to determine the state of the nation for future generations. It is government against business in a titanic struggle which Americans breathlessly watch. On the result of this struggle will rest much of the future of America.

European states worry over their totalitarian greatness. We, however, do not worry over the fate of America. Though Hitler, Mussolini and others of their dictatorial genre must protect their power by the rigid discipline of censorship and regulation, America seems still a democracy. We squabble over small points and prate of dictatorship, but as long as an American stage can produce the Presidential buffoonery of "I'd Rather Be Right" America is safe.

The roots of our unrest are deeper. They are social and economic. Our nation has now reached a stage where assimilation has been completed and class adjustment has begun. It is here, in this struggle of class of economic power against class of social feeling that we must apply the spirit of Christmas and its logical brothers, charity and good.

The Alembic

There was once a time in the history of the world when every soul would stop reverently on the day of the Nativity. A Truce of God would suspend wars and men would at least think of the Day and its significance. Could that we ask for the same again!

More than a revival of this spirit is needed. The Christmas feeling is too played out. It is dull from constant illuse, and only from a new rebirth of Christian love can a real Christmas rise. Let the angels carol but let human hearts be filled with the joy, the pure joy, and the love that make Christmas Day not a mere calendar fixture but a signal for the rebirth and redemption of man from the toils of his self-made monsters.

OBITER DICTA

—WALTER F. GIBBONS, '38—

THE mind of youth is a peculiar thing. It dwells upon impossible subjects; it dotes upon improbabilities; it wrestles irreverently with the whole concatenation of intangible complexities which go to make up the every day of our world, things which age accepts, but which youth ferrets into and emerges victorious and satisfied, or forestalled and grudging.

Success! What? Why? When? Where? How? These are some of the monumental questions that seem to be integrally connected with it. And it is not easy to answer these questions, succinct as they appear. There is always difficulty in attaching specific connotations to general terms, especially terms denoting not a material substance, but a spiritual entity. Ask a man what, for example, an automobile is, and he will point to one, "There, that is an automobile." Ask him what success is and he is

stopped. He can, to be sure, point out a more or less successful man, but still that is not success, in and of itself.

Perhaps the readiest method of finding the meaning of any term is reference to a dictionary. But often the dictionary places a vague and sometimes even partially incorrect definition upon such general terms. Webster defines success as "the prosperous termination of any enterprise." If we test this definition we find that it is not completely true. Let us suppose a man has, as his purpose, homicide. If he attains this objective, can he be considered successful?

On the other hand we can consult popular usage. But here again we come no closer to a true definition. By vulgar usage success would seem to be the amassing of wealth, the attainment of social prominence, or worldly esteem. However, none of these things, of themselves potentially good, express the real, true meaning. There is something lacking in each of them, something which we sense rather than see.

And so we gradually come to the realization that we must formulate our own definition. This we can do only in the light of man's objectives. Before we shoot the arrow, we must know where the target is, if we expect to shoot with any degree of accuracy. Before we can decide upon our definition, we must know man's ultimate end. The true success is the attainment of that end, irrevocably and eternally.

That end is not social prominence, it is not public esteem, it is not riches. Rather is it, do we not agree, the permanent abode in the Kingdom of God. That is man's goal, that is his objective, that is his *raison d'etre*. Let his success or failure be measured in terms of it. Success is the gaining of Heaven. Failure is the loss of it. There is our definition. That is success.

Each act of our life may be termed a successful one, or unsuccessful, insofar as it brings us, or fails to bring us, closer to the ultimate. If we be rich and we use our riches for good, we

The Alembic

are not successful, but rather on the road to success. If we have influence, and wield it for the salvation of others' souls, then we have paid half our fare for the journey. The other half is the salvation of our own soul. Our greatest act may be but a bubble on the sea of eternity, but the smallest bubble displaces the entire ocean. Let us act accordingly.

And let us not judge ourselves successes until we see the benevolent All-Just swing open the Gates of Heaven. Let us not judge another a failure until we see the implacable Omniscient, perhaps a bit sorrowfully, but none the less surely, condemn him to eternal damnation. Then, then can we afford to say, "I am successful. He is a failure." But *not* until then.

BOOK REVIEWS

The poor are with us again in this novel*, but in a strikingly different manner. The French peasantry in a small provincial village become a microcosm of the world's down-trodden. Their petty problems rise about the meanness in which they were conceived to become symbolic and universal. The poor conquer by fortitude and silence, meekly inheriting the earth by waiting for the other classes to destroy themselves.

From this squalor arises a soul striving for spirituality and virtue among almost bestial indifference. A young priest, fresh from the seminary, accepts as his mission the people of his own town. He tries every means at his command to bring Christian souls nearer to Christ. He is forced to fight spiritual lethargy, meanness, and pride. He conquers by his humility and the undeniable truth of his mission.

The vicissitudes and temptations of this parish priest are neither dramatic nor spectacular, but they are quietly moving and a possible source of much worthwhile contemplation.

The Alembic

The drabness which broods over this book is relieved by the acuteness of George Bernanos' style and the intellectual and spiritual agility of the country priest who became the municipal conscience. It might easily have slipped into another chant for social justice if the author had not realized that the human soul can rise above the sordidness of existence to the beauty of a virtuous Catholic life.

The book recommends itself to any reader, but to Catholic readers especially. It has the stuff of the novel inspired by a Catholic spirit and has been written when the time was ripe for a true understanding of the clergy of the world.

**The Diary of A Country Priest.* George Bernanos. Translated from the French by Pamela Morris. Macmillan. \$2.75.

This* is the biography of a heroic life, beautifully consecrated to a crying need. It tells the life of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne and wife of George Parsons Lathrop. Sacrifice and mortification marked this life for our veneration and God's reward.

The charming literary atmosphere of the Hawthorne home and the background of Concord were not conducive to sacrifice and groveling in poverty and disease. In fact, during Rose's early years because of her personal fastidiousness and daintiness, filth held a great repugnance for her and she shrank from the touch of misery.

It was not until years after her father's death that she realized her mission of aiding impoverished cancer victims. When she had once decided, she unflinchingly carried her resolutions through to a quiet but imposing success. The years of struggling and aiding patients, refused by hospitals because of their poverty and incurability, are of the greatest interest because of their beautiful charity and fortitude.

ADVERTISEMENTS

WASHING

SIMONIZING

**Narragansett
Hotel Garage**

(Opposite Narragansett Hotel)

POLISHING

STORAGE

**PICTURES AND PICTURE
FRAMING**

Over 40 Years in the Old Arcade

**Providence
Picture Frame Co.**

61 Arcade Building
3rd Floor

**"Marble Top"
OVERCOATS**

Hallbrook trimmed and tailored

"Marble-Top" is a fine
type of fabric that per-
mits fine tailoring and
smart styling.

27.50

15 new designs and colorings in checks, plaids and sub-
dued patterns. All new winter models are included
the Bal-Raglan and English Raglans in single and double
breasted styles. Box and half belted models with set-in
shoulders.



The OUTLET Company
RHODE ISLAND'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE

VACUUM | | PACKED
AUTOCRAT

coffee

Perfect Flavor | *Always Fresh*
BROWNELL & FIELD CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

NEW STYLES

BY PEIRCE

In Sport Shoes or Street Shoes

FROM \$5.00 UP

**THOMAS F. PEIRCE
& SON**

Westminster and Dorrance Streets

Catering to College Men Since 1767

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

To prepare herself for her work, she took a course in practical nursing at New York Cancer Hospital. She later established herself in a miserable tenement to begin a work which occupied thirty years of her life. She gathered to herself gradually a few women with the same spirit of sacrifice and holy love which had inspired her. She employed all her talents, literary and nursing, to the advancement of the cause which grew from a single room in New York to the beautiful home in the country, "Rosary Hill." Shortly before the fruition of her prayerful hope she became a Dominican Sister, taking Mary Alphonsa as her name in religion.

The Catholic faith was the unifying principle of all her work. She did not contribute principally to science in the cause of cancer but to humanity by founding the "Servants of Relief of Incurable Cancer" under the patronage of St. Rose of Lima.

This marvellous life and its great inspirational possibilities have been far too long relegated to the obscurity of the archives. Katherine Burton has done a fine work in bringing this life to us in an eminently readable manner.

* *Sorrow Built A Bridge*. Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green, and Co. \$2.50.

An annoying and still pleasant jumble of anecdotes fills the covers of this book.* The arrangement and editing is distressing, but the stories themselves are a joy to behold. The first depicts the original "making" of this singular scientist, Dr. Ditmars. It tells of his childhood and his collecting all the snakes and lizards in the vicinity for his apartment zoo in New York. In a startling leap he reminisces about his first real opportunity which came when at sixteen, he obtained a position mounting butterflies for the American Museum of Natural History.

Dr. Ditmars is fearlessly familiar with brute animals and brazen in perpetrating his theories of monkeys and bear psychol-

ADVERTISEMENTS

Narraġansett Hotel

"WHERE THE GUEST
IS KING"

Select Your Gift at
**Starkweather & Williams
Inc.**

160 Westminster St.
Providence, R. I.

KODAKS—CAMERAS
PROJECTORS—SLIDE RULES

**Men! Here's how you can
solve your shirt problems. . .
select from these favorites—**

"Manhattans" White and fancy collar-attached style 2.00 to 5.00
Collar-to-match style . . . 2.50 to 3.50

"Arrows" Collar-attached and two collars to match styles. 2.00 to 2.50

"Wellingtons" Our own feature brand; woven fabrics in collar-attached and two collars to match styles 2.00

Men's Store—Street Floor

Where You *ALWAYS* Shop with
Confidence

The Oxford Press



Printers of this Book

All Classes of . . .

School Publications

Book and

Commercial Printing

Phone DEXter 5463

100 South Street
Providence, R. I.

FOR EVERYTHING IN
Sport Goods Sport Apparel

BE SURE TO VISIT

**City Hall Hardware
Company**

Washington and Snow Sts.

GAspee 2600

*Complete Lines for Schools and
Colleges*
comprising

C. P. CHEMICALS
SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS
LABORATORY SUPPLIES

George L. Clafin Co.

150 Dorrance St.
Providence, R. I.

The Alembic

ogy on the rational. He bases all his theories on his experiences in gadding about from the Florida Everglades to the jungles of Haiti—taking pictures to prove his phenomenal yarns.

This volume is just the thing for a scientist who wishes to relax and still remain in character.

**The Making of a Scientist*. Raymond Ditmars. Macmillan Co. \$2.75.

Anyone who has no axe to grind in writing on the Spanish crisis is likely to find ready readers among Americans who have tired of the volumes of propaganda emanating from either general headquarters. Sister Monica of the Brown Country Ursulines in Ohio should find a large and appreciative audience for this pleasant little book* of reminiscences for that reason.

Naturally she looks at the situation from a Catholic point of view. She cannot, however, be accused of being a reactionary or biased because of her firm faith. She sees the problem clearly, forming her judgments with charity and justice. She has a justifiable fear of the "reds", not as horrible vandals, but as misguided victims of Moscow propaganda.

On the whole, Sister Monica has given an authoritative work to the member of faith and to all who seek the truth in the matter. She has faithfully recorded her impressions and experiences during a trying time in Spanish history, and given them to us in a charming and unpretentious manner.

**And Then the Storm*. Sister M. Monica. Longman's Green and Co. \$2.50.

Sarah Teasdale's hope that her life would live after her in music is fully realized by this volume.* Truly characterized as "thinnest lawn" her poetry has strength and poetic power. It is delicate to the eye and ear, but firm to the intellect.

GO ALL ELECTRIC
ALL THE WAY

The Narragansett Electric Co.

Part of New England Power Association

If You're "Up in the Air"
YOU'LL NEED A SENSE OF DIRECTION

Applicants for flying licenses have to pass a rigid physical examination which includes a whirl in a mechanical chair. Immediately after, they stand up and walk or point in a designated direction. Those whose sense of direction is sure, succeed.

Applicants for success in life must also pass a test for direction. Those who live carelessly, aimlessly and without purpose, end nowhere. Those who chart their course early in life and steer steadily in one direction, achieve results beyond expectation.

Old Colony helps thousands of people to improve their sense of direction. It provides simple, systematic ways of saving money and acquiring homes.



OLD COLONY
CO-OPERATIVE BANK

58 WEYBOSSET ST., PROVIDENCE
WUNSOCKET - WEST WARWICK - GREYSTONE - PAWTUCKET

ARROW SHIRTS
STETSON-MALLORY
HATS

Complete lines of
Men's Furnishings
for the College Man

O'Donnell's
40 Washington St.

Costello Bros.

Providence

Pawtucket

The Alembic

A credo is not an uncommon possession among poets; Sarah Teasdale has one, too, and she is willing to share it with us. She offers us beauty as she found it and urges anyone to

“Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year’s strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have or could be.”

There is a touch of delicacy in all her poetry to disguise the profound thought content and make it mentally palatable to her reader. The strong architectural structure of thought is covered by niceties of speech.

As a posthumous collection this congregation of beautiful poems is a living monument everlastingly singing the praises of its author.

• *Collected Poems.* Sarah Teasdale. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.



ADVERTISEMENTS

Gifts for Christmas

Joseph M. Tally

505 Westminster St.

Providence, R. I.

M. J. HODNETT

Manning 8184

Elmhurst Garage

Automobile Storage

Repairing

558 Smith Street

Providence, R. I.

Petro - Nokol Oil Burners

DOMESTIC—INDUSTRIAL

FUEL OIL

Petroleum Heat and
Power Co.

32 Franklin Street

Providence, R. I.

GAspee 9166

First
National
Stores

McGLINCHEY
Hardware and Paint Co.

Locksmithing	Garden Tools
Window Glass	Mazda Lamps
Paint Supplies	Roofing Supplies
Household Supplies	Electrical Supplies

420 Smith Street

DE 5674

24 HOUR SERVICE

DEXTER 2000

Independent Taxi Owners
Association

35c TAXI

LOW RATES BY THE HOUR OR
TRIP. STAND: EXCHANGE PL.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS





**Kennedy "Tails"
That Will
"Go Places and
Do Things"**

\$40

You'll see it at school "proms" and at after Theatre Supper Clubs. You'll see it at Fraternity Hops and at dinners, in fact, wherever the fine punctilios of formal dress are observed. Carefully h a n d tailored of rich unfinished worsted (black or midnight blue) with grosgrain lapels, Kennedy Tails are flawlessly correct.

KENNEDY'S

Westminster & Dorrance



Chesterfields
for Christmas