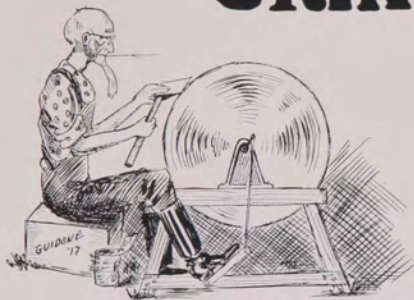


GRINDS



A Mock Faculty Meeting of an Educational Institution in Southern New England

HEAD MASTER: "You people will please come to order. The business of to-day is to consider Mr. Jones' case, which you all know, has to do with the keeping of liquor in his room with the intention of drinking the same. Our gumshoe is to be commended for his detective work in obtaining evidence of the existing conditions."

"Now, Mr. ———, will you kindly tell what you know of the case?"

SECOND HEAD MASTER: "Upon last Tuesday during inspection Mr. Jones was not at home, so accordingly, I opened his room with my skeleton key. Everything was apparently in good order, but on looking beneath his bed I found a large green bottle which contained a liquid. Not knowing what it was and considering it was my business to find out, I tasted it and found it to be Scotch Whiskey. I gave my assistant a taste so that he might corroborate my testimony here. Then we took it with us to my office."

FIRST HEAD MASTER, in a comely lady's voice: "I do not think that Scotch is so bad for anyone that it should be prohibited here."

INSTRUCTOR IN SHOP WORK: "Well, I do. I think we should take extreme measures to overcome this wicked habit."

FIRST HEAD MASTER: "I think that if there are to be any restrictions, they should be lenient. The student body here is held down altogether too much. I believe in considerable liberty. I hardly think that a quart of whiskey every week would hurt any strong man, especially Mr. Jones. What do you think, Prof. ———?"

PROF. IN ZOOLOGY: "Ye-e-e-e-es, I think you're right. It's probably as good as any soda water I ever drank."

PROF. OF MATHEMATICS: "How do you know it was whiskey? Does it look like it?"

SECOND HEAD MASTER, somewhat piqued: "Perhaps if I don't know whiskey when I smell it, we had better have it analyzed."

HEAD MASTER: "We will take Mr. ———'s word for it but it seems best to have Dr. Tellall U. Know analyze the sample that our inspector has."

Hereupon the meeting adjourned.

TWO DAYS LATER

HEAD MASTER: Please come to order. You will kindly pass the sample around the assembly."

PROF. OF BOTANY, on receiving the bottle: "Aaaaaah, what a fine specimen. Hasn't it exquisite fragrance?"

INSTRUCTOR IN FREEHAND DRAWING, taking up same and eyeing it at arm's length: "Do you think that that is Scotch? I believe that Scotch has just a hint—of a hint—of a shade—darker color than that. Do you not think so?"

HEAD MASTER: "I believe that we are now ready for the report of the analysis."

INSPECTOR: "What was it you found? Was it whiskey?"

DR. TELLALL U. KNOW: "No, Mr. ———, you're not quite right. However your conclusions were not far from correct, for the liquid is a lubricant but it belongs to a wholly different class of compounds. After diligent work I have found the sample to be kerosine oil. You must have had another solution."

HEAD MASTER: "I think now that we can exonerate Mr. Jones. Doubtlessly he was using the kerosine for a cold. Mistakes will occur in the best regulated of families."

After the singing of a hymn the meeting adjourned.

McLEOD (on his way to the Station in a college bus notices another wagon some distance ahead) :—"We'll catch up to them in a little while."

Doc WOOD :—"Yes, if one of their horses breaks a leg."

REV. LEVI B. EDWARDS (in Chapel) :—"The bar on an ocean liner is in a very advantageous position, as you know, President Edwards."

Do you, Prexy?

PROF. BOARDMAN (after several seconds of hesitation) :—"Life is one — darn thing after another."

We would advise that he made a slight mistake.

McGILL on East Hall steps, eyeing the lucky gentlemen who escort the fair co-eds across the campus after each meal :—"Well, Baxter, I wish I had a girl."

BAXTER :—"Well, Jimmy hasn't come out yet, has she?"

McGILL :—"It's Glasheen's turn this noon. Mine, tonight."

PROF. BARLOW in Zoo VII. :—"How many teeth have you Miss Watson?"

MISS WATSON :—"Twenty-four."

PROF. BARLOW :—"Well, you're younger than I thought you were."

PROF. SMITH in Chem. IV. :—"If you have more than two cuts in this course you will be excused from taking the subject."

HAWKINS :—"What if you have three already?"

N. B. If Mr. Hawkins lasts, he will take the course next year.

PROF. TYLER (in Trigonometry) :—"All authorities now allow four feet to every hen."

Nichols, '15, in English Criticism, reads a "short story" in a magazine only to find that it was but the beginning of a "Continued-in-our-next." Result—no report (and he got by with it).

DR. LEIGHTON (in Chemistry III, after "Clint Hawkins has awaked "Boob" Hanlin by putting snow on "Boob's" spine) :—"I'm sorry they disturbed you, Mr. Hanlin.

"Boob" :—"Oh, that's all right."

MISS FLEAGLE :—"I think I could learn to love Mr. Martel."

MISS WALLER :—"They say he is some devil."

MISS FLEAGLE :—"You know I like that kind. Ha, Ha."

MISS WALLER :—"He's a fine fellow. They say he has lots of character."

MISS CHAMPLIN :—"I wish he had a little more steam and not quite so much character."

PROF. SMITH to Coleman :—"What is cider?"

COLEMAN :—"Acetic acid."

PROF. SMITH :—"I guess you're thinking of hard cider, Mr. Coleman."

It is rumored that several students got tired of Prof. Lichtenhaeler's geology class and left occasionally by the ladies' entrance.



The '16 class cannot but whimper
 When they recall a Sabbath last winter,
 How the '15 brains, alas so bright,
 Conquered the husky Freshmen's might.

The '16 flag from the top-mast floated,
 While over their strength the kidlets gloated;
 But soon a cry at the dining hall door,
 And out they flocked, those children sore.

"They've taken our flag," one big boy sighed,
 "Prexy said we could," another cried.
 But all their oaths and all their din,
 Couldn't prevail to get their rag again.

While the Freshies ate as in heavy slumber,
 A peerless man of the '15 number
 Had shinned the pole and cut the rope.
 He now disappeared and with him their hope.

The '16 boys collected and yelled
 Selected a child the Prexy to tell,
 But when he came through it was all too late;
 The flag was mislaid—till a later date.

Of course it was right for the Freshmen boys
 To hang out their rag and make lots of noise;
 But likewise 'twas right for the '15 men
 To take their flag, forever, Amen.

ESTY shows Prof. Tyler a new chemistry equation:— $K+I+2S=KISS$.

CAUTION:—(To be performed in the dark).

This is the result of the action of one woman's attention to an unsuspecting and innocent senior. We won't get personal, but everyone may look at Miss Marion York of Pawtucket.

HALL in History I:—"Benedict Arnold died in the state of melancholy."

PROF. CHURCHILL:—"No, that isn't one of the United States, although the state of matrimony is."

PROF. SMITH:—"I have an examination paper here with no name on it."

INQUISITIVE INDIVIDUAL:—"What is the mark on it?"

PROF. SMITH:—"A very good one."

EVERYBODY:—"It's mine."

Question raised in a Biology Class:—"Does a cat's hairs on her upper lip have the same functions as a man's moustache?"

JOE SOONG, working in Chem. Lab., get a mouth full of corrosive sublimate through a pipette by mistake and asks what shall he do.

LENNOX:—"Better say your prayers."

NORDQUIST:—"The word 'Babel' is unfamiliar to some in the class.

PROF. BOARDMAN:—"That depends on a person's knowledge of the bible."

PROF. BOARDMAN:—"What is the history of the formation of a habit?"

JOE HUDSON:—"The thing we discussed yesterday."

BARNEY in ZOO, VIII.:—"You say that hair is dead tissue. How is it that it stays with you?"

PROF. BARLOW (after some reflection on himself and the inquisitor):—"Well, it doesn't always, does it?"

PROF. BOARDMAN in Edu. IV.:—"For what are the Swiss noted?"

CLASS:—"CHEESE."

PROF. CHURCHILL in History I.:—"What have you selected for historical reading, collateral with your history course?"

JOE NICHOLS:—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Overheard at a card table:—"Look out, Mr. Perry, they're looking at your hand."

MR. PERRY:—"I don't see how they can see the cards, I can't.

Circumference, 92 inches.

PROF. OF HISTORY:—"Why weren't you present at the test, Mr. Parker, last Tuesday?"

MR. PARKER:—"I had a cold and wet my feet."

PROF. OF HISTORY:—"Cold feet again, eh?"

A worthy display of a Freshman's brains, to wit, Wisbey, to Miss Lucy Comins Tucker:—"I suppose this play—The Girls of 1776—makes you think of your girlhood days. doesn't it?" There is a question as to whether Miss Tucker smiled or not.

Debating on the immigration subject, Janson says:—"If an immigrant fails to have this certain amount of money and also a perfect health record, what do they do with him?"

CONYERS:—"Shoot 'em."

PROF. CHURCHILL to Conyers:—"How did you get in?"

After Prof. Smith has worked an hour and filled the blackboard with the interactions of numeric organic compounds, Mr. Hawkins coolly inquires:—"So that is the beauty of organic chemistry?"

Snatched from the bulletin board: "Prof. Churchill:—A package in room 3, Davis Hall, for you may be obtained by singing for it at the office." Signed, Miss Burdick.

SOPHOMORE to Prof. Cloke in Physics Class discussion of x-ray:—"Is it possible to see through one's head with the x-ray?"

PROF. CLOKE:—"It would be hard to see through some of yours, I fear."

A sign on the bulletin board announces the loss of an illumination hook. TURBY:—"Probably it has gone out now and you will never find it."

PROF. BARLOW in physiology class:—"Hallucination is demonstrated when a person sees strange, wild beasts crawling about on the walls of his bedroom. (Perhaps Bugs has visited East Hall).

Boulester appears in class all dolled out as for his wedding, with a nice, neat, nobbish brown suit on. Tack Glynn, calling from the gallery, "Say Doc, where was the fire?"

PA WEBSTER as he notices the high-browed wit of the 1913 class puzzling over a bridge drawing:—"Well, Bates, you seem to be between the devil and the deep sea."

BATES, glancing up, as though intelligent, from his work and straightening his glasses, remarks:—"I hardly see the sea, Professor."

The following is to show that females are not all lacking in wit. Says Boob to the coquettish co-ed called Buff, who, by the way, was suffering from a smoky lamp:—"Hey, Buff, your eye must have been pretty hot when you got that shiner."

MISS RANDALE, anticipating the jocular Mr. Hanlin:—"Yes, it was in (flame)d."

JACKOWITZ, the night before the final Physics exam:—"Here it is ten o'clock and I've only got half of the chapter on sound written on this paper." (Faculty will kindly *not* read this paragraph).

JUBILANT STUDENT:—"Look at the hairpin I found on the walk."

CHIEF:—"How did you (hair-pin) happen to find it?"

BAXTER meets the diminutive Doctor Hunter in the corridor of Davis Hall. The corpulent joker speaks:—"I understand you have a new course this semester, Doc."

Doc.:—"Not that I know of. What did you hear?"

People say it is Gym (Jim).

Then the innocent one blushed.

One of Dickie's natural ones:—"If anyone whose name I have called is not here, will he kindly raise his hand?"

Prexy's idea of the newest dances—a cross between a gallop and a waddle.

SENIOR, '15:—"How is it, Prof., that alcohol makes one's head go around?"

PROF. BARLOW:—"You ought to know."

Words of the everlasting Shanahan: A sad case—a rack of empties.

MILLER, '15, speaking of the mechanism of a telephone transmitter, asks if it is possible to use granulated sugar in place of carbon granules generally used.

PROF. DICKINSON:—"Not unless you wanted to talk very sweetly."

STUDENT addressing Prof. Churchill in argumentation:—"Are all bartenders necessarily bad characters?"

PROF. C.:—"Well, I know of a couple who are."

STUDENT:—"Well, you know of a couple more who aren't, don't you?"

PROF. CHURCHILL:—"Mr. McIntosh, what is personal magnetism?"

MAC:—"I believe that that is something we do not all possess."

DR. LEIGHTON (in Chemistry III):—"When your neighbors begin to cough and—cuss, you'll know that your vapors are sulphuric."

PROF. CHURCHILL (in History I):—"Where did the Scotch-Irish come from?"

LLOYD (after considerable thought):—"They came from somewhere between Scotland and Ireland."

Mr. Hunter, on receiving a pamphlet on the famous breed of hens, the Leg-horn, says it is a new kind of instrument that a music firm wishes him to try out in the college orchestra.

Overheard in the physiology class: "The stomach is a sort of bag-shaped affair that you carry your lunch in. It looks like a big sausage."

PROF. BARLOW (examining a skull): "This individual would have suffered terribly from this decaying wisdom tooth, had he continued to live." "Good thing he died," from the rear.

CAPT. DAVIS (to Company C):—"Everybody is out of step but Edmonds."

Mr. Geo. M. Lewis carries around a small vial of absolute alcohol, which he spasmodically takes whiffs of. He claims that it wakes him up.

He doesn't need it, does he?

Overheard in History I:—"What other features are necessary besides masts in shipbuilding?"

HOPE, '16:—"Rubber tires."

LLOYD (speaking of the manufacturers of the early colonies):—"It is said that the soldiers wore homespun union suits."

Miss Fleagle goes to Providence on shopping trip. Her excuse to Prof. Boardman:—"Providence called and I went."

A BEWISKERED GENTLEMAN (to Rev. Richard Weston):—"I think I need a shave, Dick."

DICK:—"Well, you ought to be put in a class with Edison and Columbus. You have discovered something."

MR. NOYES:—"I think I'll take a trip down to Texas before long."

BAXTER:—"So I'm not the only one after a steer, after all."

PROF. COOLEY:—"Have you read Lamb's tales?"

ANDERSON, '17:—"I never saw any red ones, Prof."

Anderson, '17, sits with his feet on a chair in Prof. Churchill's English class. Prof. C.:—"There is a large shadow on the floor in the back of the room. Would you mind seeing what it is." Anderson gets up and looks around, whereupon Prof. C. tells him, "You had better sit down now I guess, it was the shadow of your feet."

Jackowitz, after dissecting a cat's nervous system, gets into an argument with Hunter and says:—"I'll bet you a dime that's a nerve. If you're any kind of a sport you'll take me up." Handsome offers the reason:—"It isn't a case of sporting blood, it's simply a case of lack of funds."

PROF. ADAMS (approaching Weston finds him chewing the filthy weed):—"Are you chewing that again, Weston?"

WESTON:—"Yes sir, do you want a chew?"

On seeing Prexie's dog Brownie hobble on three legs, Bill Lewis claims that the dog is a mathematician since he puts down 3 and carries 1. If this was original, this near joke would be good.

PROF. BOARDMAN (in Psy and Ed. IV.):—"How could a Latin teacher make his lessons interesting?"

A LOVER OF BREVITY:—"Make 'em short."

DR. HADLEY (in lecture on Water Bacteriology):—"It is said that the hogs of a certain farmer on the plains were killed from an infection of hog cholera, coming from the sewerage of the College. I don't care to cast any suspicion on the student body here, but the conditions do look questionable."

Jackowitz advises the Town Council that they had better put in a new road between Wakefield and Kingston, as he looks forward to a hard winter.

HUNTER (in Zoo VIII):—"Mr. Lewis is in bad spirits this morning."

JACKOWITZ:—"Yes, he has been drinking water since yesterday afternoon."

JONES (inviting Boulester to C. E. social):—"Piles of fun—Gee Whiz Hang it all, you ought to come."

BOULESTER:—"Scat."

Reuben Hall, '17, explains how easy it is to become engaged.

"I met a girl up in Barnstable, Mass., and we took a walk up and down the main street, finally stopping in front of the window of a large department store. I noticed the girl was eyeing a large crystal set in a ring which was resting

in the window, so we walked in and I had her try on a few. When we found one that fit and the clerk told us that it was a genuine Cape Cod solitaire, I took a five spot out of my pocket, bought the ring, placed it on her fourth finger, and honest, fellows, I'm engaged. I had to walk home that night, though."

Poor girl, accept our blessing.

PROF. (in English):—"Who was Elbert Hubbard?"

STAGE WHISPER (from McIntosh):—"A nut."

It's rumored that the inspector of buildings used three days in locating the members of an egg-throwing expedition and then three minutes immediately afterward in bailing them out.

The heart of T. C. is still the biggest thing on the campus.

Kirk, half an hour late to class, leaves his admission, a nickel's worth of candy, on Tip's desk with the enlightenment that a Mr. Davis is the donor.

Prof. T. inquires if he is being kidded, and eats the candy.

PROF. CHURCHILL:—"Who were those who were conspicuous by their absence at the Signing of the Declaration of Independence?"

STAGE WHISPER:—"T. C. and Lucy."

Freshman Durfee makes an appointment with Friday Rawdon to receive his first professional haircut.

Friday says:—"Come around on Sunday."

The following is a quotation of the once famous Romeo Raoul Martel to Homer Christian and Devil Rowell:—"What you want me to do is to inject a little predigested knowledge into your coco."

"Hap" Smith, '08, writes the Providence Alumni Club's recruiting committee that he wouldn't be caught dead joining the organization and signs "Biff" Easterbrook's, '11, name to it. At this time "Biff" is still buying ammunition.

It is rumored that "Walt" Knowles, '09, is a building trick. He builds bridges by day (N. Y., N. H. & H.), and "Full Houses" by night—"One please." Huh?

Our Asst. Prexy receives a most cordial invitation to join the United States Navy. She is getting to be one of the boys.

PROF. MILES:—"Why aren't you on time to class?"

"Doc":—"I was eating a piece of pie."

PROF. M.:—"Where is the pie?"

"Doc":—"I've got it with me."

PROF. M.:—"Where is it?"

"Doc":—"Under my belt."

PROF. M.:—"Well that is selfishness. Why didn't you bring me a piece?"

MISS MERROW (to her Freshman Botanists):—"I wish you wouldn't use hard pencils to write your notes with, for it is difficult to read them, as I am an old lady, and Browning is fast becoming one."

MISTAKES OF A HONEYMOON

A white haired prof.
With travelling mania,
His sweet, young wife
In old Pennsylvania.

A request to sign
The hotel register
From an impudent clerk
Just one who could pester.

A prompt compliance
With this request.
A sigh of relief
His troubles at rest.

But alas, alas,
The mistake of his life.
He signed his name
Without that of his wife.

An interrogation
Put forth by the clerk,
A childish prank
In his countenance lurked.

But these are his words—
(Perhaps I hadn't oughter),
"Am I mistaken?
Will you sign for your daughter?"

Rhode Island State College Mandolin Club

<i>President</i>	FRANK HOWARD BAXTER
<i>Vice President</i>	FRANK H. BAXTER
<i>Secretary</i>	F. HOWARD BAXTER
<i>Treasurer</i>	F. H. BAXTER

Soloist—FRANK BAXTER

First, Ninth and Sixteenth Mandolins—"Pot" BAXTER



JUNE 4 '15. ORCHESTRA—DICK & DICK AT THE PIG

ALL FOOL'S DAY IN KINGSTON

With their anxious hopes afeeting,
The daintiest of all the chef's fine morsels sweet,
The poor Freshmen they were eating
With their co-ed's e'er so pretty
And their speakers ne'er so witty
'Twas a chance that would have been sure hard to beat.

The Sophomores knew it
And they certainly went to it
Looking forward to enjoy the luscious feast,
The freshies still kept mocking,
While the windows they were locking,
But the Sophomores were not moved in the least.

For their great and wonderful knowledge
Taught them easily to demolish
Things that seemed most impenetrable indeed,
The electric connections
Were cut into two sections
At the time of the tungstens greatest need.

And now each told a ditty
With the help of spermaceti,
Which happened to be in the kitchen, just by chance,
It was hard to tell at sight
Even the dark meat from the white,
Without more than any ordinary glance.

The banquet having finished,
And their appetites diminished,
The hellians started for the "Policemen's" slaughter,
'Twas the latters' cruel luck
To stand in line for a "duck"
But remember 'twas the purest kind of water.

Toward the village next they started
And the church bell rope they knotted
Resulting in the midnight fire alarm,
With fire bells aclanging
And skeletons adangling
One would think that they were doing mighty harm.

But by far the best event
Was by sorrowful Percy lent
When on bicycle he chased an erring student,
Had it not been for his sprocket,
A culprit in the docket
Would have heard the verdict and to jail been sent.

MORAL.

Now if officers are creeping
When in bed they should be sleeping,
Dreaming of a land where women ne'er shall vote,
It certainly behooves them,
If the students must amuse them
To be ready to grow horns and be the "goat."