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Christmas Number



THE
BOOSTER



December

1926

LEWIS C. WILCOX

THE BOOSTER

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THE BOOSTER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Volume Four

DECEMBER, 1926

Number 4

REJOICE! IT'S CHRISTMAS!

LET the bells which peal today echo in your heart. Let the love which is in your heart come out. None of us is without a heart. None of us is without love. And all of us have Christmas.

This is the world's greatest day. Cannot each one of us in some way make it great personally? In all of us there is an inner urge for good. About us is humanity to whom and upon whom that good may be expressed. The anniversary is sacred. Shall we not observe it, not only in a spirit of joyous thanksgiving, but with rededication to unselfishness, love of man, love of God?

What is Christmas? What does it mean to us? To many of us, it is nothing more than ten days vacation and a general passing around of presents. Christmas to them means a holiday only—one day to be celebrated in a small degree—then back to the unceasing work.

Everyone, of course, knows the first message of Christmas. We all realize that giving presents is an old custom. How many of us count the presents we are to receive, before we decide to give. We are wrong. We should give without thought of what we are to receive. That is the spirit of Christmas. It means a season of generosity and giving when people forget themselves and think of what they can do to make others happy. The Christmas spirit draws the stray members of the family home for the holidays, for Christmas is more of a holiday to spend at home than is any other. Rejoice and be happy! It's Christmas!—E. R. J.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

EVERY year there is a bigger assortment of articles suitable to be used as gifts. Clever production managers have studied the wants and needs of the public and have caused the introduction of thousands of original products in the past few years. Managers of gift shops have contributed to the gift market hundreds of other articles.

A few years ago florists supplied only Jerusalem cherry trees and pieces of mistletoe; but they now give us a large variety of red and green creations. Other business men have branched out in the same way. This broadening of merchandising policies has rendered Christmas shopping a great deal more interesting to select gifts but perplexing to decide what we want.—A. J. K.

YES, HE'S SOME MAN!

HE may wear a last year's straw hat; his fingernails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose and his pants may bag at the knee; his face may show signs of a second day's growth, and the tin dinner-bucket he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts; but that is no reason why you should call him "the old man." He's your father.

For years and years he has been rustling around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing for you. He thinks you are the greatest child on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, smoke cigarettes, and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life-partnership of the greatest woman on earth—your mother. Yes, he is "some man," and not "the old man."

If you win as great a life-partner as he did you will have to go some. Let it be resolved then, that from now on you will call him father and not "the old man."

CHECK UP ON YOURSELF

AS the new year approaches we should begin to think of the progress which we have made during the year 1926. We should take an hour off or so from our regular routine and sit down in some quiet place and have a very private and confidential chat with our inner self.

We should ask ourself what improvements our character has made. What defects have developed? What progress we have made morally, mentally and physically. If not, why not? If so, why so? We should "take stock," of ourself and make out a mental "inventory and statement" sheet. With this information in our minds we can make a constructive program of activity that we believe will benefit us. We can take note of our faults and seek to cure them. How do you like the idea? It will surely prove successful if given a trial.—E. R. J.

WE have now a more or less new field in which to show our school spirit. It is The Booster. Some have exerted much initiative to get it; some are working hard to keep it. Why not change that "some" to "all."

Merry
Christmas

COLLEGE PLANS BIG COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Distinguished Speaker to Deliver
Opening Address

Preparations to Begin Soon

Bryant-Stratton College plans to hold one of the biggest commencement programs this year, that has ever been attempted before in the annals of the college. This announcement was made recently by the directors of the college.

The date has not yet been officially announced, but it was made known that these exercises would be held during the latter part of August. Negotiations are already underway for obtaining the use of the Albee Theatre for this particular occasion. It was also stated that an outstanding statesman or a distinguished educator of national prominence would deliver the commencement address.

All students who have satisfactorily completed the course of study prescribed for any Degree course in both Day and Evening sessions, will be entitled to take part in this occasion. Those who graduate during the present year will receive a card certifying graduation, and the degree will be retained by the college until commencement.

The question of caps and gowns has already become a topic of much discussion among the students of the Business Administration Department, and very soon the results will be announced.

Every student should look forward to this event with great pride and enthusiasm.—E. R. J.

CHRISTMAS VACATION ENDS DECEMBER 27

The annual Christmas vacation, which begins Friday, December 17, will come to an end on Monday, December 27. This will be the last vacation period until the close of the school year in July.

The members of The Booster Board take this opportunity to wish the student body a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with sincere hopes that all students as well as Faculty Members will enjoy a happy vacation.

Patronize Booster Advertisers

CAN YOU HELP?

The Booster needs your help. If you can write a story, poem, joke, or if you know of any one who can, tell us about it. There is a great deal of talent in the school, and we would be glad to demonstrate it. More than that, we need the material to make The Booster a success. Help us out. Contribute something.

School News

MRS. FRANCES G. ALLISON LECTURES TO SECRETARIAL DEPARTMENT

Urges Students to Read Good Books

Mrs. Frances G. Allinson, former Dean of the Women's College of Brown University, and a member of the Providence School Committee, lectured before the Secretarial Department of Bryant-Stratton College on Thursday, Nov. 18, 1926. Her lecture, which was very interesting, was entitled "Our Appreciation of Books."

Mrs. Allinson said that technique and personality was something which could easily be acquired by reading good books. She mentioned the fact that a keen appreciation of books was the key to the higher standards of living. She went on to stress and urge the students to read more books, and become more familiar with good literature.

The students and the members of the Faculty who heard Mrs. Allinson speak take this opportunity to thank her for the excellent lecture which she gave, and hope to have the pleasure of hearing her again in the near future. It is interesting to note at this time that Mrs. Allinson has recently become a member of the Advisory Board of Bryant-Stratton College.—B. N.

MIDYEAR TERM OPENS FEBRUARY 7, 1927

Evening Division Term Opens Tuesday, February 1st.

The midyear term this year will open in the Evening Division on Tuesday, February 1, 1927, and in all Day Divisions on Monday, February 7th.

At this time new groups in Business Administration, Higher Accounting, Secretarial Science, and Commercial Teacher-Training courses will be formed. Registration of new students has already begun. Mid-year graduates finishing in January, and all prospective students for these courses should enroll now.

DON'T ABUSE PRIVILEGES

We have noticed that the college has supplied various rooms in the building with new pencil sharpeners. The question before the house is how long will they remain in usable condition? The answer is, as long as we take good care of them. Don't abuse privileges — you are hurting the other fellow, as well as yourself. They were installed for our use. Let's be more careful.

Now that the football season is nearly over, the after-effects have already come to light. Wait until you see the December reports.

If hazardous means full of hazard and perilous means full of peril, does pious mean full of pie?

Happy
New Year

B-S STUDENTS HOLD THANKS- GIVING CELEBRATION

Dramatic Club Has Charge of Entertainment

Good Time Enjoyed by All

The student body of Bryant-Stratton College held its annual Thanksgiving entertainment on Wednesday, November 24, 1926. The program was opened with a few appropriate remarks made by Mr. Jenison. The Bryant-Stratton College Orchestra played two selections which were well received by the students.

Miss Anna Knowlton, a member of the Teacher-Training Department, rendered several solos which received considerable applause from the student body. Miss Knowlton is a talented entertainer, and deserves praise for the creditable showing made by her upon this occasion.

The next number on the program consisted of an original Thanksgiving sketch entitled, "Priscilla Mullens, Then and Now," by Miss Jeanette Carroll of the Faculty. This was given by Miss Eileen Kelleher and Miss Elizabeth Tierney. Both are members of the Dramatic Club, a newly formed student organization. This sketch was well presented, and both Miss Kelleher and Miss Tierney are to be commended upon their splendid showing.

The program came to an end with the rendering of a solo by Miss Mary Tierney, accompanied by the piano by Harold Hinckley. Both were favorably received.

Following the program, a general good time was enjoyed by all in the form of a social and dance, until late in the afternoon when the party broke up. These parties have proved popular in the past, and it is expected that they will continue to promote the spirit of friendship among the students of Bryant-Stratton College.—E. R. J.

STUDENTS' ASKED TO SUPPORT SEASON TICKET DRIVE

Basketball and Baseball Pass to be Combined

The Bryant-Stratton Athletic Association will begin a drive soon to support athletics in the college. Every student will be asked to buy a season pass, which by special arrangement with the managers of the Athletic Association will admit the student to all home games played in both basketball and baseball.

Students should realize that the promoting of athletics in a school is a costly proposition, and that the success of the teams depends entirely upon the amount of support which the students are willing to give. The cost of the season pass is only one dollar. Are we going to boost athletics this year? Of course we are. Then, let's prove it by purchasing a season ticket.

**FACULTY AND STUDENTS
HONOR EDWARD P. JENISON**

Special Assembly Called

Mr. Edward P. Jenison, a graduate of Bryant-Stratton College, and for the past eighteen years associated with the college, first as instructor and later as Vice-President, will become head of his own school in Worcester.

A special assembly was held on Tuesday afternoon, November 30, when the faculty and students of Bryant-Stratton met to express their appreciation of his work here and to extend their good wishes for success in his new undertaking.

He was presented a solid gold wrist watch, and an illuminated testimonial inscribed with all the names of his associates, by the President and Faculty, and a handsome onyx desk set by the student body. The gifts were presented by Miss Jeanette Carroll, speaking in behalf of President Harry Loeb Jacobs, who was unable to be present because of illness.

Mr. Jenison thanked the President, Faculty and Students for these gifts of good will and expressed his regrets at leaving Bryant-Stratton College.

**WHELOCK NEW CHAIRMAN OF
B. A. SOCIAL COMMITTEE**

**Preparations for Second Dance of
Season to Begin Soon**

At a recent meeting of the Business Administration Social Committee, Howard Wheelock was elected Chairman for the next B. A. Social to be held some time during the month of February. The Club plans to hold at least two more socials before the year is over. It is expected that all who are asked to help Mr. Wheelock and his committee put the next dance over, will gladly lend a helping hand.

If I were old Santa this year,
What would you do? My dear!
I'd diet and I'd sneeze
And I'd count calories
'Till a neat "36" I'd appear.

The height of nerve is to take a girl riding in her own car and make her walk home.

TOO BAD!

He: "Let's elope."
She: "Cantaloupe."
He: "Oh, Honeydew!"

Mary: "How do you like my new dress?"
Bernard: "Oh, it's ripping!"
Mary: "Where?"

FRACTURES COLLAR BONE

Henry Lawton, a member of the Business Administration Department, and a player on last year's basketball team, is resting comfortably at his home in Whitensville, Mass., with a fractured collar bone. Mr. Lawton received the injury while playing football.



CHRISTMAS HERE AND THERE

Christmas time recalls to mind the famous abbeys, inns and priories of the old world, where the blazing log-fires and tankards of strong ale, our fellow humans put in such a cheerful time without fear or trembling of snoopers and informers. The Germans become more sentimental than at any other time of the year and sing soulful, yet stirring, carols and ballads of Christmas. They gather round the evergreen tree and know how to have a rousing time withal.

The Dutch make Christmas a quiet day. The churches are not decorated, and with the exception of a special service, there are no festivities. However, on Christmas morning the mysticism of Flanders becomes even deeper. Bells and carillons answer each other through the mist. Peasants return homeward after all-night vigils in the cathedrals and country churches, lanterns in hand, that can be seen for miles dancing and swaying over the landscape like ships on some sea of eternity.

On Christmas Day in every land, the whole world is kin. Quarrels are forgotten, feuds patched and friendships begun. It remains a day of significance to the world and to all the Christian people.—E. R. J.

PRETTY SOFT

Oliver Jackson of the Business Administration Department says that the softest job in the world is that of helping a florist pick the buds off his two-year-old century plants.

BEFORE

There are meters of accent, and meters of tone,
But the best of all meters, is to meet her alone.

AFTER

There are letters of accent, and letters of tone,
But the best of all letters, is to let her alone.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Mr. Johnson, deacon in a local church, owned a drug store in a small town. The church was in need of new hymn books and Mr. Johnson offered to furnish the much-needed books, if he could place an advertisement on the inside.

After due consideration the pastor and church members agreed to this offer, and in due time the books arrived.

The following Sunday morning, the pastor in announcing the new hymnal said, "I have to present to you this morning the new hymnals so generously furnished by Brother Johnson. We should be doubly grateful to Brother Johnson, for after careful examination I found that he refrained from placing a secular advertisement in so sacred a book. We will now sing the hymn on page 16."

The song went thus:

Hark! the angels voices sing,
Johnson's pills are just the thing.
Hear these voices meek and mild,
Two for a man, and one for a child.

HOW MANY APPLES?

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10.

We figure the thing differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16.

But these figures are wrong.

If Eve 8 and Adam 82, the total would be 90.

Scientific men figure it this way—Eve 81 and Adam 81—total 162.

Wrong again—what could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, they would eat 893?

We think this solves the problem—Eve 814 Adam, and Adam 8124 Eve—total 8936.

Hold on—Here's another solution. If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, the result would be a stomach ache.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A train in Utah was boarded by bandits who went through the pockets of luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a travelling salesman from New York, who, when his turn came, fished out two hundred dollars, but rapidly took four dollars from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the robber, as he toyed with his revolver.

"Mine fren't," came the answer, "you surely von't refuse a two per cent. discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis."

SOME HEAD

A wood-pecker lit on Chester's head
And settled down to drill;
He bored away for half an hour,
And then he broke his bill.

If you always tell the truth you don't have to remember what you said.

Ellen's Christmas Surprise

IT was one of the tiniest things imaginable. In all the whitened fields of late December it could scarcely be reckoned with. It was a snowflake. Fleeting was the span of its existence. Today, here, tomorrow possibly drawn into the moisture of the atmosphere, depending upon temperature, and where it chanced to fall.

Some say, fairies fashion snow crystals in wonderful workrooms and laboratories which man has not yet explored. It may be. They are more exquisitely cut than the rarest jewels.

It was the night before Christmas. There was the usual sense of quiet which comes over things when the pre-holiday rush and confusion ends—the sense of peace—perhaps the echo of that old song which man has so often and so ruthlessly heard and forgotten.

It seems that the snowflake knew. In the land whence snowflakes come there is a great chief. The country if one speaks of it as such, is an absolute monarchy. It is a monarchy, ruled by love, where a desire to give happiness is the prevalent ambition.

So, on that night before Christmas as the snowflakes danced about in great billowy clouds, some of them thought of the companions already fallen to earth. Yes, some had fallen, and their beauty had lasted for a while, until they finally disappeared.

Then the chief spoke:
"Fellows," he said, with an appealing note in his voice—a voice that had much of the plaintive sound of the north wind, "there is a great service to perform. This is the night before the birthday of our King. Millions will worship Him when the morrow comes, but more, ignorant of its source will seek to revel in the gladness which His coming brought and many millions more—" he went on.

"The nations of the world wait for that gladness. Once a year they seek to know the spirit and the significance of Christmas time. They see vaguely what the caroling of angels and the song of shepherds was all about. Perhaps," he said, "in the chaotic strivings of man's life, he is not so much to blame."

Silence profound. A stillness like unto the silence of the plains before the angels uttered their refrain of "Peace, on earth, good will toward men."

"Comrades," said the chief.

"Aye!" answered the crowd in a note that had the shrill keenness of the winter wind and yet was warm with an eagerness to serve.

"Down, just below us, there are boys and girls dreaming of Santa Claus, snow, sleighs, and sleds. To some, your going would give life, zest and happiness to Christmas. You may stay here, or go to give them joy.

Her glance traveled to her dress, her shabby, mended gloves and her

face began to burn as she thought of the little hat she was wearing. She tried to shake off the feeling that was upon her, and to get her mind back on her mission, but somehow, everything seemed different now in the light of the strange unrest that was filling her heart. "Was she a little fool, as these women had said. Was she fair to herself? Had she, cheated herself out of all that meant so much to other women? Had she really been fair to herself in sacrificing so much for her child?"

The car pulled up with a jerk. She alighted quickly and made her way toward Harwell's. Suddenly she stopped short. A sign overhead caught her eye: "Be fair to yourself—buy your millinery at Madame Courteau's Hat Shop." Then her gaze traveled to the window with its array of tempting millinery. And as she gazed, her breath began to come quickly, her hands to open movement. For a little hat in a dull shade of blue caught her eye. She was gazing at it, fascinated, for as the sun outshines the stars, so to Ellen did this particular hat eclipse all the others in the window.

Somehow, it seemed to her at that moment as if she had been wanting a hat like that all her life. The little pink rosebuds that nestled around the crown seemed to call and speak to her, and almost before she realized what she was doing, she was inside the store and asking to see the hat.

The saleslady with all the art that was her's, placed it with a skillful touch on Ellen's head, and as Ellen looked in the great mirror she saw a face that was flushed to a rose-pink with excitement. Above it the much-wanted hat, which seemed to be a very part of herself,—so thoroughly becoming it was. She wanted that hat. The soft, lovely colors brought out all the charm of her fair loveliness and she thought how much John would like to see her as she looked now. The thought of her husband brought another thought to her, too, perhaps all these years, while they had been sacrificing and saving, he, too, had wished for and wanted many things. Surely he must have! Not, perhaps, things like women cared for, but other little luxuries that many of his friends had.

She had remembered now how longingly he had often looked towards the golf links—what a big thing it would be if Christmas would bring him the things necessary to play the game. The city maintained a free course not far from their home. And if she wanted so badly to spend twenty dollars for a hat, surely John, who was seeing and bearing things every day, must often have wanted something pretty badly, too.

She thought now how wonderful he had always been—never a word of complaint, but always cheery and happy. She realized now, with a bitter feeling at her heart, that she had not been fair to him—she had given their child more than her share of the little they had.

But from now on things were going to be different—John must have the best. Betty had many years ahead to enjoy things, and besides she realized now that it did not take expensive gifts to please children.

With hands that trembled Ellen reached up and took the hat from her head, and, not daring to look at it again hurriedly, put it back into the box.

That Christmas was a very happy one for the Warners. For, although Betty did not get the big doll, she seemed just as pleased and happy as a child could be. And Ellen felt a new glow at her heart when she presented John with his Christmas gift, for he was as jubilant as a boy about it. Her sacrifice had been indeed worth while—what did a becoming hat matter when put beside the happiness she felt now?

But the good Christmas fairy must have been watching all, for an hour later John's boss called up to wish him a Merry Christmas and tell him that the office manager was going to resign and that John would have his place. A wonderful Christmas surprise it was, for it meant an extra five hundred a year to the Warner's, which made it probable that Ellen got her much-wanted hat after all.—

E. R. J.

PERSISTENT LOVE

He: "My darling, you simply must marry me."

She: "But have you seen father?"

He: "Oh, yes, often. But I love you just the same."

Gertie: "I wish you to know that I don't stand on trifles."

Helen: (Glancing at Gertie's feet) "No, dear. I see you don't."

First farmer: "What became of the man you got out from the city?"

Second farmer: "Aw, he used to be a chauffeur, and the idiot crawled under a mule to see why it wouldn't go."

Mr. Barber says that money talks but it never gives itself away.

LET ME GET YOUR DATES FOR YOU

I know from experience how hard it is to get dates, and I believe that I have devised a plan whereby I, who cannot get dates for myself, can very easily get them for other young men. I go to the young lady to whom you are interested, and ask her for a date for the affair in question. Then I say that probably she has already agreed to go with you. She will at once see in this a means of escape from the ordeal of going with me, and then in order to uphold her honor, she must go with you. There is no danger of her accepting my invitation.

MATTHEW ANNOTTI.



Business Topics.

What Is Lloyd's?

(By Harold E. Adams)

Lloyd's is similar to an insurance company, but isn't. It has been going, without a break, for 238 years. Lloyd's is not, strictly speaking, even a company. It is a club or an association of individual speculators.

It has 1000 active members, 100 associate members and several hundred outside subscribers. Also, it has 1400 agents in all parts of the world.

The second largest bank in Great Britain is also called Lloyd's, but it has no connection with the famous association of insurance men.

Lloyd's stands alone. It has no limited liability. It is a cross between a shipping agency, an insurance company, and a betting club. It is a body of financiers who deal in risks and uncertainties.

It has a premium income of \$150,000,000 a year. This, divided among 1000 members is not so bad. About \$90,000,000 of this comes from marine insurance and the rest from all manner of insurance except life insurance.

Paderewski has his fingers insured at Lloyd's. Once, Madame Genee, the dancer, had her two great toes insured for \$10,000 apiece.

If a farmer in West Africa is afraid that a host of white ants will devour his crops, he can take out a policy at Lloyd's to protect him.

A great deal of rain insurance is taken out every year at Lloyd's by people who are giving outdoor fetes or any sort of outdoor sport.

During the last presidential election in the United States, Lloyd's quoted 100 to 9 against the chance of Henry Ford being nominated and elected.

The main business of Lloyd's is to insure ships. It is based on the law of averages. Thousands of losses have come crashing down on Lloyd's, but the average in any ten years shows a profit.

Lloyd's will give you odds on any matter, big or little. "Anything from twins to appendicitis." Lloyd's wagered, recently, that Mrs. Carson could not swim the English Channel. She did. Lloyd's lost \$100,000.

The business of Lloyd's is to buy other men's risks. It is really based on pluck, rather than on its \$25,000,000 of reserves. "Come along with your fears and your glooms and your forebodings," says Lloyd's. "Come along, give us your troubles, pay us a certain percentage, and go home and be happy."

Lloyd's, in fact, is the original Optimists' Club. Its members are professional optimists. Their motto is, "Most troubles never happen." Lloyd's is based on faith. It is 238 years old and has never failed nor missed a payment. It has a better record than any bank. It is older than any gov-

ernment and six years older than the Bank of England.

As you may imagine, there are dramatic moments in Lloyd's. There are shocks—thrills—enthusiasms. The worst day that the present members of Lloyd's can remember was the day the "Titanic" went down. The "Lusitania," too, made a black day for Lloyd's, but its loss was partially expected. The "Titanic" went down in a time of peace—went down on her maiden voyage, with bands playing, and 1500 passengers on board.

There is a famous old bell in Lloyd's—the Lutine Bell. It was taken from a wreck. It is rung once for a loss and twice for an arrival, when a ship is long overdue.

Whenever a ship is several weeks over due, and the loud clang of the Lutine Bell is heard—ONCE—a thrill goes through 1000 hearts in Lloyd's. Everyone knows, then, that the ship has been lost.

There is a dramatic moment, too, when the captain of a lost ship enters the portals of Lloyd's and goes to the "Captain's Room." This dreaded room is the Judgment Seat of captains. Every captain who loses his ship 's obliged to go and face a Lloyd's tribunal. He must tell how and why he lost his ship. If he fails to pass this ordeal successfully, he can never have another ship. Practically every captain on the seas holds his position by the goodwill of Lloyd's.

Then there is the "Chamber of Horrors," as the members laughingly call it. This is the room where the casualty board is and the loss book. As you may guess, the members pay frequent visits to this room.

One of the secrets of the prosperity of Lloyd's is its wonderful news-gathering service. It has a pair of eyes in every port in the world.

It receives reports every day from 150 signal stations in all parts of the globe, as to the arrival and departure of ships, and as to wrecks, strandings and salvages.

It publishes "Lloyd's List," which is the second oldest newspaper in England. It also publishes "Lloyd's Register" once a year, with much data regarding ships.

The original Lloyd was not a financier. He was the keeper of "Lloyd's Coffee House," a small restaurant where insurance brokers met together.

The first fifty years, this little group of marine insurance men met at this "Coffee House." They adopted Lloyd's name and made it famous.

Their present offices are still arrayed in coffee house style, with mahogany tables, separated by partitions, like stalls. Privacy without closed doors.

The "Father of Lloyd's," as he is called, was a German named John Julius Angerstein. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1735 and died in London in 1823.

He was a man of high character, greatly esteemed in London. It was he who planned Lloyd's and laid the foundation of its greatness.

Such is Lloyd's—the home of British optimism and pluck. No doubt, it has done more to build up the financial greatness of Britain than any other one influence. H. E. A.

GAY HEAD

(By Winthrop B. Collins)

To the summer visitor, or casual tourist who has never visited the Island of Martha's Vineyard, off the southwest end of Cape Cod, a rare sight and a unique experience awaits him.

Gay Head is the Island's chief pride and the taxi drivers all say, "To Gay Head or any other part of the Island." Its great cliffs rise above the sea to a height of 200 feet and extend along the water front for a half a mile or more. In this section there are literally hundreds of shades of intermingled clay—all the colors of the rainbow, with many mixtures and variations.

The best time of the day to view this wonderful piece of nature's work is at sunset, just as the sun sinks below the horizon, all the colors gradually fade, slowly, until they finally disappear. Summer visitors take this mind picture home with them, and the natives never seem tired of returning time and time again to view this self-same spectacle.

In the winter time huge waves often cover the cliffs, washing away the clay. The authorities on the Island have recently petitioned the National Government to build a breakwater to preserve this clay. There can be no question as to the worthiness of this project.

Gay Head was first brought into prominence when the "City of Columbus," a fine big steamship, sank off this point one winter night in the year 1900. The Indians that lived here went out in their whale boats and saved many of the unfortunate passengers. Now a lighthouse stands on the cliff and its keeper is a college-bred, full-blooded Indian.

GLOOM VS. DOOM

Thirty students were sitting in a room,
Waiting for a law test, faces full of gloom,
It came, they saw, it conquered.
And as they left the room
All these thirty students,
Knew they'd met their doom.

ALUMNI NOTES

(By Howard Wheelock)

Miss Helen Farrell, who for the past five years held the position of Stenographic Secretary to Ex-Mayor Joseph H. Gainer, was recently re-appointed by Mayor-elect Dunne, to serve as his Secretary. Miss Farrell is a graduate of the Secretarial Department. We wish her continued success in her work.

Miss Anna Kelly, a 1926 Scholarship Key winner, and a former member of The Business and Banking Department, is now employed at the Citizen's Savings Bank.

Miss Lillian L. Sass, winner of "The Most Popular Girl Contest," held last May, is now employed as bookkeeper for J. P. McGuire & Company, Electricians. Miss Sass was the only girl graduate of the Business Administration Department last June.

Mr. Nelson Burke, a graduate of the Business Administration Department, Class of 1925, is now employed in the office of Frank Crook, Inc., Pawtucket, R. I. Mr. Elphrege J. Goule, one of his classmates, is Office Manager.

Miss Isabella F. Barreet, a graduate of the Secretarial Department, has recently accepted a bookkeeping position with the Collins Construction Company of Providence, R. I.

Miss Veronica Lee, one of the basketball players of the girls' team, and a graduate of the Secretarial Department, has a secretarial position with Watts & Hutton Company of this city.

Mr. S. Everett Henry, a graduate of the Business Administration Department, has recently entered the employ of the Providence Baker's Supply Company.

Miss Helen Cyckevic, a recent graduate of the Business and Banking Department, has recently been placed with the Hope Rubber Company of Providence.

Friends of Mr. Frank McShane, who graduated from the Business Administration Department two years ago, might be interested to know that he is now connected with the Nashville, North Carolina, plant of the Sayles Finishing Company.

Miss Sylvia Kelley, formerly of the Business and Banking Department, is now in the employ of the Gorham Manufacturing Company.

Any comments of general interest concerning former graduates of the college should be given to the Class Representatives, or sent in directly to the Alumni Editor.



BOYS' BASKETBALL QUINTET ORGANIZES

All Indications Point to Strong Team This Year

Arcaro Elected Manager

Although nothing has been said in previous issues of The Booster concerning the basketball team, the team is nevertheless under way, and very soon it will become a principal interest at B.-S.

Graduation has shattered last year's team considerably with the loss of Cheesebrough, Evans, and "Big Tim" Fraser, the star center. However, the college still has a few veteran players left to help defend the title which the team has held in the past. They are James Murray, Henry Lawton, Thomas Soule and George Goldstein.

Among the new players who will go out for the team this year are students who have made remarkable records on their high school teams. They include: Raymond Hawksley, James McLaughlin, John Casey, Alfred Musserlian, Albert Stowell and Howard Wheelock.

Albert G. Arcaro, a member of the Business Administration Department, has been elected to manage the team. At this time Mr. Arcaro is unable to announce a definite schedule of the games to be played during the season, but as soon as it is completed, it will be published in a later issue of The Booster. Several games have already been booked.

From the amount of interest shown, and the material on hand, the team will no doubt turn out to be one of the strongest quintets in the state.—E. R. J.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM IS PLANNED

To Organize Soon

Some of the girls in the Secretarial Department have voiced a desire to organize the girls' basketball team again this year. Last year the girls' team was very successful, and it is hoped that this year the team will win further laurels.

Most of last year's players were lost by graduation in June, but there still remains enough material in the college this year to turn out another winning team. Esther D. Harootunian, last year's star center, is the promising candidate of this year's team.

LOOK OUT

Look out for a heavy fall of Christmas cards accompanied by light verses.

EXCHANGES

(By George E. Creath)

The Exchange Editor has been receiving exchanges right along but has noticed a lack of comments on the part of our Exchange friends. As you all know, the benefit derived from an Exchange Department is a fifty-fifty proposition. While we may go over and over our publication there is very likely to be some little detail which we overlook. It may be that some of our Exchange friends will be able to help us to correct this fault, and vice-versa. We invite constructive criticisms.

We all have enjoyed reading the various publications received thus far this year and hope that these same papers and magazines will continue to arrive.

We acknowledge with thanks the following Exchanges received subsequent to our last issue:

"Homespun," Somerset, Ky.
 "The Senior," Westerly, R. I.
 "The Milachi," Milaca, Minn.
 "The Skyrocket," Henderson, Tenn.
 "The Abingtonian," Abington, Pa.
 "Weidner Bugle," Mulberry, Ind.
 "Maroon News," Menominee, Mich.
 "The Aggie Pep," Charleston, Miss.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Senior," Westerly, R. I.—Your publication is a very interesting little book and one which we enjoyed reading. The jokes are very good.

"Weidner Bugle," Mulberry, Ind.—We wish you success in your new gym.

AS THEY SEE US

"Central High School Signal," Columbia, Tennessee.—A real, neat little paper.

"The Roman," Rome, Ga.—You have a clever cover design. Your editorials are well written. Come again.

"Auburn School News," Auburn, Nebraska.—The Booster is always welcome. You have a newsy and well arranged paper.

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

"My Dear, I wish you could make bread like Mother did."

"My Dear, I wish you could make dough like Father did."

FREE HEAT

A Scotchman recently took his Uncle to the theatre. It became almost unsufferably warm and the younger man voiced a desire for lemonade.

"Wait until the intermission," said the old man, "and I'll tell you a ghost story that will make you shiver."

GOOD ROADS

(By Chester E. Turnell)

It is quite apparent that the American citizen is beginning more and more to realize the importance of good roads. The principal reason can be traced to the fact that there are more motor vehicles on the road at the present time, than ever before. Sometimes the question is asked, "Where and when will the saturation point of the automobile manufacturing industry be reached?" The person asking such a question fails to keep in mind the fact that the population is increasing rapidly, and hence the field is continually increasing in the same proportion.

With the increase of motor vehicles upon our roads which are hardly able to handle the present traffic, the question arises, "How will future traffic be handled?" Some people say that we have reached the peak, and that motor vehicles will tend to decrease in number instead of increasing.

Our present roads have become inadequate and they should be built to meet present day needs. This may involve the building of better roads, the widening of the old roads, the speeding up of traffic, or even the relocating of the old roads so that they will give us the maximum benefit.

We are not building roads today that last as long as the old Roman roads. This may be due to the traffic wear and tear which is greater than it was in ancient times.

The Federal government is aiding the different states in building their roads. All Federal Aid projects for the most part are of re-inforced concrete cement. They have found from investigation that these are the type that last the longest. Road building has grown from a careless idea into a scientific task involving the utmost care in order that the maximum benefit may be derived.

NOW IS THE TIME

"Now" is the constant word ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the matchword of the wise. "Now" is the emblem of the prudent, always keep this little word in mind, and when any work appears, whether it be mental or physical, let's do our best; always keeping in mind that "now" is the time. Let's not go through life by putting off our duties until tomorrow, saying, "Then I'll do it." Now is the time; then may never come.—E. Lambson Libby, Jr.

Customer: "I want a new Ford car."

Salesman: "Yes, sir! Just drop your nickel in the slot."

All that glitters is not gold—Moral: A young looking girl might be old.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT

The Booster is quite a publication, The college gets all the name, The printer gets all the cash.

But the poor Editor gets all the blame.

Who R U? How Much Power Do You Represent?

Mr. Barber says:

U R not the fellow who wore your hat a year ago. R U wiser, more capable, more efficient, more powerful or R U less? Nothing in nature is at rest. Old Mother Earth is making over a million miles a day. R U moving forward or R U slipping? U R not standing still; that is impossible.



JEREMIAH H. BARBER,
B' Acc'ts.
Head of Law Dept.

JOT IT DOWN

Did you ever see a man carry a little book around in his pocket, and watch him pull it out once in a while and write a few hurried sentences?

It's a wise person that has this habit. Unfortunately, we are not all blessed with superhuman memories—but we think we are. When we see something or hear something that we think would be interesting or helpful in the future, we gently say to ourselves: "I'll remember that for another time." But the case is rare where we do remember. And that's where the little red book comes in handy.

When a good idea, a well spoken word, an unusual deed pops up, jot it down at once in your little book. The entire investment—pencil and book—won't be more than fifteen cents, and the book may be worth a thousand times that amount some day.

EVELYN ROWSE.

A GARDEN WOOING

Watermelon: "Do you carrot all for me?"

Asparagus: "Well, I bean around and have never found anything to beet you. You are what I would caul-i-flower."

"He called her honey, a peach, and the apple of his eye, squashed her hard and finally kissed her tulips."

Asparagus: "We cantaloupe, but lettuce be married."

(So a happy onion of the pear ensued, but still nobody loves him like his old tomato can.)

ROYAL BLOOD

First Mosquito: "What did you say when you bit the Prince of Wales?"

Second Mosquito: "Now I've got Royal Blood."

Buettner: "Why can't a minor make a contract?"

Mr. Barber: "I didn't say he couldn't."

HUMPS VS. MUMPS

I gazed upon the camel, And wondered at his humps, "Well, that's a funny place," says I, For a mule to have the mumps.

In the last analysis, some people seem to think that success is the ability to take money away from other people faster than they can take it away from you.

DIDN'T HAVE MUCH

"I came into this town, sir, as a mall boy, without a shoe on my feet or a penny in my pocket. Now look at me."

"But I always thought that you were born here."

"And so I was. Doesn't that prove my statement?"

"That makes it bad all around," remarked the garbage man when he noticed that his wagon was leaking.

The President of the University of Michigan receives a salary equal to that of any well-paid executive in the business world. This shows that administrative ability in the educational world is being recognized.

FOR SALE

Bakery, including a large oven. Owner has been in it for years. Has good reasons for leaving.

Lisi and Dordine were having an argument, whereupon Dordine exclaimed:

"I never saw such a dumb person in all my life!"

"Well, then, how do you do it?" asked Lisi.

"Do what?" answered Dordine.

"Fix your necktie so neat without looking in a glass," retorted Lisi.

Dordine is still wondering why the class laughed at him.

BACK-FENCE GOSSIP



THOUGHT HE DID.

Ebbit: "Did you open the windows wide?"
 Baxter: "You bet I did! I pulled the top half all the way down, and pushed the bottom half all the way up."

Mother: "Anna, what are you doing out there?"
 Anna K.: "I'm looking at the moon, Mother."
 Mother: "Well, tell the moon to go home and come in off the porch. It's half-past eleven."

ANOTHER GIRL

Bud: "I was talking to your girl yesterday."
 Jim: "Are you sure you were doing the talking?"
 Bud: "Yes."
 Jim: "Then it wasn't my girl."

Mr. Watson: "This is the third time that I have caught you looking at his paper."
 Student: "Eh, yes, he doesn't write very plainly!"

Cop: "Why don't you blow your horn at crossings."
 Annotti: "Sorry, sir, but every time I do the girls block the traffic."

SOME BABY

I told my boss the other morning that I'd been up all night with a baby and he asked me what her telephone number was.

"What character do you have in the third act?"
 "I'm not supposed to have any character; I'm in the chorus."

Campbell: "Shay, Jacques, wha'sh the time?"
 Jacques: "Thurshday."
 Campbell: "That'sh our station. Le'sh get off."



WHAT'S THE USE?

Spend and the world spends with you.
 Save and you save a loan,
 For the people you know will borrow your dough
 If they learn that a little you own.

HEARD AT STUDENTS' DANCE

He: "Who is that fellow in the door who stares at me so?"
 She: "Oh, don't mind him. He's only the fellow who brought me here."

George Creath has often heard of the song, "Roses In Picardy," but he claims he has never heard of the song, entitled "Roses in Normal School." The other day, however, George met a certain "Rose of Normal School" and did the courteous act of showing her through this school. Upon entering the Business and Banking Department, Rose asked: "Do you do billing here?" George replied, "No, but we do cooing."

A DENIAL

Mr. Lee denies the impression that he made in class the other day regarding future accountants interested in figures. He says that the "Artists and Models" show which played at the Providence Opera House has no bearing whatever on his statement.

"The joke's on me," said the chair as Turnell sat down.

SOME CHANGE!

When first they met
 They sat far apart like this;
 But now—
 Theysitupcloselikethis.

Mr. Lee says that the person who walked across the street was once called a "pedestrian"; now, unless he can hit a livelier gait, he is commonly called "the deceased."

Soule (trying to crank his Ford):
 "Say, Chester, choke the carburetor!"
 Turnell: "I'd like to, but I can't seem to get my hands around it."

GLAD!

'Tain't the night before Christmas;
 We're glad that it's not.
 For the shopping we still have
 To do is a lot.

Mr. Lane: "Why has the price of tin increased so enormously since 1910?"
 Furrey: "Because the Ford Motor Company has monopolized the product."

A HURRIED VOYAGE

Cape of Good Hope—Sweet Sixteen.
 Cape of Flattery—Twenty.
 Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.
 Cape Fear—Thirty-five.
 Cape Farewell—Forty.

Evidently the girls are not the only ones who worry about their beauty and use the glass panels in the doors as looking glasses. McNally, of the Business and Banking Department, was observed the other day admiring himself in the doorway of Mr. Barber's room.

A HINT.

Mr. Lane: "You don't seem to be quick at figures, my boy."
 Newsboy: "I'm out of practice, sir. You see, most of the gents say, 'keep the change!'"

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Cordially,

President.