

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC.



**VOL. 2**

**FEBRUARY, 1922**

**No. 5**

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# Providence College Alembic

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### Into What Port?



SINCE first the sword of Washington  
So bravely rent in twain  
The cruel links that firmly wrought  
The tyrants' binding chain,  
Our ship has sailed unflinchingly  
Through calm and raging seas  
With Freedom's flag nailed to her mast  
Flung nobly in the breeze.

But now alas! our fathers' oaths  
And principles we've spurned,  
Our proud tradition's fading fast  
Alas, we've traitors turned!  
The horrid chain again is clinched,  
And Freedom's ship is fast;  
In Europe's surging strifes we're caught  
Amidst the scurrying blast.

O shining sword of Washington  
Why from your scabbord dart!  
And why gush forth, O reddest blood!  
From Lincoln's martyred heart,  
Why sacred spirits, why disturbed!  
Alas! we are to blame  
With European entanglements  
We've linked Columbia's name.

*John P. Walsh, '24*

## THE GREY STREAK



O say that I was surprised would be putting it mildly. I was dumbfounded! That Charles Sullie, sporting editor of the *Standard* and recognized authority on boxing, would reverse his opinion as to the outcome of a bout seemed unbelievable.

Yet he did it, and at the mere word of one who to my knowledge was absolutely ignorant of all things pertaining to the sport governed by the rules and regulations of the late lamented Marquis of Queensbury.

I wouldn't have believed it myself if I hadn't been on the spot and witnessed the whole affair. I was one of the privileged few who counted Charles Sullie as a personal friend, not that Sullie was stuck on himself and was particular about the company he kept; no, he was as unassuming as a two-year-old kid and just about as bashful. He was the kind of a man who had few friends, but those few knew it. Sullie and I had grown up together, and that probably accounted for the fact that I was always welcome at the sporting rooms of the *Standard*. The only man on the *Standard* who didn't walk on his tip-toes when he entered the sacred portal of Charlie's sanctum was the managing editor. The rest of the staff seemed mortally afraid of even walking down the corridor past Charlie's door. Sullie had the reputation among his fellow workers of being a grouch, but then there were very few who really knew him. He was left to himself a great deal, and I think he sort of liked to have me hanging around nights while he did his work.

This night in particular I was sitting there as usual in a swivel chair, feet up on a desk and pulling contentedly at an age-sweetened briar. Sullie was finishing up his own little column of comment. The managing editor was there, too. He occasionally dropped in on Charlie to have a little chat. He was the only man who could carry on anything like a conversation with Charlie. There seemed to be a sort of bond between the two men that I could never quite dope out. However, I knew better than to ask questions, and Sullie never volunteered any information.

The managing editor was standing beside Sullie's desk, going over



the typewritten sheets as Sullie laid them down.

"I think you're wrong about this Abrahms-Dodd scrap tomorrow night, Charlie."

"Yes?" said Sullie, without looking up or stopping his typewriting.

"Abrahms may be the favorite, but he won't come through in this bout."

"All right; I'll change it."

When Charlie said that my feet slipped from the desk, landing on the floor with a thud, and I nearly bit a hole through the stem of faithful old pipe.

Sullie killed his paragraph on the Abrahms-Dodd bout and proceeded to write another more in keeping with the views of the editor. Soon the skipper, as the boys on the staff called him, walked out and left Charlie and me alone in the room. Presently he finished writing and looked toward me. The amazement which I felt, must have been written all over my face, for Charlie asked, "Thought that was queer, didn't you?"

"Um-m," I muttered, "but I suppose he's the boss."

Sullie shot a peculiar little glance at me. "He is," and turned again to his typewriter.

That glance left me a bit uneasy, but I felt reassured when he looked up again.

"Remember the Grey Streak?" he said. The glint was gone from his eye and in its place was a sort of wistful look.

Of course I did. Will any fight fan ever forget that young whirlwind who set the pugilistic world agog for a year or two and then dropped from sight so completely that even a Pinkerton detective, had he been put on his trail, would have had to resign his task as hopeless.

The newspapers at the time were full of the exploits of this young boxer who always appeared in the ring clothed in grey trunks, grey jersey and grey shoes and who refused to make his real identity known, as he always wore a grey mask over the upper part of his features.

"Well," continued Sullie, tipping back in his chair and interlacing his fingers across his chest, "he was quite a boy."

If you knew Charles Sullie's habits as I do, you'd know that when he tips back his chair, laces his fingers across his chest and tilts back his head it means either one of two things: He is going to snatch off a much-

needed "Forty winks" or—he is going to talk!

He closed his eyes and I made a movement towards the door.

"A little while after the Grey Streak disappeared," came the slow drawl from the form in the chair. I stopped and settled back into my seat again. It was going to be one of those rare occasions when the Sphinx of the sport writers talked!

"A little while after the Grey Streak disappeared," came the drawl, "I thought I might be able to locate him. I wrote an article in the paper and called the Grey Streak a yellow quitter. Said he was afraid to put on the gloves again, that he'd lost his nerve and all that sort of thing. I thought it might get a rise out of him, so did some other sport writers, and the article was reprinted throughout the country." Here he paused, and a faint smile twitched the corner of his lip. I knew better than to interrupt with a question.

Then he continued: "The day after I wrote the article the skipper sent word that he wanted me. I'd only seen him once before, the day he hired me. As soon as I found time I went to see him. His office was changed around from what it was the other time I was in there. His desk was pushed over in one corner, leaving a great open space. There was a reason for this, as I was to find out.

Without looking up from his desk he greeted me with a terse "Good evening." I returned the greeting and waited. I didn't like him, anyway. Thought he was too young to hold such a job. College graduate, and all that.

"Did you write this?" indicating my article about the Grey Streak.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"You've insulted a friend of mine. Take off your coat and put on those gloves." He pointed out a pair of regulation gloves on a table at the far side of his office. I was no slouch with my mits myself, and figuring I'd lose my job anyway, I was only too glad to take a crack at this fresh young college man before I was given the gate. I did as he told me.

He didn't bother to take off his own coat, but donned another pair of gloves. We squared off, and right away I knew it was all over. I saw his right coming, but so fast and hard that I couldn't ward it off or

get out of the way. I went down for the count. I must have been out for some time, but when I came to I nearly took the count again. There bending over me all dolled up in his grey trunks, grey jersey, grey shoes and grey mask was the Grey Streak. Yes, you've guessed it. The skipper and the Grey Streak—one and the same."

Here Sullie stopped, and the flickering smile had turned to a broad grin. I waited for more, but I noticed his head drop slowly to his chest. He was dozing off for "Forty Winks."

"G'night, Sullie."

"G'night."

And, oh, Sullie."

"Yes."

"My money goes on Young Dodd for tomorrow night."

"It's safe," mumbled Sullie, as I closed the door.

*Francis L. Dwyer, '24*

### Memory



HE past streams by me pageant-wise,  
Old friends, places, all arise  
From out the lake called Memory  
They move on, unfettered, free.  
But here there is no image dark  
For youthful sorrow has left no mark.

*—Francis S. McAvoy, '24*

## HAVE A HEART

“**E**XTRA! Ireland's free! Papers!”

The hour was eight in the morning on a main street in any city a few weeks ago. The voice was that of a newsboy. Crowds grouped about him. Some were regular customers; others sought the *Help Wanted* columns. But the majority were interested in Ireland. Each paper was read and cast aside. But how many of those who read it, thought of the means and methods which made possible the appearance of the newspapers on the streets, telling of a conference held a few hours before, three thousand miles away?

The origin of the news was a meeting of Irish and English delegates in Downing Street, London. A treaty was signed guaranteeing to Ireland a measure of freedom. Less than twelve hours later newspapers containing a verbatim copy of the treaty were on our streets. What means permit the rapid transit and publishing of such news?

The night the Irish treaty was signed the composing room of a morning newspaper at 9 p. m. was as quiet and peaceful as the proverbial cemetery. In the “ad alley,” compositors were making up ads. Operators were sitting at linotype machines setting news matter. Financial news, want ads, and sporting gossip had the preference at this hour. An editorial writer directed the make-up of the editorial page in a distant corner. The boys called it a “slow” night. But a transition from dull routine to intense activity awaited the printers. Big news broke, as such news unfortunately often does, a short time before the paper went to press.

The automatically operated typewriter connected with the Associated Press wires typed a short sentence. It read “Irish treaty signed!” This had been cabled from London by the A. P. correspondent and relayed through headquarters in New York to every newspaper in the country holding an Associated Press franchise.

The night editor hurriedly consults the foreman of the composing room. Compositors become emergency linotype operators. By eleven o'clock all local and suburban news is set. Twelve o'clock finds telegraph news from all over the country set up and ready. The night editor arrives on the scene for the make-up of the paper shortly after mid-

night. Before he left the news-room he assigned to each man his task. The telegraph editors await the Irish story to re-edit it, write heads for its different phases and kill any repetition. Reporters are looking up cuts of the leading characters. These are filed away in the "morgue"—a place where pictures and stories of men prominent in public life are kept. Another man's task is to write thumbnail sketches of leading figures in the story. All these indirect articles are sent through the tube to the composing room.

The desk-man receives these stories, cuts them up, indexes and assigns them to the linotype operators. When set, the pieces of the story are assembled on what is known as the "bank," and here arranged in their proper order in the story, and placed on galleys—long, narrow pans the length and width of a newspaper column. Three proofs are taken of the story, one for the night editor, another for the telegraph editors, and still another for the proof-reader, to be read and corrected. The night editor assigns the position of the story, that is, the page on which it is to appear. The compositor places the type of the story in a form—the exact size of a newspaper page. When the seven columns in this form are filled with type, the form is securely "locked."

The paper consists of twenty pages, eighteen of these having already been made up. The forms for the first and second pages are empty. In the meantime the Irish story has arrived, and following the same routine, is ready for the forms. Half past two finds the last of these forms ready for the stereotyping room. These forms, in the stereotyping room, are one after another, placed on a steam bed, subjected to excessive heat and great weight—the process resulting in an impression of all that is set up in lead type in the forms, in a soft cardboard, not unlike blotting paper, technically known as a matrix. This matrix, turned into a semi-cylindrical shape, becomes a mold, into which lead is poured, and a plate results. One plate is made for each page. The cooling of the plates requires but a moment. These plates are then shot to the press-room and clamped on the cylinders of the press. The press is now ready to print the paper. A gong is sounded, the power is turned on, the press starts to roll and a full twenty-page paper is ready for the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ireland's free! Ireland's free! Papers!"

How little does one realize what an enormous amount of energy, of

nerve-racking strain, of speed is behind the newspaper which the yell of the newsboy advertises? It may mean many a headache to a weary editor, and many an eyestrain to a compositor, yet either of them after this nightly ordeal may be summoned before the "boss" to explain why Miss Edythe Alden's Christian name was spelled with "i" instead of "y" in the writeup of her debut.

*James P. McCaffrey, '25*

### The Fruit of the Tree



My days, long dragging, clinched by iron hasp  
Are gathered in a net of steely hair  
And placed upon my back, eternal care.  
Borne down, am I, with their incessant rasp.

Yet days, like beads, slip through my grasp.  
Some finely carved like roses fair,  
So many black and golden circlets rare.  
And pricked by one, I dropped it with a gasp.

Some forgotten and others burning bright  
Stand out and boldly challenge Memory.  
Now all are seen through evanescent light,  
For I have in my dying grasp the Tree  
On which my beads are wound so tight.  
For days, my beads, are mine Eternally.

*—Paul J. Redmond, '24*

## BUD SQUARES THE GAME

**I**F you have ever been out to any of the New York race tracks, Belmont Park, Aqueduct, or Jamaica, you have seen Bud. He is a typical jockey, undersized, hollow-cheeked, and pasty-faced, and altogether dragged-out looking, as most jockeys are from keeping down to a certain weight. Bud is today one of the best and most honest in the game. But Bud was not always thus. At one time he was the crookedest jockey who ever piloted a favorite or a selling-plater under the wire. In fact, as Old Bill the starter once remarked, he was "so crooked that beside him a corkscrew looked very, very straight, yes indeedy."

It started in this way. Running short of ready money, Bud began to listen to the pleadings of a certain clique of gamblers that he "put something over" for them. Accordingly, one fine day with fifty-thousand racing fans looking on, Bud proceeded to "strong-arm" Sir James, an odds-on favorite at one to three. Bud and the gamblers cleaned up financially on the race, but it was a sad day for Bud, after all. A keen-eyed judge, with unexpected intelligence, had observed Bud's activities, and accordingly Bud was duly admonished, and then placed on probation until the stewards deemed him punished sufficiently.

Bud had been noted among race-track followers for his phenomenal luck. Following his "set down" Bud had joined the ranks of race followers, but his famous luck seemed to have deserted him and he was soon short of money. Broke and disheartened, Bud fell in with the clique of gamblers who had indirectly brought about his down-fall. With Bud's aid and "inside" knowledge, they managed to accomplish some shady deals. Far from happy in his new avocation, Bud remembered one of these deals with extreme regret. It was the swindling of an old man to the tune of several hundred dollars by means of a false "tip" and the impersonation of an owner by one of the gang. Bud heard afterwards that the old man had gambled that he might have enough money for an operation on his aged wife.

There comes a time in every man's life when primitive thoughts surge strongly through his mind. He sees things as they really are,



stripped of their glamour, tinsel, and falsity. If he is strong of heart, he emerges from the mental conflict with a new and better character. If not, he simply sinks deeper into the muck and mire of Despair, from which there is no comeback.

Just such a crisis came one day to Buddy. It was a gala day at the races. The Favorite's Handicap was on. The evening before Buddy had overheard that which had confirmed his suspicions of a week past. "Cloudburst," a fast three-year-old was out to win the Handicap, and when let out, with the wraps off, Buddy knew there was nothing could beat that horse at the distance—a mile. True, "Cloudburst" had never won a big race and was practically unknown, but his private workouts proved him the class of the big field. While this was "keen" news to Buddy, he realized that he could not "cash in" very heavily on it, due to the state of his finances.

"Gee," thought Buddy, "I'd give anything to be riding again."

Something within, an Inner Voice, seemed to say, "Play the game square. No more crooked work."

Bud had been through his ordeal and had come out with colors flying. He had made his decision, and it would stand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The third race was on. Buddy strolled down to the rail to observe. He found himself beside an old man of somewhat patriarchial appearance. The old gentleman drew Buddy's attention when he reached into a side pocket and produced a small roll of bills. He covertly counted them, and Buddy, watching, saw that there were but thirty dollars in the wad. Some people who once play the races can never get over the fever. They may hold off for awhile, but sooner or later they succumb. Wiser men criticize and lament the shortcomings of their brethren, but only waste their energy. Buddy shrewdly perceived that the old gentleman was one who had been badly bitten by the racing bug, and at the same time sensed that the small roll was all the money the old gentleman had.

Here, reasoned Buddy, was a good chance to make good on his new resolution. He would wipe off the slate some of the crooked deals in which he had participated by doing something worth while. He would let this old fellow in on his secret and give him a chance to go home



happy, for Buddy never doubted that "Cloudburst" would win.

Buddy started the conversational ball rolling with a few casual remarks about the track, the crowd, and finally the horses.

"Mister," said Buddy, "how do you like 'Cloudburst' in the fourth?"

"Well," the old fellow drawled, "I like him first-rate, but I'd like him a little better if I thought he was a-going to be in there at the finish."

"Mister," said Bud, "I'll give you a tip, and I'm no tout, either. That horse is going to 'bring home the bacon!' I'm practically broke myself, but I'm putting my last five dollars on him to win, and say, Mister," he pleaded, "if he wins and you have a bet on him, they'll just about give you the race track to take home. Why, he'll be a 40-1 shot, at least."

"Why tell me all this?" questioned the old gentleman.

"I don't know," replied Buddy—which was partly the truth,, "but to show you I'm in earnest here's my five. Now go get us a bet down on him. Why, Mister," he exclaimed in boyish exuberance, "that horse is so good he could fall down a couple of times, run the last half-mile backwards, and still cop."

"Son, I'll take you at your word," rejoined his companion, and left to make the bet.

"Funny," thought Buddy, "but I think I have seen that old bird some place before."

The bugle blared and the horses appeared, marching in single file, some sedately, others prancing gayly. They lined up. There was much handclapping and cheers, and after two tries, the field was off to a fine start. "Cloudburst," quoted at fifty to one, rated a rank outsider, was fifth from the rail, got a fine start, and was running eighth in the field of fifteen at the quarter-mile mark.

There was no emotional display on the part of Buddy or the old man, save that the latter opened and closed his huge hands repeatedly, clenching them till Bud thought they would snap under the strain. Past the three-quarter mark, entering the stretch came the field, amid surprised cries of "Who's that number five?" "He's beating the favorite, Doctor Joe!"

Down the stretch they came, and amid thunderous applause crossed the finish line, the four leaders neck and neck. A tense moment, fraught

with anxiety and determined hope, and then the winner's name was announced. "'Cloudburst' by a nose!"

Bud and the old man solemnly shook hands, and in that instant Bud realized whom he had helped. It was the old man whom the gang had swindled out of two hundred dollars. Bud had played the game squarely and had repaid his moral debt.

"It never rains, but it pours." As Buddy left the track he met the chief steward, who said, "Say, Bud, I heard you are to ride again next week."

Bud's luck had returned, and Bud thought he knew why.

*E. Francis Ford, '25*

### The Awful Lyre



Y paper lies before me pearly white,  
Unkissed by sombre ink from Stygian wave.  
From my caress, Erato turns to flight  
And Melancholy in my tears to lave,  
Is come from out the shadow of her cave.  
O sweet, O coy, O tender loving Muse,  
Yclept, Doting Goddess of verses brave,  
Return to dwell with me, thy foolish knave.  
Alas prophetic verse, that knave should rhyme with rave.

*A. Shifter, '26*

## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

**A**LL the prominent characters of history advertised. Every great and near-great, from the Pharaohs of Egypt to the Fords of Detroit, have been fervent worshippers at the Shrine of Publicity. And when Publicity is mentioned, Advertising comes to mind, for like those famous Scotchmen, Haig and Haig, they are inseparable.

If we casually overlook a mere 7,000 years and let our attention wander to the Lower Valley of the Nile we see all the leading personages in the Land of Mummies, advertising. Why did the Egyptian kings build the Sphinx and Pyramids? To create employment for their subjects? Hardly. They built them to serve as monuments so that posterity would not remain in doubt as to who ruled Egypt.

The hawk was considered sacred by the learned Egyptians. Due to the tremendous amount of advertising the hawk received in those days, he is held sacred by some people even today—only they call him, "Old Crow."

How do we know that Cleopatra was one of the leading seamstresses of her day? Because her publicity man evolved the idea of building a very large, stone needle. If Cleopatra used that needle she must have been the world's feminine Samson. Maybe she knitted woolen overcoats for the silent Sphinx. The needle was large enough. (This same needle now stands in Central Park.)

The camel was the Egyptian ship of the desert. If this cud-chewing mammal had been dubbed the schooner of the Sand Dunes, the Drys would never have adopted it as their official insignia. The camel has received a large amount of free advertising due to its reluctance to associate frequently with water. Taking the camel as their model Mr. Volstead and his fellow reformers have attempted to separate us from our supply of stimulating beverages. If successful I have no doubt that Mr. Volstead will publish an edict ordering us to drink from the bubbling spring only once every eight days, in emulation of the camel.

In the Lower Valley of the Euphrates Nimrod happened upon a

country which subsequently became known as Chaldea. The foremost figure in Chaldean history is Nabuchodonosor. Any man, handicapped by so fanciful a cognomen, who can be remembered 4,000 or 5,000 years, must have been some advertiser. But if he had not instituted the hanging gardens, he probably would have remained unknown. Hanging pictures is hard enough, but hanging gardens! On account of the popularity accorded Nabuchodonosor's hanging gardens, some enterprising gentlemen of a later period instituted roof gardens, palm gardens, and beer gardens. These different kinds of gardens afterward received the collective title of alcoholic conservatories. If it had not been for Nabuchodonosor, I imagine quite a number of men would have been deprived of their means of a livelihood.

The Assyrians resided in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. They were noted for their cuneiform writing and their invention of the principle of the lens. The lens being the subject of an extensive advertising campaign, it was later adopted by dealers in antiques; haughty dowagers (all dowagers are supposed to be haughty); and Sherlock Holmes. Following the lead of Sherlock, all our correspondence-course detectives use the lens.

Phoenicia, a commercial country, was noted for its purple dye and tin—but especially for its tin. I possessed the idea that Detroit had always been the world's foremost tin center.

If Phoenicia had not boomed the tin market, it is possible that today Henry Ford would be a poor man.

All the great Greeks were ardent exponents of Advertising; consequently they are well-known today. Leonidas, a brave general, experienced some trouble with a pass. Although Leonidas is dead, his work still goes on. "Bo" McMillin is looking after the business. At present we have baseball, football, theatre and poker passes—all due to Leonidas and his pass at Thermopylae.

Xenophon was a paragon at publicity. He led some 10,000 Greeks on a military jaunt. He wrote a book about it, with very little mention of the buck private. All our retired militarists write books about their heroisms, and like Xenophon, for the most part, they overlook the fact that the army had a few doughboys in it. The pupils of our secondary schools still peruse Xenophon's *Anabasis* and *Katabasis*, leaving

very little opportunity for forgetting Xenophon.

Write a big book young man; write a big book—and be remembered—maybe.

While in Greece let us not forget Diogenes. Diogenes was the Grecian William J. Bryan. The only difference between Bill and Diogenes was that Diogenes carried a lantern—and the last time Bill ran for election he carried the State of Nebraska. Diogenes was a Cynic. Bill belongs to the W. C. T. U. Diogenes was frugal in his selection of lodgings—he lived in a tub. Bill is frugal in his style of coiffure. Diogenes was a good advertiser. No one can accuse Bill of being a shrinking violet. All the world's great have advertised. To a certain extent their greatness depended upon it.

Helen of Troy was a firm believer in press-agentry. She will be known to posterity as the fairest of her day. Homer's Iliad has immortalized her. In other words she had the Hellenic press subsidized. Do you think that Odd MacIntyre, Ziegfeld press representative, could imagine a tale about an actress as plausible as the one Homer has woven about Helen? To enhance the brilliancy of Homer's achievement, it is only fair to say that historians are agreed that the supposedly fair-haired Helen, cause of wars and general strife, was foolish, fat and forty.

See what advertising has done in Helen's case: made a snow-capped mountain out of an earth-brown mole hill.

The Romans were up-to-date in their consideration of advertising values.

How do we know that Nero was a violinist? We know he bowed a fiddle because he burned a whole city to impress that fact upon our minds. No doubt Nero coolly played "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," while his native city lit up the skies. That is advertising with a vengeance.

Caesar was a master strategist. He advertised his prowess by conquering vast territories.

Brutus was the arch-criminal of his day. He and fifty republicans assassinated Caesar. It was this unpleasant notoriety accorded the republicans, which the campaign leaders blamed for Hughes' defeat in 1916.

In the mediaeval period of the world's history, Charlemagne was the outstanding figure. Charlemagne was unable to write, but it seems

he was a zealous advocate of the sign language. When a township refused to pay its taxes, Charlemagne promptly erased it from the map. In this way he gained the reputation of being considerably brave—or as the ultra-moderns would term it—he was tough. The hearts of those he met in conflict were wont to palpitate with fear. It was his advertised reputation that won his battles before the actual fighting began. Mr. Dempsey, our present-day pugilist de luxe, has torn a page from Charlemagne's book of operations, with gratifying success. His opponents are fit subjects for a sanitarium before they even enter the place de combat.

Overlooking Cromwell and Napoleon, and many other famous advertisers we centre our attention on P. T. Barnum. Barnum, father of up-to-the-minute advertising, originator of hokum, believer in ballyhoo and zealous disciple of that sage aphorism, "There's one born every minute and two to take him." Barnum's first name was Psychoanalysis, although he did not know it. In the parlance of the present day, he had the public "all doped out." He very effectively used the advertiser's most formidable weapons, flaring colors, to attract the eye, and terse interesting verbiage to magnetize the mind. Barnum is dead, but his spirit goes on. Today we find all our leading colleges maintaining courses in psychological advertising, which is merely another name for the study of the composite human being and his reactions with regard to color schemes and catch-phrases.

Everywhere you go, Advertising with a capital A greets the eye. Entire sections of newspapers are devoted to informing the public that miscellaneous merchandise is obtainable from such and such a firm. We gaze upon softly tinted masterpieces in our best-selling magazines displaying saleable goods. Catalogs, booklets, hand-bills, circulars, all are media for advertising.

Electricity and Edison have done more for advertising than advertising has done for itself. Visualize some of our leading electric signs. Remember the dazzling sign heralding the qualities of Blitzen Beer and Fearless Ale! Alas, they are no more. The brilliantly lighted array of biscuits that always smote your vision! And Danish snuff. The more I gazed on that sign the more I became convinced that Mr. Shakespeare was absolutely correct in his estimation of Denmark's condition.

The "ad" racks of street cars and busses are used extensively by advertising agencies.

Everyone has seen the placard that reads, "It Floats." To believe

this ad, bathing is the great American sport, the grand old national game. Sometimes I am inclined to doubt this popular belief.

Perfumes, with obviously French names, manufactured in Hoboken; rubber heels, tooth paste, underwear, foodstuffs, coal and mortuary chapels rub elbows in good fellowship in these ad racks.

Advertising has made remarkable strides. No doubt about it! But my idea of a real advertising scoop, advertising par excellence, will be accomplished when one of the Smith Brothers, connoisseurs in cough drops, shall electrify the universe by bursting forth pictorially with a whiskerless countenance. Until such time as this momentous event occurs, the advertising championship remains with the oft sung Helen of Troy.

*James H. Lynch, '25*





## Think



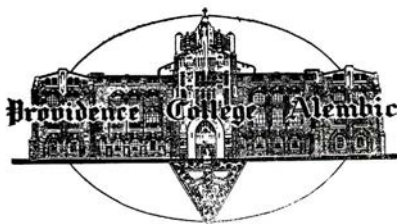
HEN e'er you speak of others faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember those with homes of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone.  
If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
However sore he's tried,  
And should we then not like his kin:  
We know the world is wide,  
For some indeed have faults galore  
And who can boast of none?  
Perhaps we may, for ought we know  
Have fifty to their one.

So when we'd list at Satan's call  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the pain a word may cause  
To those we little know.  
Remember curses sometimes like  
Our chickens roost at home.  
Don't speak of others' faults until  
You have none of your own.

—Francis J. Duffy, '23






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VOL. II

FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 5

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---

The passing of the 260th successor of St. Peter  
**GLORIA** first Bishop of Rome, finds the Church still young and  
**MUNDI** strong. Cardinal Della Chiesa ascended the papal throne  
on September 3, 1914, a few weeks after the outbreak of  
the World War, and as Pope Benedict XV, successfully "piloted the  
bark of St. Peter through a sea of terror." On the morning of January  
22nd, he relinquished the helm. *Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine et  
lux perpetua luceat ei.* Benedict XV was a nobleman by birth. He  
possessed a noble nature. The new Pope is a man of the people. The  
Church knows no distinction of birth. It does possess an aristocracy,

It has an intellectual and a spiritual caste. That is as it should be. The Catholic Church is the most democratic institution that ever existed. The Pope is its supreme head. The Man may die, but the Papacy will be coexistent with this Grain of the Universe.

While Catholics are justly proud of their Church and its democratic system, American Catholics may be doubly proud. They are members of a Great Church and citizens of a Great Republic. This month we celebrate the birthdays of the two foremost sons of our country, Washington and Lincoln. Washington was a Virginia aristocrat—he became the Father of a Republic. Lincoln was a Kentucky rail splitter—he became the Saviour of the same Republic. Republics like ours offer no distinction of caste as requirement for its chief office. The Man is what it requires. Washington was a Man. Lincoln was a Man. From the two extremes of American life they came. We are equally attracted by both. Perhaps the children of the wealthy admire Lincoln the more because he overcame difficulties which to them appear insurmountable. The poor boy admires Washington because he pictures the life of ease which he gave up to lead the American Army. Both think of sacrifice. Both are right.

Forty years ago, February 6, 1882, that great order of the Knights of Columbus had its beginning in the basement of the parish house of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut. It is a shining example of a great movement springing from a small beginning. Without fear of contradiction, one may say that the Knights of Columbus is the greatest and most potent of Catholic lay organizations in America. It is great because it is Catholic in spirit. It is powerful because of its great membership. While it is not a political society, it has accomplished much in creating a spirit of friendliness between the Two Great Republics, France and the United States. It is not primarily a social organization. Yet it did much to alleviate the tediousness of camp life. It is a Fraternal Society. But its fraternity is universal in

scope. Its benefits are not limited to the bounds of creed or color. The Age of Chivalry is passed.

The knights of old are dust,  
Their swords are rust,  
But their spirit lives in us,  
We trust.

The full meaning of the prefix *mid* before  
*MID-YEAR* year is middle. Middle Year. You would not stop swimming in the middle of a stream. The best thing about Horatio Alger's book, "Sink or Swim," is the title. The tendency is to sink. Man is dust. The bottom of the river is mud. Mud is wet dust. Dust seeks its level. Ducks float naturally, but they travel in circles. The idea is to get across the stream. Some learn to swim in their youth. Some never learn, they depend on water-wings. The latter never get far—on air.



## "SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

Communication:

My Dear Walrus:

You are the striking litterateur of the hour. I use the word "striking" advisedly. We are forever seeking originality. Here we have it, in your column, yea verily, we have it in full measure. Delightful—Refreshing. But the residuum is debilitating. Originality thou art a jewel.

Where do you get all that archaeological, mystical, unfathomable, staggering stuff.

There is hardly a student in P. C. who is not suffering from brain shock and intellectual chaos.

Despite all I can do to suppress the thought it keeps recurring to my mind that you must have full and free access to some mysterious garret, alcove or cell, well stocked with ancient, worm-eaten, wonderful, long-forgotten and not so very much to be desired books, tablets, MSS, etc.

Do you go there among this lore, among this dead lore, and actually sit down and read it? (Yes, if I read standing the blood rushes to my feet). To obtain that which is most occult, most abstruse, that which has the most learned sound, that which is the most confusing and awe-inspiring to a poor, unread student, (Student: A person in a course of study; especially, an advanced scholar, as in a university. One who closely examines and investigates) merely in his first year—a benighted freshman. This matter that you have accumulated from the dark and hidden recesses of the long ago—you ejaculate at us. Yes, ejaculate it. Actually throw it at us; and if we can catch it, well and good, and if we can't—well—that's all on account of our intellectual backwardness, our lack of being trained and tuned up to your standard—in short on account of our congenital dumbness and lack of erudition. (You leave me no room for argument. Moreover your modesty is worthy of H. G. Wells.) You seem to forget that it is not so long since we were reading the stories of

"Jack and the Beanstalk," and, "Little R. R. Hood."

I do not know whether you do this with malice prepente or whether it is just a natural desire or weakness (Touche!) to penetrate the subterranean labyrinths of deep, dead, and buried learning.

The position we occupy when you stand in that enchanted, mystic, dark, literary arena of yours, and shake that fossil antediluvian euphemism at us, that you have garnered from some source best known to yourself, reminds me of a man assailed on all sides by foes. He strives in vain to defend himself from the assaults of the shafts coming from every direction, striking high, low, in, around, and under. When the smoke of battle has cleared away, he finds himself (Fortunate beggar) breathless, dazed, lost, defeated. So we have to take your matter. It does not come to us in soothing, connected, harmonious, and elevating strains. We get it in staccato shocks, jars and jolts, until the intellectual vim is knocked out of us, oblivion overtakes us, and we are reduced to a state of mental *hors de combat*.

Without a doubt this stuff is fearfully and wonderfully conceived. And if the highbrow, far-reaching machine gun assaults upon us are not stayed, some of us will not live to see the end of the present semester. Some of the matter is more baffling and defiant than *vers libre*.

It is not advisable to read any of your "forgotten lore" just before going to bed. If I do I arise with a headache after a hideous night of broken slumber. After reading, I take a long walk in the open air. This will save me from the melancholia that overcomes me when I try, and fail to fathom the depth of your literature. (Literature: Written or printed productions; in the eminent sense, such as are marked by elevation, vigor, and catholicity of thought, purity and grace of style, and artistic construction.)

Say, Walrus, lay off this high-brow, Bostonese stuff, and come down to earth. We haven't got our Ph.D. yet. (I'll loan you mine) And, honest we cannot follow you—nay—we cannot follow you. (Come on up with me.) Quit compiling this old data and firing it at us. Give us something throbbing and pulsating in the matrix of the present. Yes, and if it be possible, gently draw aside a little corner of the veil of the future, and take a peep therein and tell us what you discern.

Sincerely,

*The Carpenter*

*Note:* The parentheses are mine. References: Funk and Wagnells, Desk Standard Dictionary, and Joe Miller's Handbook on the Retort Courteous. Horace said of his own work, that it would be more enduring than bronze. Would he have said of mine, that it would be as enduring as brass? The Carpenter is not alone in his opinion. Recently Henry Ford stated in an advertisement that the brains of the walrus were otherwise than in his head. Evidently Henry has a deep-seated prejudice against my tribe.



Evidently Sesquipedalianism is still with us. That is we can recognize "Bibliodulia" of the January issue of the *Alembic* as a gasp of the dying bird. I say bird advisedly, for who ever heard a fish gasp. Moreover fish have notoriously short tails, while "Bibliodulia" flaunts a tail worthy of a Japanese rooster. It is dragging, lifeless, and merely ornamental. Barnum was right. But Edison went one step farther when he proposed that one graduates every minute. But perhaps "Bibliodulia" is the swan song. Sesquipedalianism is about to duck.



"One trouble with the egoist is that his overhead is too heavy for his output."—Theodore MacManus. A man once asked MacManus, "Old man, do you ever look back a year and realize what a fool you made of yourself only twelve short months ago?" "My dear fellow," he replied, "I don't wait a year. I do it every night." The Walrus would do just that same thing but for a family tradition which prescribes that Young Hopeful shall retire at 10 p. m. In the meantime my favorite song is "I love to sit and think of me."

*The Walrus*



February 6, 1882, the Knights of Columbus had its beginning in the basement of the parish house of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut. San Salvador Council No. 1 was organized on February 12th, in the same year. From New Haven the Order has spread out over all the United States and Canada, and Catholics of foreign countries have asked permission of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus to organize councils.

In the beginning the order was assailed by all the foes of young organizations. But needless to say the indomitable spirit of our founders overcame all obstacles.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, there were many societies and organizations which offered many inducements for young Catholic men. In fact everything was offered except the environment of their fellow Catholics. True, there were many sodalities, but these did not offer many social activities to young men.

And so it was that a young priest, Rev. Michael Joseph McGivney, a curate of St. Mary's, formulated in his mind the foundations of our great Catholic lay organization.

He invited the following representative men of the parish to meet him in the parish house of St. Mary's church on the evening of January 16, 1882.: James T. Mullen, later the first Supreme Knight, Daniel Colwell, John Tracy, William Geary, Michael Tracy, Cornelius T. Driscoll, John T. Kerrigan, James T. McMahon and William H. Sellwood. After much discussion it was decided that Father McGivney should go to Boston to consult with the executives of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters regarding the institution of a Connecticut branch of that society.

A week later he reported that the Massachusetts Foresters refused to institute a branch here, but that they would help the local organization



in every way possible. It was then decided that an independent organization be formed. A committee was appointed to bring this about. It consisted of Father McGivney, James T. Mullen, John T. Kerrigan, and J. T. McMahon. The name "Connecticut Order of Foresters" was chosen for the new organization, but this was changed after several meetings to the "Knights of Columbus of New Haven." This was the title of the organization in the special charter granted by the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut in 1882. Later an amendment changed it to its present form. A committee on a constitution and rules was appointed at this meeting.

In May, 1882, the election of the first Supreme Council was held. Immediately after the creation of the Supreme Council there was held the election of the first subordinate council, San Salvador, No. 1, of New Haven, Conn.

On June 15th, of the same year, Father McGivney read the proposed constitution at a full meeting of the order, which unanimously adopted it. Then was made the first line of demarkation between the Supreme Council and the subordinate council, setting the precedent that has ruled ever since.

From New Haven the order has spread to more than sixty cities and towns of Connecticut and Rhode Island by the spring of 1892. By the end of 1899 it was operating in twenty states of the Union and in Canada. Now all the states are represented in the organization, while the order has gone into Mexico also.

However, South America has not been included nor has the order established itself on the continent of Europe.

An anniversary dinner will be given Sunday, February 12th, at the Hotel Taft in New Haven.

Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., will be the principal speaker of the evening. The other speakers will be the Right Rev. Bishop Murray and Supreme Knight James H. Flaherty.

The guests of the evening will be Supreme Chaplain McGivney and his brother Father McGivney of Westville, Conn., Very Rev. T. L. Crowley, O. P., Rev. Father Makin, O. P., Supreme Secretary William J. McGinley, Supreme Director William J. Mulligan and State and District officers of Connecticut.



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

On January 28th, a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated in memory of the mother of the Reverend *Requiem Mass* Dean. The officers of the Mass were Rev. Fr. Galliher, O. P., Dean, celebrant, Rev. Fr. Howley, O. P., deacon, Rev. Fr. McCarthy, O. P., sub-deacon.

The first intercollegiate debate in which a *Debating Society* team representing Providence College participated resulted in a victory for our team. Too much cannot be said in praise of the Providence team. They had no traditions to uphold, but they are making a notable beginning in winning their first contest. Boston College is noted for its fine debaters. This victory is an auspicious forecast of a bright future for our embryonic Demosthenes.

The debate was on the subject, "Resolved, That the Federal Government Should Control the Coal Industry." The affirmative side was supported by the Providence College team. The judges were Justice John W. Sweeney of the Rhode Island Supreme Court, Dr. Charles Carrol and George J. Hurley. Judge Sweeney reported a decision for the affirmative team.

The winning team consisted of Charles J. Ashworth, '23; Robert E. Curran, '25, and Justin P. McCarthy, '24. The Boston College debaters were Francis J. Turnbull, '22, Charles A. Tucker, '22, and Henry E. Foley, '22.

On March 5th, the Debating Society will send its representatives to oppose the Holy Cross team at Worcester. The Providence team will be represented by: Raymond Roberts, Joseph Flynn, James Winters, and John Foley, alternate.

On March 7th, a Prize Debate will be held in Gymnasium Hall.

On March 2nd, Tom Daly, poet, will lecture on "The Laughing Muse." Maurice Francis Eagan and Dr. Derry, political economy expert, will lecture in the latter part of April.

The second annual presentation of the Philomusian *Dramatics* Players of Providence College will be given on the evenings of February 22, 23, 24. "Who's Who?", a comedy in three acts is the play selected for this year's production. The usual galaxy of stars will scintillate in the firmament of the Philomusian sky.

## ATHLETICS

**O**NCE again the baseball season is drawing near. Providence College has made itself known in the football and the basketball world, and now this institution is about to take its place among the foremost colleges and universities of the country in baseball, the major sport of America. Under existing circumstances, our college has acquitted itself as favorably as could be expected in the other two sports, but, according to the present outlook, Providence College is going to put a baseball team on the diamond which will rival the best. The material on hand is the best that could be hoped for, and the schedule arranged by Manager J. Addis O'Reilly includes some of the strongest college teams of the country.

Coach "Paddy" Duff has high expectations for the coming season and intends putting his candidates under rigid training rules in the immediate future. This will consist, for the present, of indoor practice and workouts, and outdoor hikes to improve and strengthen the physical condition of the men. Handball will also feature in the training, this game affording excellent workout for the muscles of the arm.

Under the new schedule Manager O'Reilly has opened relations with some of the major colleges including Harvard, Holy Cross, Boston College, R. I. State, Brown, University of Vermont, Trinity, and others. This will afford the fans of Providence and vicinity an opportunity of seeing most of these teams perform at Providence, and Providence College expects to merit a large following from among these enthusiasts.

### The schedule:

April 8.	Harvard . . . . .	at Boston
April 13.	Middlebury College . . . . .	at Providence
April 15.	Brown . . . . .	at Andrew's Field
April 20.	Boston College . . . . .	at Providence
April 21.	Holy Cross . . . . .	at Providence (pending)
April 22.	Clark University . . . . .	at Providence
April 26.	University of Vermont . . . . .	at Burlington, Vt.
April 27.	Middlebury College . . . . .	at Middlebury, Vt.
April 29.	Northeastern College . . . . .	at Boston
May 3.	Trinity College . . . . .	at Hartford
May 6.	R. I. State . . . . .	at Providence
May 10.	Lowell Tech. . . . .	at Providence

May	13.	R. I. State.....	at Kingston
May	17.	Boston College.....	at Boston
May	20.	U. S. Submarine College.....	at Providence
May	24.	Open .....	
May	27.	Lowell Tech.....	at Lowell
May	31.	Northeastern College.....	at Providence
June	3.	U. S. Submarine College.....	at New London
June	5.	Holy Cross.....	at Providence
June	7.	Tufts.....	at Medford
June	10.	Conn. Agric. College.....	at Storrs, Conn.

Among the members of last year's squad to report to Coach Duff for training are the following: McCaffrey and Dumphy, pitchers; Curran, catcher; Kelley and Colgan, shortstops; D'Angelo and De Luca, fielders. McCaffrey and Curran, it will be remembered, made a strong battery last season and are expected to do as well, if not better, this coming season.

Among the new material are many names of "prep" school and college baseball prominence. Beck and Coleman, formerly of R. I. State, are sources of no little promise for first and second bases respectively. Feid has a fine reputation at short, while Holland has made a name for himself at third. Graham and Tierney are known as catchers, and Kelleher came from Holyoke heralded as a star pitcher. Morrissey is known throughout the city and elsewhere for his fielding abilities. Others are Connors, catcher; Ford, pitcher; Trainor, second; Beehan, Bodie, Keefe, Boylan, and Sweeney, fielders. *J. B. McKenna, '24*



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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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FISHING TACKLE

*Sporting Goods of Every  
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For school, home, or industrial use  
*Special Outfits for Beginners*

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COMPANY

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McCARTHY'S

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**Woonsocket's Greatest  
Department Store**

*Always More for Less Here*

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McCARTHY'S

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**MURIEL**

Cigars

10c and up

Philadelphia Perfectos 10c

Cinco 8c

El Dallo 8c

New Currency 5c

Marie Antonette 10c and up

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PAWTUCKET, R. I.

## **Wm. T. Hillis & Co., Inc.**

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**Meyer Cohen, Vice Pres.**

The most centrally located apocatheries on Smith Hill. Up to date drug stores, carrying a complete line of medicines for the home, etc., where prescriptions are carefully compounded.

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**143 SMITH STREET**  
Corner Jefferson St.

**Second Store**  
**306 SMITH STREET**  
Corner Orms

## **The Bert Horton Studio**

**(G. Wurth, Successor)**

**BOSTON STORE**

The best in  
**Artistic Photography**  
**Special Rates to all Students**

## **Wright & Ditson**

**Four Stores**

**Boston**                      **Worcester**  
**Providence**              **Cambridge**

Managers planning for their Athletic Teams should get our special rates on

### **BASEBALL UNIFORMS**

Balls, Bats, Gloves, Mitts,  
Masks, Track, Basketball,  
Gym.

**82 WEYBOSSET STREET**  
**Providence, R. I.**

## **CAPITOL HILL HOME BAKERY**

**Bread, Cakes and Pastry**  
also

**A First Class Line of Groceries**

**286-288 SMITH STREET**

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SMOOTHER FACES FOR  
YOUNG MEN

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OLD TYPE, 80 CENTS

REGULAR RAZORS  
American made at pre war  
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New Dress Suits  
Great Tuxedos  
Fifty Cutaways  
PRINCE ALBERTS  
SILK HATS  
DRESS SHIRTS

**WALDORF**  
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CO.

212 UNION ST.,  
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Formal Clothes for Every Occasion

*Established 1871*

The P. & J. Tierney Company

*Plumbing and Heating*

RUDD AUTO-WATER HEATERS

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This Magazine Printed by the

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63 WASHINGTON ST.

Providence, R. I.

# THIRD LECTURE

Under the Auspices of the

**Providence College Debating Society**

THURSDAY EVENING

March 2, 1922—Eight O'Clock

**TOM DALY "The Laughing Muse"**

ANDREWS ASSEMBLY ROOMS,  
14 GREENE STREET

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Ph. G.

*Apothecary*

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