The Classes.

"1901."

CLASS COLORS: Crimson and White.

WE have now nearly completed three terms of college life, and it is with pride that we submit to the public the record of our events.

On the 21st of September, 1897, we entered the Rhode Island College. We were not long in making acquaintances among the upper classmen, and we found them to be a genial set of young people; although at first they sometimes sent us to the wrong places, or told us "Bear Stories." During the first few weeks our efforts to appear decorous must have caused much amusement among the other classes, but that is no more.

When we selected our class pins, some of the members wished to have them of a different design from that used at present; but, when the other classes and the faculty asked us to keep the old design, we agreed not to make any change.

In October the Juniors gave a reception to our class, at which we made many new acquaintances, and received our first impressions of college society.

For the most part the Sophomores have refrained from troubling the Freshman; a few of them did, however, try to give us some "Cold Baths," but they retired with more speed than grace.

The Class had no football team of its own, during the season of '97, but it showed its ability in combining with the Sophomores, and winning each of the several games played. We also had several members on the "varsity" eleven, which is in itself a very great honor, and one of which few classes can boast. Early in the spring we formed a base-ball team, which has amply upheld the honor of its class.

Of course we have our "curios," as has every class; we are proud to have "Sousa" in our midst, also several other musicians of note. Our "mascot" always brings good luck; he was prominent on each of the above-mentioned "elevens," which to any well informed person explains itself. His favorite pastime is dancing the Schottische.

Well! we are only Freshmen now, but soon we "cross the awful chasm" and become Sophomores. Then let the Freshmen beware for we prophesy trouble; and now we bid you good-bye, until we meet you again in the next "Grist."

C. G. A.

Freshman Class.

CLASS YELL: Here we Come! Here we Come!
The Noble Class of 1901!

Officers.

L. G. K. CLARNER, JR., PRESIDENT.
W. S. MOFFITT, VICE-PRESIDENT.
L. J. REUTER, SECRETARY.
D. CAMPBELL, TREASURER.

MISS M. W. ROCKWELL, *Honorary Member.*

Members.

CARLTON G. ANDREWS	*Potter Hill.*
EDWIN T. ARNOLD	*Woonsocket.*
NELLIE A. BRIGGS	*Shannock.*
CHARLES S. BURGESS	*Providence.*
ISABEL N. CLARK	*Usquepaug.*
EDNA E. DAWLEY	*Kenyon.*
WILLIAM J. DAWLEY	*Kenyon.*
ARTHUR A. DENICO	*Narragansett Pier.*
ERNEST GRAHAM	*Wakefield.*
ROBERT E. GRINNELL	*Middletown.*
CHARLES H. S. HARROWER	*Peace Dale.*
FANNY L. HOPKINS	*Plainfield, Conn.*
HENRY O. HOPKINS	*Plainfield, Conn.*
GARABAD KREKORIAN	*Harpoot, Turkey.*
EARLE A. LANDERS	*Newport.*
CHARLES A. LECLAIR	*Bristol.*
DUDLEY NEWTON, JR.	*Newport.*
SARAH W. D. PALMER	*Wakefield.*
THOMAS C. RILEY	*Lafayette.*
ARTHUR A. SHERMAN	*Portsmouth.*
ANNA B. SHERMAN	*Kingston.*
ELIZABETH A. SHERMAN	*West Kingston.*
HOWARD D. SMITH	*North Scituate.*
FANNY E. STILLMAN	*Kenyon.*
EMILY P. WELLS	*Kingston.*
CHARLES W. WILCOX	*Kingston.*

1900.

CLASS COLORS; White and Gold.

CLASS YELL: Whoop-la-ra! Whoop-la-ree!
Walk up! Chalk up! Upidee!
1900! Yes-sir-ree!

WHEN we took leave of you a year ago, we promised to "see you later;" and as we are men of our word, "*nous voici.*" (Please observe that we have studied French since we saw you last.)

We are sorry to have lost some of our members, but, as we have gained an equal number, we still have a membership of thirty.

We cannot deny that there are some very strange things about this class of 1900. One notable fact is that we always "Fry" our game. The class has certainly been growing too "Cross" of late, and it is not so "Jollie" as formerly, yet it has a large "Soul(e)." One of our number is called Greene, but we also have a Brightman who looks after our understanding. Another fellow has been a Wheeler all his life, yet his achievements in mathematics are even more brilliant than his cycling record. One of our young ladies is very fond of taking shocks, and of catching Arachnida, ophidia, Lepidoptera, bacertilia, shy chophiladee, Lamellibranchiata, and other such creatures, but these things never seem to "Hurter." The proposition in one of the early Sophomore class meetings to receive a Sp(h)inx among our number was at first rather startling, but we concluded that we could "Tucker" in.

Some members of the class have been electing expression, and when a particularly large blot alights on a particularly fine mechanical drawing there is conclusive evidence that they have not studied in vain.

We had no chance to immortalize ourselves by building a drill shed, and we have been so unfortunate as to lose our Carpenter, but we think we shall yet be able to demonstrate that the class of '99 is not the only one gifted with architectural abilities.

The evening of March eleventh is one we shall long remember. At that time Miss Putnam received her classmates at Watson House. The hours passed merrily, and as we left the air rang with cheers for our honorary member.

We hold no ill will against the Freshmen for refusing us an opportunity to beat them at foot-ball. We welcome them to the place which, in the course of college events, we must soon vacate; with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, not excepting the mysteries of Trig and Chemistry, while we "Steere" our way as "Wells" we may toward the joys and perplexities of Junior life.

It is with sincere regret that we say good-bye to the class of '98; yet it is a pleasure to acknowledge the courtesy and kindness they have always shown us, and to give them our heartiest good wishes as they go out from us and from their Alma Mater.

Sophomore Class.

Officers.

A. E. MUNRO, President.
Miss S. L. JAMES, Vice-President.
Miss E. M. PARKHURST, Secretary.
A. PEARSON, Treasurer.

Honorary Member.

Miss Lucy Harriet Putnam . . . . . *Newton, Mass.*

Members.

William Ballou Arnold . . . . . *Woonsocket.*
Glen Isaac Briggs . . . . . *Woonsocket.*
Henry Mason Brightman . . . . . *White Rock.*
Latham Clarke . . . . . *West Kingston.*
Charles Clark Cross . . . . . *Narragansett Pier.*
Morton Robinson Cross . . . . . *Wakefield.*
John Raleigh Eldred . . . . . *Kingston.*
John James Fry . . . . . *East Greenwich.*
Edith Goddard . . . . . *Brockton, Mass.*
Prescott Morrill Greene . . . . . *Peace Dale.*
Florence Dudley Hunter . . . . . *Somerville, Mass.*
Ruth Hortense James . . . . . *Kenyon.*
Sarah Lila James . . . . . *Kenyon.*
Amos Langworthy Kenyon . . . . *Wood River Junction.*
Leroy Weston Knowles . . . . . *Point Judith.*
Elisha Frederic Lamphere . . . . . *Peace Dale.*
Arthur Earle Munro . . . . . *Quonochontaug.*
Abbie Fidelia Northup . . . . . *Wickford.*
Elizabeth May Parkhurst . . . . . *Wickford.*
Alfred Pearson, Jr. . . . . *Newburyport, Mass.*
Robert Joseph Sherman . . . . . *Usquepaug.*
George Canning Soule . . . . . *Wickford.*
Ralph Nelson Soule . . . . . *Wickford.*
Myra Bertine Spink . . . . . *Wickford.*
Anthony Enoch Steere . . . . . *Chepachet.*
Bertha Douglas Tucker . . . . *Swansea Centre, Mass.*
Herbert Comstock Wells . . . . . *Kingston.*
Levi Eugene Wightman . . . . . *South Scituate.*
Joseph Robert Wilson . . . . . *Allenton.*
Charles Noyes Wheeler . . . . . *Shannock.*

Junior Class.

CLASS COLORS: Blue and Pink.

MISS PECKHAM, our former instructor in English, and an honorary member of our class, left at the close of last year to attend the Leland Stanford University, in California. We regret her departure, and her presence among us has been greatly missed.

MISS MERROW, professor of botany, very kindly consented to become an honorary member of our class. Her help and friendship have been a great pleasure to us, and are thoroughly appreciated by all.

ALFRED WILLSON BOSWORTH is a man of muscle. His highest ambition is to become a captain and wear a sword. How he used to envy that inimitable strut that Gossie had when he was a captain! He is very susceptible to the charms of the fair ones of our number, and it has been reported that he may often be seen on Sunday afternoons and evenings in the vicinity of Watson House, and not always alone. He had the honor to succeed Bill Gump as physical laboratory assistant. We would advise him to take a lesson from Gump's fall from grace, and not know too much of practical ELECTRICITY, or the history may be repeated.

CLIFFORD BREWSTER MORRISON. Tread softly, bow thy head in lowly reverence; humble thyself before this mighty intellect which has appeared in our midst, whose equal never crossed the threshold of the R. I. C. Never was there brain that held so much. He is an authority on bacteria. Of chemistry he knows everything. In biology he can give the professor points. When, in the botanical laboratory, he explains the chemical reactions going on in the cells of plants, we are awed into wondering admiration, and the professor meekly subsides into silent recognition of a superior mind.

MERRILL A. LADD. How he loves to lord it in the boarding hall. As he struts around the tables like a little bantam rooster, his expression proclaims the fact that he is monarch of all he surveys. His frown of disgust, when some poor, hungry student has the audacity to ask for more, is indescribable. He is a very bright lad in matters pertaining to electricity, and we have been told that without his help the storage battery would never have been in the almost useless condition in which it now is.

WILLIAM F. OWEN. "Whistle and she'll come to you my lad." He can cut ice with any girl in the place, but, being a true sport, he does not care for game which comes too easily to his net, so he goes hunting in Peacedale, where the girls are more shy. He is captain of the ball team, and is noted for the clean game he plays at football.

E. PAYNE, ye ancient one, called papa by some of the younger members of the class, who, however, do not show him the respect which such a name should command. He is a living example of the demoralizing effect of environment, for he came here a staid old man; but the surrounding influence has so affected him that, although he has never been caught, we believe that he is up to more boyish devilment than any of the youngsters ever thought of. Ask him who fastened the smoking-room door and waited at the second story with a pail of water, ready to soak the smokers as they escaped by the window. Who sent the shock through the OLD TIN CUP.

SALLY RODMAN THOMPSON has a great fondness for mathematics and for bossing the show. You may see her any morning scurrying off to the class in mathematics—the lower branches—as though she wanted to get there before she forgot her lesson. One day in class the following axiom was formulated: "It's so, if it isn't so, if Sally says so."

BLYDON E. KENYON is a good, honest member of the class. He minds his own business, and has not made himself conspicuous by the development of any special idiosyncracies. He is a great favorite with all the girls of the class.

JOHN STUART CUMMINGS loves study and drill above all other good things. He is especially stuck on German, and would rather study that than have a good dinner. Ask him, if you don't believe us.

HENRY F. W. ARNOLD is a young man with a taste for "Degeneration." A true morbid deviation from an original type. His lingering refrain, "Am I an accidental concatenation of parts?" Perhaps so, my boy; but then, true blood always tells.

Point Judith has brought forth many illustrious sons, but none more so than HARRY KNOWLES. He began his college work at the age of fifteen, disturbing our morning slumbers by ringing the bell at 6:30 every morning, studying biology and agriculture. He aspires to become a Ph. D., and will get his degree, even if he has to buy one in Germany. In *affairs du cœur* he is considered by many to be an adept, but we know of one vulnerable spot in his heart.

MILDRED WAYNE HARVEY is a very ambitious girl, and had a very high standing in her class until a measly time came along. From this she has not yet wholly recovered, but hopes to, soon. She is an active worker in some of the societies, and generally holds some office, and acts often as a delegate. She has been secretary of the class for three years, and will probably keep that office till we graduate.

ROBERT S. REYNOLDS came here from Wickford. He is an excellent waiter, when he is not asleep, and is a prominent member of the athletic association. He says that when he is president of a college he will let the students have every day off for athletic sports.

GEORGE A. SHERMAN. Some persons think that George A. Sherman has missed his calling in becoming a mechanical student, and that he ought to have stuck to farming. He has been carrying on some original research in mechanics, and expects to solve the problem of perpetual motion soon. Although this young gentleman comes from the country, he can give some of the city boys a few points in most subjects.

WALTER C. PHILLIPS is president of the class of '99. He is a straight mechanical student, and gets much enjoyment out of machine-shop work. 'Tis said that the belt is constantly slipping off the pulley of his lathe, but instead of losing patience with it, he is contented to sit down and take it easy until the instructor comes along and replaces it for him. His great ambition is to take life easy.

CARROLL KNOWLES is the only Kingston man in the class. He is a great student of languages, and has especially distinguished himself in French and German. As a mathematician no one in the class can beat him. At class meetings he supports every motion that is made, and was never known to take the negative side.

MINNIE E. RICE is from Wickford, and is taking the straight scientific course. She expects to become a schoolmarm, so, as a preparation for her future work, she is taking agricultural chemistry. Her executive ability is great, as was shown by the way she carried out her duties as a member of the Arbor Day committee.

GERTRUDE S. FISON comes daily from Peacedale. She takes all the studies of the Junior scientifics, with the exception of English; which, however, she would have taken, had not the professor of that branch told her that she was not advanced enough in years to take such an advanced study. At tackling social problems she is an adept, for she planned and managed our reception to the Freshmen with great skill.

'98.

CLASS COLORS: Blue and White.

CLASS YELL: Rah! rah! rah! Never late,
We're the Class of '98! Rah!

OUR most promising student of evolution has departed to unknown regions in search of hidden mysteries, so the history of the Senior class, which is necessarily of an evolutionary character, cannot be presented in that precise and logical order which marks the productions of such individuals.

The progress of the class during the past year has been most marked, but no less distinct are the changes wrought in the individuals. Indeed, I believe that the personality of the various members stands out more prominently before the outside observer than does the advancement of the class collectively. It is perhaps well that this is so; for when the time comes for united effort, as it will in the near future, the class of '98 will not be found wanting.

We have perhaps seen more changes at the college than has any other class, for, when such events as fires and restorations could no longer claim our attention, we have been busy trying some new venture, which has generally been successful, and has often proved a precedent to other classes.

We all supposed astrology was something of past ages, never more to return; so nothing could create greater astonishment, no, not even the report that the Spanish navy commanded by Alphonso XX. was upon Lake Laurel, than did the notice read in chapel

stating that all the students were assigned to certain members of the faculty, who would be their guiding star to advise, foretell, and rule their destinies. Those who do not understand the facts of the case declare that at present we are surrounded by a mantle of life and one of death. They say that the mantle of life is bright and unmistakable, for it embodies, among other things, a high hope for the future. This is quite true, but when questioned about the mantle of death they try to seek a connection between it and the modern astrology, saying that as we have several doctors as guiding stars, and that one month of doctor's care will kill a sick man and two a well one, there is really very little hope for us. This is wholly untrue, for they have confounded the new astrology with the old, and perhaps the physicians of our modern times with the ancients, or, what is more likely, with our modern quacks.

Our honorary member, Miss Bosworth, we regret to say, will not be able to be with us at commencement, for she soon sails over the ocean. *Bon voyage*, we shall not forget. At an evening gathering in her house she presented the class with an ivy, which will be planted on class day, when our poet, orator, and speakers will shed forth the glory of their eloquence and genius; but this will be near commencement, the day to which we now look forward.

Senior Class.

Officers.

H. A. CONGDON, President.

G. T. ROSE, Vice-President.

W. C. CLARKE, Secretary.

Miss WILSON, Treasurer.

Executive Committee.

J. P. Case, W. F. Harley, W. C. Clarke.

Honorary Member.

Miss Annie L. Bosworth . . . . . *Kingston.*

Members.

Sarah Estelle Arnold . . . . . *Wakefield.*
George Washington Barber . . . . . *Shannock.*
Edna Maria Cargill . . . . . *Abbott Run.*
John P. Case . . . . . *Gould.*
William Case Clarke . . . . . *Wakefield.*
Henry Augustus Congdon . . . . . *Kingston.*
Martha Rebecca Flagg . . . . . *Kingston.*
William Ferguson Harley . . . . . *Pawtucket.*
George Tucker Rose . . . . . *Kingston.*
Harriette Florence Turner . . *Ontario Centre, N. Y.*
Grace Ellen Wilson . . . . . *Allenton.*

'Neath The Hood.

Once upon a day so dreary, while we pondered, bright and cheery,
  Each one o'er a new and curious volume of chemical lore—
While we listened, no, not napping, suddenly there came a tapping
  As of some one lightly walking, walking to the class-room door.
"'Tis the doctor," some one muttered, "walking to the class-room door"—
  This it was that stopped the roar.

Ah, distinctly we remember it was in the glad September,
  When the doctor, mild and tender, book in hand before us stood.
"Now this book will be quite ample, each before you has a sample,
  But before we further trample, let me now suggest some food
For your future good and guidance, when you work beneath the hood,
  'Neath the better, larger hood."

"First of all the mysteries solving, and the work on you devolving
  Is for you to group correctly all the metals as you should,
In solutions that I give you—the reagents that are needed
  HCl by H_2S succeeded, since the odor is not good.
And in fact I should advise you, if the odor is not good,
  Always work beneath the hood."

This was but an introduction to the hood with its seduction—
Little did the mild professor, as he spake in kindly mood,
Think of all the fascination and the varied conversation,
That the students with elation carried on across the hood.
Oh, the cookies that were eaten by the few who understood—
As they waited 'neath the hood.

But the course is now completed, and although we're not conceited,
Still we feel somewhat elated that our work has been so good.
Thinking not of things we've broken, nor of tests which have bespoken
Much "magruffen," wretched token, we would linger if we could:
But the thought is thrust upon us nevermore beneath the hood,
'Neath the better, larger hood.

A Glorious Achievement.

THE saddest event in the history of our college, or any other institution, occurred Thursday afternoon, May 19, 1898, on the college athletic field. After vanquishing their brethren of 1900 in the ball game, the Freshmen never stopped till they achieved the right to carry canes forever upon the college grounds. It was a famous victory, marked by wonderful and glorious deeds, unparalleled in any conflict recorded in history.

That awful struggle would surely have continued till now if it had not been for some of our respected alumni, who, out of pity for 1900, broke up the conflict before serious injuries occurred.

The struggle for the cane was brought about in this manner: Considerable feeling having been aroused by the inglorious defeat sustained by the Sophomores, one of their number, he of "Regal Shoe" fame, over-zealous in his regard for a Sophomore victory, conceived the idea of forcing the Freshmen to give up the right of carrying canes. His eye fell upon a diminutive individual from Phenix, who was bravely parading about with one of the coveted sticks. Action immediately began, and, in a second, Mother Earth was covered with a swaying, battling mass of excited humanity. Legs and arms, but no heads nor bodies, shins were scraped, and heads were banged, the solar plexus especially receiving a full share of bruises; whilst from the pile came yells and invocations to Mars and all the gods of war. Here and there about the pile little groups were struggling; blood soon showed itself, and the whole country became tinged with a red light.

The Sophomores were getting worsted; and the charitable-minded alumni, after much hard labor, managed to separate the combatants and to restore peace. The college awarded the cane to the Freshies, and we all hope they'll stand by their colors as they did that May afternoon. But there'll be no need of such efforts, for the whole world knows what happened after supper, on the college road, for the Sophomores are humilated and crushed beyond recovery. This is the second time that 1900 has bitten the dust, for good old '99 beat them with a vengeance. We showed them up to the world then, and thought, perhaps, they'd take heed and brace up; but '01 showed they couldn't or wouldn't, so we have lost all faith in them. But there is some good blood in the class, and if they take advantage of it they may come out all right.