



The Kingston Zephyr

I come from whence no man can tell,
I go where none can follow,
And search out every dale and dell,
And every hill and hollow.

Till last by Kingston hill I blow,
And think of stopping never;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I howl around among the trees
With sundry cries and moans,
Then scurry off across the leas
And fairly move the stones.

I tear about and in and out
Here send a hat a-sailing,
There buffet sweet young maids about
And laugh at their bewailing.

And here and there a cloud of sand
I pick up as I travel,
And just for sport I think it grand
To fill fair eyes with gravel.

I whirl and roar and rip and tear,
All patience do I sever,
Till women weep and strong men swear,
But I blow on forever.

Chaff

Georgie had a little cat,
And Georgie dearly loved her,
And everywhere that Georgie went
The cat was sure to "rubber."

* * * *

Miss C--ke, at Y. M. C. A. reception.—"Are those twins brothers?"

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Mr. T---r, speaking of the cannon.—"I don't know whether it is broken or not, but it is badly bent."

* * * *

We have a young man named Howard
Who certainly is not a coward,
For he stays out at night, till nearly daylight,
Without fear of being devoured.

Another young man named Denny
Knows of jokes a very great many;
He ducked this man Howard, who is not a coward,
And *never* regretted it any.

* * * *

G----d, after returning from Watson House at 10.15 p. m., remarks:
"There are some thoughts which words cannot express."

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Student, to Librarian.—"Could you find me Washington's Farewell Address?"

Librarian.—"Who is the author?"

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Why is Taylor afraid of his hens?
Because some of them are laying for him.

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W---y, looking for mail and finding none.—“I seem to be the only male.”

Miss X.—“Would that there were more.”

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Miss D---y (in Pol. Econ.) “Shall we have ‘consumption’ next term, Mr. Beardsley?”

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“Port” says that “‘muck’ on the rock” is great sport.

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A heavy storm came up one day,
The thunder roared and rumbled;
It twisted wires and smashed the lamps,
While Scott looked on and grumbled.

* * * *

Instructor (in English) “Who was Hebe?”
W---x.—“Bartender to the gods.”

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M---n, hearing static machine running in next room.—“That must be the ‘snap course’”

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Instructor.—“What is the value of ?”
Bright Student.—“Ten cents.”

* * * *

For all I have traveled
This wide world o'er and o'er,
A fried egg on a fish ball
I never saw before.

* * * *

Dedicated to '03

There are fluorites, calcites and other odd things
In mineralogical lore,
But one class has a "silly Kate"
Who was never ground before.

There were two Seniors brave and bold
Who used to drink things to help a "cold,"
But a wicked woman led them astray.
It was "Ethyl Hydrate," so they say.

Some Unanswered Questions

Who fired the cannon?
Who bet five dollars that a Sophomore did it?
Who got "rubbered?"
Who caught F. Hoxsie on the fire escape?
Who is the would-be sleuth?
Why does the Horticultural Department raise so much "spinach?"
What is the difference between psychology and "Si" Wright?

NOTE.—We cannot answer these questions here, but can give you a straight Tip on them.—EDITORS.

Answers to Correspondents

J. E. D., '03.—"Hello, Mamie!" is not usually considered to be good form, but under the circumstances you are excusable.

W. G., '03.—You are right. There are some feelings that words cannot express. There are also things which are better left unsaid.

CARRIE NATION.—(1) The W. C. T. U. can probably furnish the details. (2) Better bring dynamite; the buildings are of stone. (3) You will have to get permission of Mr. Tyler.

X.—Yes, the drainage is still quick and the view delightful (see College Catalogue, page 26).

L. C.—(1) Horses are still considered to be private property. "Crook" must have been misinformed on that point. (2) The "Pier" is not the best Winter Resort near Kingston, but is often a Last Resort in Winter.

C. S. B.—It was all your fault. He should have known better than to take your advice, but that does not make you less blameable.

H. D. S.—We have been unable to find who originated the saying: "All the world loves a lover."

A. A. D.—Wheeling at night is very dangerous for many reasons.

F. C.—Massage treatment would probably reduce the size of your cranium if applied often, but nothing will ever effect a complete cure. Your case is hopeless.

T. I. P.—Old shoes are considered a sign of good luck. You were lucky that it did not hit you.

A. N. P.—You should have gone out immediately and not argued the question.

Kingston, R. I., May 2, 1901.

To the Board of Editors of the '02 Grist:

I am pained to learn that in spite of my hard labor against it you are surely to issue a GRIST. I am extremely sorry that you have been so successful, for I have done all in my power to prevent it. I have conferred with the Farm Manager about it; he, you know, has more to do with the management and general oversight of the college than the President himself. He says that it is outrageous to have issued such a vile, scurrilous third-rate bunch of waste paper as that nonsensical GRIST, and as for selling it at sixty cents—Lord save us from such an ignominious good-for-nothing set of idiots as the members of that GRIST Board. Now when a man with the sagacity and ability of the Farm Manager makes a statement like that it is so; no appeal. He is a genius in his own way, and he will have his own way in spite of a hundred Junior classes.

I am privileged, too, to put in my own modest appeal. I command your respect in every way. Not a flaw can you find, either in my intellect or my attainments. My record in mathematics, German and physics is unparalleled. I stand as a model to all future classes, and I have been told by many that I am a very rare young man. My most praiseworthy conduct toward all the students and my openheartedness on all occasions, as well as my leadership always for the good, must strongly appeal to you. I am strictly on my honor for the R. I. C., and I command you to suppress that book.

Modestly yours,

A. L. R.

College Calendar

- Sept. 19. Term begins.
Sept. 20. "Physical exam." of new students.
Sept. 21. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. U. reception.
Sept. 23. Twins have callers from Wakefield.
Oct. 5. Sophs. hold a field day in Chem. Lab. at which Hoxsie and Crandall blow themselves and Miss Kiefer gives Dr. Bucher a shower bath.
Oct. 5. Junior reception. Speech by Rodman and dance by everybody
Nov. 22. '02 caps arrive.
Nov. 23. Clarner loses a cake.
Dec. 8. Wilby saves Watson House from drowning by closing valve at standpipe.
Dec. 9. Some one "soaks" Captain Burgess with a biscuit.
Jan. 25. Military Ball.
Jan. 26. Clarner mistakes alcohol bottle for distilled water.
Jan. 31. Day of Prayer. Ballou leads applause.
Feb. 2. Reception to "chickens" by Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. U.
Feb. 5. Sleighing party to Saunderstown (?).
Feb. 7. Seniors go sleighing under difficulties.
Feb. 9. Reception to "chickens" at Dr. Brigham's and also in Davis Hall. General expense, \$10.
Feb. 11. Reception to "chickens" at Dr. Washburn's. Tip stands guard in dormitory.
Feb. 11. Several mattresses become so full of life that they walk down stairs.
Feb. 12. Little H₂O and more H₂S.
Feb. 25. Mrs. Tip Nation makes a raid on dormitory.
Mar. 1. Fire drill and lecture on "Esprit de Corps" and "Asininity."
Mar. 4. Salute fired four hours late.
Mar. 4. Mr. Tyler calls on Denico and obtains data on loading and firing cannon.
Mar. 17. T. A. Smith loses the key hole from his lock.
Mar. 21. Very rainy. Miss S--d--s-n "nearly dissolves" on her way to dinner.
Apr. 17. Juniors have their pictures taken.
Apr. 22. Kent catches fire in Chem. Lab.
Apr. 29. Mass meeting of students. Lieutenant Smith makes an address.
May 1. Mr. Tyler all smiles—it's a boy—ten pounds.

Repentance

The day is done and the engineer
Turns on the electric light,
And a feeling of hunger comes o'er me
Foretelling a sleepless night.

A feeling of hunger and longing
That almost amounts to pain,
And drives me up to the village
Through the mist and the falling rain.

Come, give me a pie, dear Nattie,
A mince or apple will do,
That will calm this restless feeling
At least for an hour or two.

And a bottle of Jamaica ginger,
In case of trouble to-night,
For pie and potato salad
Don't always mix just right.

Then back to my room I wander
Through the mist and the falling rain,
And four or five hours later
Swear never to do it again.

Proverbs

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him." (Freshman.)

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; avoid him." (Sophomore.)

"He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him." (Senior.)

"But he who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man; follow him." (Junior.)

**Lieutenant Sm--h's Address to the Soldiers at the Battle
of the College Pin, April 28, 1901**

Citizens and fellow-trudgers on the macadam road toward Kingston Village!!! In the performance of my duty regarding this all-pervading question, I wish to state emphatically that I am not prejudiced. "Jus' because she made those goo-goo eyes" does not necessarily signify th'r. their magnetism has so enchanted me that I can no longer lead my forces on the right trail toward justice. If the kids wear the pins, take them off; if the kids injure our dignity, punish them; but if the *second* year Prep girls wish pins, let them have them! I stand up for justice, and you recognize in me the coming cutter of coagulated fluidity, so don't lower the boiling point too much or an ebbulative change of phase may spontaneously result.

Woe to me that there are no puddles wherein I might lay my coat that their angelic feet might pass through undampened; but such is inexplicable Fate! Alas!

Ceres' Soliloquy

"Strange! Yet have I seen this place before. It seemeth to me familiar. Ah! I have it! Methought I knew the marks when first I set my foot upon the spot. It is the R. I. College. This is the place where my philosophy is taught; I must away to find the numerous worshippers at my shrine. They will be found in the open air, in the fields. Yet all seems strangely quiet, as if the busy humming of the bees were stilled. Yet why is this? Alas! I must have slept, and while I dreamed strange gods have ousted me. Hark! is not that the clang of anvils which always attends the worship of Vulcan? Out upon thee, thou short-limbed son of Jupiter! I'd like to cast thee off much farther than did thine august parent. I must away, for I'm not welcome here. Alas! alas! woe! woe!"



STABS

"What rage for fame attends both great and small!

Better be damned than mentioned not at all."

Prexy.—"To those who know thee not, no words can paint!

And those who know thee, know all words are faint!"

Bucher.—"He is a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again."

Miss Bosworth.—"Her sweet smile haunts me still."

Miss Sanderson.—"She is pretty to walk with

And witty to talk with,

And pleasant, too, to think on."

Rodman, T. C.—"A comely olde man, as busie as a bee."

Radtke.—"A wise young man from the West."

Burdick.—"But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Wright.—"I am she, O most bucolic juvenal, under whose charge are
placed the milky mothers of the herd."

- Smith, H. D.—“But there’s nothing half so sweet in life
As love’s young dream.”
- Hoxsie, F.—“Full byg he was of brawn and eek of boones.”
- Whitmore.—“He is as fressh as is the monthe of May.”
- “Stub.”—“This is not large, but it can smoke i’ faith.”
- Ballou.—“I have within myself much that pleases me.”
- Grist.—“Was ever book containing such vile matter so fairly bound.”
- Wells.—“A voys he hadde as small as eny goot.”
- W. C. T. U.—“Dost thou think, because thou are virtuou, there shall
be no more cakes and ale?”
- Peckham.—“I’ll not budge an inch!”
- Chem. Lab.—“I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks.”
- Sophs.—“Who think too little and talk too much.”
- Sherman’s Team.—“I saw them go; one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.”
- Wilby and Wells.—“Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.”
- “Fritz.”—“A man I am, cross’d with adversity.”
- Maxson.—“He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the
staple of his argument.”
- Miss James.—“The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.”
- Juniors.—“All the learned and authentic fellows.”
- Goddard.—“Dear Label, this no more shall be;
I’ll wait for you if you’ll wait on me.”
- Wilby.—“Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the moustache thou hast brought.”
- ’03 History.—“This is a very false gallop of verses.”
- Tip’s Dog.—“An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.”
- Summer School.—“This is a very mid-summer madness.”
- Studio.—“Mocking the air with colors widely spread.”
- Loomis.—“God made him, therefore let him pass for a man.”
- Capt. Sparrow.—“That in the captain’s but a choleric word which in the
soldier is flat blasphemy.”
- Scott.—“How doth the little busy bee?”

The Annex

An old brown, rusty, tottering shack,
A roof like a horse with a broken back,
The chimney askew, a window pane out,
Coal, glass and furniture scattered about,
And you have a plain picture in your mind
Of the quaint old Annex you will find.
'Tis an ancient old cottage which gives you a thrill,
For in it live Kenyon, Fred Hoxsie and Bill.



You knock on the door, go in the dark hall,
Then turn to your left, when over you fall,
For a wheel and some barrels, a dozen or more,
Fill the vestibule clear to the drawing-room door.
You pick yourself up and continue your way,
Go in the apartment, sit down and then stay.
A square, small, low, dingy, disorderly box,
With fixings and furniture scattered in flocks.
Some beds, a few tables, a mirror, a chair,
Wood, clothes and pie plates, smoke blueing the air,
In endless confusion here rage a foot deep,

A voice buried in scuffle, sounds faint like a peep.
Silence and study but rarely are found,
But racket and missiles here greatly abound.
Of all places on earth this indeed is the one,
The abode of unending, unlimited fun.
All the schemes here concocted would fill up a book,
Raising the devil, by hook or by crook.
One night as I sat there in deep, pensive mood,
My last cent departed to buy the boys' food,
And pondering sorrowfully over my purse,
I wrote out the following beautiful verse:
Sweet Annex! Dwelling of the sleepless night!
Thy walls show marks of many a fight,
When Charley and Bill have rolled on the floor
And mixed up the cottage from chimney to door,
In the very best scraps that ever were had,
One thousand in number, and never once mad.
If you value your life for more than a pottage
Don't stay over night in the little cottage;
They tip the beds over, heat the stove till it melts,
Shoot a gun off at midnight, kick your back full of welts;
They keep two alarm clocks that shriek all the night,
And about every hour Fred and Bill have a fight.
Then the din and the yells and the clocks and the racket:
Deeply joggle your head and very near crack it;
You don't sleep a wink, for the noise keeps a-going,
And soon are the expletives rapidly flowing.
At three in the morn the climax draws nigh,
Bed reversed on the floor and a boot in your eye.
You see it approaching and quick comes your breath,
With awe you are staring, excited to death!
And bang!

(At this point the poet had his head broken by a piece of chair and this masterpiece had to remain uncompleted.—EDITOR.)

The Senior's Lament

This dreary, dreary thesis work
Has only just begun.
My lasting prayer from now shall be:
"Oh, when will it be done?"

From early morn till late at night
To reference shelves I run,
Trying to catch some transient thought
For a work that ne'er is done.

O give me patience, give me grit,
That I may labor on,
And may I never say I'll quit
Before the work is done.



The Kids

Have there any young Preps got mixed with the boys?
If they have, kick them out without making a noise.
Hang the six-year course and that big fellow's might;
Old Time is a liar, we're four classes to-night.

Four classes, four classes, who says we are more?
He's crazy, young jackanapes, please show him the door.
Four classes of twenty? Yes! two, if we please,
We'll show the young scrubs if they dare us to tease.

They've a trick, these young preppies, you may have been told,
Of talking to Freshmen in tones light and bold;
That boy we call Adams, he thinks he's hot stuff,
But one of the Faculty says he's a muff.

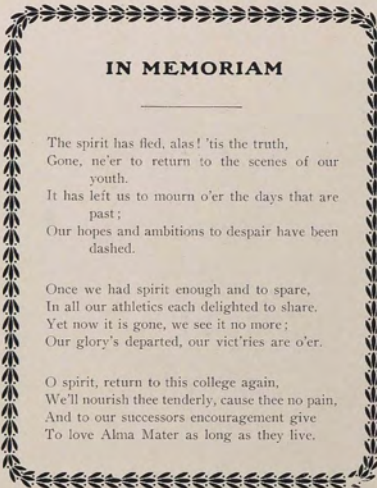
And then there is Schofield—that's the one on the right;
As a printer's "devil" he's supposed to be bright.
He plays on the ball team, and oh me! oh my!
I really don't think he could catch a pop fly.

That boy with the grave, biological face
Is making an effort to capture first base.
Too bad he's a Prep., for he carries a pin,
And to stop him would be an unpardonable sin.

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by calling him Smith.
But he shouted the signals 12, 15 and 3,
Plays quarter, "from Providence;" quite a man, don't you see?

You hear Donath laughing; you think he's all fun.
He is until Tyler the scene comes upon.
Then he studies so hard, makes his old table creak;
Goes to bed then at twelve with a pain in his back.

Yes, they're boys, always ready for cracking old jokes,
Always fresh and green and easy to hoax.
My dear, homesick children, stop making that noise,
Or you'll never become like your seniors, "The Boys."



IN MEMORIAM

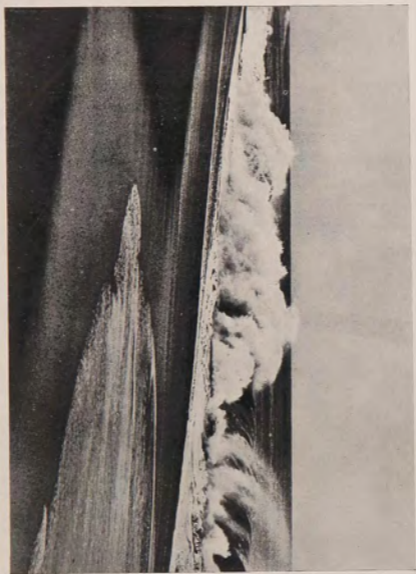
The spirit has fled, alas! 'tis the truth,
Gone, ne'er to return to the scenes of our
youth.

It has left us to mourn o'er the days that are
past;
Our hopes and ambitions to despair have been
dashed.

Once we had spirit enough and to spare,
In all our athletics each delighted to share.
Yet now it is gone, we see it no more;
Our glory's departed, our vict'ries are o'er.

O spirit, return to this college again,
We'll nourish thee tenderly, cause thee no pain,
And to our successors encouragement give
To love Alma Mater as long as they live.

THE SURF AT NARRAGANSETT





ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The Fire

About seven o'clock in the morning on the ninth of January, just as the early risers were seating themselves at the breakfast table, the college fire-alarm stayed all operations of satisfying the inner man and brought everyone out of the Boarding Hall in hot haste. It did not take long to discover that the trouble was at the horse barn, as the smoke was already pouring from the cupola and people could be seen running from all directions. The hose-cart was soon at hand, and lines of hose were laid from the hydrant in front of the barn, and two streams of water placed to the best advantage. The barn was unfortunately so arranged that the only way to the part of the hay mow where the fire was raging was to crawl over about fifty feet of hay and around two corners. It was consequently impossible to get a stream directly on the flame except by cutting through the roof. As this would tend to furnish a draught for the flames, it was deemed advisable to expend all energies in confining the flames to one part of the structure and in protecting the adjoining buildings. This plan succeeded so well that the whole of the east and west wings were preserved, and before nine o'clock the fire was under complete control. All of the horses, wagons and other movable property were saved, and great credit is due to the student fire department for the efficient manner in which they conducted themselves.

As Heard in the Lab.

"Yes, Cl-rn-r went down with Burgess." "Now, girls, don't you think—" "Oh, Miss Rodman, is there a pond—" "Bite, ye little fish." "Say, Edith, I don't know a thing—" (Tall professional in the background) "The truth for once." "No, that apparatus is for di-hydro-para-ethoxy-Clarkine; you can't have it, Kent." (Great excitement) "What, out of that bottle! Why, that's benzene; didn't you know better, Duffy?" "Noaw, Miss Cooke, yeow ain't going ter due it." "I think you boys are all fools." (Voice heard in the distance) "No, that is not scientific;" never accept things without mathematical (a whisper) "Cheese it, the cop," and all is still.

Class Poem ?

You may say what you like,
You may think that you please,
It will make little difference to us;
We're the first of the new
And before we get through
We intend to make something buzz.

As a class we are thin,
Yet we all make a din,
Each in his line or vocation;
We won't have co-eds,
As they're bad for the heads.
And queer us in examination.

We have a man in our class
And he is wond'rous wise,
For when he does not know a thing
Bluff does that fact disguise.

