

GRINDS

# The Grist of the 24<sup>th</sup> Class



(Note. The Ed wanted something striking for the first page.)

## A MATHEMATICAL AXIOM.

The high cost of living increases directly as the Bills.

## WHO'S THE GOAT?

COGGINS:—I hope the fellah who took a bite out uff the curtain in the "futometry" lab. dothen't digethit it.

## EQUILIBRIUM, CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL.

ANDY (in surprise):—Does he go down the line often?

NOANK:—Yaas, he goes down quite steady.

ANDY:—Does he come back the same way?

COUNT:—Hey, Gyp, there's a chicken in this egg.

GYP:—One minute, Count, I'll bring you a knife and fork.

DEAR EDITOR: Why did'nt Dr. Bills take that course in the summer school last year?  
Flossie.

DEAR FLOSS: Who would wheel the carriage?—Ed.

# Rhode Island State College

## A Bombastic Debate

RESOLVED, THAT BREAD AND BUTTER SHOULD BE FREE FOR ALL.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It is with feelings of no communion that I rise, at this propitious occasion, to prove to you absolutely and conclusively that bread and butter should be free for all. It must be so. Let us analyze the question from a physical standpoint. Er . . . . . Butter is made from grass, for, cows eat grass, cows give milk, milk is made into butter. Therefore, butter is made from grass. Now, grass, according to Pappus's Theorem, is "couchant et levant," *id est*, grass is free for all. Now, if grass is free for all and butter is made from grass, then butter should be free for all. It should! It should! I say it should. I know I have proved the question beyond any question of microscopic doubt, but to cap the climax, I'll bring forth an uncontroversial and unassailable argument that will convince everyone that I am right in *everything* I say. Butter, ladies and gentlemen, is grease and Greece is a country of Europe. Shall it be said that Greece, a country of Europe, is not free for all? Oh tempore! Oh mores! it can't be so. It is as I say. Moreover, since butter is free for all, what butter comes on must be free, or else, how are you going to get the butter? Since butter comes on bread and since what butter comes on should be free, therefore bread should be free. Therefore, since I have proved that butter should be free, since I have proved that bread should be free and since I am a great deal smarter than anyone else here, even the judges themselves, I must have proved that bread and butter is free for all.

*Quod Erat Faciendum*

# Taken from Life



Take a little Tip



Before  
Joining a Frdt



Buff to Bill



Turkey at B.S.S.

In the Spring a year



Coggins: "A family of Curves"

Published by the Photometry Class.

\*We're R.I. boys and we're R.I. bred---

# Rhode Island State College

## IN MECHANICS.

TURKEY:—Why has a couple two arms?

PROF. WALES—You use one to drive with.

PROF. BOARDMAN:—Would you say that digging in a ditch is a man's work?

MURPHY:—Sure.

B.:—Why?

M.:—Because it takes a man to do it.

## OF COURSE.

CAPT. DOVE (explaining maneuver):—Of course, several of you fellows in the front would be killed, but that is immaterial.

CANDIDATE FOR BEACON:—All news is to be written on one side of the paper?

ED.:—Yes, but some news should not be written on either side.

## AT BREAKFAST.

FRESHMAN:—I do hope that hens would lay something besides eggs.

## MORE ABOUT WOMEN.

If a freshman green and verdant meet a co-ed on the way,  
He just gazes at the heavens and disdains a word to say,  
For he knows that dangers threaten, and in terror does he quail,—  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

ASHBELLE:—What is the difference between Quakers and Shakers?

BUD CHURCHILL:—I should say they were different movements.

"JOHNNIE":—Well, so long, Andy, I've got a lecture in Chem.

ANDY:—So long—pleasant dreams.

## ONE FROM WALES.

A member of a school board visiting a school, was examining the pupils. He asked one pupil "What is the equator?"

The pupil answered, "An imaginary line."

"Could you hang a bonnet on the line?"

"Sure," replied the kid.

"What kind of a bonnet?"

"An imaginary bonnet."

## NASS IN DEBATE.

"If my opponents were not seated opposite me, I would not know on which side of the question they are."

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## Biscuit City Theatre

Lessee and Manager ..... Pop Shirley

Doors open all hours of the day and night. Show starts at 7-20-4.

John Pryor presents Duchess and Duke Mixture and the No Notta Dramm Attic Club in the great success "As You Get It." This play has just closed a ten year engagement at Sing Sing, much to the enjoyment of the inmates.

### THE MAKINGS.

PHILIP MECCA ..... Jerry Conyers

President of Western Union College

DUCHESS MIXTURE ..... Homer Rowell

Leading Lady

DUKE MIXTURE ..... Turkey Broadfoot

Leading Man

VELVET JOE ..... Hughie Williamson

Villain

PRINCE ALBERT ..... Teddy Palmer

Infant son of Duke and Duchess

FAT EMMA ..... Rub Ebbs

Soubrette

PAUL MALL ..... Rabbit Lagerstedt

Book Agent

FORE ..... Abie Brown

First Comedian

AFT ..... Don Kendall

Second Comedian

LORD SALISBURY ..... Snake Wisbey

Heavy Man



# Rhode Island State College

## SYNOPSIS

### ACT I. SCENE I.

Office, President of Western Union College. Re-enforced desk and chair.

Prexy Phil Mecca seated at desk clad in Union Suit (this shows his loyalty to his Alma Mater). Enter L. H. B. Duchess and Duke Mixture accompanied by infant son Prince Albert. Prince is registered after signing United Profit Sharing contract. Duchess and Duke weep softly as they part with the beloved Prince. Fore'n Aft enter R. T. They laugh heartily at sad scene. At this moment Velvet Joe is on his way from the station in his Mercy Deeds racer. (Three hours later.) Loud noise at door L. G. Paul Mall finally succeeds in getting by husky Lord Salisbury. He approaches Prexy and says: "I have here a copy of Lively Stories. This book is needed in every home. Buy it now. A shilling in Brockton, a quarter here." Enter R. H. B. Velvet Joe. He presents twenty-two B. L. tags for admission, and has long argument with Prexy over shortage in entrance credits. Joe agrees to get remaining number of tags, and is admitted. Argument is interrupted continually by Paul, who took a course in book-agency from the noted Mrs. Brown. Lord Sal ejects two offenders amid laughter of Fore'n Aft. Fat Emma enters L. T. doing Ebbing Tide Tango. Curtain. (Asbestos.)

### ACT 2. SCENE 2 (Not heard).

Kollege Kitchen. Stoves, Icebox, and Hash.

Enter R. G. Fat Emma doing Ready Rubbed Reel. Enter R. E. Velvet Joe and Prince Al. Joe tries to force icebox with pipe cleaner, but is unsuccessful. Prince Al puts it in his cigarette holder and carries it off with him. Lord Sal emerges from stove and follows ruffians to refuse can in the rear of the kitchen, where they open the icebox with an old cigar-butt. They are detected and dragged to prison to await the morrow.

### ACT 3. SCENE 3. THE MORROW.

Prexy's office. Re-enforced furniture and a secretary.

Prexy Mecca accuses Velvet Joe and Prince Albert of stealing some tongue from the icebox. Velvet says it is a pipe dream, while Al said: "What! Prince Albert never bites the tongue!" The Duchess and Duke, Lord Salisbury, Fat Emma, Fore'n Aft, and Paul Mall, with a new book entitled "Roll Your Own,"

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enter Q. B. Duke says: "I thought that my boy would be perfectly granulated, but now he will never get a diploma." Duchess weeps. Fore'n Aft laugh loudly. Lord Salisbury breaks re-enforced concrete chair in his attempt to restore order. At his shout of "Order!" Fore'n Aft cry: "We'll take Ziras." (Loud laughter). Paul Mall sells three books to the secretary. Prexy expels Velvet and Prince Al. Duchess and Duke weep on each other's shoulder blades. Lord Sal bails out the office. Fat Emma dances in her distinctly individual way. Everyone sings:

"My sister is a dressmaker,  
She surely beats the cars.  
She's now designing wrappers  
For the B and E cigars."

Actors disappear in a cloud of smoke. The scene was matchless.

N. B. Author is in employ of the Tobacco Trust.



IT WAS A RAINY DAY.

HOMER (the fearless):—Did you see those autos skid?

SHE (we're not giving Homer away):—How dare you!

DANEKER:—I'm getting gripe; I feel it in every bone in my body.

COUNT:—You must have an awful headache.

"TILLIE":—The Germans are going to stop using coal.

BULL BECKER:—Why?

T.:—Because it contains too many British Thermal Units.

B. B.:—Then they'll use a Dutch Oven, eh?

BOARDMAN TOLD IT.

Why is a professor correcting exams like a dog eating a sausage?

Because he is getting back some of his own substance in mangled form.

THIS IS TRULY HUMOROUS.

HAWKINS TO BROADFOOT:—Why don't you think before you ask questions?



# Rhode Island State College

The Female of the Species is More Fussy than the Male



When the queens, our lovely coeds, face the grub three times a day,  
They squeal in fear dyspeptic at the leather and the hay,  
For when steak is served and spinach it is never known to fail,—  
The female of the species is more fussy than the male.

She will up her nose and whimper of the feeds she left behind,  
And a thousand morbid notions of a chef who is unkind.  
At beef and spuds and cabbage she will rave and rant and rail,  
For the female of the species is more fussy than the male.

Came a time when teeth of sugar craved the taste of escargots,  
Champignons with truffles sloughing, patte de foi gras, and so  
To the Inn they flocked selectly, putting others in the pale,  
For the female of the species is more fussy than the male.

In the morning, in the noon-time, in the evening grind the feet  
On the walk to that dear road-house where one gets good things to eat,  
Ploughs the little band of females through the snow and slush and hail;  
Theirs is true a joyous journey, for they're huskier than the male.

Joy of living! Visions lovely! Hand us out the table d'ho:e!  
We like to eat the stuff o'er which the gastronomists gloat;  
But for hiking to the village once and twice and thrice again,  
We'll sure hand it to the ladies—they have got it on us men.

We have seen some hefty women lifting up a ton or two  
In our childhood joy the circus which we always loved to view:—  
Kipling surely said a mouthful when he penned his famous tale,  
That the female of the species is much more so than the male.

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## Latest Additions to Library

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A GERM.....	Flea Clark
<i>Best appreciated when read with a mic.</i>	
THE BENEFITS OF DRILL.....	Mark Anthony
<i>Explains what honor means to a soldier.</i>	
HOW TO BE A SOCIAL LION.....	Pete Eldred
<i>Copiously illustrated with deaf and dumb signs.</i>	
THE WINE AND WHISKEY TRUST EXPOSED.....	Ted Palmer
<i>Transactions of the Prohibition Club in 1916.</i>	
CRIME AND CRIMINALS.....	Tip Tyler
<i>Arouses the suspicion of the not naturally suspicious.</i>	
WHAT TO DO IN WAKEFIELD.....	Porky Flynn
<i>All directions approved by Homer R. Rowell.</i>	
CHESTNUTS I HAVE KNOWN.....	Bud Churchill
<i>None over fifteen years of age.</i>	
A BASEBALL MOUSTACHE.....	Heavy Daniels
<i>Nine on each side.</i>	
WHAT THE ARBORETUM MEANS TO US GIRLS.....	Dave Hall
<i>Needs no comment.</i>	
THE SIMPLE LIFE.....	Bert Cordin
<i>How to live on one Moxie a day.</i>	
THE DUTIES OF A BURSAR.....	Gus Davis
<i>A touching little thing.</i>	
LETTERS OF A SELF MADE COED.....	
<i>Collected and published by Ash Welles.</i>	
WITH THE COLLEGE SCRIBES.....	Willie Gillis
<i>Author of "As You Get It."</i>	
THE QUEBEC BRIDGE.....	Pa Webster
<i>The member that failed.</i>	

# Rhode Island State College



## Eggs

When a hen gives forth a cry resembling the report of a sick gatling gun, we know that she has laid an egg. An egg is a fruit, according to some biologists; it is of peculiar shape, its only counterpart in nature being another egg. Bounded on the outside by a thin shell much like choice Japanese porcelain minus the gloss, it is filled with a viscid mess which might be used either as glue, food, or disinfectant. It has been said that one hoary egg suddenly deprived of its kimona in a room will immediately remove or kill any obnoxious person present. Eggs may be eaten in a variety of ways, but since most of us cannot afford more than one egg a month it is well to save 'em and show 'em to our friends, thereby creating an impression of prosperity.

Perhaps the most expensive eggs are those cultivated by the bacteriologist at the college here. We have been told that a dozen or so of these choice articles cost four young men ten dollars apiece, or about \$3.33 per egg. If this is true, we have naught but reproof for a man who would deliberately cough up more than \$2 for an egg. In cases of necessity, however, it is not objectionable for one to expend such a sum, particularly in the presence of the majesty of the law. By the foregoing facts, we believe we have at last arrived at an explanation of why men are fined so highly for chicken stealing. A hen is a valuable asset and the loss of one may mean anything from \$2 to \$75 a day. Thus, if a man swipes one hen, he is robbing his neighbor of from \$730 to \$27,375 a year. It is probable, then, that an egg may at that mount to such a figure as \$3.33, provided it imprisons a she-chicken.

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LANZA:—You understand, fellows, you're not supposed to use any books, notes, or—

HUGHEY:—Can we use a slide rule?

TILLIE:—No, a pencil is as far as you can go.

Speaking to Groves, Miller '15 sprung the following one day and got away with it: If your name were Fearn, they'd call you Redfern.

Liz Gates returns to campus, meets Tip who asks him what he intends to do. GATES (sad wag of bean):—I think I'll come back and start my college course all over again.

TIP (peevd):—Good! You may learn something this time.

### WHADD' YE MEAN, WIND?

PA WEBSTER:—The fact is, gentlemen, the engineering profession is all up in the air on the subject of wind.

TURKEY:—Well, how would you do that?

LANZA:—In this case, you can either use the Calculus or else your common sense.

COHEN (sotto voce):—Better use the Calc.

FRESHMAN:—Guess I'll go in and study; I've got to fix up my room, make the bed, and write some letters.

SOPH:—What are you taking—a course in Home Economics?

### JUNIOR PHILOSOPHY.

Life is one d—— thing a f.e.r another: Thermo after Mechanics.

It is claimed that Buff would miss Bill, should he fight for the Fatherland, but it is certain that the Allies would not.

"In tempting the freshmen to break the rules, the Coeds may be likened unto Eve."

*Et tu, Prexe!*

BUD CHURCHILL (reading):—"Gent's wear pants." What's wrong with that?

COUNTY:—"Gents" is poor form.

BUD:—Yes, how about the rest?

C.:—The rest is unnecessary.

# Rhode Island State College

## The Rauc-On

On the field of strife and battle, 'mid the noises and the rattle,  
Toil the nurses and the surgeons at a great and humane call,  
While the shells are swiftly flying and the warriors lie dying—  
Save your tears, there's no use crying—It's a football game, that's all,  
Just a football game, that's all.

Oh how clearly we remember that third Monday in November,  
When each maimed and crippled freshman lay there covered o'er with gore,  
Eagerly we watch the players, then we offer up our prayers,  
While the Sophs pile them in layers, meanwhile piling up the score,  
Only this, and nothing more.

Then we glance up toward the East. Is it woman, man or beast?  
Such a quaint and curious spectre that makes up the lowly train.  
It is Andy and old Vic; stretcher, shovel, saw and pick  
Getting ready for the sick, and all those who are in pain,  
Whom they treat with great attention, they are kind and so humane,  
That I think they're not quite sane.

All the Coods started blushing, for a concentrated rushing  
Hid from view a husky Soph'more (We will not divulge his name).  
Rope had always been a gent, sir, but he had incurred a rent, sir,  
A novelty not meant, sir, to happen in the game.  
Then the Red Cross to the rescue silently and bravely came,  
Theirs is honor, praise and fame.

Then a dandy little player, we'll admit he was a bear,  
Tried to show our Big Jim Baldwin just what all the new rules meant.  
Torgan surely thought he knew it. He said: "Just you let me do it.  
Stand there now and gladly view it, Coach will feel like half a cent."  
Just imagine how Torg landed, he received an awful dent,  
Off the field he quickly went.

"I will smash your evil image" comes a voice from out the scrimmage.  
It is evident there's something that is radically wrong.  
It is Cook and little Freddie, who is always rough and ready,  
Just like our perfect Teddy, who is wonderfully strong,  
But the argument was halted for the Coach then came along,  
Here we praise him in our song.

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Now and then the freshmen sprinted, it was even frankly hinted  
That they'd be the happy victors c'er the fateful day were done,  
All the Freshies make a sally, trying fiercely for a tally,  
In defense they vainly rally, still the Sophs keep on the run  
Till they have a baker's dozen, and the freshmen—they have none.

At the setting of the sun.



CALL:—Hey, Count, what did you get in the Physics Quizz?

COUNT:—Ninety; who did you sit side of?

SHE TRIED SO HARD.

COED:—Oh, Dr. Leighton, I've tried and tried and I just can't fill this beaker with Hydrogen Sulphide.

WHY PROFESSOR,

CAL. COGGINS:—This is a very fine battery; I use one every night.

A LA TURKEY.

Is the pressure on the inside or outside diameter?

# Rhode Island State College

## Transactions of the American Institute of Fussers

Rhode Island State College Branch

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### Fussing the Co-Eds

By A. Hera.

*Selection of the Fusses:* The first thing to remember is always to pick out the prettiest girl. You will not be able to get a pretty one, but be sure to get the *prettiest* one because Yeast Hall is a very good place from which every man you know can pipe you off and later kid you about her.

*The Walk Across the Campus:* Having managed to overcome dinner before she does, plant yourself nonchalantly on the steps of Yeast Hall and do your best to escape a pail of water while waiting for the subject to come out. When she comes out and greets you with a superior smile, grin back, wait until she starts down the stairs, give a co-conspirator a knowing wink and go get her. After this it is easy sailing. Remember, always wear a futurist tie, for you can point to one of the colors and tell her you "knew she was going to wear that color." She'll come back with "Great minds run in the same channel." You'll tell her about "two hearts that . . ." By this time, you should be at Davis. Go in and hang around for the mail. Of course, you know that the mail went up to the house, but hang around anyway. It takes "Ma" a long time to eat. Meanwhile, you can carry on a brilliant conversation—very brilliant.

*The Rendezvous:* Of course, you'll have to be in the library the next day and quice by chance (an absolute accident of course), she'll be there, too. Do you remember anything about logs? No, you don't remember, but don't tell her so. Say something. She won't understand, but she won't want to have you think her stupid, so she'll pretend to know. A good way to square yourself is to find out when she has chem. lab. and go in there looking for Doc Leighton. Of course you know Doc isn't in the lab. on those days. She doesn't think you know so much. If she is doing a hard experiment that you can't do, leave at once, saying you must find the old boy. If she is doing an easy experiment and one that you think you can shine on, do it for her in your most graceful manner. She'll appreciate it.

By this time you should know enough about your subject to use your judgment in your actions. When in doubt, watch the upper classmen and see how they do it. By watching them, you should become proficient in a very short time.

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## Pointers to Freshmen

1. Nix on the Coeds. Give the poor upperclassmen a chance.
2. If a freshman cap makes your head look like an egg, don't wear it.
3. To hell with the athletic managers—let them do their own work.
4. If you want to look foolish, hold the door for upperclassmen.
5. Go down the line as much as you want to; this is a free country.
6. If you go to church, go to chapel.
7. Tickets for chapel may be obtained from Spike or Mark.
8. If you were a big man in prep school, tell us about it.
9. Write home for money frequently. Money makes the bull go.
10. (*Advise to Frat men*).—Be a mixer, but don't get mixed.

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COUNT:—Hey, Harry, have you seen my last drawing?

COHEN:—I hope so.

### TIP'S COMPLAINT.

It's a big handicap to me, when someone pinches my answer book.

HOMER:—Did you go to church last Sunday?

TACKS:—No, I slept in my room.

### A WAITER'S ODE TO MA.

*She talks, Oh Lord, how she does talk!*

TORGAN:—Let's go down the line.

SQUIRE CALL:—Use your bean, let's read the Sunday American instead.

### SPEAKING OF C. E. (not Christian Endeavor).

TOMMIE:—I was making a drawing of a dam, good——

DOTTIE:—What!!



# Rhode Island State College

## La Moustache



The above is not a disease, although epidemics may rage in restricted areas when the bacillus once gains a foothold. Perhaps no facial blemish is so popular with the rah rah boys as a moustache. Even the old and respected ocular decoration of that indescribable purple tinge has been superseded by this emblem of maturity. How proud the owner of a moustache in the embryonic stage feels when a friend first comments on the adventitious out-growth. How he thrills when the wily barber inquires solicitously whether or not he desires the top lip to remain unshorn. When he makes his first appearance in Homeburg at midyears he imagines himself the cynosure of admiring and even envious glances as he strokes the neweyebrow with that I-knew-it-was-there gesture that came only after patient, persevering practice before the mirror.

Every one will agree that a moustache is indicative of great courage. Scan the illustrious countenances of the past and present heroes. Do we not find their physiognomies devoid of razor reminiscences on the top lip?

Caesar wore a moustache, if we may believe the testimonials of the Coaxit Company. And Caesar was an honorable man. Yet we must not condemn a young man for aspiring to the possession of a hirsute appendage. These young men may be rational in every way and still maintain that one of the popular microberendezvous adds to his distingue appearance. We should be kindly disposed toward the possessor of these fungus-like growth and allow him to remain in blissful ignorance of the disparaging remarks cast by envious contemporaries.

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## The Grist is Out



The poor old purse of ours ye mind,  
Is frail and failing sair;  
And well I ken we'll miss it, lad,  
Gin it fill up nae mair.  
The GRIST is out, the times are hard,  
But I must purchase three.  
I canna take the darn things now,  
Ye've gotta bide a wee,  
I canna take the darn things now,  
Ye've gotta bide a wee.

DOC LEIGHTON:—What's the difference between alcohol and water?  
STUDENTS:—Don't you know?

FLEA CLARK (speaking of a debate):—Do you believe in corporal punishment?

FINE:—Sure, the private should get a rest.

### ELECTRICALLY SPEAKING.

EASTWOOD:—What makes Chimeleski so popular with the girls down the line?

ANDY:—Oh, he's a magnetic Pole.

### HE NEEDED TOOTH PASTE.

HOMER:—When does the bus go down the line.

INQUISITIVE ONE:—Why, Homer, do you want to go to Wakefield?

H.:—No, I have to.



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## To Flunk or Not to Flunk

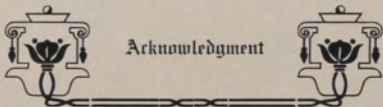
A Graft on Bill Shakespeare

To flunk or not to flunk,—that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The pangs of puppy, unmatured woman love,  
Or to take up books against a prospect black,  
And by deep study end it? To plug, to win  
The fight? And by our toil the flunk avert,  
Though we in anguish feel the thousand shocks  
That love is heir to,—'tis a castigation  
Which we would fain forego. To plug, to love!  
Ah—ha! perchance to love! Ay, there's the rub;  
For in that dream of bliss what joy may come,  
When we have from our college ousted been,—  
We pause for thought. There's the married  
State to be considered deeply.  
A proposition fraught with object weighty,  
We cannot either way our fate decide.  
Would we contented be were we to forth  
Into this world of sad and wicked things  
Our destiny to work? Minus the charms of  
Calculus and Chem, 't may be a job to find  
We are incapable. Whereas our thoughts  
Of mercenary good in hypothetical wind do vanish.  
Opulence, or children on our knees must  
The tale decide; and in our weary stab  
At life successful, we are with this confronted:—  
TO FLUNK OR NOT TO FLUNK,—that is the question.



We lowly scribes above our words have penned  
With humor in our hearts—no acid thought;  
To you who read our volume to the end.  
The proverb has it "Life is what we make it;"  
And sure 'tis not our purpose to offend.  
To knocks and bangs and slams indulgence lend,  
As with a grain of salt you needs must take it.

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The Board of Editors of the 1917 GRIST takes this opportunity to thank every one who has in any way helped in the work of publishing this volume.