

A JESUIT OF TO-DAY

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A Jesuit of To-Day by Orange McNeill

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"See!" he cried, "Yak leads!" and catching up my blue-ribboned parasol he rushed amidships.—Page 6.

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BY
ORANGE MCNEILL E

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[c 1895]
in

51 X 14

" Friends, the good man of the house at least
Kept house to himself till an earthquake came :
'Tis the fall of its frontage permits you feast
On the inside arrangement you praise or blame.

Outside should suffice for evidence ;
And whose desires to penetrate
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—"
BROWNING, "HOUSE," vv—8-9.

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CHAPTER I.

NEW LONDON—HARVARD—YALE REGATTA.

How dashing he looked when I first saw him!

I lay swinging in the low hammock on the cool shady veranda, and had just finished fastening the streamers of blue ribbon to my parasol, while in the willow rocker near by sat Ruth Emmons embroidering a white Y on a silk pennant.

Ruth had been my bosom friend at Farmington during the school year, and had asked me to spend regatta week with her at her old-fashioned country home in Norwich Town. Of course we were all

agog over the Harvard-Yale race which was to be rowed on the morrow, and had spent the day in making preparations for the great event.

We were just on the point of going upstairs to dress for dinner, when suddenly carriage wheels were heard grating on the gravel road and he jumped out of the large hack which had stopped before the steps of the veranda.

I can see him standing there now, with banjo and tennis-racket in one hand and travelling-bag in the other. Not tall, fair in the face, with low banged yellow hair, in his white serge yachting-suit, blue stockings and patent-leather pumps, that low-crowned, straight-brimmed Mackinaw hat with its gaudy Yale ribbon set on the back of his head like an aureola, he looked the picture of joy and youthful energy. Dropping his traps he kissed his cousin Ruth heartily, and then hat in hand bowed low to me as she introduced him.

J. Q. W. H.

"So good of you, Ruthie, to ask me up here," he said. "If it were not for you and Miss Lyford I should be skylarking with the boys down at the Pequot. No self-respecting sophomore, Miss Lyford, can avoid sowing his wild oats, according to the old song, you know,

"' In sophomore year we have our task—
'Tis best performed by torch and mask.'"

"Come, now, coz," said Ruth, "Roma and I must hurry upstairs to dress; you are to have your old blue and white room on the second floor. So *au revoir* until dinner.

We both hastened upstairs, and when we sat down to dinner our dresses were bright with blue in honor of our guest and the morrow's regatta. When we adjourned to the veranda, of course the race was the one topic of conversation and I said to him,

"Of course Yale will win to-morrow, Mr. Beverly."