The Yale Man To-Date

Jean Pardee


Mary L. F. Russell

THE YALE MAN
UP-TO-DATE

WITH

CHARACTER

SKETCHES

BY
JEAN PARDEE

"Books have brought some men to knowledge, some to madness."—PETRARCH

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TO

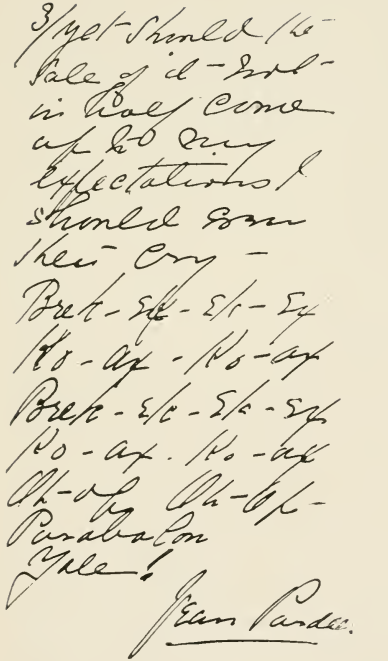
THE YALE FACULTY

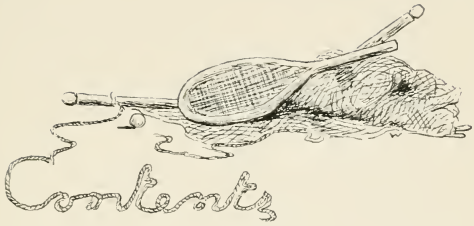
AND

YALE MEN.

This little book
with its Yale
Coloring both
in the text
and the
illustrations I
dedicate to the
Yale faculty
and to Yale
men one & all
of them from
the callow fresh-
man of '78 to
the callow
senior of '95 —

The mild suggestion
to the Alumni-
tor, that they
might go
further and
not do as well
in the matter of
a Yale Souvenir
is one that
needed of its
Egotism must
needs leave food
for reflection —
In submitting it
however to a
critical public
I confess a certain
anxiety as
to the result





PART I.

PART II.

PART I.

THE YALE MAN UP TO DATE.

"Oh, we live! Oh, we live!"

—*Mrs. Browning.*

THE Yale man up to date! The title is an interesting and a complex one to treat. The Yale man, from the primeval days of the College up to the present time a subject for discussion, has waxed so much more important, so much more interesting in these last few years, that it will take a long breath and a tremendous outlay of paper and ink to faithfully portray him.

Yea, verily, he is a creature of fads and fancies, yet not, as a rule, feminine, as the statement might imply. He is not, however, the absolutely independent creature he was in the good old days of life-at-Yale.

The spirit of democracy, once the very life and atmosphere of the University, is somewhat vitiated. A radical change has been crystallizing and shaping itself into a partial demolition of the old democratic feeling. Indeed, each year marks the sturdy growth of a certain conservatism among the men that may, in time, infuse into the swift-flowing current of past belief in the "rights and chances" of all students the sluggish blood that permits but few men to stand upon their own merits, and regards no longer wealth and social prestige as mere relatives in the career of the average man at Yale.

This gradual decay of democracy at Yale is somewhat due, perhaps, to the large gifts that have been made the College during the last few years. Out of these gifts have sprung magnificent new dormitories. Vanderbilt Hall, located on the

Campus, with its front facing Chapel street, its back windows overlooking the Campus, with the view extending to the rear of the Elm street dormitories, is the most magnificent building Yale has ever had. Osborn and Welch Halls pale into insignificance when thrown into comparison with it; and even Durfee, heretofore the most popular of all the dormitories, its very atmosphere being fraught with sweet and tender associations, has, perforce, resigned itself to the inevitable, and stands to-day second in the race.

Impossible as it may seem to the casual observer of human nature for a choice of dormitories to influence the career of a man at college, it would take but a short time to convince the dissenter of the importance of it, if only he would look into the matter seriously. As an illustration, let us set forth the poor ventilation, the squeaking, rickety

old stairs, and the dingy, unattractive walls of South Middle. Take in comparison the high, well-ventilated rooms in Vanderbilt Hall, with their luxurious baths, their steam heat and their electric lights.

As a natural sequence it follows that the rooms there rent for more than at South Middle, and that the sons of rich men are the ones who are apt to secure them. To be sure there is a class distinction preserved, and drawing for first choice has cut many a rich man out of a room in Vanderbilt, and yet, as a good illustration, the vast difference in the life of the men who live at South Middle and that of the occupants of Vanderbilt Hall has suggested itself as a "survival of the fittest."

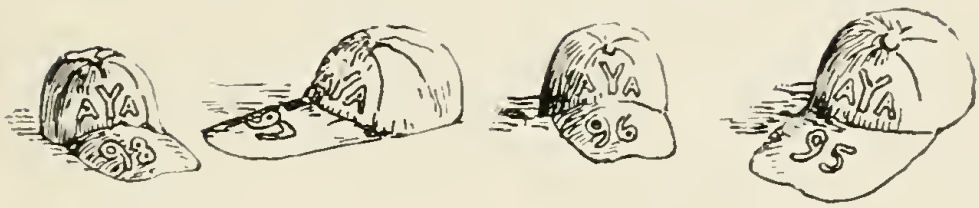
Thus banded together by location of rooms and the closer tie, perhaps, of transmitted mutual likes and dislikes, it becomes impossible for the

old-time famous class spirit to exist as absorbingly as of yore. To keep up to the code of laws laid down by the conventionalities instituted at Yale requires a certain amount of money, usually not small, and seldom wholly indispensable; so that, while the poor man is not debarred the chance of success, the odds are double those that were against him in the early days of the University.

The growth of the College during the last few years is largely due to the energetic efforts of President Dwight, under whose regime most of the magnificent gifts have been made. He is acknowledged one of the most successful of the several brilliant men who have occupied the Presidential chair, and the University has much for which it should be grateful to him.

"Consider how far the vanity of mankind has laid itself out in dress."

—*Sir R. Steele.*



THE decline of democracy at Yale has practically changed the entire life of the students. In the old days, but little attention was given to the details of dress. Now it is one of the features of the University, and, while not judging a man entirely by his clothes, the "birds of brilliant plumage" naturally soar higher and see more of life at its best than they of the more sombre feathers.

Yale men are never dudes—let it be said to their credit; they have a certain style of their own, however,

that marks them the men of fashion and characterizes them as well-dressed men among the people of the outer world. The tendency to loud dressing, never very strong, has somewhat developed within the last few years, and the men dress more conspicuously each season. In the early spring, New Haven might easily be taken for the "advance sheets" of summer life at Narragansett Pier, for with the first warm day broad-brimmed straw hats, white duck trousers, summer shirts, and loose coats are in order.

In twos and threes, in quartettes and double quartettes, these jauntily dressed sons of Eli saunter first up and then down Chapel street—the great promenade of New Haven. They stare at the pretty girls, they smoke their briar-wood pipes, they do everything and anything they please, for Yale men run the town!

THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

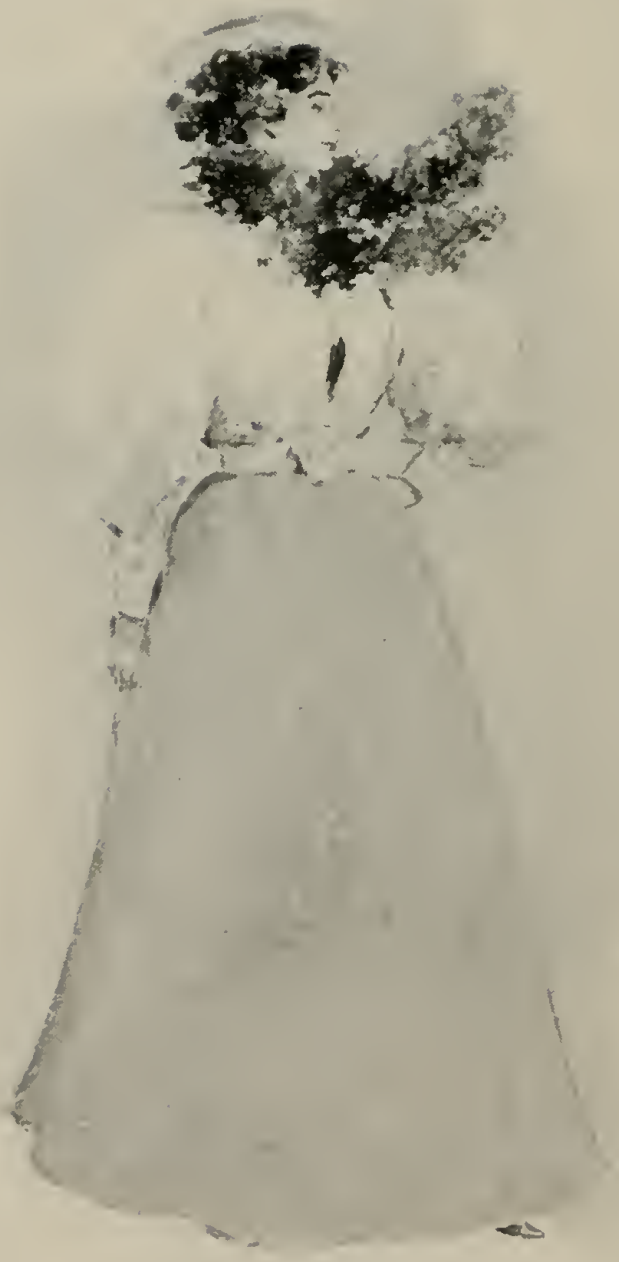
"To settle down becomes to many of them an impossibility."

What wonder, then, that the New Haven girl thinks it the most beautiful place in all the world in which to live! What wonder that she loses her heart to half a dozen or more out of every class, and what wonder that with all her cardiac vacillations she suddenly awakens to the dreadful realization of how small and unimportant is her hold upon these creatures of her adoration; and as she sees class after class slipping away from her and realizes, alas! too late, that her youth is gone, what wonder that she sighs over her past follies and wishes she had never seen New Haven nor known any of these same fascinating students! The average New Haven girl to the average student at Yale figures more as a pastime than anything else, and while there are glorious exceptions always to prove the rule, it is almost a ratified agreement

between them that nothing serious is intended, no matter how desperate the flirtation on either side. And so it happens that nine out of every ten New Haven girls make wonderfully sympathetic flirts, an accomplishment that so increases with age and experience that to "settle down" becomes to many of them an impossibility, and renders the position of a "college widow" less unbearable than it would be under ordinary circumstances.

One would suppose, however, that the Yale man's attitude toward the out-of-town girl—no matter how glaringly unattractive she may be—would gall the New Haven girl into taking action against him; for to be picked out as the most attractive girl he has ever known during Freshman and Sophomore years, only to be supplanted by some freckled, pug-nosed out-of-town monstrosity for his Jr. Prom.

THE NEW HAVEN FLIRT.



"And so it happens that nine out of every ten make sympathetic flirts."

THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL.

"Those horrid out-of-town girls are almost always perfect beauties.

should be sufficiently humiliating to ostracize him among New Haven girls during the rest of his college career. But no; the freckled, pug-nosed monstrosity once disposed of, the New Haven girl thus temporarily deposed gladly receives his explanation and things go on as before. His diploma received, off he skips, and the next thing Miss New Haven knows of his doings is chronicled by the receipt of cards announcing his marriage to that same "freckled, pug-nosed monstrosity" he had up for his Jr. Prom.

Don't, however, misjudge the out-of-town girl by this one broad example; for Yale men, as a rule, import such charming specimens that even the New Haven girl with her bruised feelings can but admit that his taste is excellent, and that "those horrid out-of-town girls" are almost always "perfect beauties."

It is the Farmington girl, perhaps, who figures most prominently at Yale as the out-of-town girl par excellence. Farmington covers a vast territory, including girls from the East, the West and the indolent sunny South, so that the men are not restricted to any particular type, but can pick and choose to their hearts' content. And Farmington is in very truth a Yale school. One of the potent reasons, perhaps, for the popularity of the blue pennant there is that Miss Porter is the sister of the late President Noah Porter, and has a fondness for the College with a love for the students quite natural in view of her brother's pride in all that pertained in any way to Yale. It follows then that the Yale men are the favored ones at Farmington, and on the other hand, that the Farmington girls put at a discount any other girls in the country.

THE SWEET GIRL

AT

FARMINGTON.

"The Farmington girls put at a discount any other girls in the country."

"THE

YALE-MAN-UP-TO-DATE."

"The life from the very beginning has a tendency to turn the callow youth into a man-about-town."

"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

—*Wordsworth.*

IT is an undisputed fact that the up-to-date Yale man becomes a man in almost every instance before he has attained his twenty-first year. The bloom of youth still upon his cheek, the down of an incipient moustache only just beginning to show, the half developed figure—are all only outward indications of the boy. Few, if any, pass through Freshman year without having had the bloom rubbed off or at least diminished, and the student who does not know the world at the end of Sophomore year is a cad indeed.

The life from the very beginning has a tendency to initiate, to develop, to straighten out the awkward lines, to turn the callow youth into a man-about-town, with all the easy indifference of manner, the sang froid that belonged a decade ago to the man of thirty or forty years' experience.

In Freshman year the chances for knocking about are somewhat limited, but in Sophomore year every opportunity is afforded the student to see life and to live it. It is a remarkable fact, and one then worthy of note, that as a rule the Yale man of to-day has the strongest kind of character; for, while the sporting contingent is a large one, there is something within most of the students that guides them over all the shoals, landing them safely upon the shore of futurity, with perhaps a few slight blemishes, seldom, however, with ineffaceable ones.

THE SOPHOMORE.

"In Sophomore year every opportunity is afforded the student to see life and to live it."

The men, while not permitted to shirk their studies and while rigidly "kept up to the mark" by the faculty, manage nevertheless, to weave in a lot of holiday fun.

Athletics have long furnished a diversion. They are, in fact, a world-wide source of interest, constituting to-day a part of the University almost as indispensable as the buildings themselves. To be prominently identified with athletics, therefore, furnishes a man a "pull" both with the College and the world at large.

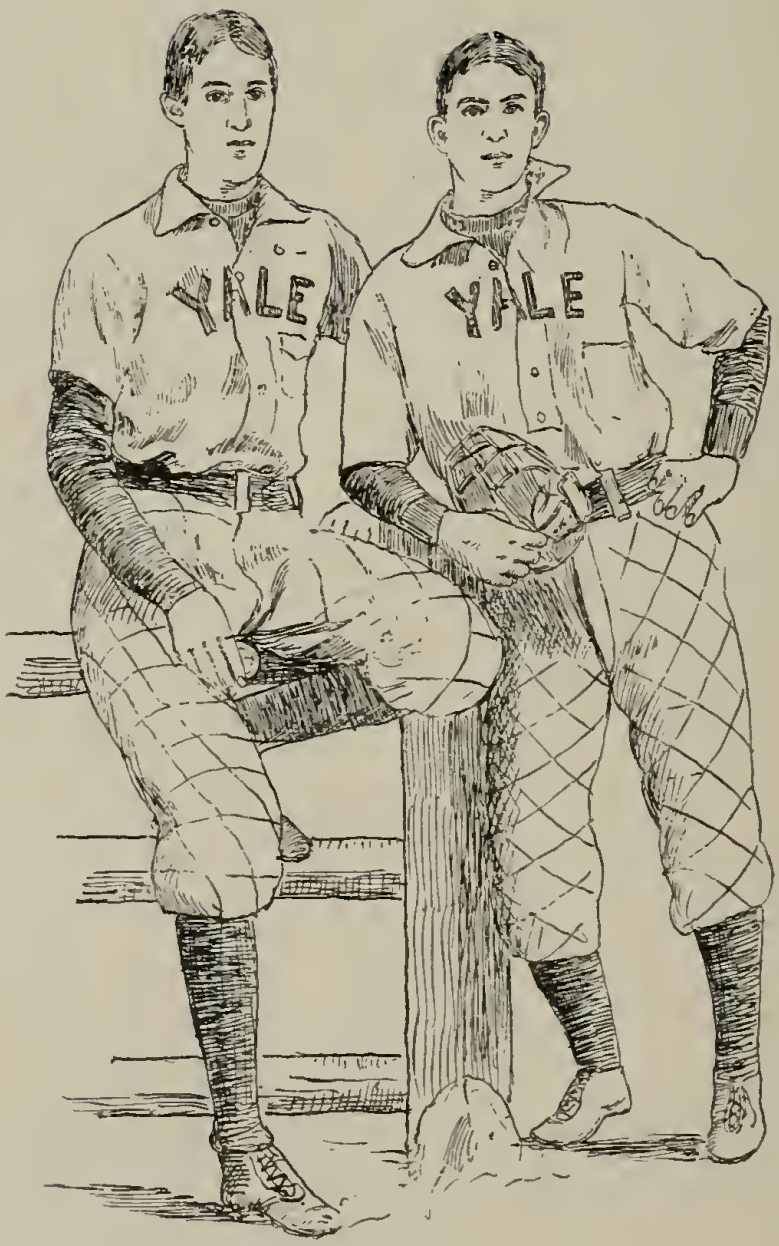
The sporting contingent is the one that has the most fun, as it is also the one that numbers many of the most popular men. A glimpse into Moriarty's restaurant after a big game out at the field, when the students are in truth celebrating, gives one as correct an idea as any of the fun they have on occasions. 'Mory's," as it has been dubbed

from the very beginning, was started in 1858. For years Moriarty himself ran it, and after his death Mrs. Moriarty took possession. At present it is in charge of Edward Oakley, whom the students call "Eddie." Oakley is very popular with them. His restaurant is the best patronized of any in New Haven, with the exception perhaps of Traeger's. It is exclusively for College men. There are two rooms down stairs that are used by them. A corner of the favorite one is given in the sketch.

On one side, on the wall, hangs the top of a table that for years occupied the center of the room. "Mory" allowed the men to carve their initials upon its polished surface. When it was so covered with initials and dates as to permit of no more, he hung it as an ornament, substituting another in its place, which is going through the same process of indentation.

THE YALE ATHLETE

FROM THE VARSITY NINE.



"Athletics have long furnished a diversion, constituting to-day a part of the University almost as indispensable as the buildings themselves."

THE YALE ATHLETE

FROM THE VARSITY ELEVEN.

Two who are prominently identified with athletics.

The loving cup, an institution at Yale, is especially a fad down at "Mory's." When in jovial mood after a big victory, the men in cliques of a dozen or so collect around the tables, the loving cup is brought out, and all quaff from its depths some delicious concoction that only "Mory" and his successors know how to brew.

In '85 a club calling itself the "velvet club" was organized. Each year marks the enlistment of six new members, four being taken from the Academic department and two from Sheff. The cup used by the members of this very exclusive club is a large, handsomely designed pewter one. The names of the men who are taken in each year are inscribed upon its surface. The club's appellation was given it because of the smoothness of the drink composed of champagne and porter. A Harvard man once

invited to spend an evening with the "velvet club," returned to Cambridge most enthusiastic. He declared to his friends that the loving cup used at Yale seemed bottomless, so many times did they all drink from it. The Yale men, on the other hand, rated that Harvard student the biggest kind of a "tank," yet, without expostulation paid an immense bill for Eddie's surreptitious filling of the cup that has since given them such a reputation throughout collegedom.

"Mory's" is the great place for Welsh rarebits and golden bucks. Ale, too, is one of the specialties. It is served in old English pitchers called Tobys. The entire house, for that matter, is done up after an English house, the bar being an exact reproduction of those found in old English inns.

"Mory's" is seldom done over. The students are greatly opposed to

THE ROOM AT "MORY'S."

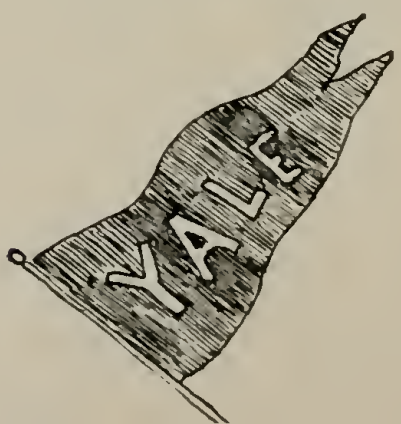
"Mory's is the great place for Welsh rarebits and golden bucks."

any change. An example of their fondness for the familiar environments of the place was given several years ago, when a new and more modern wall-paper was put upon the two rooms used by them. As "Eddie" expressed it, the "kick" was so tremendous he was obliged to go out and hunt up some other as near like the old as possible, which only in half pacified his patrons, who said it was a "living shame to thus discard the old love for the new."

"Fly Loo" and "Cutting the London Directory" were in days gone by among the old standbys in the way of amusements at "Mory's. "Fly Loo" is a game that seldom holds the attention until the contents of a certain number of Tobys have been disposed of. It then becomes astonishingly interesting. Every man takes a lump of sugar. By mutual agree-

ment they decide how much money shall be put under each lump. Sometimes it is five cents, sometimes ten, and so on up to any amount agreed upon. Then, many of them nodding, all of them a little the worse for wear, they sit patiently watching their sugar. The first one to have a fly light upon his lump calls "Fly Loo!" which gives him the bank or a right to all the money put up by his nodding friends.

"Cutting the London Directory" is another old game. This one is to decide who shall pay for the first round of drinks. A back number of the London Directory is brought out. Selecting a letter of the alphabet, each man in rotation opens the book at random. The one who turns to the letter the greatest distance from the one selected is obliged to do the treating.

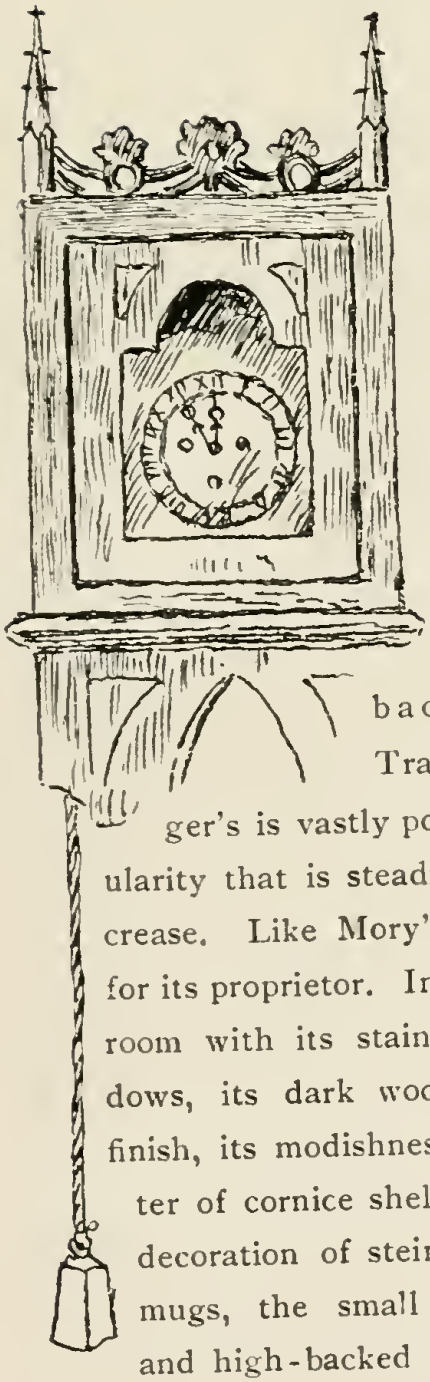


A CORNER OF
THE VIENNESE ROOM
AT TRAEGER'S.

"One of the favorite dropping-in places for the students."

"Hickory, Dickory, Dock!"

—*Nursery Rhymes.*



THERE is hardly a man in college who doesn't know the cuckoo call of the old clock in the little back room at Traeger's. Traeger's is vastly popular—a popularity that is steadily on the increase. Like Mory's, it is named for its proprietor. In this Viennese room with its stained glass windows, its dark wood wainscoted finish, its modishness in the matter of cornice shelves, with their decoration of steins and pewter mugs, the small square tables and high-backed carved chairs,

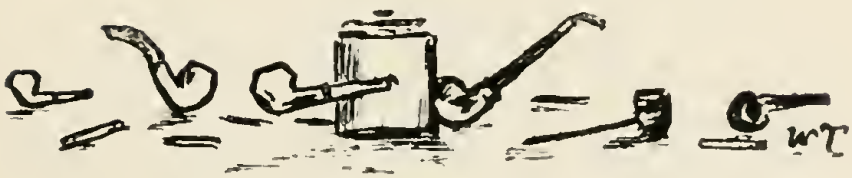
the great fire-place and the general air of luxury and comfort that pervade it. Every thing combines to make it one of the favorite "dropping in places" for the students. It is surely a close second in popularity to Mory's, many, in fact, claiming that to-day it stands foremost on the list.

It goes without saying that Freshmen are received neither at Mory's nor at Traeger's, but for that matter there are no cafes in town, patronized by upper class men, that cater to them. In June, after they have taken their examinations, and are enrolled as Sophomores, they are permitted their first glimpse of these places. "Eddie" tells many an amusing story of their "freshness" upon these occasions. Most of them swagger in, and with an assumed dignity of manner order, in a very loud voice, "Beer, sir!" The die is cast, they have irretriev-

THE FRESHMAN.

"Big glasses of sweet, pure milk
are served to them."

ably stamped themselves with the Freshman hall-mark; for the waiter, in a voice cold, yet not unmixed with suppressed amusement, makes answer, "We do not serve beer here, you know." "Oh!" exclaims "freshie;" then lowering the voice, he says, confidentially, "Let me have a plate of ice-cream, please." But the Freshmen have their own particular "joints" all through the year, where weak lemonades, fresh-laid eggs, and big glasses of sweet, pure milk are served, and where they can put their feet on the deal-tables, and swagger a bit, in a way they consider a clever imitation of the "sports" of the upper classes.



"If three ladies like a play,
Take the whole house
upon the poets' day."

—*Pope.*

DRAMATICS among the men are growing every year in popularity. Like athletics they are becoming an institution at the University, and are really very estimable factors in the development of literary and histrionic ability. The academic fraternities give a play annually at their chapter houses. These have been going on for years, but the revival of

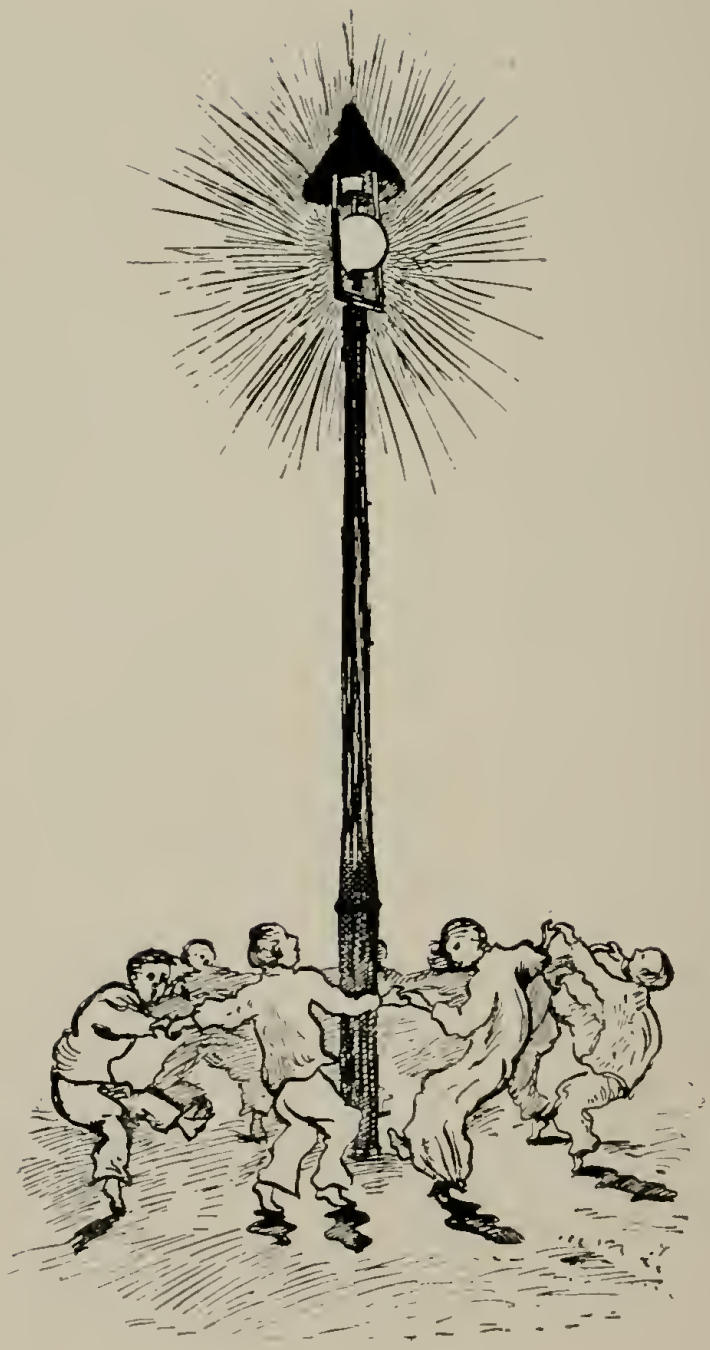
a public performance in which men from the Jr. fraternities may participate was begun in '92. The Chapter plays are not as elaborate nor as full of detail as those produced before the public; yet they are said to be vastly amusing, and to entertain the students quite as much, if not more, than those designed for all who will pay their "ticket of admission" money.

In June of '94, Psi U. presented a farce written for the society by a Skull and Bones man. It was clever and roaringly funny, but put upon the stage with so little preparation that the *contretemps* all through were simply convulsing. One man who figures prominently on one of the Yale weeklies was cast for the character of a king. When it came time for him to make his entrance, the chorus called, "The King! The King!" and all eyes, turned toward the entrances

of the stage, were startled by the sudden upheaval of a portion of the stage floor. From this trap-door arrangement emerged the king. Then began a series of funny happenings. The king had a song to sing. He and the orchestra did not harmonize—both were off the key. With a regal wave of a large red book he carried, in which was loosely thrown the music for his song, he stepped up to the footlights, and ferociously menacing the leader of the orchestra, demanded better time. The king is said to have used some strong language, and they who were in the audience declare this scene was the gem of the entire performance. In any event the play—as are all the Chapter plays—was voted a great success.

While the average man finds the entire year well sprinkled with fun and amusement, June is probably the month that chronicles the great-

THE PAJAMA FIENDS.



"Mamie, come kiss your Honey Boy."

est number of "larks." The bottled up spirits of all the classes are then uncorked, and all sorts and kinds of diversions are resorted to. The "pajama parade" is now a three-year old feature of the month of June. The seniors in their pajamas assemble on the Campus, with the intention only of smoking quietly beneath the light of a jolly-faced approving moon. But, up to date, the temptation to break away from all conventionalities has been too great for them, and in June of '94 the pajama fiends cut up all sorts of pranks, promenading in reckless confusion down Chapel street, climbing electric poles, dancing can-cans, and waltzing to the tunes of "Boom de aye" and "Mamie, come kiss your honey boy." The local press rather criticised the students for this bit of a "lark," yet in defence of them one or two papers came out with articles advocating the pajama

as a summer costume, to be adopted by the *habitues* of Bar Harbor and Narragansett Pier.

"Prom. week" is the week of all others at Yale. This occurs twice during the year, in January and in June. Both are exciting and interesting. Then it is the out-of-town girl blossoms forth conspicuously, and then it is the New Haven maiden, as a rule, gives herself up to sighing and repining. Remember, however, that there have been, and ever will be, a certain number of New Haven girls that the out-of town girl has failed to relegate to a "back seat," and that New Haven has its belles even though we sadly chronicle the fact of their being in the minority. It stands to reason, then, that the New Haven girl who really figures as a belle is one in every sense, dazzling in face and figure, captivating in manner and in mind.

NEW HAVEN BELLE.

"One of those the out-of-town girl has failed to relegate to a back seat."

Borrowing from the *Illustrated American* of July 7th, 1894, we learn that, "with Yale men, one of the strongest of any of their many prevalent fads is that of the decoration of their rooms. It is almost a question of rivalry with them that grows stronger every year. The New Haven girl, good-natured to a fault, is kept busy making sofa-pillows for some one or another of her 'Yale pets.' It is a mania at Yale—this craze for the sofa pillow. In almost every instance a student can count his conquests by them. 'A girl I met at the Junior Prom. gave me this,' he tells his visitors; or 'one way over on Howard avenue sent me this;' and 'I worked Miss So and So,-Smith had here for the german, for this,' etc., etc., through a collection of twenty-five or fifty handsome sofa pillows.

A man's chief passion is easily distinguished in the decoration of his

room. Let him love the stage, and the walls show dozens of photographs of pretty actresses and well-known actors. If athletics are his hobby, all sorts of field trophies are among his collection of bric-a-brac; a half-inflated football is depended from the chandelier; a score or more of tennis-balls, with a date, and perhaps some sentimental inscription upon their surface, are hanging from either chandelier or from the cabinet shelves over the fireplace; a baseball bat lies over the top of a handsome gilt frame that encloses the face of a dimpled Psyche or a picture of St. Cecilia.

A collector of 'steins' has them showing from every available crevice and corner. A fad peculiar to a great many men is that of the pipe. The class numerals, in white on Yale blue paper, are a universal decoration — every man in college having a passion for them. Yale

A ROOM IN

VANDERBILT HALL.

"A man's chief passion is easily distinguished in the decoration of his room."

flags, too, are conspicuous in most of the rooms."

Sign-stealing is another popular craze. A good collection includes all sorts and kinds, ranging from the tiniest placard to a gaudy, much painted barber's pole.

A scene, perhaps as picturesque as any during the year, occurs usually on the Saturday following the Thursday, when college comes together. Then it is the football candidates meet at the Yale field for practice and trial for place on the Varsity and Freshmen elevens. The day, warm and summer-like, finds the students still in their summer clothes. While the athletic men disport themselves on the gridiron, long lines of upper and under class men are formed about the field, on the bleachers and again crowding into the grand stand. Everybody is in good spirits. Old scores are forgotten; the triumphs and jeal-

ousies of the previous term drift for the time being into oblivion, and a general welcome of hearty handshaking, with a "How are you, old chap?" cements a friendship among the men that places them all on an equal footing for that one afternoon at least.

Have we not, then, correctly said that the Yale man-up-to-date is a creature of fads and fancies? Yet, with all his faults we love him as do we approve of him, for in all America there is no college that has the men we find at Yale.

PART II.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

"There is much in character."

—*The Author.*

"WITHOUT no 'zaggeration, only a few more left," suggests a phase of college life at Yale as yet not touched upon. For years Yale has furnished food for the modern journalist's hungry pen. The rapacity with which every feature of life at the University has been devoured has had its amusing side, with now and then a very serious side as well, as was evidenced in a recent faulty attempt to lay bare the senior societies of the academic department.

Athletics have been prolific in furnishing vast and varied material to the scribe, and one or two writers have devoted their energies to the ethics of Yale slang. In any event

there is hardly a question pertaining to Yale that has not been put an hundred times in an hundred different ways. This character sketch, however, is new, and, standing out prominently in its freshness against a background of hackneyed subjects, should attract a certain amount of attention.

Yale is not a superstitious College. The men are too clear-headed, too free from the engendered beliefs of the ignorant to permit superstition to run riot or to gain any sort of a foothold among them, yet they cling with a tenderness born of long example to the traditional love of a Mascot. Had the Mascot at Yale been a development of these latter-day students, we should put it down as only another of the prevalent fads; but indeed the University has too long been in possession of one to let it come under any such *fin de siècle* term. That Yale then has a

Mascot—in fact, a series of them—is an accepted state of affairs inborn with every loyal-hearted Yalensian. At present the Mascot count is three, with "Pop" Smith taking the lead. Next comes "Davy," and then Tommy Kilbride, who, up to this last year, was a never-failing Mascot of the field. He, however, is fast losing popularity with his increase of years and knowledge.

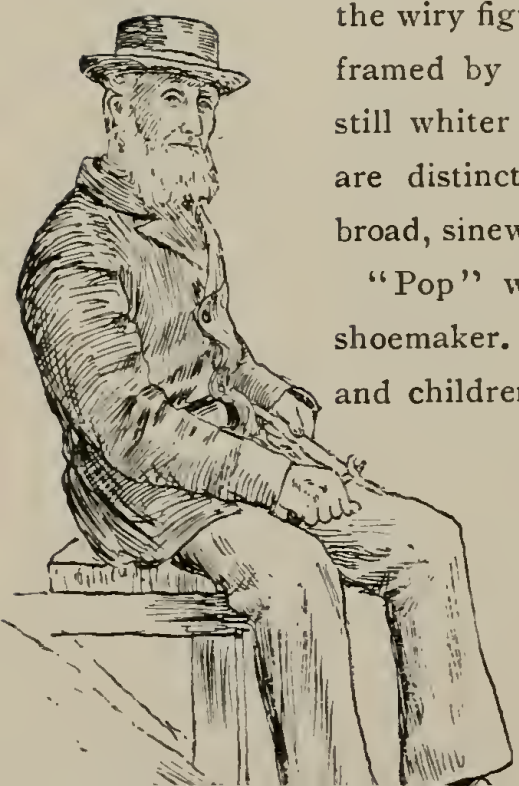
These character sketches take in others at Yale than the actual Mascots of either bat or shell, embracing a brief glimpse of such autocrats as Murray, Kirk and Heberger, with Wipper, the phenomenal postman.

"Pop" Smith is to-day the Mascot pre-eminent. The oldest character at Yale, he deserves his popularity among the boys, for has he not devoted the last twenty-five years of his life to them to the exclusion almost of any other pursuit? Like "Davy," he may have a Christian

name other than that of "Pop," but no one questions the possibility of either of them having been legitimately christened; it is simply that both are known by their pseudonyms, and that the wish to give them a more dignified or classical name has never occurred to any one.

"Pop" is now growing old and somewhat childlike, yet he continues to hold his place in the Yale boys' hearts with remarkable tenacity. His mind is clear and his interest in athletics undiminished. There is never a game at the field he does not attend, and no matter what the weather nor how great the crowd, the wiry figure and the delicate face, framed by the soft white hair and still whiter beard of "Pop" Smith, are distinctly outlined against the broad, sinewy figures of the athletes.

"Pop" was at one time a good shoemaker. He lived with his wife and children modestly and happily,



pegging away at his trade, until one day he was seized with a violent desire to attend one of the Yale ball games. From that day on the fever possessed him, and his shoes and cobbler's bench lost their attraction.

The late Edward Sheffield Porter, whose grandfather endowed the Sheffield Scientific School, was instrumental in creating "Pop" a Yale character. He never lost an opportunity to talk to Mr. Porter in his quaint way about athletics and affairs generally at Yale. Mr. Porter became much interested in him. It was about this time that the outlook for the Yale-Princeton game to be played in New York was very dubious for Yale, not even the most sanguine student believing there was any chance. Odds were in favor of Princeton twenty to one, and a certain "blueness" pervaded the very atmosphere of the Yale Campus. "Pop" was in a state of actual

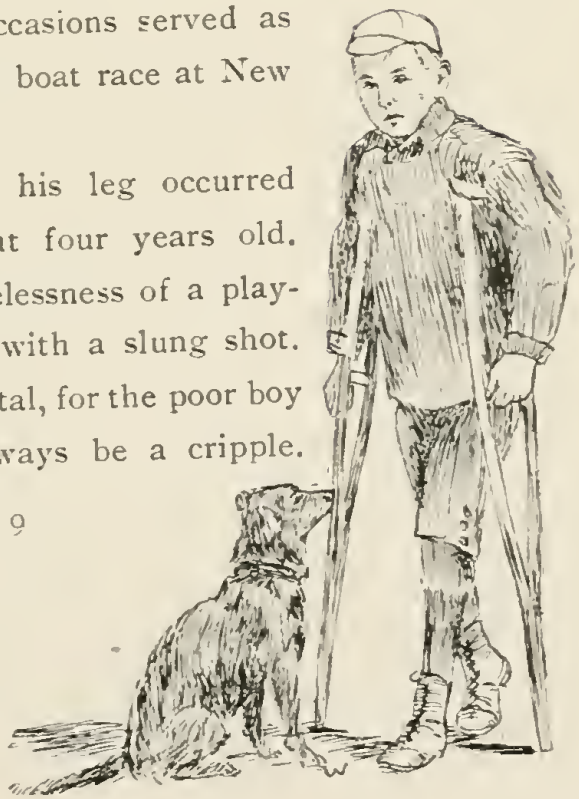
frenzy. He confided his grief to Mr. Porter, who said, "Look here, 'Pop,' I'll send you down to the game if you'll promise to offer up your prayers for us." "That I will, sir, that I will." And so he did, alternating them with a vociferous amount of applause and cheering at every good play made by the wearers of the blue. Yale won with the score something quite tremendous in her favor. "Pop" was the Mascot of the field that day, and he sprung then into a sudden popularity that has strengthened with each succeeding year.

Tommy Kilbride was once the "baby Mascot" of the field. He was not more than ten years old when the Yale boys took him up. Tommy started life as a bootblack. A familiar figure was his on the streets, with a box of blacking and a brush strapped over the shoulders, a small mongrel black and tan dog,

dragging an immense carpet rug between his teeth, running along by his side. This dog served as a valet, and was trained to carry the rug for his lordship to kneel upon when he blacked the boots of his student-patrons. When the dog died Tommy was inconsolable, declaring for a time he should never black another pair of boots.

In the early days of Tommy Kilbride's popularity, so potent was his influence as the "baby Mascot" that he was often taken by the boys to their Princeton and Harvard games in New York and at Cambridge, and on one or two occasions served as the Mascot of the boat race at New London.

The injury to his leg occurred when he was but four years old. Through the carelessness of a playmate he was hit with a slung shot. The result was fatal, for the poor boy will probably always be a cripple.



It is a sad life for him, brightened somewhat in the past by glimpses of the outside world during his brief reign as the "baby Mascot" of the field.

Arthur Freedman, a bright little fellow not yet twelve, has somewhat supplanted Tommy in the affection of the Yale boys. Arthur is the students' newspaper boy, nearly all of them usually paying the rosy-cheeked, golden-haired chap a nickel for an evening paper, the regular rate being three cents. Arthur has his favorites, and on one occasion recently, when a certain well known New Haven woman gave him a bright pink carnation, with the advice that he should carry it to his sweetheart, he made answer, "I aint got no sweetheart, but I'll take it to a customer on the Campus. I like him better than a sweetheart, see?" The customer proved to be the son of a famous Philadelphia

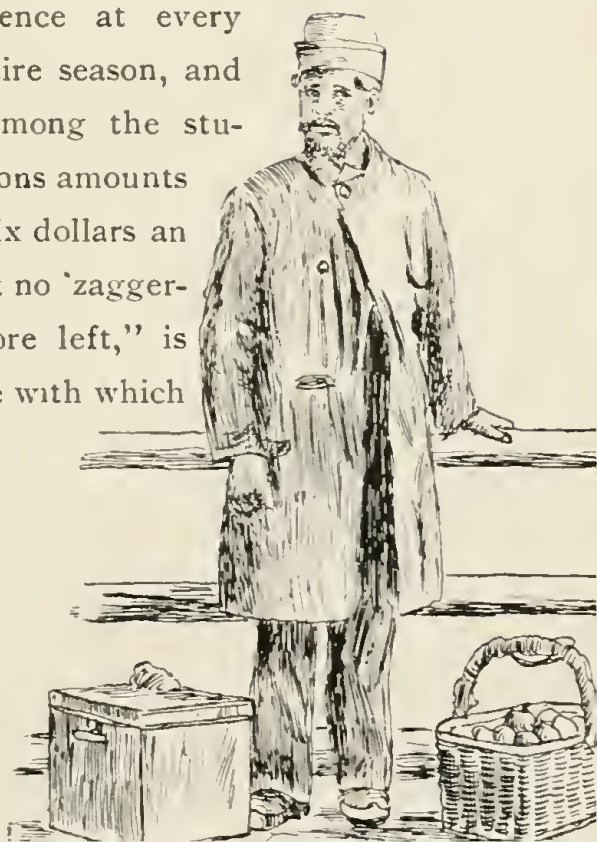
ARTHUR FREEDMAN.

"I aint got no sweetheart."

lawyer, and later that evening might have been seen at the theatre with Arthur's pink carnation in the button-hole of his topcoat.

"Davy" and Hannibal are rivals. "Whence they came and whither they shall go" are undetermined questions. Both have figured as characters at Yale for the last twenty-five or thirty years. "Davy" is the Sheff. men's "heeler," while Hannibal is an all around "sport," confining himself to no one contingent, but sharing his notoriety and popularity with townspeople and students alike.

"Davy" and his little blue cart are always in evidence at every game during the entire season, and his sale of candy among the students on these occasions amounts to between five and six dollars an afternoon. "Without no 'zaggeration, only a few more left," is the hackneyed phrase with which



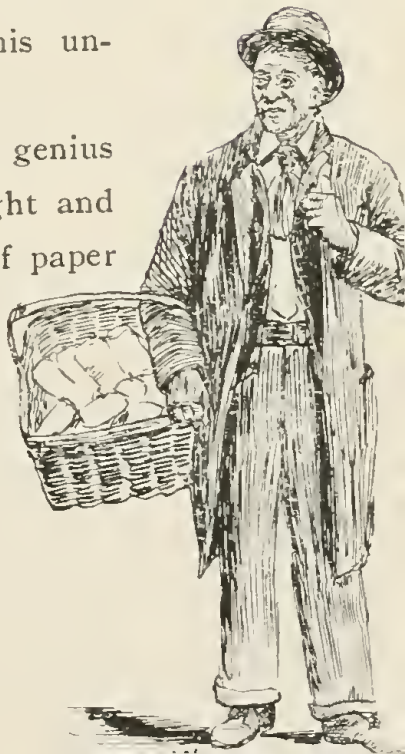
he greets his customers, one that conveys but little truth to them, however, for the blue cart is always filled to its very lid, and when the stock runs low is quickly replenished. "Without no 'zaggeration, only a few more left," is therefore but a stock phrase with "Davy," yet it carries its meter of persuasion, and has stood him in good stead, till the "lie" has become but a clever advertising ruse.

Hannibal, too, is a candy vender. His is homemade, while "Davy" purchases from the dealers. Hannibal, however, has other resources than his saccharine traffic. He has been a great boxer in his day, and still prides himself upon his agility, alertness and absolute correctness of eye. The art of sparring is called by him "the manly art of self defence." Thus supporting himself by his boxing lessons and the sale of candy, he has figured as a New Haven and

Yale character for the last twenty-five years.

It is great fun to hear Hannibal talk. He has a fondness for using large and unusual words, most of them coined by himself to suit the occasion. In years gone by he was the students' favorite stump orator, and the words used at these occurrences were great and mighty. When President Porter was inaugurated it was Hannibal who headed the procession that marched to the new President's residence, and it was Hannibal who delivered the subsequent address at the Campus—an address so filled with unheard of "jaw-breakers," that even the Professors and the President himself were forced to marvel at his unheard of learning.

This colored character is a genius in many ways. With his right and left hands on a single sheet of paper he can draw simultaneously a

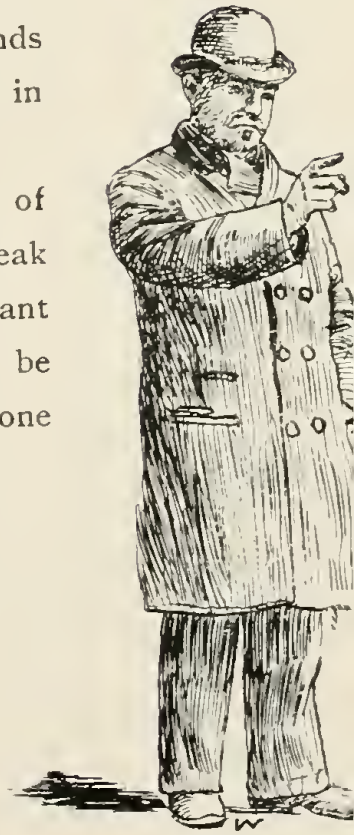


picture of a man and a woman facing each other. Although crude, the work shows the stroke of the genius; and when he writes his name above each, the left hand upside down, the right hand right side up, one is actually much impressed by him.

He has a great deal of dry humor and is never at a loss for a reply. A certain wag, meeting him at the theatre one night, said jocosely, "Hannibal, you look pale this evening." "Yas, sar," was the reply, and a broad smile illuminated the ebony blackness of his face, "Yas sar, I had a glass ub milk for my supper." The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Ex-Secretary Whitney — in fact, many prominent men of the country graduated from Yale — remember Hannibal, and are the first to greet him with "Hullo, Prof. Hannibal," whenever they visit New Haven.

Another favorite with all the old graduates is "Murray, the hackman," as he is inelegantly dubbed by every student at the University. Murray in reality has a long, quite high-sounding name—Patrick Henry Murray. During College term his figure is almost a landmark on the corner of College and Chapel streets, directly across from the New Haven House. He fetches his team of horses up there every morning of his life, to be on hand for a "job" if any should come his way. For thirty-six years he has been the pet driver at Yale, and, as in Hannibal's case, all the prominent graduates take great pains to shake hands with him whenever they are in town.

Patrick Henry is very jealous of his prestige. It would quite break his heart should any one supplant him, or should he ever really be "laid upon the shelf." But one



doesn't anticipate any such event in the near future, for he is a sturdily-built, rugged specimen of the good old Irish type, and is surely good for a number of years yet to come. Over in the Anderson "gym" there hangs a ten thousand dollar painting by Howland, of New York, in which the central figure is this character, seated on the box of his coach, with a team of grey horses conspicuously reproduced.

Murray says he could tell some wild and awful tales of the good old days when hazing was permitted at Yale; but, like Della Fox, "truth compels him to state" he wouldn't dare give the boys away.

One curious point in his thirty-six years of life spent at Yale is the persistency with which he has never driven any but a team of grey horses. In fact, he says, he has never owned any but "greys;" yet, when facetiously asked one day if his wife

wasn't "red headed," he indignantly replied, "Well, you can bet your life she aint."

So much for Murray, and now we come to William H. Kirk, who is indeed the autocrat of the Yale characters. A Canadian by birth, he is always the *gentilhomme*, dressing in quite an elegant, up-to-date style. Kirk is yet a young man, not more than thirty-two. With a good mind and an alertness of intuition, he has made himself very popular with the students since his entrance among them ten years ago.

Kirk is a trifle too aristocratic to be dubbed a "hackman." His is commission work. A good example of his methods is given in Prom. week, when the demand for carriages is tremendous. Some member of the Prom. committee sends for him. With pencil and paper he writes down about how many carriages will be needed the night of the

dance, then he goes to the various livery and stable proprietors and engages his carriages. This does away with numbers and the dreadful waits "after the ball," for not a face in College is unknown to Kirk, who stands by the door as the boys come down with their pretty and best girls, looking tired yet happy in their fluffy dancing frocks, the staid chaperone carefully following in their wake, to find a carriage all ready and waiting, a bit of "Kirk forethought" that the students are only too glad to pay for.

It is said he makes a great deal of money during the year—somewhere between two and three thousand dollars. But this autocrat has a branch of business other than his commission work. He is the boys' standby in times not alone of prosperity, but in the dark days of actual trouble. It is A. Heberger, however, who holds the pre-eminent position in

that line. He, too, is an aristocrat among the characters, belonging to the best of Hebrew families, with a membership in Harmonie Club—the swell Hebrew club of New Haven. Heberger and Kirk are very good friends, for although Kirk has trespassed somewhat upon Heberger's territory, he does not in the least affect his position with the students, all of whom will fully understand what is meant by "a standby in times of joy and tribulation." Heberger is immensely popular, a good listener and an excellent adviser.

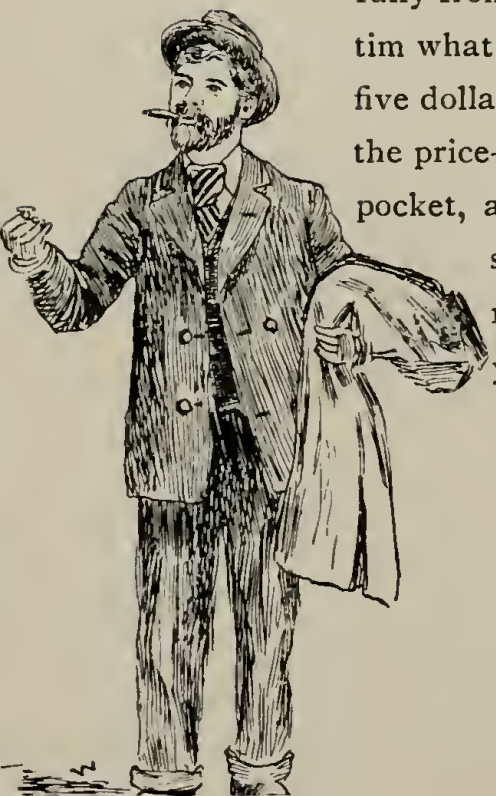
Perhaps Joe Wipper should be considered the most remarkable of any of the Yale characters, in one way at least. It is that of his memory, which is almost phenomenal. Joe is the College postman. He is well put up, with a brilliant complexion and a happy-go-lucky sort of manner that, added to his remarkable memory, have made him a great

favorite at Yale. With a leather bag strapped over the shoulder, his hands full of letters, he travels over the Campus three times a day. Meeting a group of students, all simultaneously asking, "Anything for me to-day, Joe?" Wipper runs hastily over his mail package, handing first one a letter and then another. He never asks their names. He remembers the name and face of every man in College. At Christmastide there is no man who figures in Yale life more bountifully remembered than "Joe the Postman."

Moses is a character indeed. His real name is Moses Rosenblum. He was born in Hungary in 1851, coming to America soon thereafter. He speaks fairly good English, slightly broken and intensely idiomatic, which makes him a very amusing sort of person. He has a name besides Moses. It is "Shorty." When the subject of

this article came up, Moses, together with the rest of the men who are mentioned, had, of course, to be interviewed. It was in Pach's studio on Chapel street that he was put through a series of questions. After it was all over, the little fellow went down stairs and out upon the street. Meeting Kirk and one or two students he said, in his funny, broken English, "I go up stairs, see young lady; she ask me how old I am. I tell her and she give me these." He held out three cigars with a gleeful smile at the conclusion of his speech, and turning, would have left the group had not one of them said, "You'd better look out, Moses, she'll write you up." With a wink that conveyed volumes of meaning he made answer, "Well, I guess she can't do it on a single date," and striking a match, he lighted his fragrant Havana, and sauntered leisurely away in the direction of the Campus.

Moses is a gambler in a very modest way. His legitimate business is that of a second-hand clothes dealer. One of his charms, however, is his illegitimate method of carrying on the business. He will go to a student's room, and with a most insinuating smile will ask, "Any old clothes, sir?" Clever to a degree, he is up to a point in just what chaps are "broke," and he strikes them always on a day when they "must have money or somebody's life." "Yes, come in," is the reply; and in Moses goes, to look over an array of handsome topcoats, cutaways, and trousers of all kinds. Selecting carefully from the stock, he asks his victim what he will take for them. If five dollars, or if ten—no matter what the price—he takes a nickel from his pocket, and flipping it into the air, says, "Tails, I double your money; heads, you give me your clothes." It is a case



of chance that the students delight in; yet, as the Hungarian is a "lucky dog," he comes out ahead in the long run.

When asked if he had any favorites among the boys, he said, very emphatically, "I likes dem all der same, and der aint one dat aint got a liking for me." When the late William Vanderbilt was at Yale, he was very kind to Moses, and since his death, a picture he had given him of himself, taken with a classmate, has been among the greatest of Moses' treasures.

Bob Jackson has too recently identified himself with Yale to be put upon the character list; yet he stands a very good chance of becoming as popular in his particular line as any we have written about. His aptitude for money-making is astonishing. Jackson runs a bootblack monopoly. His is contract work. At the beginning of every month

he goes to his student customers, who pay him a dollar apiece every four weeks. For that one dollar he promises to take care of their boots for them and to press three pair of trousers a week. Last year he made sufficient money out of his enterprise to guarantee him in marrying, an event that called for a big demonstration from the boys, who made up a purse to present him on his wedding morning. And thus life goes at Yale, with the horizon each year showing new and unusual features that are, and ever will be, the subject of interest and discussion among the Alumni of the College, as well as among people who are people in general.

The End

Pardee, Jean.
The Yale man up-to-date;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