

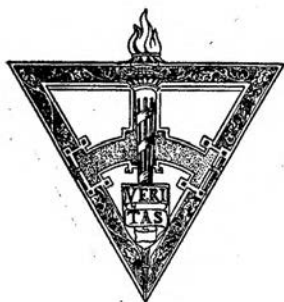
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 2

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 2



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VOL II.

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 2

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The Wreck

HER once proud bow that cleft the foam,
Is deep in the humble sands,
Her lusty skipper and crew will roam,
No more to distant lands;
No more will her stretching canvas fill
With a soft and gentle wind,
No more her mast
In the storm king's blast
Will blend. No longer will
The mad waves seethe behind.

Her glory's past
She's driven fast
On a bar just off the shore
She'll rotting stand
In the shifting sand.
A Landmark,—nothing more!

Francis L. Dwyer '24

UNEMPLOYMENT



ORTUNE smiles upon the fools. So the French say. Perhaps fate does smile upon the fools of France, but it surely is not favorable to the American fools. We may, perforce, inquire who these American fools are? Generally speaking, they are the daily toilers; specifically, they are those members of the working class who are now unwillingly idle. Ambition leads but to the grave. However, only time can tell where the false ambition of the war period will lead.

Some years ago, here and there among men, a few foreseeing minds observed that the rate of industrial production would outrun the supply demanded and that there would be a depression in employment. As a result of this insight they suggested some plans for municipalities and manufactories. They advocated the postponement of all work that was not urgently needed, so that employment could be given when it would be specially desired and received with gratitude. Nevertheless, like many other wise and common-sense opinions, their view was received with indignant and sorrowful lamentations, and labelled with the epithet, Socialism.

To quote: "Very much water has run past the mill since that day." We are no longer sure that letting things alone is the best way out of distress. Nor that rulers should sit with their hands in their laps when hunger and nakedness spread through the classes, who are willing to work but cannot get the opportunity. At this time the President of the United States and the governors and mayors of the cities and states are united in their plans to find work for the unemployed. Also, if we look abroad, we find this to be the pressing question of politics throughout Europe and Asia. Russia is considering the problem; the Baltic states are troubled; the Armenians are fearing hunger; and in England Lloyd George is puzzled.

In America conditions are bad enough, but just how bad it is hard to say. We hear that the number of unemployed has diminished because

of the resumption, on a grand scale, of mining, manufacturing, and transportation. On the other hand, we are told that large numbers of normally idle persons have gathered from the dusty highways. They are, so we are told, clustered in the centres of population, where charity is accessible. When all deductions have been made, however, it is evident that more people are honestly searching for work than in many years past. Hence all agencies, governmental, industrial, and benevolent must bestir themselves, if the suffering is not to become dangerously acute. Undoubtedly, much of our trouble is the result of the war, which certainly reversed all ordinary conditions. The period of high wages brought about modes of living and spending with which the working people find it hard to part. What made it worse was the fact that all apparent gains were only partially real. Prices of all commodities went up as fast as wages, and even faster, so that in reality the buying power of money decreased. Thus there was lack of a standard value.

Another, and perhaps the greatest cause, is overproduction. The manufacture of woolen goods and of clothing made from them has been in a state of suspense, resulting in the maintenance of high prices and in the idleness of thousands. So overproduction in many lines has caused suspension and idleness. When times were good the workers actually made slaves of themselves. They did more than one person's work each for a meagre advance in salary. In fact, since the war the average worker has produced work that rightfully should have taken the greater part of the next ten years, and now behold, what his reward is! We seem to be a generation of fault-finders, never allowing anything undesirable to be put over on us. Still, the modern workman is viewing his own destruction. Labor saving, automatic machines are being introduced and are reducing employment. Time was when the use of a machine required great attention, but not so now, with all the new devices. There is no longer the need for the muscular strength and vocational experience for which earlier machinery called. A boy in his teens, with a boy's quickness of observation, is what meets the situation much better.

As a result of this overwork we are experiencing the present unemployment crisis. The over-production of the past few years is making itself felt. The folly of the workers is at last plain to them. If some of the work that was squirmed through in recent years were now available, it would greatly relieve the general distress. To add to the congestion in

the labor world many ex-soldiers are roving about the country in search of work. During the war these men left their employment to fight. Then their fellow men doubled up on the work and accomplished two men's tasks instead of one.

Moreover, American-made articles are not receiving fair opportunities. Two-thirds of the small commodities of life in this country at the present are foreign made. Alien goods are imported and undersell our native products. Some years ago the workers coined the phrase: "Patronize home industry." Today that wise slogan is sleeping its last sleep. The lack of consistency is surely a terrible evil.

Now, and alas! too late, the laborers see their folly and feel its effects. They clamored for war, achieved their wish, and must, in the end, suffer the terrible consequences. They lived in superfluity for three years, but this year their offering to the god of plenty may be an empty

Justin P. McCarthy '24

Impero

IN lonely castle bounded all with stone,
Its dark recesses hung with precious cloth,
The Suzerain of all, there dwells alone;
And kings and nations tremble at His wroth
Yet, humbly, at my beck He ventures forth.
All clad in white, borne on a golden steed,
And leaning down, He bears my soul aloft.
The clay remains, and for a little speed
I am alone with Him, Who is my every need.

Paul J. Redmond '24

THE FIELD GOAL

A SQUAD of seventy-five men had been reporting to Coach Mulhal for a week. The lameness seemed to be a forgotten epidemic by now, and every man was showing enthusiasm. The one purpose of every player was to make a place on the varsity squad, and the rivalry was said to be the hottest in the history of the college. The coach in speaking of these candidates said to a friend, "Not a man has been absent from a single practice. The alertness of the aspirants is worthy of praise, and the only possible way to pick my team is scrimmage."

Scrimmage did come late in the second week, and when Coach Mulhal lined up two teams, the smiles on those men almost betrayed the fact that a football game is work and brain power.

"Who's going to make the tackle? Every man down under the ball. Get him before he gets started. Spill the defense!" were the opening commands of the men on team B.

Every player had some remark to pass at the initial kick-off, and each fighter lived up to the advice he gave his fellow-warriors.

"Signals," called the pilot of team A.

"Lots of pep, now," called a halfback on team B.

"Watch the ball. Get on side there. Play out further on the end," were the terse commands of the coach.

The ball was snapped, and the first opportunity of the season for stars to gleam was in evidence.

"Fine work, Murry, only stay closer to your interference. What's the matter with you, guards? Break in there; you're not playing bean-bag. Get in and fight!" Such were the roars of the coach.

Now Murry was the man to whom every one was looking with great expectation. He was a husky sophomore, having just finished his twentieth year of busy life, when his father died suddenly. For a time a dark sky overhung the future of his education. This fact was met with regret, both by the athletes and professors.

"Murry is a good student, a genial fellow, and a first rate athlete," remarked one of his professors.

In high school he had won fame on the diamond and track, but particularly on the gridiron. When it came to football, Al Murry was the leader every time, and a better quarter-back never called the signals in the inter-scholastic league. His reputation was not diminished any after he received first honors on commencement day at high school. He carried his honors right into the university and started off by winning a scholarship that was the envy of every student whose head was not already worthy of repose in a cemetery.

So it was that a great howl of rejoicing emanated from the mouth of Captain Hoyt, when Al Murry reported for practice in his junior year. A few explanations were needed to set the curious at ease, and when Captain Hoyt sent forth that shout, people in the neighborhood who knew nothing of football remarked, "Some one of the college chaps must have made the first home run of the season."

I said before that Coach Mulhal was lost at sea when it came to choosing his team, but of two positions he was sure: Hoyt, right end, and Murry, quarter-back.

Out of the three others who announced their intentions of trying for quarter, only one seemed even possible for a good sub, and his brain power and rapid thinking apparatus was an old rusty model when Al Murry was on hand to call the signals.

Fawson was the type of man who barely passed his way through school, and never would have entered college were athletics discontinued. His main object in life was playing for the spectators, getting in the limelight, and attaining fame by foul means if fair ones could not suffice.

When the third week of practice opened, Coach Mulhal and Captain Hoyt received a severe blow. Al Murry came down on the field, but was not in togs. The smile that made every one his friend was gone, and a gloom took possession of a face that was usually decked with a joy-producing aspect. When Coach Mulhal looked at him inquisitively Al Murry, the giant football man, the man who had faced team after team with the courage of a gladiator, the man who had been knocked senseless time and again in a game but refused to leave the field, the man who never met the demon of fear, filled up and all but burst into tears when he said, "Things at home, coach, call for money, and no

dad means a little work for me. I was offered a job that won't interfere with my studies, but I guess I'll have to give up the gridiron."

The sacrifice seemed almost too much, but Al Murry was the man who could make a sacrifice, and when he left his amazed coach and captain that afternoon, they learned a lesson from his grit and respect for duty.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows no man good," and Fawson produced a radiant countenance when he received the job as chief pilot on the varsity squad. "I always wanted the job," he told a companion, "but I never expected I'd get it that way. I was wishing he'd get hurt or quit school, but now it looks as if I beat him for the position, and he got sore and left the team." From that day on he indulged excessively in cigarettes, and morning after morning he appeared in class with eyes swollen for want of sleep.

The big game of the season was approaching, and a look of care and worry was on the faces of both coach and captain. A team was developed that could face any squad, and a supply of scrubs was on hand that would do credit to any college as a first string set. There was but one flaw in the machine, and Fawson's attitude was the bad spot. Time and again the coach had been on the verge of dropping him, but as bad as he was in character, he had a shade of ability over the other quarter-backs. Experience was in his favor, and he outweighed his nearest rival by twenty pounds.

Thursday afternoon the group of athletes assembled for secret practice. The scrubs used the plays of Buxin College, their rival, and finally losing all patience because of back talk and laziness, Mulhal drove Fawson off the field.

Barney Winsor took his place at the helm. This youth of eighteen years showed great promise for future years, but inexperience and lack of weight handicapped him.

"Do your best, and let the backs take the ball. Try a forward with Hoyt, and we'll give them a good run for victory." Such was the advice that Mulhal was giving Winsor, when he was interrupted by the shouts of the whole squad. The gate-keeper had just granted admittance to Al Murry, who was running toward the players grouped together on the field.

"Just thought I'd drop in and watch the final workout," was the way he excused his presence.

"It's as good as a touchdown to see him," remarked the center.

"Where's Fawson?" asked Murry, when the team lined up against the scrubs for the final work-out before the big game.

"His days are finished with this team," said Mulhal. "I stood all I could from him, and I just threw him off the field."

"But Barney's pretty light."

"He may be light, but I can talk to him and accomplish more than I could with Fawson."

Al Murry was mentioned before as being on the verge of a good cry, but this time tears actually rolled down his cheeks. "Of all the games of the season," he sighed. "If Fawson was beaten up it would do him a world of good." Then suddenly he spoke, and his voice seemed to plead. "Say, Coach, I may be out of wind and a little soft, but will you give me a chance to play Saturday? I remember the signals all right."

If Al Mulhal had been given the gate receipts of that game he could not have rejoiced more. He grasped Al Murry's hand and jumped around enough to lose his customary dignity. Three cheers were yelled by the group of players, and, as one remarked, if a Buxin played had heard them, he would go home and advise his fellow men to forfeit the game. After a run through signals, and "once around the track," Al Murry retired with the rest of the team, a little peeved at his successor, who had proved unworthy of his trust.

Saturday came and the home grounds were filled to capacity. Pen-nants were seen flying in both cheering sections, and enough chill was in the air to keep the crowd merry. The heavy Buxin team had arrived in town the night before, and after a good night's sleep, came out to clean up a royal victory. They ran through signals and practice punts for a while. Then the backs showed their skill in drop kicking.

The referee's whistle was blown, and the teams lined up. Captain Hoyt won the toss and chose the south goal, with the wind at his back. The usual shouts were heard from the stands when the ball was sent high in the air down the field.

No sooner was the ball kicked than Mulhal received a tap on the shoulder. Turning around he received the surprise of his life. There stood Fawson, not the sneering, insolent Fawson he had argued with for the past few weeks, but Hughie Fawson, a football player, ready to listen to his coach and obey.

"I suppose I'm late to make amends, but if there's any way I can prove how mean I've felt for the last two nights, I'll go the limit," he said in an appealing manner.

"It's all right, Hughie," were Mulhal's opening words. "The game is on and Murry is first class in there, but get into togs. I may need you before the end of the game. Al's been working all his spare time lately, and this game is sure to tire him."

No more words were needed. Fawson dashed off to the club house. About the middle of the second quarter he appeared on the bench, dressed and ready to tackle the hardest man Buxin could put on the field.

It was a great game for those two quarters. Time after time each team was forced to punt. Fine forwards were intercepted, and when the home team retired to the club house at the end of the first half, neither side had scored.

"How's Murry?" was Mulhal's first question.

"He's playing at his usual clip," was Hoyt's answer. "Breaking up every play and running back punts with his usual skill."

When Coach Mulhal approached Al, he found him breathing hard, but from the smile on his face he knew Al was the same Al, never down, and never out.

The third quarter was a repetition of the two previous ones, but when the ball was set in play for the fourth quarter, every person within the field was on his feet. A shoestring play was successfully carried out. Al Murray took the ball through a broken field for forty yards. This left the ball on Buxin's forty-five yard line, but Murray was out of the game. The tackle, though clean, was a hard one, and when Al Murray gained his senses he was found to be suffering from a broken arm.

"Fawson for Murry," said another rugged player to the referee.

How Fawson had gotten into the game, no man on the team knew, and when Murry was hurt they lost all prospects of victory. Though they knew that Fawson had apologized to Coach Mulhal, they had their doubts whether or not he would allow him to play. It seemed to refresh each man, for they all knew Barney Winsor was too light.

"Snap in there and get this fellow too. Watch your end plays. Keep an eye on Hoyt for a forward. Play low and break it up." Such were the Buxin commands.

But they didn't get Fawson, for he scooped around left end for ten

yards and placed the ball on the thirty-five-yard line. A plunge at the center of the line gained only one yard, and Fawson's next command was "Drop-kick formation."

"Hold their line," was the command of two or three.

The ball was snapped, and Fawson sent it high over the bar. The shouts that came from the home cheering section lasted for some time. Fawson had scored the only points in the game—a field goal from the thirty-four-yard line.

When the time keeper announced the end of the period, hearts were light, and no enmity existed between Fawson and his fellow stars. Every one cheered him, and the players carried him around on their shoulders.

Al Murry showed up later with one hand in a sling. When he congratulated Fawson he was impressed by his remark.

"I'll never again be afraid to give in when I'm wrong, Al. That field goal taught me a lesson."

Hughie Fawson couldn't prove himself a white man until football gave him a chance, but when his chance came he proved it to the world and Buxin.

Charles A. Gibbons '24

Ex Morte Vita



HOUGH artists blend their most alluring tints
And ply their brush with all their latent skill,
Their efforts will create but feeble hints
Of what my eyes behold on yonder hill.
There nature lies in peace; its beauty still,
Breathes forth in splendor, and it seems
As if in death it feels the tender thrill
A chastened soul must know when heavenly beams
Reveal to it the Source whence all good streams.

J. A. Mulcahy '24

TREASURE FOR THE TAKING



HERE is hardly any factor of self-development that possesses as great a value, yet experiences so serious a neglect by students, as the reading of English literature. The informative branches of study have stolen in upon us and usurped our almost undivided attention. English as a study has been relegated to the secondary class and come to be held as one requiring the minimum of attention. Science in many instances comprises the sole object of scholarly endeavor. Languages are pursued with avidity. These branches of education unquestionably play a worthy part in self-development; but the balance has shifted too far in their favor. The invaluable advantages derived from reading are being forfeited.

The restriction of reading leads to a dearth of ideas. Its cultivation brings us into intimate contact with other and greater minds. Such an external influence prompts new research on our own part. One idea leads to another, until we find ourselves in a new and higher intellectual field. We marvel at our progress. This broadening power has the happy effect of drawing us out of the pit of limited ideas and arousing us to a realization that our mental activity has become stunted. In the course of this transition we shall necessarily meet with writers whose ideas are directly opposed to our own. They may pall upon us by their inaccuracy and arouse our condemnation by their bigotry. Yet they have the beneficial effect of clarifying our own opinions. There is often one jewel of thought that can be segregated from the whole.

While experiencing this progress, we are unconsciously imbibing pure and forceful English phraseology. This consideration gives way in place of importance to the acquisition of ideas. Yet there are times, indeed many times, when we desire to express an opinion, and it is then that this mystical fund of diction comes to our aid. Its injection passes unnoticed. Its beginning is like the coming of a fog. But now and then the power to put our thought in a happy and telling phrase leaps forth with such lucid richness as even to surprise ourselves. To the immature

writer, the possession of this fund even in a small measure, is a source of gratification. It is the saving balm which lessens that inaptitude for conveying our impressions to others.

Finally, the reading of literature brings us a feeling of worthy power. The sense of timidity gradually fades, and we become conscious of a self-reliance that is invigorating. Our thoughts govern our actions and our words. It is the elevating intellectual principle that distinguishes man from beast. It's cultivation then should be foremost in our endeavors. We can do no better than to turn to reading of English authors. It empowers us to think for ourselves and to cultivate that invaluable asset, the ability to form and adequately express our own ideas.

Philip C. Shehan '25

November

ACROSS the hills with step serene
November comes, a fairy queen;
And from her pale uplifted hand
With glittering jewels she decks the land.

And myriad elves in leafy form
Assembled by Aeolian storm,
A carpet brown and olive green
Unroll before the nearing queen.

J. P. Walsh '24

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

YOU read *The Cult of Progress*. Perhaps you read it twice. You saw just how ardently Chestertonian the author was in his article. In this era of monkey glands and free speech (presumably left-overs of another age) we sympathized with his attempt to speak. And now, in the interest of fair play, we are glad that he has succeeded—in speaking. It was delightfully thrilling to see *The Outline of History* waved aside. And the young author outhumbled Mr. Wells in acknowledging his own veracious position on the mootest of sciences, history. As his Antithetic Highness would say, "On the whole it was maturely immature."

* * *

Some time in that Golden Century, somewhere in Europe, was a beautiful city. And in this city dwelt Joan, Godfrey, Angelo, Dante, Bacon (without the chorus of dissent), Shakespeare, *et al.* So we are led to believe by this enumeration taken from Mr. Keleher's *Who's Who in the Middle Ages*. In retrospect every age has its great heroes. As yet there is no Heroes' Union. In fact there never will be. They cannot get a quorum of live members. An English Historian (probably pseudo) is responsible for the statement that to the very young student "all the Ancients lived at the same time."

* * *

The author admits that this age surpasses the middle ages in the esthetic arts. Our success in the utilitarian arts he scorns as a scarlet letter on the breasts of Progress. "Science received its fundamental principle, experiment, from Roger Bacon." In this panegyric of the learned monk he sums up the liberal arts. What is left he claims as our inheritance from the Middle Ages. Primordially speaking he is wrong. Father Adam drew pictures in the sand. Noah was a Zoologist of the first water. Archimedes did not go in for aesthetic dancing, yet he

risked the terrors of pneumonia "to tell the world." As he gratuitously admits, the Romans were notorious as lawyers. He flays modern democracies as models (imitations of the real thing). In this he is not unique, It is being done this season. We have practically run out of monarchies in all sizes and colors. And in spite of "What is Wrong with the World," we are headed willy-nilly to the sheerest of the absolutely most eloquent thing of Mr. Tinker's unromantic last four things. The Consummation.

* * *

The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries which I myself have read, is interesting if true. As proof for the statements in the article, it is in keeping with the article. But surely Dr. Walsh is not responsible for the statement that the Crucifixion was the result of Roman Materialism. That He sought perfection, He the author of all perfection. Is this prosaic license? As for Dr. Walsh's book "May I not say" that all that glitters is not read.

* * *

Every age has its Caryatides. They gaze stonily at their feet. They are eloquently silent in their scorn of what is there. They peer unmoved towards heaven. "We hold that up." They look towards the horizon of the past and lovingly murmur, "They were the good old days."

The Walrus



PAINTING PONSDALE RED



YOU don't think I can do it? Well, to make things interesting, I'll wager you a dinner at Delmonico's." "I'll take you up on that, and you can have until Nov. 24th to try. That is one month from Saturday. On that day at two o'clock I'll meet you at the College entrance and you can then proceed to pay me."

"Don't be so cocksure of yourself," retorted the first speaker with a friendly thump on the back of his companion. "There are more things possible than we ever dream."

The foregoing conversation took place at the palatial home of Jim Cronin. He was entertaining a friend, Joe Cullen, and had been relating to him a few episodes of college days. Jim was a graduate of Harnell, a college with a student body of about fifteen hundred. It was situated in a small town which claimed the name of Ponsdale, a forty-five minute run from New York. Since graduating five years previous Jim had maintained a lively interest in his Alma Mater. Never did an occasion for service arise that he turned a deaf ear to her need. He was unhesitating and generous in aiding, but reticent to receive praise for his deeds.

His grandfather's foresight had removed all Jim's pecuniary difficulties. Many years back he purchased a score of acres of pasturage on Manhattan Island. Whether or not he had planted granite blocks in place of corn seeds Jim was never able to learn. But when Jim's father came along enough to handle the first Cronin's real estate, it was neither barns nor orchards he beheld, but leviathians of office buildings. So Jim had come into a fortunate world. The family's palatial brown-stone front had housed many notable events.

Moreover Jim was a football man. The spiraling spheroid and the shrill whistle thrilled his athletic blood. Not satisfied with supporting Harnell's football endeavors, each succeeding year found him running down to the college two or three afternoons a week. He helped whip the material into a presentable machine, concentrating his main attention

on the tackles, which position he had successfully held down in his own day. Dear old Crimson, as he was wont to call the college which defended this color on its battlefield, must have a corner in the spotlight.

Joe Cullen had not the good fortune to be numbered among Harnell's sons. His part it was to make the fight, now successfully terminated, without a college education. But with interest he had always listened to Jim's graphic account of youthful pranks and activities. Occasionally, a friendly argument would terminate the evening's cigar. Joe would always fire his last gun with a thrust at "that little hick-town down on the farms." Jim's wrath would then be prodded, and he would wax loquacious in defense. Thus had one of their evening's ended in the aforesaid wager.

That evening after Joe had taken leave, Jim sat long in the enclosing folds of a big morris chair.

"How can I manage it so that Ponsdale will literally paint itself red?" he pondered.

Through the clouds of blue Havana, plan upon plan passed through his mind. Finally his mode of attack was extricated from a chaos of thoughts, after which he sought rest for his weary brain.

"Good morning, Miss Howells. Yes, I am somewhat of a stranger, at least to your shop, if not to the town. I've been down every other day during the past few weeks. You know our college team plays its heavy end of the schedule from now on. Been doing a bit of coaching."

Jim addressed these remarks to a former college acquaintance. Miss Howells had finished her business course at Harnell, and living in Ponsdale, decided to open a millinery establishment. She had always thought well of Jim Cronin and was delighted to see him again. They talked over college days and incidents until Jim finally brought the conversation, around to the approaching big game of the season, Harnell vs. Brownard.

"Yes, I've been looking forward to that game for weeks past," declared Miss Howells. "It gives one an opportunity to renew old friendships."

"It certainly pleases me to hear such words, Miss Howell. It shows true loyalty to our Alma Mater," replied Jim.

Before taking his departure Jim had hit upon a plan whereby Miss Howells could assist greatly for the Brownard game.

Jim betook himself to the store of Si Hazenberry. As head of the

selectmen and high moguls around town, Si had weighty influence in municipal affairs. Friendly greetings having been finished, Jim got down to business.

"You remember that fire we had out at the College that memorable Thanksgiving evening, Si?" asked Jim.

"I'll never forget it," replied Hazenberry, shaking his grey head. "One of the stubbornest affairs we ever faced. That was the night we lost Sam Hart."

"Well do I know it," said Jim with a look of sadness flashing over his face. "It was while attempting to reach my room where someone thought I was sleeping. Well, I've arranged to make a presentation to your fire crew as a little act of gratitude."

Si was indeed pleased with the remarks of the younger man.

"There's to be a meeting of the selectmen Tuesday evening. I'll see if I can't get the members to aid the college celebration on the night of the Brownard game," promised the fire chief.

With profuse thanks Jim left the shop and rolled along the thoroughfare with happy heart.

The next few weeks found Jim as busy as the proverbial bee. Two or three visits each week to Ponsdale, either to further his plans or coach the team was his routine. The few days preceding the Brownard game Ponsdale resembled a camp in a new gold belt. The broad highway leading from the college and the few principal streets of the town were lined with poles. Like a network, wire was stretched from pole to pole. With a glowing harvest moon riding supreme in the heavens, the little town sought slumber after a noisy evening. Tomorrow was to be the day of days. The focus of the country's eye was to be on that little town.

The morrow broke clear and crisp. Ponsdale opened its sleepy eyes to a revelation. Every new post had a coat of bright crimson and myriads of red streamers and pennants flapped in the morning breeze. Jim was early on the scene and could not conceal the astonishment which played across his face as his car rolled along on its way to the College.

Two o'clock found the stadium fast engulfing the crowd. About two-thirty Joe Cullen drove up to the college entrance to be greeted by the smiling face of Jim.

"Have you decided what you want to eat?" asked Jim with a sparkle in his eyes.

"I'm from Missouri," replied Joe. "You've got to do some tall showing to convince me that I'm the one to spend the money."

"Well, let us see the game first," advised Jim.

The interior of the stadium presented a remarkable view to Joe Cul-len's eyes. A divided mass of crimson and purple.

Was it a victory for Harnell? The maddened, surging crowd that swept through the gates answered that. The long parade, pedestrians with their waving crimson, the bedecked cars, began to wind its way to town. As it struck the outskirts of Ponsdale a myriad of red lights sprang to life. Every shop window was like a blast furnace with crimson hue. Even the fire department drawn up outside headquarters with new red uniforms, came in for a share of the spectators praise.

Some time later, away from the noise and cheering of the college crowd, as the roadster was eating up the miles to Broadway, Jim let the whole story flow into his chum's ear.

"The whole town and college just seemed to play into my hands, Joe," he said in mirthful glee. "My visit to Miss Howells was responsible for the window decorations. My old friend Si Halenberry, through the medium of his political power, had the selectmen vote a fund to erect the lights on the thoroughfares. The Alpha Pi crew, after I had addressed the student body last week, made that stadium look like a pot of red paint. Not to be left out in the cold, the youngsters around town undertook to decorate the street lights, while the rest of the inhabitants were buried in sleep last night."

"But did you see the firemen?" roared Joe.

"Yes; that was the only thing I had to do myself," Jim replied. "They resembled a crowd of proud cocks."

Slipping one hand from the steering wheel, Joe proceeded to jab it at his friend, accompanying it with the confession:

"You certainly did literally paint Ponsdale red, Jim. If old Kid Jealousy is down there tonight his eyes are not green, but red."

John Cheney '24

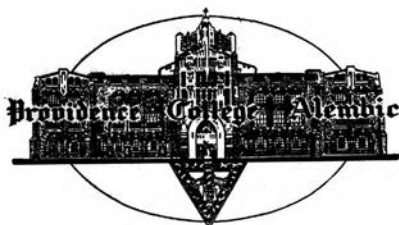
The Tide of Life

ON the bank of a river was seated one day
An old man, and close to his side,
Was a child who had paused from his laughing and play,
To gaze at the stream as it hurried away
To the sea with the flow of the tide.

What see you, my child, in the stream, as it flows
To the ocean so dark and deep?
Are you watching how swift, yet how silent it goes?
Thus hast'ing our lives, till they sink in repose,
And are lost in a measureless sleep.

Thus watching its course from the bank of the stream
They mused, as they sat side by side:
Each read different tales in the river's blight gleam:
One borne with the flow of a glorious dream,
And one drifting out with the tide.

John O'Neil '24



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No. 2

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**FOCH THE
GREAT**

Marshal Foch, who made such a hasty visit to this city some few days ago, is the type of man the college student can single out in his desire to find an example of the old adage that "greatness is marked by simplicity." He will travel far to find an individual who better fits this description.

Calm, courageous, prepared to solve the most perplexing problems and always confident that his solution would be the right one, he lacked, we are told, the pomp which characterized those in even the minor military circles. He was humble but great, long before the world recognized

these qualities in him. He was direct. The elaborateness which surrounded one of such a high degree meant nothing to him. He found such ceremonies tangling threads which slowed progress, so he abolished them. It is said that he amazed those familiar with military etiquette by the simple manner in which he would arrive at the front, his papers under his arm, and without an aide-de-camp. All his interest centered on the manoeuvres of the army. No consideration was given to his arrival, even when he was highest officer of the entire allied forces. He trod the calm, simple path of the ordinary soldier, and when fame came he accepted it humbly. He did not substitute more glittering ideals for his substantial and proved assets. Even today, in his violation of the reception programmes we see this simplicity and desire to avoid as much as possible the elaborate ceremony which characterizes the American welcome. This simple, humble manner fits perfectly with his other known qualities. It is perhaps derived from his piety, of which we hear so much. He has learned from experience the power of prayer and meditation.

The world pays tribute to this combination as the secret of his strategy, and it does well. It is the finest type of strategy. Foch realized man's inability to succeed without God, so he prayed that with His help he might succeed. Foch won. There is no power greater than God. The humble man who is not unduly moved by pomp and ceremony, and knows the value of prayer, is a simple creature, but great. And Foch is great. A very great man. A great example for men who desire to be greater men.

ARMISTICE AND ARMAMENT

There was a solemnity to the Armistice Day just past which causes us to stop and compare it to the event of three years ago. Then there was great joy, everybody celebrated except the "gold star" mothers. They wept. They knew better than anyone else in the world, the sacrifices that were the price of joy so evident in every quarter of the world.

Two years ago they wept also, and with them were many others to whom the seriousness of the occasion appealed. At that time, however, the joy of the first day was repeated, but it was noticed that much of the boisterousness had given place to patriotic dignity.

This year the observance—it could not be called a celebration—was quite different from either that of 1919 or 1920. The world

seemed to get its first realization of what these "gold star" mothers knew three years ago. It was a day of joy only in so much as it commemorated a victory. It was a day of tribute that carried with it a reverence seldom so universally expressed. Hereafter, that November 11 may be the memorial day for the heroes of the world conflict just as May 30 is the memorial day for the heroes of our past wars, and that the conference of world powers now assembled at Washington may be so guided by the Almighty that no other such memorial day may be needed—is the ardent prayer and earnest hope of every right-thinking man.

**THIS
MEANS
YOU**

Unity of spirit, the Very Reverend President recently declared, is essential for a progressive Providence College. Unity of spirit means coöperation and participation in every collegiate activity. This is not theory. It is fact. Its truth is best illustrated in the accomplishments of the football team.

Desire to participate in the games of the season just ended brought to light much material which, when properly developed, will prove of exceptional value. Coöperation had two more important effects. One was the entrance into the realm of college football by our eleven, and the consequent recognition by press and colleges. The other was marked success which the team achieved on the gridiron. Unity of spirit is responsible for all that has been achieved, just as unity of spirit will bring victories for the basketball team, glory to the dramatic society, and decisions favoring our debating society. Support every project that Providence College launches. If it so happens that you are unable to join in the activity it is quite improbable that you cannot give it your support. Preach Providence College wherever you go. Unite for its success, for it is also *your* success.

Joseph A. Fogarty '23

"Shall We Forget"

(Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1921)

S HALL we forget the price they paid
That freedom might unshackled be;
Shall passing years the memories fade
Of those who sleep beyond the sea?

Their work is o'er and now they rest
Where once they fought the pressing foe;
They gave their all, we gave our best,
The price of victory here below.

Then let us e'er their memories hold
A truly great and solemn trust;
And may our prayers for them be told
Though foreign fields entomb their dust.

Harold F. Boyd '24

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Junior Class Activities A Hallowe'en entertainment was given under the auspices of the Junior Class. The President, Fr. Noon, O. P., attended and was greatly pleased with the enthusiasm of the student body, as evidenced by the large number present. The Committee, consisting of representatives of the three classes, was as follows: Juniors—George Donnelly, Charles Ashworth, and Joe O'Gara; Sophomores—Frank McCabe, Peter O'Brien and Harold Boyd; Freshmen—Hugh Hall, William Byrnes and James Lynch.

Sophomore Class The main activities of the Sophomore Class consist in keeping the Freshmen active. A committee has been appointed to frame a new set of punishments to be administered to erring Freshmen. The Sophomore Student Council, which meets on Thursday at 2:10, will bestow these on all Freshmen who receive a written invitation to attend.

Freshman Class The sincere sympathy of the entire class is extended to Mr. Dougherty, who lately suffered the loss of his father. Also to Mr. Brooks, whose mother recently passed away.

Intermural The Sophomore football team defeated the Freshman team Oct. 31 at Davis Park. McCabe, Sophomore Class President, had the extreme pleasure of scoring the winning touchdown for his class. Both classes are to be congratulated on the showing made.

K. of C. Club At the meeting held Nov. 8, officers for the coming year were nominated. The membership drive opens this week, and every Order man in the school is expected to apply for membership.

Orchestra Good news for all lovers of music! A college orchestra has been organized, and promises to be a real credit to the college as well as a source of much pleasure. Mr. Addio was elected leader. A full list of the members will appear in the next *Alembic*. We wish it great success!

Dramatics Thanksgiving week will see the first theatrical performance of the scholastic year. Judging from the enthusiasm of the casts (three one-act plays will make up the program) this constellation of thespians will make us all sit up and enjoy ourselves.

ATHLETICS

The football season has ended at Providence College. Some of our fans are disappointed in the fact that our victories were few. But we earnestly believe that every loyal supporter of Providence College has a feeling of deepest gratitude toward each individual member of the squad for the work he has done in placing our college before the eyes of the public.

A very short time ago there were a great many people, even within the limits of the city of Providence, who had not yet heard of Providence College. It is true that baseball lessened this number to a great extent, and for this we are greatly indebted to the members of the baseball squad. But how much more essential is football to the growth of a college institution. At the present time, there are comparatively few people throughout the whole of New England and many other parts of the country who are unaware of the existence of our college. And this fact comes as the result of the efforts of our football squad.

Providence College burst upon the football world in a manner that was gratifying. It did not expect victory, although each player fought for it as though fighting for his life. We do not wish to offer this as an alibi for our defeats, for the main object of the squad was not to subdue all other teams, but to demonstrate to other colleges that we are going to take a place on the gridiron of major football. In a very few years we are going to put forth an eleven which shall be mentioned in the same breath with those of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Boston College, Holy Cross, and the like. And although we admit that in the past we would have hesitated to meet certain colleges on the gridiron, let it be remembered that the squad of next season will accept the challenge of any college in the country.

Especial credit is due Captain Joe McGee. There are few to be found anywhere whose abilities in the backfield surpass his. He was in the limelight every minute of every game. Without his rare judgment the team would have been lost at critical moments. Following are a few more stars of the season: C. Eagan and Frannie Kempf, quarter; Graham, G. Eagan, and DeLucca, half-backs; Cassidy and Nolan, full-backs; Tierney, center; Beagan and Redmond, guards; Dwyer and Hagan, tackles; and F. McGee, Kelliher, Crawford and D'Angelo, ends.

M. I. T., 6; PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 0

On October 15, the squad journeyed once again to Boston and met with a 6-0 defeat at the hands of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Victory should have been ours, but in this game only did the team lack punch at the critical moments. Once in the first quarter and again in the third our eleven was in a position to score, but failed to gain through the heavier line of the opponents.

M. I. T. did not score, however, until the third period, when a fumble was recovered and the ball rushed for two first downs. Ferguson carried the ball through centre for the touchdown.

In the second period, neither team threatened to score, although P. C. succeeded in completing several long forwards. The period was marred with fumbles on the part of M. I. T. backs. Just before the half ended, Joe McGee attempted a drop kick but failed.

Lehan, Ferguson and Taylor starred for the visitors, while Nolan, McGee and Graham did fine work for the losers.

The lineup:

M. I. T.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

Trask, r. e.	l. e., Crawford
Streffel, r. t.	l. t., Hagan
Levi, r. g.	l. g., Redmond
Wild, c.	c., Tierney
Shipley, l. g.	r. g., Beagan
Coleman, l. t.	r. t., Dwyer
Davidson, l. e.	r. e., Keleher
Possiel, q. b.	q. b., C. Egan
Tyron, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Graham
Taylor, l. h. b.	r. h. b., McGee
Ferguson, f. b.	f. b., Nolan

Substitutions: M. I. T.—Lehan for Possiel, Possiel for Taylor, Taylor for Lehan. Providence College—Ryan for Hagan, Quinn for Egan, Egan for Quinn, D'Angelo for Kelliher, Cassidy for Nolan, L. Graham for Tierney, G. Egan for H. Graham, Delucca for G. Egan, Hagan for Ryan, McKenna for Hagan, Higgins for Redmond. Time—Four 12-minute periods.

LA SALLE ACADEMY, 17; PROV. COLLEGE 2nd, 12

In a game characterized by spectacular runs by both sides, La Salle Academy defeated the Providence College seconds by a score of 17-12 at Hope Field.

D'Angelo was in the spotlight for the college team, scoring both touchdowns after recovering fumbles made by the La Salle backs.

McGeough did excellent work for La Salle in the backfield. Wholey and F. McKenna also starred.

The lineup:

LA SALLE

PROV. COLLEGE

Riley, l. e.	l. e., D'Angelo
Landrigan, l. t.	l. t., McKenna
Yusko, l. g.	l. g., O'Brien
T. Roberts, c.	c., Graham
Mulvey, r. g.	r. g., Carney
D. Roberts, r. t.	r. t., E. Kelley
Mooney, r. e.	r. e., Casey
Wholey, q. b.	q. b., Quinn
McKenna, l. h. b.	l. h. b., C. Egan
Gilmartin, r. h. b.	r. h. b., De Lucca
McGeough, f. b.	f. b., Nolan

Score—La Salle 17. Providence College 12. Touchdowns—McGeough 2, D'Angelo 2. Goals—Wholey 2. Field goal—Wholey. Referee—Torgan. Umpire—Rylander. Head linesman—Fallon. Timer—Smith. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

Substitutes: La Salle—McGrath for Riley, Riley for McGrath, Lamb for Riley. Driscoll for Mulvey, Mulvey for Driscoll, Dolan for Yusko; Providence College—Robertson for C. Egan, Casey for Kelley, W. Dwyer for Casey.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 87; R. I. S. D., 0.

The squad sadly outclassed the School of Design at Hope Field on October 22, in an 87-0 victory. The game was replete with spectacular runs of every kind, beautiful forward passes, trick plays, etc., throughout every period. At no time during the game did the Designers offer the slightest resistance, even when all the college substitutes were in the game.

"Mickey" Graham crossed the design goal line four times. C. Egan, Joe McGee, and Crawford contributed two touchdowns apiece, while F. Dwyer, Hagan, and D'Angelo also scored.

Scott of the School of Design, was the only member of his team who showed any form. For the victors, every player had a chance to star.

The lineup:

PROV. COLLEGE

R. I. S. D.

Crawford, l. e.	r. e., Winchester
Hagan, l. t.	r. t., Dewey
Redmond, l. g.	r. g., Parker
Tierney, c.	c., Burns
Beagan, r. g.	l. g., O'Neil
F. Dwyer, r. t.	l. t., Sinvester
Keleher, r. e.	l. e., Ashton
C. Eagan, q. b.	q. b., Pomeroy
Graham, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Leonard
J. McGee, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Scott
Cassidy, f. b.	f. b., Donovan

Score—Providence College 87, Rhode Island School of Design 0. Touchdowns—Graham 4, McGee 2, Crawford 2, C. Eagan 2, Cassidy, F. Dwyer, D'Angelo. Goals from touchdowns—C. Eagan 4, Beagan 5. Referee—McNeil of Brown. Umpire—Heaton of Providence Steam Roller. Head linesman—Kemp of Boston College. Time of periods—12 minutes each. Substitutions: Mulligan for Scott, Fitton for Leonard, Scott for Pomeroy, Bent for Ashton, Ryan for Tierney, Nolan for Cassidy, D'Angelo for Crawford, McKenna for Hagan, De Lucca for Graham, Quinn for Eagan, G. Eagan for De Lucca, O'Brien for McKenna, W. Dwyer for Keleher, Robinson for Quinn, Carney for Redmond, Kelley for Carney.

HOLY CROSS 2nd, 19; PROV. COLLEGE, 7

Our contest with the Holy Cross second team on October 29, was considered the most important game on the schedule. The game was a real fight from start to finish, although the score fails to indicate the closeness of the play.

The ball sea-sawed back and forth during the greater part of the game, although our boys were again handicapped by the weight of the Worcester eleven, which was strengthened by several 'Varsity players.

Capt. Joe McGee won the toss. Graham received the kick-off, and on a criss-cross McGee ran the ball back 40 yards. After a series of line plunges McGee tried a drop kick which was blocked and recovered by C. Eagan, the Providence quarter, who then directed two line plunges which gained 14 yards.

The second period opened with the ball on Holy Cross' 31-yard line. P. C. lost the ball on downs, but Kelliher recovered the ball

again on a fumble. A long pass from McGee to Keleher then gave our boys the first score. Beagan kicked the goal.

Keating of Holy Cross intercepted a forward pass, and after running 55 yards was stopped on our 5-yard line by a spectacular flying tackle by McGee. The ball was then pushed over the line for Holy Cross. Cooney missed the goal. The half ended with the score 7-6 in our favor.

In the third period Bruissard scored twice for Holy Cross and failed to score on an attempted drop kick. In the final period P. C. looked dangerous again. D'Angelo received a 25-yard pass from McGee. Three more passes were attempted but were not completed. McGee attempted a drop kick as the game ended.

For Holy Cross Bruissard, Keating and Cooney played well.

For P. C. McGee, C. Egan, Cassidy, Kelliher and F. Dwyer were in every mix-up.

The lineup:

HOLY CROSS 2nd

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

Ward, r. e.	l. e., Crawford
Cooney, r. t.	l. t., Hagan
Smith, r. g.	l. g., Redmond
O'Connell, c.	c., Tierney
Carlin, l. g.	l. g., Beagan
Donovan, l. t.	r. t., Dwyer
Garvey, l. e.	r. e., Keleher
Donahue, q. b.	q. b., C. Egan
Keating, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Graham
Bruissard, l. h. b.	r. h. b., McKee
Ryan, f. b.	f. b., Cassidy

Score—Holy Cross Seconds 19, Providence College 7. Touchdowns—Bruissard 2, Ryan, Kelliher. Goals from touchdowns—Cooney, Beagan. Referee—McNeil of Brown. Umpire—Heaton of Providence Steamroller. Head linesman—Kehoe of Providence. Timer—Fr. Fitzgerald. Periods—10 minutes each.

Substitutions—Holy Cross: Carpinelli for Donahue, Hannifin for Smith, O'Rourke for Ryan, Donahue for Carpinelli, Carpinelli for Keating, Smith for Hannifin. Providence College: Ryan for Tierney, Kempf for C. Egan, Tierney for Ryan, Nolan for Cassidy, Carney for Redmond, McKenna for Hagan, D'Angelo for Crawford, G. Egan for Graham.



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