

YALE COMMENCEMENT WEEK

(Continued from Second Page) The luxurious head of hair which Hendrick does not possess is grown wholly through the use of a dye composed of rose water and tea, equally mixed.

I confess frankly that about Hobart I have practically nothing to say. I dislike extremely to mention the one thing that could be said about him, for I am afraid it will hurt him if it gets to the ears of his southern friends. However, if it does, it only serves him right. It appears that Hobart is very penurious, and he refused to pay the negro that attends to his room anything for his services. The negro insisted upon some payment and Hobart finally compromised with him thus. Both the negro and Hobart had to shave daily. The negro shaved Hobart at 6:30, take Hobart's razor, shave himself and then take him up. Hobart would then shave and look as handsome as he does now. He calculated that in this manner he has saved \$88.00 during his college course.

Let's see Hunt. Kindly withdraw your veil. Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't see that it was off. This man is noted in our class for his complexion. How many girls I have heard say, "Oh, ain't it just lovely?" referring to the delicate mixture of white and blue in his cheeks and nose alone. It is this man's boast that no razor ever touched his face, and that he once went eighteen years without being able to grow a beard. Let's have up George James Jacobus, known to his classmates as the Boy Patti, being a singer of rare ability. He has earned considerable money by singing. For instance, he has received steady pay from Poli's theatre here. Whenever Mr. Poli would desire to get the crowd out in order to let fresh ones get in, he would summon George. One song would do the business. The hall would be clear as by magic. This youth has won glory for himself by playing the best game of croquet in the university. He, with E. G. Kendall, whom I will now ask you to put up, were our representatives against Vassar. It was owing to the rough play indulged in by these Yale men that all contests of that kind with Vassar are at an end.

Place Bill Keyser in sight. Bill spends most of his time trading his family. He has got back forty-five hundred years and can't get any further. However, the news that a fresh geysier has been discovered in the Yellowstone Park leads him to hope that the missing links will yet be found. Bill has taken a number of the older families in the class to his Baltimore and there shown his family tree. It is considered by many to be the eighth wonder of the world.

I call out in a subdued voice for F. Lawrence Lee. For an in not in the presence of Yale's actor-manager? Like all members of that profession his life has been a checkered one. He has seen the time when it was even difficult to get food. You rarely can in New Haven after 3 a. m. But let us be thankful that he has lived through his various ills and is here to-day, here to smile his approval on this dramatic scene and to munch and nibble at his chocolate. For like all actors Lee is eccentric, peculiar in his habits. Early in his career he formed, I regret to state, the habit of chewing tobacco. But did he yield himself up to this? No, friends, he struggled against it and eventually won the fight. Chocolate he did it. And yet I can but take this opportunity to warn him against this insidious delicacy. When Hurlbut Bros., the grocers, sell him in one year eighteen tons of chocolate, is it not time to call a halt? I won't keep him standing any longer, but I wish he would accept this advice so that the stage may not lose one of its choicest lights.

Put up Lewis. Lewis is our Sandow. A perfect Hercules in regards strength, but with a soul as gentle and pure as that of a cooling dove and a disposition as retiring as that of a man who has just committed robbery. Lewis is remarkable for the fact that during his college career he has helped hundreds of men both in recitations and in exams. His name rendered into Greek is friends, which translated means the hard studying and rapidly communicating one. Before an exam Lewis is probably the most popular man in the class, and the number of phosphates and ice cream sodas this man has received from his admirers is simply enormous. Lewis has informed his bosom friends that he is going to marry shortly and make an excellent fry for the class cup.

Is Goodwin present? This is a peculiar specimen. A democrat coming from Maine. Goodwin comes of good old New England stock, and when he is not whittling a piece of rail fence is eating pie, of which, like most men from New England, he is inordinately fond. Goodwin on graduation is going to Utah. We are in the dark for what reason.

Put up Tom Lockwood. I can say a great many pleasant and kind things about Tom, as it has been his good fortune to have associated considerably with me during his college course. The presence of Tom for four years in New Haven has been of incalculable benefit to the drug stores. Not only has he purchased soda water in vast quantities there, but also numberless anti-fat remedies, if having been the honor of Tom's college course to behold himself greatly but surely increasing in flesh while he noticed no corresponding advance in his mental powers. 'Tis as a fighter that Tom is best known. The little newboys whom we so frequently see on the streets with black eyes and bruised faces when sympathized with say, "Hully gee, dat's nothing; me and Tommie Lockwood has been scrappin' a bit, dat's all. You order see Tom. I beg your pardon, I mean Marks. His name has inspired such terror in the hearts of his classmates that he has been practically outlawed by them and even has had to room with a '96 man. Marks was a ringleader in a certain mob that collected on the streets, about which in the next day's News the chairman of that excellent paper said editorially, "We regret greatly that we ourselves were present." Marks did not regret it. He gloried in it.

Montgomery. This youth is liked by our class and respected by them because he has taken out more sick excuses than any other man since 1867. His motto is, "Never go to chapel or recitations if you can bluff out the teacher." He is also famous as the owner of a dog named Pincher, which as an all around nuisance has no equal. And now, friends, you have a treat in store for you, for are you not to behold the classic outlines of Nesbit?

Put him up, men. Even you sun, abashed, hides his head. This is the original of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." You might think from Robert Cecil's appearance that he came from Skowhogan, Maine, but in reality he is from New York City and is one of the shining lights of that great metropolis. Bully, the great crowd owner, has offered him \$10,000 a summer to travel with the show and at each performance to run 100 yards dressed in bathing tights. He has refused the offer. Nesbit rooms on the ground floor of Vanderbilt hall, and a dark little entryway leads into his room. During the week a classmate was escorting some ladies up stairs in the same entry when one of them, noticing the little hallway, said, "What's in there?" Nesbit at this moment, hearing voices and being of an inquisitive disposition, stuck out his head and the girls all said in chorus, "How curious!" and this is the way the class in general feel about him.

Put up E. E. Neppogod, the statistician. You notice how this man has pained himself out in order to appear stout and hearty. He is neither. A short time ago Osgood went over to the gym, to have his measurements taken. After he had been measured he said to Dr. Seaver, "Well, doctor, how is it?" "Oh," replied Dr. Seaver, "the skeleton is in fair shape." This mammoth like all men of his bulk, has a peculiar peculiarity. One is that he hates to go on the water and is particularly averse to a sailing craft; it tending to render him uncomfortable, may, positively ill. His uncle, on the contrary, was very fond of sailing, and when he visited Paynter here in New Haven the poor lad really thought he must take him out in the harbor. Previous to that the uncle had an accident and much of Paynter, but after it his opinion of him was evidently changed, for he was heard to remark, "I was surprised that there was so much in the boy."

Put up Snyder. Snyder is too well known to need more than a passing glance. His remarkable fondness for bathing should, however, be commented on. He is not satisfied with an ordinary bath once a month, but at fixed hours during the day and night he may be found in the gymnasium taking a shower bath or a plunge in the tank, or a Turkish bath or a dip in the rowing pool, or in the late evening most probably in the bathtub in Vanderbilt. To such an extent has this habit grown upon him that when he sees a watering cart on the street he cannot restrain himself, but rushes out under its cooling streams. I am surprised and obliged to see him with a shirt on to-day. This is the second time in his college course that he has failed to wear a sweater, the other occasion being on his introduction to James Mease Porter, whom I will now ask you to put up. All I have to say in regard to Potter is that he is Snyder's most intimate friend. His spare time is spent in the search for rare forms of moths, and I understand from reliable sources that his collection of hen's eggs is valued at over twelve dollars.

Put up Bill Richards. Anybody feeling a draught is at liberty to change their seat while this wind bag is up. This man, friends, is without doubt an unknown quantity. The class has been trying to solve him for four years and have almost given up in despair. Of such importance does he imagine himself that even in Freshman year when the class picture was taken he mounted a chair in the rear of the class and yelled out to the photographer "Hold on a minute. Am I in it?" What did the class care whether he was in it or out of it? Richards is also remarkable on account of his elegant table manners. His appearance at table being a signal for the rest of the party to leave at once. As a tennis player he has few equals in his own estimation. For further particulars about him I refer you to the director of the Peabody Museum, who hopes in time to secure him as a ripe specimen of "The man who was."

Put up Schermerhorn. The Rider and Driver in a leading article says, "Of all the men at Yale who thoroughly understand and appreciate a good horse, A. E. Schermerhorn, the little marvel, stands far foremost." His passionate love for driving is a noticeable feature of our college life. Only the very swiftest men in the class ride with this noble specimen. Even they refuse as often as possible to give up their seats to him while driving completely exhaust the unfortunate individual who is with him. I will, however, say this for Schermerhorn. He is a man, every inch of him.

Put up Voorhis. All I shall say about Voorhis is that he drove only once with Schermerhorn, and look what it reduced him to.

Turn the crank and produce Swan. In Swan we have one of the most singular of the human species. From his appearance he might be taken for a foreigner, for instance a Pole, but I am told by the few persons who have any desire to converse with the grouch that he is an American, whether aboriginal or not, they did not say. Looking at Swan again we might pick out for him a quiet, studious life, but I assure you that in doing so we should be greatly mistaken. Swan is to be a farmer. He has had considerable experience in this line, having sown a number of wild onions since entering college. You can see by his name that he is something of a bird. Put up Thayer. Thayer is chiefly remarkable. It is impossible to roast this man, as he himself told me he was already hot stuff.

Let the light be dim and religious, for I shall ask you to put up Deacon Thompson. Thompson has probably driven more men into bad ways than any other man in college. After hearing him hold forth on the advantages of Dwight Hall men turn aside and weep and go elsewhere. The country at large, however, needs just such men as Thompson, and we are all glad that he is going to graduate.

She will miss his daily pilgrimage to the dean's office. The dean will miss him as he thinks of those three days' illness during which Harris did not see a soul whom he could send with a message. The dean asked how he got his meals. "I hadn't a bite for those three days," he replied. For a moment the dean hovered on a verge of skepticism, but Harris' hungry look saved the day. That is a face with a history! Harris once asked a fair friend if she didn't think his face was looking wasted. "Yes," she replied with feeling, "and I think it such a pity to waste it." If you have ever seen Harris on a horse you know that a horse it is on Harris. As the juniors expressed it: "Funny Harris may be a beauty, but not by Xmas in a riding suit." I am requested to give notice that immediately after this performance another donkey of the Harris stud will be raffled off under the auspices of the Funny Harris Club Chowder association.

Buttrick! Buttrick is another B, who has opened the new era of debating at Yale. It was none other than Harold Buttrick, who, being arrested for plucking a dandelion on Chapel street, won fame and his dismissal from the police court by pleading his own case! I have put off until now one man who always comes in late. Besides we always like the best near the last. We have a man of great courtesy, Dutch Carter, the chief executive of the Chess club, Bunstead, Gaining must have led Arthur into reckless ways, for in the class book so often quoted he vouchsafes the awful advice, "Don't get gay with the faculty."

After Hotchkiss. Just a few more left now. Put up any old thing. Charlie Kimball. Behold our elderly gentleman, a distinguished figure in the seething politics of Littleton, Mass. Hutchins. This eminent scientist has shown such proficiency in chemistry, in the mixing of liquids, that it was considered quite a joke on him the other day when Dr. Seaver had to show him how to turn on the shower at the gymnasium.

And now I close this history albeit by calling up the hero of tomorrow, the creator of graceful curves, Dutch Carter. Strangers to Dutch will see that a certain New York paper was inaccurate in describing him as "a short, jolly little Dutchman." In his exclamations Dutch is truly Shakespearean, for he never repeats himself. He has still other gifts, but his great ambition is to be happy. "Then I'd flap my wings and be happy," he says, "for I'd be perfect." Dutch is that anomaly, a straight line. Dutch that makes curves that Harvard will find it hard to plot. Our advice to a certain New York paper was inaccurate in describing him as "a short, jolly little Dutchman." In his exclamations Dutch is truly Shakespearean, for he never repeats himself. He has still other gifts, but his great ambition is to be happy. "Then I'd flap my wings and be happy," he says, "for I'd be perfect." Dutch is that anomaly, a straight line. Dutch that makes curves that Harvard will find it hard to plot. 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