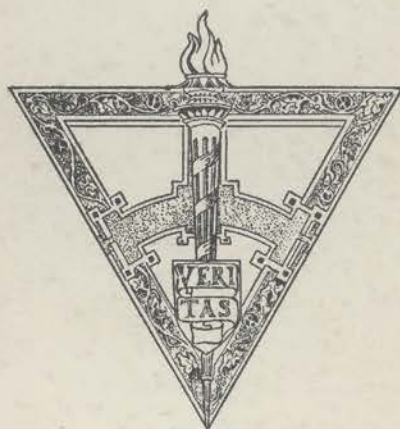


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JANUARY, 1922

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Vol. II

JANUARY, 1922

No. 4

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BIBLIODULIA

"Take care that you have not more learning in your bookcase than in your head."—Pythagoras.



HAT modern colleges produce bibliodulitists is the contention of the Edisonians. They, the Edisonians, believe that true education lies in a collection of fresh facts. It is evident to all that both facts and books are the foundations of modern civilization. But facts that are fresh in any age,—history, chivalry, romance, and all the wisdom of the ancients,—lie in books. Through them the intellect is moulded by the invisible hands of the dead. In them lie an empire of thought. Through them we have communion with the greatest intelligences of all times. Books are the abolition of mental isolation. They are not mere records, they are the living past. Books are history, they make history.

Think of the history of the Bible. A book of the Ages. A factor in the story of many races. The depository of racial inspirations. A nation's story, a sacred record of God's promises and commands. The chronicle of His association with men. Is it any wonder then that ancient Bibles were chained. There were few books of any kind. But among these few the Bible was preëminent. A sacred book! Satan realized long ago what Lytton wrote less than a hundred years past, "the pen is mightier than the sword." Might it not be that the good monks feared that his satanic Majesty would purloin these Books, and chained them to prevent this direful calamity.

The Devil, not able to steal them, wrote to counteract their influence. For it was he who mixed the philter which flowed from the pen of Nietzsche, which marked Bernhardt's pages, and through these two was purveyed to the life channels of the German people. Their evil prophets made the sword the handmaiden of the pen. The racking of the Bear is the result of "red" literature surreptitiously spread in the lower stratum of Russian society. Yes, books have dethroned Czars and Kings. Let us hope that books will be able to fill the void they have

Januarius



HENCE art thou, breathing an icy breath
As some Nymph from the snowy summit of the mount,
Thy cold white hand pale as death,
Pure as the crystal waters of the fount?

From eternity—usher'd in by an unseen hand
Tripping it lightly on the stage of time
Leading actress of the "Calendar" band—
Art thou, mistress and queen of the frigid clime.

Thou carest not whether to laughter or to tears
Thou movest thy audience all made of clay;
To Him who shall confine thee to the passing years,
For Him only dost thou so gracefully play.

Ever conscious of that critic Eye
In whose penetrating glance thou art,
Unmindful of self you come, live, die—
Would that we might so act our part!

John P. Walsh, '24

made by propagating a better social order. Books turn the tide, they are Canutes that do turn back the waves. They are the most powerful influence in the world today, they can be the most dangerous. In his "Aeropagitica," Milton wrote of books, "I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men."

The influence of books on humankind is a very broad subject. They have been productive of more good than evil, so for the nonce, I am Pollyanna.

Many years ago men who read books, books of any kind were termed "highbrows" or in strict Bostonese of the old regime, "blue stockings." They were vaguely classified as idealists and dreamers. As if reading were the *sine qua non* of dreaming. But the worm has turned. Turned indeed. It is now a book worm. It commenced its orientation with the invention of the printing press. This popularized the Bible. For, Luther to the contrary, ecclesiastical authorities did not prohibit the dissemination of the Bible. How could they. There were only a few thousand in the entire world. But now this Book can be had in any language and it is without doubt one of the most widely read of books in the world. The first among the "six best sellers." It might be said the classics have the other five.

The classics have always been "literature." True, from the fourth until the fourteenth century, they were to be found only in the monasteries. But the Renaissance changed all that. Petrarch and Boccaccio were the apostles of this revival of the classics. The Humanities were the university of the Age. Plato and Plutarch were its divinities. The former's "Republic" is still the hand book of those who would reconstruct the social order after their heart's desire. The "Lives of Eminent Greeks and Romans," by the illustrious Boeotian has always been a source of inspiration for those who strive to emulate greatness. We cannot overestimate the potent influence these two men wielded in the moulding of modern thought.

In later times Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" led men to the formation of definite social and political ideas. While Francis Bacon, derided by contemporaries, by denying existing scientific traditions opened up new vistas by which men's eyes were accommodated to the brightness of later discoveries, Isaac Newton's "Principia," discovered to the minds

of men the harmonious plan of the Universe, and Darwin's, "Origin of the Species" and "Descent of Man," have been a spur to Christian investigators and have accomplished much in their refutation.

Beside the scientific aspect there is a political one. It is well known that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, awakened a Nation's Conscience. But this is not unique in itself. There are many other such instances.

Yes, books could be written about books, and what an interesting story it would make. Think of the story of the works of the three greatest writers of all time, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, these have had an immeasurable influence in the civilization of the world. They are mines from which we may take all that we will.

Today there are being written epoch-making books. Books which we may never see. They are for posterity. And perhaps through them the future generations may understand us better in retrospect than we understand ourselves. In just this same way is the past to us. And while the fact that we can read is a proof that we hold the key to the past, it is for this reason that we write, that we hand down a key to our own age. A forgotten grave is a pathetic object. "Books do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. A good book is the precious life blood of the master's spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose for a life beyond the grave."

Then it is no mean distinction to be called a venerator of books, a slave if you will, for through them we inherit the genius of the past, and through them we become more keenly alive to the external influences of the throbbing age in which we draw breath. But do not sip of this cup, drink deeply. It was Pope who wrote:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There, shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

Paul J. Redmond, '24

THE COLOR SCHEME

IN the small hours of the morning a damp cool mist drooped itself gloomily over the Jersey shore. The ghoulish form of a large silent motor truck wended its way slowly through the streets of Hoboken, bound for the Kroser warehouse. Three men alighted and proceeded on foot as the machine stopped within a few blocks of the building.

Quickly and noiselessly the two watchmen guarding the warehouse were held up, and after being relieved of their weapons were bound and gagged. With keys taken from the watchmen the gate to the yard was opened. At a signal from one of the trio the truck approached and backed up to the loading platform. Evidently the yeggs knew the lay of the land, for they went to a certain door without hesitation. After much fumbling among the keys the proper one was selected and an entrance to the building effected.

There was no confusion as to what the visitors wanted. A bin was filled with kegs marked "dyestuffs." The crooks fell to with an energy that might better have been used in some more laudable enterprise, and the contents of the bin were soon loaded on the truck. Their next move was to carry the helpless watchmen inside and ironically deposit them in the empty bin. The truck was driven into the street and the door and gate locked again.

The machine proceeded four blocks ahead, where, turning to the left, it continued for two more. Then it turned up a narrow alley and drew in by the side of a large house. The dye was brought into this house and the work of disguising it began.

At six-thirty in the morning of the day following the robbery Joseph Slavin alias "Soapy" Smith emerged from a house in Duggan's Alley. With jaunty step he proceeded to his work at the Kroser warehouse. "Soapy" was a character of the New York underworld. It was he who had engineered the warehouse robbery, but in order to accomplish it he had to know exactly where the dye was and several other minor details. These he had learned by working in the plant. Work, to one-

of "Soapy's" ilk is not agreeable, and he meant to quit that very day. By ten o'clock he was discharged for insolence, and he strolled back to the alley in a self-congratulatory mood. A paper which he bought told in glaring headlines of the bandits' work, and added to Mr. Smith's merriment by saying that arrests were momentarily expected.

Simon Spillane, head of the detective agency bearing his name, sat in his New York office thoughtfully chewing an unlighted La Bonita. A copy of the *Morning Mercury* lay on his desk, silently setting forth the news of the warehouse break. The office boy entered, announcing Mr. Humphrey, president of the Kroser Warehouse Co.

That gentleman when ushered in immediately gave the Spillane Agency full charge of an investigation. However, when his cursing of the robbers, deriding of the police, and wailings against fate were sifted down it appeared that he had no clues to offer the sleuth other than the meager details given in the newspapers. However, he gave the information that practically all of the dye was red and that its value exceeded seventy-five thousand dollars. A personal investigation of the scene of the robbery left the official still in the dark.

Returning to his office, the chief summoned Turner, one of his operatives, and assigned him to the case. Turner, taking with him one of the young men who was being broken into the art of mystery delving, instructed him to remain in the vicinity of the warehouse on the alert for possible clues. Dan Palmer was the young man selected.

Sauntering along a few blocks from the Kroser Warehouse in Hoboken the following day Palmer blinked his eyes and looked again. Yes, undoubtedly there before him stood a Portuguese poodle, but unlike that variety of the canine species, half of the animal was of a crimson hue. A large part of the stolen dye was red!

Veiling his excitement behind the smoke of a "Lucky" he trailed the pup, which, after proceeding for a few blocks, turned to the left. When Palmer rounded the corner the poodle had disappeared. He walked on, and soon saw the dog prancing around in an alley. An urchin industriously baking pies on the curb stone volunteered the information that the present color scheme of the animal had become apparent only that morning. He also pointed out the house where the poodle belonged.

Feeling himself the most important being on this planet, Dan Palmer beat the pavement about the storage plant for an hour. At the end

of that time he met Turner, to whom he confided all that he had seen and heard. Turner praised his alertness, but advised him not to place too much faith in the clue. It was hardly likely that skilled yeggs, such as the warehouse robbers had shown themselves to be, would allow such a clue to exist. However, Turner betook himself back to New York to consult Spillane.

Four hours later he returned and informed the anxious Dan that Jason, another operative, would watch the house and keep tabs on its occupants. It was all that could be done for the present. Other developments must be awaited.

The following day Jason decided that Palmer's discovery was of no mean significance. During the day various men whom he recognized as dangerous characters of the underworld, came out of the suspected house, apparently to get the air or purchase smokes. Since the arms of the law were still in the dark concerning the whereabouts of the dye, nothing could be done for the present. In the afternoon four days later a messenger boy delivered a telegram at the alley house. Jason communicated with his chief immediately and eleven more operatives arrived at dusk. Several of these were placed surrounding the house, while others concealed themselves about the entrance to the alley.

Until midnight nothing happened. Shortly after that hour a large, open truck went up the alley and in by the side of the suspected house. More than an hour later it came out, heavily laden and covered with canvas. As the truck turned into the street the detectives, giving a signal to the men about the house, boarded it. The three men, who formed the crew of the truck, were taken so completely by surprise that they offered no resistance and drove to police headquarters at Jason's command.

The four men whom the detectives captured in their raid on the house submitted meekly, and the whole septet at police headquarters showed great unconcern. Each one yawned insultingly while being questioned. Nothing was learned, but Spillane, when he arrived, believed them guilty and decided their attitude was due to the fact that they thought themselves innocent and their scheme impossible of detection. Much to his consternation, however, the truck contained a load of full cotton yarn warps consigned to a Canadian mill.

At Turner's suggestion the yarn was removed from one of the warps. Evidently it was genuine. There was nothing suspicious about

the iron heads and the axis was apparently a log of wood about a foot in diameter.

It was the diameter of the axis that attracted Dan Palmer's attention. For four years previous to his present employment he had worked in cotton mills. During that time he had never seen a warp that had an axis greater than five or six inches. He mentioned this fact to Spillane, who ordered the prisoners taken into another room. A monkey wrench was then secured and Palmer took off the heads of the warp. His face lighted up with pride, for inside the axis of the warp was a compartment filled with some of the stolen dye. An examination of the warps on the truck brought the rest of the booty to light. Being caught with the goods the crooks could do nothing to defend themselves, and their conviction was secured with ease.

When Mr. Humphrey, the warehouse owner, learned of Palmer's cunning and ingenuity he presented him with a handsome bonus. The chief of police warmly complimented him. The papers praised him. But it was Spillane's tribute that brought the keenest happiness to Palmer—he was placed on the agency's regular force, and his future in his chosen field looked good to Dan.

John J. Sullivan, '25

Tomorrow



AND Tomorrow. What's Tomorrow?

But another like Today,

With commingled joy and sorrow.

One more step along the way.

Francis L. Dwyer, '24

Sailing Home

I AM sailing today for my own native land,
With a heart that is joyful and free,
For the struggle is ended and peace is at hand
In old Ireland, the gem of God's sea.

Seven centuries past my kinsmen have fought,
Have been banished, imprisoned and killed,
But not for an instant was cherished the thought
To perform what the false ruler willed.

I was still but a lad when I felt the desire
To assist in the heart-breaking fight,
So I joined with the boys to enkindle the fire
Which would bring to our country her right.

I was soon on the run with a few of the men
And believe me, 'twas no joyful flight,
For we traveled all day over mountain and glen
And the earth was our bed for the night.

But the enemy caught us and soon we were told
To depart from the land of our birth,
So we started away like the heroes of old
To roam o'er the face of the earth.

Oh! how fondly I gazed on that dear little isle
As I sailed for the land in the West.
Though my eyes held no tears and my face bore a smile,
My heart was like lead in my breast.

I came to this land and 'twas here that I stayed,
For I thought I was soon to go back,
And whenever I could, I worked and I prayed
To deliver our isle from the rack.

The years slowly passed and my hopes seemed to fade
As the conflict continued to rage,
But they've ceased from the murder, a treaty they've made
And for Ireland has dawned a new age.

So I'm sailing again to my old Irish home
Where freedom once more will hold sway.
God grant I may stay there and never more roam
Until death calls me softly away.

—*Earl J. Hanley, '24*

THE PRECIOUS JEWEL



AND he who wears this jewel is rich forever."

The story is told. There is a deep silence. All the while Monsignor was speaking I noticed how weighted with sincerity was his every word. I knew he was an authority. I could not doubt him.

"But, Monsignor," my curiosity was aroused, "is it possible, say, for an ordinary man to find that jewel?"

"My son, it is within your reach, if you have but the heart of perseverance and the soul of faith."

"Then it must be a tedious search, Monsignor. Is anything else necessary on setting out?" Being proud by nature I flattered myself with possessing the above mentioned conditions.

"Yes, son, an ardent longing to possess the precious jewel."

That longing I had a thousand per cent. Anything in the line of jewelry tinkled pleasure to my heart. But this a precious jewel that made its wearer rich forever! Whether king or miser possessed it, I must search until I find it.

It is a grey morning in early April. The lazy sun slowly creeps up the sky, sipping as it does the dew-drops from the new buds. The fresh breath of spring sweeps across my cheek, as I hurry to catch the train. My search begins. Wherever jewels abound I go. The "ardent longing, the heart of perseverance, and the soul of faith," urging me onwards.

Through a slow dragging year I travel, ever inquiring, ever searching. To the royal palaces of kings and princes I have gone. But in vain is my search. To one high king, from whose person glittered dangling jewels, I came. "Surely, thought I, this monarch wears the jewel that makes him rich forever. Approaching timidly I addressed him:

"Sire, do you possess the jewel that makes you rich forever?"

Looking on me with an expression of sadness the regal one answered:

"Friend, most valuable jewels have I, but they are of a day. None do I possess that makes me rich forever."

Sorrowful, but persevering I continued the search. Into the gilded halls of society and among the luxurious mortals of the earth I entered. There wealth in the brilliancy of its earthly lustre confronted me. But the sad dimness of it all assured me that in such a place my search was vain. The blasé members seemed to say in one voice:

“Sorry, friend, but the jewel you seek we hold not.”

At this point I was about to despair. For I had travelled the realms of gold “with a persevering heart and a soul of faith,” but with no success. Now at last I was beginning to doubt the sincerity and authority of the Monsignor. But at the moment of abandoning my search, the words of the poet struck me:

“Thus doth the ever-changing course of things
Run a perpetual cycle, ever turning,
And that same day, that highest glory brings,
Brings us into the point of back-returning.”

It was a cool evening in late August. Dejected I was plodding along a lone country road. I had been walking all day and was now weary. I longed for rest. Suddenly I felt a cold weakness coming upon me. My knees gave way, and unconscious by the wayside I fell.

I know not how long I lay there, but on awakening the dark outline of a stooping figure leaned over me.

“What’s the matter, boy, all in?” There was something about the voice that gave me confidence. I looked up into the face. It was the face of an old grey-haired man. But a peaceful, smiling face was his.

“Yes, dad, I’m all in.’ Like a fool I’ve travelled the world, inquiring and searching through the golden palaces of kings and princes, seeking if I might not find a precious jewel, that makes its wearer rich forever.” The old man smiled. Happiness beamed on his venerable countenance.

“My boy, some one has been telling you a fairy tale. You’re weak with hunger. Come along to my palace. Perhaps——”

“Why—do you possess jewels?”

“Sure. Seventeen of ’em. And one, as you say, a precious one.”

Now I could account for the happiness of the old man. I, too, felt happy. For at last having sought in vain among kings and princes, I

had found the possessor of the precious jewel, in the person of a poor old man.

We enter his palace, the neat home of a working man.

"See here, my boy, are three of my jewels, Michael, Joseph and Mary. A dozen of them are shining somewhere in the world, and two I gave to God."

Then, turning to his wife, who was smiling the same sweet smile as he:

"Here is my precious jewel."

Truly, thought I, this grand old man possesses something that I found neither in the palaces of kings, nor in the gilded halls of society. He is happy. His smiling countenance is a jewel in itself, set in its silver setting. Ah, at last I had found it—beaming on the countenance of an old man—the jewel that makes the wearer rich forever—happiness.

John P. Walsh, '24

Sunshine



WAS a lone ray of sunshine that entered the room,
And it kissed a soft rose-bud and caused it to bloom,
No one saw it blossom, no one saw it die,
Yet it left a sweet fragrance that came from on high.

And thus it is ever when kind deeds we do;
With love and with kindness sad hearts we renew.
And our lives like the rose that is faded from sight,
Leave a perfume of beauty that still gives delight,

—*Mortimer W. Newton, '24*

POE, POET OF SONGS AND SORROWS



FOR many years the city of Boston was the center of American literature. There, the majority of the writers made their homes and thither flocked the writers of importance on this side of the water. And in this city in 1809 was born one who was to create a new type of literature which was most interesting and entertaining. This man was Edgar Allan Poe.

Edgar was the son of David and Elizabeth Arnold Poe—the one an actor and the other an actress. The family lived in Boston several years, after which in the course of their profession they removed to Richmond, Virginia. They did not prosper, however, and David Poe soon died. His widow survived him but a short time.

Edgar was then adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan, a wealthy couple of Richmond, and he lived as their child for many years. At the age of six he went with his adopted parents to England, where he attended school for several years. Returning to America, he went to a classical school for some years, and in 1826 he matriculated at the University of Virginia. At the end of his first year he returned home with high honors. He had, however, incurred some large gambling debts in college, and for this reason Mr. Allan refused to send him back. He was given a clerical position in his foster-father's office but, this life proving too irksome for him, he left home and went to Boston. There he published a volume of poems which met with no success.

Next he enlisted in the army. His record there was very good, and shortly afterward, through the influence of friends, he was admitted into West Point. The rigid discipline at the military academy was entirely unsuited to one of his nervous temperament, and as he was not permitted to resign, he disobeyed the regulations until he was court-martialed and discharged.

The remainder of his life was a constant struggle with poverty. At various times he published stories and poems, none of which brought him

much money. In 1836 he married a cousin of his, a child scarcely fourteen years of age. During her lifetime he loved her from the depths of his tender heart. A year after their marriage she fell into an illness from which she never recovered. She lingered on for ten years and then passed away amidst abject poverty at their home in Fordham, N. Y. Her death was the occasion of his writing the poem, "Annabel Lee." This poem did not appear in print until after his own death, at which time it immediately took rank among his best works. After the death of his wife, Poe continued the same hand-to-mouth existence. He belongs to that type of eccentric genius whose true ability and worth are not appreciated by his own contemporaries. He wrote many more works of great value, but received scant financial recompense for them. He died in Baltimore in 1849 at the age of forty.

Both as a prose writer and as a poet, Poe exhibited marked genius. His tales of mystery were practically the first of their particular kind ever published, and all stories of this type which have appeared in later years were inspired by Poe's tales. Very few of these later stories have ever approached the original tales of Poe, and even today, almost a century after they were written, they are widely read for their literary merit.

This type of plot was original with Poe, and that he was a master, no one can deny. Anyone reading these stories will admire the forceful and precise language in which they are written. At the same time, it would not be advisable to peruse them just before taking a lonely walk at night, or one would be apt to hear the beating of tell-tale hearts, or to see one-eyed black cats flitting around in the darkness.

While Poe's prose is rather gruesome reading, his poetry is more pleasant, although there is a melancholy vein running through them all. In his "Annabel Lee," which was a requiem for his dead wife, he tells us that:

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;—
And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

In "The Bells," Poe has bequeathed to us a song in words, a wondrous musical poem, whose metrical cadence could not be surpassed. Listen, as he tells us of—

the bells—silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Perhaps the greatest and most widely read of all Poe's works is "The Raven." It was this poem which made Poe famous immediately upon its appearance. It has a strange weird fascination, which, together with its steady rhythmic meter, accounts for its popularity:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

As we read the life and works of Poe, there is stirred up in our own hearts a combination of mixed emotions—feelings of admiration, pity and wonder. We cannot help but admire the genius of the man and the fruits of it which he bestowed upon the world. But at the same time we experience a throb of pity that the life of such a man should be but a series of consecutive sorrows. And we wonder—wonder that the man whose works have brought pleasure to so many, could not have brought sunshine into his own life.

Thomas P. Donnelly, '24

"I THOUGHT SO, BUT"



HO is the most exasperating pest of your acquaintance? I do not ask this question to further my knowledge of your affairs, but just imagine what treasures you are piling up in the "hereafter" if you bear with him patiently! Of what ilk is he? One of Liberty's Sammy's who was in the Argonne and Belleau Woods and never tired of reminding you that he was the only member of his division to return unscathed. I wonder if he is one of those penniless individuals who always manages to gape over your shoulder and utters grunts of approval as he reads of his favorite team's success. Perhaps he is one of those good listeners who always manage to say "Do tell," or "Oh, dear," or "Would you ever?" to everything you say? If he is an "I told you so," you have my sympathy.

While working in a large department store some time ago, a pest of this type almost caused a tragedy, or a comedy, as you will have it. He was a confirmed pest, that's why I think Mr. Pest would be most appropriate in this—whatever you might call it. Even the messenger boys would "speed up" when in sight of him.

It was Christmas eve, the busiest day of the year. Clerks were called to help relieve the congestion in the aisles. Shoppers were streaming steadily into the store to escape the biting winds outside. The snow, rain, sleet and winds were playing havoc with the lighting system.

I was being ordered to an early supper, and while I was taking a few instructions of the floor-walker, the lights went out! Chaos resulted. It was another Babel! The masses were babbling, giggling, cursing, stamping, squeezing and pushing as if the lives of thousands depended on their getting nowhere.

Three of the clerks, including myself, were ushered to the basement to render any necessary assistance to the electricians.

They had just begun to examine the dynamo, when Mr. Pest entered, saying, "You know I thought something like that would happen, but——," and on he went. You see his thoughts were aired so often

that we were not always generous enough to give him our attention.

The head electrician, a certain "Red" O'Brien, had been laboring all fore noon and this being one of his off days he was in a very ill humor. Apparently he had not found the trouble, and the impatient interrogations of the managers had anything but a balmy effect on him.

After peering about the turbine with the aid of a search-light, he asked for the pliers, and feverishly began to tug with a bolt.

"I was thinking that you——"

"Listen," interrupted the fuming "Red," as he faced Pest, "I'm glad to know that you can think, but if you don't take yourself from here you will no longer have the power to think."

While saying this he searched for the light, knocking it to the floor and breaking the glass. Pest used his "thinking" all to advantage and beat a hasty retreat. He soon retraced his steps, however, when the voice of the manager was heard.

Having been furnished with another light the examining of the dynamo was continued. With an oath the irate O'Brien forcefully told us that one of the armature wires had snapped. This would necessitate the taking apart of the armature. The fiery "Red" immediately stepped on a chair to reach other tools. The voice of Pest caused him to turn abruptly, and with open mouth and blazing eyes he heard:

"You know, Mr. John, I heard odd rumblings in the dynamo lately and I thought that it might be one of the wires that was causing the trouble, but——"

"Look out," warned Mr. John, one of the assistants, as he saw a wrench being levelled at the Pest. The crumbling chair threw the enraged electrician off his balance and he fell, his head striking the cement floor. From the contented smile on his visage he must have had visions of Pest burning at the stake with hot coals in his mouth. He had heard for the last time "I thought so, but——"

Patrick J. Hammill, '25

The Iconoclast of Imagery



HE sacred disc in slow decline,
While snow birds sing a sweet compline
And crystalline melodies in icy trees
Are wakened by a vagrant breeze.
White incense clouds attend its wake
And linger after,—a pall to make
And so it is a wintry mass
To you,
To me the lingering sun has set at last.

He comes, Captain of a golden boat,
About Him wrapt a snowy cloak.
He moors the ship to disembark
And claims His own your humble heart.
Your soul to Him in sweet consent
Is joined. You rest content.
And so it is no sacrifice
To you,
And I, my lips have kissed a bleeding Christ.

—Paul J. Redmond, '24

Home



HERE is a road in every town
That wearied feet know well;
A path unsung to world renown
Yet winding home, where loved ones dwell.

Oh home, most sacred hallowed spot,
Oh fount, from whence sweet mem'ries flow;
The mansion great, the tiny cot
Its own familiar footsteps know.

Safe harbor, where no hidden shoal
Nor angry dashing billows roll;
Our journey's end, our earthly goal
Sweet haven of the storm-tossed soul.

What matters whether wood or stone
Affords a hearth to those who roam—
Oh! rather is it love alone
That rears aloft the roof of home.

—Harold F. Boyd, '24

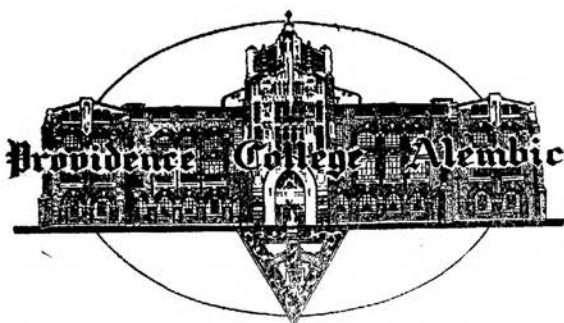
The Alban Flake



MYRIAD flakes in soft descent
Weave in silence a virgin spread.
Its burning whiteness, heaven-lent,
Warms a bosom, naked, bled.

A sea of forms, silent, bent,
Await alone the Alban Flake.
It comes a Healer, heaven-sent,
Myriad, One, for mankind's sake.

—Francis S. McAvoy, '24



Vol. II

JANUARY, 1922

No. 4

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**COLLEGE
SPIRIT**

Without launching into any deep or philosophical discussion concerning the year which had its birth two weeks ago, let us extend our greetings and ask that this year be a year of action instead of talk; a period of coöperation from every student for the development of the *Alembic* to that degree which is our goal—the apogee of perfection.

This can be accomplished only in one way.

Every department must receive in greater measure the support given in the past. We have no trouble which causes us to bemoan the lack of a remedy. We could be perfectly content without work as it is at present, but we are not, for the simple reason that we believe that there

lies before us greater fields to explore; greater areas to conquer, and we want the active coöperation of every student before we leave the port of the present for the harbor of the future.

Literary material especially is necessary. Unless we have sufficient contributions to choose from it will be necessary to publish many not of the standard we desire to maintain, and the result will be criticism, not the encouraging, constructive kind, but the type difficult to combat.

This year, like all other years, will reward those who promote college activities, but they must realize that promotion is two-thirds motion, and that actions speak louder than words today, just as they did when Nero watched the volunteer fire companies respond to the four-alarm blaze of the Roman Empire, and Columbus set sail to discover a land where he could fill his spice chests.

J. A. F.

NEW YEAR "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their clan." So exclaimed some ancient philosopher or chieftain. He must have been thinking of the New Year.

Old Father Time has cut down another year with his scythe of days, weeks and months. The new year is just springing into blossom, and with it the inevitable "made-to-be-broken" resolutions. The old year has gone to rest. Let it rest. Forget what happened. Think of what is happening now. Let by-gones be by-gones. Remember only the pleasant things. Let each New Year be an improvement on the one passed. Let this new year be the acme of all you ever expect to have. Don't bewail the failures of yesterday. Let the failures of yesterday be the successes of today. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their clan."

G. E. R.

THE IRISH FREE STATE Many sound arguments, both pro and con, are given forth in regard to the Irish Free State. On each side of the house are learned men. Men whose patriotism and love for Ireland cannot be questioned. But precisely because of their earnestness and sincerity, it would be lamentable should their contentions concerning trivial points again cloud the dawning of Ireland's freedom. With the Irish Free State established the Irish patriots have won a great victory. So great indeed that it surpasses even the dreams of their predecessors. It is not,

of course, what Sinn Fein demanded, but it is freedom sufficient to satisfy the present demands of the majority of the Irish people. By accepting it they do not abandon their ideal of freedom. They are accepting, as Collins justly said, a means by which to realize their ideal—an absolutely free Ireland.

ARMS CONFERENCE

It is a peculiar fact, and worthy of notice that at the Washington conference even as at Versailles, the spirit of British diplomacy has ruled. It is also a deplorable fact, because from experience we know that such a spirit has never produced international peace. By permitting it so to rule, the various nations interested defeat the purpose for which they convened. Through the controlling influence of this spirit the Washington Conference has brought forth not the expected child of peace, but a curious hybrid, undisputed heir to the old balance of power.

Then we wonder why France objected. "Our" press saturated with that same un-American spirit, (excepting the Hearst papers), by flaring headlines endeavored to throw France into the spotlight of unpopular feeling. But France has proved herself to be frank indeed. She saw that if self-preservation was the first law for England, America, and Japan, why not for France. Britain, of course still mistress of the seas, could not see it. Because France demanded as a means of national protection, the submarine. Yet, while Britain is apparently shocked at such a demand, she herself is tenaciously clutching the more deadly weapon, the power of blockading the seas. When will the American people wake up? Our minds are in a constant stupor from drinking the undiluted narcotic of the press.

Did America also detect the prevalence of that baneful spirit of British diplomacy, she might not be bound, as she is, to protect against external aggression the islands of the Pacific, including Japan. Is it not another Article X? The same pill in a sugar coating. And now America has swallowed it. Who shall gainsay the skill of Doctors Mikado and George? Our American statesmen have been defeated at their own door. And this defeat we shall not fully realize until we see a contingent of American boys sailing for the frontier of Russia. *J. P. W.*

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

ANOTHER year. Not a new one. There is nothing new. There is nothing old. It is the present. Past mistakes after all are passed. They are history. We read history, but we do not get excited when we learn that because it rained one morning, Sir Walter Raleigh built a plum plush bridge, somewhere in Albion. And Marc Antony's after-dinner speech over the bier is no longer as touching as it was with original corpse. They are completed actions. They cannot be revoked. As for the future, Delphi went up in smoke long before the late disagreement in Europe.

* * *

Catholic apologists idealize the Middle Ages from afar. It is the old story of enchanting vistas for astigmatic eyes. Mark Twain has passed away, so they are safe, although "The Connecticut Yankee" did enjoy himself. But I am afraid that if Mark spirited the apologists back he would not be so lenient as to touch up the picture. They would have realism, undiluted realism. They would find strong faith, for strong faith was needed. They would also find an archaic brand of morality, sometimes none. They would find good and bad. We have that today. But we have it with madzas and bath tubs.

* * *

Now it is Votes for We Men (pronounced wemen). If women can or may do a man's work, men should be permitted to enter the women's field of endeavor, to-wit, dishes, dusting, descendants. But it is peculiar that the suggestion should come from outside the Freudian barrier. In "the New Republic" for Wednesday, December 14th, Florence Guy Woolston has a really fine article, "Albertism." Read it.

* * *

In the January issue of the *Yale Review* there are two very good articles by leading Catholic laymen. One concerning *Vers libre* by

Theodore Maynard, English poet, professor of English at the Dominican College of San Rafael, California. The other by Hillaire Belloc. Did you read, "The Bird of Jesus," by Padraic Colum? It appeared in the same issue of "The New Republic," as "Albertism," an article mentioned above.

* * *

Jazz is our Black Plague done over in Pale Pink. Sliding down a path done in a D. W. Griffith primrose effect. She drags after her the Child of the Age, esconced on a plush saddled hobby-horse. He enjoys the ride, or says he does. Which is quite a different thing but producing the same result. Jazz is the hierophantess of license, she can produce many tricks from her reticule. Dances, eviscerated politics, saturnine literature, and a delightful milieu of Bolsheviki and weaklings afflicted with amativeness. Oh, for a guillotine. *The Walrus*

College

HE comes proudly, with graceful strut
 Turkey-like, the world is eyeing him;
 Around his head a halo gleams.
 To his light, the sun is dim.

A youth in syncopated pants
 A fort of jazz he might besiege
 With upturned collar, crushed hat
 And such that makes him just College.

Dont Dodge, '26

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The institution of an annual lecture course was made by the Debating Society of Providence College. The first lecture was given Friday, January 13th, by the Very Rev. William Noon, O.P., S.T.M., President of the College. The subject was "Dante the Poet." Father Noon's familiarity with Italian literature well qualified him to interpret the beauties of the Poet's greatest work, The "Divine Comedy."

The remaining lectures are as follows: Dennis McCarthy—"Poetry letin, and the author of "High Romance"—"Adventures in Journalism." Tom Daly—"The Laughing Muse." Father Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain of the Fighting 69th, will also lecture.

The lectures will extend through February and March. Dates will be announced later. Tickets for the course are five dollars.

January 27th, the Debating Society holds its initial debate at the Churchill House, meeting the Boston College team.

March 5th, they oppose the Holy Cross team at Worcester.

The team for the Boston College debate is: Charles J. Ashworth, Justin McCarthy, Robert E. Curran, and James Higgins, alternate.

* * *

A successful concert, with George Jordan, violinist, *Glee Club* was given December 16th, in the gymnasium.

The Glee Club will sing at all the lectures and debates.

At the solemnization of the feast of St. Raymond at St. Raymond's January 29th, the Glee Club will render the program. Asperges, Prayer of Mass, Kyrie and Credo in Gregorian; Gloria, Sanctus, Agnus Dei from Mass in honor of St. Cecilia by Giognam. Offertory "Ave Verum" in E flat by Saint-Saëns. Recessional Hymn, Holy, Holy, by Montani. At the invitation of the Rev. B. F. Logan, O. P., P. G., the Officers of the Mass will be: Celebrant, the Very Rev. President; Deacon, Rev. F. A. Level, O. P.; Subdeacon, Rev. D. M. Galliher, O. P. Rev. L. C. McCarthy will preach the sermon.

Preparations are under way for the Spring Concert, with Harry Crompton of New York, pianist.

Orchestra A club has been formed by members of the Orchestra and at the next meeting an election of officers will take place. The personnel of the Orchestra is: Violins, Arthur A. Addeo (Leader), James Colgan, Francis Burns, Francis Hannon, Joseph McHugh, and Edward Bolton; Piano, John McKenna and Albert Callahan; Cornets, Wilfred Roberts and Francis Irace; Drums, Joseph McGee, Gilbert E. Robinson and Edward Quinn; Trombone, Raymond Roberts and Joseph Castronovo; Saxophone, Robert Brooks.

* * *

Dramatic Society It has been decided by the members of the dramatic Society to hold fortnightly meetings. Preparations are being made for the production of "Richelieu." The date of presentation will be announced later.

* * *

Dec. 31, 1921

Communications St. Bernard's Seminary,
Rochester, N. Y.
To Mr. Alembic:

The Three Philosophers from the East, send forth their hearty greetings in wishing you a most prosperous New Year.

We thank you also for the instruction and entertainment that you have afforded. Your articles are fine; you show great spirit in athletics, the Chronicles are remembrances of what was; they carry us in spirit in the present day happenings, and prophesy the future before the curtain is raised.

May God hear our prayers for your success Mr. Alembic, and for those "laborers in the field" who zealously feed you and nurse you.

May God's guiding hand be ever over you.

Wishing each and every member of the staff a most Happy and Prosperous New Year.

"THE HAPPY EXILES"

Condolences The Alembic Staff joins with the Student Body in offering their heartfelt sympathy to the Rev. D. M. Galliher, O. P., Dean of the College, in the loss of his mother.

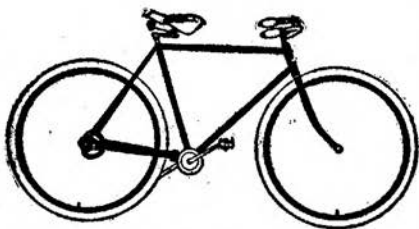
Harsity

PERCY put your collar up,
And we'll go to tea.
Drink it from a china cup
At the Bide-a-Wee.

Perk put your golf pants on
And we'll go a round.
On the links? O mercy no.
Just around the town.

P and I are just college, (French pronunciation)
We varse and everythin'
And do we flunk in any class?
Oh College, we never did get in.

Trixi Chevrolet, '99



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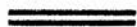
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