

*Little*  
**Codfish Cabot**  
*at*  
**HARVARD**



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# Little Codfish Cabot at Harvard

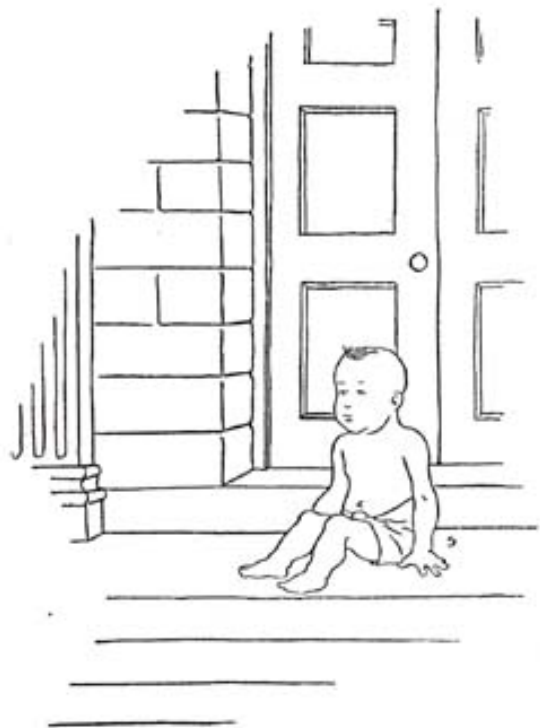
TRUE STORY  
OF A LIFE TO WHICH LITTLE FOLK MAY LOOK FORWARD  
AND THEIR ELDERS MAY LOOK BACK

THE LITTLE CODFISH CABOT PUBLISHING CO., CAMBRIDGE  
JOHN W. LUCE AND COMPANY, BOSTON

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by  
S. H. ORDWAY, JR.

THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dedicated to Modern Education.  
Bless it!



**L**ITTLE CODFISH CABOT was born into the precincts of the Harvard Yard. His father was a Cabot and his mother was a Cod. The Fish part is generic.

While still very young he was sent to a New England Church School; but not before he had been soaked with atmosphere — which left him a little foggy because he was so young.

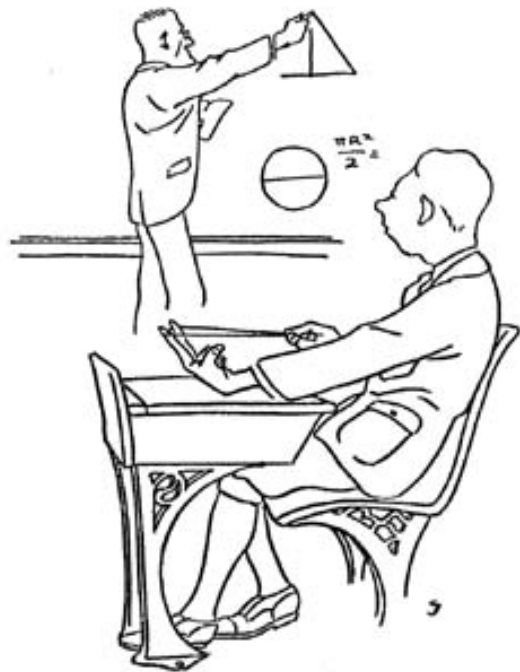






At boarding school he learned to weather teasing,— and to fight,— and not to be shocked at naughty stories and swear words,— and to be a man,— and to play baseball. The boys all called him Cod, and he had to go to chapel twice every day.

But he did not learn anything.





So he had to go to the Widow's where he was crammed through his examinations and practiced living in the way, he had learned at school, life should be lived — when you get the chance.

Thus Codfish Cabot became a Freshman at Harvard. His Class was welcomed at Phillips Brooks House by Dean Briggs who spoke on "College Life."





He persuaded his father to give him an automobile in which he took chippies riding on the river bank; and, when he grew tired of that, to Revere Beach.

Once or twice he went to a Friday Evening.



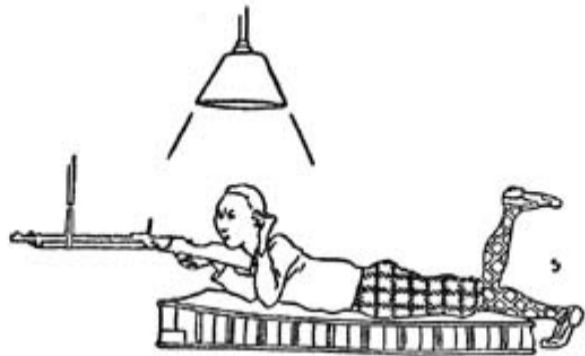
He bought Rabelais and Boccaccio, and two weeks later paid thirty dollars for James Joyce's "Ulysses." It was a bargain.





He went with a Sophomore whom he met in English A to Copey's Monday Evening. Later, he took the Freshman from Passaic who lived across the hall.





He shot on the Freshman Rifle Team because he liked to be considered an outdoorsman,— and made the business board of the Red Book by getting ads from his father.



He took Miss Hallowed Saltontail to the Freshman Jubilee and, because he told her Boston Society must not show itself inferior to New York, they both got drunk. It was Miss Saltontail's first experience.

Cod was no cad, and in his Sophomore year they elected him to the Dickey. After stripping him to the waist and running him through the mill, they slid him into a tank of water and asked him if he was moral.

When he said he was, they ducked him for a liar.





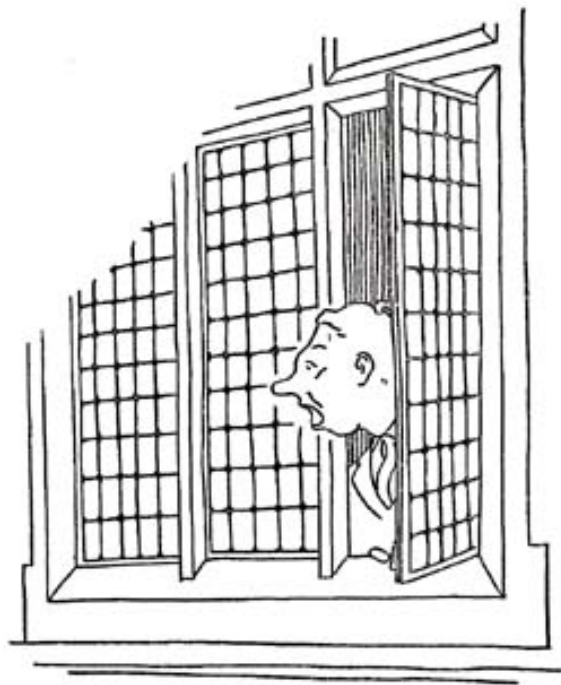
Not because he wasn't a cad, but because he was a Cod, they elected him to the Porcellian.



Thereafter he got on probation and lived like a normal Harvard student.

His father gave him some more ads, and by renewing two permanent full pages, he became an editor of the Lampoon.

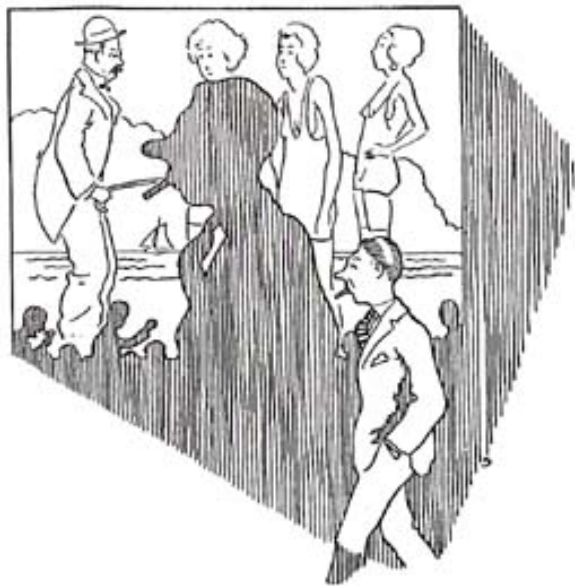
They made him lean out of the window at the corner of Plimpton Street and the Gold Coast at midnight and yell "Help, help, help,—don't shoot,—I'll marry the woman!" (That is what you have to do when you make the Lampoon. It is perfectly proper.)





Because he also made the Phoenix, and the Stylus, and the Signet, and the Hasty Pudding, and the Liberal Club,—the last to show he was democratic and an independent thinker,—his father had to double his allowance to pay dues.

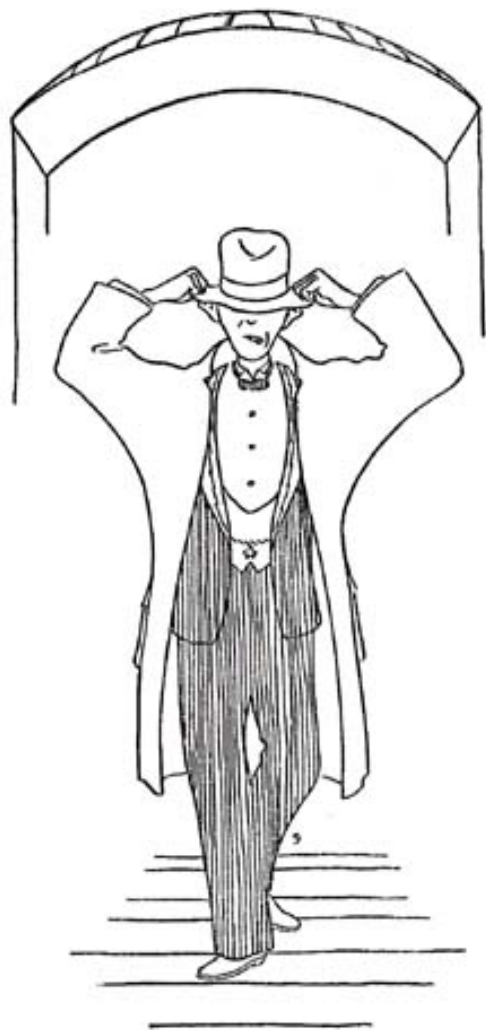
He went to all the mass meetings and smokers,—





and always lent his voice in the defeat of  
the Eli.





He ceased going to Brattle Hall dances.

He learned to refrain from donning his hat prematurely in English 2.





After three and a half years, he had attended one of Prexy Lowell's teas,—

and had eaten once at Memorial Hall,—

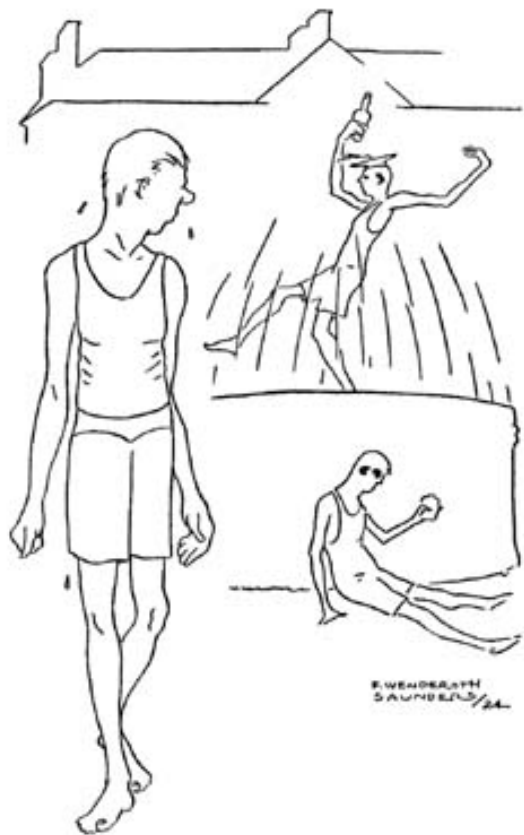




when he decided to leave Harvard and go into business. (After going to chapel three thousand two hundred and sixty times in six years at school he had not attended since, nor pursued the Bible further; there was now no time to acquire needed knowledge for divisionals.)

But this did not preclude his taking part in the Class Day exercises with his class, nor becoming engaged to Miss Hallowed Saltontail on that day.





He even swam in the fountains in the Yard afterwards, and though he did not get very wet, that night his eyes were moist at the thought that the best part of life was at an end.

The End.





