

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XV.

THE chums got over their little snarl in a day or so. Possibly if the race had eventuated otherwise Harry would have been somewhat more repellant. As they were coming home from the post office one night, Jack's hand still being carried in a bandage, they happened to meet Captain Clark, who stopped and talked with them.

"You don't mean to say you rowed with a felon on your hand, Rives?"

Jack blushed a little.

"Why, man, you pulled harder than any man in your boat."

"So he did!" said Harry proudly.

The 'varsity captain whistled a lively air and turned on his heel. Then he called out: "See that you don't take cold in it, Rives. And by the way, come to my room in South Middle to-morrow night, will you? We are going to have a boating meeting."

"There," said Jack. "If I hadn't rowed, Harry, and nearly killed myself, I wouldn't have got that invitation."

He felt he was on the 'varsity from that hour, just as Harry believed he had a sure thing on the nine.

The first term of freshman year drew on to its end. Everyone in college but freshmen was busy getting ready for the Thanksgiving jubilee, which, though now obsolete, was at that time the successor of the Wooden Spoon Exhibition and a grand annual rumpus, tolerated by the faculty, at which all the jokes, the victories, defeats and events of the college year were reviewed and caricatured on the stage. It began with minstrels and ended with a play.

But the poor freshmen had little heart, most of them, during those last weeks of their first term for jubilees. They were glad enough for anything to enliven them. Jim Danforth went about with a long face, predicting that out of their class of 156 only a hundred would be left after the Christmas holidays. A freshman tutor by the name of Dilworthy had taken the entire charge of Danforth. Dilworthy was tutoring and at the same time attending the theological course with a view of ulti-

mately becoming a clergyman in the up-country towns of Connecticut. He had one weakness—baseball. He couldn't play himself, but he loved to see the nine play, and he was tired of seeing them beaten by Harvard.

He watched Danforth and made up his mind that he was one of the greatest baseball players that ever came to college. That settled it. He was his division officer, and although Jim flunked his Horace "dead," he kept getting the most amazing stand in Latin—a stand which brought him up in Greek and mathematics and carried him through the term. In fact Tutor Dilworthy had a soft heart for all disheartened freshmen. He was a queer, solitary, lonesome sort of man, and



"TUTOR DILWORTHY SITTING GRIM AND BOLT UPRIGHT."—P. 244.



MRS. MORIARTY.—P. 246.

yet he was probably the most popular tutor in college, where tutors are so unpopular.

Twice a week he gave up an evening to about twenty low-stand freshmen. He called it his "fifth division." Those low-stand men! They studied very hard, too. But, as Tutor Dilworthy said, they were mostly "misfits." They had never begun right. The miserable "preparatory" system which they underwent—going from one boarding school to another, or getting private teaching from unworthy instructors, never getting the right kind of drill—brought them into college loathing all kinds of study.

It was less than a month now to the Christmas holidays, and the following night the Thanksgiving jubilee was to come off at Alumni Hall. There was but one recitation in review the next day, and

it was a sort of "let up" night. Several freshmen dropped in, and they tossed up to see who should be sent out to work the "growler." The lot fell to Nevers, a jolly, good-natured little chap as ever drew breath. So good-natured that he was generally imposed upon.

"By Jove!" he said, "I hate to go out this cold, frosty night and leave that fire. Gad, fellows, *what a fire to roast a turkey!*"

"If we only had the turkey!" laughed Thornton from the lounge, where Stamp was lying, one eye open, his head on his lap.

"Turkey! I know a bank whereon wild turkeys grow—a turkey farm out by West Rock," said Jack quickly. "We used to run past it when Granniss took us on our four-mile trips in training. Gobble-obble-obble! They must be fat and tender now. Gobble-obble-obble!" He made their very mouths water.

"Ahem! Could you, me boy, could you lead me thither?" asked Coles facetiously.

"The owner is a crusty old farmer, and the farmer's big dog lay on the barn floor, and Bingo was his name, sir!" chimed in half a dozen others, admonishingly.

"Oh, Stamp here can chew the ears off any Bingo!" laughed Thornton.

It took only a little more talk to get Jack to say:

"If I could get three fellows—Bill Thornton, you, Harry—I want you, Coles—I'll get you two fat spring turkeys. Boys, we'll have a feast. Time! It's now 9 o'clock. It's a two-mile run only to the turkey farm. Oh, if the old rascal makes any trouble we'll buy them! But, meanwhile, how would a lot of roast oysters go with turkey?"

"You get the turkey, we'll provide the oysters!" volunteered Danforth. "By

Gad! I'll stop in and invite old Dilworthy. He'll come. I'll make him bring his flute and he never need know where the turkeys came from."

"By all means!" laughed Jack, taking off his coat and vest for the long run out and back, and looking for his baseball shoes.

Harry went down to pacify Mrs. Gimly.

"Mrs. Gimly," he said, bowing to Samantha, who was washing dishes at a sink in the next room; "Mrs. Gimly, the fellows wanted me to give you this to buy yourself and Miss Samantha a turkey Thanksgiving, and perhaps you won't mind our having a little supper to-night?"

"Oh, no. It's Thanksgiving time, an' of course——"

"We expect Tutor Dilworthy, and we may make a little noise."

"Oh, if the faculty is present, what is it to Samantha an' me? We are not here to find fault with them. An' if any tutor is with ye I resign me charge."

Harry warned Mrs. Gimly that there might be a little extra noise and went back to the room and put on his running shoes.

It was wicked, it was wrong—but it was Thanksgiving. The butchers' shops had long since shut up and turkeys could not be bought then. Turkeys *must* be had to satisfy their sharp, freshman appetites, might not turkey be "crooked?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Oh, stolen joys of college life! How sweet they are *in esse* and in recollection! What jovial dreams come back to the old and enfeebled alumnus as he remembers the old times, the open Franklin stoves, the midnight feasts, the good fellowship, the dare-devil exploits, the rollicking fun, the jokes, and the perfect freedom from care, except as to that awful

question of that first term—"Am I below average?"

This question a number of freshmen were to answer as did Caswell—in the affirmative. Fortunately none of the "Gimly gang" was caught napping, though poor Danforth had a close and extremely narrow shave. In that little mercurial mark which jumped about, above or below 2 for the "low standers" lay their tragedy of college life. No laughing matter, be it said, in truth, for some, for it seemed that life had no further bitterness for them.

Caswell, however, was not one of those who took the matter to heart; not he. Danforth heard the news and went and asked him and Holland to the spread. Five minutes after he entered Harry and Jack's room—that large, low room—he might have been taken for a freshman himself. He was the life of the party. Tutor Dilworthy was by no means the solitary star that evening, although he played the flute in almost faultless style.



"HETHERINGTON SAT DOWN AT THE FRESHMEN'S TABLE."—P. 246.

Picture to yourself, dear reader, on that cold, frosty night in November, the curtains drawn, a blazing wood fire in the old Franklin stove, a fat white turkey turning on an improvised spit (Jack's silver-headed stick given him by his mother on his seventeenth birthday), a room full of jolly freshmen guying and joking with their tutor (and it was a rare thing for a tutor to unbend this way), Jack and Jim Danforth presiding over the cooking, basting the unctuous, crisp, fat turkey with a huge iron spoon borrowed from Samantha (with many misgivings, doubtless, on her part); oysters roasting in the glowing coals; a dozen of beer on the table and a box of cigars. Enter to these Caswell and Holland, bearing between them half a dozen magnums of Clicquot as a peace offering.

"Gentlemen," said Caswell, as he entered and the laughter subsided, "we meant to have taken you in to-night, but *diis aliter visum* (the only Latin I ever knew), you have taken us in. Holland and I are going to be with you next year. The faculty have dropped us!"

A subdued murmur followed, for to most present the announcement was news. Had the faculty dared to drop the great Holland, the president of the D. K. campaign committee? How were the mighty fallen, indeed!

"Umpty-three is giving us her very tother best," said Danforth, "and we're proud to have you with us, though I must confess it won't—it won't seem at all natural not to have Mr. Caswell in the enemy's ranks."

"I shall wreak a full and hearty vengeance on Umpty-five," said Caswell, earnestly, "for this wanton act of the faculty. However, let me say that you fellows are just my sort. It softens my fall to find myself landed with the 'Gimly gang.'"

"Hear! hear!" So loud and long that Mrs. Gimly's knock was heard. Harry hurried out and pacified her.

"Why," said Holland, as Harry returned, "your invitation to the turkey roast sort of gives me a turn, as the old lady said as she mounted her bicycle. It's mighty generous of you—particularly so, Mr. Thornton, as it came after you learned from Mr. Caswell that we were dropped. By Jove! I was feeling blue, but this kind welcome of yours at this time comes home to me with a great deal of real, heartfelt—I don't know how to express myself."

There was a profound silence. Everyone felt very sorry for Holland, who had

been so prominent and so popular in his class. Tutor Dilworthy said kindly: "There is one thing here at this pleasant affair, I think—we don't feel we belong to any particular class; I graduated some six years ago, but I feel like a freshman! I believe the true old Yale spirit of friendship is somewhere hiding about here. Um, um; I think I smell him!"

The fat turkey just then seemed to give out a specially delightful and delicious odor. "By the bye, how did you boys find such excellent turkeys? You are good judges, I dare say?" asked the tutor, innocently enough. No one gave the secret away, of course; but everyone knew he suspected. Presently Jack pronounced the turkey done. Thornton pronounced it done. Everyone gave his opinion, and it was pretty generally in the affirmative. There were not enough plates to go around, but that did not matter. Some drank their champagne out of tooth mugs, a few had glasses. Then came the roast oysters, and everyone talking at once, and 2 o'clock struck and no one knew it or cared; and Tutor Dilworthy sang a song and Caswell sang a song, but they voted the tutor's the best.

At 3:30 A. M. they formed in a body, singing (oh, mortal insult to the juniors!) D. K. E. songs, and, pretending to be juniors, marched down on to the campus. Here Tutor Dilworthy, seized with a sudden spasm of conscience, disappeared utterly from their ken, and was seen to dart into the shadowy portals of Old South. So, with songs on the fence, ended at early cock crow the famous Thanksgiving turkey feast of Umpty-four.

Ah, me, it is all very well for those who can sleep all day to keep up the racket all night, but to wake and hear the dreadful chapel bell ringing in one's ears, to hurry on one's clothes, to run for prayers at full speed for five minutes on an empty stomach—such was the cruel debt they had to pay to religion the next morning! If one cut, it was two marks; if one, was late, it was also two marks; consequently no one was ever late at chapel. It amused Harry to see Tutor Dilworthy sitting grim and bolt upright in his seat as if he had not been eating turkey until 3 o'clock in the morning! But, oh, those long, dry, dismal morning prayers! The set phraseology, the quaint early English technique of theology,

never listened to, never half heard by the five or six hundred students who are busy, heads down most of them, conning over their morning recitations! As between the question of losing his soul or his "stand" a college boy never hesitates. He is a worldling of worldlings, and to him there is no immediate hereafter. In the old days in the old chapel the seats were high backed and favored casting hurried glances at text books before recitation. We dare say all this is changed for the better now.

CHAPTER XVII

Of the absurdities of the Thanksgiving jubilee which took place in Alumni Hall the following night it will not be found advisable to speak until the later years of college life shall find our heroes upon the stage figuring in the grotesque melodramas which, interspersed with local hits, kept Yale students up laughing till all hours (in those days) prior to their departure for home. At this time it was the one annual outburst of wit and good fun—a good deal of it (it must be admitted) directed against the faculty and against unpopular professors and tutors. Thanksgiving jubilees are of the mighty past; they have followed the Wooden Spoon, the Burial of Euclid and Omega Lambda Chi into desuetude.

Then, next day after, came that pleasant four days of home. How delightful it was, to swagger about in new clothes and (away from New Haven) sport a cane, and perhaps in stealth a be aver hat! Uncle Dick

Lyman gave the boys a dinner at his club in New York and took them to see the beautiful Adelaide Neilson, then the reigning star in public favor. They returned to college and to study with just a faint suspicion that there was a wider, greater life outside the university; but this suspicion hardly increased as time wore on.

The "little" life in college in the four years—how great and how large it seemed!

Of the hard month of study before the first-term examinations at Christmas the less said the better. There was no desirable object in compelling the freshmen to cram Euclid by heart, theorem figures and all. To Harry, who had a capital memory, it was perhaps an advantage, as he succeeded in memorizing his



"THEY PRESENTED THEIR TICKETS TO A HUGE GRINNING DARKY."—P. 247.

propositions so well that he obtained a very high mark on the examination.

When, after a jolly Christmas vacation in New York, they returned to college Harry found that he had been elected to the honors of the second division. Jack was in the third, Danforth in the fourth, and Thornton, who took everything so easily, was in the first. The great event of Caswell's and Holland's fall from Umpty-three to Umpty-four had already become a nine-days wonder, and the college had settled down into humdrum winter-term regularity, when a trifling little event happened which was to have a great effect upon our hero's after life in college.

Freshmen were at this time tabooed in New Haven. They were rarely invited out, being deemed in town as the college world deemed them—too raw for any social attention. De Garmo came up from New York and gave them dancing lessons once a week. They could dance with each other and whirl about, knocking knees, over the uneven floor of the dancing academy on Chapel street above a drug store, but further in social life they could not go. Harry and Jack knew a little about the art from their sisters. They despised dancing as "girly-girly" and silly. But one evening they found two invitations on their study table, one of which read as follows in printed writing:

"The company of Mr. Henry Chestleton, of Yale College, is hereby requested to attend the sixteenth annual cake walk of the Ebenezer Chapel Congregation of Free and Independent Colored Methodists, at the State House (basement), on Saturday, January 17, 18—, at 8 o'clock P. M."

Mrs. Gimly came up to say that a colored gentleman had called and left the "invites" and would call again later and collect 25 cents for each "invite."

"Shall we take in the cake walk?" said Jack, looking up rather blankly.

"Why not—by all means!" Henry laughed. "It's our first entrance into New Haven society. It may be the side door, but we must remember we are freshmen. Beggars must not be choosers!"

Thornton dropped in later in the evening and complained of an enormous and unsatisfied appetite, which one of Mrs. Moriarty's Welsh rarebits alone could vanquish. They put on their coats and sauntered down to the old-fashioned ale-house. About a table as they entered

were seated half a dozen of their own class. It was quite true that Umpty-four had shown an immediate and apparently unquenchable fondness for Mrs. Moriarty's Bass and Burton. Mrs. Moriarty had been so far a mother to them, sympathizing and advising. She was always a kind mother to freshmen, often refusing a third glass of ale if she thought they had had enough. When the boys entered she was seated in her rocking chair behind the counter (wiped as clean as a plate), near the grate. She was in her clean calico frock and white apron, and looked tidy and neat as a Philadelphia Quakeress. Cook—pronounced Cook—a little dried-up Englishman, was seated at a table drinking, in a slow, leisurely way, a pint of 'alf and 'alf. Cook was a fixture at Mrs. Moriarty's, and there was a dim suspicion on the part of the students that he was "waitin' on" the genial widow.

"Are you going to take in the cake walk" was the question on all sides. And every freshman present thought it would be a good joke to "black up" and attend in a body.

Presently in came Hetherington, "the Greek wonder," looking very feeble and old. He had hardly gotten over a week's spree. He sat down at the freshman table, bowing to everyone. He only seemed to be acquainted with freshmen. Hardly a man in the room but pitied him and looked down on him. Poor old Hetherington! His brain was still capable of great effort if well directed; but rum had so far "got him dead," as the freshmen whispered about one to the other, and his hand trembled as he raised his glass of Bass to his lips.

Here was a strong, able man, only thirty-three years old, going to the dogs—if he had not already gone. Harry looked at him pityingly. He and Hetherington had been good friends ever since that day at Brood's. He had been up twice in the boys' room in York street and had told them long, interesting tales of Yale and her glories in the past. He had strong reverences for the "great" and learned professors whose mortal frames rested in the old graveyard near Center Congregational Church.

The freshmen sat about the round table—ten of them—and began with their "rabbits" and ale to get very noisy. Hodge, Dickson and Brewer came in, seniors, with their awful glittering golden badges on their scarfs. Instantly there was a hush.

The seniors were very great men. They seemed very old, older far than poor Hetherington, who sat silently leaning over his ale cup and looking solemnly down into the lees as if he saw there the dregs of his ill-spent life. It was a lesson to those boys, but who received it?

CHAPTER XVIII.

Other students might go out and dine with the New Haven nabobs on Temple and Elm streets; yea, truly, and penetrate as far as the palaces of the truly rich and great on Hillhouse avenue; it was left for freshmen to shine at the great Ebenezer cake walk among the highest ornaments of colored society in the large empty hall beneath the old State House. Harry and Jack, well corked and wearing—as did many others—a fantastic regalia hired for the occasion, presented their tickets in due form to a huge grinning darky in a dress suit, a sort of major domo, who stood at the door and bid each guest a hearty welcome. In the hall when they arrived there was already a crowd of fifty or sixty of “de bes’ an’ mos’ refined cullud folk in de city,” as a “cullud gemman” informed them. A dozen dim lamps gave forth a dubious light, and in the semi-darkness the freshmen were not recognized. It was just a lark, and Thornton, who could do anything with his legs, executed a capital hornpipe for the delectation of the assembled guests before the walk began.

The spacious low-ceilinged hall was now getting to be crowded with colored brethren and sisters. A large barrel of cider at five cents a glass, with sandwiches for ten cents, stood on a counter on which was the enormous frosted raisin cake to be given to the winner of the cake walk. Jack and Harry walked about arm in arm, tried the cider, listened to the really good banjo music, and were attracted to one end of the hall near the darky band. Here, surrounded by a dense crowd, a showy, elegantly-formed young negress was doing the sailor’s hornpipe. Harry had never seen such dancing. It was a thing of art. He pressed through the crowd into the first rank, and the saucy blue eyes of the *danseuse* fastened upon him. She was, very graceful, and Harry’s admiration was clearly conveyed in the applause as she finished. She drew out a large yellow bandana from her pocket and just touched

her brow as she brushed by Harry, saying:

“Oh, go along! Honey, you ain’t no nigger—sho!”

“Nor are you!” laughed Harry, “for I can see the white on your wrist.”

The *danseuse* laughed very heartily. “We’re just here for a lark. Three of us girls just blacked up and came along. Isn’t it fun!”

“You dance like a—fairy,” said the lad, offering his arm.

“Oh, my sister is in the variety business. I may be, too, some day. She taught me. Come, there goes a waltz.”

De Garmo had not yet perfected Harry in the waltz step, but he managed to do pretty well. It was not wall enough for his “lady,” however. She made him stop. “Oh, I’d rather walk!” she said. Then, after a moment, she added: “Say, haven’t I seen you up to the colleges? I passed you one day. I don’t forget faces. You were polite; you took off your hat to me.”

“Yes; I remember now,” said Harry.

“Oh, there’s Mame and Minnie now,” she laughed, pointing to two girls blacked, as she was, who were talking to some students. Harry purposely led her away from her girl friends. He felt it was very wicked, but it seemed so pleasant to feel the girl’s light, pretty hand resting on his arm. She was a gay, charming girl. He felt a little thrill as she said:

“Say, I always liked you for taking off your hat that day. I’ve remembered it ever since.”

“Have you?”

“Yes; and I’ve met you on Chapel street four times, and you never looked at me.”

“What is your name?”

“Ella Gerhart. Pa says Von Gerhart.”

“Well, the next time I see you you bet I won’t look the other way.”

“Yes, the next time. You will never see me again.”

“Why not?”

“Because you don’t like me—I’m only a shop girl.”

“I don’t care for that,” said Harry, boldly. “I think it’s awfully independent of you to be earning your own living.”

She gave him a grateful glance. “Are you going to the Turn-verein next Thursday?” she asked.

“The Turn-verein? What’s that?”

“The German ball.”

"Well, I hadn't thought of it," said Harry, amused.

"Minnie and Mame are going and I guess I'll go if I can get my dress fixed. I am going to have a new white bombazine. I've saved it out of my wages. I only get \$5 a week and I give mother \$3, and that leaves \$2, and oh, I have so many, many things I need. I wish I had some new gloves for the ball. I don't see how I can go."

"How much would they cost?" asked Harry.

"Two dollars; but I can get them at the store for \$1.63."

Harry slipped a \$2 bill into her hand.

"Oh, no, I can't accept it from a stranger."

"Why, Miss Gerhart, I'm not a stranger, am I?"

"Will you come to the ball?"

"Yes."

"And dance with me?"

"Yes."

"Say, what is your name? Oh, I think students are awful nice!"

"My name is Chestleton. I'm in Umpty-four."

"Are you going to walk?"

"No."

"Yes, do; that's what we came for, Mame and Minnie are going to."

"Oh, well, I don't care, if you walk with me."

Blacked as she was he could see how graceful and pretty the girl was and what beautiful hair she had. She was out for a lark, and lark, too, she was having! He remembered the pretty shop girl now very well. It was she who threw him a saucy kiss that first morning when he was out on the campus conning his Virgil. How long ago it was! And she had borne him in mind ever since! After all what harm would ever come of a little fun with this pretty shop girl? Strangely enough as they wandered through the crowd of students, darkies, town people and everyone, he thought what would Miss Hastings think of him if she knew of his little escapade.

Before the evening was over he had promised absolutely to attend the German ball of

the Turn-Verein. He had done more; as he was evidently not a good dancer he had agreed to call at Ella's house, in the outskirts of New Haven, and she and Mame and Minnie would give him a few lessons.

That cake walk! He hardly cared what was going on. His head was in a whirl. It was such a secret. He thought he wouldn't tell Jack, who kept hanging around and obtruding in the way, expecting an introduction. He and the pretty Ella got some applause, but the cake went to two tall *bona-fide* darkies—a "Villikins and his Dinah"—"Villikins" was an influential deacon in the Ebenezer Church. Jack and his freshmen pals in some way got hold of Mame and Minnie, and before the evening was over Ella was introduced all around, and the Turn-verein was generally discussed. Harry was not the only freshman who agreed to be on hand at the German ball. Evidently Umpty-four was not destined to be entirely kept out of "society" in freshman year.



"YOU DANCE LIKE A FAIRY," SAID HARRY, OFFERING HER HIS ARM.—P. 247.