

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT

And the Worm Came Back and Turned

By WALLACE IRWIN
Illustrations by Herbert Bohnert



HAMBRIDGE ANDERSON, Elihu University, class of '99, attained such a degree of popularity, even in his freshman year, that he was at once nicknamed Ham-And. He business-managed class teams with the skill of an Ulysses; he whanged his way into the mandolin club, introduced the latest thing in corduroy trousers and joined the Yappa Alphabet Fraternity, a league of amateur drunkards of whom he soon became chief welkin-ringer. At the rude, unlettered poetry, so relished in our institutions of higher learning, he became adept. And even today, in Old Elihu, to him is attributed the authorship of the following Anachreontic:

*Some love coffee,
Some love tea,
Some love the girls —
And the girls love me:
The girls love me,
But isn't it queer?
The only thing that I love
(The only thing that he loves)*

Is BEER!

In a word, Hambridge Anderson, '99, became prominent everywhere, except in the intellectual soirees held every Wednesday night along Faculty Row. It is true a tendency to double chin and a certain sedentary habit prevented his excelling at outdoor sports; but at the indoor sport of draw poker he held unrivalled a three year continuous championship. Ham-And had the knack of spending a dollar in such a way that it sounded like five, and it became rumored about that his father was a stingy meat-magnate of Omaha. As a matter of rude fact, Anderson *pere* was a hard-working bookkeeper in the Cudahy establishment — but why mar fair college days with sordid family truths? Young Anderson floated on the high tide, the admired of damsels — for Elihu is co-educational — and when the time came to pay his fraternity dues or syllabus fees, he organized an all-night game of poker.

Elihu, being an extremely new University, is more easily imposed on, perhaps, than some others. Perhaps we are all worshippers of false gods at the puppy age of college. At any rate, this worldly wise, well-clad hero passed those perilous years by the skin of his teeth, playing sharp cards, borrowing judgematically or bluffing his examinations, and he still managed to hold a position of semi-idolatry among his fellow students.

About the time the class prophet was predicting that Hambridge Anderson would become a world-famous leader of men, the latter ignominiously "flunked out" and left college by request.

OF COURSE there was a girl in it, and the romance implicated Tommy Vonnoh — Sentimental Tommy, as his brothers of the Yappa Alphabet indulgently called him. He was scrawny and slender with a spatulate nose, a mild blue eye and a weakness for hero worship. He was a victim of misplaced faith. He believed in fairies. It was only the comparative exclusiveness of a fraternity house that saved Tommy from becoming the Property Butt and General Easy Mark of the college. Even as it was, if there was anybody to be "ragged" around the Yappa house it was always Tommy, partly because he would swallow any hoax without question, partly because he took his hoaxing with a saintly sweetness of temper.

Ham-And Anderson took Sentimental under his wing. As a freshman, Tommy amused Ham-And when all else palled. He won the younger man by Apache methods — broke his collar-bone for him in the freshman-sophomore rush, induced him to hold a sack and candle all night in the midst of a drafty field supposedly frequented by snipe, borrowed his neckties — and taught him the mysteries of draw poker. For his poker instruction Tommy, it is said, paid a high tuition, but he endured his fleecing like a lamb and followed his master about bleating for more, after the manner of Mary's fabled pet. Thus was the character of these two striplings moulded at college. For college is a great moulder of character, is it not?

The girl's name was Doris Lynde, a romantic co-ed from the romantic State of Florida. Slim was her waist and Nature had tinted her hair a deep amber to match her Southern eyes. Poor Tommy saw her first, but the enterprising Hambridge got in ahead of him, as usual. The sentimental lad wooed her with a rather battered guitar which he took over to her sorority house every evening she would let him, and played *Drink To Me Only with Thine Eyes* while she rolled those well-acustomed orbs and murmured, "You all have a lovely tenah voice!" But honest, blunt, generous Hambridge lavished money on her like a man of the world — especially just after a poker game with Tommy Vonnoh. On such occasions Ham-And would take her for long drives behind a smart bay and



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in a dashing dog-cart. This triumph alone drove Tommy, the world's dupe, to despair; and he would lock himself in his little room under the eaves and weep into a volume of Keats.

It was the evening of the Junior Prom when Ham-And received his walking papers from the faculty of old Elihu. Touching and well-posed was his farewell of Doris Lynde. He chose a clump of palms for the scene with a bench beneath. With one hand on his hip, the other on the back of the seat that held her he leaned over rather gracefully for a fattish boy.

"Perhaps these college friendships don't mean anything — to you —"

"Perhaps not —" She raised those amber wonders.

"Then maybe?"

"Maybe —" She skilfully lowered those dangerous orbs.

Tommy Vonnoh came up for the next dance and bade Ham-And an affectionate farewell, because the latter was leaving on the midnight train.

"Good by, ol' man!" he said in a choking voice. "They don't make many as square as you."

Hambridge stood for a moment and watched the Southern girl departing on the arm of Sentimental Tommy. Already she was practicing the sorcery of her eyes upon that callish youth. Hambridge smiled. Born with a worldly thermometer under his tongue, he knew she was a flirt, and he knew she knew it; and the goat, as usual, was Tommy, poor Sentimental!

Ham-And Anderson packed his trunk and vanished across that dim horizon line beyond the college walls. About all his personality seemed to go with his trunk; for his name was forgotten in a semester, save for a few bad bills and some initials roughly carved on several beer-stained tables. For all his old friends knew,

Anderson might have been buried in a crevasse, latitude 86, never again to show his face in the World We Know. Never, did I say? Well, hardly ever.

This happened in the Spring of '98.

IT WAS in the winter of 1912 that Hambridge Anderson, wearing a green Alpine hat with a ribbon in the back, tan gaiters and a strap-cinched overcoat of Scottish weave, sat down at a weathered oak table in the Rollo Grill, just off the board walk in Atlantic City. It was the dull season of the year and the Rollo drooped with the fly-specked paper wisteria of last season. Anderson was the same Ham-And as of old, only about thirty-five pounds more so. Physical and moral degeneration had set in to the extent that his features gave the effect of having slid a half inch downward. His lids hung over his piggy, gray eyes, his lower lip



..... And weep into a volume of Keats