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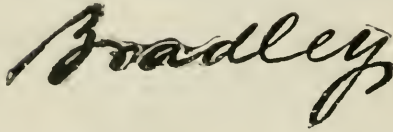
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EDMUND JANES JAMES

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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. II

OCTOBER, 1910

NO. 1

OUR NESTORS.

BY EDMUND J. JAMES.

It is a great privilege for an educational institution to have in its faculty men of long experience and thorough knowledge of local conditions.

It is, of course, a still great privilege when these nestors of the University are men of strong personality, and of great mental and moral power.

Such has been the privilege of the University of Illinois. Today, more than forty years after the opening of the institution, we still count among our numbers, as vigorous, active, influential forces, two men who began their work when the University opened its doors. Samuel Walker Shattuck came to the University of Illinois in the autumn of 1868 as assistant professor of mathematics and instructor in military tactics. Thomas Jonathan Burrill started his career as teacher in the University of Illinois on the 20th of April, 1868, somewhat more than month after the first class was called to order in the University and three months later he was made assistant professor of natural history and botany.

Professor Shattuck entered the Union army during the Civil War, in the summer of 1863 and served with the Eighth Vermont Infantry until it was mustered out of service in June, 1865. He was appointed full professor of mathematics in 1871 in the University of Illinois. In those early days the professor of mathematics had many things to do besides teach mathematics. He taught civil engineering. For many years he did the surveying for the University. He was acting president for six months in 1873, and was the first vice-president for two years. He has had practical charge of the business affairs of the University since 1873

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and as business manager and comptroller he has, in addition to his service as a teacher, rendered most efficient help to the University. Dr. Draper, in whose administration Professor Shattuck was appointed to the position of comptroller, has well said that the real financial manager of a great and growing institution must necessarily be a man of sense and outlook and of nerve. He must be much more than a custodian or a bookkeeper. If something which needs money must be done he must find the money. He must pay the bills when due and guard the credit of the institution. He must at the same time keep his balances on the safe side of the ledger. He must keep graft out. He must be ready to make a statement of balances every day. He must be able to explain every detail at any minute, and he must never fail to appear to be more anxious for an examination of his books than for his dinner. If the university is a state university he needs to know about men and affairs, politicians and statesmen as well as about sciences and philosophies and students and professors. He added further that for more than forty years Samuel Walker Shattuck has been giving his refinement of character, his native dignity of bearing, his learning, his knowledge of men, his interest in students, his habit of taking care, and his unostentatious trust in God to the making of the University of Illinois. It has all been marked by the spirit of the teacher, the precision of the soldier and the good judgment and the dignified bearing of the independent man of affairs that he is. It is doubtful if the University has ever had a greater gift.

I can heartily re-echo these sentiments. I have found Professor Shattuck, during the six years of my administration, a most safe and trustworthy adviser, and one whose conduct of affairs has been in every respect a model.

There are some men into whose presence you can never come without standing up a little straighter, throwing your shoulders back a little further, looking up a little higher, and out a little further,—in other words in whose presence you experience a real moral uplift. Samuel Walker Shattuck is one of these, and

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the University of Illinois is to be congratulated upon the fact that such a man has spent forty years in its service.

Dr. Thomas Jonathan Burrill has been the other pillar of strength on whom the University has leaned for these many years. As professor of botany Dr. Burrill has won a distinguished place for himself and for the University in the ranks of scientific men. His first published paper was a report to the board of trustees in 1869, and from that time numerous papers and articles on various topics have appeared in scientific and other periodicals as well as in the collections of the Experiment Station. Some of these papers are upon a subject which he was the first to discuss on either side of the water, namely, the bacterial origin of diseases of plants and trees. His deductions were scouted for some time by foreign investigators, but have since been accepted everywhere as a notable achievement, to the credit of American scientists. In the volume on diseases of economic plants, published in the present year by the MacMillan Company, the statement is made that a series of papers begun by Burrill in 1873 and followed up by other authorities, contributed to the knowledge of plant disease and served especially to awaken interest in the problems and to attract students to this field of research. In 1879 Burrill, working upon the blight of the pear and the apple, was the first to attribute to plant disease a bacterial origin, and in a list of important events in plant disease and history, it is noted that in 1869 was made at the University of Illinois the first University publication in America regarding plant bacteriology, and that in 1873 plant pathology was first taught incidentally with botany in America, by Burrill. Also that in 1879 to 1880 Burrill furnished the first satisfactory proof of bacterial disease in plants.

These achievements place Dr. Burrill in the very front rank of American scientists, for large view, wide outlook, careful and precise investigation.

It was a great loss to the scientific world, but none the less a gain to the practical world, when Dr. Burrill's time was so largely mortgaged for administrative duties in the University of Illinois. He has not only been acting president during the absence of the president or

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during the time when no president has been in service, but as dean of the College of Science, and dean of the Graduate School, and vice-president of the institution he has given his time and strength in large measure to advancing the general interests of the University. I know from what previous presidents have told me that his advice, counsel and assistance were indispensable to them in the performance of their duties, and as for myself I do not know how I could have even approximately performed with efficiency the duties which have fallen to my lot since becoming president of the University, if I had not had in Dr. Burrill an unusually wise and loyal counsellor.

I am sure, however, that my testimony to the part which these men have played in the life of the University of Illinois is after all of far less significance than the affection their colleagues and the many generations of students which have come and gone since they began their work, have felt toward these Nestors of the institution. May we be able to live up to the standards of efficiency and fidelity which they have set for our emulation.



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DOINGS AT ILLINOIS IN '91

C. A. KILER, '92

It is very pleasant to one who fought, bled and died on the battlefield in and around the old Main Hall in the days when class rivalry absorbed the lives of the students, to be given a chance to recite recollections of the stirring events of those times. It often falls to my lot to tell these tales at dinners, parties, and gatherings of students, so it is with pleasure that I accept this invitation to tell a few stories of the period when life was young at the University of Illinois.

In my time, University tradition called CLASS upon the Sophomores to break up the Freshman sociable, called for the dumping of the University cannon into the Boneyard on Hal-

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low'een, and for bogus publications of the "Sophograph."

Freshmen were told of the terrible things that had happened to other classes as soon as they reached the University, but this did not keep each Freshman class from planning its sociable or from trying to carry out its plans. As soon as the class was organized a committee was appointed to arrange for a dinner, with a program of toasts, followed by a dance. Great secrecy was observed in making these plans, and weeks before the event each Freshman hid his best suit of clothes, so the Sophomores couldn't steal them, and arranged to get out of his room and into these clothes before the sophomores could capture him.

The Sophomores would kidnap Freshmen and lock them up until the party was over. They would take a barrel of sorgham molasses to the top of the steps of the hall where the party was to be given, and break the barrel in such a way that the molasses would run down the steps and make it impossible for the girls to go up without leaving their slippers sticking in the oozy masses.

They frequently dug a hole down to a gas main, then bored into the main and took turns blowing into the hole until they had forced all the gas back into the main, thus leaving the hall and the Freshmen in darkness. They would throw the terrible "eye-water," bad eggs, and bottles of hydrogen sulphide into the hall and make it impossible for any one to stay. I can illustrate all of this wickedness by telling the experiences of my own class and its sociable.

The Sophomores divided themselves into committees to watch the movements of the officers of the Freshman class and to capture them and those others who might be apt to appear on the program. It fell to my lot to be both a speaker and an officer, so I knew that trouble was headed my way. I lived in Urbana, but had hidden my "other" suit of clothes—my best suit—in a friend's house on Park street in Champaign, because the young lady who was going with me lived in Champaign. Very few Freshmen attended classes on the day of the sociable and none of those who were

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managing the party dared to show themselves unaccompanied by a member of the Faculty.

I spent the day arranging for the dinner which was to be given in the Columbian Hotel in Urbana—we were to dedicate the new hotel, which was then called the "Caldwell" House, and did not leave until after dark; I then rode to Champaign in a delivery wagon, put on my "other" suit, and started after my girl. A carriage had been ordered to be in front of her house at eight o'clock, but it would never do for me to go in the carriage, so I walked and as I looked east down the street toward her house, a demon Sophomore was peering at me from behind each tree. I ran to the alley and then down the alley to the house. Back of the house was a barn, a coal shed, and a hog-pen full of hogs. The coal shed and barn were locked, so I jumped over the fence into the hog-pen and lit on one of the hogs; there was no time for apologies or explanations, so I hopped out and ran through the grape arbor into the kitchen—reaching it just in time to hurl curses on the heads of three Sophs.

Great commotion existed in the house, for it was filled with Seniors who were making bets as to whether I would reach this goal of safety or not. Two of the biggest of these Seniors had promised to get me into the carriage if I reached the house, so up to now it looked good. Armed with heavy canes they escorted the scared girl and the "scareder" boy out to the waiting carriage, but when its door was opened we were nearly knocked down by the fumes of the "eye-water" with which the cushions had been saturated. The Sophomores had beat me to that carriage and going to Urbana in it was impossible.

The stalwart Seniors agreed to put me on a street car, so we started for the Doane House, which stood near where the Illinois Central Depot now stands, to get a car. In those days we had a horse car every half hour between the towns. Fully a dozen Sophs were following, but they did nothing but talk of what they intended to do to me later. To my intense relief a couple of ladies boarded the car just before it started—they had been to a Baptist sociable and one of them had a carving

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knife and a huge fork. She was a friend of mine, too, so I knew that Dick Chester, Jerry Bouton and others would literally have to climb over some one's dead body to get me.

The Sophs threw eye-water in the car and we were blinded by it. They tried to throw the car off the track, but the conductor was a real fighting man and we finally reached the Columbian Hotel—odoriferous but happy. Friends let us have clean clothes and we commenced to hear the stories of the rest.

Billy Butler was soaked by having a bucket of water thrown on him as he went up the steps to his girl's house. He ran away from the Sophs in waiting and hid in a wagon shop under a pile of wagon wheels while the Sophs searched every other spot in the neighborhood. After they had given him up, he went back for his girl and as his carriage was gone had to use the street car. Arriving in front of the hotel he ran a gauntlet of Sophomores who soaked him with "eye-water" and just as he entered the building some one threw a peck measure filled with flour over his head. Imagine a combination of "eye-water," real water, and flour, and you will begin to realize what it meant to be a Freshman in the old days.

Jimmie Steele was worried almost to death for fear he had killed a Sophomore. He was attacked as he was leaving the home of his girl. He pulled a loose picket off the fence and hit one of his assailants on the head with it—not knowing it had a nail in the business end. He heard the scream of agony, saw the red gore come from the wound, and ran as fast as his girl could run, getting away—but the Sophomore was not killed, as some of us hoped he might be—they always got well. We sat down to the dinner amid all kinds of smells and in all kinds of clothing—Prep suits, overalls, some without coats, some with black eyes, but all very happy.

The following year our class determined to show the Freshmen a good time; we were going to do away with the horrible custom of breaking up their party and start a reform by giving them a sociable and protecting them. We went to Danville on a special train and had dinner in the Aetna House, but when we went to the hall

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where we were to dance it had been visited by the Juniors and was filled with the deadly fumes of "eye-water." We opened the windows, sent out an invitation to the contemptible Juniors to come in and help us start a new era in University life and went on with the party. It was of no use, however; the path of the reformer is always strewn with thorns. They kept up a running fight on us all night. The orchestra was composed of "men, women and children," as one of the Junior girls described it, and was unused to college rowdiness, so they got scared and left us with nothing but a piano for music. We then and there decided to give up all hope of reform and to get even by breaking up the "Junior Ex"—the annual exhibition of the talent possessed by the Junior class.

Weeks were spent learning the details of this "Junior Ex" and in carefully choosing the committees who were to do the work. The Chemists among my class broke into the old Chemical Laboratory (now the Law Building) every night, by climbing in through a transom and made quantities of "eye-water"—they made it extra strong, too. This dreaded "eye-water" attacked the tear ducts in the eyes and caused tears to come very much against one's will. The next day one's eyes were red and swollen. Bulbs were made so that we could fasten them on the front part of the heels of our shoes and break them on the rounds of chairs without being discovered for we knew we would be carefully watched.

Plans were made for kidnapping the speakers and locking them in the horse stalls in the old fair grounds, which occupied the land where the Deke's, the Pi Phi's, the S. A. E.'s and others now have their homes.

It fell to my lot to go after Tommy Howarth, the class orator. He lived on Fourth street in Champaign, near the Marquette school. It was winter, the roads were very rough and there were no pavements, so we knew we had to tie our man hand and foot or he could not be kept in a carriage while we slowly and painfully bumped over the mile that lay between his room and the fair grounds. We had plenty of rope, but tying Tommy was easier to plan than it was to execute. Three of us invaded his room where he was dressing for the show

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and asked him to come along quietly, as we outnumbered him three to one. Did Tommy come? Nay, nay. Tommy went.

He went through a window on the second floor to the frozen ground below—after hurling a soap dish at my head. All three of us went after him, and captured the fighting Junior in front of the Marquette school. He fought with his fists, his feet, his teeth, his head and every other hard part of his body. The Marquette school had not taken up and a million kids surrounded us, yelling, "A scrap, a scrap, a scrap." They had it sized up right, too. Women came to the front porches with their dish aprons on, for it was about one o'clock, and demanded that we let Tommy go and threatened to call the police.

Personally, I was very willing to let him go, but Tommy seemed to prefer to stay where he had fastened his teeth into me and where he could land short body blows on my ribs. We finally got him into a waiting carriage but saw several members of the Faculty coming, so we got out and ran for the fair grounds, leaving Tommy in the hands of friends.

Only one Junior was taken to the fair grounds—our plans were all right, but rough roads, vigilant professors and a street car accident spoiled them. Near the corner of Second street and Springfield avenue, a horse car filled with people going to the "Junior Ex," ran off the track. A number of people were badly hurt, and the accident was charged up to my class. This charge was the natural assumption of those who didn't know that our class men were all busy elsewhere.

The exhibition was held in the chapel in University Hall—all the performers were there and responded to the roll call—Tommy Howarth responded, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." He should have said, "A bite in the hand is worth two pokes in the head." Right after the roll call the "eye-water" commenced to get busy; one by one the boys broke the bulbs and uncovered the bottles. As the fumes arose and the audience wept, one old gentleman put his overcoat over a register from whence came much that smelled and this made everybody laugh and cry at the same time. The

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Juniors gave sort of a program, but the Sophomores were content.

The first color rush occurred in the fall of '91. I don't know just how it got started, but it was a good one while it lasted. The Library was then on the FIRST second floor in the west wing of the University COLOR Hall, and it was the headquarters of all classes. RUSH A Freshman, Eddie Quinn by name, had the temerity to appear with his class colors, and, of course, this was the signal for a fight. It started in the Library but got out in the Hall and a hundred husky boys fought until their clothes were in shreds. A much beloved Professor tried to stop the fight, but was badly upset as well as entirely unsuccessful. One of my friends was thrown down the winding stairs in the west end of the hall. By some means the fight got to the lower hall at the main entrance and the crowd was wedged in so tightly that our great and good friend, George Huff, was pushed up above the heads of his fellows. He was always in the center of every scrap—finding himself up in the air, he commenced to swing his hands to keep his balance, and thus got hold of the gas fixture that hung above him. Pulling himself up over the crowd, he broke the gas pipe close up to the ceiling and the friendly George landed his two hundred and fifty pounds, together with the gas fixture on the heads below. This stopped the Color Rush, and likewise stopped the University careers of a number of promising young men—most of whom are, nevertheless today, prominent men of affairs where they live.

PEGGY CUTS A DATE.

MIRIAM GERLACH, '11.

Peggy rushed into the landlady's room entirely regardless of the landlady's frowning stare over her newspaper, rapidly turned the leaves of the telephone book and as quickly called 1513.

"Y. M. C. A.?"

.....

"May I speak to Mr. Jonson, please?"

.....

"Jonson."

.....

"Yes, I know this is the Y. M. C. A. I want Mr. Jonson, not Johnston."

Peggy nervously fingered the side of the telephone while she waited; suddenly she stood up eagerly.

.....

"Not there? You say he is at the Zeta Nu house?"

.....

"Thank, you."

She called up the Zeta Nu house.

"May I speak to Mr. Jonson, please?"

.....

"Just gone? Thank you."

Peggy hung up the receiver, whisked out of the room, much to the disapproval of the landlady, and up the stairs two steps at a time into her room and stood with her back against the door.

"Did you get him?" inquired her roommate, solicitously.

"No, he's wandering the streets. He's neither at the Y. M. nor the Zeta Nu house. If I had only—"

"I think you ought to see him tonight and explain things. He's too nice a man to hurt that way."

"Well, Jo, you know I didn't mean to hurt him. I just didn't think that's all."

"I know," said Jo, "you never think. I'd rather you'd hurt any man you know than him. You can tell he hasn't taken girls around very much. He has such

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deep faith in women, too, that if a girl ever hurt him he'd draw up in his shell worse than ever," finished Jo philosophically.

"Yes, I know he's a nice fellow. Why didn't I wait for him," said Peggy, dejectedly. "But I was so afraid that I'd miss seeing the pushball contest and the Hobo band that after I'd waited fifteen minutes for him and he didn't come—"

"You never will wait for a man," put in Jo.

"Besides," continued Peggy trying to vindicate herself, "the last of the girls in the house were going and I didn't want to go way over on Illinois field by myself. He's such an absent minded man that I thot he'd forgotten all about me. It's just like him to get absorbed in something and forget that a pushball *existed*."

"He's not so absent minded as you think. Especially where a girl is concerned. He *was* hurt I know," avowed Jo. "The look in his eyes out on the field showed it. It was such a mute look of suffering," finished Jo reminiscently.

"I didn't feel so badly—I didn't realize what I had done until he passed within six feet of us out there and never even spoke. I never felt so badly about anything in my life." And Peggy perched herself in a disconsolate heap upon the study table and swung her feet.

"It's a good thing that you feel badly about something," remarked Jo cheerily.

"Well, if it were any other man I wouldn't care," Peggy said to herself, "but I fell as if I had hurt a *child*. Do you think he'll ever forgive me?" she demanded tentatively.

"I think so, but I'm not quite certain," Jo reassured her. "Why I wouldn't dare break an engagement with any man I know. Men are awfully touchy on that point. It's only a matter of squareness with you. You wouldn't care what a man thought if he weren't on time."

"Do you think it's too late for me to call him up again?" inquired Peggy. "I suppose I've got to straighten it out and the sooner its done the better."

"And so you are really worried. Of course, I know

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you aren't in the habit of cutting dates, but I didn't suppose you ever worried over anything."

"Worried!" echoed Peggy. "I believe I'll call him up now. I guess, I'll have to ask him to come over, I can't talk to him over the telephone with Mrs. Smith there. She never budes an inch. She's so afraid she'll miss something. I know one thing," Peggy remarked emphatically, as she started down stairs, "I'll never cut a date again! I'll wait until the man comes, if its doom's day. These apologetic stunts—" and her voice was lost in the stairway.

Twenty minutes later she came back her face a moving picture of smiles and chagrin.

"Guess what happened," she exclaimed, collapsing into a chair, "that man—" here she caught herself up quickly, "I guess I'll begin at the beginning. Well, I called up the Y. M. and asked him if he could come over for a few minutes. He said 'sure' with such alacrity that if I hadn't been clutching the receiver so tightly I would have dropped it. I sank down in a chair and talked at random to Mrs. Smith about home coming, all the while wondering just what I was going to say to the man and if he ever would get here. At last, he came and we went into the living room and sat down. I began right off so as to get it over as quickly as possible. I told him that I had asked him to come over because I owed him an apology for not waiting for him this afternoon; that I had waited for him *fifteen* minutes and when he didn't come I thought that he had forgotten all about me. He told me that he didn't say he was coming! Imagine how I felt! I was simply dumfounded! I asked him if he didn't say that he wanted me to see the pushball and if he hadn't wondered if I would go with him. He acknowledged that he had but that he had forgotten all about it. He has charge of the home-coming dance down at the house and was thinking so hard about a new stunt for the programs that he didn't even see us when he passed us on the field."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Jo. "And I thought that he looked hurt. I wonder who he's going to take to the dance. His sister, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose so. But I thought he ought to

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know the trouble he had caused me, so I told him how I have worried about it."

"Did he apologize for not coming?" asked Jo.

"No, he only said, in that kindly way of his, that he was sorry to have caused me any worry. I don't know why I wasn't as hot as could be. If it had been any other man I would have just boiled," and Peggy sunk her chin into her hands and stared into space.

"He's such a nice man rather finer than the ordinary," softly remarked Jo.

"And then," continued Peggy in a monotone, "he asked me to go to the Junior Prom."

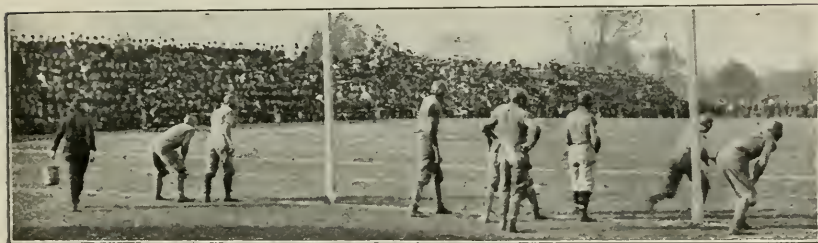
"The Junior Prom! O Peggy, I'm glad. He's been trying to get his courage up to do it ever since he met you last week, I just know. You didn't refuse him?" asked Jo anxiously.

"No," said Peggy, "I accepted. If I thot that he asked me on the spur of the moment," she went on fiercely, "as much as I'd like to go, I'd—"

There was a knock at the door.

"I suppose that's that everlasting Sue Ashton," said Jo as she arose and slowly walked to the door.

"Yes, I met her on the way up. She said she was coming to do her trig. And what do you think! She told me that Mr. Jonson is the biggest fusser the Zeta Nus have."



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FOOTBALL PRACTICES

With the Chicago game only three weeks off, football practice opened at Illinois this year with but twenty-one men out in suits. The coaches were confronted with two discouraging facts, six veterans were missing, and Butyer, Oliver and Twist were under faculty ban. The weather was averse to hard practice, new rules had to be learned, and many men who had been counted on for early work had not yet appeared.

Encouragement came, however, when it was learned that Springe and Roberts had returned and that most of last year's freshmen stars expected to try for the 'varsity team. The squad soon increased to thirty, then to forty, and presently numbered more than fifty men. At the end of the second week, fast signal practice and scrimmage had been attempted. Coach White picked the best eleven men from his enormous squad of seventy-five freshmen and pitted them against Hall's warriors only to meet with a decisive defeat.

The new rules were soon mastered, three good drop-kickers, Seiler, Dillon and Woolston were developed, and a well rounded team was in shape to meet Millikin on October 1. Although the men who participated in the initial game showed the effect of consistent practice and training, the result of the game again brought discouragement. The score, 13 to 0, was but little better than half that of last year against the same opponents. All over the campus was heard the sentiment, Chicago cannot be defeated with such a team. Those who were most dejected, however, failed to realize that, considering the difficulties, the outlook need not be considered so gloomy. The weak places in the team have now been discovered by the coaches, the effect of the new rules has been seen, and more effective practice can now be instituted. Many factors figured in the result of the first game. When it is remembered that "spies" from Chicago were on the bleachers and that the game was played merely for practice it becomes evident that the score in no degree indicates the relative merits of the two elevens. It is a significant fact that Chicago

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was not elated over the result of the Milikin game. Authorities differ as to the material effects that will be produced this season as a result of the radical change in rules. It is said that the game will be quicker and more spirited because of the division into quarters, and that the score will be lower than in former years because so little time is given to bring the scoring machine into working order. Others declare that little of the element of danger has been removed from the game. It is true that much of the spectacular will be lacking, owing to the elimination of the flying tackle and the confining of the forward pass to twenty yards. Drop kicking and field goals are expected to score many points this fall.

Despite the hope that arose within the Illini at the close of the season last year, the outcome of the 1910 games looks very doubtful. The belief that the chances for the defeat of Chicago is probably well founded. The Maroons are very much weakened because of their loss of old players; they still feel keenly the humiliation at the hands of Minnesota last season; and they fear the strength of the Illini. Their only hope rests in the genius of their famed coach. Little trouble is expected from the Boilermakers, and Northwestern is rarely mentioned as being an opponent. Rumors from Indiana, however, indicate that the Hoosiers are to be feared. One of the hardest fought games of the season will probably be played with the team from Bloomington. The showing which Syracuse made against Yale in her opening game is sufficient cause to be worried about the outcome of the Illinois-Syracuse game here. Little can be predicted, but it is safe to say, that if the efficiency of our coaching system maintains the standard of former years, all of the elevens that Illinois meets will find ours their hardest game. Illinois' line-up is strong and continued and consistent practice will develop an invincible team.



STUDIES AND OTHER THINGS.

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK.

No one disputes the fact that for a young fellow in college studies are the main thing.

Father thinks so. When Son comes home for the spring vacation, Father shows no feverish interest in his chances for making the ball team or getting in with the gang that names the candidate for class president. His first question is, "How are you coming on with your studies?"

The neighbors, or at least such of them as hold recognized positions in the community, think so. When at Christmas time you meet the pastor of the M. E. church, or Goff, who runs the grain elevator, or young Miller, who is working in the Farmers' Loan Bank, he doesn't speak about your getting onto the scrubs in your first year, nor inquire if you've made a Greek letter fraternity; the first thing that he wants information on is, "What are you studying for?" It is the grade in Math, 9 and the Phi Beta Kappa pin that take Father's eye; and three home runs in the ball game with Chicago don't mean so much to the home community as an excerpt in the local paper from the letter which the Dean wrote to Father announcing that you'd made preliminary honors in agronomy.

The college faculty, little as their judgment may be worth, think so. No matter how beautifully you do the quarter mile, or how necessary you are to the success of the mandolin club, if you don't carry the required nine hours, or whatever the unreasonable rule may demand, you must move on. So every one starting into college might just as well recognize at the outset that studies are the main thing, and make his plans accordingly.

Every young man who begins a college course should do so with the idea that he is in college for the accomplishment of a definite work, and that it is to this that he must give his best endeavor. Too many fellows have the notion that in college they are in preparation for an indefinite something coming later, and that until it

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arrives there is little necessity of agitation of any sort. They take college life as a sort of quiet, unaggressive waiting place until an opening appears into which they are to drop. Until the proper time arrives they are to enjoy themselves as best they may and not let anything interfere with their enjoyment. If they could realize at once, as they usually come to see later, that their college work is for them the real business of life, and as serious a business as they will ever find, there would be fewer intellectual disasters.

By far the largest percentage of failures in college come not from the fact that men are stupid or dissipated, or because the amount of work they have to do is unreasonable, but because they do not do their work seriously at first; they are procrastinating and wake up too late to the fact that their daily work is the thing that they should have been at from the very beginning. If men took their work as seriously in October as they do in January, or immediately before the finals, there would be a great many more *cum laudis* than there are.

As a rule, the task set for the average college student is a very moderate one, the amount and the character of the work required quite within the range of his ability. I have known thousands of students; I have never known a dozen whose mental equipment was inadequate to the accomplishment of the work they had elected to do, if they had gone at it in the right way and when it was assigned. The time at the student's disposal is seldom if ever insufficient, unless he is trying to support himself at the same time that he pursues his studies. In such a case his is not a normal situation, and he must choose between conflicting interests. In spite of what I have said, however, in the institution with which I am connected, and it is a typical one I think, one student in three fails more or less completely to carry the work for which he is registered.

Perhaps the fact that he has so much time in which to do his work is one of the very reasons why the student fails to do it all. There are many distractions, especially at the beginning of a college course, that take his attention, and very little apparent necessity for at once doing the work assigned. It seems quite possible and at times

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even a virtue to let the tasks accumulate and to do them all in one noble effort. The result is that the time drifts by, the work piles up, until at last there comes an appalling awakening and a sudden realization of the fact that the student is so far behind that there is little hope of his ever catching up. That which would have been perfectly easy if it had been accomplished when it was assigned, when allowed to go too long, proves an impossibility. The first lesson which a student should learn is that his work is his business and that it must be attended to regularly or it will go into bankruptcy.

Once let a boy get behind and the damage seems well nigh irreparable. I have often said, and might cite scores of illustrations, that what a boy does the first six weeks of his college course may safely be taken as indicative of what he will do during the remainder of the four (and frequently more) years. Unless at the very beginning he learns to work regularly, he will have a hard time to learn later.

I have in mind now a young fellow who made an excellent high school record. He came to college with perhaps a little too much confidence in his past, and as a consequence he worked little the first few weeks, depending upon a sprint at the end to carry him safely through. He lagged behind more than he had intended, and though he seemed to do his best when he came to a realization of his condition, he failed. And he has done so ever since. He has ability, but he seems to have lost the power of will to get to work. His case is similar to hundreds of others whom I have known. Regularity of work is absolutely necessary if one would get on, and this regularity must be learned at the beginning. It is a habit which one is not likely to learn if one has loafed for a while. It is hard to play the ant after one has been long cast in the role of the grasshopper.

It is not enough that a student work regularly; he must apply himself to his work with concentration of mind. The fellow who puts in the most hours is not necessarily the best student. It is the one who works regularly and who works hard as well—who has his whole mind on what he is doing—who will accomplish

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the most and who will get the best development out of his work.

One of the poorest students with whom I have had to suffer was as regular in his work as the phases of the moon and as sure to be at his books as taxes, but he worked too much, and he had no concentration. He would go to sleep while writing his theme as readily as I did while reading it. He worked without method and without application, and so he failed to carry anything.

The best student I have ever known—and by that I mean not only the man who was best in his studies, but in the “other things”—put in very few hours at his work, and he studied every night and when he worked his whole mind was directed toward what he wished to accomplish. When he worked he did not let anything come between him and what he was doing, and when he was through, he stopped and put his work away. He won through regularity and concentration, and these qualities are usually to be discovered when any man, student or otherwise, succeeds.

But the “other things” are important; only slightly less important, in fact, than the studies themselves. However much a man may be devoted to his work, he can not study all the time, and he should not be allowed to do so even if it were possible. As I remember my own college course and try to estimate, as it is impossible justly to do, its present worth to me, I am inclined to value most highly some of the things that were connected only remotely with the studies I was pursuing. These external things naturally would have been of little value to me unless I had carried the work I was taking, for matters were so conducted in our home circle that a place would readily be found for me on the farm had I shown any chronic inaptitude in securing passing grades. But granting that ability, these “other things” seem to me of the greatest value. As a college instructor I can seldom find much excuse for the man who does not carry his college work, but the man who does not do more than this, no matter how high his scholastic standing may be, has missed a very large part of what every man should get from a college training. The college life is as much a community life as that which any man will ever live.

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In a college community no man can live to himself alone, or for himself alone, and profit greatly from the life. He has his own private and individual work to do, it is true, and he should do it; but he has also his obligations to his fellow students and to the college community at large, and these he may not shirk. I heard a man once boast that during his college course he had never once cut a class, or seen an athletic contest. I am not sure that either was a virtue, and notwithstanding the fact that he now wears a badge won by high scholastic standing in college, I think that his training might have been broader if his interests in college had, perhaps, been varied enough to make it desirable for him sometimes to cut a class, or interesting enough to attend a ball game. A man's studies should give him familiarity with ideas, and training with principles; the "other things" in which he interests himself should make him acquainted with people, and furnish him some opportunity to get experience in the management of erratic human beings. Whether the business which a young man finally takes up happens to be designing gas engines or preaching the gospel, he will find daily opportunities for the exercise of both sorts of training.

It is a somewhat overworked and jaded joke that class valedictorians generally bring up as street car conductors or as hack drivers, not that I should like to underestimate the amount of intelligence required successfully to perform the work of either one of these worthy offices—and though, perhaps, it is a joke, there are too many instances of students of the highest scholastic standing filling the most commonplace positions simply from lack of initiative or ability to assume leadership. The lack of ability to handle men often keeps a young fellow from an opportunity to utilize his educational stock in trade. Social training in college, then, is a very desirable thing. I do not mean by this statement, however, to encourage what is technically known in a college as the "fusser." There is little intellectual or business advantage in a college man's becoming an adept in pleasing young women, unless he expects to be a man milliner or to run a soda fountain. What he needs is association with men.

There are a number of ways in which such an asso-

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ciation may be cultivated. The ordinary method which, simply for the sake of enjoyment, takes a man out among his fellows—and sometimes his fellows' sisters—is not to be ignored nor worked too strenuously. Dancing, and picnics, and social calls, and long quiet strolls when the moon is full, are in moderation, are helpful, perhaps, but they should not be developed into a regular business. Even a good thing may be overdone. It is exceedingly desirable that a man should learn how to manage his hands and feet and tongue, but it is quite possible to devote too much time to acquiring such information. The man who omits all social life of this sort makes a mistake; the fellow who devotes a large part of his time to it is mushy.

I have a strong belief in the value of athletics. It is true that some of the poorest students I have ever known have called themselves athletes, but I have known more good students than poor ones who have been prominent in athletic events. The man at my own university who has received the highest class standing of any student in twenty-five years was both an athlete and a musician. In the minds of many people either fact should have been sufficient to ruin him scholastically. The man who goes into athletics sanely has a good chance of developing a strong body, both tradition and necessity demand that he live a temperate, healthy life, and his thinking powers and his ability to do mental work are likely to be stimulated by the regular exercise which he must take. It is true that few students ever do themselves damage from working too hard, but a great many develop chronic indigestion and general physical worthlessness from sitting in stuffy rooms and taking no exercise. I should not go so far as to say that the athlete is usually a better student than the fellow who does not go in for such things, but he is usually a better all-around man than the other fellow and one who, because of his symmetrical development, is likely also to make a greater success in his profession. For this reason as well as for the pleasure and relaxation there is in it, I believe every student who can should go in for some athletic game.

There will be a good many societies, in addition to the Greek letter fraternities in the institutions where

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these exist, which will bid for the students' time and attendance. Many very worthy people think these are wholly bad, and advise the young man entering college to steer clear of them all as he would dodge smallpox and the tax collector. All these organizations have their uses, however, and in the majority of cases they seem to me good. Most men would be helped by joining a literary or debating society both on account of the personal associations which they would cultivate, and for the training it would give them in speaking and writing. Technical societies develop an interest in one's professional work, and social organizations bring individuals together in a systematic way. The benefits and evils of the Greek letter fraternities have been much discussed both by those who know about them and by those who have simply heard. The situation in different localities naturally varies, and no man can safely generalize upon a narrow experience. The cost of belonging to such an organization somewhat increases a man's living expenses, and this fact must often be taken into consideration. It can not be denied that in some institutions they develop a harmful clannishness, and instances are not wanting where they have fostered loafing and dissipation. The principles at the foundation of these organizations are, however, elevating, and in a large majority of cases I am convinced that the influence is good. In many institutions the Greek letter fraternities furnish the only real opportunity open to students for anything like home life. No student should, however, go into any such organization hastily; he should first know a good deal of the fellows with whom he proposes to associate himself; he should be sure that he can afford the time and the expense entailed, and he must be willing to give as well as to receive. If he does these things, he is pretty sure to be benefited.

A man who has religious tendencies will find many helpful opportunities to exercise these. The college religious organizations, which are every year multiplying, are constantly on the lookout for help and leadership. The local churches in the communities in which the college is situated are eager for young fellows to take hold and help with the infinite number of things which are

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to be run. Such work offers an excellent chance for development and for widening one's acquaintance with men. Its danger lies in its very nature which makes it seem wholly good. Anomolous as the statement may seem, I have known plenty of men go intellectually to the bad through the dissipation of religious work. A college man's studies, as has been said, furnish his real business, and whatever takes him away from these unduly, whether it be a ball game, a dance, or prayer meeting, is bad.

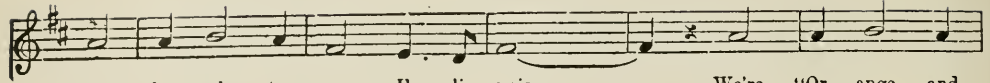
There is a student political life connected with every college which has in it striking opportunities for becoming acquainted with men. The larger the institution, of course, the greater this opportunity, but even in the small college the political interest is not trifling. Nearly all class and organization offices are elective, and the man who aspires to fill one of these must not only be fitted to do so, but he must have a wide acquaintance among his constituents. The widening of a candidate's acquaintance develops in him resourcefulness, shrewdness and a general knowledge of human nature. It gives him a training in marshalling men, in planning a campaign, in meeting unexpected situations. It is one of the best experiences a man can have.

All this has been to show that a college training should mean something more than the mere acquaintance with facts, or the acquiring of information; it should give one a knowledge of men. But in getting this second sort of training a student will usually have to choose between several or many interests. If he elects to do one thing, he must usually omit the rest. A fellow may occasionally be president of the Young Men's Christian Association and at the same time captain of the football team, but ordinarily one of these positions is more than sufficient to occupy his leisure moments. It is those men who get into the real life of the college community of which they are a part and who do something to direct its current, who are usually best fitted to meet the unexpected in the more strenuous world into which they must go after college. As I said at the outset, for a young fellow in college, his studies are the main thing, but he makes a bad mistake and misses half that he should have gained if he neglects the "other things."

THE ILLINOIS LOYALTY SONG.

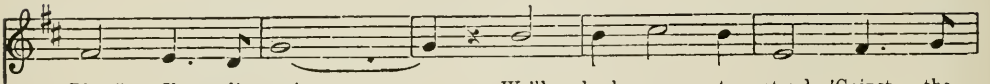
A Verse for the Home-Comers.

By T. H. GUILD.



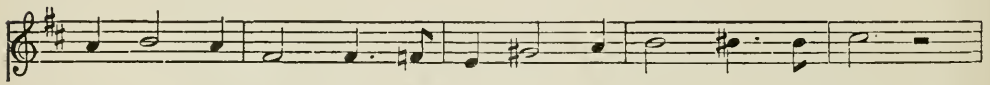
We're loy - al to you, Il li - nois,..... We're 'Or - ange and

We're loy - al to you, Il li - nois..... To the Or - ange and



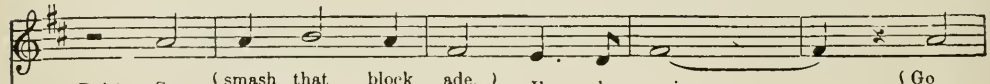
Blue," Il - li - nois,..... We'll back you to stand 'Gainst the

Blue, Il - li - nois..... Your ban - ner in hand, comes a



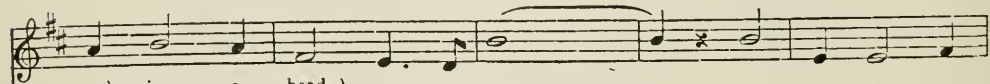
best in the land, For we know you have sand, Il li - nois, Rah!

right roy - al band, From the ends of the land, Il - li - nois, Rah!



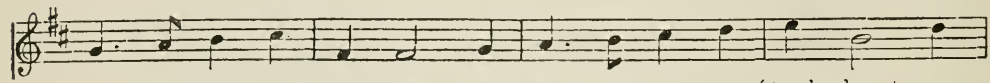
Rah! So {smash that block ade.} Il li - nois,..... {Go
{crack out, that ball,}

Rah! Tho rest - less we roam, Il - li - nois..... Your



crash - ing a head, } Il li - nois;..... Our team is our
back - ing you all, }

camp - us is home, Il - li - nois..... Your arms are out -



fame pro tect - or, On! boys, for we ex - pect a {touch - down } from
{vict 'ry }

spread to greet us, Shout - ing, your thou - sands meet us., ' Wel - come to

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you. Il li nois! ... Che - he! Cho-ha! Che - ha - ha - ha!
 old Il - li - nois!''..... Che - he! Che - ha! Che - ha - ha - ha! (etc.)

Fling out that dear old flag of Or ange and Blue, Lead on your
 Fling out that dear old flag of Or - ange and Blue, We come, your

sons and daugh - ters, fight - ing for you; Like men of old, on gi - ants
 sons and daughters, hom - ing to you; Your ivied walls be - fore us

Plac - ing re li - ance, Shout - ing de fi - ance— Os key - wow - wow! A - mid the
 Elm - arch - es o'er us, Wild ring your cho - rus—“Os - key - wow - wow!” To win you

broad green plains that nour ish our land, For hon est La bor
 world - wide fame, in man - y a land For hon - est la - bor

and for Learn ing we stand, And un 'to thee we pledge our
 and for Learn - ing we stand. And home - ward turn with loy - al

heart and hand, Dear Al ma Ma - ter Il li nois.
 heart and hand, Dear Al - ma Ma - ter Il - li - nois.....

THE DAY OF THE ROSE.

GERTRUDE FLEMING, 12.

"Just go into the library, Wayne," the girl before the fireplace heard her brother say out in the hall. "It won't take me long. Let's see, it's four now, and I'll be down in twenty minutes." The voice grew fainter, as it was accompanied by hurrying steps up the bare polished stairs.

"No hurry. Take your time," answered a voice, as the dark portieres were pulled back and a man came into the room. "Ah! I beg your pardon," he continued, taken by surprise, as the girl arose from her low seat by the fire. "Sid said that no one was in here," and he made a little motion as if to leave.

"Come in, and wait for him," she said quickly, extending her hand to him with the frank graciousness which was one of her many charms, utterly unconscious of the exquisite picture she made with the background of the dancing fire, whose long, flickering lights but half revealed the dim luxury of the room. "You are Mr. Wayne, are you not? I thot I heard Sidney call you that. I am Barabara Thorne." All the time she was searching wildly in her brain to discover just where he belonged among her brother's friends.

"Sit down," she continued, motioning him to a chair. "These early spring afternoons are so short that it is dark in here already.

"Do not light a light," he answered quickly. "It is so charming here by the fire."

His low voice struck her a greeably, and as he came within the glow of the fire she saw him plainly for the first time. His eyes caught and held hers. She was unprepared for the look in his expressive dark eyes, and for the open admiration on the handsome face bent over her. Quickly she averted her face, a deep flush dyeing her cheek. She was angry to find herself so embarrassed and confused. "He will think I am nothing but a silly school girl," she thot, so she drew herself up proudly, turning to him with all the sophicticated cor-

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diality of a woman of the world, in her manner and eyes.

"Sid and I are 'on' for one of those afternoon receptions," he said lightly, as he sank into the deep leather chair on the other side of the hearth from her. Then turning to her with a charmingly impersonal, little smile, he added, "and how does it happen that the belle of all these post-Lenten affairs will not grace this occasion? Pardon my familiarity, Miss Thorne, but I hear so much of you thru Sid and your many friends."

His manner disarmed her and she smiled brightly, "The bell refused to jingle this time, Mr. Wayne, so I sent my regrets by mother and have had a lazy tabby-cat time by the fire here."

"Will you be home much longer? You see, I warned you I knew lots about you." With mock seriousness he counted off on his fingers, "You go to Illinois. You are a Senior. You were in Europe last summer. You have not been down to Louisville since you were, well—"

Barbara put up her hand warningly, and both laughed merrily; every vestige of her hauteur had vanished.

"I will not answer to the charge of all of those. I will only tell you that I return to school, tomorrow."

"Then I am very glad that the Fates were kind to me. Unless I am disturbing you?" Wayne added quickly.

"No, indeed," Barbara answered heartily, looking over at him, and as quickly averting her eyes again. His eyes discomfited her; there was something so familiar in his gestures and smile. Suddenly, a light broke in on her face. "I know now why you seem so unlike a stranger to me," she cried, impulsively.

"Really." The man leaned forward quickly, breathless.

"Why, yes. It just now dawned on me. You are Colonel Wayne's grandson. You are Philip Wayne."

The man opposite her sank back again, the tension suddenly broken.

"How stupid of me not to guess, when your name and your face were so familiar to me," she went on, not noticing his silence. "Isn't it strange that we have

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never met before? You were Sid's roommate too, the last year at college." Unrestrainedly now, she leaned toward him and the full warmth of her beauty held him in thrall. Impulsively she hurried on, "The Colonel and I were always chums when I was a little girl. Sid and I used to visit them at Louisville, and we always had the grandest times. I always thot your grandmother was the sweetest old woman I ever saw. She was so aristocratic and dainty, and always wore white in summer. You never saw her did you, Mr. Wayne?" she added almost timidly.

"No, she died before I came—home. Tell me about her. You know I never knew what a mother was like," Wayne said simply, leaning forward, so that he could catch every expression of her frankly, sympathetic face.

"I am so sorry," Barbara smiled such a dangerously, tender smile at him that Wayne's heart beat faster. "Sid and I were in your place, weren't we? They loved to have us come too, that big, old house was lonely most of the time." She laughed out suddenly, "I remember once, at a party there, I tripped on a rug, and fell on the bare floor. As I fell I knocked over a cloisonne jardiniere which broke into a million pieces. It was so frightened and ashamed that I began to cry, and your grandmother kissed me and said that it was the jardiniere's fault, not mine. That was always the way she smoothed things over." Barbara's lips curled with a tender, reminiscent smile, then she looked up at Wayne brightly, "Isn't it queer that I should be telling you about your own people."

"Queer, isn't it," he repeated to the fire, with narrowed eyes, whose expression she could not guess, "You know, Miss Thorne, sometimes one makes queer things happen." Then abruptly, he turned to her. "I want to tell you something," he began, quietly, "You know, my parents were killed in a railroad accident, when I was only a year old, and that I got lost from them and as no trace could be gained of them, I was brought up in an orphan asylum in Georgia. I ran off from there when I was about fourteen, and lived rather a wild life until I was eighteen. Not very pleasant to look back on now," he continued grimly, "even if it was partly of my

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own doing. I did not know who I was. I grew almost not to care, so I grew reckless. I am not trying to defend myself, Miss Thorne, I only want you to know. Yet, thru it all blood will always tell; I never did anything to disgrace the name I unconsciously bore. At last I joined a circus, played in the band, got into a wild set and was going down pretty rapidly. But one day I decided to cut it all out. "His voice was so low that Barabara could scarcely hear it. She glanced up at him quickly, but his face was in shadow.

"Several days after that we played in Louisville, and, liking the place, I quit the show and decided to stay there. Queer, isn't it, how I happened to stop there? Then you have heard all the rest of the story, Miss Thorne, more or less highly colored by the newspapers," laughed Wayne.

"I was out at boarding school then, near Atlanta, and we were not allowed to read the papers," answered Barabara, "but Sidney told me all about it."

"Not half so romantic, either, as the papers had it. Too bad, wasn't it? I did not have any wonderful birthmark, or mysterious sign by which Grandad identified me. It was very prosaic. He only saw me one day and struck by my resemblance to my father, discovered that I was his grandson. Dear old Gran! He has made it all up to me for all I missed." His voice grew husky, but immediately he lightly added, "But I am boring you to death! Only," lamely, "I am presuming on your good nature, and Sid's friendship."

"Why, no, indeed!" Barbara answered quickly. To his searching eyes her face held only friendly interest, but her beauty disarmed him. He leaned far forward; the flickering flame only revealed a tantalizing glimpse of her sweet face.

"Miss Barbie," softly.

She looked up quickly, again on her guard; that indefinable, familiar expression was in those dark eyes bent so near her.

"Miss Barbie," once more.

She arose swiftly and drew herself up proudly, trying to analyze her sudden unrest. He too rose.

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"Ah! I am mad, quite mad, to even dare to tell you," he began tensely, "But you have always affected me so. I want to tell you why I left that circus, and why I have tried to make a man of myself. I must do it. I have waited so long. It was the sight of a lovely, little, pink-cheeked girl, with drak, curly hair, and big, blue eyes, that I saw at the circus seven long years ago. She dropped a rose as she was going out of the gate and I have it yet."

Barbara stood quite still, with crimson cheeks. She saw again that cloudless, summer day, felt again the intoxicating joy she had known when Madame had taken six of the girls to the circus. She could hear the gay laughter, the joyful music, and remembered the pang she had felt when, in the crowd at the gate, she had dropped the rose she had worn. She had looked up, and had met a pair of dark eyes watching her hungrily. Startled and embarrassed at what they were saying, she had hurried after the others. The next day the florist had brot her a box in which was one big, pink rose, nothing more. But that face, tho high-bred and handsome, had been cynical and dissipated. Gathering up all her strangely forsaken courage she glanced up at the strong, handsome face bending toward her. Only the eyes were the same; they were telling her the same things now. Could they be the same?

"Why," stammered she, blushing, wondering to find her usual calm indifference so stirred. "Why—," then a roguish smile twitched her lips. "You have much to answer for, sir. That rose caused the first quarrel between Betty and me. I would not tell her where it came from, because I did not know where," she added hurriedly, as with a little exclamation he came even nearer, dangerously so. "Nor do I even now." Her retreat behind her chair gave her the courage to further affirm.

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"Not know?" Wayne's hand was closing over hers, despite her efforts.

Suddenly Sidney's voice, gaining strength as it descended the stairs, broke the tension. "Sorry, old boy, to keep you waiting. We'll get there just—"

Nearer and nearer it came. Wayne glanced hurriedly around, and his eye caught the faint pink of a bowl of roses on a table nearby. In an instant he was selecting the largest, and in the next, he was again by Barbara's side. He look up. The portiere was still motionless. He kissed the rose softly and placed it in her hand.





STUDENT ACTIVITIES

There is no institution about the University that occupies a more important place in the hearts and affairs of the students than does the military band. Organized in 1889, it has steadily increased in efficiency and excellence during twenty-one years, until at the present time under the able leadership of Director Harding it has reached a standard unexcelled by any college band in the middle west. To be sure that Illinois is proud of this indispensable organization one has only to consider that no athletic event or mass meeting is complete without the band to arouse enthusiasm in the rooters and encourage the team to victory. Its annual concerts are better attended and appreciated each year, and its services during Inter-

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scholastic and at Commencement time are well remembered.

Because of these facts, it seems extremely timely that just now when all Illini are being reunited the members of the band should reunite in a monstrous concert. Certainly not a better scheme has been outlined by the home-coming committee.

Two years ago it was decided by the University authorities that a change in the nature of the annual contest between the Freshman and Sophomore classes was desirable. The historic—almost traditional—color rush was doomed to give way to the innovation of the pushball contest. Many who were averse to the destroying of tradition regretted this move; but others, in whom the desire for order and safety had the upper hand, readily realized the wisdom of the change.

Accordingly, in the fall of 1908, the big ball was borrowed from Drake University, and the two classes were pitted against each other in a new form of combat. The game had first to be learned, and this lesson cost a few of the participants dearly. In their ignorance of the rules the officials of the day drew up the opposing forces in two masses and allowed them to rush headlong into each other and to meet in the center of the field where the huge ball had been placed. This clash was disastrous. Many combatants were carried from the field in a disabled condition. There were no serious results, but it soon became apparent that this style of contest was even worse than the discarded color rush.

A year later it was evident that something had been gained for experience. Instead of the two stampeding columns of blindly excited underclassmen, the two factions now came within a friendly distance of each other and began their game in the orderly manner in which we now see it played. Both onlookers and players enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, and no one present, either in the bleachers or on the field experienced

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the constant dread that death was hovering near, as had formerly been the case.

With the proper officials superintending the contest, and with proper instructions to the participants there seems no reason why pushball cannot be made a safe and some means of settling the dispute between the two classes. No one now desires to see a return to the old color rush.

In the spring of 1908 at a smoker held by the graduating class of that year Professor Breckenridge, then of the department of Mechanical Engineering, proposed the idea of a UNION of Illinois men. The plan was worked out more fully by a committee of the Senior class and met with the enthusiastic approval of the student body. As a result, there is now at Illinois a very definite and active organization known as the Illinois Union. Its membership includes over two-thirds of the men students of the University. Its executive organization consists of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer and a second vice-president to represent each of the colleges of the University. In addition there is a student council of seven members, all of whom are Juniors.

The purposes of this, the largest of undergraduate organizations, are many and far-reaching, but its ultimate aims are the union of all Illinois men and the promotion of a true spirit of loyalty.

Already the Union has received considerable recognition from the University. Such matters as the management of celebrations, compelling freshmen to wear green caps, and kindred undergraduate regulations have been entrusted entirely to the Union. In addition to the immediate problem of student self-government, the Union is preparing to launch a plan for the purpose of securing a building. To this end, the support of all Illinois men, students and alumni alike, is being enlisted.

It is to the Union that much of the success in the carrying out the fall home-coming plans is due. It has fostered the movement begun by the Senior societies;

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has pushed the scheme to completion; and may justly boast of the result. Illinois graduates will be asked to support the Union, and because of its success thus far and the nature of its intentions it is sure to win to the cause every loyal Illini.

The handsome and spacious building that is now being erected on the south campus owes its existence to the long and consistent agitation for a new LINCOLN structure to replace the old Main Hall. For HALL many years this need has been keenly felt. Students have written themes and communications to the Illini on the subject, and University authorities have urged the case at Springfield until at last the hopes of all are about to be realized.

The new building will not, however, displace the old one, but will supplement it. It is said that, if the present conditions continue, it will be impossible to abandon the old building within ten years, unless three structures the size of Lincoln Hall are erected in the meantime. Provision is made in the new building for the advanced work of five or six of the largest departments of the College of Literature and Arts. Offices, departmental libraries, and consultation rooms will be prominent. This proposed arrangement will not materially relieve the congestion of the old building—it will only give room for such expansion of the College of Literature and Arts as will presently demand a second new building.

The name, Lincoln Hall, was chosen because the appropriation for the building was granted in the centennial year of the birth of Lincoln. The plans include an ornate entrance and vestibule decorated in such a manner as to be a memorial to the great President.

The location of a Lincoln Hall is in accordance with the plans for the future development of the campus. According to the proposed scheme, all the buildings will ultimately be arranged in a quadrangle, the center of which is now the site of the old Main Hall. The corner stone of Lincoln Hall was laid August 10th, but the building will not be ready for occupation before the autumn of 1911. When completed, it will be, in many

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respects, the most substantial and the most beautiful structure on the campus.

According to statistics recently compiled there are, approximately, 75,000 girls in the various colleges and universities of the United States. About 8,000 are in girls' schools. From this we see the present tendency toward co-education. The number of "co-eds" is increasing every year and with this increase the question of dormitories for girls becomes more and more vital.

The people of the state are convinced of the need of girls' dormitories at Illinois, but the University itself seems slow to recognize this demand. Considerable agitation in regard to the matter has recently been aroused, and it was only last April that the Daily Illini published a communication in which a keen sighted co-ed voiced the wise opinion that "it is good for girls to know other girls; to realize that others have ideals and ambitions as lofty and splendid as their own; to catch the spirit of sex altruism—that perfect balance of all difficulties and differences, whether social, financial or intellectual." This result can only be secured when girls are housed together under the direct supervision of competent, sympathetic women.

Moreover, many material causes have combined to make such life essential for their comfort and well-being. A lengthy discussion of these causes need not be given here. Suffice it to sum them up briefly: Girls have a much harder time finding rooms than boys. Whether or not the girls themselves are to blame, it is a fact that the majority of people who rent rooms prefer to rent them to boys. Not many places are so arranged that the necessary facilities for pressing clothes, washing, shampooing, and the like are offered or even obtainable. Girls are not so fortunate as their brothers in being able to have all these little matters so essential to personal appearance and self-respect done for them. The question of proper food and enough food has assumed enormous proportions. It may seem bold, but nevertheless, it is a glaring truth that many of the students do not receive proper nourishment to enable them

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to do their best work. We believe the dormitory plan can and will remedy this condition. Boys indulge in the "midnight lunch" at some nearby lunch counter. Can girls? And lastly dormitories mean increased attendance by girls. We make this last assertion on the authority of a number of parents consulted in regard to the matter.

The sentiment is on the whole favorable toward dormitories. The main question seems to be, "How shall we get them?" With the present need which is felt by various departments for new buildings and new equipment, it looks very much as if an appropriation by the state for this project is far in the future. The Episcopalians have seen and felt the need, and have erected a beautiful home for the girls, known as Osborne Hall. Thirty girls live there. It has been occupied for one year and from all reports the plan has worked admirably. The waiting list is long and the disappointment keen in case of failure to get in. This seems to be a very laudable field for churches to enter upon, for there are girls of all creeds and beliefs at Illinois. True religion does not consist merely in the preaching of the gospel.

This project is not an untried field and need cause no person nor body of persons to hesitate for fear of failure. Other universities have them and can testify to their success. Illinois by establishing them now is at an advantage, for she can profit by the experience of others both as to kind of buildings and as to the management of them.



“OR IF YOU WIN.”

RALPH TIEJTE, '10.

“Then it's all over?”

The boy's voice would have been tragic, had it not been tearful. As it was, the tremble seemed to make the girl's black eyes sparkle more mischievously.

“I'm afraid it is,” she sighed, all the while kicking the edge of the rug with the tip of her dainty slipper, but not neglecting to watch the man closely out of the corner of her eye.

He stood where the light of the chandelier cast him into rather marked profile; and despite the confusing shadows, one could easily note the weak, sensuous mouth which belied the broad, chaste forehead and the firm jaw. But the large nose and the bright gray eyes saved the face from unreserved failure and lack of strength, which the curling hair brushed back from the brow, virtuosos fashion, tended to confirm.

“I-I don't see why you had to break it off,” he blurted out after a moment's silence.

“I don't see why *you* did,” the girl corrected.

“Now, listen here, Adelaine——”

“I have been for sometime,” she smiled sweetly at the rug; she was enjoying this man's discomfiture.

“Well, maybe it was my fault,” he compromised.

“It was,” she stated, and smiled at the rug once more.

“Perhaps I shouldn't have proposed,” he conceded further.

“You shouldn't.” The rug was favored with a third smile.

The man was becoming desperate. Adelaine had always seemed so “nice,” so kind, and so willing to have others decide for her. But now she seemed possessed of an evil genius, and to have become most perverse. He marshalled his wits for a last effort.

“We've known each other for three years,” he began frankly. The girl watched him askance. “And I just fell in love and-and I couldn't help it. Don't you love me at all?”

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The girl was startled. "Well, maybe, if—if you—you win Saturday."

"Adelaine!" the man came closer.

She stepped backward. "I think the bell's ringing, and—"

He leaned toward her and whispered low but intently. "We're going to win."

"Mrs. Thomas is awfully particular," she warned, drawing back a step.

"Goodnight, Bob," she said softly, as he entered the vestibule.

"Goodnight, dear," he called back over his shoulder.

"What a fool a man can be," she sighed to herself as the door closed after him, and then ran upstairs to cry.

As Bob Armstrong went down the steps of the sorority house and turned down John street, he felt stunned. He had known Adelaine Prescott ever since two years before he had met her at a rushing party and had admired her pretty face. In his peculiar way he had paid her one of his peculiar compliments, not to her face, but to his fraternity brothers. They had been teasing him about his new freshman, and he had replied, "Well, she is pretty, and she don't powder, either." He had been interested, too, in her naive confidence, and even now, in his disappointment, smiled at the recollection of her remark about "such a peculiar place to build stables," referring to the then unfinished Natural History addition. He had called up on her after the party, and during the Winter the visits had grown almost regular. In the Spring they had played tennis together, and in the Summer they had corresponded. It was out of this commonplace beginning that the friendship had grown, until now that he was a senior and she a junior, he felt he loved her and she him. And his belief was not, perhaps, ill founded, for she had admired the face and shoulders of the man on that first night, and her interest had increased when she found that he was a 'varsity football player. For there is no college girl but loves homage, especially if it comes from a man prominent in college, and more especially if it comes from an athlete.

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All this, however, had now assumed a different character. He had just proposed; and while he had not been rejected, he could scarcely say he had been accepted. Neither was he sure that the figure he cut was very creditable. He wasn't sure that she had not laughed at him, and he hated to have people do that. It makes one feel that one had been ridiculous. Yet there was some hope. She had said "if you win;" and chances for a victory were brilliant. The papers said so; the coaches said so; and the men felt so; even the ingenious Stagg had conceded that hopes of a Chicago victory were but few. Saturday was a week away—but weeks cannot last forever. This was the thought that comforted him as he ran up the steps of his house on Sunday evening.

The week saw the football squad hard at work, going thru the never varying round of walking thru formalities, the heart-breaking signal practice, and the nerve-racking scrimmages which everybody dreaded for fear some man might be injured. The coaches wore worried looks, and watching closely for lack of smoothness in play, swore impartially at the whole eleven every time a man fumbled or forgot a signal. The players, too, felt the strain; but while the nervous tension grew, bodily conditions improved; and the sunken eyes, the drawn, pale lips that told of hard training, passed. The drag, the sign of overtraining, had gone; and the men had a dash and vigor in their play, which had been absent before. Nightly the students gathered on the sidelines to watch practice, realizing but dimly the evolution of the team, knowing that these men worked better, but unconscious of the wherefore. And among the spectators was always a girl with black eyes and hair and a face rather sweet than handsome, whose eyes ever followed the 'varsity's left-end, and who waited impatiently for him to rise after every scrimmage. The students knew her, and in their thoughtless way stared at her and remarked: "Armstrong's wife's taken an awful interest in the game, hasn't she?" Then believing themselves witty, they laughed.

The Autumn days followed one another rapidly; and Saturday came, bringing with it the excitement that

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attends only on football games, and the undercurrent of high feeling that is part only of big football games. To-day much was at stake for Illinois. It was the first big game of the season, the opening of the Conference championships. Moreover, the opponent was Chicago, the dearest and bitterest of rivals, the victor of eight seasons. And now triumph seemed at last to be in the grasp of the Orange and Blue. The coach had silently worked with his men, seemingly heedless of criticism and careless of attacks. The men, too, had practiced in silence; there was little grumbling over long and hard signal drills, or over secret practices. There was a supreme confidence of the school in the team, and the team in turn reposed its trust in its leader, Bob Armstrong, the 'varsity left-end. Nor was it the confidence of a moment, but rather a faith which coaches and men had learned during the past three years to place in the strong, heady, and nervy player who guarded the left end of the scrimmage line.

But what had he been doing all this week! Like the rest of the men, he had run thru signals, smashed and blocked freshman plays in scrimmage, tackled the dummy, and kicked the ball. To the leader this last week of preparation meant more than the final touches for a championship struggle. True, a victory meant the possible chances of Conference supremacy, and to have the team he captained attain that goal would, indeed, be honor. Yet he seemed never to think of that. To Bob Armstrong the game meant more. Adelaine had said, "if you win," and she signified more to him than all the football victories of the season. To have felt sure of her love would, perhaps, have spurred him to great effort, and would, too, have eased the sting of defeat. But now victory in love and football seemed inseparably connected, and to lose in one was to lose in the other. If Chicago won, then he would never go near Adelaine anymore, unless—yes—unless she sent for him. The remembrance of those words, "if you win," was always with him; they had driven him thru the gruelling practice of the week, and now in the quiet of his room, on the very morning of the game, they were keeping him up to a high nervous tension.

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In his spasmodic attempts to read and study, the man had not noted the passage of the morning hours; and it was noon before he realized it. He pulled on his coat and stomped down the stairs and into the dining-room, where the babel of voices rather irriated him. He was too nervous to eat, and the constant chaffing and jesting worried him, especially since his mind always turned back to the girl who had said "if you win."

Fortunately, however, he soon escaped to wander up to the dressing-room. Green street was already gay with the holiday crowd, flaunting their rival banners. Freshmen, excited over the prespect of the first, big game, explained vaguely to doting parents, "There goes our captain. He's a whirlwind on the offense, great on forward passes, and a stonewall on defense." Upper classmen bloomed brilliantly in rooters' hats, and the sprinkling of Chicago supporters stood out in sharp contrast, with their white slouch hats and maroon bands. The crowd at the Co-Op corner appeared thicker, and Armstrong turned down a cross street to Springfield. He wanted to avoid the mob. It worried him, just as his brothers in the dining-room did.

But even the gymnasium was not a place to quiet excited nerves. Forty men were crowded into the small dressing-room. The rubbers twisted in and out among the players, applying liniment here, or adjusting a bandage there. While every now and then a voice arose, demanding some lost article of apparel. Now an ankle brace was gone; then it was a shoe; next a lace broke. Thru it all the coach kept up a running comment. "Yes, Now your shoe's gone. How we gonna play without shoes? Where'd you get that leather lace? Take it! Take it out, I say! Tommy, where's the headgears? Over there? Well, bring 'em over here." At last everybody had collected his own things, and everybody was dressed. Quiet hung as heavy as the odor of alcohol and sweaty togs. While the men crouched along the wall, the coach lectured them, outlining the plan of attack. "Their line's strong, and these fancy new line bucks don't amount to much. You, Murphy, use that forward pass; and you ends git down the field. Don't come in here and say as how Chicago men got in your

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road. Git there! Jump on 'em hard right at the first. Shove 'em, make 'em show what they got. Do that and you'll have 'em. This is your chance, now take it."

The tirade ended, and gathering up sweaters and headgears the squad filed out of the semi-darkness of the gymnasium into the clear sunlight of late October. The field was already banked with color, and the first appearance of the men brought forth the wild, exuberant cheer from the bleachers. But Bob Armstrong never noticed the yelling and the songs, he was searching the stands for one face, and he found it up in the east bleachers and beneath the press stand. For him it was the only face in all the multitude.

Chicago had come on. Signal practice was over. The coin had been flipped and now Chicago was kicking to Illinois at the south goal. It seemed ages while the maroon-shirted man knelt and fixed the ball, it seemed years before the shrill whistle announced the game was on. The first half with its lack of score drew to a close. When it began Armstrong seemed to have forgotten. He only knew that he had blocked, rushed and tackled as always. He was unconscious of the cheering, it all seemed far away. But still that one face was watching him. And still the words sounded in his ears—"if you win."

To the girl, also, the game seemed but a maze. Among all the twenty-two struggling forms, she saw only one—that of the big left-end who hurled Chicago men aside like straws, and was always in the thick of the play. She heard a man near her cry: "Look at that Armstrong! Look at 'im! Look at 'im!" And she wanted to cry out too.

There was a lull between the halves, while the players lay sprawled flat on their backs in the dressing rooms. The coach praised here and condemned there. "You forwards go lower and git off quicker. You backs put more ginger in it. Kelley runs pretty hard. Smith could run harder, and Haley a whole h-ll-of-a-lot harder. You ends intercept those forward passes; don't wait fur the man to ketch it; git it yourself." Then came the final call of the referee, and the last sloshing with the sponge and men were out in the air again. But they were not

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so boisterous now. Half the game was gone, and they had not scored.

Illinois kicked off, Chicago punted, and the game was on again. In the second play the ball was shot forward to Armstrong. For an instant it seemed it must go over his head, out of reach. Then with a bound the player rose, seized the ball, and running hard and low eluded the Chicago men, and crossed the goal. It was the first score, and the Illini were mad. But even tho it held the lead, Chicago was not beaten yet. The "six" of their opponents seemed only to serve as a stimulus to them. With redoubled fury they charged the Illinois line, and scarce five minutes has passed before they, too, had scored a touchdown and kicked goal. Fate, which seemed so kind to the Illini at the beginning, now turned her coquettish smile on Chicago, and even tho their opponents played hard and fast, the visitors were fast gaining the mastery. Their chance came at last, and they added three to their score by a drop-kick.

Now came the test. Could Chicago hold the lead? Or rather, could Illinois take it away? They meant to, and Armstrong chose to receive the kick. There was but a short minute to play, and possession of the ball was valuable. The whistle blew, the ball toppled thru the air, end over end. The run-back put it on the thirty-yard line. Men were calling tearfully on the team to do something. But the captain, to whom victory meant so much, could scare choke out, "Into it, men!" He thought of the game. He thought of Adelaine. Then he heard the signal. The last try was to be his, and a forward pass. The ball was snapped. The men sprang into action. Armstrong tore thru his opponents. He heard the yell of the quarterback. He saw the ball come. He felt it strike, and he hugged it to his bosom. Not knowing how or why, he ran, dodging and straight-arming, until at last he was clear. The rooters were too interested to yell before, but now the tension relieved, they screamed with renewed zeal. Drowned among those cries were the tones of a girl who merely called, "Bob! Bob!"

Suddenly the yelling ceased. Down the field came a Chicago tackler, who gained perceptibly on the wearied

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Illinois end. He came nearer. Then hurling himself forward, he struck his man, clung to him, and brought him down. And an answering cry of mockery came from the little knot of Chicago men in the west stands.

Armstrong arose dazedly. He scarcely realized what had happened. He was tired. His ankle hurt. His shoulder ached. One eye felt sore. "Come on, men, into it! We'll win yet." But across the field came the headlines-man with his cry of "Time's up! Time's up!"

The crowd tired and hoarse with cheering, scrambled off the stands. The players stripped off their headgears, and limped toward the gymnasium. And last of the line came Armstrong, pettishly slapping his mole-skins with his headgear. "If you win," he muttered. "Damn it, why couldn't we?"

In the dressing room they tried to sheer him up, with "Good work, old man!" "You did fine." "You played the whole game." But none of them knew the wound which was deeper than that of defeat—the wound of love. And it was only when the porter at the fraternity house said: "Hard luck, Bobbie! But here's a note for you," that his smile came back, or he forgot his bruises.

* * * * *

It was almost eight o'clock as Bob Armstrong limped up John street that evening. It was just eight as he rang the bell of the sorority house. He knew who would open the door, and the smiling black eyes were no surprise to him.

"I'm sorry—" she began as she drew back.

"Adelaine!" His cry was low and tense.

The rest of her sentence was smothered against his shoulder, and she learned how strong a man's arms could be.

THE LOVES OF BILLY.

MARGARET DUPUY, 12.

As Billy Somers pushed open the front door of a big Chicago high school building one afternoon in early spring, the jibing voices of some other third-year boys came to him—"Aw, Curls, wake up! Adda went home ages ago." "Honest, Bill, you'd better hustle if you want to catch up with her." What he considered a bitter, scornful smile was the boy's answer to the humorists, as he stepped outside and stood leaning against the red brick wall, glancing unmoved at the boys and girls waiting on the corner for the street car. Even his particular pals idling about the bakery and teasing the dago in the fruit store did not interest him now; thoughts of far greater seriousness were tumbling confusedly in his curly head. Be this said to his credit, for people did not usually take Billy seriously, perhaps because he was so goodlooking in his seventeen-year-old way. His boy friends were forced to admit that "Billy was long on looks," while the girls praised in no hesitating terms his sparkling brown eyes, the broad shoulders and altogether "dandy physique" set off by his "goodlooking clothes." Their inexperienced eyes did not take into account the extreme youth and innocence of the chubby face beneath the soft, wavy brown hair, and the look of hurried growing about the tall, young figure—to them he was "an old dear" and "perfectly grand."

The boy stepped quickly across the sidewalk as the door opened from within. Half a dozen boys and girls came out in a noisy group, laughingly rehearsing the events of the day. They were bright, eager young people, dressed in the prevailing high school mode, the boys with loose trousers turned up extravagantly over colored hose, the girls in thin white waists with fluffy bows at their throats, or tailored linen dresses, their hair marvelously waved and puffed. Billy's presence was accepted with no comment beyond a nod or two, and one smile bestowed by the smallest and prettiest girl of

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them all. Unmoved by these signs of friendliness, he walked straight to the side of another girl, his earnest eyes upon her laughing face. She was talking vivaciously, gesticulating with slender hands; the turned-up nose, the full, curved lips, even the jolly little freckles alive with excitement; but at sight of Billy's sober face she turned toward him quickly, with an anxious, "What's the matter, Bill?"

"Come on 'n walk with me, Marion," the boy answered in a low tone, taking her books.

"All right; but now," she added in a moment as they allowed the others to move ahead, "is it about Adda? Mama said she thought you and the infant had had a scrap."

"Yeah, we did. Did you know what about?"

"No; please tell me," Marion answered earnestly, turning to look at the frowning boy with affection. "I'd give anything to help you and her."

Billy laughed mirthlessly. "I guess you're the one person who couldn't help," he said. "We didn't exactly fight about you, but—gee whiz, it was your fault just the same."

His impetuous, young eyes upon her filled the girl with startled distress.

"Billy Somers," she cried sharply, "if you're being horrid to my sister because I've been nice—"

"Gee, Marion, how can I help it?" came the dogged answer. "I'm so crazy about you that it makes me sick to be with Adelaide—there!—and I'm not going with her any more, I don't care what you say. I never did like her especially," he hurried on, in an eager rush of words lest he should lose his courage. "I've gone with her because people thought we had such an awful case, lately anyhow; but you can't expect a fellow to keep going with a girl he's tired to death of. Anyhow, I'm going to break all my dates with her, and take you instead."

"Indeed you're not, young man. What kind of a sister do you take me for?" The girl's retort was hot and her eyes angry as she turned toward him, but the misery in his chubby, young face softened her.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said then. For a block they

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walked slowly, in silence, stunned by the crisis that had come upon them. To the boy, the gay group ahead seemed far away, unreal, and the cheerful March sunshine a suffocating mockery in the quiet, suburban street. At last Marion began, in a tone of sorrowful sympathy.

"Billy, this is dreadful. Of course, I know you'll get over it all right, because I'm older than you are, but it's bad enough while it lasts. And you just can't drop Adda right away. Imagine how the bunch would gossip about it, and there'd be jokes next month in the 'Wiltonia.' Why, it would break the youngster's heart, and it would be a horribly men thing to do, not at all like you. Beside," she added in a changed tone, "I'm not nice enough to make such a fuss about."

The boy's blood jumped hotly at this. "You know that's not true!" he stated almost roughly. "But what do you want me to do, keep on going with her when I don't want to?"

"Yes, Marion answered, feeling now that she could persuade him to yield. "I'll tell you may plan," she went on, in a big, sisterly tone. "What dates have you made with her?"

"The Hart Institute game tomorrow, the Wilton-North End High debate Saturday, and Bird Club Tuesday night," Billy answered, in a colorless tone. He, too, felt the change in the atmosphere, felt that Marion would have her way with him, as she always did with everybody. He could not have said that it was her bubbling spirits, her laughing eyes, and quick, womanly sympathy, that won her obedience in all quarters; he only felt, miserably, that she was a peach and could do as she pleased with him.

Eagerly the girl talked on, her enthusiasm growing with her words. Billy, she said, might drop Adda, if he wished, but it must be very gradually indeed, taking her places half the time at first, then only a third of the time for a few weeks, and at last only occasionally. Furthermore, he must tell Adelaide exactly what he intended doing, so that she shouldn't feel badly, and he must invite her extra times, too, so that she could refuse him, and tell the girls Billy asked her, but she couldn't go.

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In this way, the end might be accomplished, with appearances and feelings saved.

Billy listened, interrupting by only a grunt or two. At first he felt entirely indignant and rebellious, but little by little, as the girl beside him talked on in her whole-hearted way, the wrinkles in his face smoothed out, until he could say almost heartily, "All right, Marion, I'll do this, for you, on one condition."

"Yes?"

"That you'll go with me half as many times as I take Adda. If you won't, I won't," he hastened to add, as he saw her lift her expressive hands in protest.

Marion, looking at his flushed face, recognized that she had reached the end of her power.

"It's a go, then, Bill. But remember, I'm not a bit crazy about you."

"Gee, I know that all right," the boy returned, ruefully, as they paused on the walk before her house.

Nevertheless, he felt half comforted as he turned toward home. The rush of rebellion in his vein, the black feeling that he was doing a mean thing, had passed, leaving an easier conscience, if not a happier heart. The interview with Adelaide was still before him, tho, and he left the Hart Institute game pass without making his confession. The night following, he took her to the debate, exerting himself to be courteous, as if in payment for the blow he was to deal her later. Adelaide accepted these attentions with her usual calm, outwardly-indifferent air. She was a handsome girl, rather larger than the other second-year pupils, and carried herself with unusual dignity, altogether the sort of a girl to make a magnificent woman. But, despite her distant, regal manner, the blue eyes were eager and questioning, the sweet lips with two dimples at one corner, childlike and appealing. This, Billy was, of course, too young too notice. He merely felt the difference between her calmness and the impetuosity that made her older sister so lovable.

That night, after their return from the debate, he unlocked the front door for her, then blurted in confusion, glad of the darkness of the porch, "Adda, I wanted to tell you something. Marion made me prom-

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ise—I'm awful sorry, and please don't feel bad, but, honest, I can't help it."

"Well, whatever it is, don't make such a fuss about it," the girl remarked unperturbed. "I won't eat you."

The boy choked once, then went on desperately, unable to soften his words, "Well, I told Marion the other day that I'm batty about her, and not you at all, that, that I don't like you very well, and that I'm going to stop going with you."

Even his red-hot emotion and the darkness did not prevent his noticing Adelaide's queer choke as she stepped back from him. A hopeless silence fell on them, to be broken in a few moments by the girl's saying, almost calmly, "All right." Then she added, half mockingly, "I bow to your superior judgment."

After that, the unfolding of Marion's plan was harder than he had anticipated, but somehow he brought it out in desperate, broken phrases.

"Doggone it, Adda," he finished, genuinely sorry for the trouble he was causing, "I'm sore as I can be at myself, but I can't help it. If you think the scheme'll work, I'll be awful glad, and I'll try not to let folks know how I feel."

"Oh, sure, that's all right," Adelaide answered rather shortly, as she went into the house, slamming the door perhaps more than necessary.

Following this hasty dismissal, Billy fell to wondering whether he had not been too tender-hearted after all—whether it might not have been better had he broken away once and forever. But this course would involve absolute separation from Marion as well, and therefore was not to be thought of. Thus, in soreness of spirit, making sacrifice for the lady of his adoration, Billy set himself to fulfill to the letter his compact with Marion.

His first act, now that he had declared himself, was to provide a frame for the girl's picture. Heretofore, his outer loyalty to Adelaide had prevented sentimental contemplations of her sister, but now he was free to do as he pleased. So, gathering what money he could, he sneaked to the city one day, delighted at having outwitted his watchful mother. His elation received a severe blow, however, for his particular chum, Jim Harris, in

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most matters the welcome confidant, but for once entirely in the way, entered the elevated train at one of the stations and sat down beside him. During the ride to the city, Billy searched frantically for an excuse to "ditch" his friend. This made him act so queerly that Jim finally said with a laugh, "Say, old chap, if you think I'm going to butt in on any little private plans of your own, you needn't worry, because I'm going to get off at Chicago avenue."

"Aw, shut up!" Billy returned affectionately, yet laughing in relief.

Alone down town, he scoured the jeweler's stores, glancing about furtively, fearful lest he meet some acquaintance. Fortune favored him, however, and after two hours of busy examination, he found a frame that exactly fitted his ideas—of rich-looking silver, quite large and heavy, beautifully chased, with a lovely, purple velvet back, all, as luck would have it, for a "dollar forty-nine." Billy felt very proud and happy when finally he sat before Marion's smiling, adorable picture propped up on his desk.

As the weeks went on, he was delighted to find that, the ice once broken, the task of dropping Adelaide in a gentlemanly fashion was not so difficult after all. For one thing, she was a "dead game sport" as he told himself in grudging admiration, helping him in an entirely unsentimental fashion. Marion too, was a great assistance, cheering him on in her big-sister fashion, showing her appreciation of his efforts, tho at times too confident of the outcome of "her experiment." Yet the precious hours she allowed him were ample reward for the noble way he was acting toward Adda.

True to Marion's predictions, the bunch at school took little notice of the boy's change of heart. Only when, to conscientiously carry out his part, he asked other girls beside the Turner sisters to the high school affairs, was any attention paid to him. At first, he filled in these dates with the smaller and prettiest girl of them all, until she began to assume an entirely unwarranted air of proprietorship. Her sixteen-year-old manner toward Adelaide became so distinctly and amusingly patronizing that even Billy, in his masculine inattention,

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remaked the fact with disgust. Again he had to admit Adda's good air of carrying off an intended insult in a lordly, unnoticing way. Adda certainly was "right there" when it came to keeping up her dignity. So other damsels received favors from the good-looking young Billy as well. With the greatest seriousness, he counted up the records in his well-worn little date book, striving to keep the balance true, screwing his forehead late at night over such lists as this:

"Adda, Sun. Aft.
Jo Harris, Bird Club, Tues.
Marion, game Sat. at H. N. High.
Vivian, Sun. Aft.
Marion, walk home from school Wed.
Adda, debate Fri.
Adda, Sun. night."

and son on, until the poor boy's pencil was chewed into shreds.

"Glory," he would mutter, "I'm getting Adda in too many times there," and once, "I asked Grace Lang for Sunday night, and here I've got Adda down! I wonder if asked her, too!"

As it happened, he did ask both girls for the same date one week, a circumstance that worried him mightily. Finally he went to Adda's desk one afternoon and explained his mistake frankly. Adda, sitting straight before him, looked into his eyes almost questioningly for a moment, then she looked away, answering carelessly,

"Why, you can go to Grace's. It's all right with me."

But Billy felt vaguely that it was not all right with her, and from that day a feeling began to grow in him that it was not all right with him, either. The plan was working beautifully, it was true, but still there remained in him a vague unrest.

At last summer came, taking the Turner family from the city for three months. Billy had accustomed himself to regard this separation with a dread lightened only by the letters the two might exchange. But even this satisfaction was denied him, for one night in June,

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when he suggested the matter to the girl, she told him quickly,

"Indeed, I'm not going to write to you, Billy. I've been just waiting for these months. I'll be away from you to cure you of your foolishness. Now don't get mad. If you're not old enough to know you'll get over it, I am. In a way," she continued, thoughtfully, "I'll be sorry, of course. Girls like to have boys think they're crazy about them. But I do wish you could act like a brother to me."

This, of course, Billy indignantly refused to do, tho inwardly surprised at not feeling worse about it. Still he was entirely loyal to her, yes, indeed, and if he did enjoy being with other girls, a fellow couldn't be expected to deliberately make himself unhappy. Great Scott, he'd gone thru enough, without adding to it!

So the girls went away, leaving the boy to self-imposed rites on the altar of his affection performed usually before Marion's picture on his desk. He strove manfully to feel very miserable and lonely, but somehow, out on a hot, dirty field, playing glorious ball with the fellows, he managed to forget, in his excitement, the trouble that had come into his life. And in the cool of the lake, his entire body and spirit yielding to the soothing play of the waves, all thought of the hard affairs of the world were washed away.

Early in August he sent a picture post card to Adelaide, to play fair, he told himself, for he had sent similar missives to half a dozen girls he knew. He would have liked, of course, to send one to Marion, as well, but she had forbidden it, and anyway, Adda would show her's to her sister. After the card was posted, the boy began to feel nervous. Perhaps Adda would get sore at him for sending it; a kid never could tell what she was thinking. She had been haughty all spring, yet she had not turned him down, and his eyes, grown more watchful of late, had noticed that she didn't treat other boys any more cordially than she did him. Indeed, she had once confessed at a dance that her other partners bored her to death. These signs, of course, looked hopeful, that is, would have if he cared about having her like him, a possibility he still denied to himself.

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Curiously enough, tho, he waited anxiously for word from Adelaide, but he was doomed to disappointment. Weeks went by, and he received not even a post card.

Very often he was tempted to tell some of the fellows, Jim, at least, about the whole affair, but he shrank from doing it, for the reason, he supposed, that Jim had never "had a case" and therefore might not understand. One day he realized that he didn't want to tell his chum because the other boy had such a chivalrous heart that he would consider Billy's actions decidedly ungentlemanly. And so he did, when Billy, his secret grown too heavy to be borne alone, 'fessed up to his friend.

"Well, Bill," Jim stated frankly, his hand upon the shamefaced boy's shoulder, "I thought better of you, honest I did. It isn't only that you've made both Marion and Adelaide think you're a fool and a roughneck—it seems queer to me that you haven't sense enough to see that Adda's a peach. Now don't go think I have a crush on her," he added hastily, as Billy glanced up in surprise. "Gee, no. But she's got lots of sense—she isn't silly and light-headed the way most of these blessed marcelled creations are. Just because she doesn't spout nonsense all the time, you don't know enough to appreciate her." he ended alomst in disgust.

Billy jerked away angrily, ungratefully bidding Jim "shut up," but hours afterward—hours during which he had roamed moodily about the streets, for the first time in his life allowing the dinner-hour to pass unnoticed—he admitted the truth of his pal's remarks. Then vigorously he kicked a tree beside the walk, calling himself names until his mind was relieved.

At last, his strained face recording the storm he had passed thru, he went home to write to Adelaide. It must not, he resolved, be soft, and yet it must convey adequately his feelings. The early hours of morning were striking when at last he read the completed epistle, not a long production for so much effort, but entirely satisfactory:

"My Dear Adelaide," he had written, "kindly believe me when I say that I guess I've had a bum hunch

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and if you'll forgive me, please answer at once on a post card. Sincerely, W. R. SOMERS."

Five days had to elapse before an answer could possibly reach him. These Billy spent in a peevish unrest that drove his mother distracted, as she complained to her husband. Torturing pictures of Marion's gratified, big-sisterly expression, doubts as to Adda's reception of his overtures, hope, fear, eagerness, self-disgust, tore his mind. And then at last it came, brief, but so entirely characteristic of Adda that the boy felt entirely happy. The post card showed a view of the Turner's cottage, and underneath was written in the girl's carefully round hand, "Here's where we hang out," and on the other side, "All right. I hope you're satisfied. A. T."

With the precious card carefully put away in his important looking wallet, Billy rushed upstairs to his room and locked the door. Then he removed Marion's picture hastily, and with eager, trembling fingers fitted Adelaide's to the handsome "dollar forty-nine" silver frame.





THE ILLINOIS



Of the University of Illinois

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The golden hazes of this autumn promise a happy event for the sons and daughters of the University of Illinois. The first Fall Homecoming HOMECOMING of Illinois men and women is held this year, a beginning of a long series of annual gatherings of the loyal Illini.

Senior societies last year, the plan has grown to the stature of a most important occasion, appealing to the Illini wherever they may be. Fostered by the leaders of these societies and the Illinois Union, it has surpassed the hopes of its most ardent supporters.

The alumni and alumnae, and the friends of the University of Illinois throughout this land, are answering the clear, insistent call of their Alma Mater for their return; and when once again they wander over the campus, when they see the football men "hang it on Chicago," when they feel the old thrilling loyalty surging through their veins, they will be glad they are home with us again.

W. E. E.

THE ILLINOIS

Illinois loyalty has howled itself hoarse on the bleachers and lashed itself to a pitch of rousing enthusiasm long enough. It is time, if it is YOUR going to keep up its national reputation for CHANCE intensity and constancy, for it to show itself in some practical way. Every loyal Illini feels that he would like to do something for his Alma Mater, but just *how* and *what* is the puzzle. That question has received at least one answer in the movement for girl's dormitories. Now, as every one knows, the legislators are so rampant with the idea of making appropriations for the College of Agriculture, in order to catch the farmers' vote that they have no time to consider whether these same farmers' daughters, or their own daughters, for that matter, who come to Illinois are as well cared for as the stock on the University farm. The President says in his assuring and encouraging way that in twenty years the legislature may (mind you)—in twenty years the legislature *may* make an appropriation for dormitories. Twenty years! Alumni.

The average girl's social training comprises at least one seventh of her time. Are you going to let her acquire an undesirable training for the want of the direct supervision of a sympathetic, refined woman? The Dean of women does the best she can; but how is it possible for her to mother six or eight hundred girls who are scattered to the four winds of two towns?

We need dormitories, especially for our freshmen girls. Alumni, those who know the conditions, how long are you going to give your daughters into the tender care a hardened landlady? How long are you going to let them suffer the undesirable condition both dietetically and socially, which you had to endure during your college days? How long are your daughters, for want of a home-like place in which to live and entertain, going to be tempted to commit social errors placed under ban by the Woman's League? If the President's judgement of the legislature is correct, the method of devising a way lies with you. You are powerful in numbers and influence. There are those among you who can aid materially. Now that your opportunity has come, are you going to fail to demonstrate your loyalty?

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AMBITION.
BY GLADYS EADE '13.

Loud ambition called within me,
"Make thyself a mighty name;
Flaunt thy worth before all people;
Live thou in the fire of fame."

Soft with mild and sweet persistence,
Spring from seed by angel sown,
Came the all-subduing whisper—
"Be thou worthy to be known."



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After the Custer massacre, Sitting Bull and his followers fled over the Canadian boundary; but were shortly returned and placed by our government upon reservations at Standing Rock on the Missouri, and upon the Grand River. Bull's inveterate opposition to civilization and the white man continued as strong as ever, and his camp became the rallying point for the conservative and dissatisfied element that clung to the old order of things. This was despite the efforts of the war department, which—knowing of old his influence among the Sioux and its evil effects, had used every means in their power to limit it, and to deprive him of his chieftainship. To use an old army expression, he was treated no better than "a private in the rear rank". In any distribution of governmental favors he was passed by. Naturally he smarted under this treatment, and brooding over the loss of his old legitimate prestige, he awaited his opportunity.

It came during 1889 and 1890, when the strange craze generally known as the "Ghost Dance" spread among the Indians of the Northwest, sweeping from the Pacific eastward. It originated among the Piutes of Nevada, and with Wovokah, a tribal prophet, who—attacked by a serious fever in January, 1889, and labored under a prolonged delirium which first seized him during the total solar eclipse of that month,—imagined that he had been taken up into Heaven, and talked with the Messiah, had received the promise of a coming millenium, and had been returned to earth to announce it. "When the sun died," he declared, "I went up to Heaven and saw God and all the people who had died long time ago. God told me to come back and tell my people they must be good and love one another and not fight or steal or lie. He gave me this dance to give to my people." During 1890 he continued to fall asleep, dream, and give out messages, all Christian-like as the first. Delegates were sent from the several eastern tribes, in all of which the news of the Messiah had caused intense excitement, to ascertain its truth; in every case they returned convinced, and their people began to dance. He told them, "When you get home you must make a dance to continue five consecutive nights; on the morning of the fifth day all

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must bathe in the river and then disperse to their homes. I will give you a rain which will make you feel good, and a good spirit and good paint. The Messiah says when our friends die you must not cry. You must not hurt anybody. You must not fight. Do right always. Jesus is now upon the earth. He appears like a cloud. The dead are all alive again. I do not know when they will be here; maybe this fall or in the spring. When the time comes there will be no more sickness and everyone will be young again. Do not tell the whites about this. Do not refuse to work for them and do not make any trouble until you leave them. When the earth shakes at the coming of the new world do not be afraid it will hurt you.

"I want you to dance every six weeks. Make a feast at the dance that every one may eat. Then bathe in the water. Come to me in six months and you will receive good words again."

The great underlying principle of the ghost dance doctrine was that the whole Indian race, living and dead, was to be reunited upon a regenerated earth, in a life of aboriginal and unqualified happiness, in which the alien, secondary, and hardly real white race had no part. The date, first set as the spring of 1891, was afterward held indefinite.

Nothing could be in greater contrast than the original commands of peace and good-will formulated in this doctrine, and Sitting Bull's version of it. His whole aim was to take advantage of it to reestablish his supremacy among his people. He was aided by many causes for discontent. The political shifting of 1884 had brought about the appointment of a vast number of inexperienced agents. A treaty negotiated by General Crook for a further cession of land evoked much bitter opposition. Their crops failed entirely, owing to enforced neglect during the drafting of the treaty, while Congress immediately cut down their beef allowance nearly one-half, adding partial starvation to their sorrows. In the previous year disease had greatly diminished their cattle. Now in rapid succession came epidemics of measles, grippe, and whooping-cough, with terribly fatal results, especially among the children. All in all sullenness and

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gloom amounting almost to despair settled down on the Sioux, especially the wilder portion. And then came Sitting Bull, preaching resistance to the whites, with his tenet that the Millenium must be hastened and anticipated by force.

During the summer and part of the autumn of 1890, I was in command of the military post of Fort Yates, N. D., on the Missouri some sixty miles below Bismarek. The garrison consisted of four companies of the 12th and two troops of the 8th cavalry. The military reservation, less than one mile square, was completely surrounded by the Standing Rock Indian Reservation, the agency of which was immediately adjacent to the fort. Major James McLaughlin had for several years been the agent. By his intimate knowledge of Indian character, his great tact in dealing with his charge, his fair and just treatment, and his judicious efforts to better the condition of the Indians he had become possessed of great power and influence among the Sioux. He had an enthusiastic co-worker in his wife, a half-breed and the granddaughter of a Sioux chief.

Early in October Major McLaughlin informed me of the presence on Grand River of Kicking Bear, a Cheyenne high priest of the Ghost Dance, who had come by invitation of Sitting Bull to inaugurate it and initiate his followers into the new religion. McLaughlin sent some of his Indian police to arrest Bear, but they returned without him, fearing to make the arrest on account of his evil medicine. Bull's influence was increasing rapidly, and his teachings becoming pernicious. Early in 1890 a Mrs. Blank had appeared at the agency and presented credentials from a certain well-known society. Soon after her arrival it was noticed that Sitting Bull was giving dances and distributing presents lavishly, and that as a consequence his followers were increasing. In view of the fact that it had been the policy of the Indian department to clip his wings so that for several years he had been unable to take any extended flights in the affairs of his tribe on account of his poverty—in fact, he was as poor as the proverbial church mouse—this was puzzling. Major McLaughlin on investigation found that Bull's source of wealth was this Mrs. Blank, who had

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become infatuated with him, believing him a hero and martyr. In addition to supplying Bull with money it was she who was instilling into him her ideas as to his heroism and martyrdom. She was remonstrated with and McLaughlin and I successively ordered her from the Indian and military reservations. She then established herself on the Cannon Ball river, the northern boundary of the Sioux reservation, where Sitting Bull frequently visited her. In his new leadership Bull was now preaching the near approach of the Indian millenium, when the white race would be annihilated and the redman again supreme. He said that this would come in the spring when the grass was green. The great spirit had inflicted the white upon them as a punishment; their sins were now forgiven, and the time of deliverance was near at hand; they would have the help of all the Indians who had died before, whose spirits were now on their way to the earth, driving before them plenty of buffalo and ponies. The white man's powder would no longer have the power to drive a bullet through the skin of an Indian; the whites themselves would soon be overwhelmed in a deep landslide, and the few who escaped would become small fishes in the river. Although Kicking Bear was dismissed, the Ghost Dance was at once organized, the Indians gave up all industrial pursuits, and the time was spent in dancing and purification-bathing. This last was a rude Turkish bath, after taking which the Indian painted and donned his Ghost-Shirt, supposedly impervious to bullets. The Dance was a slow shuffling step, accompanied by a monotone chant.

“Father, have pity for me,
I am dying of thirst,
All is gone—I have nothing to eat.”

Dancing in general is of great importance and frequency among Indians. They dance in victory or in defeat; when happy or when sad; to bring rain or to stop it. They dance on the slightest ordinary provocation, especially when that provocation consists in a few pounds of sugar, bread, or meat.

As each day passed it became evident that the

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sooner Bull could be removed from among the Indians of the Standing Rock reservation the fewer hostilities there would be to encounter when the final outbreak by force came. However, through the efforts of McLaughlin, his wife, and some loyal chiefs, the tide of fanaticism was as yet confined to the upper Grand River. Nevertheless everything was put in shape at the fort for a quick movement of the cavalry, accompanied by the Gatling and Hotchkiss guns. Grain and cooked rations, fur overcoats, horse-covers and extra ammunition—all were packed ready to be loaded. McLaughlin quietly send his Indian police by small parties to points on the Grand River above and below Bull's house. They were scattered for some miles, ostensibly cutting timber, but really keeping a close watch over him and his partisans. Meanwhile, since October Sitting Bull had not once, as was his custom, appeared at the agency to secure the rations issued there every second Saturday. No inducement could tempt him to come; and thus one of the schemes for his detention was frustrated, for in the event of his coming in I should have surrounded him with troops and arrested him.

On November 25, Lieut. Col. Wm. T. Drum relieved me of my primacy in command, which I was more than glad to turn over to him. Orders coming in November and December put the whole conduct of affairs in his capable hands.

In December also, McLaughlin, who with Drum had intended to have Bull arrested without delay, and who had arranged to have the event take place on the next issue day, was instructed to wait by a telegram from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The Indians were daily growing more desperate and turbulent, while a rigid quarantine of the fort had been rendered necessary by the prevalence of measles and scarlet fever. We chafed under the delay, as we felt that each day of waiting only added to the difficulties of the situation. Our anxiety was quieted by the receipt of the following telegram on the afternoon of December 12th:

Headquarters Department of Dakota

St. Paul, Minn., December 12, 1890.

To the Commanding Officer, Fort Yates, North Dakota:

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The Division Commander has directed that you make it your especial duty to secure the person of Sitting Bull. Call on the Indian Agent to co-operate and render such assistance as will best promote the purpose in view.

By command of General Ruger,

M. BARBER, Assistant Adjutant General.

After consulting with Major McLaughlin, who adhered to his idea that it was best to make the arrest on an issue day, Colonel Drum consented to wait until the 20th, which was the next ration drawing day. Plans were so laid; but an event came which caused us to act before the 20th, as the sequel will show.

On the 14th, about 6 P. M., as we were enjoying our afternoon cigars beside our comfortable fire-sides, "Officer's Call" rang out loud and shrill on the clear frosty air. In a few minutes all the officers of the fort were assembled in Colonel Drum's office. He informed us briefly that the attempt to capture Sitting Bull was to be made that night. He then turned to me and said, that the command of the troops going out would be given to me; that my orders would be made out in a short time, and that my command would move at midnight. Instructions were at once given to load the wagon and to serve hot supper for the men at 11 o'clock.

After seeing that my orders were in process of execution, I went over to Colonel Drum's house to ascertain the cause of the change of program. I found Major McLaughlin with the Colonel and learned that Henry Bullhead, Lieutenant of Indian Police, had sent word to the Agent that Sitting Bull was evidently making preparations to leave the reservation as he had prepared packs and fitted his horses as if for a long and hard ride.

I was told that couriers had already started with orders to Lieutenant Bullhead to concentrate his men near Sitting Bull's house; to arrest him at daybreak, place him in a wagon and move with all speed to Oak Creek, where my forces would be found and turn the prisoner over to my custody. Also, that the Lieutenant had been instructed to send a scout to await my arrival at Oak Creek, to let me know that the police had received their orders and to give me any information that it might

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be for my interest to know. By this time my written order had been handed me.

I found that it directed me to proceed to Oak Creek, and there await the arrival of the Indian Police with Sitting Bull. This seemed faulty to me, as Oak Creek was 18 miles from Grand River, and my force would not be in supporting distance of the police if there should be a fight. Moreover, if Bull should succeed in escaping from the police, he would have the start of at least 30 miles in the race for the "Bad Lands" which would ensue. In our previous plan we had expected that the majority of the Indians would be in at the Agency drawing rations, when the arrest was attempted; but it was now apparent that we would have to confront all of Sitting Bull's adherents, and I contended that the cavalry should be pushed clear to the front.

After some discussion, Colonel Drum and Major McLaughlin agreed to let me advance some 10 or 12 miles beyond Oak Creek. I was not satisfied and so expressed myself.

The squadron moved out promptly at midnight. I had mounted after bidding Colonel Drum good-bye, when he stepped to the side of my horse and putting his hand on mine, said, "Captain, after you leave here, use your own discretion. You know the object of the movement; do your best to make it a success."

My command consisted of "F" and "G" Troops, 8th Cavalry, a detachment of Artillery—one Gatling gun and one Hotchkiss breech loading rifle—and for transportation, one four-horse spring wagon and one red-cross ambulance.

For the first four miles the squadron moved at a quick walk; a halt was made and the men told to fix their saddles and arms securely, as I intended to make a rapid ride to Oak Creek. On reaching the creek about 4:30 A. M., I was greatly surprised and concerned to find that the scout whom Lieutenant Bullhead had been directed to send to meet me had not arrived. Although bewildered, I realized that there was but one thing to do—to push my command to Grand River, still some 18 miles to the front, and act according to the situation found. The "gallop" was the gait from this time on. I

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was pushing the animals, but still not too fast to impair pursuit beyond the river, should I find that Sitting Bull had escaped.

Just in the gray of the dawn a mounted man was discovered approaching rapidly. He proved to be one of the police, who reported that all the other police had been killed. I forwarded to General Drum the substance of his report, with the additional statement that I would move rapidly and endeavor to relieve any of the police who might be alive. This courier, by the way, was mounted on the famous white horse given to Sitting Bull by Buffalo Bill.

The men at once prepared for action by stowing away their overcoats and fur gloves. While they were doing this, I rode along the line, taking a good look at each man. Their bearing was such as to inspire me with the greatest confidence. The squadron was then at once advanced in two columns, the artillery between the heads ready for deployment. The line had just commenced the forward movement when another of the police came in and reported that Sitting Bull's people had a number of the police penned up in his house; that they were nearly out of ammunition and could not hold out much longer.

At this time we could hear some firing. In a few minutes we were in a position on the highlands overlooking the valley of Grand River, with Sitting Bull's house surrounded by the camp of the ghost dancers immediately in front and some twelve hundred yards distant.

The firing continued and seemed to be from three different and widely separated points from the house, from a clump of timber beyond the house, and from a party of apparently 40 or 50 on our right front. At first there was nothing to indicate the position of the police; our approach had apparently not been noticed by either party. The prearranged signal (a white flag) was displayed, but not answered. I then ordered Brooks to drop a shell between the house and the clump of timber just beyond. It may be well to state here that the Hotchkiss gun would not have been up on the line at this time but for the courage and presence of mind of Hospital Steward August Nickel. In going into position over

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some very rough ground, the gun was overturned and the harness broken, so that the animal drawing it became detached. Steward Nickel, a man of exceptional physical strength, coming up with his red-cross ambulance and seeing the plight the gun was in, seated himself on the bottom of the ambulance, bracing his feet against the tail-gate, took a good grip with his hands on the shafts, told his driver to go ahead, and in this way dragged the gun up to the line.

The shell from the gun had the desired effect, and a white flag was seen displayed from the house. Slocum and Steele, with their men dismounted, advanced into the valley, directly on the house; Crowder, with "G" troop, was ordered to move along the crest and protect the right flank of the dismounted line. Brooks threw a few shells into the timber, and also against the party which had been on our right front, but which was now moving rapidly into and up the valley.

As Slocum's line approached the house, the police came out and joined it. The line thus reinforced, was pushed into the timber and after some sharp fighting, succeeded in dislodging the hostiles, who retreated precipitately up the valley. I had moved with this line and in passing the house had noticed Sitting Bull's body lying on the ground, which assured me that the object of the expedition had been more than accomplished. As it was my desire not to alarm the Indians in the upper valley, I caused the lines to fall back to the vicinity of the house, leaving pickets at the farthest point gained by the advance.

On returning, when the advance fell back, I saw evidence of a most desperate encounter. In front of the house, and within a radius of fifty yards, were the bodies of eight dead Indians, including that of Sitting Bull, and two dead horses. In the house were four dead police men and three wounded, the squaws of Sitting Bull, who were in a small house nearby, kept up a great wailing.

I proceeded at once to investigate the causes which brought about the tragedy. Inquiry showed that the police entered the house about 5:50 A. M., and arrested Sitting Bull. He occupied considerable time in dressing, and at first accepted his arrest quietly; but while dress-

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ing, his son, Crowfoot, commenced upbraiding him for agreeing to go with the police. On this Bull became obstinate and refused to go. After some parleying, the police removed him by force to the outside of the house and found themselves and their prisoner in the midst of the whole crowd of Ghost Dancers, frenzied with rage.

The policemen reasoned with the crowd, gradually forcing them back, thus increasing the open circle considerably; but Sitting Bull kept calling upon his people to rescue him from the police; that if the two principle men, Bull Head and Shave Head, were killed, the others would run away, and be finally called out for them to commence the attack. Whereupon Catch-the-Bear and Strike-the-Kettle, two of Sitting Bull's men, dashed through the crowd and fired.

Lieutenant Bullhead was standing on one side of Sitting Bull and Sergeant Shave Head on the other, with Sergeant Red Tomahawk behind to prevent escape. Catch-the-Bear's shot struck Bullhead on the right side, and he instantly wheeled and shot Sitting Bull, hitting him in the left side, between the tenth and eleventh ribs, and Strike-the-Kettle's shot having passed through Shave Head's abdomen, all three fell together. Catch-the-Bear, who fired the first shot, was immediately shot down by Private Lone-man. The fight now became general. The police gained possession of the house and stables, and drove the Ghost Dancers to cover in the timbers nearby. From these positions the fight was kept up until the arrival of my command.

While engaged in the investigation, breakfast had been prepared for the men and grain given the horses. Going to the cook fire for a cup of coffee, which I had just raised to my lips, I was startled by the exclamations of the police, and on looking up the road to where they pointed, saw one of the Ghost Dancers on horseback in full war array, including the "ghost shirt," not eighty yards distant. In a flash the police opened fire upon him, at which he turned his horse and in an instant was out of sight in the willows. Coming into view again some four hundred yards further on, another volley was sent after him. Still further on he passed between two of my picket posts, both of which fired at him. From all of this

fire he escaped unharmed, only to fall at Wounded Knee two weeks afterward.

It was ascertained that this Indian had deliberately ridden up to our line to draw the fire, to test the invulnerability of the "Ghost shirt," as he had been told by Sitting Bull that the "Ghost shirt" worn in battle would be a perfect shield against the bullets of the white man. He, with some others, of the most fanatical of the party fled south, joining Big Foot's band. He was one of the most impetuous of those urging the Chief not to surrender to Colonel Sumner, but to go south and unite with the Indians in the "Bad Lands," backing up his arguments by the story of the trial of his shirt. Who can tell but that the sanguinary conflict at Wounded Knee, December 28th, would have been averted if the Indian police had been better marksmen, and had brought down that daring Indian.

The excitement over the bold act of the ghost dancer had scarcely died away, when another commotion was raised by the discovery of two young boys concealed in the house where the squaws were. They were found under a pile of buffalo robes and blankets, on which several squaws were seated. These boys were taken to the Agency and turned over to Major McLaughlin—not murdered before the eyes of the women, as one newspaper account of the time stated.

About 1 P. M., the squadron commenced the return march. Before leaving, the bodies of the hostiles were laid away in one of the houses and the squaws of Sitting Bull released, they having been under guard during our stay.

Well knowing that they would communicate with their friends on the withdrawal of the troops, I sent a message to the hostiles, to the effect that if they would return and stay peaceably in their homes they would not be molested. The dead and wounded Indian Police and the remains of Sitting Bull were taken with the command to the post.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINDOM OF HEAVEN."

BY MARIE GOEBEL, '11.

Elizabeth was playing house. She had a large house just like Mamma's, only it was built of leaves, while Mamma's was made of sandstone. It was really nicer than a regular house because you could change it around to suit yourself, and you could not do that with a real one. Then Elizabeth had a large family—which was also different from Mamma, for she only had Elizabeth. She did not have a husband, either, therefore Elizabeth never had one when she played, for it would not have been fair. Anyway it was really nicer, for if you didn't have a husband, lots of gentlemen came to see you. In fact, two were waiting downstairs, now, while Elizabeth was dressing. To be sure, they were only dolls and wore sailor suits at that, yet they did very well as men. Mamma said they were better than real men, and she ought to know, for she had lots of them come to see her. Sometimes they sent her candy and even flowers. What fun it must be to be a big lady and have all those things. Elizabeth tugged at her short hair viciously and looked at her image in the doll's mirror. Oh, why had they made her have the "Dutch cut. Now, although she might put on long skirts, she could never even play she was a really truly lady, for she could not wear a "rat". It was a dreadful shame. As fast as she put her hair up it would fall down again, for it was an unwritten law with the "Dutch cut" that the underneath was shorter than that on top.

Elizabeth suddenly realized that she had been keeping the gentlemen waiting an unpardonable length of time. She felt most awfully confused. Perhaps they would guess that she had been powdering her nose, or putting on a smaller pair of slippers! Gathering up her skirts, she rustled softly down the stairs. She had heard Mr. de Guigney say that the whispering of a lady's skirts as she came down the stairs always filled his heart with something, she could not remember what. Now she wanted the waiting gentlemen to feel the same way.

As she was about to enter the drawing room the approaching clatter of horse's hoofs rang out hard on the

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sun-baked adobe road. Elizabeth dropped the folds of the imaginary portieres, and ran to the front of the garden, leaving the hearts of the unhappy suitors to flutter unappeased. What mattered mere dolls when here was the Brown Gentleman approaching. Elizabeth was sure it was he, for every afternoon when the purple shadows on the mountains began to grow long, and the white dome of the Observatory on Mt. Hamilton began to sparkle, he would ride by. He was very handsome, the handsomest man Elizabeth had ever seen; tall and dark, with a beautiful brown beard, and he rode the handsomest horse you ever could imagine. Elizabeth watched for him every day, and wished that he would look in and see her, but he never did. One day Elizabeth had managed to take from the kitchen the wonderful wire egg-boiler that could be turned into so many shapes. She had fixed it in the form of a water lily, and with it on her head, had stood on one foot on the porch steps, with both arms outstretched. She had hoped the Brown Gentleman would look and see her with the lovely, gracefully curved egg-boiler on her head; but he had not even looked.

The clatter of the hoofs grew louder; the Brown gentleman must be just around the curve of the road. Now, now he came into sight. Enraptured, Elizabeth watched him. But what was this? Could she really and truly believe her eyes? He was drawing up his horse, he was stopping at the gate, he was actually dismounting. Now he threw the reins over the post and came up the path towards Elizabeth. She stood there watching him, touching the wall of the house to make sure that she was not dreaming.

"How do you do, Miss—— Oh, pardon me. I really do not believe that I know your name."

The Brown Gentleman was speaking to her, yes, really speaking to her. She could hardly believe her ears. But he was silent, waiting for her to say something.

"I'm Elizabeth Clement," she announced. "And you?" very sweetly.

"I'm Stanley Fobes, and I'm mighty glad to meet you, Miss Elizabeth. I may call you Miss Elizabeth, may

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I not? It sounds so much prettier than Miss Clement, and so much less formal."

How engaging he was! He didn't seem to think she was a little girl at all. That was the sort of man to be.

"You don't even have to call me 'Miss,'" she volunteered graciously. "You may say just plain Elizabeth."

"That is the very best of all," he replied in a grave voice.

Elizabeth was frankly delighted. The Brown Gentleman couldn't have been a bit nicer. Why, he treated her as though she were a real, honest-alive, grown-up lady! Could anything be better?

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Elizabeth," the deep voice broke in upon her thoughts.

"Not in the least," she replied. (She had learned that from Mamma! It sounded so nice.) "I was just having two gentlemen call on me; but that doesn't matter. They can wait. It won't hurt them. That's what Mamma says."

Mr. Fobes looked ever so funny. "I didn't know you received callers, Elizabeth," he remarked.

"Oh, well, I've known them since I was a little child, and that kind doesn't count. Mamma always says so. Anyway, they're only dolls."

Just then the door opened and Mamma came out on the porch, laughing: "How do you do, Mr. Fob. Is the young lady so bewitching that you have not so much as a smile for an old one like me? Is **that** the penalty of friendship?"

The Brown Gentleman smiled up at Mamma and took Elizabeth's hand.

"Good-bye, Elizabeth," he murmured. "I hope that even if I am not a doll I may call on you some day." He took a flower from his buttonhole. "Won't you wear that for me?" he added. Then he went up the steps to Mamma.

The weeks that followed were like one long dream to Elizabeth. At first the Brown Gentleman stopped only once in a while, although he rode by every day. Elizabeth liked him better and better. He always had something nice in his pocket; sometimes a top, sometimes some

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pictures, and again some candy. But all the time he himself was growing nicer than Elizabeth had ever even dared dream he would be. She had decided long ago that she liked him better than anyone next to Mamma; better, even, than the milkman, and that was saying a great deal, for the milkman was awfully nice. He could whistle "Yankee Doodle" on a pencil, and could say "Deuce, darn, devil, damn" quicker than anyone except the vegetable boy. To be sure, she had never asked the Brown Gentleman whether he could do those things but she was sure he could;—otherwise he could not possibly be so nice. Anyway, she was sure she liked him as well as Mary, the cook, liked John and she only hoped that some day he would give her a ring, the way John had. Then she would be sure that she would never lose him; that was what Mary said about John. To be sure the Brown gentleman always asked for Mamma, when he came, but that was probably only because he wanted to be polite. You always had to be polite to older people, so Mamma said. As it was, he was lots nicer to her than he was to anyone else. Sometimes he would let her have a ride on his beautiful black horse, and once he had taken her and Mamma out driving. That had been a very wonderful day, indeed. Mamma had been so gay and jolly, she had not even frowned the least little bit, and she must have said lots of funny things, for Mr. Fobes kept laughing all the time. Once he had muttered, "the dear little woman." Elizabeth was sure he meant her, for he was holding her very fast, although of course she was not used to being called a woman.

One day a dreadful thing happened. Elizabeth woke up with a bad headache and feeling so hot that she did not know what to do. They sent for a doctor, a great big, horrid-looking man, who scared her most awfully. She was ever so afraid he would open his black bag and cut her open with something he had inside. The cook had once said that you never could tell what a doctor would do. He did not do that, however. He just put a glass thing in her mouth, took it out again and looked at it and the red spots that had come out all over her, and said she had measles. Mamma began to wipe her eyes and say: "The poor, dear, little thing! Now I

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suppose she will have to stay in a dark room with a nurse,—and it will be just dreadful.”

The mention of a dark room had frightened Elizabeth so that she had begun to cry, too, and then she felt as though she were just burning up. The doctor had been very nice. He had promised to send her some ice-cream, and to bring his watch with bells when he came again. Then he went away. In a little while a pretty lady in a white dress and cap came; she made Elizabeth cool and comfortable, and told her the loveliest stories. Just now she was telling one about a beautiful princess and a prince with long brown curls who—

“Stop, please,” Elizabeth commanded. “I want to think.” The lady seemed surprised, but she stopped.

Elizabeth closed her eyes. Why, she had nearly forgotten about Mr. Fobes in all the excitement! What would she do now that she could not see him? For ever and ever so long she had watched him ride by each day, and now she could not so much as look out of the window! It was perfectly dreadful. Why, he might even forget her! Then, too, he would have to see Mamma alone, and that would not be proper. Mamma had said so herself. Once when Mr. Fobes had come early, Elizabeth had talked to him in the library for a while, and Mamma had come in laughing: “So you are alone with the young lady? Mr. Fobes, Mr. Fobes, I shall surely have to scold you. Don’t you know that is not proper? I can’t bring my daughter up in that way.” Ever since that day Elizabeth had always gone in when Mr. Fobes had called. And now Mamma would have to be alone with him! It would never, never do, for she was young, awfully young, and the prettiest lady in town. It was dangerous to be pretty; Mamma had said so.

Just then the bell rang far below. In a few minutes there was a knock at Elizabeth’s door, and the nurse brought a box to her bed.

“Flowers for you, Elizabeth,” she said. “Dear, dear! You are beginning early.”

Elizabeth sat up quickly and untied the wrappings. She lifted off the cover and there, in a cool bed of ferns, lay the most beautiful pink roses she had ever seen. Tucked in among them was a little white note. She

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handed it to the nurse. "Read it, quick! Please!" The nurse opened it.

"My dear little Elizabeth," she read. "You never can begin to guess how sorry I was when Mamma telephoned me that you were ill. I cannot think of my bright little girl lying in a dark room instead of sitting on my knee and chatting so gayly. It is a dreadful shame that you have to be cooped up there. I only hope that it will not have to be for long, and that in a few days you will again be able to go for a ride on Jim. I am sending you a rose or two, and I hope that they will make the darkness seem brighter. Do you remember what I told you about pink roses?"

Ever your friend,

STANLY FOBES."

Elizabeth lay back in her pillows. She did not notice how the nurse slipped the flowers into a tall green vase and stood them beside the bed. She could only think about what Mr. Fobes had said about pink roses. She had asked him yesterday what kind of flowers he liked best, and he had said: "Pink roses. I think they are the most beautiful of all. I never give them to anyone except the girl I love." Now he had sent her some, and that meant that he loved her. How happy she was! She would wait until she was a big lady like Mamma, and then she would marry him. In the meantime she would try and grow big just as fast as ever she could.

But the funniest thing was happening now. The roses seemed to be going farther and farther away. What could that mean? Elizabeth put out her hand to touch them, but at that moment Mr. Fobes appeared from somewhere, took her hand and led her walking along a lane where pink roses nodded at her from every side.

When Elizabeth awoke the room was very dark, except for a streak of light that fell through the half-open door and played with the shadows in the white curtains on the other side of the room. The cool breeze swayed the curtains and changed the dark spots from one fantastic shape to another. For a moment Elizabeth could not remember where she was; then, slowly, it came

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back to her. The far-away sound of voices floated up to her from the lower floor, in the faint tones of dream-folk. She wondered who was talking and what they were saying. She sat up in bed, clasped her arms around her knees, and listened. One voice was low and sweet, it sounded like Mamma's; the other was deep and—it was Mr. Fobes! Mr. Fobes, her own Mr. Fobes was downstairs! He must be talking to Mamma,—probably alone, and that was not proper. She must go down. She must see him. This would never, never do; especially after he had sent her the pink roses. She slipped out of bed. Her head was hot and dizzy; she could hardly stand up. It did not matter; see Mr. Fobes she would. Very softly she felt her way along the hall and crept down the stairs. A soft light streamed out of the drawing-room into the hall. They must be in there. She went up to the door, and, half hiding behind the portieres, she looked in. There—there—could she believe her eyes? There was Mr. Fobes with Mamma in his arms!—For a moment it seemed to Elizabeth that she could not breathe. A hot wave swept over her and choked her; a great black gulf threatened to swallow her up. How mean everyone was! She hated herself, she hated Mamma, and most of all she hated Mr. Fobes. And he had sent her the pink roses! In despair she cried out: "What is the meaning of this?" just as she had heard Mamma cry when she was most annoyed.

Mamma and Mr. Fobes wheeled about, and when they saw Elizabeth Mamma rushed up and caught her in her arms. "My poor little darling," she cooed. "Why, you'll kill yourself by coming down like this. What does Mamma's sweetheart want?"

Elizabeth freed herself. "I'm not your sweetheart, or your darling, or your anything else, an' I want to know what this means.—I though you said I was your little girl, an' I thought you sent me the pink roses 'cause you loved me," she cried, turning to Mr. Fobes.

He picked her up, and, once in his arms, she could restrain herself no longer, but sobbed as though her heart would break. "I do, little Elizabeth," he was whispering, "I love you so much that I can think of nothing more beautiful than to be your father. Won't you let

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me be that? Then I can be with you all the time and I shall never have to go away again. We can be happy all day long. You see, don't you dear, and you will forgive me?"

Elizabeth considered this new aspect of affairs between her sobs. He loved her just the same, and he wanted to be her father so that he would never have to go away again. That was different. Perhaps—perhaps after all that might be better than having to wait until she was grown up. That would take a long time, he might be old then; why, he might even have grey hair and not be the Brown Gentleman at all. People did that when they grew old. Anyway, if she let him be her father she could have him around always, and if she waited, she could not.

Now he was whispering: "Elizabeth, you love me, don't you? and you want me to be with you always. Come, forgive me for making you unhappy."

He sounded so nice and kind, so different from the way he had sounded ever before. Elizabeth stole a glance at him. He seemed to be begging her with his eyes, too. Who could withstand him? Her feminine instinct of forgiveness rose and met his appeal. She threw her arms about his neck and whispered: "Yes, I'll forgive you this time, an' I'll take you for a father. I've always wanted one, anyway. But don't you ever do such a thing again without asking my advice."



THE BLOOD TIE.

BY C. F. CARTWRIGHT, '11.

When Bannister's regiment was ordered home from the Philippines some six months after Aguinaldo's surrender, because the lazy, shiftless life of the East had gotten into his blood, and also, because the home-call, which seemed to reach across half a world of blue ocean, bidding the other men to await impatiently the command to embark in the stuffy little collier which was to carry them back to God's Country was, in his case, missing, Bannister took counsel with himself and decided to act.

And so it happened that when the first sergeant called the roll the next morning, he placed a little cross mark opposite one of the B's and when he turned in his report to the Captain, it contained a memorandum, "Private Bannister absent from roll-call."

And when two more roll-calls had passed and two more cross marks were registered opposite Bannister's name, the Captain reported a deserter from his company and Bannister's description was scattered through the army with orders to take him and hold him for court-martial. Then Bannister's company, including his own bunk-mate promptly forgot the incident in the excitement of embarkation and Bannister became only a memory to his comrades, a profitable subject of discussion, beginning with, "I wonder what struck Banty", and ending likewise.

In the meantime, Bannister, literally speaking, had allowed no grass to grow under his feet. Manila was not a safe place for an American deserter and Bannister had no relish for close confinement. With the assistance of a betel-chewing, Aguinaldo sympathizer, he smuggled himself out of the town and the next morning found himself on the road which leads to Morong. His idea was to reach the hill country of Nueva Ecija, where his new found friend had assured him there were still numerous villages, where no Americanos were ever seen and where he could lose himself with small danger of ever being picked up by a stray foraging party of his countrymen. So he made a detour around Morong and sleeping

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in the rice fields by day, and traveling by night, made his way northward.

For two weeks he travelled in this manner, using his smattering of Spanish and his blarneying grin to the best advantage and then, one morning at sunrise, having, three days previously, skirted around the last American garrison, he entered the dirty little village of Manito.

And here it was that Way of the American Export Company, found him six months later.

Those six months had made many changes in Bannister. His army boots were worn out, his khaki suit had been discarded in favor of the more comfortable native dress of a shirt and breeches, his beard had grown, and the spots on him which were not covered by hair, had been tanned to nearly the color of his companions, but still, with all this, Way had recognized a countryman in him immediately, for neither time, nor a tropical sun could shrink his stature to the size of the little, spindle-legged black men, nor flatten his nose, nor give his countenance that peculiar hideous expression of half fierceness and half cunning.

"Hullo!" he called, as Way, followed by a luggage bearing muchacho, came up the same path, which he had trod six months earlier.

Way paused. Bannister lazily rolled a cigarette, took a whiff, and eyed Way questioningly.

"A little off the regular beat, ain't you?" he finally remarked.

"Yes," Way admitted. "My people sent me up here to introduce some American farming implements."

Bannister laughed. "More money in tobacco or cutlery," he said. "Only you may git one of your own knives between the ribs if you ain't careful."

"The Governor-General assured me that this country was as safe as Fifth Avenue," Way replied.

"Things happen up in the hills that the Governor don't ever hear of. For instance, I've been up here six months, and he's still got his johnnies keeping an eye on some gin shop down Manila way, 'specting me to walk out some day."

"You seem safe enough," Way argued.

"Oh, yes, I'm safe enough," Bannister admitted. "You see, they think I'm an Aguinaldo man, though I

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says to myself, to h—ll with Aggie and all the rest of 'em. I'm up here 'cause it suits me. Down there, I was Private Bannister, up here I'm Senor Bannister, as good a man as any in this dinky little luego, an' a darned sight better than most. 'Sides I've married and settled down. I've got a mujer inside here."

Way glanced at the group of ugly little black men who had crowded around, eyeing him suspiciously, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, she's a little different from the common run of these little devils," Bannister assured him. "Fact is, she's more Spanish than anything else, I reckon. Still she's got a strain of something else in her. You can see her in a minute. Ven aca, querida mai," he called over his shoulder.

Presently a woman came out of the hut. She glanced at Bannister and then turned her eyes on Way and regarded him steadily, though without speaking. She was dressed much as Bannister, the only difference being that the native saya took the place of breeches.

Way's first impression was that she was Spanish, tanned a shade darker than usual by the tropical sun and he could not suppress a momentary gleam of admiration for her splendid physical development. Then he noted the yellowness of her palm, which showed Tagal blood, and inspite of her comeliness of face and the unquestioned beauty of her large, brown eyes, he cast a glance, half of pity, half of condemnation at Bannister. There were unnumbered centuries of Caucasian purity of race behind the glance and Bannister, without understanding why, stirred uneasily under it.

The woman turned and looked at Bannister anxiously, and Way noted the flash of passionate solicitude which gleamed from her eyes.

"Amigo," said Bannister quietly, and she turned and re-entered the hut.

During the next two months, Way and Bannister saw much of each other. Way, with his muchacho as man of all work, established himself in a deserted, rice-straw bungalow and Bannister soon got into the custom of dropping in on him in the cool of the evening, to sit, rolling cigarettes and talking.

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Way never visited Bannister in his hut, though he occasionally passed his *mujer* in the various paths which ran out from the village, and he soon became vaguely conscious that she regarded him with both distrust and dislike. He had no means of knowing that the one was caused by the girl's native distrust of Americans, which even her relations with Bannister had not entirely removed, or rather, had caused her to view all Americans as Bannister's natural enemies, since they were the only ones whom he seemed to fear, and the other, by her jealousy of the time Bannister spent in his company.

One day, a squad of American soldiers appeared suddenly in the village and Bannister barely had time to escape by one of the footpaths, which led further up into the mountains. Way said nothing of Bannister's presence, not considering it any of his affair and the squad soon departed, not, however, before the sergeant had given Way a piece of advice.

"Better pack your things and come along with us," he said. "There's no telling what these niggers may do at any time, and it ain't safe for one white man to be too far away from another in these hills."

"Oh, I guess I'm safe enough," Way replied.

"You can't tell," the sergeant insisted. "If they get you at all, it'll be when you least expect it. Look at that wench out there, now," he added, pointing to where a woman stood eyeing them from the opposite side of the street. "She's up to some devilment. I'll bet my head. See that look in her eyes."

Way glanced across the street, and saw Bannister's *mujer* gazing at them with a mingled expression of such fear and hatred that he was half inclined to take the sergeant's advice.

Instead, he laughed at himself for a fool and that night, Bannister not having returned, he put on his hat and started out for a stroll. He had gone probably half a mile, and was just rounding a large boulder, which lay by the side of his path, when suddenly, there was a swish, and something flew past him, sticking into a *lawaan* tree at his side. He stooped and picked it up. It was a large, native knife, or dagger, which he remem-

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bered having seen Bannister using on several occasions.

"The treacherous little devil," he muttered.

The next day, Bannister returned, and Way for the first time, called around to see him at his hut.

"I wish you would assure that woman of yours that I'm your very best friend," he said.

"Why?" Bannister asked.

In reply, Way handed him the knife. "She threw it," he explained.

Bannister whistled. "She thought you peached on me," he said. "I'll see that it doesn't happen again. So she was ready to scrap for me?" he mused. "Well, I reckon it was a good thing after all that we hitched up."

"It may be a good thing for you, alright," Way remarked, "but it would have been deucedly uncomfortable for me, if her aim had been a little better."

And after that, in spite of the fact that there were no further signs of hostility, Way took his afternoon exercises before dark.

Way and Bannister were sitting in front of Way's bungalow one night a week later, smoking. The night was dark. The moon had not yet risen, it had rained earlier in the afternoon, and contrary to the usual order of things, the clouds had not disappeared at sunset, but still hung on, seemingly playing a game of hide and seek with the bright, southern stars, which would otherwise have relieved the gloom. Way was whistling softly to himself between puffs; Bannister was busily rolling cigarettes, lighting them and throwing them away.

"Bannister," Way suddenly asked, "were you ever homesick?"

Bannister shook his head. "Never had a home," he replied. "I sold papers at five, was a bootblack until I was fifteen, and then I worked in a factory until two and a half years ago, when I joined the army."

"Don't you ever expect to go back to the States?" Way continued.

Again Bannister shook his head. "What's the use?" he asked. "There's nobody there that gives a continental for me. Out here there's a woman who—well, you know how she feels, and I reckon I think just about as much of her as I ever will of anybody. I'm a shiftless sort of

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cuss and this lazy life suits me to a showdown. What's the use of going back?"

"I wouldn't like this sort of thing long," Way said.

"Tain't everybody that's suited for it," Bannister replied. "There's a fellow named Goodman about fifteen miles over on the other side of the mountain that ought to be back in the States bossing a section gang. He's by his lonesome, like you, trying to establish a market among these niggers for something God Almighty never intended them to have, and he's going about it in a mighty risky way. He beat his muchacho not long ago because he found 'im taking a siesta in the evening. And he's done other things they don't understand out here. Some day he'll git a knife in his back, or something worse."

Way arose and stretched himself, preparatory to going inside. "I suppose you'd play a hands-off game in case of any trouble up here," he remarked curiously.

Bannister nodded. "Only thing I could do," he said. "I can't go back there," pointing out towards the coast, "so I've got to stay here and the only safe way to stay up here is not to get mixed up with any monkey business."

Way turned, and as he did so, his muchacho came out of the house, gesticulating excitedly. A bloody Americano had just slipped into the bungalow by the back way, and wished to speak to the Senor at once. The boy was trembling. Way had picked him up in Manila, and it had only been after much hesitation that he had consented to follow him up among the hillsmen of whom he lived in daily terror.

Way turned and entered the bungalow. The man who awaited him was Goodman and he had travelled fifteen miles through the broken country, in three hours. His clothes were torn almost to shreds by the undergrowth, his feet were bleeding where the sharp rocks had cut through his shoes and his right shoulder had been slit half way across with a knife.

There had been trouble. Goodman could not tell just how it had happened. He only knew that he had been returning from a short trip up in the mountains and had gotten into a narrow ravine, when a stone had

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dropped from overhead, crushing his horse and almost pinning him under it. By the time he had gotten on his feet, he had seen a horde of little black imps advancing on him from one end of the ravine, and had turned and fled. One of them had gotten near enough to stick a knife into his shoulder, but a shot from his revolver had sent him hurtling down the mountain side and he had made his escape. Since then, he had travelled as fast as terror and his own legs could carry him, hoping to gain protection at Manito until he could get through to an American garrison. He was still panting and told his story between huge draughts of water, which Way had motioned his *muchacho* to bring him.

"Do you think the hillsmen know which way you were headed?" Way asked.

"They'll track 'im down," said Bannister, who had followed Way in. "The little devils know their business and they ain't going to let 'im git away if they can help it, after going as far as they have."

As though in confirmation of this, there was a pattering of bare feet outside, and a brown figure appeared in the doorway. Way reached for a revolver which lay on the table before him, but Bannister seized his arm.

"*Querida mia*," he said, and Way sat down.

The woman entered, glanced at the three men and burst into an excited flow of dialect Spanish, which neither Way nor Goodman could follow. However, her gestures were sufficient. Seizing Bannister by the arm, and motioning the others away with a shower of maledictions, she started towards the door, pleading and pulling.

Presently, Bannister paused and turned to Way. "The niggers know where he is," he said, pointing to Goodman, "and they'll be here after 'im mighty quick. "Maybe if you'll leave 'im they'll be satisfied with fixing him, and I can smuggle you out in a day or two. I'll risk that much."

Way shook his head. "We'll fight it out together," he said.

"Come on, then," said Bannister to the woman and they started towards the door.

Just then, there was a crash of broken glass at their backs, a black, flat-nosed face appeared for a moment

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in the window frame and Way wheeled in time to receive a bolo thrust in the thigh. At the same time, another figure appeared in the doorway, with uplifted bolo, aimed at the fallen man.

Bannister roughly shook his arm free from the clinging woman and his right fist shot out. With a squeak of rage, the figure fell back and disappeared into the night.

"You black-hearted little devils," Bannister shouted, slamming the door shut and barricading it. "I'll show you how to fight a white man's fight."

Way had already recovered himself sufficiently to blow out the light and hobble to one of the windows. Goodman, barricaded behind an old chest, covered the other. Way's muchacho lay on the floor, in an agony of terror. The woman had staggered into a corner and sat gazing straight to the front with unseeing eyes. She knew what awaited them.

Everything became suddenly quiet, but Bannister knew that somewhere out in the blackness, a hundred cunning, little eyes were watching the bungalow for a chance to strike.

It came soon. Goodman, hearing a noise under his window, raised up to fire, and received a thrust in the breast. Bannister sprang to the window and emptied his gun at a scurrying mass of black figures. Way's gun spoke for a few minutes, when it likewise ceased and Bannister turned to find himself surrounded by a score of twisting, squirming, little men.

First with the butt of his revolver, and when that was broken, with his bare fist, he struck out until a pair of scrawny, brown arms clasped him around the legs, and he went down.

"Adioso, querida mai," he muttered, as the knives flashed over him.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

An article in this issue of the ILLINOIS tells of an event in the active military career of Col. E. G. Fechet, who has recently retired from the position of commandant of the University corps of cadets. The ten years that the Colonel has spent in this capacity at Illinois have been years of marked changes and growth in the cadet regiment and in the standing and efficiency of that organization.

The regiment now numbers approximately fourteen hundred and seventy-five men, including all officers and the members of the military band. Fifteen companies, a signal corps, and a battery detached make up its various parts. The above figure shows an increase of about one hundred over that of last year. Each successive fall sees a similar increase in the size of the University army. If this growth may be expected to continue, it will be, Sergeant Post asserts, only a short time until a second regiment must be organized. The question of an adequate drill hall has long been a vital one; and the state legislature has twice been asked to make an appropriation for this purpose. For more than four years it has been physically impossible for the entire corps to drill in the armory at one time. The new building, when it is secured, will, in all probability, be located somewhere south of the Auditorium.

Major B. C. Morse, who succeeds Colonel Fechet, is an officer in the regular army of the United States and is stationed here for three years. He is a genial man, but insists on strict discipline, and has ideals for the betterment of the regiment. He can only do this as regards minor details, however, for the University cadets have long since ceased to be a band of mutinous and unruly amateur soldiers. Rebellions were frequent in the early days of the University, when the presence of the regiment was required at chapel exercises. But, due largely to the efforts of Colonel Fechet and the commandants immediately preceding him, this condition has ceased to prevail. The present standing of the regiment is clearly

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indicated by the facts that annual word of commendation upon its work is received from Washington, and that its officers are given commissions in the regular army.

The marked success of the Illinois eleven on the gridiron this year is unprecedented in the present decade. Until a few weeks ago, Chicago had not been defeated since 1902, and the Illini have never before played so many games without being scored against, in a single season. The two practice games, with Millikin and Drake Universities, were easily won, and Chicago did not prove so much of a stumbling block as had been anticipated. The Purdue game excited little comment. Not until Indiana had been conquered, however, did the Illini feel that its most dreaded foe had been disposed of.

The game with the Maroons showed clearly the superiority of the Orange and Blue team, although the resultant score did not indicate the relative merits of the two teams. Illinois was twice dangerously near Chicago's line and was deprived of at least two touchdowns on account of penalties. Seiler's toe, however, saved the day for the rightful winners of the battle. Purdue was easily humbled, two weeks later. All interest was then centered on the coming game with the Hoosiers. Developments in the west were such that previous to this game, Minnesota, Indiana, and Illinois were the only undefeated teams in the Conference. Since neither Illinois nor Indiana had scheduled a game with the Gophers, the victor of the Illini-Hoosier contest would be a claimant for the western championship honor. Indiana's strength was sincerely feared, and the outcome of the game looked extremely doubtful to the Illini.

The large crowd of Illinois rooters which invaded Bloomington on November 5 were well rewarded, however, when Seiler's lone drop-kick again saved the Orange and Blue and secured for the Illini a clear title to a share in the championship honor.

Although Illinois now has a rightful claim to a high rank in western football, the student body and the *Illini* are agitating a post-season game with Minnesota, the sole sharer in the honor. The possibilities of such an

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event are few. Conference rules, and faculty sentiment are the two difficulties to be overcome, and it is likely that both are unsurmountable.

A committee composed of twenty members of the class of 1911 was appointed last spring for the purpose of carrying through the erection of a memorial for the class. The committee was organized early, and began its active work with the opening of school. At the first meeting, a number of schemes were submitted, and these were reported to the general meeting of the class.

Those on the committee realized that the greatest task before them was, not the selecting of the character of memorial to be left, but the raising of the funds for carrying out the project. When the matter was submitted to the class in a well-attended meeting, a resolution was passed declaring that it was the sentiment of the class that no member should wear a senior hat who had not paid his memorial dues. It was further decided that the minimum amount of the dues was to be two dollars. Although the motion carried by the vote of a large majority of those present, opposition to the plan was immediately heard. The methods of the committee were attacked from every conceivable standpoint, and the motion passed by the class, not by the committee, was denounced as contrary to good class spirit and insinuatory upon the honor of those who were to purchase the memorial by their subscriptions. It was even rumored that no hats could be bought for less than their price plus the amount of the minimum memorial dues. Great was the surprise of many of those who purchased hats, however, when they found that no one was absolutely required to pay his memorial dues on the spot; and so a threatening storm was averted.

As the plan worked out, the members of the class, almost to a man, did voluntarily pay or pledge to pay their dues. Those who came to condemn went away praising the new plan and rejoicing that, by this very means, a working basis was afforded the committee and a superior memorial practically assured.

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The 1911 hats made their appearance on October 1. The hat this year is a new departure in the line of class head gear, and has excited no little comment in regard to its unusual shape and artistic color combination. The wide brim and high maroon band are the chief characteristics which have roused the admiration of wearers and beholders alike. All have praised the committee for their judgment in selecting an up-to-date style and for their boldness in choosing something different from the conventional. Nothing similar to the girls' senior hats has ever been seen on the campus before. Last year the class of 1911 inaugurated a new precedent by giving the girls a voice in the selection of the junior emblem, and, as an outgrowth of this, the girls this year have a hat that is beautiful, distinctive and becoming.

The Juniors have been somewhat tardy in the matter of getting their caps, but the committee decided, after some deliberation, that a purple cap with the class numeral in champagne was the most desirable. The style of the cap is entirely new and approaches the uniqueness of the red danger signals of last year.

The sophomores this year copied an old idea of the class of 1911 in selecting a shirt for their emblem. A navy blue garment with a white pocket serves to display the class colors and also to give the wearer a useful article of apparel. Because of objections on the part of the Athletic Association, the class numeral does not appear on the shirt. A resolution recently passed declares it to be against the best athletic interests of the University for anyone who has not earned the class numerals to wear them. The sophomores nevertheless have a unique and valuable emblem.

For the freshmen the choice of an emblem was made, not by the class, but by University tradition. The wearing of the green cap is more general this year than ever before. Two factors are responsible for this fact: One is, the tradition grows stronger every year; the other, the Illinois Union is urging the spread of the custom and is doing all in its power to encourage the first-year men to take up the idea.

WHEN THE WORM TURNED.

BY BEATRICE DREW, '11.

For ten years Lize Deutsche and her husband had slaved on the old farm until at last their little bank account had swelled to the proportions of owning the land and living in comfort. But the couple continued to toil as before.

Lize had worked in the field with Hans, pitching hay and driving the plow. Between times she did what little house work she could and got the meals. They had had five children, none of whom lived to be old enough to assist with the work. This was a trial to Hans, not because he loved the children, but that he hated to spend money for help.

In her maidenhood Lize was rather a good looking girl, tall and supple of figure, with a clear complexion and a rope of coarse, wavy hair. But now her back was crooked, her hands red and rough with a man's work. She slopped around in Hans' old shoes in the day time; in the evening she dragged on faded carpet slippers. Her skin once fresh was hard and creased like leather.

Hans had ceased to think of her as his wife. He rather regarded her as a necessary beast or farm machine which was there to use when needed.

At first Lize thought he appreciated her efforts in the field and, because of this, often worked on when she was almost exhausted. How she longed to be able just to keep house, get the meals, and do the milking; but Hans needed her so much, she was sure he did not care if the old cottage was homelike or not. So she plodded on.

She noticed Hans did not seem to care to take her to town. They always used to go together when they were first married. When she asked him he always replied that he had to make a hurried trip or that he wanted to attend to a little buying. On Sundays she did not go to church, for her best clothes did not fit her any more, and her feet had grown too large for her holiday shoes which were not yet worn out.

One evening when Hans returned from market he looked at his wife critically.

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"Lize vos vhy do you not make yourself tidy? Your hands are ez red ez a lobster."

Lize did not reply nor show how cruelly the words cut her but kept turning the bacon in the old skillet.

The next morning when Lize took the Picketown Gazette from the mailbox at the end of the lane she found a quack medicine almanac. She took both back to the house, placed the paper in the rack for Hans to read in the evening, and stuck the almanac in the stocking bag.

After supper Hans stretched out on the lounge to read the Gazette while Lize carelessly opened the almanac. The first thing her eyes fell upon was:

"If you have only time to wash the pantry shelves or curl you hair before your husband comes home, curl your hair."

Lize quietly raised the lid of the stove and dropped the pamphlet on the glowing coals. Then she went over to the sink and looked into the cracked mirror that hung above it. A worn, weary face of a woman was reflected there whose hair was drawn back so tightly that it had no chance to display its natural wave.

A light was beginning to break in upon Lize's understanding. She had made herself a beast of burden for him, and now he had grown tired of her. She looked over at her husband who had fallen asleep on the couch with the half-read Gazette in his hand. He was a powerful creature, the shock of white hair told his age, but the face below it was not lined with pain and care as was that of the woman who stood gazing at him. His great hands showed signs of hard work, but the strong body was capable of performing it without over-taxation. She looked in the glass again.

Vy I luk old enough to pe hes mutter wenn I haf only tirty-five years!"

She picked up the stocking bag and began to mend his socks according to her usual evening custom. She thought of her sister Tilly, a widow who lived in town and took things easy. Tilly was the only relative she had, but Lize had gotten out of touch with her. They never visited back and forth any more because Hans begrudged feeding Til and her 'pasel of young 'uns'. For this reason Lize stayed at home so she should not

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be in Tilly's debt; then Tilly stopped coming to the farm.

The more she thought about it the more indignant she became. In her anger she pricked her finger which drew her attention to the sock she was mending. She threw the sewing down. Why should she kill herself for his comfort? She wondered why she had not rebelled before; the worm was going to turn, it must turn. She would go to Til's. The old clock said ten-thirty. It was eight miles to Til's but she would go anyway.

Tiptoeing across the room she took an old shawl from the hook, wrapping it around her shoulders she opened the door and closed it softly behind her. Every board seemed to creak in the old porch as she walked across it. Her heart pounded in her throat through fright. Through the back fields she went, her carpet slippers sinking into the newly plowed ground. Finally she reached the last fence, and holding up the loose wires she crawled under them to the railroad track. Lize chose this way so that she should not pass any of her neighbors on the road.

The way was dark, for the moon was new. The cinders hurt her tired feet. Every stone and bit of coal could be felt through the thin soles of the slippers. She walked fast, breathing hard, looking behind her now and then as if expecting to see Hans running threateningly behind her. Every sound made her jump. When a freight train bumped along the track she hid in the shadow of a tree by the fence.

At last she came to town. Her pace had slackened. It seemed as though she were scarcely able to drag her weary self up the side street to Til's comfortable cottage set in its large yard. Tears rose in her eyes and rolled down her leathery cheeks. Then mustering up all her courage she ran up the steps and gave a loud knock so that she should not change her mind through fear to ask her sister's help.

Fat, startled Tilly opened the door in her night attire, holding a lamp in her hand which she almost dropped when she saw Lize's tearful face.

"Mein Gott, was ist?" She exclaimed, drawing Lize into the house.

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Lize did not answer, but sat down dumbly in the chair Til had drawn up for her before the stove.

Meanwhile Til was poking up the kitchen fire and putting the coffee pot on. After a few minutes she came back to the dining room where Lize sat with her hands over her face. Little by little the tired woman told her story to the sympathetic sister.

"Well, Lize, you stay by me as long as you want. You need rest. Come drink some coffee; it will do you gut."

Obediently Lize swallowed the coffee, then suffered Til to undress her and tuck her into the spare room bed.

* * * * *

About two o'clock Hans woke up. Sliding off the couch he blew out the lamp and groped his way sleepily to his room only to find the bed smooth and no signs of Lize. His fright made him wide awake. Where was Lize? Perhaps she went out to shut up the new batch of chickens in the hen house and had fallen through the rotten floor. What a nuisance if she had. Just like a woman to get hurt when you need her most.

He had lighted the lamp again. Taking the lantern he went out to look for her. The hen-house door was fastened and he could hear the chickens cheeping within.

"Lize," he called, "Lize!"

He went back to the house bewildered. Perhaps their neighbor was sick and had sent over for Lize's help. But she would not go away without saying something. He ran to the gate and looked over toward Woljohn's. The house was dark, so Lize could not be there. A sickening fear seized him. This disappearance was uncanny. He came back to the kitchen. Glancing up he noticed that Lize's shawl was gone from the hook. He looked into their clothes closet. None of the rest of her things were missing.

Where was Lize? Could it be possible—could it be possible that she had gone to Tilly's. He would see if one of the horses was taken. He looked into the barn. Both horses turned their heads toward the lantern light. Where was Lize? What would he do? Back to the house he plodded. He sat down before the stove. Was Lize dead?

A wave of remorse broke over his hardened heart.

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Lize had been working pretty hard. She did look kind of fagged out, yet, he could hardly forgive her for not raising the children. Just this year he was going to build a bigger barn and have more cows. He remembered Lize wanted the house fixed up. What a notion! He looked at the cracked plaster. It was a pretty bad looking shack after all. But Lize, where was she? Dead? He loved her once, Love? How queer it seemed, he half laughed, then something moist ran down his cheek. He seized his hat from the lounge, jammed it on his head, and went out to the barn. Ten minutes later old Billy was galloping towards town.

About four o'clock Til was wakened with a loud rapping. This time it was Hans who inquired:

"Ist Lize here?"

Ja; vor vot you vant her?" asked Tilly defiantly.

"To come home mit me."

"An' pe your mule, den?"

"Ach, Tilly, I'll gif her anything if she vill come."

"Vell, come in und talk to Lize. Set there," she said pointing to the chair Lize had occupied. Then she went into her sister's room and told the frightened woman of the visitor.

"Lize, ton't you go, you haf almost kilt yourself alretty fur hem. Ton't you go unless he promises to get help und haf die house fixed."

"Til," Lize whispered hoarsely, "I won't go until he does. I von't pelieve in promises. Where ist he? I vill tell hem."

Then she went out to confront the restless Hans. Without giving him a chance to speak she exclaimed:

"I vill never come back until you get the house baint-ed und I to not haf to vork in te fielt. You do not neet te barn. Vor vhy should vee save up so much moneys now vee haf paid fur our farm?"

"Vat you tink?" Hans cried. "Gif up te barn? Haf te house fixed? Nein, I vill not. I vill get a man und tat's all."

"Vell den you can go heim mitout me, Hans."

Ton't pe a fool, Lize. I vill not vait long."

"All right, go on," Lize returned calmly. She wondered how she could say it but something spurred her on.

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"Vell, are you coming?" Hans asked impatiently. "I vill not ask you again."

"Nein, Hans."

Whereupon Hans grabbed his hat, rushed out the door banging it behind him.

The noise woke the four children, who came trooping out to learn what was the matter. Eight-year-old Leana clung to her mother wonderingly, while Fred, the young machinist, comforted Aunt Lize by saying she should feel their house was her home.

The long walk and excitement had been too much for Lize. For a week she lay in bed tossing with fever. The doctor said she was worn out and needed rest and nourishing food. Tilly and the children did all they could to make her comfortable and happy.

All this time there had come no word from Hans. Fred heard that he had a man who helped him, then left, because Hans' meals were scanty and poorly cooked. The Woljohn boy was helping now. But Lize knew Fritzie Woljohn was not careful enough for Hans.

A week later Fred came home with startling news. Old Loomis had gone out to the Deutsche farm to paper and was building a summer kitchen, too. John Jacobs was going to help him cultivate the corn which was almost choked with weeds.

When Lize heard the news she swung the dishpan she was wiping and cried:

"Ach, I can't pelieve it!"

The next Sunday evening when the family were sitting on the porch, a man in a newly painted buggy drove up to the gate. It was Hans.

THE CRACK.

MARGARET HOPE HALLETT, '10.

"That's it! It's the crack!" remarked Gertrude irrelevantly as she closed the screen door of the kitchen tent and bent down to select the potatoes for dinner from the lower shelf separating the ice-box from the gas stove.

"Dear me! Where?" replied her sister, closely scrutinizing the line of demarcation between the canvas top and the screened sides. "I try so hard to keep the flies out, too. I don't see it."

"Oh, it isn't in the tent. Don't worry." One potato dropped out of Gertrude's hands and scudded across the oilcloth covered floor, dropping little flakes of soil in its wake. She was too absorbed to heed the fugitive. Placing the vegetables in a bowl of water, she continued:

"The worst of it is, the crack is everywhere. Who was it who said, 'There's a crack in everything God has made'?"

"You are too analytical", rejoined Lua, "you'll spoil everything by your constant criticism. Can't you look at everything as a whole and get the beauty of it? Is it not just as unfair to allow the crack to counteract your conception of the whole?"

The gentle suggestion did not soothe the other's emotion.

"Probably; that is my 'crack' I guess", she confessed, half-ashamed, as a tear dropped on the potato she was peeling. "I know my own cracks only too well. And I do like people in general. I am not the kind of a woman men call 'cats'. The difficulty is",—she paused for a moment,—"Well, my 'crack' does not seem to coincide with the other persons'".

Lua glanced searchingly at her younger sister's half-averted face, as if to fathom her mood before venturing her suggestion.

"You mean—Gordon's?" she queried.

"Yes, I do," came the reply, not quite so loudly but certainly as positively as before.

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There was another brief pause before Lua interpolated, "And his crack?"

Gertrude dropped the knife she was holding and seated herself on the large arm of her sister's invalid chair.

"It's horrid and selfish of me, I know," she began. And I do love him, but"—by this time the color had quite left her face, and her eyes had darkened, half fearfully, to a deeper, intenser, hue—"It's his will that I am afraid of,—his personality, he dominates me." She stood up in a tragic attitude. "Don't you see, I'm not myself. There isn't any me left."

Lua tried to conceal the amusement she felt at her sister's desperation. "That might be dangerous with any other man than Gordon Thayer", she reassured her. "But with a man of his broad ideas you gain a social self, so that it is, really, only the loss of your selfish self that you resent."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope," came the answer as the girl flushed. "He absorbs me. When he comes I feel 'myself' slipping away from me. His self permeates me. I'm not Gertrude Harker any more; I am a repliche of Gordon Thayer. I lose my entity,—and I don't like the sensation." Her voice grew less constrained. "I liked it at first; he was so big and strong and protecting and I felt so safe, so perfectly at rest; but now,—it angers me. I love my liberty, my freedom. I want to decide things for myself and I don't want to explain to anyone."

Louise took Gertrude's hand. "You always were a rebel. You have always had the wrong view-point. It isn't a question of victor and vanquished. You think I spoil Bob. Perhaps I do. If I were not ill so much, I would not have to defer so many things to him. Sometimes, I am afraid," she smiled wistfully, in interrogation, "I am afraid that my very dependence on Rob may prevent you from"—she hesitated—"ever being as happy as I am."

Gertrude turned suddenly to avoid the searching gaze and started to light the gasoline burner. "I must not forget dinner, anyway. Wait until I put the water

on, and then,—then I can finish my tale of woe," she finished lightly.

She placed the kettle on the clear blue flame; then commenced to cap some strawberries.

"I wouldn't have spoken of it if you had not, but you remember last week you asked Rob if you might go in to town. Now, I simply would not ask a man if I could do anything; I would simply tell him that I intended to do it." In her vehemence she squashed a big, red berry, so that the juice spurted on her face, but she was too thoroughly preoccupied in her argument to note the incident.

Her defiant air elicited an amused smile from Lua. "Don't vent your wrath on the strawberries; we want some for dinner." Then she added more seriously, "If you feel that way in regard to it you had better tell Gordon not to come here again; it isn't fair. But it isn't as bad as that. I did not ask Rob if I might have permission to go; I asked him if he thought I ought to go, meaning did he think I could stand it."

"Aunt Gertrude, Aunt Gertrude," a baby voice sounded nearer and nearer, "I want doughnuts, doughnuts with sugar on them," and an eager-eyed, curly-haired youngster ran up the slight elevation which the tent was pitched. He stopped directly in front of Gertrude and held up one grimy hand. "A doughnut, please, Aunt Gertrude."

She picked him up in her arms. "Why, sweetest boy," she answered, "there isn't a one left. I'm so sorry."

The light of expectation died in his eyes; he struggled to free himself. "I wanted a doughnut," he reiterated somberly as he regained his footing.

Gertrude glanced at the watch hanging from a nail on the shelves. It was five o'clock. For a moment she hesitated before suggesting suddenly, "Won't you help me make some. Come, you can cut them out and we will have lots of fun."

"I want one now," he repeated, but the sombre expression was replaced by one of dawning hope.

"We'll make them all sorts of funny shapes," she urged.

"Will you make them on the camp fire?" he challenged her.

Once more Gertrude wavered before replying, "Surely."

"Gertrude," Lua interrupted, "You really ought not to do everything the boy wants you to do. And the camp fire does hurt one's eyes so."

"It isn't anything! So many people make a fuss about killing birds and never hesitate to kill joy."

Lua shook her head at this contradiction in her sister. Both accident and incident had done their best to shape Gertrude Harker's attitude of defiance toward men in general. Over-zealous teachers, pleased by her intelligent mind, and delighted by her ardent love for the unconfined had lead her into certain paths of thought which at once incited and inflamed a devotion to the creed of individualism. Perhaps a certain subjective consciousness of her decidedly feminine characteristics, or some intuitive recognition of the inevitable, led her to assume this defiant attitude toward all masculinity, in the hope that she might escape from the future which seemed closing in upon her.

Her sister, an invalid for some years, had more and more resorted to her husband for final appeal and Gertrude saw in Lua's attitude not that of the invalid but that of the weaker sex in subjection to masculine strength.

As it was impossible for her to care for a man of weak character so it was inevitable, at this stage of her development, that she should defy a man of strong character. Yet she was fearful lest Lua should feel that her invalidism lent an increasing weight to her convictions. And Lua, in her turn, dreaded the one man so eminently suited to Gertrude should be refused because of immature radicalism.

Lua arranged some grasses in a vase and watched Gertrude as she turned the cakes over into the hot lard, she noticed the tears streaming from her eyes, despite the uplifted arm vainly trying to ward off the smoke which followed her malevolently whatever position she took; then she glanced at her delighted little son hopping about the camp-fire in delighted anticipation as he shouted joy-

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ously, and with unintentional irony, "I love camp-fires; don't you, Aunt Gertrude?"

"Gertrude," she called, as her sister lifted the last brown ring from the kettle, "Answer this riddle,—

What's the difference,—I can't see,—

Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

Gertrude looked up questioningly. "Where's the point?"

"Tweedle-dee, how are the doughnuts?" Lua called out gaily to the boy who was contentedly munching away at a very brown mouse-doughnut, dipped in sugar.

"Tweedle-dee?"—"Oh!" She suddenly became aware of an irritating warmth in her cheeks. "It isn't the same thing at all," she protested. "The boy wants it, and the man takes it for granted."

But the whistle of the six o'clock local on the other side of the bridge precluded farther discussion.

"Are you not even going to meet them?" Louise said timidly, for she saw that the cloud had returned to Gertrude's forehead.

"No. You go on and I'll meet you in a few minutes."

Mrs. Thornton turned slowly down the path.

True to her word, Gertrude met them before they quite reached camp, shaking hands quite coolly with Gordon, who seemed disconcerted at her greeting, and falling into step with her brother-in-law so that Louise was forced to walk with Gordon.

To Mrs. Thornton, the dinner resembled a game of whist, in which two players, novices at finesse, were trying to force the opponents' hands without exposing either the strength or weakness of their own. The dinner once over and the four seated about the now blazing camp-fire, Louise tried to withdraw herself and her husband from the general conversation. But Gertrude had suddenly developed an uncanny agility in anticipating such manoeuvres and forstalled the consequences.

The flames gradually grew less and less intense as the logs settled down, seeming to imprison within themselves all the former warmth and light. The conversation flagged now and then. Robert, with a delicate gesture of affection, drew his wife nearer to him. Gertrude recognized the appeal in Gordon's eyes as she saw that

he, too, had noticed it, and had then glanced involuntarily at her.

She drew herself erect; she had almost lost her control of the situation. Propinquity, atmosphere, setting, all seemed combined to compel her submission. She felt that something essentially prosaic, expressly common-place, must be done, and that immediately, were she to succeed in resisting the wakening influence of the dull light, the creeping darkness, the shadowy outlines, and the cool, soft, penetrating beauty of the evening.

"Gordon"—she addressed him softly, almost sorry for him now that she had absolutely decided on her plan of action.—"won't you walk over to the Fowler's with me. We'll get some fresh water and then make some lemonade."

Only too willingly Gordon assented, anticipating in this suggestion an unexpected acquiescence with his own desires.

"It's frightfully dark; you better take a lantern," hinted Rob.

A flash of exultation swept over the girl. "I know the way perfectly. We won't need a lantern; I'll lead the way to the open," she replied, her voice ringing clear at the last sentence. And the dying fire did not give too little light for her to recognize by her sister's slight, involuntary movement, that she, at least, had not failed to catch the esoteric meaning.

"Just follow me, Gordon; I'll not get lost," and she turned toward the path.

He followed her for about thirty yards, then stopped suddenly.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Here."

"I can't see you."

"Here."

He moved about uncertainly now in this direction and now in that. "Keep talking and I will find you eventually. Now," he continued, when he had found her, "since you know the way so well, and I don't at all, just take my hand and lead me. We'll lose a lot of time if I keep on getting lost."

Again the joy of mastery obsessed her, yet once when she became conscious of the firm grasp of his hand.

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she wondered if after all he was not getting his own way, then again she experienced the thrill of the leader, and exulted in her leadership.

Once an owl flew past her, beating its wings. She stopped, frightened, and hid her face in her arms, turning instinctly towards Gordon. He put his arm protectingly about her. "Don't be afraid, dear," he soothed her. "It's only an owl."

The word "afraid" angered her. She, who had led so proudly, had at a crisis sought protection in the man, as every woman before her had done. Mortified, angry at herself, and at him for having witnessed her humiliation, she walked on, angry, rebellious thoughts again surging within her.

Gradually the moon rose on their right, sending shafts of light through the intertwined boughs of wild cherry, hickory and walnut trees. And as they reached the lane leading to the farmhouse, the corn-and-clover-fields lay silent and luminous, the hedges casting deepening shadows between.

Suddenly, Gertrude spied a cluster of large white flowers, with yellow centers.

"Oh, Gordon, look! Daisies!" She clapped her hands and knelt beside them. "Just the kind we used to have on the old home-place. How did they ever get here?"

"The seeds probably blew off the freight cars going west," he answered, bending down and burying his face in the blossoms before he began to break off the stems.

"Don't!" Gertrude's voice rang with reproach. "Don't pick them; they are so beautiful just as they are."

"Why not?" he replied. "If you don't some one else will, and"——

Gertrude drew herself erect in the cold moonlight.

Can't you see,—*won't* you see how different we are"—her voice throbbed with emotion—"We aren't suited to each other. We must not let it go on this way. Why do you always want to make things *yours*. Why can't you enjoy them from afar in their light and life and liberty?" She turned aside and added brokenly, "I loved them because they were *wild*."

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The moon had risen high. Side by side, but without further conversation, they returned to camp.

"Back so soon, Thayer?" Rob called out, "What made you refuse that Mexican offer of Tolliver's with a raise of a thousand a year? Something underhanded in it?"

Something in Gordon's eyes forced Gertrude's lowered query, "What was the real reason?"

He turned to her. "You said once—that you never wanted to live there,—and—I had hoped,—you know—" He shrugged his shoulders and answered Rob carelessly, "I've been thinking it over and I guess I'll accept tomorrow; if the offer is still open."

Gertrude faced him suddenly.

"And you would give up that for me?"

"Why not?" the reply came simply.

"But you must go, and I must not hinder." She stopped abruptly, then hurried on, "I don't mind, I won't see the crack. There is something bigger."

Dimly Gordon commenced to comprehend. Careless of the vicinity of the camp-fire, he interrupted her, "You mean," he said earnestly, "I can gather the wild daisy."

Suddenly Louise's voice interrupted them, "You people are a long time mending that crack."

THE DARING CAMPAIGN OF E. M. S.

ALIDA C. BOWLER, '10.

Mr. Crosby was angry. There was wrath in the very attitude with which he took up his stand before the open fire. Moreover, there was a warning flash in the dark gray eyes as he turned to greet his pretty "He kissed you!"

"Right' Jack! He did. And he knows how, too," she flung back at him with a challenging glance, one daintily gloved finger rubbing her left cheek reminiscently.

The husband, somewhat taken back by this ready confession when he had expected denial, looked at her in amazement. And, looking, he had a hard time preserving his wrath. She was such a bewitching bundle of defiance as she stood there with the firelight dancing over her slender figure, every line of it telling of buoyant life and vigor, and her cheeks glowing with the swift run in the frosty air. But there was a rather puzzling light in the deep blue eyes that he was not quite certain about. That was one of Nan's charms. He never was quite sure of her. She laughed aloud, suddenly, a laugh of genuine amusement. He—well, it was certainly hard to stay mad. Still,—to have one's chauffeur kiss one's wife.

But just at that point Nan came a little nearer and took up the argument in a coolly impersonal tone that was quite unendurable.

"That's only the beginning, Jack. You men have had special privileges long enough. What you do, we do! So we have sworn, we of the E. M. S. You know you flirted outrageously with the Norgren's handsome governess last week-end, yesterday it was the stenographer, and only this morning you stole a kiss from pretty Marie. Come, Jack, own up. You've no right in the world to get mad."

But, Nan! The chauffeur! It's different"—

"Surely. The difference between kissing and being kissed and really, I couldn't kiss him, could I?" And

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with another soft laugh she ran off to dress for dinner, leaving Jack altogether at sea.

Moreover, he did not succeed in getting his bearings all evening. Nor did Nan make any attempt to help him. All through dinner, and the dancing afterwards, she was the same bewilderingly charming little lady that she always was. If it had not been for the gleeful twinkle in her eye and that little light of determination, he would have thought the scene of the afternoon a mere fancy. So he decided to wait for further developments.

The next morning, when he dropped in at the club, Tom Reynolds drew him aside and anxiously inquired if he knew what all the row was about.

"You know," he confided, "that confoundedly handsome chauffeur of mine had the impudence to kiss Bess's hand last night and"—

"Huh! Better be thankful he didn't aspire to the left cheek. Mine did," grumbled Jack.

"Whew! You don't mean it! And I suppose Nan fired him?"

"Nope. Said he knew jolly well how to."

Even Tom, never-at-a-loss-for-something-to-say Tom, was unable to meet this situation. A little later, when all six husbands of the E. M. S. members had dropped in, they held an indignation meeting. But all to no purpose. To tell the truth, each was just a little bit afraid of the daring, charming, spirited, determined wife whom he had left that morning.

Some two weeks later, on a Saturday afternoon, the six fair members of the E. M. S. gathered in a merry group about Nan Crosby's fireside.

Just look, girls. Have you seen this morning's Criticus? And Nan held up the offending paper, a little sparkle of indignation in her eyes. "We're in it all right. All over it, one might say. But I suppose we might have expected it. One can't hope to indulge in such strenuous reformatory activities and not become an object of interest to the general public. But"—

"O, I know, Nan. I've devoured it, every bit—at Tom's suggestion. Poor Tom!" Young Mrs. Reynold's tone was a mixture of compassion and wicked glee. "Poor Tom," she continued, "he threatened to do things

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to the editor. But I scared him out of it. He's taking it out on poor harmless Sancho, now, I believe."

"It may be all right. It's heaps of fun. But, honest, I'm in a worse state than Dick is. I reckon you know why. My bill of fare was naturally gambling, just like Dick. Poor me! I've lost more in two weeks than Dick did in a month. We've *got* to stop somehow. But *we've* got to be on top. Any brilliant ideas, Bess?" The speaker, a brilliant little beauty of the black-eyed, vivacious type, turned to Bess Reynolds with an anxious little smile. "Honest, Bess, I've already pawned six rings and a bracelet."

Then Helen Dalbrow stood up and addressed them. Helen always took things seriously,—and calmly. Tall, stately, handsome where others were merely pretty or bewitching, she was a strange figure to be taking part in this daring campaign. But once convinced that a course was good and effective, no power on earth could keep her from that course. She was a staunch adherent of the E. M. S. and an earnest worker.

"Yes, we must stop somehow," she began in her calm, convincing manner, "but we will never just give up the fight. I have an idea that might work out well."

She proceeded to outline the plan for the final "battle" and the proposal was greeted with many a laugh and with unmixed approval. Very carefully they laid their plans, then all departed, each bubbling over with mirth and secret delight.

O Nan, won't Jack and Tom just be ripping mad? And won't it be fun? How in the world can I ever keep it dark? May I run in and bubble over into your sympathetic ear every hour or so?" Such was Bess's parting questionary. She always expected you to listen, but never to answer.

True to their vows these six members of the Society for the Promotion of Equal Moral Standards for Men and Women, had adopted, so far as possible, their husbands' moral codes. Had they been just a little less charming, just a little less daring, they never could have succeeded. But as matters stood they were certainly the winning team. Their husbands found them even more lovable in their new role. They did not like it.

however. In fact many a consultation was held over cup and pipe, but they never found a solution. They had an idea that it was all a bluff. But still, it was a pretty stiff one,—and they were afraid to call it.

At four o'clock on the Tuesday following the meeting at the Crosby home, just as Jack Crosby and Tom Reynolds were leaving the club, a messenger boy touched his cap and handed each of them a note. They read as follows:

"I am convinced that Bess and Nan are going too far in this campaign of ours. They are to meet Darby and Chillingworth at the Stratford for supper at midnight. Do what you think best.

HELEN DALBROW.

"Well, I'll be d——!" snapped out Tom.

"Don't do it. D—— Darby," advised Jack.

It did not occur to them to doubt it. They never had encountered the real dare-devil in Helen Dalbrow. They had taken her for what she seemed, the coldly dignified wife of Chester Dalbrow. That she would disapprove of such a meeting as the note prophecied they were sure. Chester's tales of woe had been mild, compared to theirs. That she might be party to a scheme for their outwittal never occurred the them. Besides, they were blind with rage, mad clear through. They had feared something was up when Bess and Nan left that morning, presumably for Denton for a mid-week visit. But this was positively the limit. They would have a hand in that supper!

At eleven-thirty that night three pairs of wrathful men in three different rooms waited impatiently the stroke of midnight. It had taken a smooth tongue and a long purse to win over that cursed waiter. Evidently he had been warned. More and more evidence!

"Gad, Jack! What if the papers should get this!"

Jack turned a little paler. Before he could reply the waiter entered, apparently rather nervous, and beckoned them. "This way, sir." The light in the hall was dim. They did not notice the two other parties, exactly like their own, making for the same door. They arrived, there was a slight squeak, the door opened and all six entered.

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In one moment each singled out his own wife. It was true! Gathered about a sumptuous banquet table sat the six members of the E. M. S. There was no light but the candle light, a rosy dim glow. But Jack recognized, even by that, the pale green gown Nan used to don to please him. He suffered all the torments of mad jealousy as he saw Collingsworth,—Collingsworth of the Gayety, bend dangerously near the small white shoulder. Nor was Jack alone in his misery. Each wretched husband recognized the lady of his heart and home in the gay crowd. All this took but a second. Jack took an angry step forward. Instantly the scene changed. As if by magic the feasters slipped out of the door on the far side of the room. Before the dazed men could move, as the last lady vanished, peals of gay laughter rolled out from the heavy curtains at the deep windows, a well-trained waiter turned on the lights and out from their hiding places rushed,—Nan, Bess, Helen,—all of them.

"Hands up," carolled Bess, "surrender!"

There was nothing else to do. Fooled? There never was such a sheepish-looking lot of men. Amid a general whirlwind of questions, explanations, laughter and good spirits the party sat down to the as yet untouched banquet.

"Well, I don't know how you did it, but it was the most confoundedly realistic tableau I ever want to see," admitted Tom as he drew Bess's chair for her.

"It was Helen, all Helen's idea," cried the enthusiastic victors.

Nan leaped lightly to her feet. "Come, what do you say? It's equal moral standards, mind you! High or low? Are you coming up or shall we come on down?"

"*Up!*" groaned a chorus of six, unpleasantly reminded of the past two weeks.

"So be it, then!" cried Nan gaily, lifting her glass high. "Here's to equality; welcome to a higher plane!"

LYRICS OF A FRESHMAN.

WHEN FIRST I SAW YOU

When first I saw you 'twas a summer morn;
A transitory shower had passed away,
A flood of light burst through a curtain gray
Of flying clouds, and instantly were born
A million gems of foliage to adorn.
I sat without a rambling old hotel,
And watched the shining raindrops as they fell,
Leaving the trees of all their glory shorn.

And then, to match the rainbow arched on high,
Did you appear from somewhere down the street;
I watched you as you passed, and caught your eye,
And felt the thrill that comes when souls do meet—
What cared I when the frolic loving breeze
Did shake the last bright jewel from the trees

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Tramp, tramp, tramp
With a ceaseless, measured tread,
And I would that my tongue might utter
Some things that mustn't be said.

O it's well for the junior gay,
That his army life is done!
And it's well for the lowly "prep,"
That his drilling has not begun.

And the companies straggle on
While the Colonel loudly shouts
But O, for an end to the "Column lefts"
And the rancorous "Right abouts".





THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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When some undergrads take a "quiz"
They're certainly on to their "biz"
 With a pony and book
 A crib and a look
They ne'er make a very great "fiz".

There is no longer any doubt as to the attitude of the better class of students toward the man who follows the precepts of the undergraduate in the limerick above quoted. The method of dealing with the offender is the problem. A simple announcement in the personal columns of the *Illini* of the fact that a certain student has withdrawn from the University when he has really been expelled for cribbing, is felt, by those who seriously considered the question, to be inadequate. Every one agrees that publishing the name of the offender and interesting data on the offense would be ten times more effective in eradicating the evil, than volumes of rant on the ethical principle involved; but there are several seemingly good reasons why the prevailing custom exists. It

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was adopted, no doubt, because of the influence that an exposure might have upon the offender in openly branding him a cheater in his home community; and because the faculty consider the student a child to be reprimanded and sent home when he misbehaves.

Every one appreciates the thoughtfulness and consideration of our faculty in shielding the student and his family, but can our University, where, because of its size, personal influence and example cannot enter in, afford to shield the individual or the individual's family at the expense of neglecting its sacred duty toward the development and maintenance of a higher civilization? Is it consistent that the faculty should deal with the student on ethical questions as a child when they themselves have placed such confidence in his intellectual judgment as to offer him an elective study list? Even his family does not consider him so, for they send him here where there is practically no direct supervision of his daily life. Many men, no older nor more highly developed than our students, enter into the business world. If they offend against the laws of their environment, they are punished as men, not children. The University has expanded into a miniature world in every way, except in the treatment of ethical offences. Is it not possible that the time has come when a student may be judged by a chosen number of his peers and the result published without any qualification?

That instructor who has charge of any work at once compulsory and routine, especially in an institution as large and diffuse as our own, is certain to find it difficult to discharge the full measure of his duties and at the same time to engender in his pupils the respect and liking so essential to pleasantness and efficiency in his position. If he succeed but indifferently, he has done well; if he succeed notably a strong tribute is due to the whole someness and force of his individuality. Colonel Fechet came to Illinois fresh from a long career of active military duty, in which he had rendered more than one "distinguished service" to his country, and had experienced a succession of promotions. He above all others should

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have felt the difficulties and the paucity of rewards in the pedagogical life; yet in retiring he was able to say that he remembered nothing with more pleasure than his days here. To himself alone he owed the possibility of such a statement. On the parade ground he was the ideal commanding officer; off it he was identified with the spirit of student and institution. The Freshman might dislike military, but he was far from disliking "th' Kurnel"; the senior who had risen to the intimacy of a captaincy loved him; the mass of cadets will always look back upon their drill under him as the most picturesque feature of undergraduate days. But that the bleachers always waited his coming, that no smoker or celebration was complete without him, that no worthy student movement ever doubted his aid, entitles him to a lasting remembrance among us.



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DECEMBER, 1910

NO. 3

FOOTBALL

ARTHUR R. HALL, '01



THE Editor has asked me for a few words about football at Illinois. Much has been written this fall in praise of the Illinois Football Team but I want to emphasize one feature of athletics here that receives little notice from the public press. The idea that all football players are poor students, was at one time entirely too common. Even now those not familiar with the actual facts may have an impression that such conditions are true at Illinois. The newspapers, unintentionally perhaps, have helped to spread such an impression.

If two or three players on the Varsity squad come back in the fall with college work to make up, the press quickly spreads that information. The reporters work up several paragraphs a week out of the chances that these players may have to pass their condition examinations before the big games. Such players receive in this way a lot of unpleasant notoriety, and the public is prone to place the whole team under the same cloud. Frequently, too, as was the case this fall, an injustice is done to some of these players who, though good students, failed by reason of sickness or other excusable cause. A large percentage of our players come back with all their class work up, frequently with high grades and honors, yet the newspapers very rarely mention what these men have done. The best Illinois players have, as a rule, been good students.

For several years the scholarship average of the Illinois teams has been above the general average in the University. Take for example, the 1908 Team,—a team which lost the Western Championship by a single touch-down that resulted from one poor kick,—and the scholarship average of the players was excellent. If I am not

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mistaken, five of the players on that team were members of honorary fraternities in which the primary requirement for admission is superior scholarship, and four or five others barely missed making the high grades required for election.

Most of the members of this year's team have done well their regular college work and have also taken an active part in student affairs. Some of these players, too, are, in large part, working their way through college, and one of them has won preliminary honors in scholarship and a place as alternate on a Varsity Debating Team.

At any big game on Illinois Field nearly every honorary fraternity in the University may find one or more of its own members among the Illinois football men on field or sidelines. In fact, so many Illinois athletes have been honor men that one 1909 player who had had some scholastic difficulty said "It's got so they expect us all to be Tau Beta Pi's". Every loyal Illinois man has reason to be proud of the fact that Illinois is represented on Illinois Field by players who are, first of all, gentlemen and good students, and this, alone, makes athletics at Illinois worth the effort.



THE LAST LAUGH
MIRIAM GERLACH, '11

“**D**OES Charles Lumford room here?” inquired a tall fellow of the motherly landlady who opened the door.

“Mister Lumford! What on earth are you doin’ down here in the air, with that sore throat of yours, I’d like to know? You’d better of stayed up stairs.”

“But madam”——

“Now, none of your excuses. You get right on up stairs and I’ll make you some hot lemonade to take the chill out of you,” and she hustled him into the house and started him up the stairs. “What’s the good a my doctorin’ him, I’d like to know, if he’s goin’ to do things like that. Wish his mother hadn’t set such a sight in my motherin’ him an’ had let him get a hospital ticket. College boys are worse to take care of than school kids when they’re sick.”

In a short time she was puffing up the stairs, bearing the steaming lemonade. Loud laughter came from Charles’ room.

“Suppose he thinks makin’ me climb these stairs is smart,” she panted while rapping on the door.

The door opened. She nearly dropped the lemonade. There was her patient Charles Lumford swathed in a bath robe, swaying with laughter among the pillows on the sanitary cot, while gravely holding the door open was the very gentleman she had just let in.

“My cousin Jack Graham—Mrs. Brower,” gasped Charles. “He’s down for the game today to root for Chicago.”

“Well, you’ve got to take this lemonade now that I brought it up,” remarked Mrs. Brower when she had somewhat recovered from her confusion. While Charles reluctantly obeyed her, she observed the two men more closely. There was the same dark hair, the same slender face with its strong jaw and big nose but the dimple which she found so attractive in Charles’ chin was widened into a cleft in Jack’s and Jack seemed slightly taller.

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"Well, old double, you just came in time," remarked Charles when the landlady had departed. "I was just wondering what I'd do. As usual I've got myself balled up. It's nothing serious this time. Just a date for the game. I woke up this morning with this blamed sore throat. I've got to do something about the girl. It's too punk a day for me to sit on the bleachers. Anyway the old lady would can me if I tried it. Now, you're just the fellow to take her. I'll call her up and"—

"Who is she?"

"Gertrude Neville."

"Any relation to your quarter-back?"

"His sister. He's got two. Look a good deal alike. Gertrude's the peachiest. Peggy's going up to Rockford. I've only seen her once. They say she's as bad as Gertrude in getting things off on a fellow. She'll be here for the homecoming. You'll like Gertrude though. She'd be all cut up if she didn't get to see Ki help hang it on Chicago."

"Huh, come off about hanging it," put in Jack scornfully. "We've beaten you for eight years hand running."

"You'll certainly like her," continued Charles, ignoring the interruption. "She's the proper demonstration of Illinois spirit. She's always up to something. She certainly had me going the other day. Had me all up in the air about having to walk the carpet for a hazing stunt. I've just got to slip it over her somehow. Oh, I've got it," he cried enthusiastically. "You pretend that you're me and she"—

"Do you think it would work? I know we took in Gordon properly last year, but a girl—she's a harder proposition. I'd make a fizzle of it."

"No, you wouldn't. Besides I helped you out on that Gordon deal, you owe me something. She never will chuck that carpet stunt if I don't get it back on her somehow. It's up to you, you owe it to me."

"Well, I guess maybe I do, but that doesn't mean that I'm responsible if I get things balled up. I'm not much on a bluff. Give me some pointers. I'll try it. I suppose she's your special now."

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"Well, some," acknowledged Charles, and proceeded to coach him.

"You've got to wear an "I" on your sleeve if you're going as me.

"The devil I have! It's all off. Wear orange and blue. Not on your life. Besides Fat's down here. You know what he is. He'd just as soon ball me out as not. Wouldn't that be dope for the *Cap and Gown* though," he went on scornfully. "I can see Fat writing it up. "An Illini peach spreads the net over Jack Sprat. Ties him up in colors, or some such josh. No. None of that for mine."

That afternoon Jack rang the bell at Gertrude's home with some misgiving. Playing a joke on a girl wasn't what it was cracked up to be. She would surely notice the difference. They really didn't look so much alike. "Lum" had had easy lines on that Gordon hoax, it was dark, but out on a football field—what chance had a man against a girl. Then there was Fat and the fellows.

He surely was a fool to—— Just then a smiling girl opened the door. It must be Miss Neville herself. The girl tallied with "Lum's" description—light hair, blue eyes.

At once he began with a fine imitation of Charles' best manner.

"How do you do, Miss Neville. "We're going to have a beautiful day for the game, aren't we?"

The girl snickered.

"Vish you Miss Neville to see? Schust you step in und sit yourself. I vill call her." The girl ran lightly up the stairs.

Jack sat down disgustedly. Nice way to begin! Get balled up on the maid. She was a peach though. Soon the same girl came back wearing her hat and a coat with an orange 'I' on the sleeve. Her eyes were sparkling with mischief as she playfully shook her pen-nant at him.

"Charlie, you ought to take dramatic reading. You'd gladden Mr. Guild's heart. You would have thought from the look on your face that you really didn't know me. It's turned out to be a perfectly grand day for the

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game, hasn't it? Don't you hope we'll win though! It would be so glorious to beat Chicago. What if we should have a 1,000 per cent football team in the same year we had a 1,000 per cent baseball. Wouldn't the east sit up and take notice? What's the matter with you today, anyway?" she laughed nervously as she rattled on. "I'm not the maid. Don't look so glum. I just thought I'd see if I could fool you. Are you afraid we'll lose? Ki says"—

"Hang it! No." he blurted out realizing clearly for the first time that as he was going as "Lum" he would have to root for Illinois instead of Chicago.

"Why! Charlie Lumford! I'm ashamed of you!" her surprised glance turned into a stare as her gaze rested upon his chin. In the picture up stairs this chin wasn't so.

"Oh, I—I—what I meant was," he stammered. "Things usually work better by contraries; like the weather. Want a good day and it sure rains. That's the way with football," he finished, feeling some pride in his ability to cover up a break.

Her stare widened as she noticed his sleeve. She stopped suddenly. "Why, where is your arm-band?"

"Well," remarked Jack in pretended surprise, "if I didn't forget it."

"Here take mine. I'm loyal enough without it. Some Chicago man will probably swipe it in the crowd before I get home. They do the meanest things.

What could a fellow do? Jack was not the man to refuse a gift from a pretty girl, especially when she wanted to pin it on. "Lum" certainly knew a peach when he saw one. Wish he had the stand-in "Lum" seemed to have. Pinning on the arm band made you think of knights and fair ladies. "Lum" certainly couldn't cut him out of that. Yes, he'd risk meeting Fat.

And a risk it was in the gaily colored crowd which jostled its way through the narrow gates and spread over the bleachers. Through the gates and he was safe. Heavens, that was surely Fat's broad back. If he only wouldn't turn. Good, he was being pushed into the crowd. Now, he was safe. Just then the man turned. It wasn't Fat after all.

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In his effort to keep the girl from being pushed and jostled through the gates he forgot about Fat. It was then that he discovered him wedged in between two of the fellows pushing through an adjoining gate. He was peering into the crowd as though looking for some one. He would see him in a minute. He must do something. He'd have to bluff. He settled his hat down firmly and accidentally thumped him on the back.

"Beg pardon," he murmured distantly, as Fat turned around.

"Hello, Jack Sprat! Where in the"— he glanced questionally at the girl, who was looking interested.

"You must have mistaken your man," remarked Jack, coolly.

"Cut it, Fat!" said the fellow back of him, in an audible undertone. "He's got an 'I' on. It can't be Jack Sprat. Must be his cousin. They look a lot alike, I've heard."

Jack pushed on with secret joy. He was safe, safe now. He did not notice the girl's knowing smile as she overheard the murmured undertone.

They settled themselves upon the bleachers amid a mass of enthusiastic Illini rooters just in time to see the Chicago band march on the field. Over across the gridiron the Chicago men were cheering proudly as the band started around the field. How he wished he could join in. Their drum-major certainly could manage his baton some, he thought, as he watched him wield it with the dexterity of a circus clown.

"Look at that man! Isn't he the limit? He'd do better for a circus band than a college band. Wonder where they got him," the girl commented, looking slyly at him. "Our drum-major's so much more dignified, isn't he?" She went on enjoying his evident discomfort. "They say our band's the best student band in the world."

"I don't know about that," broke in Jack, hotly. Further discussion was impossible in the rending cheers that arose by his side as the Illinois band came on playing *Loyalty*.

She smiled quizzically. Yes, she was certain about that chin. The picture surely had a dimple instead of a

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cleft. There was her sister with Bob Levery. If she could only tell her. This was good. Ten times better than the carpet stunt.

As Jack watched the teams line up on the gridiron his face was a study. Blame it all! He'd give it away if he wasn't careful. He must keep a better hold on himself. If he didn't get so blamed enthusiastic. She was a queen, he couldn't get in bad. During the first few plays all went well. He assumed an interest in Ki's playing and even went far enough to enter half-heartedly into the Illinois cheers. Then Ki fumbled the ball. Whiskey Sauer picked it up and started with a comparatively clear field towards Chicago's goal. The bleachers rose as a man. Illinois' silent with apprehension, Chicago's wild with hope. He could contain himself no longer. "Go! Whiskey, Go! Go!" he cried. "Make it man! make it!"

There was a moment of astonished silence. Then "Quitter! Traitor! Put him out! Rotten! Rotten!" burst from all sides. Oh, what had he done. He knew he'd be a fool. What would she think. He stood stolidly by her side, too embarrassed to move. He was glad, yes, glad, when Bernstein tackled Sauer successfully, for in the wild cheering he was forgotten.

They sat down.

"Don't pretend any longer! I feel just like that when Illinois stars."

"Pretend?" he attempted to parry, "What do"—he couldn't keep it up when she looked at him like that. He'd made a mess of it; he might as well confess and make the best of it.

"You've got me! I feel like a cent with a hole in it. I'm Jack Graham, Charlie's cousin from Chicago." She didn't seem to be taking it so badly. Those blue eyes certainly got a fellow. "I did it to"—

"I guess you'd better give me back my arm-band. It's a shame to"—

"Not on your life," interrupted Jack. "Possession's nine-tenths of the law. That's mine to remember the game and the prettiest little girl I ever"—

"Now, don't spoil it by blarneying," she remarked

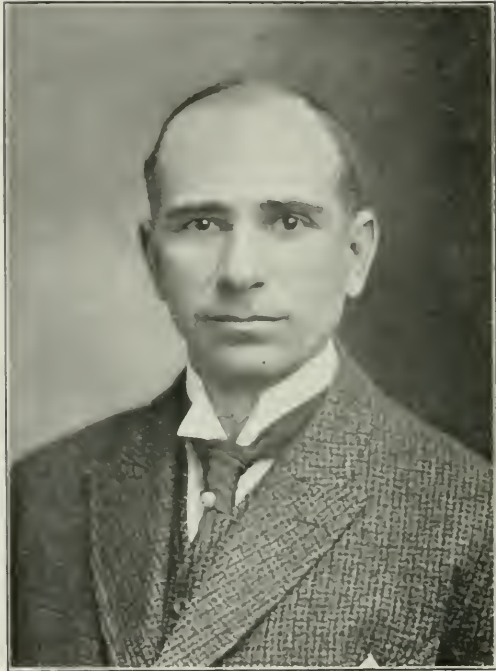
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with a pleased smile as she turned her attention back to the game.

Some how or other, Jack enjoyed that game. What if Sciler did kick a goal and score for Illinois? It didn't matter so much if Illinois did win. It was losing to her in a way. Besides it was worth it if it could turn her overflowing enthusiasm into a sympathetic glance for him. She knew the game as few men knew it. "Lum" always did have a stand in with a pretty girl. If he only knew how far things had gone. You couldn't ask a girl a thing like that. He liked the way she bore the cannon when it told the score. She didn't flinch and act the fool as most girls did. Hurrying through the crowd to get ahead of the snake dancers was almost as much fun as celebrating yourself. But all fun must end, here they were at her door.

"Charlie's laid up. May I take you to the celebration tonight?" he inquired suddenly, deciding that he couldn't go back to Chicago without seeing her again. Besides now was a good time to get in his innings when Charlie was sick.

"Oh, good! Thank you. I think I can go. I've always wanted to see a celebration, but Ki would never take me. But I must tell you something first. Then see if you want to come." Her eyes were full of mischief as she stood with her hand on the door. "I'm not Gertrude. I'm her sister Peggy. Bob Levery came down at the last minute so we thought we'd fool Charlie," and she whisked into the house.



CHARLES A. KILER.

CHRIS FOERRING'S FAMOUS RACE

C. A. KILER, '92

UN^TIL the spring of 1892, the Illinois students competed in athletics and oratory with the smaller institutions of the State, such as Blackburn University of Carlinville, Illinois College at Jacksonville, Welsleyan of Bloomington, Knox, Monmouth, and Lake Forest. At that we didn't always win in either department. Once upon a time J. V. Schaefer won an oratorical contest and enduring fame, but he was our only prize winner in this line.

In Athletics we had very few medals pinned upon our shirt fronts—we had no teams for track work, no physical culture teachers in the gym, and no baseball or football coaches. The budding orators were trained but only one ever came back home with the bacon as long as I was around the campus as a student. There was no trouble in getting permission to go away for an oratorical contest, but we always had trouble in getting permission to go away to any kind of an athletic contest.

In the fall of 1890 Purdue beat us twice at football, once here and once in LaFaayette, so in '91 we got a coach from Purdue by the name of Walter Lackey, to train our team for the Grand Athletic Tournament of the Association of Illinois Colleges, which was to be held at Monmouth. Lackey was a very good half back and a good coach as well. In those days there were no pestiferous rules, so the coach played on the team, and Lackey was a tower of strength among us.

Our train for Monmouth contained the college orator and his retinue of admirers, the football squad, the baseball team, the track team, and a few rooters.

The engine was gorgeously decorated and so were our Seniors—for in those days the Seniors wore plug hats and Prince Albert coats. At Bloomington all of the lower classmen crowded into a lunch room, ate everything in sight, and when the conductor yelled "All aboard," they beat it for the train. The man who conducted the restaurant still has something coming to him.

At Peoria we changed trains. This meant taking our colors off of the coaches and the Big Four engine.

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and putting them on the C. B. & Q. train. It happened that boys from Blackburn University and from Lake Forest were trying to get their colors on the train at the same time. In the argument which followed we did not call in the services of the college orator—the football players attended to that, and got some excellent training in the scrimmages that took place whenever the train stopped. Two of our huskiest youths rode on the cow catcher of the engine from Peoria to Monmouth and looked like coal miners when they got there.

We lost the oratorical contest, finishing way down at the bottom of the heap, but we cleaned up everything in athletics. Our baseball team won all of its games, our football team beat Lake Forest owing to the valuable help of the able Mr. Lackey; while on the track Bert Merrifield—our popular idol "Merry", won all of the dashes; Charlie Gunn threw the baseball farther than it had ever been thrown before, and all of our team performed nobly. Zeke Aranda rode the first safety bicycle most of us had ever seen and won the bicycle race. Chris Foerring won points for us in the long distance races, and Monmouth was not a dull spot the night we celebrated.

Our Sophomores carried the heaviest canes they could buy and at the celebration they were justified in selecting such monstrosities. The town toughs resented the liberties our crowd was taking as it strolled about the town and after a number of minor engagements, one of these village bad men made an attack on our cheer leader. The tough was promptly knocked down by George Behrensmeyer, who wielded his heavy Sophomoric stick with vigor and accuracy of aim. The noise the cane made when it hit the empty head of the tough attracted the special police, who had been sworn in to watch the crowd from Illinois, and a couple of officers rushed up and grabbed the only innocent man in the bunch—our good friend Chris Foerring, who was standing away from the crowd watching the fight.

Chris was getting what the "innocent by-stander" nearly always gets, and these policemen rushed him off toward the village calaboose. One of the officers was a huge colored gentleman who wore a huge star and a pair

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of gum boots. We followed closely behind them and planned to wait until they commenced to unlock the city bastille, then we would rush in, rescue Chris, and lock up the two cops, after which we would lose the keys and perhaps burn the jail.

Imagine our surprise when they reached the calaboose to see the innocent Chris jerk away from the colored cop, and land a punch on his jaw that floored him. Then Chris ran as he had never run before. There was poetry in his stride and determination to win that race in every line on his face.

It was about nine o'clock and a very dark night. Electric lights were few and far between, and the last we saw of Chris was when he darted down a side street through a lot of lumber, brick, and mortar boxes that stood in the street beside a new store building. The mortar boxes were sunken in the ground according to the custom of the day, and I saw Chris jump across to avoid one of them.

The colored policeman was not so acute, however. He had taken off his gum boots and his coat to get in good sprinting condition, and when he turned the corner into the dark street going a mile a minute, he landed in the mortar box. He would have been there yet had he depended on our crowd to rescue him.

We hunted for Chris in all the out of the way dark places in Monmouth. We went out in the country and yelled his name into the cold night air—but Chris had went. In the morning "Merry" got a telegram to bring his valise back home—Chris was already in his room in Urbana. Talk about your runners of today! They're not in it with those of my day.

THE LOVE CHARM

“HELLO, Sam! Want to get in on some fun?” sang out several voices from a motley crowd of perhaps a dozen boys. They were a strange band, in ages anywhere from eight to fourteen, and in apparel anything from the modish but play-stained lad to the boy of veritable squalor and tatters. The group crossed the street and approached nine-year-old Sammy, who sat alone upon the shady corner-post of the picket fence, nonchalantly swinging his legs in their long, blue overalls and play-sandals. His flaxen head was tilted thoughtfully to one side, and his small blue eyes wore a quizzical expression.

“Whatche been doin’ now to make the old lady hot, Sam?” asked one of the boys, as the throng drew near. It was eviently known to Sammy’s friends that this post was the orphan lad’s retreat when his mischief brought down upon him the wrath of his prim but benevolent Aunt Rose.

“Didn’t do nothin’ but pull up Mary Esther’s ‘dear little kitten’ by the tail,” replied Sammy, with a scornful note in his voice and a diabolical glint in his eyes. “But what’s the fun you was talkin’ about when you hollered ‘cross the street? I’m in fer some fun.”

“Ye-a, ye-a, tell him about it!” shouted the group, excited once more.

“Well, y’sec,” explained an older boy, as the throng drew closer, some perching upon the pickets, others leaning against the fence. “I was out to Uncle Joshway’s th’ other day, you know that old nigger that lives in the black house at the north edge of town. An’ he told me he know’d all kins o’ hoodoos an’ spells, magic like, you know, that’ll get you anything you want. I tried to get him to tell me some, but he said he couldn’t afford to, fer nothin’. He said if I could get a bunch o’ kids to come out with a nickel apiece, he’d show the whole shootin’ match how to do a spell.”

“Yes, an’ we’re goin’, too,” broke in a piping eight-year-old, holding up his nickel, “an’ he’ll learn us how to

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get anything we want. Gee! come on, Sammy, get a nickel if yer aunt'll let you! Hurry up! Gee, but it's hot!"

"Sh!" cautioned Sammy, as he craned his neck in the direction of the kitchen garden where he espied a small, trim, gray-dressed woman wearing a crisp white garden-hat, and followed by two children; one a girl of about Sammy's age, in neat gingham dress and a sun-bonnet; the other a boy about two years younger, in overalls and a big straw hat.

"There's Aunt Rose and the kids, now, pullin' weeds. I'll sneak in the house, an' get one of my Fourth of July nickels. The fourth's a whole month off, an' I can make it up by then. Besides," he muttered, as he slipped toward the house. "I'll get anything I want with my hoodoo. I'll fix those kids. Dear little James and Mary Esther! Aunt Rose'll have to love me, now."

Sammy was out again in a twinkling, and away went the troop up the scorching road, kicking up the dust as they went, whistling, shouting, disputing, and always seeking the sunniest places. Occasionally someone would fling out:

"What's the matter, Sam? Whatche so quiet about?" or, "Scared, Sam?" or, "What's up, Sam?" Still thinkin' about that 'poor, dear, little kitten?'"

Sammy vouchsafed no reply except, "Aw, shut up. I ain't neither. You're daffy."

Say what he would, however, there was something on his mind deeper than the other boys could imagine. In his nine years he had never known a mother's love. During his seven years in the asylum, he did not realize his misfortune, for there all the children fared much alike; but ever since first he had set his little muddy shoe over the threshold of Aunt Rose's spotless house, he had known what motherly affection could be to those on whom it shines, and he had likewise felt how piercing cold was the lot of the child who could see the glow, but could not feel the warmth. From the time when his aunt's calm gray eyes fell for the first time upon his boot-tracks, he had felt that he was an outsider. Furthermore, this woman's controlled, yet fervid affection for her own well-bred children had awakened his

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jealousy, and spurred him on more and more to displeasing deeds.

But here was a charm to gain for him a mother. He would learn the spell and win his aunt's affection away from Mary Esther and James. Then he would have some reasons for being a good boy. He would never again leave the gate of the chicken yard open on purpose, or take the fresh cookies out to the fellows, or put his feet on the chairs, or walk over the damp, newly-scrubbed kitchen floor, or—or—or even pull that tempting tail of pussy. Then those kids would get sharp words, and looks which were even worse. They could go out and sit on the fence-post while he would get the nice words, and the cookies, and the bread-and-jam. He'd be more like James than like Mary Esther, though, because he hated a tattle-tale; but Mary Esther would deserve to have somebody tattle on her, for when anybody else did anything bad, her gray eyes always looked so shocked and she would shake back her black curls from her shoulders and run and tell. James's eyes were softer and brown; but then his hair was also black, and his short stiff curls stood up as if they would like to tell, too; and he always ran along with his sister and wouldn't stay with a fellow.

"Here we are!" shouted one of the boys, and Sammy started as if from a dream. Sure enough, there was old, bent, white-haired Uncle Joshua sitting and smoking on the door-sill of his black, one-room shack. The place looked cool and comfortable, for the stove pipe extending out of the only window was off duty, and the big maple in the fence corner threw a deep shadow over the tiny hut and the little, barren yard. As the boys filed through the fence gap, the old negro raised his head solemnly, and rolled his eyes with their funny white eyeballs from one to another. He then lifted his knotted cane which stood beside the door, and, with the awful word, "Unkuri," motioned the lads to seat themselves along the battered, black board fence. The bent figure now rose rheumatically from the sill and hobbled on the stick along the row of silent, mystified boys, each of whom unquestioningly placed his nickel in the extended hand. Jangling the coins in his pocket, the old man limped

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off to the foot of the maple where he knelt with many a grunt of pain. Once safely down, he extended one arm toward the boys, saying,

"In ohda' dat dis yeah spell do any good, yo' done gotta 'fohm it in de dalk ob de night, wid de subjec,' what you wants to git suffin' from, soun' asleep undah a apple-tree."

Finally, throwing back his head and stretching both hands straight before him as if to invoke a blessing, the aged black went through all the mysterious twitchings and blinkings of the charm, with the occasional repetition of the magic, "Unkuri!" At the end the withered arms fell at his sides, and, with the support of his cane, which he picked up from the ground, he arose with a labored, "Dere, now!"

There was a moment of spell-bound quiet. Then the spectators slipped from the upper fence-plank and started away. They were more thoughtful than they had been on the way out, for all were somewhat perplexed by the unusual time and place required for the effective performance of the spell. One of the crowd aptly expressed the general difficulty when he broke the stillness with:

"I've a picture o' me agettin' my pa to sleep under a apple tree!"

Sammy's problem was of the same nature. When would Aunt Rose ever let the kids sleep under the apple tree? To be sure, they had one, a fine tree, pretty nearly as big as Uncle Joshua's maple; but she wouldn't let them sleep under it, especially if she thought Sammy wanted them to. She'd be sure there were worms, or snakes, or dirt, or "tonsilighters."

For the next few days the orphan was unusually good. He went about his tasks mechanically, let the children alone, and spent his idle moments lying under the apple tree. When the children chanced to be near him, once for a few moments, they heard him murmur, "Aw, that ain't no good; That won't work," but when they eagerly inquired, "What?" he only answered, "Nothin,' darn it," and stole away. The end of the week came, however, and found things pretty hopeless. As the orphan lay under his tree, whose leaves were unruf-

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fled that burning Saturday afternoon, he had almost decided to forsake the wiles of magic and busy himself about some rousing good mischief. Suddenly he heard his aunt's clear voice calling him from the kitchen, "Mary Esther! Sammy!"

Sammy reached the back porch just in time to join in the general cleaning of dusty sandals, and to shuffle behind his cousins into the immaculate kitchen, with its white-scoured floor, its shining stove, and its table covered with the glossy cloth. In the center of the room stood Aunt Rose, all stiff in crisp black lawn, with her light brown hair brushed smooth from her forehead, and coiled into a high roll at the top of her head. Ellen Morrissey, a sixteen-year-old neighbor girl, was there, too, putting the final smoothing touches on Aunt Rose's apparel. The presence of Ellen was a sure sign Aunt Rose was going some place where she could not take the children. All waited silently for the explanation.

"Now, Mary Esther and James, dear, and listen, Sammy," she began, as she pinned on her hat. "You remember Mrs. Davis who was so nice to us when you children had the mumps last winter?"

Three heads nodded.

"Well, Mrs. Davis is very sick. She lives all by herself, you know, and her friends take turns staying with her. They have sent for me this afternoon, so I'll go, and likely won't be back until to-morrow morning about seven. Ellen will stay with you and get your supper, and I'll be home for breakfast. So be good, children. I think they'll be all right, Ellen. Mary Esther is a child of good judgment, you know. You children can play and have a nice time, and do anything Mary Esther says is right. Do you hear, James and Sammy?" with a significant glance at the latter.

Sammy nodded and stole out again. He hated to see people kiss their children. About a half hour after starchy Aunt Rose had whisked out of sight around the street corner, Sammy again came up from the apple-tree, dragging his feet through the cool grass. Mary Esther and James were playing "jacks" on the shady back porch and Sammy seated himself on the top step

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to watch the game. After a time he asked thoughtfully:

"How'd'je like to go campin' like Ted Miller an' his folks does ev'ry summer?"

"Jus' fine," was the little girl's answer, "I think it'd be lots of fun."

"What's campin'?" asked James, his brown eyes wide with curiosity.

"Oh, you little goose!" laughed the knowing sister, "Don't know what campin' is! Why, it's sleepin' outdoors, an' cookin,' an' eatin,' an' everying, all outdoors. Oh, it'd be a whole circus!"

"You'd better say circus, Mary Esther Maria Jane," taunted Sammy. "You'd be scared, that's what you would."

"Why, I wouldn't either, so there, Sammy Mariar Jane!" and Mary Esther's eyes snapped.

"We would not be scared, would we, Mary Esther?" added loyal James solemnly wagging his black, curly head.

"Well, why don't you camp, then?" questioned Sammy, moving closer and leaning calmly against the porch railing.

"I'd like to know how we can when there ain't nobody to take us," flared Mary Esther with cheeks aflame.

"I know someplace where we could camp easy enough without anybody to take us; where us kids could sleep outdoors, anyway, when it's hot, if you wasn't such a coward," suggested Sammy.

"I ain't a coward, I tell you," screamed the little girl in vexation. "If you'll please tell me where it is, I'll show you I ain't. It's you that's scared, or you'd tell."

"Oh, I'll tell, if you honest want to camp," drawled Sammy, with an indifference which he did not feel. "We could do it this very night, if you and Jim wasn't afraid your mother'd care."

Too much excited to notice the error in her brother's name, she replied, "Mamma won't care, not the teeniest bit. It's nice an' hot, an' besides, she said we could do anything I said was all right. But where'll we camp? I ain't scared, but we mustn't go far."

"Out under the apple-tree," explained Sammy, feeling free now to give vent to a little of his enthusiasm.

"Just get some old blankets an' spread 'em on the grass fer us to lay down on, an' some old quilts to cover up with, an' the lantern, an' some old, raggedy carpets to hang up on the tree-limbs fer side curtains, an' we're fixed. Yer right sure you ain't scared?"

"No, I aint. It's nice an' clean under the tree. Le's get to work an' fix things up," cried Mary Esther, gathering up the scattered "jacks," and flinging back her silky curls as she rose.

"We ain't scared," echoed James, "Goody, goody, goody, we're goin' to camp!"

Sammy continued to sit on the step with a triumphant light in his eyes, while Ellen Morrissey, in accordance with her orders to let Mary Esther govern the conduct, helped that little miss to find the required camping outfit. When the articles were piled upon the porch floor, the three children went briskly to work with Sammy as foreman. By tea-time, all was ready. The children were almost too excited to eat. Mary Esther and James chattered so busily over the novelty that they forgot to miss their mother as they usually did when she was forced to be gone. Yet Sammy, if anything, was more nervous than they, for he could tell no one of his plans, but was obliged to keep his own counsel. Never before had bed-time followed so slowly after tea-time. Usually they were not nearly ready when it came, but that night it seemed as if it would never arrive. Every few minutes they ran out to the apple tree, and lifted the curtain to see if all was as they had left it; and patient Ellen was kept busy answering the eternal question:

"What time is it, now?"

Bed-time did, however, come at last and the campers went fearlessly to rest. Sammy was sure of Mary Esther's courage. It was for that very reason that he had made that his point of attack. She would do almost anything possible to prove her bravery. James, for his part, was contented in his reliance on an all-wise sister.

The night was one of those breathlessly sultry ones, frequent in summer, when the movement of a single leaf seems audible, when the katydids question and answer in the trees, and the trilling of the frogs in a distant pond seems marvelously shrill and near. The last sounds

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to be heard in the apple tree camp were James's sleepy, "Are you scared, Sammy?" Sammy's curt, "Nope." and James's final, "We-ain't,-are-we-Mary-Es—?"

As Sammy lay listening to the regular breathing of the two children, his heart beat faster and faster. It seemed fairly to stifle him, and he raised himself on his elbow to peer about him by the dim light of the lantern which hung upon a short sprout from the trunk of the tree. Both of his cousins were asleep. Sammy rose slowly and crept toward their blanket, on hands and knees. He watched them thus for a short while for fear they should wake or stir, but they slept soundly after their afternoon of vigorous work. The little conjurer then rose upon his knees and extended his arms just as Uncle Joshua had done. He twitched his lips and forehead, blinked his eyes, and interspersed all with the occasional mystic "Unkuri."

Just as the spell was complete, a slight rush of wind and the flare of the lantern startled the magician, himself, and he found himself trembling and breathless as he sank again upon his blanket. A troubled sleep, however, came upon him at length, a nap, perhaps, rather than a sleep, for he was soon aroused with a start by a violent clap of thunder and a mighty gust of wind which convulsed the branches above him and was followed by a down-pour of rain. James awoke sobbing.

"O-o-o, mamma!"

"Did you hear that Sammy?" wailed the frightened little girl, springing from the blanket. "Oh, oh, what shall we do? We're getting soaked. Oh!—That lightning! Oooo! just listen!"

Sammy sat up and stared blankly, then whispered hoarsely as he rose, "We'd better shut up and go to the house."

"O-oo-o, I'm so 'fraid," sobbed brother and sister.

"Well, we'll get struck by lightning if we stay here under a treet," suggested Sammy by way of an incentive, lifting the lantern from its place.

"Oh, yes," gasped Mary Esther. She seized James by the hand, drew him along to the wall of the make-shift tent, raised the curtain, and, followed by Sammy with the lantern, passed out into the blinding rain. Gasp-

ing and stumbling, they struggled along by the feeble light toward the path which led to the garden.

"There't goes, darn it," exclaimed Sammy, as a whiff of wind blew out their light. "Pitch dark, and a good hundred feet yet to go!"

"Oh! Oh! Sammy!" howled Mary Esther. "What'll we do? We can't never get to the house, now. It's so dark and I'm jus' freezin'—Oh! that lightning!"

"We was headed fer the walk when't went out. Jus' keep straight ahead 'n' look for the walk when it lightnings. 'Tis kind o' chilly."

"Bo-o-o," shivered James. "I'm so cold. When'll we get home, Mary Esther?"

They groped about in the long, cold, wet grass, now here, now there, while the violent wind whipped the rain in sheets around them.

"Seems-like-'bout-five-hours!" panted Mary Esther.

At last, however, they reached the porch thoroughly drenched and almost exhausted. From the amount of clatter required to arouse Ellen, it was evident that the storm had not disturbed her. She was greatly amazed when she admitted the three huddled lambs.

"My, but you kids are soaked!" she exclaimed. "Get into some dry duds, quick, while I put some extra cover on your beds."

Sammy hastily executed her orders, and was soon fast asleep. When next he awoke, the sunlight was playing about in his room through the dancing leaves of the tree just outside. He wondered what time it was, and lay still to listen. He could hear low voices in the other room, and a rush of footsteps to and from the bed-room of his cousins. Soon the door of his own room opened and Ellen Morrissey came in.

"How are you?" she asked doubtfully.

"All right. What time is it? What's the matter?"

"About half past nine," she answered. "You've got to get up and run for the doctor. Something's wrong with James and Mary Esther."

As Ellen hastened away, Sammy did as he was bid, wondering what could have happened so suddenly. With this thought he ran the three blocks to the doctor's house and rode back with the doctor in his buggy. He could,

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of course, answer no questions, as he had asked no particulars of the ailment. When the doctor reached the house, Aunt Rose and Ellen followed him into the sick room, while Sammy remained near the door. He could hear nothing but an occasional hoarse cough above the blur of sounds. He stayed near his aunt and the physician when, in the course of a half hour, they came from the bed-side of the children. Their faces were very solemn and the doctor said he was afraid it was some big, awful name. It sounded like magic. Something suddenly lay hold of the lad. Maybe the sickness had something to do with the charm. What if Uncle Joshua had made a mistake and given them a spell to make people die? Sammy began to feel extremely uneasy. A heavy load fell upon his stomach, and he found it hard to breathe. He stole to the kitchen. It was empty. Had it always been so big? And the clock—its ticking fairly deafened him. He went to the window, but turned away with a grimace. He could not bear to look at the apple-tree with its heap of soaked paraphernalia. So that charm had made the children sick! He almost knew it wouldn't work for him. The sun shone beautifully out of doors, but he didn't want to play. He didn't ever want to go to the fence post. He sat down on a chair in the corner of the kitchen, placing his heels on the round, his elbows on his knees, and his face between his hands, to listen to the clock. Ellen went back and forth between the room of the children and the kitchen stove, where she was boiling a queer-smelling mixture.

"How are they?" he asked her once as she came out.

"Awful sick!" was her reply. "Don't you want somethin' to eat? You never had no breakfast, and it's almost noon. We ain't got time to fix no dinner, but I'll make you a sandwich as I make mine."

"Nope," answered Sammy.

"Doctor's comin' again, right after dinner," she volunteered as she left the room.

The little boy shifted nervously on his chair. "Ought to tell her," he muttered. "So's she could tell Doc. He might know somethin' what'll cure charms."

He tip-toed again to the chamber door where he fell

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softly on hands and knees to peer around the casement. He could hear the labored breathing and the occasional moans of the sufferers. When his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he could see Aunt Rose cooling the feverish brows, turning and smoothing the pillows, and giving medicine with endearing words. His throat choked up. He could not tell her. What if they should die and everybody would know he had killed them? Aunt Rose would hate him worse than ever. Maybe they'd even put him in jail or hang him up, as the big boys said they do. With heart heavier than before he went back to the kitchen.

And so things went for three whole days. Sammy grew more and more alarmed. All he knew of the children's condition was Ellen's "Awful bad," and the distressing sounds which he heard when his wavering resolution to unburden his heart drew him, again and again, to the door of the sick room. His aunt scarcely more than glanced at him when she passed through the kitchen, and at times he heard her mutter something about 'ticing the babies out of doors at night. He did not blame her, now, for it was a thousand times worse than she could guess. He was sure the doctor could not cure the children when he didn't know what was the matter, yet the little culprit could not bring himself to confess. He could not eat, and his sleep was broken by dreams of ugly, black magicians and policemen with ropes who hid in every corner of the room ready to catch him. Even weary, distracted Aunt Rose could not but note how pale the little fellow had grown; how large and wistful were the eyes, usually sparkling and roguish. It was a changed Sammy who sat alone in the kitchen corner late on the evening of the third day, in sheer horror of going to bed. Aunt Rose herself came out at length.

"It's past bed-time, Sammy," she said from the door in a stifled whisper, and vanished.

It was the first time she had spoken to him in the three days. He felt that he could not go to bed by himself, yet he had not the heart to disobey her, so wan and frightened did she appear. As sleep would not come, however, the boy lay and listened. He heard the doctor come; he heard muffled voices, and footsteps, soft, but

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more rapid than ever before. Finally, his door creaked, and Aunt Rose entered with a low-burning lamp,—no longer prim starchy Aunt Rose, but Aunt Rose dishevelled with days of self-carelessness and nights of sleepless watching. As she set down the lamp and stooped to take a flannel from his lower wash-stand drawer, Sammy heard her choke down a sob, and felt sure the worst had happened to the children. Something hard seemed to grip his throat. It tightened and tightened, and bid fair to strangle him. He gave a scream which caused his aunt to come over and gaze at the pale, little face and dilated eyes. Her own eyes were tearful, but kinder than ever before. With a sudden passion, he threw his arms around her neck and burst into tears. When he could speak, he sobbed out,

“O-oo, Aunt Rose, I wouldn’t ‘a’ did it, if I hadn’t ‘a’ wanted you to love me. But now, o-o-, you can’t. I made ‘em sick. I got Uncle Joshway to give me a spell to get you to like me, ‘sti o’ them. But now it’s gone and killed ‘em. An’ they’ll come after me with a rope. O-o-o. Aunt Rose!”

He did not relax his grasp, and the weary woman clasped the contrite little motherless fellow close in her arms and said nothing. Just then the doctor appeared at the door.

“You can bring the laddie in with you,” he called softly. “The crisis is past. The membrane is broken.”



ILLINOIS FOOTBALL

OTTO. E. SEILER, '12



FOR a great many years Illinois has been looked upon by the football world as one of the "under dogs." Up to very recently Chicago has looked to the Orange and Blue as one of the teams to furnish them with a practice game in preparation for their more important contests later in the season. In fact, until this year, no critic has ever credited us with having a first class team, although for three years past our teams have been of championship caliber.

This fact is not due to prejudice of critics, nor is it due, as a great many of the students think, to the fact that the sporting editors of the Chicago newspapers "have it in" for Illinois. We must admit that a reputation carries great weight in this world, not alone in football, but in everything that is brought before the public eye. It is not at all uncommon to see schools with a poor team ranked very high, while certain other institutions, having teams of championship strength are rated low, simply because the former has a reputation for strong teams, and the latter has for some years been turning out weaker teams. This, also, is very often the case in regard to players themselves, and in the selection of men for the All-American and All-Western elevens. When a player has once gained a position on either of these elevens, he has established a reputation which in his next years of play will carry great weight. Cases are numerous where men have gained positions on honorary elevens, and the next year, although they played in different positions as well as a much poorer brand of football, yet they were selected to their previous positions of honor by the all-star critics. Many football editors seem to think it shameful to rob a team or player of their honorary berth after having once won it. True the newspapers can establish the reputation for a team, but the real strength of an eleven is not affected by any written article, and it is a great satisfaction to those who know Illinois football from the inside that the teams of 1908, 1909, and 1910 have been on a par with anything in the West.

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Football at Illinois has been allowed to take a certain course, and those who were steering the game knew what the final result would be. They have been patient; they have worked hard; they have borne much severe criticism, but they have triumphed, and will continue to triumph in the future. Although not generally known, the coaches at Illinois have striven hard to develop a game here which we might call all our own—they have dreamed of establishing permanently what we may christen "Illinois Football." If the team of 1910 gained a championship, if this team played a game which attracted the attention of the entire football world, and if the men played with a manliness and determined aggressiveness which is unrivaled, we are proud to say that it was all developed by men who once played on Illinois teams, and who later graduated from Illinois.

Several years ago, under the most severe criticisms, the graduate coaching system was established at Illinois. Since then it has been a slow, but steady growth, and many barriers have presented themselves to be broken down. With the close of the season of 1910, however, all the labor seems worth while, for we may now feel that we are ten years farther ahead in our football. A real Illinois game has been established; a confidence has been gained that Illinois football can win, and that it is just as good as any other football that has ever been developed; the course and plan of several years has begun to materialize; and above all the graduate coaching system has won a permanent place in our football, and under its direction we now hope to gain the same position in this great college game as we already hold in baseball.

The writer would not feel this article to be complete unless some mention was made of the coaches who have been the great factors in the development, growth, and triumph of Illinois football—"Artie and Lindy" as we love to call them. It is a great satisfaction, as well as honor, to Illinois to know that under the direction of these coaches the men are not only being taught football, but receive a training which is invaluable in living the lives of manly men. "Artie and Lindy" have won a sacred place in the heart of every man who ever worked

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under them, and long after college and football days are over it will be pleasant to recall the warm friendship of two real men, who made football at Illinois, and who have helped make Illinois loyalty more loyal.





OUR WINNING TEAM

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

There are several facts connected with the winning and losing of the first intercollegiate debate of the year that are significant. Realizing the importance of the place which debating should occupy and remembering the difficulty which Illinois experienced in winning a majority of the contests last year, the department of Public Speaking adopted last year a new scheme, which was calculated to add to the strength of the teams this fall. The plan was that of holding the initial tryouts for the fall debate in the spring of the year previous. Accordingly the squad was reduced to twelve by two trials held before commencement. The final tryout was then held in the early fall, and the granting of places on the teams was based upon the amount and effectiveness of work on the part of the competitors during the summer months, so far as it was revealed by the speeches given.

Illinois thus had the advantage of an early start by having her teams at work soon after the opening of the fall semester. This and some other things are to be said in favor of the new plan, but, in addition, two demerits have been urged against it. In the first place, it does not give new material a chance in the fall. Freshmen who may have ability are barred from participating in the work until after the first contests are over. Secondly, those who made the teams under this scheme were obliged to work on two different questions and to labor over so long a period that the practice of study grew monotonous. In spite of these conditions, however, the teams thus chosen were far from unsuccessful. A unanimous decision at Minneapolis against Minnesota, and a two to one vote at Urbana against Nebraska indicate that the effort of neither team was in vain.

The question which will form the basis of the discussion in the debates with Ohio and Indiana is, "Resolved: That each state in the Union should enact laws providing for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, constitutionality granted." Four former Varsity de-

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baters are numbered among those who are contending for positions on these teams. The final tryout will come soon after the holidays, and consistent will be made by coaches E. M. Halliday and C. C. Pearce to produce winning teams to defend both sides of the question.

The defeat of Minnesota by Michigan silenced at once the demand on the part of the student body for a post season game with the Gophers. Michigan is now conceded as the sharer with Illinois in western football honors, and circumstances have rendered a further analysis of the situation by means of a game between these two Universities impracticable. Although the outcome of the Michigan-Minnesota game resulted in the settlement of a topic of animate discussion, another of equal importance and interest to the Illini was subsequently introduced. With the meeting of the representatives of the western conference, the much mooted question of Michigan's return to the league of the "big nine" became once more a vital one.

That Illinois favored the return of the Wolverines was evidenced by sympathetic chord struck by the *Daily Illini* upon the topic; and that Michigan regretted what she called the impossible was shown in the reply made in the columns of the *Michigan Daily*. Michigan outlined her principal reasons for withdrawing and withholding herself from the conference briefly as objections to the retroactive rule, the abolition of the training table, the rule applying to freshman teams, and the aversion to being dictated to by the deciding vote of minor Universities in important athletic matters. All developments in the situation seem to result in the more complete alienation of the Wolverines from the conference.

The month that has just passed has not been lacking in variety and amount of social diversion. The Junior Prom was the crowning event; the others of importance being the Freshman stag, the Senior smoker and the cadet hops. Few organization annuals have as yet been given. The stag party for freshmen, held at the Y. M.

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C. A. was the first event of its nature ever planned, and was arranged jointly by the president of the class and the social department of the Association. It was eminently successful and will no doubt become an annual, or perhaps a semi-annual affair.

The Prom was conducted in the usual formal style and was much enjoyed by the two hundred couples who attended and by the host of on-lookers that filled the spectators' gallery almost all of the evening. So keen was the spirit of enjoyment that the demand for encores and the generous response by the orchestra did not permit finishing the program of twenty-six dances until after three o'clock.

At a conference of a faculty committee and the officers of the several Engineering Societies called by Dean Goss, plans were discussed in regard to the reorganization of the Technograph. During the twenty-five years of the Technograph's existence as an annual the nature and attendance of the College has changed materially. Likewise the purpose of the Technograph has changed from a journal giving primarily only articles of technical interest by its faculty to one in which the entire engineering student body should look forward to for general information and as to what Illini are doing in engineering work. In view of these facts, a constitution and by-laws have been drawn up embodying the idea of a journal on a broader and firmer basis, due consideration being given to insure continuity from year to year.

The issue hereafter will appear as a quarterly. This will allow for a greater variety of articles which will be of great value to the student body and the engineering world at large. Besides original matter and articles of high merit such as appeared in its pages in the past, new departments have been created. The aim shall not only be to bring the students of the engineering departments closer together but also to bring them in touch with our alumni. Briefs on thesis work and subjects will be discussed in its pages. Departments of College progress, technical reviews, alumni and college notes, and editorials

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will also be entertained. All possible energy is being exerted to bring our engineering publication up to those of other Colleges in the Country.

In organization more stress is being laid on the individual. Under the new regim, the Technograph Board elects its editor, business manager, and assistant business manager and upon them rests the entire responsibility. Assistant department editors are appointed to develop the interests of the various schools. The first issue will appear about Jan. 15th.

An unparalleled interest in amateur dramatics seems to be manifesting itself just at present. Besides the comic opera soon to be staged by the Illinois Union four of the literary societies are planning to give plays. The Ionians and Athenians are planning to reproduce "Esmerelda", a comedy drama in four acts; and the Adelpic and Illiola societies will begin practice soon after the holidays on Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer". For the past two or three years, the two latter societies have given a play each year, and their efforts thus far have been successful. The various undergraduate plays, together with the annual play given by the Players' Club and the revival of the "Clouds" will constitute a good course in University dramatic entertainment.



THE FAILURE OF THE PHILANTHROPIC IDEA.

FLORENCE ROBINSON, '12

“**M**ISS KATHERINE,” announced the maid softly, Mr. Barnard to see you.”

Kittens, who was meditatively powdering her nose, dropped the puff suddenly, and rushed down stairs in a most undignified hurry. She hadn't seen Dick since the night before.

On the last step she stopped abruptly. Dick was standing in the hall, an unheard of thing! He usually went right into the den, and lit a cigarette. With an evident effort to suppress a smile, he came towards her.

“Katherine,” he began, in a low tone, “you remember what you were talking about last night?”

Katherine remembered. She had scolded him for being one of the useless rich, and never doing anything for anyone but himself.

“Well,” he continued, “I've picked up a case for charity, all right, I found her weeping in Hammergartner's office today. She's a country girl with stage ambitions. Hammergartner said she was not good looking enough for a place in any of his shows. So I thought I'd bring her up here and let you tell me what to do.”

Katherine started, “A chorus girl!”

Dick laughed with a “now-don't-you-wish-you-hadn't” expression. “A would-be chorus girl—and she doesn't look it,” he reassured her. “Come on in, and meet her.”

The next moment Kittens found herself being introduced to a dark-eyed, white-faced, timid looking girl in a shabby black coat, and an immense black hat covered with bedragged plumes. “Miss Gracie Gainsborough,” she heard Dick say. Her first impression was that the girl had a very unappropriate name. Her delicate features, and the dark circles under her eyes made her look much more like a sorrowing madonna than a Gainsborough beauty. Kittens' idea of chorus girls had been quite different. But then, this was not a real one, so Dick said. Whatever she was, she seemed ill at ease, and Kittens, with the instinct of a hostess, set to work to

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make her comfortable. It was not especially hard; Kittens found, because that Miss Gracie Gainsborough liked to talk about herself. In a delightfully naive way, punctuated by admiring glances around her, she told them of her troubles. Inside of fifteen minutes, Kittens had decided that she was "just dear," and was wondering if she would not look stunning in that silver-gray messaline dinner gown that she herself disliked so. Gray made her look so pale. It ought to be becoming to this girl.

"And I believe it would fit, too," she remarked aloud.

Dick laughed. He was used to Kitten's sudden changes. Miss Gracie opened her eyes very wide. They were very large eyes, and very expressive.

"Well, I do," continued Kittens, rising and impulsively putting her arm around Gracie. "Let's go up, and try it on. You don't mind, do you, Dick?"

Dick said he didn't, but looked as if he did. As he went out, Kittens called after him, "Don't forget that Motherkins' gives a dinner tonight."

"Is he a relative of yours?" asked Gracie, after a silence.

"Oh no, he's my,— We're engaged," Kittens laughed. "Don't you think he's good looking?"

Miss Gracie immediately began praising Dick's generosity and his kindness to her. Kittens' heart was entirely won. Anyone who liked Dick was *her* friend.

"Would you like to wear my gray dress to dinner tonight and have *Dick* take you in?" she asked in a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "It must be almost time to dress for dinner now." And the two went up stairs together like old friends.

Nearly an hour and a half later, Kittens' hearing her mother's step in the hall, ran out to meet her.

"Motherkins," she began, "Dick brought me a chorus girl that he found that didn't have a position, and she wasn't very good looking, and I dressed her up in my clothes and she looks bee-eautiful, and I asked another man, and Dick's going to take her in to dinner." She stopped, out of breath.

"Silly child!" said Motherkins, "why won't you ever

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grow up? When you talk so fast I can't tell what you're saying." She gave her a hurried kiss and went on.

Kittens gasped. "Well, of all things! Never mind, I'll surprise her." And she went back into her room to watch her maid do Gracie's hair, and to marvel at the change that pretty clothes made in her.

Kittens, going down stairs arm in arm with the creation in her silver gray messaline and introducing her to the company, felt very much pleased with herself and the world. Perhaps something of this feeling was due to the knowledge that Gracie's dark complexion brought out her own vivid fairness greatly to her own advantage—at least for anyone who admired blondes, as Dick did. The guests appeared to consider Miss Gainsborough a person of importance, and more than one of the younger men looked at Dick rather enviously as he went to the dining room with Gracie on his arm. Kitten's own escort stared at her some time from his vantage point across the table. Then he turned to Kittens, and asked if Miss Gainsborough were a friend of hers.

"No," said Kittens, quite truthfully, "I don't know her very well. I think she's awfully cute, though."

"Well," said the man, under his breath, "I think I do." Aloud he remarked, "Rather nice looking girl. Where did you pick her up?"

Kittens did not answer. She was watching Dick and Gracie. They seemed to be having a rather better time than was necessary, she thought. Gracie said something which made Dick laugh, and he looked over at Kittens. She looked away quickly. She would not have Dick think that she was watching him for worlds. Looking back again, she thought Dick's expression was relieved. Dick, *her* Dick looking relieved that she was not looking at him. At that moment she discovered that Gracie's eyes were set too far apart for beauty—and that she used them too much for propriety. In fact, she was growing rather conspicuous. No one else was chattering so incessantly, or laughing so musically. No one else looked at one person all the time with such soulful eyes. Kittens' old ideas about chorus girls—that they always crossed their knees and smoked cigarettes and flirted abominably—began reviving.

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Suddenly Gracie threw back her head and laughed, a long ripple of merriment. Everyone looked up. "You dear, silly thing," she said, looking at Dick out of the corners of her eyes. Then her expression faded into mere sweet seriousness. "I am sure you did not mean what you said," she cooed.

"Good Lord," Dick reddened. "I didn't say anything."

Mrs. Raymond rose, although several of the ladies had not finished their coffee. Kittens and the rest followed obediently. Gracie was the last to leave the room, looking over her bare shoulder, and smiling at Dick, as she did so. Afterwards, when all the women were together, she went over, and sat by Kittens, and proceeded to make herself charming in the same naively flattering way that she had tried in the afternoon. Kittens decided that her manners were very good even if her morals were not.

Kittens' remembrance of what happened after her *tete-a-tete* with Gracie was never very clear. In some way or other, after the men had left their cigars, and joined them, Gracie was separated from her. The next she knew, she was standing by the grand piano, surrounded by all the younger men, except Dick, who was sitting in the corner with Kittens, looking like a thunder cloud.

Gracie was smiling and laughing a great deal, and all the men around her were laughing, too. In fact they grew quite boisterous. Kittens could hardly believe that all this was happening in her mother's dignified presence. "Apparently," she thought to herself, "the good manners of the people with bad morals do not last very long." She suggested as much to Dick, who replied rather snappishly that Kittens ought to have kicked her out, and he along with her. "Only," he added, "Please kick us in opposite directions." And he went on murmuring something to himself about fools.

Gracie was not murmuring about fools, though. She was enjoying herself immensely. All of the people around her were urging her to sing, but it was not until they became very insistent that she consented. First she sang the "Ave Maria" in a rather pretty, high-pitched

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voice, and with a sweetly solemn expression in her big, dark eyes. Everyone applauded. She was at least not dangerous when she was busy with religious songs. However, for an encore she gave "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and did not take her eyes off Dick during the whole time. Then she began a little lyric in French which made the people that understood it, look first puzzled, then incredulous, then startled and then amused, or disgusted, according to their disposition.

Dick rose suddenly, leaving Kittens entirely bewildered and only sure of one thing—that she did not like the way that the men around the piano were laughing. He strode over to Gracie and regardless of interrupting her, said "I think we had better go now."

"Yes," Gracie smiled and rose obediently. She said good-bye to everyone gracefully, and they went out together.

Meanwhile Kittens, her mind a blank, except for the one thought that Dick had gone away with that horrid chorus girl, sat as if dazed. Louise Sheridan, who had been out five years, and whom no man had ever proposed to, though they all went to see her, came and told Kittens not to mind—that all men had that kind of love affairs. She knew men.

"Well," Kittens stamped her foot. "Maybe you do—but I know Dick." Then she slipped out of the room, and upstairs to have a good cry.

The next morning Kittens' maid brought her the papers and a note, along with her breakfast. The papers, in large headlines had a notice of "Scandal in High Society. Engagement of John Raymond's daughter and Richard Barnard, the young millionaire broker broken on account of his intimacy with an actress." Most of the rest of the article was devoted to the beauty and cleverness of Miss Gracie Gainsborough. Kittens groaned. It didn't much matter. Nothing mattered anyway. She wondered how Dick could like that thing. Then she opened the note. It simply said, "I'm waiting down stairs. Dick."

Kittens dressed hurriedly, carelessly even. Her fingers trembled, but her mind did not. She was going to tell Richard Barnard what she thought of him. She

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went down stairs very quickly, and walked into the reception room. At the doorway she collided squarely with a heavy body which proved to be Dick. Neither said anything for several minutes. Then, suddenly Kittens exclaimed, "Wasn't she a horrid thing!"

"She certainly was," said Dick in a heartfelt tone. "But she got what she wanted. Hammergartner told me that she signed a contract for vaudeville at the third highest price in the country. Now, what do you think of that?"

"I don't believe it does any good to philanthropize," replied Kittens, irrelevently.



SETTLED OUT OF COURT

By HENRY BENTON PARKER, '14



HE hushed undertone of conversation in the court room ceased as Judge Britt entered the room. Instantly everybody stood up. The court crier rapped on the desk with his gavel and called, in his high monotone.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The district court of Banden County is now in session!"

The judge bowed and when he had taken his seat, everybody else resumed their seats and awaited with eager interest the beginning of the final scene in the romance of two well known members of the city's most select set.

"Call the first case," said the judge.

"O'Hara versus Kline," called the clerk.

A lawyer who had been standing within the inner railing of the court stepped forward and said, "Your Honor, we have not had time to prepare our case and therefore ask for an adjournment until next Monday, the 29th."

"Case is adjourned until May 29th," said the judge briefly.

"Clarke versus Clarke?" called the clerk.

Two other men who had been standing near at hand now came forward and said, each in turn, "Your Honor, the case for the plaintiff has been prepared and we are ready for trial."—"The case for the defendant is ready for trial, Your Honor."

"Call your witnesses," ordered the judge.

A moment later Marion Clarke entered the room and took her seat at one side of the table near which her lawyer was standing. She was dressed entirely in black with a black lace hat to match, from under which her big baby blue eyes, red rimmed from weeping, looked wonderingly about the crowded courtroom. She was so obviously embarrassed and so innocent of that brazen look which many women put on when brought before the court that the sympathy of everybody in the room went out to her. More than one susceptible male member of the audience found himself wondering what man-

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ner of man this Frederick Clarke might be, who could desert so prepossessing a young woman as heartlessly as the newspaper reports said.

Fredie Clarke, popular clubman and dilettante, as the newspapers had it, entered the room in company with Joe Grimsby, his college chum and most intimate friend. Of course having seen the plaintiff everybody was interested in the defendant of this strangely muddled divorce case. Some how he did not seem like a man who would act so outrageously with another woman. Dressed quietly in a light gray suit and straw hat he seemed a very likable chap and a man whom any woman could be proud to own as husband.

"Mrs. Clarke, will you take the stand!"

Marion walked slowly up to the chair on a slightly raised platform which was pointed out to her and shook her head to the clerk's inquiry as to whether or not she had been sworn.

"Raise your right hand, please," said the clerk respectfully.

Marion complied and solemnly nodded her head in answer to the clerk's quick question, "Do you solemnly swear that the testimony which you are about to give in the case now on trial shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do!" she said reverently.

"What is your name?" began her lawyer, Mr. Jamison.

"Marion Bradley Clarke."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"How long have you been married to the defendant?"

"Almost a year." A stifled sob very nearly choked her as she thought how quickly her romance had been shattered.

"How long has it been since the defendant ceased to come to his home?"

"Over two months."

The lawyer went on to show by his skillfully chosen questions that the only reason for Clarke's alleged desertion of his wife was simply because she had asked

him why he did such and such a thing, which one of her friends told her that he had done. He had refused either to affirm and attempt to justify himself, or deny the accusation, saying that her doubts showed an amazing lack of faith on her part. Mr. Jamison brought out the fact that when, a couple of days later, she had again spoken of the affair to her husband and had declared that that was a very poor way for a faithful husband to act, he had left the house without a word and had lived at the club entirely since that time. She said that he had always been loving and kind to her before the trouble and that she could not understand his recent actions and his absolute refusal even to attempt to explain the gossip which had caused the misunderstanding. For these reasons, therefore, she desired an absolute divorce on the grounds of desertion.

The lawyer for the defence now cross-examined her.

"You said, I believe, that your personal conduct had been always that of a lady and a dutiful wife?"

"I did!" came her answer, her tone showing that she was deeply wounded by even the asking of such a question.

"Just a minute, Blake!" called the defendant to his lawyer, in a loud whisper. "Come here a minute!"

The lawyer complied with his request and Freddie whispered fiercely in his ear, "Don't you talk like that to her. I love that girl yet and if you hurt her in any way, I'll murder you."

Blake smiled slightly. He had thought that such was the case and had adopted his bullying tone toward the witness on purpose to bring such a feeling into activity.

"Your feelings were hurt by my question, weren't they, Mrs. Clarke?" he began again.

"I object!" interposed Jamison. "Your honor, I object to that question on the grounds that it is immaterial and leading."

The judge had tried a great many divorce cases and was also a very good reader of human nature. He suspected what Freddie Clarke had said to his lawyer and how he felt toward the witness. He had seen many

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such cases caused simply by misunderstandings, inexperience, and foolish pride which would not permit itself to be humbled regardless of the consequences, and he thought that he could see through Mr. Blake's plan.

"Objection overruled," he said.

"But Your Honor, it has nothing whatsoever to do with the case in question and I move that it be struck from the records!" said Mr. Jamison.

"Motion overruled!" said the judge quietly. "Proceed with your cross-examination."

"What was the question?" asked Marion.

"Read the last question, Mr. Reporter."

"The court reporter looked back over his notes and read, "Your feelings were hurt by my question, weren't they, Mrs. Clarke?"

"Why certainly they were. What woman's feelings wouldn't? Nobody likes to",— began Marion.

"Wait!" interjected the judge. "You mustn't volunteer any information whatsoever. You must simply answer the questions which the lawyer asks you."

"Nobody likes to have any doubt thrown on their conduct, do they?" asked Blake.

"I object! That question is leading," cried Jamison.

"Objection sustained," said the judge.

"Very well. I withdraw my question," said Blake, and turning to Mrs. Clarke he said, "Would you like to have any doubt thrown on the propriety of your conduct?"

"Of course not," indignantly.

"Do you feel worse than ever when you know that you are entirely innocent of wrongdoing?"

"Certainly. Who wouldn't?"

"Would you have even answered my question if you had not been under oath on the witness stand and therefore obliged to?"

"Probably not."

"What would you have done if I had asked you that question in your own house?"

"I would have had the footman show you the door."

"You are sure that you would?" impressively.

"Certainly."

"Now suppose you were in a position where you

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could not have me thrown—I beg your pardon, shown out—what would you have done then?”

“Gone out myself.”

“You would!” very earnestly.

“I would.”

“Very well. Think that over. That’s all.”

“That’s all,” echoed Mr. Jamison.

Relieved and somewhat mystified by the ease with which she had escaped the ordeal which she had dreaded, Marion walked back to her chair at the table. Freddie sat directly opposite to her but she paid him absolutely no attention. As a matter of fact, her ignorance of his existence was just a little bit too elaborate to be genuine. She kept her eyes averted from him a little too carelessly to be really indifferent, and her heart, under the crushing weight of pride which kept her up, was crying for him and urging her to go to him and ask forgiveness and go on as they had been before the trouble. They had been so happy then but now the future held—

“Your Honor, the examination of the next witness will take quite a long time and I move that we adjourn for luncheon until one-thirty.”

This suited the judge, who had been watching the principals of the case and he was well satisfied with the way in which things were going and so the court was adjourned until one-thirty that afternoon.

As Marion was going out to lunch she felt a hand grasp her arm and a genial voice, close by her ear, say, “Hello Marion.”

She looked up and recognized Joe Grimsby smiling down at her.

“Why hello Joe!” she exclaimed, cordially. Just because he was Freddie’s friend was surely no reason why she should be cool toward him. To tell the truth, that was all the more reason why she was glad to see him. She might hear something about Freddie, news which her heart longed for, but which her pride would not permit her to solicit.

“Marion, you’re going out to lunch with me because I’ve got something very important to tell you. Aren’t you?”

“All right!” she assented, scarcely able to conceal

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her joy as she felt instinctively that it was something about Frederick.

Silently they made their way out of the court house and down the street to the Hotel Raymond. Here Freddie had preceded them, unknown to Marion, and had given the head waiter instructions to lead them to a little private dining room on the third floor where they were to be absolutely undisturbed. This arranged, he took his position at the open window of a little parlor, connected with the dining room by a door, and anxiously awaited the result of this last effort to retain Marion's love without betraying his friend and violating his promise.

"Marion!" began Joe, after the waiter had brought their luncheon and had silently departed, "This 'something' which I have to tell you intimately concerns three people whose happiness is very dear to me."

"Yes?" she replied, toying with her soup spoon to conceal her eagerness. "Tell me what it is."

"The story begins long ago and is known to but four people. You will make the fifth and I don't need to tell you that it is for your ears alone. My mother died when I was born and so when I was about a year or so old my father married again, more to give me a mother than anything else, I think. My stepmother already had a child, a little girl about six years old. Her father had been a useless sort of a man and this little girl inherited his traits. When she was seventeen years old she ran away and went on the stage. The shock killed my stepmother, who had been a good woman and had done all that she could to keep the child in the straight and narrow path. At that time I was about twelve years old and my father never married again. Well, we did all that we could to help her, even though she didn't have any real claim on us. She wasn't a very good girl and she could not enjoy herself with the ordinary pleasures of life, but was always wining and dining and right in the midst of the gay throng. When Freddie and I were at Columbia, we used to see her a good deal in New York. We used to give her and her friends a good dinner once in a while. One day she forgot herself and

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called me brother. Freddie never said a word about it, but I saw that he noticed it and so I told him the whole story under a pledge of absolute secrecy."

Joe paused to drink a glass of white wine and then went on, "Alice wasn't the sort of a girl to get very far along in any profession and so I was not surprised when I received a letter from her, about three months ago, from San Francisco, saying that she was broke, and asking me if I would give her the money to get back to New York City. I sent it to her at once and told her that I would meet her at the station here and that she should stop off for the day and have a little fun to cheer her up. I told Freddie about it and so when I slipped and wrenched my back going home from Yarrow's dance, you remember?"—

"Yes!" replied Marion, her eyes shining with happy tears and her heart singing a little love ballad of its very own, "I remember it perfectly."

"Well, when I slipped and hurt myself so that I could not go out, Freddie offered to meet her rather than disappoint the poor girl. He met her at the train and took her to supper that night. Then they went to the theater and had another supper afterwards with some girls that Alice knew in the chorus. Poor Fred held them down as much as possible, but their actions attracted attention and he was recognized. The other people who saw him there did not know the real facts of the case and that was what started that awful gossip which finally reached your ears and caused all of this trouble. It nearly broke Fredy's heart when you accused him of unfaithfulness. He came right to me that night when he left you and he cried like a baby because he couldn't explain his actions to you without breaking his pledged word not only to me,—I would have absolved him in a minute,—but to my father. It would be a terrible blow to father if the facts which I am telling you now ever leaked out."

"I know!" said Marion, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "I behaved like a hateful wretch. Yes, I did!" she insisted in spite of Joe's protest. "Do you think that he will ever forgive me for doubting him?"

"He's in there waiting for you to come to him

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now," said Joe, pointing to the door between the rooms and smiling somewhat tearfully himself. "I'll run out now and notify the lawyers that the case has been dropped. Shall I?"

"Yes. Do hurry!" she cried with a shudder, as she thought of what her foolish pride had almost led her to do.

When he went out she stopped a moment to dry her eyes and then softly opened the door which intervened between her and the man she loved. He was sitting by the window in silent contemplation of the busy scene below him.

"Fred!" she called, softly.

"Marion!" he cried, springing up joyously and holding out his arms for her. "Am I forgiven?"

"There is nothing to forgive!" she said, as she crept happily into his waiting arms and felt them fold tightly about her while she wept out her repentance on his broad shoulder.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The district court of Banden County is now in session!" called the bailiff.

After everybody had resumed their seats and had quieted down the clerk called, "Clarke versus Clarke."

Mr. Jamison stepped up to the judge's bench and said, "Your Honor, I have the pleasure to announce, on behalf of both parties in the suit, that the case of 'Clarke versus Clarke' has been settled out of court."

A LOVE PRAYER.

BY BERTHA BOURDETTE, '11.

There dwells today in my heart a prayer
That you may be brave and true,
And so strong that no time can ever change,
The passion that lives for you.
(I saw in your eyes as they gazed into mine
Dear, faith of eternal power,
And it wakened my slumbering soul to life
As the sunshine wakes the flower.)
So I turn to the light and my prayer I'll bring
At the dawn of each coming day
With its thought of you, but, soul of my soul
It will live for aye and aye,
And on through the years and years of days
Though clouded or clear and blue,
There will rise from my heart the old sweet prayer
That I may true to you.

“ECHO”

MARGARET DUPUY, '12



S Hastings turned from the glove-counter, the whole many-colored, animated scene of the first floor of Marshall Field's department store flashed upon his eyes. It was a sight delightful to a Chicagoan—even a man—the long, polished counters displaying their infinite variety of silks and gloves and laces; the busy black-garbed clerks, the drifts of humanity in the aisles, women for the most part, young and smartly clad. Suddenly, as his face swung toward the aisle, he stopped, petrified. Just across from him stood a woman, young, well-dressed as the others, with a face quiet and dignified. In her features there was a resemblance to his so marked as to be almost unbelievable. There was the same thin, clearly shaped face, the frank look from dark eyes, the same waviness of the brown hair about the high temples, the lips drooping a bit at the corners, the chin, slender, with a tiny dimple.

The woman, too, had noticed the strange similarity, for, as her eyes found his face, she started, then stood still, looking at him in bewilderment. He, conscious of no other being on earth, gazed back at her, startled, unconvinced. Thus they stood for a long moment, the shoppers who passed between them interrupting, but unable to break, the bond that held them quiet. At last, with an effort distinctly visible, the woman drew her eyes away, flushing slightly as she moved. The spell was broken, but Hastings lifted his hat as he turned toward the door.

Months had passed before he saw her again. He had searched casually for a week or two, as his law practice allowed, but the first active longing for her had changed gradually to hope, which in its turn faded by degrees, and died. Then one night, as the "California Limited" pulled out of Chicago, Hastings, settled in his Pullman section, glanced at his fellow passengers, and saw ahead of him, across the aisle, the smoothly braided coiffure of the woman he had met in Field's. Immedi-

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ately the interest of the young man sprang up afresh, and he began weaving schemes whereby he might approach her.

None that his active brain or the chances of the journey offered, however, proved satisfactory, and Hastings spent the following two days as completely a stranger to the young lady as if he had never seen her, though he could not be unaware that she noticed him. Indeed, the first morning, as the train was leaving Kansas City, Hastings was placed at the same table in the diner with her, the waiter remarking self-importantly, "Yo' sistah beat you-all dis mawnin', suh."

The recognition between the two was swift, though silent. The man's courtesy prevented his speaking, and he was at once glad, for this time, the girl's eyes filled with tears as she glanced up, and she hurried through her breakfast, leaving the car as if anxious to get away from him. Her evident distress was inexplicable to him, but he resolved to avoid her as much as possible, if thereby he might save her embarrassment.

His consideration in remaining away from the diner and observation-car when she was not in her Pullman section, did not, however, prevent his watching her when both happened to be in the same car. She had a way of sitting for hours at a time, elbow on the window-sill, palm supporting her cheek, gazing at the landscape rapidly slipping behind them. The glimpses the watching man caught of her profile always saddened him, for the lips drooped unhappily, and the eyes looked tired. Once she turned in her seat deliberately, and looked straight at him earnestly, meeting his eyes for another moment as she had that day in the store. But this time the man looked away first, lowering his head as if in apology. Thereafter he renewed his efforts to spare her annoyance, and his interest became gradually more thoughtful, more brooding.

During the afternoon of the second day, Hastings chanced to fall into talk with the conductor.

"Everybody in the car but you, sir," he was told, "is going to turn off tonight at Williams, and go on up to the Grand Canyon. There's a hotel there, all by itself, miles from anywhere. But maybe you've been there?"

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"No, I haven't," Hastings returned, calmly enough, though excited by a quick thought.

"Well," the conductor answered, with unexpected enthusiasm, "it's the greatest place in these United States, and if you aren't in a grand rush you'd better go along, too. Otherwise you'll have to change to another car. I don't know how you happened to be put in here in the first place, but now you're here, you'd better go with the rest of 'em."

"I believe I will," the young lawyer answered, adding with a smile, "since you recommend it so highly."

In this way it came about that Hastings wrote his name next morning on the register of the El Torar Hotel, located almost on the rim of the huge Canyon. He had made sure that the young lady should be shown to her room before he entered the lobby, but now he scanned the names above his with eagerness. "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alkirk, Albany, N. Y.," "Mrs. Fannie Fay Scott, Chicago, Ill." Could that be hers? Surely not "Fanny Fay!" Yet that "Mrs." might account, if she were newly-widowed, for her sadness. No, he had distinctly noticed a "W" printed on her suit case. Ah, there was her name, two or three lines down. How beautiful and dignified her written words looked on the page, "Helen Waters, Glencoe, Illinois." "Helen Waters, Helen." Yes, that suited her exactly, yet Hastings smiled at himself as he repeated the name he had given her in his thoughts.

At lunch time Miss Waters did not appear. The Chicagoan lingered over his meal until the waitress asked him for the third time, hesitatingly, if she could do anything for him.

"No, thank you," he answered, rousing, and strolled ruefully to the veranda. Then he remembered the Canyon, and continued ungratefully to its brink. Here the magnificence of the view took possession of him, as he stood, gazing down at the broken walls of rock falling from his feet in immense, dark red brown masses, down, down, then climbing again, in slow irregularity to the farther rim, on a level with his eyes across fourteen miles of space. The man stood there for a long, long time, stunned at first, overcome by his first view of this

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river-bed of the gods. Finally his feelings began to weave themselves into thoughts. "I wonder"—he came back to the girl at last, forming the words with his lips.—"whether she has seen it yet."

As he turned, his words were answered, for there on the veranda she stood, with her earnest eyes fixed, not directly on the canyon, but on his figure. For the second time she flushed under his returning gaze, and moved away rather quickly.

At sunset time, Hastings, with a dozen of the other guests, was driven to a point on the rim a mile or two away, where the light effects in the canyon were wonderful. When all was ready for the start, the driver climbed to his still empty seat, saying to the Chicago man, who had just appeared:

"There'll be room up here, sir, for you and your sister. She'll be out in a minute."

Hastings bit his lip in vexation. The chance resemblance, then, was to cause more annoyance. He turned protestingly toward the driver, who at the same moment called to Miss Waters, as she approached, "you're to sit right up here with me, Miss, between me and your brother," adding rather impatiently, "if you'll help her up, sir."

Hastings turned. "If you'll allow me," he said in a low voice, without glancing at her face.

"Thank you," she said calmly, when she was seated. Quietly Hastings took his place beside her, and the splendid horses were started on a trot through the woods.

During the drive Miss Waters chatted now and then with the driver, paying no attention to the man at her left, who in his turn kept silence. The feeling that he must not annoy her led him to say, as he helped her to her seat for the return drive, "I'll change my seat if you wish."

"Certainly not. Please sit here again," she answered bravely, raising her eyes to his, but the moment she did so, the tears came into them, and she turned her face away. The return drive was made in silence, in troubled silence on Hastings' part. His perplexity increased when she said, as she gave him a trembling hand to help her down at the hotel, "I can't tell you how ashamed I am

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of my lack of self-control, Mr. Hastings. Please don't blame yourself. You have been most courteous."

The words delighted him, for they showed her appreciation of his self-control. Yet, as it happened, his renewed resolution to avoid her was checkmated again the next morning by the head waitress in the dining-room. "Come right this way, sir; here's your sister," she said aloud to him, so that he was forced to take his place opposite Miss Waters, greeting her with a careful "good-morning."

"Good-morning," she answered, smiling a little with the drooping lips. She leaned toward him, adding softly, "It's all right, this morning, and I'm nearly ready to leave."

Her self-confidence, however, was overestimated, for in a moment she moved hurriedly, and Hastings, glancing up from his yesterday's newspaper, saw a tear fall from under her lowered eye lids. The next time he glanced at her, she was calm again, and preparing to leave the room.

Left alone, the man, eating moodily, thought of many things, his family and the friends at home, the work awaiting him in California, some stupid acts of his days at Yale, always with an undercurrent of troubled thought about Miss Waters. At last, on a sudden resolution, he hurried to his room, and wrote a letter. "Nice little Genevieve," he murmured to himself. "If I'm not at her house-party, and Willoughby is, perhaps it will come out right for them after all. I certainly hope so." Then he changed his clothes for a riding suit, justifying himself by saying, "I'll leave tomorrow, but I do want to make this trip down to the river. She surely won't be making that, so I can do it safely."

In this idea, however, he was wrong, for he found Miss Waters, in a khaki-suit, among the party assembled in front of the hotel. Her mood now was radiant, and she talked gaily to the other six women who were to make the trip. The guide was ready with seven little burros, and two horses for himself and Hastings, and he hurried about, mounting the timid, giggling women, adjusting straps, cheering, advising, joking. His was to be no small task, especially as the assistant guide, so he

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explained to Hastings, was laid up with the rheumatism. "Sometimes," he said with his patient, quizzical smile, "A bunch of women like this is a good handful. You'll have to help me keep 'em quiet, I guess, you and your sister there. She won't be scared, you can bet your life."

"No, she won't," Hastings answered, with his eyes on the eager face of the girl as she stood, flushed and upright, patting the neck of her burro.

"His name is Dumpsy," she called to him in a friendly way, finding him looking at her. "It's most appropriate, I think."

The guide, so events proved, had not overestimated the cares upon his shoulders. The women of the party were half-terrified, at times, by their position. The Bright Angel Trail, winding downward for seven long miles, steep, perilously narrow at times, partially snow-covered, with stones falling away from the hoofs of the animals, the long view from one's left shoulder, often straight down past the ledge on which one seemed so waveringly perched, the stubbornness of the burros, who seemed to delight in seeing how near to the edge they could walk without falling over,—even to Hastings the first half of the trip was dead earnest. Finally, somehow, the slow, wriggling line following the guide, reached the low land about the river, the stiff riders half fell from their saddles into the arms of the two men, and then walked about carefully, experimentally. Through it all, Hastings had watched Helen with pleasure, vaguely wondering why he was glad that she controlled herself so well. She had exulted in the beauty of the vistas opening before them, laughing, encouraging, sympathizing with the less courageous older women.

For an hour "our party," as the Chicagoan called them to the guide, clambered about the huge rocks at the river-side, examining, talking, marvelling as they gazed upward at the huge walls of the Canyon down which they had come.

"Well," one little woman from Iowa stated emphatically, her eyes on the pathway, which looked like a thread dropped on the face of the ledges, "all I can say is, 'Thank God for the Prairie States!'"

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During the laugh that followed, the guide suggested lunch, produced the individual paper sacks he had brought from the hotel. The meal over, the group prepared to make the return trip, glancing ruefully at the pathway ahead, and stretching weary limbs tentatively. The women were all seated, this time with less trouble, and Hastings was about to mount his horse when he discovered the loss of his camera. After a word of apology, he ran back around a point of rock to the river, picked up his camera, and vaulted over a huge stone. As he landed, his ankle turned under him, and he fell violently, with an ugly pain driving him to unconsciousness.

When he opened his eyes, the guide was splashing his face with water, and the women stood watching sympathetically. The man's efforts to get up were useless.

"You've done the job too well," the guide said, in regretful sympathy. "We'll have to hike you onto your horse as well as we can, and you'll have to stand it somehow. It's a doggone shame," he added, turning to Helen Waters. "I'm afraid you'll have to help me get him into the saddle, but maybe after that it won't hurt him so much."

"I'll do everything I can," the girl answered, looking at Hastings as he sat on the ground.

Hours afterward, as he lay in bed, the return trip seemed to him a vast stretch of agony. It seemed as if all the years of his life had been spent in that tortuous crawl up the face of the rock—the party ahead blurred in his vision, the cheering voice of Miss Waters as she followed, her words indistinct, almost unintelligible in his ears—nothing seemed real except the stabs of pain in his leg as the horse moved joltingly under him. He could not remember how he had been put to bed, he could not remember anything except that he had said once to Miss Waters, as they stopped to rest, "I've been wondering if they named this trail after somebody like you." And he had noticed that she blushed a little, then. Even in his pain he smiled, wanly, thinking of her courage and sweetness, hoping to see her soon again. At his smile, a blue-and-white nurse appeared from the shadows of the room, and smiled back at him.

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Hastings had hoped to see Miss Waters very soon; surely, in this isolated settlement, she would not hesitate to visit him, probably with some of the older women. But days began to pass, slowly. The hotel manager and his wife came to see him, the women who had gone down the trail that day came in pitying groups, the older guests of the hotel strolled in through his open door; still Hastings, sitting up in bed in his bath robe, shaved, neatly washed and combed, waited in vain for Helen. "I hardly know what I did to my ankle," he would explain patiently to every interested query. "The doctor says it is pretty bad, so I expect to ossify here in the course of a few centuries." Of no one would he ask questions about the girl whose absence disappointed him so, and not until nearly a week after the accident did he learn that she had left the hotel the following morning.

"We hated to have Miss Waters go," he was told, "and she was sorry she had to attend to that business at once. She behaved so well that day."

"Yes," Hastings answered absently, inexplicitly hurt by her silence, "Yes, she was splendid."

She had gone, then, without a word to him of pity or friendliness. He had even hoped, foolishly, perhaps, though it had not seemed so at the time, that some day she would feel his sympathy sufficiently to explain the cause of the sorrow he had witnessed, and evidently provoked, a number of times. She was very unhappy for some reason, and the man felt a great desire to know what it was, to comfort her, perhaps? That dream, though, was over, and the unlovely reality was with him.

In slow, heavy monotony the weeks passed, lightened a degree by the good will of the people about him. The letters from the East formed the bright hour of the invalid's day, but even they were soon pushed aside impatiently, and the man would sink again into the grim sea of his thoughts. He wasn't grieving for the girl, he told himself often; he hadn't fallen in love with her. If he had, she would never have come to care for a man whose mere proximity made her unhappy. No, it was all right for her to have gone away—though there was no reason why she might not have left at least a note.

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It did no harm, his thinking about her so much; a sick man must have some pastime.

Gradually, somehow, his thoughts came to center about Helen as a starting-point. He wondered if his mother would have liked her. His father, he knew, and Genevieve, would have loved and admired her sweet, capable womanliness. He hoped that Genevieve and Willoughby would marry after awhile. Then he would fall to conjecturing about the other girl's family, and conditions of life. Was she a society girl, or did she earn her own living? She was the sort to do some clever, brave thing for herself. Where was she going? Why was she traveling alone? Then always his speculations came back to the same point, why was she so unhappy? Sitting by the open window, the invalid would fall to yearning over his mental picture of her, the waves of hair above a high forehead, the level frank eyes, the mouth drooping at the corners.

In this way the weeks passed, until one day he moved out on the veranda, leaning his thin form on two crutches.

"This is a gala day for me," he said to his nurse, with the lonesome smile that had become habitual with him. "Perhaps you forget, but this is the anniversary of my escapade; it happened just seven weeks ago this afternoon. I'll be running off home before you know it."

"I hope you will," Miss Carewe answered with a smile far from professional. "I hope," she continued, watching him, "that you'll be going back to the girl you've been wanting to see all this while."

"No, I won't," Hastings answered, quickly. "She's not 'back home,' and anyway she never cared about me. But how did you know?" he ended in surprise.

Miss Carewe laughed out. "What a silly question! For what other reason do men, or girls for that matter," lowering her voice here, "sit for hours on a veranda gazing out over a Canyon that they don't see a bit of? I—know, you see, because—well, I just got this yesterday," she finished naively, showing him the diamond on her left hand.

"Oh, I'm mighty glad!" Hastings exclaimed heartily.

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but the loneliness flooded back more completely than before.

Then, one day, long after he had given up hope of ever seeing Helen Waters again, she returned. He was sitting on the veranda, fascinated by the sulky mood of the great, mist-filled canyon, when the daily train arrived, with Helen among its twenty passengers. The surprise to the man was too great to be credible at first, but as he realized what it meant to him to see her again, he knew that his affected indifference was merely to lessen his unhappiness.

The hour before Helen appeared on the veranda was an agony of waiting to the man who sat perforce, quiet in his chair, with nervous fingers tapping the arms. At last she came, still in her gray traveling dress, through the doorway, and directly to him. Her face was flushed, but calm, and the brown eyes were fixed on his as she approached.

"Mr. Hastings," she said at once, with no pretence of hiding her purpose in coming. "I had to come back, to tell you something."

"Yes?" he asked eagerly, taking the hand she gave him as she half bent over his chair.

Then her composure left her, and she exclaimed, "I—oh, I'll get a chair." She turned away, but not before he saw the fresh color on her cheeks. Then she pulled a chair up to his, and sat down in confusion.

"Forgive me if I can't say it right," she began at last, in a low voice, not looking at him. "I have felt that I owed you an explanation of the way I treated you. I—I dare say you didn't notice, but I know I was awfully rude. You see, my twin brother, whom I have always loved passionately, died just a week before I started out here. Then, you see, you look so much like him, that I couldn't help—crying, every time I saw you. It was—very childish, I know, but"—

She stopped and drew a deep breath. The man, too, was silent, looking out over the canyon and thinking rapidly. Finally Helen added more briskly, turning to him.

"Now you tell me how you have been getting along. It must have been very lonesome for you."

"It has," Hastings answered slowly. "But if I had

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known that you were thinking about me, a little—it wouldn't have been so bad. I have been so anxious to know about your—about your trouble, and to tell you my deep sympathy, but—.”

“I wanted to tell you about it at the time,” the girl interrupted. “I felt so terribly, and was so lonely, not, not having anybody else to care very much about. I couldn't then, tho, and I felt I must come back to explain. I'm going on in the morning. And now I must go in to dress for luncheon.”

She rose and was about to move off when Hastings exclaimed,

“Please don't go yet! Well, if you must, promise me one thing before you go. Promise that you'll come out here to my corner after dinner tonight. It's full moon and I want you to see the canyon in that light. It's wonderfully mysterious and big, that way, but very lovable too, somehow. You'll come, please?”

He looked up at her as she stood, half turned from him, breathing rapidly. In a moment she answered seriously, her eyes questioning his, “Yes, I'll come—if you're sure you want me.”

Eight o'clock found Hastings in his chair, with another one drawn up beside it. Some Indians living on the property were considerate enough to give a song and dance performance at their Hopi House that evening, so the veranda was entirely deserted except for the man eagerly waiting in his corner. At last Helen came out to him, her light, trailing dress making her, the man thought, angel-like in the mistiness of the moonlight.

She dropped into her chair without a word, and leaned forward, gazing out over the vast mystery of the charm before them. The spell of the quiet night kept them motionless for a long time, until Hastings said quietly,

“Would you care to know that I have been dreaming about you every hour since you left me, weeks ago?”

“Oh, you haven't!” the girl returned, incredulous, still with her eyes on the canyon.

“Ah, but I have, and every hour I have wanted more to see you, until this morning, when you finally came—I

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had given up hope, you see—well, I knew at once how I felt about you.”

He added, after a pause, leaning forward to take her hand in both of his, “Echo—I’ve always called you that in my thoughts—Echo, if I tell you how much I care for you, will you please tell me why you came back?”

Helen did not answer for a moment. At last she turned to him with a smile.

“‘Echo’ is a beautiful name,” she said, “and I’m glad you called me that, because that’s all I am,—or want to be,” she finished, looking away again. “It’s a terrible thing for a girl to tell a man—but somehow, out here in this night, with that huge canyon in front of us, it seems as if nothing matters but, but the real things, but being—

“Happy, yes,” Hastings finished for her. “And now, your confession please.”

“Oh, you’re cruel,” the girl returned, and he saw her smile, tho she pressed her free hand against her cheek. “Aren’t you ashamed of yourself for making me tell you that I came—back, because, well, just because I couldn’t stay away from you?”



LYRICS OF A FRESHMAN

I

TO AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Avaunt thou slave of Idleness
And leave me to my labors!
For three long hours you've pestered me;
Go pester now my neighbors.

I like to smoke a pipe with you
At times a while to prattle
About the bubbles that you blow,
And sundry tittle-tattle;

But heavens! these are strenuous times
When one the crisis faces—
The times when butterflies like you
Should seek the silent places.

For drear exams are coming near
And I would fain prepare me;
Go seek the birds that flock with you
And from your chatter spare me.

II

FROM THE RUBAIYANT OF A DISGUSTED
STUDENT.

Myself for days did eagerly frequent
Prof. "Rambler's" classes; heard great argument
In sing—song tones; but evermore
Came out as ignorant as when I went.

To him I always gave a heedful ear,
And in my Note Book made his words appear;
And this the gist of all I therein wrote—
I toured through Europe once for one whole Year.





THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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“Bull”, as he is known to every one at Illinois, came here in the fall of 1908 from Dartmouth, where he played on the freshman team during the season of 1907. Previous to his collegiate career, he was a member of the University High School team in Chicago, and because of the qualities which he then showed for leadership he was chosen by his teammates to captain them during his senior year.

There are various reasons why “Bull” was chosen both by his high school and college teammates to lead them as their captain. First of all he has wonderful ability as a player himself, both on offence and defense. Especially on offense he is strong, and although sickness handicapped him to a great degree this past season, yet he was always reliable when a few yards were needed for first down. Combined with this, “Bull” is a natural leader; he has football instinct, and knows all the finer points of the game. He is quick to size up a situation, and never fails to see openings through which his own team may be benefited. On the field he is always cool, and deter-

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mined, and the officials are never able to "slip it on" our team when Roberts is in the fray.

But above all "Bull" has a personality which draws men to him; which urges them on to do their best—in this he has the greatest quality of an effective leader. We are proud to have "Bull" Roberts lead our team next year, and we hope for him and the 1911 season the same success which was won in 1910. O. S.

The ardent zeal with which the Rhetoric Department is going after cribbers is deplorable—say the cribbers. The old gags of hoaxing the Department, of being unconscious of wrong doing, even of pleading stupidity will no longer work. How are they ever going to get through a rhetoric course. However, that is of minor consideration—in the old days they sometimes got "canned". But now, their names are actually made so public that they can no longer swagger back from an enforced vacation to tell the wonders they accomplished in their home communities and boast how they succeeded in "putting it over" the English Department by handing in say—a selection copied verbatim from Bacon's *Essay of Truth*. That is deplorable! Truly the department, this year, is made up of sleuths.

The Glee Club concert has come and gone; and may we say, that we are disappointed—grievously disappointed. We should like to have heard the Glee Club in more worthy efforts; we should like to have heard more selections by the Mandolin Club. In our opinion (we are no musical critic) the program failed because of its character. *Illinois* is always appropriate; *The Owl and the Pussy Cat* might, we think, better serve as an encore than a number, for we expect to be amused by encores and entertained by numbers. Furthermore, there was little of a college character on the program, if we except *Illinois*; and college Glee Clubs, we believe, should represent their college.

Over Part II we smile sadly. We had hoped the Orpheum would remain in Champaign. Good vaudeville

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may be condoned, but buffoonery should be discountenanced by a university community. And the piano stunt was little else than this, a merely crude imitation, an attempt at imitation. Had it aimed to satirize we should have applauded; as it is we smile—and sadly.

The comic opera which concluded the program, is not, perhaps, to be seriously condemned. It does, however, mark a lamentable departure, in our opinion. That it was but crudely done is not surprising. Its authors have had little, if any, experience in composition, and naturally they fell into the pitfalls which beset the path of him who would parody or imitate. Then, too, the players had but little experience in acting and no coaching. There lie the causes of this failure from a critical viewpoint. But this presents a second objection. Every program should be the best possible, that, we think, will be granted; and if it is, then those things which harm it should go. The comic opera was not clever, original, or artistic; and to succeed such pieces must be all these. It's only appeal was that it was an Illinois production. True, but should that cover obvious faults? Illinois stands, or we hope she stands, for the best achievement in all things; and that being the case, our last Glee Club concert must fall under the ban.



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DEAN DAVID KINLEY

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VOL. II

JANUARY, 1911

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THE BONES OF PIZARRO

By DEAN DAVID KINLEY



THE bones of Pizarro,—Francisco Pizarro, the Conquistador? Yes, you may see them in the old cathedral in the Plaza of Lima. Dried, withered, and black, all of his mortal part that time has not yet been able to destroy, they are shown to the curious and idle for a pittance of the gold for which the conqueror seared his soul with acts unnameable and cruelly unutterable.

A quaint and interesting place, is this old square of Lima. After the Conqueror destroyed the government of the Incas and the people of old Peru lay subjugated in his path, he sought a suitable place for a capital, in which he hoped would blossom anew the civilization of old Spain. With an eye not only to its natural beauty but also its convenience for future commerce, Pizarro planted his City of the Kings on the festival day of Epiphany, three hundred and six years ago. English civilization had not yet made its impress on the North American continent. The landing at Plymouth Rock was yet a hundred years in the future. So old is the modern civilization of our South American neighbors! And reaching back for centuries before that time a still older civilization prevailed among a happy and prosperous people in Peru.

The City of the Kings, or Lima, as it soon came to be called, was planned magnificently; and despite the partial failure of the original plans, despite the ravages of earthquake, pestilence and war, she is magnificent still. It was in the Plaza at the center of the city that Pizarro sought to embody his urban dream. Let us stand a

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place. Three hundred and three years they have lain here undisturbed and are likely to do so for many hundreds more,—a silent witness at once of the greatness and the littleness of even the mightiest of men.

And Lima and Peru? The curse of Pizarro, the Conqueror, seems still to rest on the land of the great nation he swept away. He has not left behind the soul and the spirit necessary to make a great people. Even now, out from the resting place of him who was once their Conqueror and founder, Peru looks with dread upon the enemies closing in upon her—enemies on the South and on the North, who are gradually cutting into her territory and crushing out her independent life. Will the spirit of the Conqueror come back and draw a line beyond which the modern Chileans may not go, as he himself did against the "Chilians" of his own day?



DISAPPOINTMENT

I met the postman ere he reached my door
And asked him if he any letters had
For me. I wonder did he note my glad
Expectancy for what he holds in store
And ne'er has failed to bring to me at Four
On Thursday afternoons; And when he shook
His head in answer, was his wily look
Caused by the mournful countenance I wore?

For me this February afternoon—
Mild harbinger of spring—has lost its spell
I hear no promise in the red-bird's tune—
No tidings does the balmy southwind tell
Hope's flower has faded; Life's a sad humdrum,
Since her expected message did not come.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

I asked the jolly grocer
How he made his business peigh,
He lit his pipe and murmured
"It is a!! my takin' weigh."

MUSICAL

Said the Ma Katfish to the Kid Katfish
"If you go to that party at Whales,
You must spend an hour on the speckled Trout
A learning the notes of his scales."

SUSAN: A STUDY

By ELEANOR F. PERRY, '10



IT was too bad about Susan Reed. All the neighboring farmer's wives said so, and Susan herself said so, plaintively. Sometimes her irascible father looked at her over his spectacles and his gouty foot covered with the red and green knitted shawl, and said so too. But usually his voice lacked sympathy or conviction, or something;—it always drove Susan out of the room with a faint uncomfortable tingle behind her ears and on her forehead.

"Yes, it is too bad about you, Susan", he would say, surveying her slender, drooping young shoulders, and sagging skirts. "You know, my dear", sometimes he continued sweetly, "you know if you just had some spirit, you wouldn't let an old crab cheat you out of your youth". The sneer would deepen. "If you had some spirit you wouldn't get to looking like a slattern, and talking like a poor, disappointed fool."

The tears would rise to Susan's eyes, and she would go hurriedly out of the room, careful, however, to close the door gently behind her.

It had been too bad about Susan ever since she could remember, and that was when her mother died shortly after the little colony of "prairie-schooners" had settled on their Kansas farms, when Susan was twelve years old. The neighbors, especially the Wartles who had built close to their boundary line for company, had "looked after" her, but before long something had happened, and the stone wall went up between them, her father fell sick, and Susan had her time full "looking after" the house and helping Tom's wife "look after" the men. It had indeed been too bad about poor little, timid, shabby Susan, for the last twenty long years.

And it still seemed too bad. Susan opened her tear-swollen eyes upon the low ceiling of her room, and lay in the gathering dusk, thinking wearily. Her glance fell upon the black dress flung over the foot of her bed, and the tears started afresh. The house was terribly quiet. She could hear Tom's wife whispering to someone, in

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the parlor below her, where her imagination pictured the long black coffin set across two kitchen chairs. The shadows growing in the corners of her room filled her with an insufferable despondency, and hurrying nervously, she got up and dressed herself in the black dress. She scarcely knew what it was she wanted to do, but the hurried feeling grew as she tiptoed softly down the stairs and escaped unnoticed into the grove beside the house. The tall elms and oaks caught a glint of the setting sun on their topmost branches and looking up through the boughs, Susan saw the light dancing in the breeze. She watched it gleam and fade, fascinated, as she had often watched it before, and somehow the oppression of the house seemed to slip away from her. She strolled idly in and out among the trees, stopping to lay an affectionate hand on her sturdy old favorites, and even addressing them with polite little speeches. Her despondency faded to content.

Once, she wandered close to the house to seek the big oak that guarded her north window season in and season out. The leaves whispered her a tremulous welcome in the dusk. A light flickered through the blinds from the dining-room, and she started fearfully, expecting for a moment to hear her father's sharp voice. But she only heard Tom's wife climb the stairs to her door and call softly, "Miss Susan, oh Miss Susan!" She remembered with a quick thrill that her father wouldn't call her, and listened breathlessly as the steps descended with slow care. There was no repetition of the call, only a few low words as Tom's wife and the farm hands drew up their chairs to the table. Susan's thin little black figure snuggled up against the tree, and she laid her hot cheek against the rough bark. The stirring leaves whispered again to her, and eagerly she whispered back, patting the great trunk with her thin, rough hand. An elation grew in her heart that seemed to crowd out everything else, and suddenly she laughed aloud, running with outstretched arms back among the protecting trees. She was free, free, free!

FRATERNITY LIBRARIES

By DEAN E. B. GREENE



FOR many years the Greek letter fraternity has been a prominent feature of American college life and has undoubtedly exercised an important influence on the social ideals of undergraduate students. In some respects it has certainly been successful, as for instance, in giving its less experienced members a certain amount of social finish. All of the members, and especially the older ones, receive also a valuable training in responsibility through the problems connected with the maintenance of chapter houses and the care which is naturally felt for the progress of the younger members. In some instances at least the fraternity influence helps to keep up the scholarship of poorer students.

There is of course, also, a considerable amount of adverse criticism. Fraternities are charged with extravagance, with excessive social activity, and a tendency toward snobbishness which is thought to threaten the traditional democracy of our American colleges. Probably the most serious charge is made by those critics who hold that the fraternities tend to weaken the intellectual interests of those who belong to them, and that they encourage a common undergraduate opinion that studies, though well enough within limits, are not to be allowed to interfere with what is vaguely called "college life." It is believed by many that in this respect the college fraternity has lost ground as compared with conditions twenty or twenty-five years ago. At that time social activities were comparatively few and simple. An undergraduate who owned a dress coat was a rarity in many middle-western colleges, while on the other hand nearly all Greek letter societies maintained literary programs in connection with their chapter meetings. During the last twenty-five years the dress coat has come in and the literary exercises have disappeared.

Whether this line of attack is wholly just may be questioned, but it is at any rate clear that the fraternity needs to strengthen itself so far as possible at this weak

point. The American people have shown themselves ready to spend large sums on libraries, laboratories, and shops in connection with our great universities. Any influence in our colleges which tends to prevent students from responding with real interest to the generous opportunities thus opening up before them will in the long run be condemned by public opinion. The real friend of the college fraternity must therefore welcome any movement which seems to bring these organizations into closer sympathy with the higher interests for which universities are supposed to exist.

One such institution which, though still young and in the day of small things, has promise of future development and influence is the chapter library. Having been asked by the editors of the Illinois Magazine to contribute an article on this subject, I undertook first to collect some statistics showing what has actually been done at Illinois. For this purpose a circular letter was sent to the Greek letter societies and similar organizations inquiring first whether a library has been definitely established, and asking secondly certain questions as to the character of the collection and the methods by which it was kept up. Of the thirty-five organizations to which the letter was sent twenty-seven responded, including seventeen organizations of men and ten of women. I wish to express my appreciation of the courtesy and interest shown in nearly all of these replies.

Nineteen of the twenty-seven reported the definite establishment of a fraternity or club library and there were only five societies in which nothing of the kind had been attempted. Allowing for some who failed to report but are known to have collections of more or less importance, it is fair to say that the chapter library, though not as vigorous as could be wished, is nevertheless a recognized institution at Illinois.

The size of these collections varies widely. One society reports a collection consisting of "a dictionary, a Century Book of Facts, and a few Illios." Several report libraries of one hundred or more volumes and a few have over three hundred. The classes of books which predominate are text books, works of fiction, fraternity literature, and local student publications, though in some cases there is a fair proportion of general litera-

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ture. One of the largest libraries reports 325 volumes in all, including 102 text books and 143 of fraternity literature. Another which reports 313 volumes in all, has 174 text books, 56 volumes of fiction, and 83 books for "general reading." A third has 200 volumes of which one-half are fiction and only a few are text books. An occasional chapter reports a specialty of some sort. One chapter, for instance, seems to have gone in for George Ade, Eugene Field, and Guy de Maupassant. Another fraternity is gathering a collection of books about Lincoln which it is hoped will be steadily developed.

There seems to be no well established practice regarding subscriptions to periodicals except in the case of fraternity magazines. One fraternity, however, takes five magazines besides two local papers, a Chicago daily, and two student publications. Another list includes the Chicago Tribune, the Illini, the Outlook, Scribner's Magazine, Collier's Weekly, and Life. One of the women's societies reports the Chicago Tribune, Scribner's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, McClure's Magazine, and Current Literature.

Fourteen societies report a definite room designated as the "library", though in some instances it seems to serve a variety of not altogether harmonious purposes. One chapter reports a library room and bookcases "capable of holding about twelve hundred volumes." Another has a room "furnished with a bookcase, a large library table, and a table lamp." The amount of attention given to keeping the books in order seems to vary considerably.

The collections are made up partly of gifts from active members of the chapter. One chapter which reports no definite library at the present time says that it has been customary for a number of years for the members to donate their text books to the house. Another reports that "every year each member donates a book and all old text books are given to the library." There have also been a considerable number of gifts from alumni and from members of the faculty. It is not customary at present to set apart a definite fund for the purchase of books, except as money may be spent for subscriptions to newspapers and other periodicals. One society, however, reports a collection which "is being started by gifts from active members and will be further

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kept up by purchases." Another says: "At present we have no fund set apart to be used in buying books, but it is our intention to do so."

It is evident from this survey that the library movement is fairly under way but needs considerable stimulus and support before it can become much of a factor in fraternity life. It is hoped that the mere statement of what is being done may help to awaken interest, but in conclusion I venture to offer a few suggestions.

Looking at the matter first from the point of view of the interest likely to be felt by undergraduate students, it is evident that each chapter will keep up its subscriptions to fraternity periodicals and to the various publications which represent student life. A chapter which files and binds material of this kind is likely to find it of increasing interest partly to undergraduate members as illustrating the college life of past years, and partly to alumni members who return to the fraternity to recall their earlier experiences. It seems probable that if a fraternity library is established at all the collecting of fiction is likely to proceed without the need of much stimulus, and books of this kind, purely for recreation, form a legitimate part of such a library. It will however be worth while to buy along with the "six best sellers" some of the books that have proved their ability to outlast the fashions of a single year. Doubtless the *fratres in faculate* will be glad to offer suggestions here. Along with the fiction such libraries should contain a certain amount of biography, travel, contemporary politics, and similar subjects.

On the whole it seems to me that the most important function of the fraternity library is to provide good reading of a kind which may be selected without much reference to its use in connection with formal college requirements. Indeed it may perhaps fairly be said that the intellectual level of a university can to a certain extent be measured by the amount of good reading which students do on their own initiative, without acting under any compulsion. Nevertheless a fraternity library may be made to supplement in a very helpful way the facilities offered by the various university collections. With the increasing size of college classes students are likely to find it more and more convenient to have close at hand the

kind of books which are most likely to be used for collateral reading. This is likely to be particularly true in such subjects as English, politics, economics, and history. A good deal of the wear and tear upon students and library attendants now resulting from the almost inevitable congestion of the University library may be avoided in this way.

It is certainly worth while for each fraternity to set apart a definite room for the library, to hold some member specifically responsible for its care, and to keep the room as free as possible from any use which will interfere with its primary purpose. It would certainly be a decided step in advance if each chapter, instead of depending wholly upon the more or less haphazard gifts of members and alumni, would set apart a definite fund for this purpose. The appropriation would naturally be small at first, but if kept up for a series of years it is likely to awaken a pride in this enterprise which will lead to a gradual increase. It is true that many of the fraternities are burdened with financial obligations connected with the building or renting of large houses, but some economies might certainly be made on fraternity "annuals" without lessening materially the pleasure derived from them or depriving them of any real distinction. University men ought to be considerably above the *parvenu* state of mind which attempts to measure social distinction by elaborateness of entertainment or evidences of large expenditure.

In some of the older universities student societies have accumulated large libraries which have become sources of real satisfaction and pride to their members. Perhaps the time may come at the University of Illinois when a good library of interesting books may prove a valuable asset in the "rushing season." When that time comes fraternities will have proved their right to exist as important forces in the intellectual, as well as in the social, life of the University.

EL—GYM, OR THE HOUSE OF MADNESS

By L. GOLDMERSTEIN, '12

(From the letter of Ahmed Ibrahim ibn-i-Abbas of Isphahan to his brother Mohammad Salih ibn-i-Abbas, Governor of Tabriz, in Persia).

... And thus it came to pass that following the path traced out for his humble servant by the Shah, the blessing of God be eternally upon him, I arrived in the city of Urabana, in the province of Illinois, where is located the big medresseh for the children of the infidels, "and the eternal fire is ready for them to burn in." And, oh, my brother, all that we have been told about this place is true, and more so. Wonderful is the knowledge of those whom God has cast away from His grace, but truly says the great poet Sadi: "he who multiplies knowledge walks a dangerous path, and the same road leads to the heaven of wisdom and the hell of madness". For truly, they are all mad in this place, both the students and those who teach them, they are mad and know it, but cannot help it. Now listen, and I shall tell you, and you will know.

After we reached this town, and the consul of our nation who dwells by Order in the city of Chicago, told the rais-ha whom they call "iprofisur" here that we represent the Presence in this country, they commanded one from among them to show to us everything that they have of good. And since you will read in due time the full description of this medresseh in my report to the Council, I shall limit the flow of my eloquence at the present moment, be it propitious to your enterprises, only to the most important matter, and shall bring you the kernel of the nut before the shell of it can reach you.

The medresseh of Urabana is so large that it cannot be encompassed within one house, and a whole street of beautiful palaces, fit for the wives of a great King to live in, have been constructed for the instruction of these young infidels. From house to house did they take us, and in one of them did we see the boys learning to draw on paper curious images of houses and bridges. In the next house there were powerful machines for breaking

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steel and iron and measuring the flow of water, while the third house contained the mysteries of the power of lightning which could be there produced at will, and, as they say, measured like a stick of wood. I repeat what I have been told, but you know that, as the proverb says, "there is no greater liar than the man who knows much", and the people of America certainly do know much. But I proceed. From the House of Lightning we went direct to the House of Madness which they call el-Gym. It is a big and beautiful house, and in front of it is a fountain not blessed by the flow of water, but covered by dried up dirt. And when we entered, they led us by a very narrow staircase to the second floor, and shamelessly let us see the whole place which I shall describe to you, o younger son of my father, in full truth. Therefore listen.

It is a room as big as all the rooms of my house in Isphahan together, and more so, and so high that two houses on top of mine might be piled up, and still not reach the ceiling, which is made entirely of glass. Curious ropes hang from the ceiling, and black bars are placed in mid-air between some of the columns, and clubs good to beat criminals with are to be found along the walls. Soft mattresses are laid in many places on the floor, and also lines and figures are painted thereon, but until I understood that it is a House of Madness I could not see the meaning of it all.

But lo, while I was there, and kept the gates of observation open to the flood of amazement, a crowd of the children of the kiefirs rushed in with a noise like thunder, and in their very appearance madness was written. They had soft shoes on their feet, but no stockings, a thing no American does if he is sane. Their trousers were like the trousers of soldiers, black with white stripes from top to bottom, but the body above was covered only by a little bit of a very dirty shirt leaving open the throat and arms. In a mad hurry, pushing each other, they ran hither and thither, and gradually formed into regular order. It was clear that they tried to imitate real soldiers, as long as their madness let them do so, but from time to time they broke out into shouting meaningless words, such as "one, two, three, four", and then I knew that they were possessed of the devil. I did not mention before that all the

columns in this house are covered by thick soft padding—obviously for the purpose of preserving the men from injury when they run against them in their madness. Now I proceed in my true relation of what I have seen, and I resort to the protection of the Almighty against the wiles of Shaitan, may he be stoned. The boys which were assembled there could keep themselves under control only as long as they were left alone, but when the Father of Madness, whom they call el-Hanah—he is one of the “iprofisur”, and is paid by the Government (great are the mysteries of the world!)—jumped on an elevated platform and began to wave his hands, and twist his body one way and another, and shout in a voice of possession, the disease of imitation seized them all, and they did like him, and lay down on the dirty floor when he did so, and rose when he rose. And their faces were red like fire, and a smile was on their lips, and two or three times they laughed, but I did not see anybody cry. And when their madness reached the climax, they waved their hands up and down, and breathed as heavily as bellows in a blacksmith’s shop, and then yelled loud enough to be heard three farsangs away, and the Father of Madness did likewise, and yelled louder than anyone of them.

And then they rushed madly downstairs, trying all the three or four hundreds of them to pass at the same time down a narrow staircase just wide enough for two or three men to pass, and we came down the other way, and there were all these boys standing under sprays of cold water, and it was a wonder for me to see that these infidels knew that Avicenna, peace and mercy be upon him, has recommended for the treatment of madness. And truly, when the cold of the water took out the excessive heat from their brains, they dressed and went out, and on seeing them one could never tell that only a few moments ago they were such howling and jumping maniacs. And more shall I tell you, o uncle of my children. The Father of Madness is not the only madman among the “iprofisur”, because when I passed through the House of Madness which they call el Gym, I saw several others of the “iprofisur” under the water-sprays. A medresseh where mad teachers teach mad pupils! Verily, great is God who created the world full of wonderful things.

THE SYMBOL IN THE SAND

By C. K. WHITE, '12



THE musty, old-fashioned parlor had been turned into a sick-room, for it was secluded, convenient, and suitable in more ways than one. The carpet (for seventeen years it had covered the creaking pine boards of the floor) was moth-eaten in spots and faded where the sun had beaten in, through holes in the blind, or a broken shutter. A table, topped with a slab of varigated marble, mottled in red and veined in dark streaks, had been pushed to the head of the high wooden bedstead, which now occupied the whole west side of the parlor.

On the bed lay an old man; his face was pallid and wreathed with thin, hoary hair; his long-fingered, purple-veined hand, strikingly outlined on the white coverlet, was extended listlessly by his side. He stared continuously at the ceiling, and shifted his gaze, with a worried expression, only when he sickened at the sight of the faded rose-wreaths on the paper, a brown rain-blot, or a dust-laden cobweb in a neglected nook. He was tortured by the well-worn hair-cloth chairs, with wood-work yellow-spotted from loss of varnish, by the streamers of golden gossamer, which floated in as the torn blinds, by the cold, marble-topped table, when he touched it in reaching for a glass of water or a sip of bitters.

The face of grandfather Bayliss wore a saint-like expression when his little flaxen-haired granddaughter, Angela, tripped in with a bouquet of many-colored nasturtiums or a handful of fragrant sweet pea blossoms. Then and then only would the worried look leave his wan and wasted features, seamed and wrinkled with care—care a worldly person attributed to the old man's strife for righteousness and godliness. He was a true Christian—so the neighbors said; he helped the pastor tend his flocks; he strove to wave the banner of temperance throughout all the country side; and he prayed fervently for the benighted heathen. In fact, nothing absorbed the old man's passion and fanned his flickering life-fire as did the thought of the missions. He loved

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to tell how his father had converted hundreds of ignorant savages, and how nobly he had sacrificed his life that he might fulfill the motto on the cross "In Hoc Signo Vincas" for Christianity. He regretted only that he himself had not been trained and sent out as his parent had been. While he lay on his soft bed he pictured the past, and felt sick at heart to think that he had neglected an opportunity to serve. Turning his face to the wall, he sighed himself into a fitful sleep.

When he awoke, feverish and fretful, the golden beams of light had vanished and the drawn shades shut in a rose-tinted gloom, as the evening sunset was filtered through. Far from the distance came faintly the soft tolling of the church bell; rising and falling in melodious knells, it paid its last respects to the passing of some now long-forgotten soul.

A faint call brought in his daughter, Mrs. Ellsworth, a plump little simple body, with a round open face, crowned with glossy black hair, tightly brushed back on her forehead. She was almost a Quakeress.

"Water!" hoarsely whispered the old man, as he struggled to sit up, but was gently pushed back, and told to lie still by his prim nurse.

The old head was raised from its soft resting-place, the thirst was quenched with a rattling gurgle, and the pillow replaced.

"Angela!" sighed grandfather Bayliss feebly.

At her mother's call, Angela tiptoed softly to the old man's bedside. She noticed tears standing in her mother's eyes, she heard her breath come and go in short little puffs, and she was startled. She felt a lump in her throat and wanted to cry, but choking back her tears, she leaned over her grandfather, and whispered something tender, which caused the old man to smile faintly. Then she stood gazing thoughtfully and sympathetically at his saintly face. Slowly he raised and extended his feeble hand as if to pronounce a blessing.

Angela knelt by his bedside, and with the old man's chilly hand resting upon her flaxen locks, heard him faintly gasp in a far-away voice:

"Angela,—you—must—be — my — mission — ary. You—must—go—. . . !" his hoarse whisper went out

with a rasp, his arm stiffened, his hand grew rigid, and his eyes became fixed.

Mrs. Ellsworth put her apron to her eye and sobbed violently. Angela, looking up and seeing her mother in tears, also began to cry. For some minutes a death-like stillness was broken only by the convulsive sobs of the mother and the daughter's plaintive cry, muffled in the folds of her mother's skirt.

When Mrs. Ellsworth's emotion had subsided enough for her to hear her daughter's shrill cries, she dropped her apron, placed her father's cold hand across his breast, drew the coverlet over his face, raised Angela from the floor, and slowly led her from the room.

The "Christobel" was fast nearing its destination; the engines were puffing at half-speed, and the passengers were crowding to the rail to view the island. Many were pointing and directing their field glasses, laughing and shouting in ecstasies at the beauties and strangeness of the scenery.

Two young women, both about twenty, one with dark, smooth hair, and the other crowned by light, wavy locks, were differently affected.

"I am so glad, Angela, that now my life's purpose is about to be realized, that I could shout for joy, or rather pray to God for His many blessings. Isn't it splendid that we can now follow in His steps. Oh, I am so happy . . . Why, what's the matter?" gasped Minta in surprise and sympathy, as she lowered her field glasses and turned to her companion.

Angela could scarcely reply, but with bowed head, drooping mouth, and her chin resting upon her breast, she stood as if transfixed. There flitted across her memory the picture of her dying grand-father, her sobbing mother, the old home in Illinois, her school mates, and she was lost in meditation and reveries. Then came stealing in her consciousness the farm of her childhood, she saw the orchard in bloom, she caught the scent of the sweet-smelling apple blossoms, she heard the neighing of the horses, the lowing cattle at evening, the chickens going to roost, and the squeaking and craning of the old wind-mill. She could not talk, her throat was thick, and there was a lump she could not swallow.

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With tear-filled eyes, she dimly saw the plain, white linen dress her mother had sewed with so much cheerfulness and pleasure, and she wondered why she should think of that now. But try as she would, she could not help but notice something which made her heart almost stop beating. She was attracted by the glitter of a ring upon her finger; it was a signet and had been presented to her by her Sunday-school class upon her graduation from the mission school at Greenville. As she looked at it through her tears, it faded from her sight.

"Why, Angie, come! Are you homesick? Now, don't cry! Just look at those beautiful purple-topped mountains. Aren't they simply grand!" cheerfully coaxed Minta.

At this solicitation, Angela dried her eyes, breathed a prayer, and with Minta hanging to her arm, started to the rail.

She watched the island coming nearer and nearer, as the steamer slowly puffed up to the anchorage. She saw the clear blue sky, the fleecy-white clouds, and she felt the sun streaming mercilessly hot. In the far-distance, rose the purple-topped mountains, but the purple seemed like streamers of crepe or ribbons of Death. The sandy shore, white with the dashing waves, glanced and flashed like myriads of silver-footed fairies dancing, but Angela thought how much they looked like petals of full-blown flowers tossed upon a baby's casket.

"Aren't those palms just too lovely for anything!" cried Minta gleefully, as she shifted her position to get a better view.

Angela saw the feather-headed palms, the broad-leaved cocoanut trees with their tall, tapering trunks, and the pardanus fronds, but the heavy moss, the thick ferns, the creepers, the clinging, twisting vines shut out their beauty, for she saw in the seemingly struggling trees the dark-skinned natives striving for the light of Christianity, through the undergrowth and moss of superstition, idolatry, and Paganism. Beyond the little town of Banika in the sludgy streams grew thick reeds, wild cane, sedges, and rank sharp-edged grasses, and in the shimmering water all seemed dark, mysterious, foreboding, and almost uncanny to her.

Now she turned to the little town itself. There were

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the low white-washed stone buildings, the custom house, the mission, and the office of the government. Clustered about these were the cane and bamboo shops, the bungalows, and the woven-mat dwellings, all with their roofs of thatch. Here and there a narrow street wound in and out among the long-leafed banana trees and coconut palms. On the piers, along the shore, and in the streets scampered the dark-skinned children, and magically and languidly strolled the gaudily dressed natives pruning their plumes in the refulgent tropical sun. Flaring red, bright blue, and yellow were the favorite colors, while now and then, there appeared a man in white—an American, an Englishman, or a would-be-civilized native. Over all there hung languor and indolence which was transmuted even to the lazy buzzing of the flies.

Angela gazed upon the strange sights before her with a feeling of mingled pity and horror. She saw in the sweaty, foul-smelling natives, treachery, hate, violent passions, and consummate superstition. She was anxious to lead them to the light of Christianity, to fulfill her grandfather's dying wish, yet she loathed their companionship.

In the midst of her unpleasant meditations, there was a clanging of bells, a churning of water, and the steamer soon rode fast at anchor.

In a short time, boats with native oarsmen hauled up to the steamer, and Angela and her friend were rowed ashore. Here they were met by Mr. Jezrael, the missionary, middle-sized, stocky, with a timid, care-seamed face, a white, broad-brimmed helmet hat, and almost clean white cuffs and a standup collar. He took great care not to wilt or stain his linen.

The girls were heartily, not to say profusely, welcomed, and were sympathetically questioned about their voyage, all the way to the mission.

At the house, Mrs. Jezrael, a worthy mate for her well-meaning husband, heaped on more welcomes and almost at the same time, if not in the same breath, filled the fair recruits with information concerning the island life, the exquisite scenery, the adorable climate, and the docile, faithful natives. Both Minta and Angela became

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enthusiastic, and wanted to be given stations immediately.

Two days later Angela, infused with the self-sacrificing spirit, begged for a mission at Gemina, a small inland province about twelve miles from Bamika, eleven and three-tenths to be exact. Her request was granted, and she set out accompanied by the Missionary, his wife, and two helpers.

At Gemina, Angela entered into the mission work with all the enthusiasm and zest of youth on a world-conquering quest, in a noble cause, and before the week's end she was so confident in her converted natives that she consented to remain at Gemina alone, provided Mr. and Mrs. Jezrael came to see her each Sunday afternoon.

Angela was a tireless worker, and in her fearlessness she won many faithful followers. She comforted the distressed, healed the sick, and taught the people many simple tasks in dressmaking and gardening. She became attached to her colony and prayed every night that she might fulfill her grandfather's wish.

In the midst of her good-fortune there rifted rumors of unrest among the mountain people, the head-hunters. One morning a messenger reported that a band was on the way to Gemina and was slaying the innocent ruthlessly. Consternation seized the colony, and it was with great difficulty that Angela quieted the fears of her people. She did it only by going fearlessly about her work and assuming a calm and undisturbed air. When nothing more was learned concerning the depredations of the savages, she was assured that rumors were always exaggerated and seldom authenticated.

One evening, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came a warning for her to flee at once, informing her that the head-hunters were on a rampage close in the vicinity of Gemina. It was Saturday. Tomorrow Mr. Jezrael would come and then all would be well. Besides, she could not think of leaving her station and her people to the mercy of the head hunters.

Consequently, as darkness fell upon Gemina like a thick veil of heavy crepe, Angela stationed a guard outside her bungalow and reluctantly retired. The air was sultry; it was oppressively hot and stifling. The drying reeds and sunburned leaves rustled raspingly

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in the feeble breeze that came stealing in from the sea. The sun had dropped below the horizon like a huge blot of carmine ink and had splattered the clouds and highlands blood-red. As the rays faded a breathless silence enveloped all the island.

Angela tossed and pitched in her usually cool bungalow and could not sleep. As she lay in the stillness there flitted across her memory the scenes of Illinois, the level rolling prairies, the silver rivers, like bands of bright metal among the verdant meadows, and the waving green lakes of corn.

All at once, something like a far-away groan startled her. She scarcely breathed, but listened intently for some minutes. Nothing but the rustling of dry grass outside her door could be heard. Reassuring herself, she whispered a short prayer and turned her face toward the window. Now she closed her eyes; again, she found herself staring wildeyed into the inky night.

In one of these periods of wide-awakeness, she sat bolt upright in her cot and fastened her eyes intently upon a thin wavering cloud of what first appeared to be smoke. Gradually the film took shape and features and Angela gazed in horror at the distorted, terror-stricken face of her grandfather. Then she saw a long skinny arm outstretched and pointed toward Banika, but while she stared the evanescent form vanished in a glow like a fading will-o-the-wisp. It became as dark as ever, and Angela, thinking her vision a horrid dream, fell into a half sleep.

Suddenly she jumped at the sound of a heavy thud, a stifled cry, and a crash directly outside her bungalow. She sprang from her bed just in time to see her faithful guard deftly beheaded. She swooned, but did not fall, for strong, black arms were ready to seize her.

Swiftly she was carried out into the night, and it was fortunate that she did not recover until far into the interior, for she would have seen her colony lying strewn and headless on every side.

The next morning when the news reached Banika, Jezreal headed a posse of soldiers, natives, and citizens in pursuit of the cannibals. The little band followed fast upon the trail of the blood-thirsty savages, but for two days found nothing but the tracks they had taken.

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Late in the evening of the third day, the posse was about to seek shelter for the night, when one of the scouts in advance came upon a deserted halting-place of the cannibals. The party was led to the spot, and searched diligently for some clue as to the direction the savages took.

Suddenly, Jezrael uttered a low moan, his eyes popped from his head, and his jaw hung limp as a bedraggled feather. As the soldiers rushed to him, he dropped in a heap at the lower end of a perfect, white cross, formed from the armbones, from wrist to shoulder, athwart a shorter at right angles near the top. Out of his clutch, upon the blackened sands rolled a fleshless finger banded with a gold ring on which was the simple engraving A. E.



TEXAN SKETCHES

By HENRY LLOYD, '11

For three days Pete and I had scoured the broad valley, which stretches just below the west fork of the Canadian river, without finding a trace of the L. S. brand. At noon on the fourth day we left the banks of the stream, and began our slow climb up the old, unused Mexican trail, that leads directly through Ramsey canon to the level prairie above. The glare of the sun's rays, pouring down on the cliffs on each side, was so blinding that I rode with my unseeing eyes half closed. Suddenly Pete uttered a sharp exclamation, at the same time grasping my arm roughly. "Good Lord! Look, Bud!" he breathed in an awed voice, as we mechanically drew our horses to a stop.

Rudely awakened from my dream, I stared wild-eyed at my companion, then followed the direction of his gaze as it led over my horse's neck toward a low clump of bushes a few feet from the trail. In the midst of the tangle, my horrified eyes saw the form of a man, stretched full length upon his face. He was simply dressed in cowboy's clothing, a broad brimmed hat lying at his side. Riding a little closer, we fearfully noted that his relaxed right hand covered a heavy revolver, while the dried, almost black, blood, which matted his yellow hair, told plainly how he had died. His right leg, bare to the knee, was horribly swollen, and a hunting knife, lying beside the wide open boot a few feet away, gave indisputable evidence of a hasty removal of the latter. Dismounting, Pete gently turned the stranger's face upward. Then he proceeded to examine the injured leg. "Rattlesnake," he announced, after a moment's scrutiny. "Just think how the poor devil must have suffered!"

"No wonder he killed himself," I shuddered.

"Yah, I only wish he could have had some of this in time to save him," sighed Pete as he uncorked a bottle which he drew from his saddle bag.

In the gathering dusk we sat upon the ground around the fire eating our hard-earned supper, happy in the thought that we could all enjoy a whole night of rest.

"A MAD COYOTE." Just before sundown that evening, Pete had guided us to a deserted old corral, which was now serving admirably as a night guard for the herd of cattle which we were driving across the prairie to the railroad. Everything was quiet except for the ripping of grass and the creaking of saddles, as our horses slowly grazed in a circle at the end of their ropes. Suddenly one of them threw up his head, snorted loudly, and turning his back to us, stood with dilated nostrils looking straight into the gloom ahead.

"Coyotes", grunted Pete, settling comfortably back against his wagon wheel.

Long John said nothing, but remained in an alert position, anxiously watching the trembling horses as they drew together at the end of their ropes. He did not even turn his head to glance toward the corral where we could hear the steers moving restlessly about. Then, without a sign of warning the bodies of our horses leaped into motion, two of them diving viciously to the left, while my pony, with a frightened little squeal, lunged directly towards us. I recovered myself just in time to catch a firm hold on the saddle as the animal dashed past me. Just as I pitched forward into my seat, I heard Long John utter a frightened yell; "Git yer gun, Pete, there's a big coyote!" he shouted.

By this time my pony was racing along by the corral, from the far side of which a surging mass of frightened steers were tearing away into the darkness. A moment later I gained control of the plunging animal, and, turning his head about, rode madly back toward camp. Slowing down as I came closer, I saw the lean figure of a large coyote standing within the circle of the fire light. He was gazing at the chuck wagon with wild bleary eyes, while from between his frothy lips ran dripping streams of saliva.

"Gone mad," I muttered aloud.

"That you, Bud?" John's voice called from somewhere on the canvas covered top of the wagon.

"Yep," I answered, "it's me all right."

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"Well then, why in the devil don't yew shoot that thar damned dog?" he exploded savagely.

"I ain't got no gun," I answered with some resentment.

John cursed half aloud.

"Well then, ketch him with yer rope and do it quick, too," shakily advised Pete's voice from the same direction in which John had spoken.

"All right, I'll try, even if I do git bit," I answered, as I uncoiled my rope.

With difficulty, I urged my slying pony forward within casting distance. Then, just as I stopped, the coyote seemed for the first time to become aware of my presence. He was an easy mark, for the fire light reflected from the insane eyes made of them a pair of sparkling beads. Carefully I swung the rope, then let it go. The dark form swiftly leaped aside, eluding the hissing noose, and silently disappeared into the darkness.

Wild Dic stood motionless. The soft snow reached up above his knees, while his head and shoulders just topped the ridge which cut off the view over the plain above him. There, out on the prairie a mile away, he saw a herd of his brothers lazily chewing the hay in the great racks before them. For more than a year Wild Dic had not associated with his own kind, only seldom coming even within speaking distance of them. During all of this time he had not heard the voice of a man, for men were his sworn enemies. As he stood gazing across the prairie, his thoughts returned to his earlier days. His sluggish blood boiled in his shivering body, as he recalled the day, in the spring of his first year, when the great DIC had been imbedded in his side with a red-hot iron. Then he almost smiled, as he remembered the ease with which he had eluded the yearly round-up of the following autumn, and his whole body glowed with pleasure as he thought of the care-free life he had lived through that first mild winter. But this year things were different. It had been a very simple matter to again elude the round-up. Then his life had been the same as before, until this terrible snow had fallen.

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Ever since that first night the grass had been hidden, and now, as Wild Dic stood gazing at his peacefully feeding brothers, he could resist the craving of his hunder no longer. With a short, sobbing sigh, he leaped forward, scrambled over the steep ridge, and, in stumbling plunges, made his way slowly out on the plain.



A MODERN BORGIA

By D. G. COOKE, '12

Two weeks in Naples, and at the Teatro Mercadante! It spelt fortune, long awaited fortune, for Enrico Tozzetti and the "Tozzetti Grand Opera Company." The elated Enrico settled his portly form upon his prima donna's trunk and spent several moments twirling his closely trimmed moustache in his chubby white fingers.

"Signor Varesi will be the lion of Italy, without a doubt," said Mademoiselle Bataille, the prima donna, with a sneer in her voice that belied the smile on her lips, "When that magnificent voice is once heard in Naples, the whole world will know of it. Ah, yes! The whole country will be worshipping at the feet of our dear Carlo."

"Yes," cried the delighted manager, ignoring Bataille's gentle irony, "He will be a great success. What an opportunity! I will yet be the greatest manager in Italy: Did I not bring out Carlo Varesi, the world's greatest tenor? Ha! mark my words—"

"And do you think he will stay with you?" scoffed the diva, raising her dark brows, "He will be in America next year, without a doubt."

"What an idea! Did I not make him? Mark my words; we will all be singing at La Scala next year. Ah,—we will no longer know these wretched inns. It is indeed our opportunity. But we must work. Let me see—we cannot do without two new operas. You know *Rigoletto*?—Yes? Good! and *Lucrezia Borgia*? How splendid! Carlo, come here."

A moment later, Carlo Varesi stood in the doorway. He was a stout, well-built fellow with soft, yet clear-cut features. His great brown eyes opened wide as he listened to Tozzetti's new outburst of enthusiasm.

"Magnificent!" he cried, "And over a month for rehearsals. Magnificent!"

Bataille lit a cigarette and gazed out upon the street with an air of calm indifference.

Carlo passed on, and the impresario became quiet. He lit a cigar and stuck it in the corner of his mouth

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after the manner of impresarios the world over. A prolonged silence followed. At last, his dark eyes met those of the lady.

"Bataille, you make me sick," he said, "Why do you hate that boy? One would think he had jilted you, or that there was Corsican blood in your veins—some dreadful vendetta and all of that,—Bah!—you jealous women,—you make me sick."

The lady maintained her exasperating silence.

"Listen to me," he continued, "It is not my affair, but you are a fool to exalt that poor little Calabrian girl to the place of your rival. A Calabrian peasant girl the rival of Italy's queen of song! It is ridiculous. Your acting off the stage is damnably poor, Bataille. Why can you not use your time in gaining his love,—if it is that you want? You must remember Carlo has not been on the stage as long as you or I. He will forget the old life, as you and I have forgotten it. Then,—your opportunity. Why"—

"Bah!" snarled the diva, "You men know nothing. I wish you would go."

The weeks passed rapidly for the members of the troupe. The strain of the almost daily rehearsals which, in addition to their regular performances, were held in preparation for the Naples engagement, however, had worn their nerves and voices slightly; and many warm expressions of approval greeted Tozetti's announcement that their appearance at Galli the following evening was to be their last, before they opened at the Mercadante on Monday night. There would be a dress rehearsal of *Lucrezia Borgia* on Saturday morning, and after that no one was to sing a note.

Carlo woke early on that bright Monday morning. He was out of bed in one jump, and throwing open the shutters, inhaled deep draughts of the sunlighted air. Two long nights of rest had made a new man of him. He looked out on the busy street and smiled at the playing children, whose noisy clatter mingled with the cries of venders and the morning songs and morning gossip of the housewives.

He enjoyed the luxury of a leisurely toilet and coffee and set out on foot for the Teatro Mercadante to unpack and clean his costumes. It had been a long time

since the world had seemed so beautiful and full of life. He had completely forgotten, for the time, the hateful Bataille and her cruel snubs. With a joyful heart, he passed along through crowds of dirty urchins and some scattered groups of tourists. One party was inspecting the wares of a little shop.

"What sweet and dainty women!" thought Carlo, "And such handsomely dressed men. Surely they are from America. I hope they will be at the opera to-night."

Before long he approached the theatre, and re-read with boyish delight the great yellow posters announcing Carlo Varesi, (the celebrated tenor) and Mlle. Bataille, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. What a marvelous thing it was to be able to sing, to stand upon the stage and look out over the footlights and realize that thousands of human hearts were there, each one beating in sympathy, as in one short night he lived again for them the passionate life of a Rhadames or an Edgardo!

The morning passed and all was in order. The sultry afternoon drew itself lazily to a close and died away in crimson gold. Then the stars came out into the darkening sky, and the lights of the city scattered themselves through the streets.

Carlo was at the theatre early and had nearly finished his make-up when Bataille came in and passed his dressing room door. He turned, almost in surprise, as she paused and offered him a smile, not unmingled with bitterness.

"Well, my Carlo, this is the long awaited night."

He heard a mocking laugh as she entered her own dressing room.

"How strange," he thought, "Why, she never speaks to me. She even practices her parts with Tamburni,—but tonight!" He continued his dressing.

"What vile wine!" exclaimed someone outside, evidently testing the supply furnished by the property man, "Ugh! I should say that no Borgia poison will be needed with this.

That word *poison* shot a horrible flash through Carlo's mind. Bataille's wicked laugh came back to him. What if she intended to poison him? It would be so easy when she should give him the drink in the second

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act. No, much as she hated him, she would not dare. What a monstrous idea to possess him! It was weakness to entertain the thought. She would not dare. The mocking laugh came back again. Yes, Bataille would dare to do anything. Ah, he would only pretend to drink the wine tonight.

At last, the overture was being played. The house was filled from orchestra to gallery. Tozzetti gave Carlo a last rapturous embrace, and the curtain rose upon the brilliant Venetian garden scene. Once on the stage, Carlo cast aside all of his gloomy suspicions and became a light hearted Genarro attending the carnival with his gay companions. The audience was pleased and after rewarding the first scene with a generous round of applause, paused in eager anticipation as Lucrezia stepped from her gondola. The tender brilliancy of her "Com e bello" brought forth more applause and some cheers. Then came the first great moment,—the "Di pescatore ignobile." Carlo's voice had never sounded half so beautiful, now blending with the background of sighing strings, now rising as if to meet the soprano voice. Every note was soft, rich and clear. The delicately shaded phrases seemed to melt in air and the true-ringing high notes to fill the auditorium to the roof.

Naples was won. The people were wild. Everyone lost count of how many times Bataille and Carlo bowed before that avalanche of cheers and the cries of "Varesi! Varesi!" but it seemed ages before Orsini and Genarro's other companions got the stage and the finale to the first act proceeded.

Carlo did not see Bataille again until he appeared with her in the poison scene of the next act. His heart was already thumping loudly with excitement and the additional strain caused by the wild suspicion which had taken possession of him. He struggled to fix his mind upon his work, but the more he struggled the better he knew that his hand would shake when he took the wine. They began "Le ti tradisce", and he conquered himself. He lost himself in the beauty of the music. He was no longer Carlo Varsi but the unsuspecting Genarro. The trio ended, and Lucrezia poured the fatal draught. With a firm hand and a smile upon his lips, Genarro

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took the glass and swallowed the wine. The Duke made his exit and they were alone.

Bataille was trembling now. She cast a rapid glance toward the wings. Recollection returned to Carlo in one awful moment, and he realized what had happened. His voice had left him. He stood paralyzed. Bataille was not acting now.

"You are poisoned!" she hissed between the words of the music as, with an hysterical laugh, she clasped his knees and offered him the phial supposed to contain the antidote to the Borgia poison.

With a shriek, Carlo threw her from him and rushed for the exit. Tozetti seized him and tried to push him back. The curtain was rung down, and Bataille, with an air of injured disgust, joined the excited groups surrounding the terrified tenor.

"Fool!" she snarled. "You have ruined us."

"Fool yourself," cried Tozetti. "What have you done?"

"Oh, I have proved myself the greatest emotional actress in Italy. Do I not frighten the very actors from the stage? Ha, Ha! Hold your tongue—go before the curtain and tell them that Signor Tamburni will finish the opera with me. He knows the part. Go. That baby there can never go back. They will stay for me."

Tozetti obeyed her directions and the people did remain to hear Bataille. She has never sung in La Scala, however, while the man whom she so cruelly duped is today known and loved wherever the best music is heard.

ON GETTING UP

By M. F. OEHMKE, '13

INDIGNATION is inverted love, says one T. Carlyle. If Carlyle's reasoning is correct, it may be said that hating to get up is loving to lie in bed. I love to lie in bed. What my friends, including my gracious landlady, may reason from that statement does not alter the fact; it is true. For once, public opinion, that "potent factor for the good" as pyrotechnic orators love to put it, is impotent, and I am glad. Not that I do not hear its call. Many times I feel that I ought to make a conscious effort to relieve at least my solicitous landlady's anxiety, but at no time would I forego a few minutes longer in my dream haunt merely to keep the conventional hour for rising. Life is too transient and real pleasures, alas! are too few. Public opinion may work miracles "for the right;" it may be a powerful guard for the ship of state, but when it reaches beyond my castle walls to my bed it goes too far. Fools, only, enter my bed chamber. Not that I wish to be selfish; I would gladly allow another the same privilege, for I know that he realizes what it means to linger a few moments on the rest giving couch, to doze awhile, blissfully forgetting that it is time to gird the loins,—to dream, "and in a dream as in a fairy bark drift on and on." He knows how hard it is to get up.

Not with everyone, however, is getting up a problem. *Life*, with startling *sang froid*, remarks: "A man getteth up in the morning and debateth with himself whether he shall bathe, and he decideth not." Here the difficulty is shifted just one step farther—to the bath. The man has rudely shaken off sleep, hurriedly left his bed without even excusing himself, and now stands shivering before the bathtub, debating: Shall I deliver myself up to the icewater or go unwashed? *Life* says, "he decideth not." Which, by the way, is another illustration of the danger of indecision. The man gets no bath, and sadder still, he loses irrevocably a few precious moments that he might have spent among the comforting pillows. As for myself, I never take my troubles to the

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bath-tub. I never get that far. Nor do I argue with myself about getting up; I know I have to. The only question is when. How soon must I tear myself from what is more to me than a snug warm nest, a fairy grotto? When must I leave the haunt where oblivious to material things I can have a super-existence as it were, a place where I can live, if only momentarily, among beautiful dreams, and equally beautiful aircastles, builded in a thousand fantastic shapes which only a fond heart's desire can make my mind imagine? And this perplexing question becomes almost irritating when someone rudely pounds the chamber door, or the alarm clock—a direct curse on all alarm clocks! But if then, in my pleasant state of inertia, I can summon enough energy to rise, my bath and all my other tasks may take care of themselves.

There are some, like the terribly energetic, who seem to take a fiendish delight in accompanying the lark on his early rise. They leap from their nightly lair and bustle noisily around even if for no other purpose than to feast on breakfast food and the scandal in the morning paper. I do not object to their early rising; I would hinder no man from becoming "healthy, wealthy, and wise," and he who gets up early long enough may become all three—if he does not become the last one first. Neither does it concern me what they do before sunrise, or after, as long as I am left secure and undisturbed in my peaceful dream world. I cannot appreciate the joys of being up and about at cockerow, and for that reason it is easy for me to disapprove of what seems a waste of energy in early rising. Dame Necessity may sometime help me to alter my opinion, but the vanity of human pride will never convert me into an early riser. I would not take from the energetic their pleasures or privileges. To rise early seems to be a part of their mad pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness. But as for myself, if during my life I could exercise liberty as to getting up, early or otherwise, I should never have to pursue happiness.

A BUGGY BALLAD

Through wide circulation
Of one invitation
By Stephen A. Forbes Ph. Dee
All the bugs with their wives
Were to spend their whole lives
In the Illinois Insectaree.

The matter to mention
They met in convention
At the foot of an old apple tree,
Each to give an opinion
Whether big bug or minion
As to what their joint answer should be.

Growled out the Snout-beetle,
"I know that my feet 'll
Get too cold to proceed there with me,
I've great-aunts and cousins
By dozens and dozens
Upon pins in that Insectaree.

My abdominal segment
They'd hang on a peg meant
For such," whirred the Cicalidee,
"So I have decided
To 'scape being hid
I'll keep far from that Insectaree.

So by acclamation
To that invitation
Of Stephen A. Forbes Ph. Dee
They told him to chase 'em
Or he'd never face 'em
In the halls of his Insectaree.

—M. P.

THE TREACHEROUS ALLY

By ALLAN NEVINS, '12



H, such a morning! Frantz drew a deep breath with the exclamation, standing, his heavy frame almost filling the doorway of the little shanty, looking out upon the unutterable beauty of the dusky spring woods. *Un tel matin!* The rippling creek waters at the back of the structure, singing through the brakes, the notes of the birds, an orchestra in which the intermittent chorus of the catbird and thrush was given body by the distant booming of the partridges, and rhythm by the drum-like stacatto of the bluejays, the rustling of the trees, even the winter sodden oaks too fresh this morning to think of dropping their confetti-like showers of leaves, were inadequate in expression. Up the Assiniboian ranges the great pine and maple forests, surmounting the low-rounded peaks like some conquering army, breaking the heavy rose-shield of light into arrowy splinters and shafts, were inadequate. So, down on the left, in the valley on whose edge stood Frantz's place, was the silver ribbon of mist that hung above the river; so, all about, were the glistening leaves of the underbrush, the reeds and flowering grasses, the whole muck of the wilderness, over-arching the tiny paths made by the trapper. With the sun lush upon it, the night's thin robe of freshness yet clinging in shreds over it, the vividness of the season as a sweeping robe about it, any expression of one component part of the hour was so. With realization Frantz repeated, "O, such a morning!" He was a big blonde fellow, with heavy nose and large eyes and lips, good-humored even to the stoop of his shoulders, although now he was serious. He went inside the shanty and emerged with an old accordion, with which he seated himself on a stump. With face upturned to the day, rosy in the sun, sensuous yet reverential in expression, his lips moving, his hands began to play; to him the day had found expression! The music mingled well, indeed, with the sounds of the forest and of its life.

His fingers crept imperceptibly into a sadder strain, and then stopped altogether. "Luke Travers!" he cried,

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pointing off to the south, "Come out of that damn town and dance a jig to this here tune!" The birds caroling broke out afresh, and the noise of the creek made itself heard again.

He rose in a moment and reentered the shanty. There were two beds there, one long untouched, upon which old skins and odds and ends of everything had been piled; there were two chests, and one was empty. On the wall was a cheap photograph, taken the last fair-day down at Larsonville, of two men in woods costume; one was Frantz, the other a slighter, younger man, with more of the American and less of the French in his face. Their arms were interlocked. With a long glance at it, Frantz approached the little camp stove and clattered its irons for a moment. Then he went outside and lifting his voice to the south, again spoke; "Luke, guess I'll take today off and go down to town to see you!" He whistled for his dog.

Never did a day pulse so with the breath of spring-time. The river, rippling in little waves of overlapping gold, shimmered away to the east and south in a long line of bluffs, whose softened outlines rose thru pillars of moisture. Frantz paddled near the shore, with the water slowly lapping in its dark shade. The trees and grass were as if rain-washed, the pines smelt like balsam, and in little openings along the bank were yellow violets and spring-beauties, and even in one sheltered nook the lavender and yellow of the wild ginger. Old Brant, who sat aft, sniffed as if his doggish nature felt the freshness, and deigned only a mildly curious eye to the chattering of the gray-backed squirrels. And Frantz, the lonesome Frantz, rowed slowly. Like some piece of dark flotsam on the broad sheet, his slow moving canoe was the only object on the river. As the sun rose the stream grew brighter and brighter, until its waves ceased to meet the rays of the right reflex, and it became burnished, gleaming, like a mirror. On every side it burned in lines of quicksilver. The air above began to quiver and roll, in the distance as if over a flame. The hot beams slanted more and more vertically. And still Frantz clung to the skirts of the bank, paddling as closely as he dared. The breeze fanned a red cheek, and whitened

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the chest exposed by his opened shirt; his strokes were powerful but ever more slow.

"Bow — wow — wow!" suddenly spoke up Brant. "Ah-h, the old fellow!" responded Frantz. "So! We grow lonesome, ah-h? Catch this, Brant!" He fumbled in his lunch, and threw him a chunk of meat.

Brant swallowed it with perfect gravity and again opened his mouth; "bowow!"

"Come, come, my boy," soothed Frantz. "This will not do one bit! Too fine a day to be glum, ah-h?" he glanced over the glimmering, glancing waste and eased his efforts.

"Come on, Brant!" he exhorted. "The fine day is the great argument for us—*bon cocur!* Who could be out of the woods today? When we find him in his uncle's little old store — — —! Ah-h, there'll be one big revolution—a flop like that fish that turned out there just now!

"And then—Brant—boy—the happy days again! Hear now, Brant! Courez, boy!" He whistled thru his fingers, imitating the long call of the deer-hunter, ending with the sharp upward note of the spurring on. "Whoop! Hallo! There are three in the chase now, two behind you, and there will be the grand fire and meat for three!" The dog was barking excitedly.

Frantz resumed his discarded paddle, but restlessly. "And the winter nights in the cabin, together— — — and the guilding in summer. *This very summer*, when I watch him shoulder the fore end of the bateu at the portages! How quickly he will return; he almost did it before; in the autumn he talked of the spring and he almost came in December; and now — — —! Ah-h, this is the life!" Again he and the dog made the woods ring, while, bending to his labor, he forced the boat to swirl thru the water in the vast stillness of the noonday.

He was right—"he had reason," he could tell Brant. In September Luke had left him and he had written since. And once when the crackling snows had melted before a light December chinook, Frantz had made one mid-winter trip and had actually drawn Luke into the forest, drawn him upon the beginning of the trail, where he had shaken his head determinedly and turned back.

At noon, far down the stream, he stopped at the foot of a little island, where the current moved slowly, and moored his boat in under a great flowering red-berry tree. A dirty little spring ashore supplied his water, and he spread his cheese, meat, and dried peaches on the bow-plate. While he ate with his first gusto, his large, almost vacant eyes took in the scene around him; and then he fumbled in his pocket for Luke's letter and spread it before him. It was some weeks old, but not as old as it looked, with its creases worn almost into breaks in the paper. The dog was lying under Frantz's seat, almost literally eating from his hand, and he playfully put one of his paws out on the paper.

Frantz knew by rote the whole letter. "Ah-h, my Brant," he queried, removing the paw, "did you get that? 'I can tell you right now the guiding season is going to be the best for some time—you ought to become rich. My uncle says many people have written to the inn and the railway depot here. I wish I were going to be away from the heat there will be here in the summer, but I cannot say. In some ways I like this town life. Many people come here all the time. My uncle says I am a good clerk. We dance now and then in the halls of the town. I am not often outdoors much.'"

"Ah," muttered Frantz, "it is upon that old voy-ager blood that I count, Luke is seven years younger than myself; we must not let him grow used to this thing. With the spring will have come the longing for the woods, and then today, this evening, we strike!"

He rested only a half hour before returning to his voyage. The town of Cromwell, a post budding forth in its new position on the Canadian Pacific, was yet five miles below him, although he had covered ten. It was a long distance to civilization. Until three o'clock he rowed in a heat which made his temples throb and which inclined the dog to spend much of the time swimming beside the canoe. At about that hour a damp coolness sprang up in wayward breezes; but even yet he thought how much greater progress four arms had made than two. As he drifted along, the woods at first gave intermittent way to sawmill cuttings, and finally there came faint foreign noises, and a few great factory chimneys began to mirror themselves in the water. After them

came little summer cottages, like suburban villas, as yet empty and dry-looking, on the higher bluff projections. They were all alike, as were the houses on the outskirts of the town proper, and of obvious sawmill extraction and genealogy. He stared at the moving line of smoke from some train over the plains back of the town. The town itself looked, on closer view, merely like a looser grove in the forest, with the yellow, bulky lines of the low residences almost hidden within, and with a half-dozen spires and rounded towers reaching above. A sudden plop-plop-plopping caused Frantz to look up at a little motor-boat that came swiftly churning downstream toward him. It slowed, and the owner, perhaps noting his weary look, gave him the offer of a tow to town. He was carried with a swift ease of exhilarating motion; in five minutes the place, its several streets, the piled, dusty wharf had approached and reached him. The noise of heavy vehicles and hoofs upon the paved streets was ringing strangely in his ears, together with the slow clank of a nearby freight.

On any other day Frantz, with the fire of novelty in his mind, would have hurried away uptown. Today the spirit of spring, that had so possessed him, seemed a restraining power. Besides, it was already evening. He turned down the wharf, swinging along the residential street that ran back of the river line. He glanced at his heavy watch as he went—it was half past six. He would best find Luke at his home, or wait for him there. He would walk with him in the woods as he talked, and a hundred arguing voices of nature and of inclination would mingle with his own.

In the growing dusk he reached the square, portly residence of Luke's uncle, and approached its door. A great, fire-lit room, bare, artificial, was shown him at his rap; a French-Jewish looking man, old Dupre himself, came forward, while at his back sat a gross woman in flowing, flowered silk.

"Ah, it is Frantz! Frantz, my boy, come in! You want Luke, of course. You must wait — — —."

"Luke is out, then?"—He waved back Dupre's invitation. "He'll be in presently." Dupre looked significantly at his wife. "He'll be in presently; come in and wait. Your business is not urgent, as yet?"

"I wanted to see him only about some guiding, Mr. Dupre. But I have paddled all the day and I should like to stretch my legs."

And in spite of Dupre's expostulations, he turned about, promising to return in a half hour.

He went on down the street until it became a lane, entering the woods; there were orchards here of a hardy sort, and the blossoms showed white up the hill-side. He walked briskly, thinking of what he would say to Luke.

At moments his confidence failed him. He had had occasional reports of how Luke was donning the outward insignia of urban life. Other men had seen him, as they purchased, in store clothing. He had left off his pipe for a rare cigar, and doubtless he read occasionally; he had had some early schooling in Ontario. He was still, indeed, so young that his life's path was matter for determination.

Yet always the perfect spring evening upheld Frantz's courage. It was his great ally, the spring, whose show of strength had brought him on his trip. It had never been stronger than now, with the sun sinking across the river and again gilding its surface; with the forest on three sides filtering a sighing breeze thru the pines, and lading it with the piney smell. How the noises of the town, pretermaturally distinct, contrasted with its soft sound! In the nearer trees Frantz heard the incipient noises with which all the evening woods-life awakes. He could figure a similar awakening that the spring would bring in Luke's heart.

He went farther into the woods, among the great pines and maples from which the whippoorwills sent up their reiterated cries—the quick, sad note that harmonizes only with the dusk. Suddenly he stopped to listen, bending his ear toward the town. It was the band, the inevitable 'orpheon,' playing on the Esplanade, and the first march was "*Le Chant du Voyageur*." The notes came goldenly thru the softening distance.

He pushed along the broad top of the incline he had ascended—a little dell opened here. The west was still faintly crimsoned, but in the east rose the moon; not penetrating the heavy pine covert, but throwing into relief like some silver fountain a tall birch that stood

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across the dell, beside the path. The breaths of music came fainter, at last stopping with a flourish, while at the same time there came a breeze from the north that rustled over all the green, sounding thru the forest like light fingers on some deep harp. The town had spoken, the forest had overruled its voice. Frantz stood still—if only he could see Luke to speak to him, now!

When the breeze ebbed the band had moved into music again and the tune it played was no longer the chant, but a gay waltz that seemed to make the twinkling stars above flash to its tune. Yet now it was so soft that it really harmonized with the inspiration and expirations of the woods, whose voices, in little rustlings, cracklings and animal noises, sounded thru it. It was so soft that Frantz heard at some distance the noise of footsteps on the dry twigs.

He leaned forward, his eyes fixed on the silver fountain of the birch beside the path; there he fancied he now heard intermingled voices. A few seconds, and a little groan came from his parted lips. Into the light beside the birch had slipped two figures, moving slowly, side by side, bent slightly toward one another. The moon had shown him the outlines of his old partner's figure and face; of the girl he saw nothing but that she was in white and that her blonde head—this was very plain—came just to his shoulder. The two were sauntering homeward. The music flared up again, with its caressing, bantering tones, and, his arm at her waist, the two hardly moving, the girl began to hum, showing laughing white teeth, looking up at him——. Even to Frantz she was pretty. They came swimmingly thru the dusk, passing within a few feet of him, so that he heard her skirt, saw their feet move together,—their voices intermingled and were lost, her gown caught in the flecking white of the orchard blossoms beyond, their figures melted into one and into nothing.

When they had gone it was still the calm, beautiful spring night, that smiled no longer softly but treacherously. A long slow sigh escaped the rising Frantz. He had hunted all his days, and he knew when a trail was hopeless; he turned back toward his boat. There would be the long night's journey downstream, and at dawn in the breaking woods the still cabin, with the dead white ashes of the old campfire beyond its doorsill.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

The teams that are to meet the Universities of Ohio and Indiana in debate early in March were selected at the final tryout held during the

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DEBATING

first week in January. The five faculty men who were judges of the contest gave the places of honor to C. E. Burgener, A. V. Essington, F. B. Leonard, A. E. Holch, Chas. Wham, and J. C. Searle. N. Nolan and C. O'Connor were chosen as alternates.

These men are practicing incessantly and hope to be able to champion the Orange and Blue cause in creditable style when their opportunity comes on March 10. Both the opposing Universities have had their teams at work longer than have the Illini. With good coaching and continual practice, the disadvantage resulting from this lead may be overcome, however. Illinois has strong foes to fight on both sides of the question. It took the best of logic and the most excellent forensic effort to overcome the Hoosiers in a unanimous decision last year. The Indiana team is now bending every effort toward avenging her former humiliation. The strength of the orators from Ohio has been tested by our teams in repeated contests. They robbed us of the laurels last year and are anticipating another victory.

There is only one circumstance in regard to the Illinois teams that may in any way be interpreted as a cause for discouragement. A majority of the men on the teams are inexperienced in intercollegiate debating. A closer analysis of the case, however, eradicates any apprehension arising from this cause, for the new men who won places on the two teams were able to rank above the veterans of former debates who were trying out for the coming contests. All of the men are gifted, and those who have not already proved their ability promise to do so in the near future. Burgener was a member of the team that won a unanimous decision from Indiana last year. He is a postgraduate student in education, a member of Delta Sigma Rho and of the Adelpic Literary Society. A. V. Essington is a freshman in the College of Literature and Arts. A. E. Holch is a sophomore

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in the same college and a member of Philomathean. J. C. Searle, who is a senior in the Literature and Arts College, is a member of the Ionian Literary Society and of Delta Sigma Rho. He aided in securing a unanimous decision against the Minnesota trio at Minneapolis last fall. Wham is a junior law student and an Adelpbic. He won his "I" this year in football. Leonard is an Adelpbic and a junior student in the College of Literature and Arts. O'Connor is a junior in the College of Law and a member of Delta Sigma Rho. Nolan, a freshman in Literature and Arts, is a member of Adelpbic and represented that Society in the intersociety declamation contest this winter.

The question which will be discussed is, "Resolved that each state in the Union should pass laws requiring the compulsory settlement of labor disputes, constitutionality granted."

The Illio, the annual year-book of the University, will appear about May 1. This issue, which will contain a complete record of the activities at Illinois for the last year, will hold especial interest for every undergraduate and alumnus as well. Probably the University of Illinois has never enjoyed a more prosperous year than the one now nearing a close; the enrollment is larger, the equipment, both in buildings and facilities for every department has been increased, the athletic and forensic teams have been successful, and undergraduate activities of the proper nature have been increased and broadened in every line.

The purpose of the Illio board of this year will be to present in the publication a full and complete account of this progress of which every Illini is proud. Among the new features covered are: The First Annual Home-coming of last fall, a section devoted to the interests of the alumni, a review of the seasons, an individual writeup of every member of the championship baseball and football teams, and a full account of the first Conference ever held on Illinois Field. Other departments will cover every undergraduate activity at the University, including the scores of clubs, societies and organizations.

In short, the 1912 Illio will present to the faculty,

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alumni, students, and friends of the University, a representation of those interests and activities which make this institution one of the truly great universities of the country.

An event of some moment in the "dramatic chronicles" of Illinois, and as fair an index as we have lately had of the increasing inventive activity of the student body, occurred with the first performance on January 13 of a comic opera, in benefit of the Students' Union, at the Illinois theatre before a well-filled and appreciative house. The next day two repetitions of the piece in Champaign were attended with equal success. The authors of "The Maid of the Moon" were Paul Morris, a graduate of Wisconsin, and George Morris, an Illinois alumnus; the former, assisted by Coach Hana, who trained the show-girls and "broilers," and the local theatrical managers, directed its general production. The performances were chiefly interesting not from any intrinsic dramatic or musical merit, but as affording a groundwork upon which undergraduate histrionic ability in a new field might be exhibited and measured. The result was by no means disappointing. Several of the more important parts were played, considering hampering circumstances, with brilliancy. The well-costumed choruses, singing excellently and dancing with a charming element of masculine awkwardness, were a strengthening factor except when they felt their sex permitted a doubtful approach to the risqué. In details of stage accessories, from orchestration to lighting-effects, a sometimes impressive, sometimes amusing approach to professional verve and éclat was evidenced. The great labor involved, of a strictly self-sacrificing sort, is attested by an accompanying drop in the scholastic averages of the participants, and is doubtless worthy of the highest respect. Upon reflection it seems a little strange that Illinois should have embarked so late upon this departure, which has for many years been a pronounced feature of Eastern College life, and which even there has scarcely surpassed recent performances in several Western universities, notably Purdue, where George Ade has supplied material of the highest sort.

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Plays of college atmosphere have a rich field to exploit in the varied phases of campus life, from fraternity and class-room to drill-ground and athletic field. The tradition of such an annual production should be permanently incorporated at Illinois.

From the point of view of the Union itself, primarily the financial point of view, the opera succeeded well. The receipts for the three performances, thanks partially to the generosity of the local theatres, outbalanced the expenditures by almost \$600.00, which adds materially to the working fund in the Union treasury. In addition, from this first earnest of the part it is to play in student affairs the organization received a practical advertising that has carried it its last step into general confidence. There are many things which, like the opera, only a union of all the students can properly undertake; and it is to be hoped that our Union will find more of them than have yet been dreamt of in its philosophy.





THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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It is not, primarily, a college publication that should express approval of the activity of educators in public life; but rather the organs of the extra-academic world that reaps the immediate benefit.

THE FACULTY
CONTRIBUTIONS

Yet in a very real way the college also gains from the public-spiritedness of men who, like Dean Kinley, gave their abilities the widest possible scope for action. Aside from the publicity given the institution they represent, they bring into its halls a larger horizon gained from outside affairs and an element of appreciation for the practical that is rare enough in higher education. Even more direct gratitude is due those who, like Dean Greene, amid larger concerns interest themselves much in phases of student life susceptible of improvement or cultivation. For all that they represent the faculty articles in this issue of the Magazine should be read with interest.

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It is a fact—seldom mentioned by those aware of it—that two of the names connected most malodorously with the recent Lorimer disclosures are to be found also on the alumni rolls of the University of Illinois. It should not be considered as without significance. Is there anything in our student life tending to a degenerative effect upon moral fiber?—that is a question, many would say with Falstaff, not to be asked. There are certain things, at least, the purely opposite effect of which is not all that might be required of them. A committee in charge of a class election here recently reported to its responsible chiefs that it could not show cash receipts in dues for all ballots cast, with the explanation that some had voted twice; but upon proper pressure the committee disgorged the requisite amount. An extreme occurrence of this sort is quite away from the ordinary setting of our collegiate currents, but it emphasizes the fact that unless everything in environment steels the youth against dishonesty he is likely to take a rare step aside. To provide an ethical panoply is one of the functions of education and its atmosphere.

Students, characteristically careless in diction, often use the word "graft" in allusion to certain managerial offices, reputed lucrative, in the conduct of their affairs. They do not mean by this that dishonesty accompanies their discharge, but that their incumbents are not disinterested in their services, and if value of distinction and of training be considered, are often too liberally required. Few of our student officials act unselfishly. No aspiring upperclassman but is confronted by the temptation to reach for an office which shall *pay*. Many of our enterprises could not as now managed be freed from the wage system without injustice to hardworking, intelligent heads; but this is merely a reason for their systematic reorganization. It is entirely wrong that two or three Juniors and a half-dozen Seniors should each year receive here amounts equal to half what they will earn in their first year upon leaving college. It is this which acts upon the mass of undergraduates to produce such disgraceful incidents as that mentioned above. It may be remedied, for it is almost peculiar to Illinois and

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rarely fails to amaze newcomers. There will be something more specific to be said upon this subject at the time of the annual spring elections.

Whatever may be said about the Union Opera per se, in the broad view only praise can be allotted the enterprise that initiated and the spirit that executed it. "I presume", says Slosson in his recent book on American Universities, "that Pennsylvania could beat Illinois at a comic opera, for they can give one that is almost as good—or as bad—as the real thing; but I am sure they have nothing like the Illinois electrical show." Anything which increases the number of facets which undergraduate activities here present is to be encouraged, especially now on the side of lightness and and dilettantism. It is surely not detracting from the praise reaped by the cast to hope that hereafter either the material used be purely undergraduate in origin, or that strong professional pieces be chosen. If as this year, we resolve not to rely on the work of native amateurs for the book and music of the opera, we may consistently go as far afield as we please for them.

It is said that in the one American university in which dormitories have wholly supplanted fraternal organizations the students themselves would not now consent to their return; that however much they may be needed at the average institution, at Princeton they would be merely a parasitic growth on student unity and democracy. To those who look ahead the decision of the University trustees to approve an appropriation—request for girls' dormitories may seem to spell the approaching fate of the sororities. A complete dormitory system would remove the excuse for their being; would take from them their freshmen—no small matter where many drop out before graduation; and would probably combat their social exclusiveness. The one counteracting result of its installation would be in the increased number of girls, attracted to the University. Were the necessity for the dormitories less glaring we should perhaps have heard protests from

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those thus concerned. As it is, not a voice but has been raised in their favor; the demand for them is rightly unanimous.

Within the last year private generousities have made possible the announcements of a traveling scholarship in architecture and of a Phi Beta Kappa prize. A state-supported school must naturally feel the want of such awards for individual distinction in scholastics, which in their very nature usually exist on private foundations. In comparing our catalogue with those of large endowed institutions one of our most patent defects lies in the omission of the several pages which ordinarily announce scholarships, medals, or cash prizes for merit. It is pleasant to see the defect partially remedied. Aside from the unimportant consideration of giving an "air" to the school, single awards are a very real asset towards higher scholarships. Honorary societies or fraternities we now have in superabundance, but something to crown not the twenty highest alike, but the one best advanced in his chosen line, we need. Western students habitually exaggerate the fact that not scholarship alone but a joining of it with other virtues makes for success in the world, and argue the true student half-baked and "impossible". Prizes are an encouragement to the opposite view. Yet, that a sense of proportion be not lost, the two just named give specific attention to the practical. The brilliant architect is given means to proceed with his work, to use the tools he has acquired; the Phi Beta Kappa must father a literary execution of some merit to reach his goal. May more such palms be laid before the eyes of our more or less eager-pressing youths!

A FRESMAN'S DREAM

Room mate, you may take thy slumbers thro' the quiet
hours of night;
Leave me here with pen and paper, leave me here and
let me write.

In this place where last semester, while the midnight
lamp did gleam,
Oft I sat and toiled with fervor, driven onward by a
Dream—

Vivid Dream whose long long vista leading to the world
Perhaps,
Was for me a flower-strewn pathway leading to Phi
Beta Kaps.

Many a night beside this table, when I should have been
at rest,
Had I labored, driven onward, by that Hope within my
breast.

Many a night I sat and studied as a bell in some tall
tower
Broke the silence o'er Urbana as it struck the midnight
hour.

When the days that lay behind me were with high
achievement crowned;
When the praises of instructors in my glad ears did re-
sound;

When I broke the Future's curtain and myself could
always see
In my senior year a member of the "shark" Fraternity

In the Spring a strange Disquiet in a student's heart
doth lurk;
In the spring a student's fancy lightly turns from
thoughts of work.

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Then my Dream grew pale and dimmer than should be
for one so sweet—
As the dawn-clouds lose their glory when the world the
sun doth greet.

Then I thought: O Dream that's fading to recall you
should I seek?
Should I let myself go drifting on the tide of impulse
weak?

Once again my Dream grew rosy; Hope returned with
flying feet.
Once again I studied grimly in my old accustomed
seat.

Many a night with brows a-pucker did I sit with strain-
ing eyes;
Crammed my head till it was aching with the wisdom of
the Wise.

Now my Dream is gone forever, to a nothing has it
shrunk;
For in spite of all my struggles I've received a hopeless
"flunk."

O, my Dream now gone forever! O, my fond Hope
mine no more!
O, the hours that I have wasted! O, my fund of worth-
less lore!

Fickle as a day in Springtime, changeful day of sun and
rain,
You betrayed me with your brightness; someone else
thy prize will gain.

Is it well to wish them happy who have won the student's
crown—
Won the laurels high of Sharkdom with its trumpeted
renown?

As the dream is so the student: He who follows at thy
call
May perchance sit high in college but outside he soon
will fall.

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He will wish then, when his eyes are opened to the
worldly ways,
That thy false light ne'er had glittered on his mis-spent
college days.

Cursed be the erring system that doth incubate the
sharks!
Cursed is he who sacrifices higher life for higher
marks.

Cursed be the mollycoddles scattered through the fac-
ulty
Who will "flunk" the busy mixer; let the "grouching
dub" go free.

Is it well that I should speak thus, I who "grouched"
and yet did fail?
'Tis to warn dream-stricken others that I'm telling this
sad tale.



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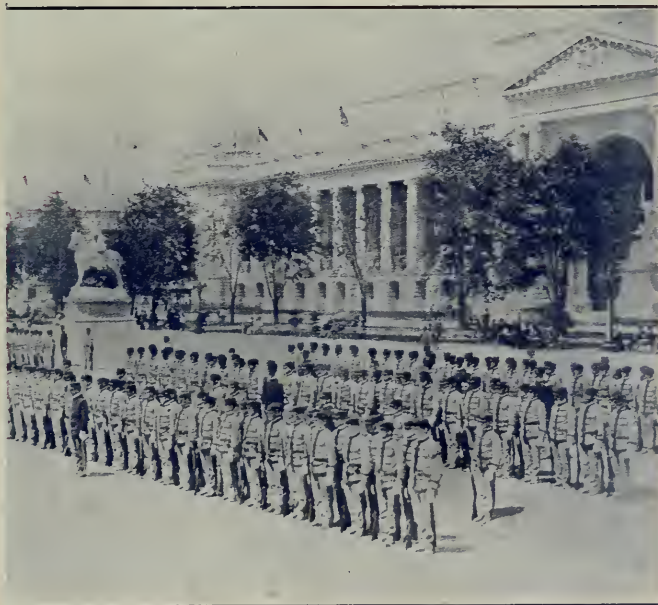
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ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER

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FEBRUARY, 1911

NO. 5

MILITARY REMINISCENCES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

By EX-PRESIDENT ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER

THE peremptory call for an article which, in a moment of unusual good nature, I promised more than six months ago, comes just as the painful announcement of the death of Colonel Fechet reaches me, and this leads me to think of military matters at the University during my term as president.

At midnight on the last day of July, 1894, I dropped off of a "Big Four" train, two hours late, at Urbana and walked up to what I had been assured was the best hotel in either town. I very soon assured myself that the room and the bed and the board, and the atmosphere of the place, could not be so inhospitable at the hotel in the other town. If I had gone to the hotel in the other town my experience would, as I afterward learned, have been the same, for it was before the days of the Beardsley. The next morning I went out to try to be President at the University. I wanted to grow a bit familiar with the grounds and buildings before the students came back from their vacations, so that I would not appear so inexperienced to them. In the ensuing month I had a hot, lonesome, semi-hungry time of it. There was nothing doing. The county fair came on with corn and cattle and horse-trots, and beguiled away a few hours. A stray professor, even of the kind that didn't take vacations, was a boon to me in that first, hot month when all was dismantled at the University.

Towards the end of the month a trim, compact man, just about my own age of forty-six, came into the office, announced himself as Captain Daniel H. Brush, U. S. A., and said he was directed by the War Department to report to me for service. Here was real business, and it seemed a godsend. On general principles

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and for particular reasons. I was interested in military matters. In my student days in the Albany Academy just after the Civil war, there was a military battalion of three companies organized, and it has continued ever since to be the pride of the capital of the Empire State. In some unaccountable way I came to be the first lieutenant in "A" Company, and then adjutant of the battalion, and it has always seemed to me the most exalted office I ever held. It was clear enough that "drill" was unpopular at the University. There was common and almost ominous talk about two or three military rebellions which had come pretty near breaking up administrations. There was no room for doubt about what ought to be done. The law required the drill, and it was a good thing regardless of that. The thing to do was to make the military organization so attractive that boys who amounted to much would want to be in it and the rest would have no excuse for trying to avoid it; and to make the discipline so exact and so just that any possible revolutionists would not fail to know that they might have an undertaking of some weight upon their hands. Indeed, my thought was that the "battalion" should be made an element of strength and pleasure rather than of weakness and ill-feeling in the University.

Of course Captain Brush was delighted with my feeling about it. We agreed to work together in creating a military situation that could not fail to attract, and in making boys aware that there was at least one corner of the University where there would be no compromising. He was the ideal man to do it. He had had more than twenty-five years of army service, and had a fine reputation for excellent discipline in the field and at military posts, which has since been much augmented. He is now a brigadier-general commanding the Department of the Colorado at Denver. There was enough to be done and he did it, a little at a time, working all the time. The boys could easily be late at drill: they soon learned that that was something almost as serious as murder in the first degree; so they stopped it. They often wore military coats and unmilitary trousers, or vice versa, but peremptory orders to respect the uniform by using the whole of it or none, made students look and feel better. The drill not only became an at-

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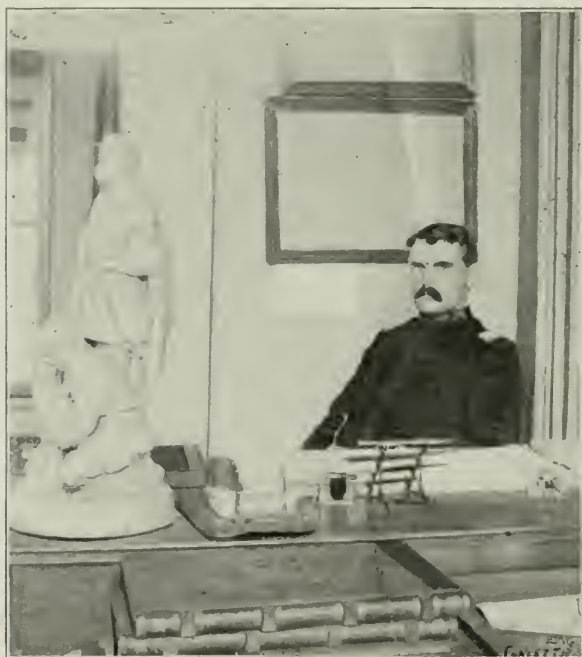
tractive thing of interest, but as the Captain would walk down the rear of the lines on inspection and say, "your shoes need polishing," "you ought to have a clean collar", or "your hair needs clipping", the young soldiers felt that something like the day of judgment was upon them. With the improvement in appearance and discipline, the "drill hall" was changed to the "armory", and the "athletic park" to "Illinois Field", and the military band was strengthened. New and better side arms were procured for the officers, a costly set of beautiful silk flags was purchased, and the reviews began to attract the girls. Of course that settled it. Mrs. Brush was about as good a "military man" as the Captain. She often talked of "hitching her wagon to a star", and since that has been done and the "Captain" has become a brigadier she is no doubt thinking of hitching the family wagon to *two* stars. Between them they organized Saturday afternoon "military hops", which agitated some of the older people a little, but did for the young people just what they needed. It settled the popularity of the military department for the University, and the appearance of the battalion in the Governor's inaugural parade at Springfield settled it for the state at large.

The Spanish War demoralized military affairs at the University. Quite a number of University boys lost their lives on the field. Military operations at the University had to be suspended because no army officer could be detailed for our service. Captain Brush joined his regiment upon the declaration of war, and was made a major after El Caney. For a time it looked as though all the boys would go with him without mentioning it to their fathers and mothers; but he got them together and told them that the best service a boy in college could render his country, at least until the time should come when there were not enough others who wanted to go to the field, was to finish his college course. That and other things he said calmed them down a little, but they did go with him as far as they could. The night he left there were bugle calls at the armory, and, without any orders, the band and the battalion and a company of upper-classmen by common impulse fell in and marched to the train to give him a military send-off with the college-boy unction.

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The next year there was no drill; the boys missed it; and the effect upon University affairs was distinctly depressing. Then we had a captain from the retired list of the army for a year or so. There was a misfit. It is enough to say that we escaped, by rather a slender margin, another military rebellion that I sometimes thought we deserved; and we had the excitement of a law-suit and the satisfaction of winning it.

We were still unable to get an officer from the active list of the army. I wrote my friend, now Senator Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, about our situa-



CAPTAIN DANIEL H. BRUSH

tion, and asked if there was any one on the retired list who could meet our needs. He sent me the names and records of three men. The record that attracted me most was that of Major Edmund G. Fechet, for many years a

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captain in 8th Calvary. It told of forty years in the Army; of going into the Civil War a mere boy; of being shot through the chest at Antietam; of long and arduous service on the plains; of conquering Indians; of being longer in the saddle in command of troops than any other man in the army; and of many other things that real soldiers like to do. It was truly a great record, yet I was not without misgivings. Even all that did not necessarily qualify him for work in a university. I was at a summer hotel upon the St. Lawrence, and telegraphed the man who had made the record to meet me the next night at the Iroquois Hotel in Buffalo. The next day was about the hottest I ever saw, and as I traveled I mused upon the impulsive act which was leading me through so much discomfort upon so unpromising a mission. As I registered at the hotel I noticed that my man was registered just ahead of me. I asked the clerk where the Major was and how he looked, and he said, "why, he looks just like you; I thought you were the same man when you came in." Of course, that was bracing. I went to my room and was removing the stains of travel when there was a knock at my door that was not to be disregarded, and the Major rolled in with the moti~~on~~ of a fat sailor or an old cavalryman. My rising hopes were down again. He was certainly as hot and dirty as I was. There was reason now to be troubled by the comparison the clerk had made. However, I recovered sufficiently to propose that we each wash up and that he take dinner with me.

The wash did much for both of us and the dinner more. The talk distinctly encouraged me. The qualities which had made his military record, showed themselves without the least attempt at display. There was nothing akin to boasting, but as I talked of his career to find out what manner of man he was, there was manifest pride in his very long and very arduous soldier life. His mind rung true, his heart was large even in proportion to his great body, and it was soon apparent enough that he was an honest, bluff, great-hearted old soldier who might be able to put boys through their paces and make them like him at the same time. I wanted an infantryman instead of a cavalryman, and I could not help

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thinking of what the University people might say at first sight of his great frame and his bluff ways; nevertheless I determined to take him. As I told him so he arose and saluted with an impressiveness that was enough to put me out of commission. I prepared the written request to the War Department for the detail, which the regulations required us both to sign. It was in July, and I asked that he be detailed for September 1st, or as soon as practicable thereafter. As I read this to him he said, "Why don't you say *forthwith*?" I answered there would be nothing doing for six weeks, and he replied, "That's all right; it may take them six weeks to do it; and this has got something to do with the *pay*." I re-wrote it and made it "*forthwith*." We both signed the paper and went together and put it in the post-office. That night I returned to the St. Lawrence. In two or three days I had a telegram, "No advices from Washington. What is the matter?" I suggested that it was easier to ask such questions about Washington that it was to answer them. In another day or two I had this telegram: "Have been detailed as military professor at University of Illinois, and directed by Secretary of War to report to you for orders. Please transmit same by wire." Economy was imperative in those days. I wrote Mr. Pillsbury, the Registrar, to send him a catalogue and other publications, and wrote the Major to occupy himself by studying the organization of the University and thinking of the intricacy of its affairs; then he might investigate the thousand courses offered and the relations which they bore to military work; after that he might reflect upon the psychological differences between college boys and enlisted men in the army, and consider how an old army officer was going to manage his own affairs and treat students in order to do them any good and have an agreeable time himself; and if he got that all finished up and must do something more, he might go down to the University and study the armory and ruminate upon Illinois Field. Apparently he finished the knowledge that was to be found in the books very soon, for he was down at the University before I got back, and when I did return I was not surprised at some of the exclamations that some of the people made.

But uncertainty soon disappeared; at least the un-

THE ILLINOIS

certainty which first obtained soon disappeared. In a little time there was no room for doubt about his commanding the situation and having a good influence over the boys; the question was forced upon us whether the military department would not take possession of the University. He not only commanded order; he commanded respect. Moreover, he was a constructionist; he made plans that would work; he knew just how to get them carried out. He would come into my anteroom, remove his hat and coat, and enter my room with as much deference as though I were the major-general of his division or the commander-in-chief of the army. He would have a project which he would explain lucidly, and when I concurred he would take from his pocket the paper in which he had set it forth in excellent English, and ask me to officially approve it *forthwith*. Then he would remark, with a twinkle in his eye, that his friend George Huff was trying to get him out of the armory and off of Illinois Field altogether. The next day Huff would, in the same way, say the same thing about the the Major. But both were too large-hearted to quarrel. All went well. The boys came to admire and love "the Major" as they always do true-hearted men who have done things.

There were very many interesting occurrences in our military affairs which I readily recall but cannot relate: one was too amusing to omit. One Memorial Day we had a parade with minor exercises on Illinois Field and an oration in the armory. On the Field a clergyman offered a short prayer while the regiment stood *at attention*. It was not a very good plan anyway, and the minister grew interested and pleaded for so many things that the boys became restless. They forgot their fatigue, however, when he prayed that we might in the end meet on the *sin-cussed* other shore, instead of the *sun-kissed* coast that he had intended. That was too much for the little reverence that college boys have. It was too much for the dignity of older people also.

There is no room to treat further of details. I think it was on the last day of my regular service at the University, March 29, 1904, that the military organization, already become a full regiment, returned from the St. Louis Exposition and marched up Green street with

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strength and in form that contrasted splendidly with what could have been shown on the day Captain Brush came ten years before. There were some surprises that day. First, the regiment was surprised to find that certain housewives of the University, who were particularly interested in the regiment, had set an abundant feast in the armory. When the boys had "licked the platter clean" I was surprised at the presentation of an engrossed set of resolutions expressing the regret of the regiment at my retirement from the presidency of the University, which had been artistically prepared by Professor Wells and signed by all the officers, and now hangs above my library table. And I was able to surprise every one present by taking from my pocket and presenting to Major Fechet the commission of President Roosevelt constituting him a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army. Then there was a great noise, but there was reason enough for it.



SPRING HAS CAME

(AN ILLINOIS IDYLL)

By MIRIAM GERLACH, '11

I

Soft-tipped branches,
Tulip beds,
Oozy walks,
Chic co-eds.
"Spring has come".

2

Baseball practice,
Tugs of war,
Motor cycles,
Night guitar,
"Spring has come".

3

Joyful whooping,
Wild snake-dance,
Smoking bon-fires,
Orpheum "trance".
"Spring has come".

4

Sparrow chattering,
Robin's trill,
Campus lab.
Outdoor drill.
"Spring has come".

5

Skies grow greyer,
Breezes cool,
Flurrying flakes,
April-fool.
"Spring has come".

COMPENSATING CARELESSNESS

By CARL STEPHENS, '12



ZACK Murray struggled to his feet in the clay mud where his employer, Jake Boorg, had tumbled him, and, sullenly wiped his bloody face with a grimy bandanna. He was discharged, the fierce Jake had told him—discharged because he was so everlasting careless. Had he not just a few minutes ago left a lighted fuse going right in the midst of the stump-blasters, who were clearing the timber out of the way of the dredge-boat? A dozen times before that he had come within an ace of killing them all with his fool carelessness!

As he turned to go back to the dredge-boat, he noticed a bunch of keys in the mud, where in the heat of the fracas Jake had dropped them. Mechanically he picked them up and looked back in the gathering darkness at Jake Boorg, striding angrily toward the house-boat down by the bend. The only man who ever had dared purposely to oppose this giant, unscrupulous boss, tinted the murky ditch-water carmine with his own foolhardy blood as he reeled backward from the coal-barge. Zack knew this well enough, as his thick wits struggled with the problem of getting even with Jake Boorg.

He was so long in comprehending all that had really happened, and his muddy gum-boots impeded his progress so stubbornly, that the pitch darkness of a sultry and ominous night was on him when he at last clumped dejectedly on to the dredge-boat deck to get his clothes and other belongings. A gnawing, blinding sense of hate possessed the man, as he stamped revengefully the greasy floor of the stifling engine-room, and gathered together into a pathetic bundle his clay-spatted overalls and mud-caked shoes. The smoking lantern, which he had carelessly left turned high, flared and sputtered in the first gusty warnings of a thunder-storm.

"Fired fer carelessness," he finally muttered through his set teeth, and cursed with that low, terrible earnestness that is never mistaken for jest. His eyes glowed more and more resentfully, as he became supremely beside himself in the galling notion of Jake's rank injustice in discharging him. Then he noticed the

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big, uncleaned dipper of the dredge-boat, resting on the muddy bank, where he had carelessly left it at the end of the day's work. He remembered that Jake had repeatedly warned him not to leave this big steel bucket in the mud at the edge of the bank, where the soft earth was always caving in.

A thrill of fiendish exultation went through him, as the thought of the volcanic way in which Jake would curse when he saw the mud-crusted thing there the next morning. Zack gloried in his carelessness now. He recklessly kicked over the water-keg, scattered the tools around on the work-bench, and attempted to open the big tool-chest, which he found locked.

Then he remembered something that fairly took the breath from his deep lungs, and left him standing there gasping under an awful conception. Dynamite! A week's supply lay there under that chest lid—and—Oh, if he could just get it open! He struggled cautiously with a crow-bar. No, that lid must come open in the natural way. There was a key for that lock somewhere. Jake had the key—with an exultant curse Zack clawed from his pocket the keys Jack had dropped in the fight, and, turning one eagerly in the reluctant lock, cautiously raised the lid.

Dynamite! Why, there was enough to scatter the old junk-pile of a dredge-boat all over the marsh. Zack eagerly got out the sticks, and caressingly piled them upon the deck. How he gloated over the stuff, sometimes pretending to dash an arm-load against the engine wheels, sometimes grinning wickedly as he thought of the terrible power within those harmless-looking billets. Once he started guiltily as the boat's shuddering in the rising wind caused the lid of the tool-chest, carelessly left unsecured, to close with a bang. The tall derrick at the prow shook and trembled in the cyclonic blasts of the rapidly-approaching thunder-storm.

Zack was meanwhile doing some busy scheming. Would it be better to lay a fuse and blow up the old trap tonight, or wait until morning? Tonight, of course; he couldn't get safely away if he waited until morning. There was that storm coming on, too, and it would apparently prove a heavy one. He could just as well wait until it was past. Then he would light the fuse, and be

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across the marsh before Jake could get out of bed and into his clothes. It was a quarter of a mile from the house-boat down to the dredge—a good muddy quarter of a mile, too.

As he sat listening to the rushing wind and the coming peals of thunder, another plan came to his inflamed mind. Why not put the dynamite in the cog-wheels of the winch? Then when Jake opened the throttle in the morning, and those big wheels closed on the powerful explosive something else besides the old dredger would be put out of business. Jake would never know what hit him.

Zack packed the upper spaces between the cog-wheels of the winch, so that when Jake started the machinery in the morning to pull the scoop out of the mud, the mighty cogs would grip the murderous dynamite, and—

The flashes of lightning gave far more illumination now than the smoky lantern. The tempestuous fierceness of the wind rocked the dredger uneasily, so that the big scoop shifted a little on the slippery bank, and settled over just a little nearer to the crumbling brink. If Zack had not been so careless as to forget all about it, and the heavy chain that ran from it back to the dynamite-packed winch, his predicament would have taken on a different aspect.

The space over the cog-wheels was finally packed with the awful explosive, and Zack smiled with evil satisfaction as he eyed his devilish work. He complacently decided not to leave yet, as the rain was still coming down in a steady, determined deluge. All unknown to him it was loosening the earth around the scoop, so that the next lurch of the dredger caused the giant bucket to slide a little nearer to the precarious edge.

Now that the hellish plot was laid, Zack turned his clumsy attention to the other parts of the boat. He maliciously broke the water-gauge of the engine, unscrewed the governor-balls, and dropped them into the ditch, and turned on the faucets of the oil-barrels, carelessly forgetting that all these things would be utterly destroyed in the explosion tomorrow morning. A careful observer might have noticed, meanwhile, that the big scoop had slid over just a little closer to the edge.

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Jake Burray slept restlessly in his cramped cot in the upper story of the lurching house-boat. He would not have admitted it, but somehow he was a little worried. He remembered Zack's sullen face, as the fellow went back to the dredger after his clothes, and knew that of course he would "have it in for him."

"Hey, Jake," roared the cook, who was setting the bread to raise, "gimme the keys, if you want me to lock up."

"Here in my overalls," Jake responded, startled by the interruption.

The cook found no keys.

"Well, I've lost 'em, that's what," grunted Jake, sitting up in bed. "I knew something was wrong, 'cause I couldn't sleep. I wonder—"

His bushy eye-brows contracted and his hairy fists stood out hard and uncompromising, as he arose with ominous deliberation, and hastily glanced through the window in the direction of the dredger. A faint light glimmered there. In appalling silence he slipped deftly into his greasy clothes, pushed his feet heavily into the waiting rubber-boots, and leaped out bare-headed into the tumultuous night.

With cautious steps the giant boss slunk hurriedly down to the dredger, and skulked behind an anchor-post, even as the big dipper slipped a trifle nearer to the edge.

There stood Zack by the boiler in the act of dropping the grate-bars into the ditch. Just then the big dipper slipped, hesitated a moment, slipped over a bit more, so that the winch-chain jerked a little,—then the crumbling bank gave away completely,—the dipper fell with a splash and a roar into the water far below,—the winch-chain shrilled in defiance, as it set the winch spinning,—and the whirling cog-wheels, turning in the opposite direction from that which the careless Zack had anticipated, threw the dynamite harmlessly out on the deck.

"This here fool carelessness," mumbled Jake incoherently, as he sat down weakly on an anchor-bar, and dimly heard the tramp of Zack's gum-boots grow fainter and fainter in the distant marsh, "will kill us all yet."

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS UNION

By BRYANT BANNISTER, '11

PERHAPS the greatest want in man's life is the desire for the companionship of others; the natural craving for friendship, the deep seated desire to live, not merely exist. We can look anywhere and see this life's axiom exemplified; in the home, the fraternity, the church—everywhere. How does it apply itself to our University as a whole? To be broad in its scope and complete in its broadness any plan to make a great brotherhood of our University populace would involve many features that a similar plan as applied to a smaller group would never require. For many years endeavors have been made to unite students in various ways. Our convocations and campus sings have had for their object the furtherance of the brotherly spirit in this University. It was not until 1909, however, that any definite action was taken to unite students in a permanent manner, and then only the mere beginning of the plan was brought into prospect.

At the Junior Smoker given by the Class of 1909, Professor Breckenridge, now Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Yale University, as one of the speakers, suggested that there should be some place on the campus where students might gather for the purpose of holding smokers and similar social functions, or for no other reason than to enjoy the good fellowship to be had there.

Acting upon this suggestion, the members of the class began to make inquiries as to what could be done in this regard. It was found that at several other institutions there existed organizations of the student body, known as Unions. A committee was appointed the following fall, and after investigating the aims and purposes of these organizations, decided that something similar would be of great benefit to Illinois. Through correspondence with several of these Unions, information was received which aided greatly in starting the movement. Later in the year a constitution was drafted, and approved by the Council of Administration, and on March 3rd, 1909, Lion Gardiner, President of the Senior class, called a mass meeting of the students at

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which the present constitution was accepted, and the Illinois Union came into existence.

In a large university, where the number of organizations are many, and the fields for student activity are practically unlimited, there naturally comes in each instance the question, "What is this new organization, and what is its aim and purpose?" In brief, the UNION is an organization of all Illinois men, whether graduate, undergraduate, or faculty. Its aim and purpose is to develop good fellowship among the student body, and to promote Illinois spirit by all possible means. In a university as large as ours the tendency is for the students' interests to become more and more diverse. As this tendency develops, the spirit of fellowship among the students and the feeling of loyalty toward the University decreases. To check and overcome such tendencies some place must be provided where the students can get together on a common level, where they may learn each other's ideas and ideals, and where all will have one common end; to get better acquainted with each other, and to "pull" for Illinois. Such a place must necessarily be one where the individual will be free to go and come so long as he conducts himself as a gentleman. The Union, then must be a home for the student body. Universities older than Illinois and others, where the tendencies of university life are more distracting than they are here, have found that such a place can best be provided by the building of a club house, a Student's Union Club House.

The building of a club house similar to those that have been provided at other universities has from the very first been recognized as essential to the highest development of the Union. Just what features will be incorporated in the plans for a Club house will very largely be left to the Executive Board of the Union. In general it may be said that the home of the Union will include:

1. A large living room or parlor where students, faculty and visiting alumni may meet at any time, and be made to feel perfectly at home.
2. A home for the Daily Illini, and all other University publications.

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3. A suitable place for the meeting of University organizations, such as the literary societies, etc.

4. A large assembly room for the meetings, college theatricals, class smokers, etc.

5. A library and reading room in which will be found the leading magazines, college publications, and daily papers of the larger cities.

6. A trophy room in which will be placed all the trophies won in Illinois athletics.

7. Bed rooms and a dormitory for distinguished guests and alumni.

In short, the building will be a home or club for Illinois men; it will be the center, and an inspiring center, of all University life in the broadest and best sense of that term.

To one who is well acquainted with conditions here at Illinois the need of a Union is very evident. The general tendency is for the students to fall into "cliques" or groups, and to forget the University and the part that they should be playing in building it up. They narrow themselves down to a small circle of men, and so fail to get the true spirit of the University. There is, moreover, the need of a place to entertain visiting teams, distinguished guests, and alumni. At present we have no place where the teams representing other universities can be properly entertained. They are quartered at the hotels in the two cities, a mile away from the University, away from the hospitality that should be theirs. When old alumni come back they, too, are forced to stop at the hotels. They are away from those things that they came to see, away from the activities and the scenes which they hold so dear. How much better it would be if faculty, alumni, students, and guests could all be brought together at one place, and that place the center of university activity! It is utterly impossible to realize all the needs of the student body until at least a part of them have been recognized and remedied; thus by a process of elimination we may be able to rid the University of known evils and at the same time open up avenues to further advancement that are now undreamed of.

The advantages and benefits to be derived from the Union may be briefly grouped under three heads; first,

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closer organization of the Students; second, a better relationship between faculty and the Students; and third, a definite means for co-operative student government between the faculty and the student body. One of the greatest values of college life is the friendship and the association of college men. Personal contact with the men from the various colleges, and with men engaged in the various lines of student activity, will do much to give one the proper perspective of University life, and of the things that really are worth while. A sense of union and of friendship is the great requisite for proper student spirit and loyalty. The Illinois Union, in that its officers are representatives from every college of the University, that membership is open to every male student, and that its aims are to promote the common interest of the University, must necessarily be the ideal form of organization to accomplish the aims set forth.

The Illinois Union will promote a better relation between students and faculty, in that it will be a definite student organization with which the faculty may deal, and whereby students sentiment may be definitely shown; and a means whereby the faculty and the student body may be drawn closer together and where both may unite and advance the interests of the University.

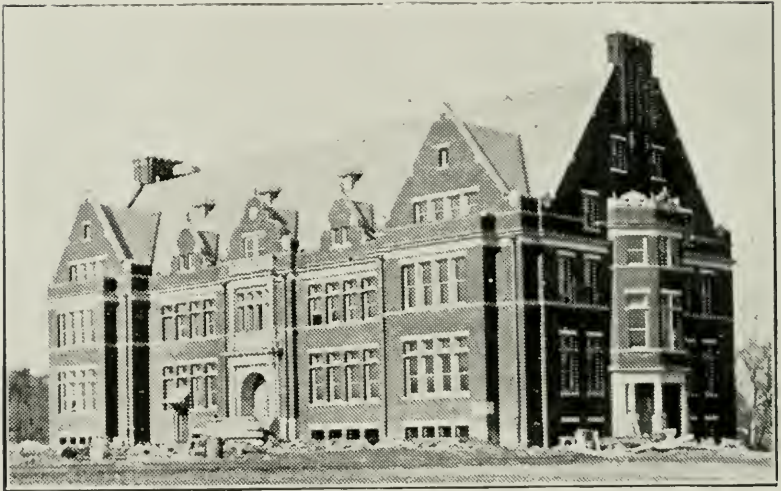
Matters of interest to the student body will be considered by a definite student organization; and because of the close social relationship existing between the faculty and students, these student problems will be received from the student's point of view by the University Council, thus permitting of a co-operative method of government. Already the University Council has granted the Union several very important powers and has promised to add to these powers, provided the officers of the Union show themselves qualified for such responsibility. Among those powers granted to the Union by the Council of Administration, are the following:

1. To assist the Freshmen in organizing their class.
2. To manage the annual public contest between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes with a view to promoting a legitimate class spirit and at the same time preventing those expressions of class feeling which are in-

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jurious to public order and the good name of the University.

3. To act as arbitrators in class disputes.
4. To foster and support acceptable Illinois traditions.
5. To have charge of such student mass meetings and celebrations as are not otherwise provided for.
6. To assist in the entertainment of noted alumni and other distinguished guests.
7. To elect yell-leaders.
8. To do what it can to see that all funds raised by subscription among students shall go to the purpose for which they are raised.



THE OHIO UNION

By glancing at other universities we can readily see the enviable place the Union holds in these institutions.

Regarding the Pennsylvania Union, Mr. Slosson, writing in the November number of the "Independent," says:

"The University of Pennsylvania has, in Houston Hall, an ideal club house. Greek and barb, rich and poor, meet on terms as near to equality as could be expected. All the students take more pride in it than in

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anything else but their traditions and history. They have a big club house used daily by several thousand persons. It is the center of all student life, the starting point of all student activities."

At Harvard the Union has long been recognized as a great factor in directing student sentiment and inspiring Harvard loyalty. It is possibly the most hopeful and wholesome influence in Harvard student life. It has received the support and earnest co-operation of President (emeritus) Elliot, and the noted members of the faculty and corporation.

Under the caption "The Michigan Union—for Michigan Men Everywhere," the Michigan Union has issued a pamphlet showing the remarkable influence and benefits of this student organization at Ann Arbor. In a comparatively short time the energetic men of Michigan have consummated a movement which without doubt has the greatest student influence of any organization in that university.

At Ohio State a magnificent structure has recently been erected for the home of the Student's Union. It is proving a great factor in aiding the Union in its work and helping to promote true university spirit.

The experience of other colleges teaches us that if Illinois is to retain her position in the proper way she must have a home for her students.

"The faculty are supporting the Union movement because they appreciate the value of a social center where men of different sets can meet on common ground to promote a healthy public sentiment on all questions of University life," says E. B. Greene, Dean of the College of Literature and Arts. President James says: "It is my opinion, that a strong Student's Union embracing practically all men in the University might serve a very useful purpose. The possibility for good of such an organization would be greatly heightened if it were located in an adequate club house." Dean Clark says: "The Students' Union, if it will take its work seriously, can do unusual things for the control of student activities and the cultivation of a healthy student sentiment. It will need, however, to plan its work sanely, and to begin it early in the year."

As an alumnus of the University, John R. Wright,

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Editor of the St. Louis Times, has this to say regarding the Union:

"The idea of a Students' Union appeals strongly to me. With the growth of the American university there has come a social division of the student body into various clubs, fraternities, and other organizations, each of which exists primarily for the benefit of those who constitute its membership.

"In the old days a student body of five or six hundred was welded easily into a large family, where each knew the other and was interested in his welfare. But in an institution with five thousand students this is impossible, and how best to cultivate the true democratic spirit and foster the love for and loyalty to the University, its faculty, and its officers has become a problem.

"The Students' Union has been formed as a possible solution and it would seem if properly conducted must prove of great value in uniting and holding together a large body of young men, who perhaps are too prone to spend their time, their money and their social talents in the narrow confines of the club or chapter house, forgetful of their duty to the University as a whole. I would not be misunderstood as opposing the smaller social organizations among the students. They have their place, and much pleasure and much good may and probably does come from them; but I earnestly commend every effort which has for its end the abolition of the clique and the inculcation of that broad and catholic spirit which should be found in any university that is supported by all the people of the state."

W. A. Heath, President of the Chicago Alumni Association, has made the following remark:

"The Illinois Student Union movement is in my opinion, a good thing. I will help push it to the best of my ability."

The greatest need of the University of Illinois Union at the present time is a good wholesome, liberal lot of enthusiastic student interest, the kind of interest and the kind of spirit that are manifested in Illinois loyalty, the biggest factor in the University's progress, and the pride of every true son of Illinois.

The permanence of this spirit of loyalty, and the onward and upward movement of the university are not

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dependent alone upon the loyalty and energy of the Orange and Blue alumni, nor upon the worthy efforts of President James and the heads of the departments,—they are more vitally dependent upon the loyalty of the undergraduate body, and the efficiency, the enthusiasm, and the progressiveness of its organization. Illinois has been slow in effecting an organization of this kind, but now that the University of Illinois Union is a reality, and has been heartily endorsed by University authorities and by the alumni, it is the duty of every Illinois undergraduate to get behind the movement with all the enthusiasm and energy he can muster, and push, and push hard.

The bulk of this pushing just at present will be toward the biggest material need of the Union, a good home. In order to secure this building, Illinois men must play the cold, practical, popular modern game of money, and run up the biggest possible score for a decisive victory in the shape of the finest University Union building in the United States. With every loyal undergraduate of Illinois in the line, the Executive Board of the Illinois Union at quarter, and a good, swift, trusty backfield and scoring machine in the Orange and Blue Alumni, President James and the General Faculty, we must win.

It must not be thought that the Union administration is dependent upon the proceeds from membership campaigns, banquets, and operas to provide the means for a club house. It must, however be clearly understood that in order to build the club house, a suitable foundation must be built upon which a campaign for building funds can be inaugurated. It is hardly reasonable to expect that our alumni will gladly subscribe money for a Union building until the proper attitude towards the Union is shown by the undergraduate body. To demonstrate that our attitude is right, a large membership is essential, and activity of purpose must be shown through such undertakings as the banquet and the opera. The larger and more progressive campaign for building funds is now well planned and will be launched in the near future. Briefly stated, the plan is this: a financial secretary will be engaged whose duty it will be to take charge of all endeavors to raise money for a

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building. For two years the outgoing senior class members have been approached by members of the Union Council and others and given an opportunity to subscribe to the building fund. Most of these subscriptions have been made in the form of notes payable one, two or three years from graduation. Several thousand dollars has been pledged in this manner and some of it is now due. Perhaps one of the first duties of the secretary will be to collect the notes now due and arrange for the 1911 class notes. After this matter has been well settled an active canvass of our alumni will be in order and in all probability will be carried out. The Secretary will see many alumni in person and reach others through correspondence. This plan will take time, but is the only practical method of securing the building fund.

Nearly thirty thousand dollars has been pledged by Wm. B. McKinley, President James, Dean Clark and others on the condition that the balance of one hundred thousand dollars be raised. This amount was secured without a great amount of solicitation and speaks well for the success of the building project. It is quite probable that the greater part of the balance needed to make the hundred thousand dollars can be had in a few rather large subscriptions, as many of the Illinois graduates are wealthy men.

Fellow students, we need to be perfectly fair in our attitude towards the Union, and you must be willing to do whatever lies within your power. First of all, you can encourage Union enterprises; procure a membership card, attend the annual banquets, give the opera your support by your talk, and your attendance. When the proper time arrives, see that the men who are the best qualified to handle the management of the Union are candidates for some office. Encourage any likely candidate to run for an office on the Student Council; but, above all, do not allow politics to come into any Union election. Just as soon as political methods are adopted to elect candidates to office, the best management of the Union is doomed. Have patience, be fair, and encourage whenever possible any Union affair and it will not be many years before a Union building will adorn our campus, and the Union slogan become a practical reality.

The Union of Hearts, the Union of Hands
and the Union of Illinois Men Forever.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Bumpitty-bump to Danville
Over the interurban,
To quench our thirst with "Schlitz" and "Bud,"
And eke a little Bourbon.

Bumpitty-bump back home again—
Bay votaries of Bacchus,
With never a thought of the morrow's morn
And the pains that come to rack us.

Bumpitty-bump to Flunkville
By way of Math and German;
Examinations are like war—
And war is—what said Sherman?

AGRICULTURAL

By M. P.

The beautiful Spring is upon us
We'll soon plant our taters and truck.
The boarding house rugs will be beaten
The hen be remarking "cluck! cluck!"

If you will but list to my secret
You wise ones who delve in the soil,
I can tell you some things about taters
That will bring you reward for your toil.

An onion I plant with each tater
To draw weeps from the poor tater's eyes,
And keep the ground moist a-plenty
No matter how dry are the skies.

It may not seem kind to the taters
To keep them a-weeping away,
But when you are eating new taters
You'll give thanks for this here roundelay.

A STORY OF LIFE

By GERTRUDE FLEMING, '12



THE sun coming in through the long French windows, flecked changing shadows on the dark, polished floor and rich rugs, and touching softly Madame's white head, seemed to nestle there. The light breeze bore a delicious fragrance from the garden to the gay crowd in the long drawing room.

The young girl who sat watching Madame pour out the tea in tiny cups gave a happy little laugh and then drawled out in her low southern voice. "This is fairyland, Madame. The outside world is forgotten when I come here."

"Yes, isn't it?" added Carlton, quickly, as he looked admiringly at the beautiful white-haired figure before him young yet in spite of the years which sat lightly on her slender figure. "I am so glad that Miss Elsie brought me. She said that your "afternoons" were events of a life time, and I assure you, it is true. You Southern women are enchantresses," with a sweeping smile which embraced the whole room.

"Flatterers, both;" Madame's laugh was as gay as a girl's, as she handed a cup of hot tea to Carlton, who bent his tall height to take it from her jeweled hand.

"Hear, Hear," sang out another of the little company of callers. "No more conspiracy over there." The gay voice silenced all. "Madame, we want your advice. Some one over here is insisting that all the romance has departed this world. Surely you know how to quell such impudence." His low bow was sufficient compliment to bring a faint flush to her cheek.

"I?" she spread her hands out in a pretty gesture of denial. "Ah, no. My life has been one long commonplace. Romance has slipped past me."

"Oh, surely not!" exclaimed Elise quickly. "This house, those gardens!" sweeping her arms outward exultingly, with a little intaking breath at the beauty of it all. "Surely they hold some treasure. You are only keeping it hidden away in a magic chest. Tell us something of your life," she added impulsively, then checked

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herself quickly, as she noted a shade pass over the proud features.

But Darby was explaining. "Lenox, here, is getting skeptical as to rises in the legal world, and the fever is contagious. Every one of them is doubtful about this mediaeval knight business. Tell them that romance still flourishes."

Madame smiled; he was so like his gallant old father. "You are all very, very young."

Lenox laughed. "Darby is maligning me mercilessly. I only said that I had taken off my rose-colored glasses since I had begun to practice. We were speaking of the Wentworth affair. You know, we all knew Sally so well, and when she married Wentworth everyone predicted all sorts of bliss; it seemed ideal. But look at it now. Everyone knows that he only married her for her money."

Elise, turning to Madame, saw that she was hearing little of what was said. She feared that her heedless words had aroused some sad memory, and she realized suddenly that even after a long, delightful acquaintance she knew little of Madame's past life. Under cover of the voices about them, she said softly, "Forgive me for being so thoughtless! Your husband died when you had been married but a short time, did he not? Before you came here. Someone told me so."

"Yes," answered Madame slowly. And then as if arousing herself from a reverie, she smiled down into the girl's eyes sadly. "Yes, my dear, it happened long ago."

For a moment she let her gaze wander out in the garden, of which enchanting vistas revealed themselves through the windows. She was so different from her usual self,—she who was usually the life of the gay crowd of young people about her.

Carlton bent forward. "I know a story which seemed to be romantic." His strange Northern accent attracted instant attention, the gay chattering ceased and all eyes were turned toward him. Unconscious of the flattering attention he sat absently stirring his tea for a moment, as if lost in thought. Then arousing himself, he turned to Madame, with a winning little gesture of deference which he had. "I only learned of it lately."

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My uncle in Philadelphia told it to me several years ago, and I have never forgotten it; it impressed me deeply. It all happened when he was young."

Madame leaned forward imperceptibly. Something in his voice stirred her strangely.

"It seems that in those good old days, when Philadelphia was young, there lived a very beautiful young girl."

"They were always young and beautiful," mocked Elise, shyly.

Carlton nodded knowingly. "Yes, and are—" Elise had the grace to blush, and Carlton resumed. "She was an orphan, very wealthy, and was the leader of their circle. Every man fell in love with her as soon as he met her, and I do not think Uncle escaped. To hear him tell about her was a treat. He said that her entrance into a ball-room was an event like the coming of a princess or some high nabob. But she was very proud and kept all the fellows, princess or what-not, dangling as she chose. They were all mad about her. Finally she became engaged to a young chap there, uncle's chum, a lawyer of a fine, though not wealthy family, who had known her since childhood. All their friends prophesied the most wonderful happiness for them. The wedding was to be the grand affair of the season; preparations had begun in great style, when suddenly the engagement was rumored as broken. No reason was given, and the town was tip-toe with excitement."

"Perhaps they would have quarrelled, anyway," suggested Elise cheerfully, with the cynicism of youth.

Madame laid a hand on her arm. Elise bent over and kissed it. "I will be good, really," she whispered contritely.

Carlton set the tea-cup on the little table near him, as he continued his story. "Not for a long time did people get an inkling, and even then they never knew it all. They only saw that she seemed to grow more beautiful and proud-spirited than ever. She went continually, walking, riding, dancing, to the theatre, for even in those old days I guess the pace was quite lively. She seemed possessed of some evil spirit; she seemed to delight in breaking men's hearts, in wearing herself out.

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People called her cruel and shallow, yet the queerest part of it all was that the chap she had been engaged to was with her all the time, although he suddenly seemed to have aged ten years. Then, quite unexpectedly, she went away to Europe with her guardian and physician. That is about all of the story most people found out, yet Uncle heard it all.

"About a month before her wedding day she had found out her family skeleton—that there was a trace of insanity in her family, which might perhaps never be manifested, or which might break out violently. The thought of losing her happiness, now so near, almost maddened her. Sometimes for whole nights through she walked the floor in despair, and then the next day would fling herself into the gaities of her social life. With all the passion of her strong nature she rebelled against her cruel fate, until she was forced to realize that her very violence might bring on the trouble she so abhorred. Her old physician, a life-long friend, in whose office my uncle was studying, took matters into his own hands and carried her away to Europe. She never returned to Philadelphia. News did not travel fast in those days, so it was only occasionally that rumors of her came back. It was thought that she remained in Europe and took another name. Her beauty and wealth would win her a place anywhere, and another name would protect her."

A little hush fell on the company when he had finished, and then, "Oh, how sad!" from a girl who was idly swinging her parasol too and fro, trying to blink back the tears in her eyes.

"Tough on that fellow, wasn't it?" added Lenox, feelingly, with a side-long glance at the olive loveliness of the girl with the parasol. "What became of him?"

"That is a little story in itself, too," Carlton answered. "It was only at the time of his death, about five years ago, that I heard the story at all." He turned to Madame, surprised to find the interest which burned in her dark, brilliant eyes. "After he heard her sad story he refused to leave her, refused to take her refusal to marry him. It was but a part of her heroism, which only those who loved her the deepest dreamed her capable of to go away and live her sorrow alone. Uncle said that

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when the steamer which carried her away sailed out of the harbor her lover was an old man. He left Philadelphia and went up into a little New Hampshire town and practiced law there. Think of it, a brilliant young chap with a future before him, burying himself thus!

“He died five years ago. Uncle tended him in his last illness, pneumonia it was—contracted while driving to the mines one cold rainy night in order to be at a trial the next morning in order to save an inheritance, a mere pittance for a little lame boy. Prosaic enough, wasn't it? Doubtless, no one in the little village guessed that he had carried a broken heart all those years; he never paraded his grief. The whole town loved him dearly. His death was a sort of public calamity. After he was dead, Uncle found a little gold chain around his neck, on which was a small gold heart, half of a quaint, old-fashioned double locket.

“Didn't they ever see each other again?” wailed out a little girl in pink, with such an agonizingly sympathetic voice that everyone laughed, glad to break the tension of the moment.

“No, that was the heroism of it all. They thought it best to pass from each other's lives completely.” He smiled whimsically. “What of it? They both are dead now, no doubt, and are happier.”

“She was faithful?” asked someone, huskily.

“Could you ever doubt it? Such love is sacred.” Carlton's own voice was very low.

“And your uncle, is he well?” asked Madame after a pause, with the air of one who forces an interest in those to whom one is momentarily attracted.

“Yes,” answered Carlton, “but I think his friend's death affected him deeply. He is a bachelor, too, so is much alone. He is in Europe now.”

“Oh dear, that is too sad; that is not a romance,” said Elise softly.

“A romance!” echoed Madame slowly. There was a world-old weariness in her voice, which the young people did not discern; they only thought she had ceased to be interested. “A romance?” she repeated dully. “No, my dear, only life.”

* * * * *

The room was quiet now; the guests had departed.

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The golden Southern moonlight flooded in through the open windows, making long, indistinct shadows on the rugs, and gently touching Madame's white hair as she sat motionless in her big chair. The soft breeze brought in delicious odors from the flowers on the terrace, it gently stirred the long, green curtains at the windows, and swayed something in Madam's hand. The moonbeams caught it glitteringly. It was a slender gold chain from which hung a small pendant, half of a double locket.



AN ESSAY ON MATERIALS

By ALLAN NEVINS, '12



THAT generation of young men that Illinois and her neighbors sent to a cruel decimation in the Civil War was the one from which in maturity the literature of the Central West was first to spring. There was of course no connection between the war and this birth of letters. Whereas the great conflict imparted little of color or drama to the pens of the Northern participants, it is almost certain that among its results was that of literary loss. From the heroisms and pageantries of war there usually is struck rich literary material.—witness, for example, Daudet, Coppée, and Bazin in France since the war of 1870. But the Rebellion gave none to the Federal contingents, although Southern genius fared better; and many young men of talent must have perished in the ranks and many more have had the gentler tendencies of the imaginative writer roughened and warped. It is moreover a natural and normal fact that its literary consciousness should first have come to the Mississippi Valley in the first decade following 1860. It is not to be thought strange that although the Central States had all been sufficiently settled to permit of their admission before 1850 they had not produced a single writer of note or even of real aspirations. The pioneer must handle the axe or sledge, not the pen; and culture must root itself before it can leaf. Neither is it strange that fruits up to our own day should be so meager in quantity, so uneven and indifferent in quality. Literary associations, cultural atmosphere, native atmosphere, native models as stimuli to emulation, are aids to the growth of the embryonic writer that may be hoped for only as slow accumulations of the decades. Just as none of the considerable authors of the Central West is yet historically old enough to have been critically adjudged his proper rank, so the West itself is certainly not old enough to have produced any really great author—Clemens is hardly such—except as an incredible mutant. Yet it has achieved something; it now rivals the East to a degree that a contemporary of Longfellow and Hawthorne would never have anticipated; and it has

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chosen ideals and paths for reaching them that in the light of possible results really merit consideration.

The first literary products of the upper Mississippi valley, largely ephemeral, were quite naturally of a humorous tendency. The land was broad and sunny, its life free, rough, and outspoken; the dry Yankee placed in the backwoods could broaden, and the jovial Southerner deepen his vein into what has become characteristic as national pleasantry. East and West alike, from 1860 to 1880, flourished a school of wags among whom Josh Billings, Rob't Burdette, Petroleum V. Naseby, and Artemus Ward were the most celebrated names; but whatever their birth or residence, their product was Western in the dialect it adapted, the manners it portrayed, and the type of mind it represented. Many of them, as those who made the "Burlington Hawkeye" and "Confedrit X Roads" famous, lived in localities of which they were almost as representative as Shakespeare of Elizabethan England. They were vivacious and rough and their broad burlesque and keen satire smacks as often disagreeably as picturesquely of the characters of the day. Yet they really did the best which lay in them to do, choosing the only aspect of their life suited to literary treatment, and creating something entirely new, for from Aristophanes to Dunne no humor is like theirs. They recognized the transiency of their work as an oral rather than a written product and made no attempt to found a pernicious cult. It must forever lie an onyx curio in the tessellations of American literature.

But our concern really begins with the junior school, following without connection these pseudo-humorists,—the school of the young men of the Civil War period, including Lew Wallace, actually a brigadier, Edward Eggleston, who left his home to mingle in the Kansas troubles of 1854, and Mark Twain, who has been prudently modest of his brief career in the Confederate armies. The last-named is in his versatility a transitional figure, and best bridges the gap between the old wits and those who looked about them, with the eyes of realists or romancers as it might be, for fresher and higher themes. His first and shorter works—"The Jumping Frog", and others,—exhibit much of that vigorous humor of an

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earlier day; but even in his beginnings he has a sophisticated talent where theirs is untutored, and can tell a well-planned story where they merely string together haphazard witticisms. He was not satisfied to be merely funny, and in what was at first uncertainty and perplexity he turned to seek other fields. The life that lay about him, that of the old Hannibal of Missouri, with its poverty of color, incident, or dignity, would have been hopeless for literary transcription except for one element—the Mississippi, that in centuries to come may be the Father of Romance as well as the Father of Waters. It alone could uplift his imagination, and aside from it the soil in which his invention was forced to take root was as poor as that of his contemporaries. After his one fecund hoard had been well tapped, he again fell back on mere humor, applied in a new setting—"Innocents Abroad"; "Roughing It",—and after that upon romance—"Joan of Arc". His best work had been done in "Tom Sawyer", and "Huckleberry Finn", books great in melodramatic and picaresque plot, in domestic color, in child-psychology, and in humor. His workmanship proved, his later wanderings were not those of a literary vagabond, but of an honest tourist. In the broad train of his alternating realism and romance, the one Western in its strength, the other in its comparative weakness, follow all the other figures of Central Western literature, each with its own modifications.

At the outset one elemental consideration faced them all—of what should they write? In 1889 Garland, the most prominent among these recent authors, set forth his views in a book at once intemperate and heretical, and inspiring of wholesome thought—"Crumbling Idols". It was not a spontaneous, but an evoked product. To many contemporary observers of Western life it had seemed impossible to extract anything like a literary afflatus from it. In every community from Duluth to Cairo, from Evansville to Omaha—and all these communities are despairingly like one another—was apparent to them a materialism of aim, an absence of emotionalism, a lack of adventurous aspects to existence, absolutely dismaying to the topic-seekers. To their free Western minds, of course, refuge was not to be found in the an-

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alytic psychology of the East; and its broad social cosmopolitanism, in urban aspects, was lacking. The semi-rural existence of the prairies, dull, flat and unprofitable, seemed the least interesting in the world for realism, and in equal degree too narrow for socialistic, too good for naturalistic, and too hundraum for romantic portrayal. The very proximity of the richer fields of the East, the South and the far West—the homes respectively of Wilkins and Howells, of Allen, Cable and Page, and of Bret Harte, Joaquín Miller, and H. H. Jackson, made it appear the more barren. That it had once seen days of color, of life and of adventure they would admit; the days of trapper, explorer and gold-hunter, in a historical way at least partially defined by Parkman. Since a certain Indianian's "Alice of Old Vincennes," these have not gone undescribed. But of them inadequate contemporary records exist, their modern conception is difficult, and they are impossible except to that rapidly passing vogue, the historical novel. Moreover, they are no more typically Middle-Western than Eastern or North-Western, as another Indianian has shown in "When Knighthood Was in Flower". Another less distant but no more transient epoch, in its homeliness well-suited to picturesque fiction, was that of backwoods illiteracy pictured by Eggleston in his Hoosier fiction. But he had exhausted the field; to the twentieth century his scenes of ignorance and rustic viciousness, however true, must seem more and more incredible and work upon such topics, as Clemens ("The Golden Age") has also demonstrated, must have its artistic limitations. All this had been said by those whom, directly or indirectly, Garland answered; their gist was that to mount Pegasus the young writer must first climb either the Sierras or the Alleghanies. Considering the comparative values of the fictional output of the Mississippi Valley with other sections of America, they seemed to speak with reason.

With this view, in a vigor of attack that brought him to a condemnation of much that other Americans had accomplished, Garland took sharp issue. He believed primarily, as a man of letters, in localism, in painting what lies at our door; and secondarily, as a native of Wisconsin, in the possibility of his own country's fur-

nishing adequate material for the work of any man, however powerful or versatile. He believed that the present day West could supply it, in distinctive form and flavor, as New England has to Alice Brown and Sarah Orne Jewett, as Louisiana has to Cable, and as California has to Harte and Norris. Around the present and the real he drew his circle. He did not believe, notably, in literature which *created* atmosphere and tradition for its setting, as Irving did when with his "Knickerbocker History" and his "Legends" he transformed the Hudson Valley. Each author, by his assertion, should be a product of his own experience, describing what he knows without distortion for effect. In his own fiction, the 'last word in veritism', he has clearly illustrated his views of provincial realism. His one good book, "Main Travelled Roads", 1891, has a certainty of grip on the realities of life, a verile, passionate interpretation of its stamp upon human character, that consistently lifts its tales above their sheer brutality and other deficiencies of taste. Garland perhaps believes that a tale of our own time will be given increment of romance as passing years lend novelty to its scenes. A contemporary story of Periclean Crecece or the France of Charlemagne would seem glamorous to modern readers; but it is doubtful if Garland's Wisconsin ever will, not through any inherent defect, but simply because of his savage treatment. "At night", says William Allen White in one of his novels, "at night the sunburnt Kansas town has a touch of romance", and so it has; but Sweetwater and the Couleé are always in the glare of most garish day.

But Garland's theories well express the consensus of contemporary opinion among those who really take an interest in giving their land its expression. With additions of broadness and idealism that are always improvements, the best of the present school do and have accepted his creed. Purely imaginative writers have sprung from our prairies,—Maurice Thompson, Mrs. Catherwood, and Charles Major,—but, largely undistinguished in style and characterization, if not invention, they contrast disadvantageously with England and the Continent. Tarkington, with a kindly humor in marked distinction to Garland's harshness, and with a more sustained pen, has worked excellently in domestic realism of the semi-

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urban population of Indiana. Edith Wyatt, with no imagination, great faithfulness to detail, and a healthy sentimentalism, once wrote commanding sketches of Chicago life, whose naked revelations somewhat soften our condemnation of Sinclair's perpetration, "The Jungle". Everyone is familiar with Stewart Edward White's lumberjack, a human type exceedingly distinct, in a setting as interesting as himself and largely accountable for himself; but White, even more than Tarkington, has yet to produce a book of real permanency. Ade's fables in slang, fortunately inimitable, have the peculiar localism of the Chicago-Purdue district. Mary Tracy Earle, Illinois '87, has published a few stories of our state, some of which may be found in old Illios; but her legitimate field is in the South. Arthur Payne's "Money Captain", 1899, a novel of Chicago politics and finance, is in the unworthy vein that America's largest weekly magazine has long cultivated. What Mary E. Wilkins did for New England Octave Thanet, with success deserving of greater recognition, has attempted to do for Iowa. With a masculine voice and a masculine lack of finish quite typical of the hot, windy plain of Kansas, William Allen White has come nearer, perhaps, than ever Tarkington to giving a *universal* description of Middle-Western life. Other writers there are, like Hayden Carruth and Robert Barr, so transitory that their fire has dimmed even in our own later days.

When all is said, two facts remain prominent concerning present day literature in the Valley; that the best work done is in realism, and that the most satisfactory realism thus far developed is that of localism. If localism is but a preparatory stage in the development of the writer, and the writers of today are immature in that they have never grown out of it; or if it merely makes a realistic effect easier of attainment; it will pass away, for some day there will come a truly great artist who can work on the broader canvas. But it may very possibly have a deeper significance, and may prove a more abiding force in American literature. On either side of the Atlantic practically all novels now exhibit its molding qualities, where once they were essentially based on class material. In England Thomas Hardy, exhibitor of Wessex, Eden Philpotts, exhibitor of Dartmoor, and George

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Moore, exhibitor of North Ireland, have supplanted those old showmen of bourgeois-class and lower-class life, Thackeray and Dickens; in the East, where once Irving and Hawthorne overtopped and overlooked all, we have a New England school and a New York school, in the south a mountain school and a plantation school, so well defined that no tyro could confuse them. For all this, it is something more than mere veneration for classic models that would persuade us that localism is inferior art. Beyond the vast complexity of modern life, a new country has naturally a thousand atmospheres in its thousand various corners. Fresh, racy, engaging, they are deceitful aids in that if we depend too largely upon them for interest our wings will weaken for higher and truer flights. They are valuable only so long as we consider them temporary. As our nation grows and unifies, concentrating its national life, these tempting elements of atmosphere will lessen in number. And when finally there comes some renaissance of national spirit, in some furnace-heat of social sentiment, to weld us all into one above our locality, we will be ready for the greater, if not the great, American novel.

A corollary to these facts is to be seen in the personnel of the literary world, which, in so far as it is professional, is composed of either women or journalists. Each class has very positive limitations. The present preponderance of the feminine is due to the one fact that women alone have time to write. Men, and nowhere more than in the Valley, turn to trade, the professions, the generally strenuous life in which the pen cramps and hurts the hand. The finest minds are tempted out of the sphere in which, at the cost of long and assiduous labor, they might ultimately triumph, into more direct paths to another kind of success. The woman alone is left in the path of those cross-currents which may sweep the individual to the author's goal. Her sex forbids acquisition of a full knowledge of the world by direct contact with it, and her temperament and narrower mental range incline her, moreover, to dwell upon fixed types of atmosphere and of character. As for the journalists—and the names of Ade, Eugene Field, Payne, Tarkington, and White, now or once on the registers of Chicago

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or St. Louis papers, indicate how many authors are journalists,—their limitations arise from their training. Hastiness of expression, a disregard for all but the broad effects, a tendency to seize upon the salient in manners and emotions for superficial "human interest", mark their work. Compared with women, they see a truly far-stretching range of life, but they see it more narrowly. Since they glance but at the exterior of the people they meet, they do not reach the fundamentals of character that are truly universal; and so they also work most effectively with types interesting from their mere localism.

What, then, may be said in conclusion? Only this; that for the present vacillation may be excused, but not inactivity. Why should the writer pause for material? Where to the literary husbandman is there a barren acre in all the Mississippi valley? In every town from Superior to Cairo factory whistles are blowing, shops opening, roundhouses clanging, offices stirring with all the keen bustle of business life. In every farm between every hamlet the plowman, stolid or alert, of the old type or new, goes forth under the morning sun into a nature that is not as flat as it seems; in every hamlet is life and movement, springing in contrast from quaintness and rusticity. We have great rivers seaming the land, with an ever busy traffic upon them, with their train of steamboat men, clam-diggers and fishermen attending their course, the streams themselves the scenic curtain before which the dramas in these lives are acted. Upon our Great Lakes a species of marine activity has developed; our forests, rapidly disappearing, still shelter an occasional sawmill or backwoods district; we have mines and miners. At intervals great cities rear their towers, their canyon streets, from urban palaces to tenement slums, peopled with the extremes of wealth and squalor. The life of millions, with its inter-relations and social complexities, its humorous and its pathetic episodes, its grander movements and its failures, passes in a panorama of which no observer, no matter how secluded his corner, can fail to catch liberal glimpses.

A TEXAN NIGHT

By HENRY LLOYD, '11

“**I**LL tell yew jist what’s the matter, Bud,” explained John, in a coaxing voice, “When yer dad let yew come down here to spend the summer with me an’ Pete, he didn’t calculate on yew goin’ ’round any of them Mexican joints.”

“Don’t you fool yourself,” I replied, “I reckon he knows enough about you fellers to know that you an’ Pete ain’t jist as civilized as you might be, and I reckon that he took that into consideration. And I’m sure going to that dance tomorrow night if you fellows go.”

“No, you’re not,” growled John. “Why, it wouldn’t be right to let the kid go, would it, Pete?” he continued, turning to our companion. “Wall, I dunno,” drawled Pete. “It all depends on how yew look at it.”

“How yew look at it?” exploded John. “Thar’s only one way to look at it, an’ if yew warn’t so blamed narrer minded yew cud see it that way!”

“Wall, I guess I hev got a right to my own ideas,” returned Pete nervously, as he reached for his tobacco-bag. “An’ I’d like to hev yew know that I’m not in this here jawin’ match. If yew don’t want Bud to go yew ’ud better stay at home with ’im.”

John sat for a moment surveying Pete with blazing eyes. Then he turned to me.

“See here, Bud,” he commenced in a matter of fact tone. “If yew knew what yew was a goin’ into, yew ’ud listen to me, but yew don’t know nothin’ about it. Why, one time that me an’ Pete an’ Joe Scott war down thar, we all come mighty nigh gittin’ kilt.”

John paused in order to secure the full effect of his words, and I waited in silence for him to resume.

“Yew see, it’s this a-way,” he continued, after a few moments. “One day las’ spring, early, we heard that thar war a-goin’ to be a dance over at San Jaun the next Friday night; me an’ Pete decided that we ’ud go. We started purty quick after dinner, so as to git thar ’bout sun-down, an’ we went over by the Bar-Y Ranch to git Joe Scott. Joe war ready, an’ we all lit out fer town on a fox-trot, an’ on the way Joe remarked as to how he

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reckoned we 'ud hev to keep our eyes peeled, fur he hed heard that the greasers over thar was crosser'n thunder fur the las' few weeks. Me an' Pete laffed an' sed we warn't much afraid, but just to please Joe, I promised I wouldn't git much drunk. Pete let on like he felt that way about it, too, but I knowed all uv the time jist whar he 'ud land, if he got half a chanct.

"Wall, we finally got to town an' staked our hosses with ole Tom Fov's bunch, jist on this side uv the fust houses, an' then we all rolled into the place, an' went down to Don Antonio Foster's eatin' house with the saloon attached to it. After we hed et some supper, we went into the bar room to git a drink. Thar war a lot uv greasers all dressed up in thar, an' they all jist grunt-ed when we spoke to 'em, but they war plenty willin' enough to drink when Joe sed it war on him. While we war a-emptyin' our glasses, we tried to talk to 'em, but they didn't seem a mite sociable. We finally give it up as a bad job, an' we hung 'round thar fur quite a spell with them greasers purty much in one end uv the room, an' we'uns in t'other.

"Purty soon we couldn't stand it much longer, an' when Pete sed that it war about time fur us to go to the dance-hall, me an' Joe agreed willin,' an' we went outside an' started down the street. None uv us sed nothin,' but we war all thinkin' purty much, an' in a minute Joe remarked as to how he reckoned things warn't stackin' up jist as good as they might be. Me an' Pete thought so too, an' after some more talk, we all decided that we hed better go an' git our hosses ready fur an emergency. Pete sed he war real glad that the State uv Texas didn't 'low them Mexicans to carry no guns, in case we shud git into a scrap, but I reasoned that knives war as bad or wuss'n guns, an' Joe sed that the State uv Texas made it wuss'n ever fur us, cause we didn't have no guns neither, an' then we didn't know how to use knives even if we hed uv hed some. Takin' it all 'round we war purty much scared up by the time that we got out to whar our hosses war, an' we all hed a good notion to go home, but all uv us war afraid to suggest it."

"Wall, we saddled our hosses, an' tied 'em short, so as to be ready in a hurry, an' then we hung 'round a little while, an' purty soon we wandered back to town.

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The hall war all lit up when we come 'long, an' we cud hear the music an' the scrapin' of feet comin' from the second floor. So we went in an' climbed up the front stair steps into a hall, an' went through a narrer door inter a big room with little windows, whar they war a-dancin'. The fust thing that I done war to look 'round, an' see if I cud find any ov the bunch that we had left at the saloon, an' shore enough they war mostly thar. The floor war nearly full uv dancers, an' all uv 'em war greasers, 'cept a few ornery lookin' fellers that I didn't know, an' that looked like half breeds by association. Everybody war dressed fit to kill, an' the wimmin 'specially looked mighty fine an' some enticin'.

"Wall, we all got spread out in that thar mess, an' it warn't long 'till I seen Pete a-hopping 'round the room with somebody's girl on his arm. Then I seen Joe, an' then I got up my spunk an' purty soon I hed a partner too. I jist got 'long fine. The girls warn't a bit stingy with thar dances, an' purty soon I nearly forgot all about whot kind uv company I war in, 'till sumthin' happened tu remind me.

"Yew seen that thar dance down at Shearer t'other night, didn't yew, Bud? Wall, it was like that they war dancin', only different whar the couple goes out in the middle. 'Stead uv one couple goin' out in the middle to prom'nade, two uv 'em goes out down thar at San Juan. The set before the one that I war playin in war nearly over when I seen that big greaser, Casus Lopee, go up to a girl called Maria, an' ask her fur the next set. I already had my partner fur the set, an' so I jist stood an' watched 'im. I knowed from the way they acted that the girl told him she war already taken, an' big Casus went down to the other end of the hall, an' come back with a girl whose name is Mercedes.

"Wall, the set started, an' everything went off fine fur a while. Then Casus an' Mercedes an' Maria an' her little greaser happened to all be out in the middle at the same time. Some how or 'nother the little greaser bumped into Casus. Casus cussed an' quit dancin', an' turned 'round an' hit at him. The little feller war game, an' he let go of Marie, an' pulled his knife, an' started fur Casus. I reckon Casus didn't mind seein' him let go of Marie, all right, bit I don't hardly think that he liked

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the looks uv that knife. Anyway, he dodged it, an' grabbed the little greaser by the throat an' knife arm an' throwed him down on the floor, an' tuck the knife away from him an' jabbed him with it a couple uv times. By that time thar warn't any fight left in the little greaser, an' everybody war quit dancin' to help carry him down stairs, an' clean up the muss, an' Casus war gone out into the hall to slick himself up an' take a little drink to settle his nerves.

"In a few minutes everything quieted down an' another set war startin'. Pete saw Marie a-standin' by herself without any partner, an' he hiked over to her, an' asked fur the dance. She war plenty willin', 'cause she knew that there would be some more excitement when Casus come back, an' seen her dancin' with Pete, an' Mexican girls all like excitement. I knowed that it might take Casus a spell to git his nerves all settled down, but I war expectin' him to come in exery minute, 'long towards the last of the set, but he didn't come. When the music let up Pete kept a-holt of Marie, an' they started fur the door. I skinned out after 'em, but they were close to it, an' by the time I got thar through all uv that mess, they'd gone into the hall. It war darker'n pitch out thar, but I cud jist make out one black an' white outline in one corner, an' a tall black figger over near the other corner. I figgered out right away that the white outline war Marie's dress, an' the black ring 'round it war Pete's arm, an' it didn't take me more'n a month to know thot the tall figger was Casus. Jist then I heard a kind uv a mumble an' a smack, an' the white outline got more mixed up with the black arms, an' then, all of a sudden, the tall greaser begin a-staggerin' over the floor towards 'em. Casus may 'uv got his nerves steadied, all right, but he had shore weighted down his feet whar he war doin' it, an' I got a holt of 'im jist in time to keep 'im from sousin' his knife in Pete's back.

"Fur God's sake, Pete, git a-holt on here," I hollered, an' Pete got one in a hurry. We throwed the big greaser down on the floor an' tuck his knife away from him, an' Pete begin kickin' him a little. By that time, we hed made sich a noise that all uv the other greasers come a-shovin' out uv the dancin' room a-carryin' a light with 'em, an' it didn't take long to see that war us, an'

they begin a-pullin' their knives, an' we begin to move. Marie war a-screaming over in the fur corner, but we didn't have no time to listen to her, fur them greasers war right between us an' the stairway, an' the windows war too little to crawl through. Pete tuck a jump an' grabbed their light an' smashed it on the floor, an' then we began to scrap.

I've been in some purty tight places in corrals an' sich like, but crowdin' steers ain't nothin' compared to a mess uv Mexican greasers a-pokin' knives 'round in the dark. We never would uv got through 'em if they-'ud had any light to stick us by, but the way it was they war all afraid to poke very hard fur fear that they mought accidentally stick themselves. Jist about time I got half way through I thought of Joe, an' I hollered fer him. Right away I wished I hadn't, fur all uv the knives in my neck uv the woods begin a-punchin in my direction, an' I got one uv them in the leg. I cud hear Pete a-cussin' an' a-bangin' through the bunch at the right uv me, an' he seemed to be makin' about as much time as I war. So I warn't surprised much to ketch his fist in the back uv my neck, just as I come to the top of the stair steps. He knocked me clean over, an' I rolled down the steps lickety-bump, with him a-tearin' after me. We both reached the bottom about the same time, an' Pete war on top, but it didn't take us long to uncoil ourselves an' git out uv that thar door.

"We run a little ways, an' then stopped, 'cause we didn't hear no one a-follerin' us, an' then I happened to think uv Joe agin. Pete sed that he didn't know whar he war, an' so we calculated that it war upter us to go back an' look fur him. We sneaked 'long kinda easy-like, an' when we got near enough we cud hear an awful racket a-goin' on inside the buildin' we hed jist left. A woman war a-screamin', an' a-callin fur help, an' Pete cussed and sed he bet the ruffians war a-trampin' poor Marie to death. I told him to never mind Marie, but to come on an' help me find Joe, an' he cussed me an' sed that I war a heartless brute, but he didn't start up the stairs to git her, anyway. We sneaked 'round the corner uv the buildin' a-hopin to find another stairway that we cud go up to git Joe when we heard something a-scratch-

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in' up above us, an' we looked up an' seen somebody wigglin' like the devil.

"That yew, Joe?" I asked kinda soft like. 'Yep,' he grunted, 'It's me all right, an' I'm stuck faster'n a pig on butcherin' day.' We told him to wait a minute, an' then we went an' got a couple uv old barrels an' stood 'em upon each other, an' Pete boosted me up onder them, an' I ketched aholt uv Joe an' begin to pull. He war a-comin' through slow but shore, when he heard a big noise inside, an' purty soon Joe quit comin'.

"They hev got aholt uv my legs', he puffed, an' then he give a big kick, an I give a big pull, an' all uv a sudden me an' Joe an' the barrels all come down on top uv Pete. When we finally got straightened out we looked an' seen one uv them greasers a-standin' in front uv the window holdin' one uv Joe's boots in his hands. We didn't stop to ask him to return the article jist then, but hit the road fur our hosses. None of them greasers followed us, an' none ov 'em hev made any fuss about it since. But part uv 'em ain't entirely got over the scratches that they got in that thar mix-up, an' so yew see it wouldn't do at all fer yew tu go down to the dance, fur yew might git hurt, an' then your dad would blame it onto me," concluded John, with a grand air of finality.

"O, I don't know," I replied evasively. "I think that I'd like to go just for the fun of it. Maybe I can make as big a hit with Marie as Pete did."

"Well, yew can't have her," announced Pete, decidedly. That blamed greaser, Casus, thinks that I throwed him down alone, an' he's so scared uv me that he never looks at Marie while I'm thar, an' I generally calculate to——

"Wall, I reckon it's time to turn in," interrupted John, with a yawn that smothered the remainder of Pete's sentence.

PERSIAN LETTERS: II

By L. GOLDMERSTEIN, '12

(From the secret report of Hadji-Shadd-el-Ahmad ibn-el-Moawi, preceptor to the prince Hazzam of Kurdistan, written to the father of the prince.)



AND thus it came to pass that after we arrived in this city of Urabana, and rested for a night in the caravan-serai of the city, Ibnilmalik (1) proceeded, and I followed him, to the House of the er-Registrar wher permissions to enter the Temple of Learning were obtained. And oh, truly, it is a country without pride, for men are here governed by women. Nay, even in the House of er-Registrar it is women who grant and refuse permissions, and they have no veils on their faces, but I did not look at them. And men come up to them, and smile at them, and speak in low voices, stand in their presence, and shamelessly ask permissions of them. And the women sit at tables like *katibha-i-devlet* (2), and speak loud, and grant permissions and refuse them as it pleases them. But Ibnilmalik, who has the heart of a lion, did not wish to humiliate himself, waited his turn, and spoke to a man. And oh, Hope of the People and King of ten thousand Kings, truly it was a good teacher *Jones-sahib*, whom I have poisoned by the Order after he lifted his eyes to the Rose of the Garden. I say so because when the er-Registrar spoke to Ibnilmalik, and asked him questions, and admired the brilliancy of his replies, he not only granted him the permission to enter the Temple of Learning, and drink freely from the well of wisdom of the infidels, but conferred upon him the title of *Sophomora*, which means, as Ibnilmalik deigned to tell me, "Exalted in Knowledge."

And now I shall answer the questions of my Lord, the King, and he who speaks to the King anything but full truth is like a man who throws the gold of opportunity into the well of ignorance. Yes, there are here men of our faith, but none equal to Ibnilmalik. There is

(1) That is the title nearly exclusively given to the heir to throne in letters addressed to the reigning monarch.

(2) Clerks of the Government.

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only one other man here who claims to be of royal descent and even he is only the son of the prince of Luristan. And since he comes from a race of fire-worshippers, and before coming here never did anything but cattle-stealing, he was admitted into the Temple of Learning, but only on condition of wearing the Green Cap of Dishonour.

And now comes that which is more wonderful than the story of the Phoenix, and as pleasant as the thought of Paradise. It was at night, after the evening prayer, when Ibnilmalik, with several of the sahibs of the Temple of Learning, put on masks on their faces, and changed their dresses, and prepared to go forth. And I asked them whether they were going to steal horses, and my heart was full of joy, because I thought for a moment that life was worth living even in this country of infidels, if Ibnilmalik could from time to time engage in a game fit for men. But Ibnilmalik laughed, and said that if it followed, I should see. And I heard his saying, and obeyed him, but concealed two knives under my dress. And they proceeded to the house where Salih of Luristan dwells, stealthily entered it, and went upstairs to his room. And the fool was lying in bed, and did not have even a knife at hand. And they fell on him and dragged him out of bed, and made him sing a song, and he did. And then they told him to walk down stairs with them, and led him away.

And now I am telling what happened next. As they came out of the house of Salih, there approached the Governor of the Temple of Learning whom they call Tomarkal, and he was followed by a guard whose office is called el-Pete. And the sahibs who were companions of Ibnilmalik saw them, and were frightened, and asked each other what they had to do. But Ibnilmalik spoke to me and told me to draw a curtain of hesitation before the gaze of their eagerness. And I looked at them, and saw that el-Pete was a great man like a young elephant, but that he had no weapon, and Tomarkal was a small man. And I asked Ibnilmalik: "Shall I kill el-Pete, and bind Tomarkal with my belt?" But Ibnilmalik laughed and said: "No, catch them in the net of your wisdom, and stop them by the magic of your talk," and I did so, and told them that I was looking for Ibnilmalik, and was frightened by a crowd of masked

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men who ran past me up the street. And Tomarkal went up the street, and el-Pete followed him, and I went down the street after Ibnilmalik, and blessed Allah that he did not make me like an American infidel, unable to either tell a lie, or to see it. And when I came to them, Salih was standing knee-deep in the water of the river, and a sahib was pouring more water over his back, and Ibnilmalik was ordering him to lie down in the water, and seeing that he was like a jackal in the hands of a lion, he did so. Greatly did I rejoice at this sight, and great is now the shame of the tribes of Lurstan, but I was also afraid lest the government of America should interfere. And I asked Ibnilmalik the next day, and he smiled, and said: "I have done right."

And I asked him: "Is there a law to do such things?" and he told me: "Yes, the Law of the Freshman." And I blessed again Allah for his having given even the Americans a law from which a gentleman can derive pleasure.

But if the prince of Luristan hears of it, and attacks my Lord the King, the King is a Lion and an Elephant, and will beat the people of Lur like Ali, peace and mercy be on him, beat the tribe of Kuraish. And I kiss the earth and close the flow of my words.



LARRY'S SPURS

By GRETCHEN KROHN, '11



BAPTISTE was sullen. The pots and pans were being banged about more viciously than usual this morning; the kitchen was filled with smoke. "Green-wood," he coughed, as the fumes grew denser—"And a green helper, too—Sacre!"

Sandy incautiously stuck his head in the kitchen door. "How about breakfast, Frenchy?" When Baptiste had finished the remarks upon the ancestry of the MacDougal family which he felt this inquiry called for, the big Scotchman closed the door softly. "My! but the little man's mad this morning," he confided to his delighted group of cronies, who had enjoyed the exchange of civilities to the full. "Wha'd y' s'pose's the matter?"

"Matter?" reiterated Jim, the biggest lumberjack of them all. "Matter?" he drawled, "why the boss's took on that kid that came looking for a job last night, and he's give him to Cook f'r that helper he's cried f'r s' long."

The kitchen door opened with a rush. Silence fell like a pall upon the group. Baptiste strode in, depositing the steaming bowls of mush with vicious thuds at points of vantage along the table, worn a smooth gray at the edges from the contact of many elbows. A tall gawky boy, with frightened eyes, timidly brought up the rear with a huge granite pitcher of milk. Baptiste turned to glare. In his embarrassment the boy stumbled, and the milk ran over the floor in tiny interlacing puddles, pushing the dust before it. The cook sputtered and words failed him; banging the pitcher over his helper's head, he stalked from the room.

This was Larry's introduction and welcome as one of the force of camp 59. Nor did time and familiarity smooth over the first impression he had made; if anything he became more awkward. The day he spilled a cup of boiling coffee on Jim's shoulder, and that worthy stumbled hastily to his feet with clenched fists, the camp thought Larry had received his dismissal. But the big lumber man resumed his seat

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without bringing his enormous strength into play. Rallied about it later, he would only say, "I seen the kid's eyes."

Each evening Baptiste held forth to a delighted group about the red-hot stove upon Larry's blunders of the day, and the rafters shook with mirth as the men lolled in their chairs, the fumes from the steaming clothes rising to the ceiling. No one noticed the lad seated in the darkness that reigned supreme in the corners, nor saw his hands twitch as if he ached to clench them.

But it was the long day in the kitchen that Larry most dreaded. Baptiste's merciless French tongue, oiled with sarcasm, searched out the very crannies of the boy's sensibilities. No sympathy was expressed over accidents. Not even the day he stumbled against the white-hot sheet-iron stove,—searing the very yarn of his jacket into his cooked shoulder, did Baptiste unbend any more than to smile his usual taunt at the "clumsiness of this great jay." Dressed by his own awkward fingers, the wound had not healed properly, and Larry winced whenever the cook brushed it in passing.

Sunset was the time to which he looked forward—the one hour of the day he anticipated. At the first halloo from the road, he was at the door watching the big, splendid teams swing toward the barn, jingling their loosened trace chains behind them through the powdery snow. When supper was over, and the dishes hastily freed from the soap-suds that still clung to them after their rapid passage through the greasy dish-water, the boy hastened to the stable with some stolen bits of food for his favorites. When he stood beside the sleek bays, the pride of Jim's heart, his hot tears often added to the satiny gloss of their sides. Yet as the horses greedily nuzzled him with their velvety noses, the ache died out of his heart, and he sternly resolved to hurry and grow up—to reach an equal footing with the rest of the men.

The winter had been most erratic. First there was no snow at all, then a blizzard that kept the men caged for a week. It took four more precious days to get the roads in good sledding condition, and the boss's voice grew sharp as he saw the hoped-for gains of the year tied up. Released from their inactivity, the men worked all day like beavers, until it grew too dark to see their

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axes. Then they stumbled into camp, bolted their food and rolled into their bunks to lie like logs till morning. The increasing need for haste and the inadequate rest made them careless. In less than a week the inevitable happened. Sandy's ax slipped, and he came home early that day in a blanket slung between two saplings, borne by four of his more fortunate comrades. The foot, gashed to the bone, was an ugly hurt, and the Scotchman apostrophized it malevolently as, in sympathetic silence, Larry bound it up. Patience was never Sandy's most potent characteristic, and after a day of meek acceptance of fate, he made life miserable for the boy by his jaundiced remarks. Larry waited on him with a dog-like devotion, that somehow reminded Sandy of the blundering efforts of a clumsy puppy; and remarks started with caustic intent died in his throat with a rumble.

The kitchen work grew even more exacting. The men must have breakfast in time to leave camp by daybreak. Larry turned out of his bunk into the icy air two hours before the rest, started the fire, drew the water, and had breakfast under way, so that Baptiste needed to arise only in time to put on the finishing touches. In the middle of the morning the boy carried the bright tin buckets of hot coffee through the woods to the choppers, and then toiled back through the snow to get the lunches packed and back to the men by noon. The crew no longer laughed and joked as the plates piled high with food melted before their onslaught. At night they were sullen and irritable. Any effort at practical joking only produced a snarl. And yet, hard as the boss was pushing them, they realized that even more effort was necessary if the logs were to be floated down that spring. "Tell y' what," said Jim with a bearlike stretch, as he pulled off his boots preparatory to retiring. "Tell y' what,"—he rolled over his creaking bunk, "If the thaw sets in early we're goners," and he was sound asleep.

That night the camp's stupor-like slumber was beyond disturbance by the patter on the roof, or the soft drip, drip of the eaves. Not till the boss strode in the next morning and called them from their bunks did the crew realize that the dreaded thaw had set in. A few

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hasty gulps of scalding coffee, and with even the unwilling Baptiste pressed into service, the camp set desperately about getting the logs to the river before the rise. All day the surly fellows waded through a sea of slush. The big teams slipped splashing over the road; in some cases the horses coasted down the incline of the runway. Dragging their weary bodies homeward, the camp fell silently upon the meal Larry had prepared, and turned in—wet clothes and all.

"They might've said 'twas good," the boy confided later to the horses, as he carefully rubbed them dry. "They might've when I worked all day to cook it. *You* like m' cookin', don't y'?" he whispered to Jerry, who was eagerly snuffing up the remaining crumbs of a thick slice of bread and butter. The big fellow whinnied softly. Larry hugged him in a passion of affection.

The next day the passing of the loads was almost continuous. Larry stood in the doorway at intervals snatched from his work and watched his toiling favorites. "Ain't they beauties?" he ejaculated, as the bays swung into sight, "An' Baptiste's a drivin' 'em. Hope he knows enough t' hold 'em goin' down the runway." A minute more he gazed, and then suddenly darted forward. Baptiste had given them full rein. "Hold 'em! hold 'em!" he yelled, but the Frenchman airily swung his goad. Startled, the big team jerked sideways, the runners caught on a projecting root and the entire load crashed to the ground.

When Larry reached the scene Baptiste's breath was already coming in gasps, the heavy log across his chest was crushing his life out.—"Run f'r help," he gasped angrily. "Don't stan' there gapin'." Unheeding him, the boy set to work. Quickly loosening the trace chains, he swung the big team around and backed them up to the overturned load. There was no time to pull off the logs, one by one; the weight must be removed at once. Fastening the chains to the bottom log, Larry swung the long lash over the bays' backs with a vicious snap. Settling into their collars, the big team plunged forward—and brought up with a jerk. Again the whip snapped and the horses pulled until their feet sank deep into the mire and slush. Baptiste's breath gurgled in

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his throat, and his eyes were closed. Larry patted the big horses, tightened the chains and once more urged the bays forward. Did the load slip a little? "Jerry! Jack!" he called pleadingly. "Pull! boys, pull!" It was moving. Now an inch, six inches,— a foot, and with a wild shout he swung the whip. A minute more and the first log slipped out over the runway, and toppled over the brink. There was no time to unhitch the team. Screaming encouragement, Larry rode down the incline, seated on the pitching, bumping, rolling log, while the team galloped as if pursued by wolves. Throwing the reins over their steaming backs, he ran again for the top. Pumping Baptiste's arms up and down, he did not hear the approaching team until Jim clambered down at his elbow. "Here, help me," he ordered, and the astonished lumberman obeyed.

Larry was tiptoeing around the long table, arranging the food for dinner that night, when Baptiste wearily opened his eyes. For a few minutes he watched the boy from his bunk, then, "Come 'ere," he ordered gruffly. Silently the boy approached. "Guess there's other things y' c'n do better'n cook," the Frenchman growled, and reaching out he grasped the hand of the grinning boy.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

The series of meetings which was held the first week in March under the auspices of the Christian Associations and the University churches marks a new epoch in religious activities at this institution. For the first time in the history of the University of Illinois a religious enterprise big enough to command the attention of every University student, and of such character as to appeal to men and women of every class has been successfully carried out. The success of this plan and of similar ones at the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota last year indicates very clearly the attitude of college men and women toward those influences which make for higher moral standards and cleaner living.

Beginning with a University mass meeting addressed by Dr. Clarence A. Barbour of New York, at which the Military Band furnished the music, the meetings took on from the very first a University-wide character. Each day there was a mass meeting for men in the Auditorium and one for women in the Woman's Building. In addition to these, there were meetings for men each afternoon in the several colleges. Practically every fraternity and club invited E. C. Mercer or one of the other men to speak in its chapter house. The sororities were visited in a similar manner by Miss Wilbur and Miss Holmquist. The forceful addresses of Dr. Barbour and "Dad" Elliott have done much to give Illinois men a new and a better conception of the place of religion in the life of real men. The presence of Miss Wilbur and the other leaders in her work has been a source of real pleasure and benefit to every college woman.

Taken as a whole, the plan is worthy of having a permanent place in our University life. It stands for real, aggressive, vigorous, Christian living, and for the elimination of those influences which tear down and destroy character. There is no reason why Illinois should not stand shoulder to shoulder with the other great universities of North America in this enterprise of the making of men. That she is already committed to this program is indicated by the position she occupies in the ranks

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of these institutions and by the kind of men and women who bear her name.

The early part of the new semester was marked by an outburst of political activity in the various class circles,

Class Elections

not so spasmodic but that it is even yet trailing along into the Illio contest. In none of the four elections except that which determined the presidency of the senior class was there any apparent issue, either personal or general, at stake. The juniors voted to make the appointment of the Senior Hat Committee immediate, and they and the two lower classes chose presidents and athletic managers; but these political prizes did not attract candidates of real importance in the student world, nor stimulate any heated campaigning. The lower places in the senior class roll of officers were also filled in a perfunctory way, an attempt being made to honor those who have heretofore acted unselfishly in the interests of the class.

The election for the senior presidency, in which F. H. Nymeyer defeated Wirt Herrick, was the culmination of a contest whose lines were drawn early last fall. At that time there were four candidates in the field; but as Herrick had a definitely marshaled following, and the other three rather loosely represented the progressive political element in the class, it was deemed necessary that two of them should withdraw in favor of Nymeyer. Throughout the campaign, which only at its close involved any considerable canvassing, the personality of the candidates, men equally well and favorably known, was subordinated to deeper issues. One feature of the balloting was the special rules governing it, and designed to limit electioneering in all its forms. The cleanness and dignity of the whole affair was notable, and worthy of the last political contest of the departing class.

The last month has been probably the most active of the year in indoor athletics, marked as it was by two conference track meets, the finish of

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the basketball season, and the opening of the brief aquatic season. In basketball a series of games with Indiana, Purdue, Northwestern, Chicago, Minnesota and Wisconsin

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sin, in the order named, resulted in leaving us in fourth place among the conference teams. Chicago was the only school that was not at some time during the winter beaten by us, and Northwestern the only one that did not once defeat Illinois. Our standing at the finish was creditable enough in light of the fact that the semester examinations played fearful havoc with our regulars, and that we have never prided ourselves upon especial prowess in this one sport; and it is exactly the same ranking that we enjoyed last year. None of the defeats was in itself humiliating, for six points marked the extreme margin which our opponents were at any time able to gain over us.

In track three dual meets, with Chicago, the C. A. A. and Chicago again, resulted in the respective scores of 50-36, 45-41, and 39-47. The Illinois team seems, as usual, extremely well-balanced, and should not find it difficult, when outdoor work comes on, to demonstrate a great deal of real merit. In aquatics two meets with Northwestern resulted in a splitting of honors, and Chicago was decisively bested in Bartlett gymnasium. The polo team, as ever, bids fair to lay claim to the national championship. In baseball the squad of Varsity players, already somewhat depleted by the semester examinations, was further cut on the first of March to twenty-five players. It shows a wealth of good ball material, although the first-year Varsity team is said to be the poorest for some seasons.

The months of January and February also saw the fighting out of the various class championships in indoor contests, the seniors carrying off the palm in basketball. Too much encouragement cannot be given this branch of university sport, for the class games bring upon the field scores of men where the Varsity teams bring one, and really do more, perhaps, toward the athletic development of the undergraduate body than any other single thing. They have, at least, done so this year.

Recognition of the fact that Yale and Harvard, particularly the latter, might learn from Illinois in the matter of college dramatics as related to the University curriculum by no means ends the story of the success and outlook for the sock and buskin at Illinois.

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Previous comments on the merits of the "Maid of the Moon" have already attested to the success from the "popular" point of view of that production. The presentation by the Adelphic and Illola literary societies of Goldsmith's comedy-drama "She Stoops to Conquer" drew large audiences upon two successive evenings. The play was coached by Mr. E. M. Halliday of the department of public speaking and staged under his direction. The success of the play was largely due to the veterans of the cast, Mr. E. B. Pletcher, who played Marlowe, and Miss Catherine Nichol, who assumed the role of Mrs. Hardcastle. The other players who contributed to the effectiveness of the comedy were Mr. G. W. Fender, as Mr. Hardcastle, Mr. Julius Goebel, so aptly chosen for the part of teasing, rollicking, mischievous Tony Lumpkin, Miss Clara Brooks, the coquettish barmaid, Miss Hardcastle, Mr. C. K. White, who played Hastings, and Mr. C. R. Rohlfling in the role of Diggory, the talkative servant. The societies presenting this play have done much toward keeping up a live dramatic interest at Illinois by staging a meritorious production every year. "She Stoops to Conquer" marks their third success.

No less praiseworthy have been the efforts of the Ionian society in presenting amateur plays. They have presented, with the aid of the various woman's societies, two plays and are now practicing with the Athenian society upon the staging of Francis Hodgson Burnett's "Esmeralda". This play is to be ready for production during the last week of the present month. The diligence of the cast and the coaches of these literary society plays, together with the loyal support with which all the six societies back up an enterprise of the kind aids the success of these plays. They result in entertainment for the public, training for those who take part, and the general furtherance of amateur dramatic interests among undergraduates. The presentation of plays both classic and modern lies quite within the province of the literary societies. The zeal with which they continue to stage productions that are at once pleasing and of interest from an artistic standpoint is gratifying and commendable.

Illinois owes much of her increased interest and success in amateur dramatics to the stimulus given the art by men on the faculty. The work of Mr. T. H. Guild and

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of Mr. E. M. Halliday is referred to in this connection. Aside from coaching the casts for undergraduate plays, both these men have given their time to courses in the University which give the ambitious amateur a chance to prove his talent and to develop it. Such a course is being given this semester in Mr. Guild's "Dramatic Reading." Time is given, in this course, to the study of plays and of the modern stage and particularly to the presentation of a number of productions. The class has been organized into a stock company, and is preparing to give three plays. One of these, "The New Age", is an effective one act drama written recently by a Harvard man. It will be given at one of the future Literature and Arts Assemblies. Sheridan's "St. Patrick's Day" is a second play to be presented by the company. The third has not been decided upon.

A very definite step in the furtherance of interest in dramatics at Illinois is the proposed reorganization of "Mask and Bauble", which is now well under way. This organization, which has for its object the stimulating of undergraduates to try their hands at writing plays, ceased its activities last year. Its revival marks an advancement and a renewed interest. A contest is being instituted which, it is hoped, will inspire those interested in the art to the writing of plays that will be worth presenting by the members of the dramatic organization.

A long felt need at the University of Illinois is a campus theatre. It is plain that the present revival of the dramatic spirit promises soon to create an irresistible demand for a suitable stage upon which to work. Both Morrow Hall and the Auditorium are miserably unsuited to the production in the proper manner of a play of any kind. If the Student Union building does not supply this need, the University will very probably find it imperative to do so very soon. Whenever the matter has been investigated, neighboring towns have been found willing and anxious to support plays by amateur casts from the University. Perhaps when the University has a campus theater and the efforts of those laboring in the cause have proven to be not in vain, the prejudice which the University authorities now entertain against it may be overcome and Illinois can have its "Amherst Dramatic Company" that will add to the prestige and fame of the institution.



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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Our university, young and rapidly developing, is yet in the experimental stage with regard to many student enterprises. We are outgrowing old methods of carrying on our affairs too fast to improve them, in many cases, by a mere broadening down from precedent to precedent, as older schools have done. Some transitions must be direct, sudden, and apparently revolutionary, especially if student conservatism has made the necessity for change really urgent. It is inevitable that at times the faculty should be forced to intervene to hasten or complete such readjustments. In this general fact the recent reorganization of the "Daily Illini" finds its justification. Judged by old standards of organization, the management of the paper was quite satisfactory, for it permitted the issue of one of the best student dailies in America; but the time had come for the fixing of new and purer, if not more efficient, standards. The undergraduate body need fear no real encroachment upon its

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rights in this or any related field. Faculty interference is proper only as being temporary, and it will undoubtedly cease when it accomplishes its object.

Most students will admit that, having put its hand to the plow, the Council should now effect three general reforms. The method of choosing the editorial and business staff should be so changed that political ability and personal popularity, except as indices of the general ability and wide interests of the candidates, should not govern the result; the paper should be made more strictly a public utility and less a private profit-yielding concession; and it should be more closely connected with the courses in journalism. For this last object the establishment here by the state of a journalistic laboratory is almost essential. These three reforms secured, the faculty should and will withdraw from all but a nominal supervision of the publication. Four years after it does so there will not be a student here who will suspect that there was once friction between the undergraduates and the authorities over the management of the college daily.

It is generally considered one of the chief glories of a university that its teaching corps should maintain a constant output of texts and of works in research or original scholarship. Departmental heads are often so placed that they may be free to write, to experiment, or to investigate after their own bent; and the royal way for a subordinate to reach a higher rank is by similarly proving his original abilities. At Illinois the number of books issued yearly under the names of faculty members is rather large. Undoubtedly the general reputation of our institution profits greatly thereby; but in some results of this productivity the students may find ground for complaint.

The first and chief objection is against those textbooks which are written here merely that their sale may add to the author's income. It is a dangerous policy that encourages the wholesale introduction of home-made manuals without considering whether they are more than weak imitations of standard works already in the field. Some few that we now use are quite indispensable, and many wholly adequate, but we are burdened by others that

are neither. No good work should be debarred from use under the special conditions for which it was produced; but those who select texts should have some working principle for courageous discrimination against mere pot-boilers. Books designed for elementary classes might be accepted only upon condition that they were in use in at least one other neighboring university or college.

The second count is against some aspects of that faculty work which is designed merely to increase the author's reputation. Students in elementary courses often feel that their teacher is neglecting them, and are often able to attribute this to some outside interest of his in writing or investigation. Nothing is easier than for an instructor to slight the routine work of the lower classes, for it can be handled to all outward appearances satisfactorily in a really slipshod way. Yet it is the very work that should be made most inspiring, for it is the foundation upon which the student must rear his four years' superstructure. That a section in English I or Physics I should acquire a real enthusiasm for its study is of infinitely greater importance than that the instructor in charge should produce a brilliant thesis. The mature professor, giving his special course for the twentieth time, should expend almost as much labor upon it as when it was a new offering. The working hours of the teacher are not clearly marked off, and if he is sincere in his profession he will leave his private labors to his spare time.

FOR A COLLEGE MAGAZINE

By PROFESSOR CURTISS HIDDEN PAGE
of Northwestern University



HAVE been asked to write a word on what literature, and especially poetry, may mean to College men. Let me begin with a commonplace, which is worthy re-stating because it is so constantly forgotten or even denied: College should teach men not how to make a living, but how to make a life. Anyone can make a living without going to College, unless he is utterly incapable or incurably lazy; and if he is, no amount of education will help him much. But to make life worth living, and to make the life of the College man best worth the living, to himself and to others—that is the aim of the College. While a man is making his living, the true life within him often starves to death. When he has made a fortune to retire on, he too often finds he has nothing to retire to, and in utter poverty of life is forced to return to the making of money, as a game to fill up the emptiness of his leisure. This will not be the case if he has learned in College to know and value the durable satisfactions of life; friendship, and service, and the love of whatsoever things are true and beautiful.

Literature is life re-created in significant and beautiful forms. In poetry, these are forms of rhythmic beauty and significance, with the special intensity of appeal and vividness of life which rhythm can give. Truly, then, poetry is both the "rhythmic creation of beauty," and "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." To know literature, is to ripen the mind by much reading; it is to widen your horizons and enlarge your sympathies through acquaintance with other times and manners, through understanding of what life has meant to those great men of the past—and of the present—to whom it has meant most, and who have been able best to express its meaning; it is to enter, yourself, into the society of such men, the seers and sages of all time. The greater things in painting or sculpture you can know at best only in false or entirely inadequate copies. The greatest things in music you can hear fittingly produced

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only at rare moments, perhaps in some distant city or at almost prohibitive expense. But the greatest things in the world's literature you may have for your own, freely and completely your possession at any moment, to live with, to live for, to live by, to live up to. They need not be studied in College courses. Free ranging among books (if it be among the best books); free talk with your fellows who care for such things—or with those who do not, till you strengthen and justify the faith that is in you; the life of the literary society, if it really were alive and were literary, as such societies among College students have often been; or of the fraternity, if literary ideals were a part of its life, as in many cases they have been, and at some Colleges are today; all this, or even a part of it, might do more to develop College men of the best type, than all the College courses put together. It has happened in the past, with such men as James Russell Lowell and Sidney Lanier, or Theodore Roosevelt and Charles E. Hughes. May it happen again, in the Middle West.

—Contributed by the Northwestern Magazine.



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THE PLAYER'S CLUB IN "OUR BOYS"

THE ILLINOIS

VOL. II

MARCH, 1911

NO. 6

OUR COLLEGE DRAMA

By THACHER HOWLAND GUILD

NOWADAYS if you tell us of the plays of a college we can tell *you* something of its intellectual and artistic vitality. The University of Illinois has in this field an interesting record. Mr. James B. Scott, in the third number of the Illinois Magazine (January, 1903), traces the history of our dramatics back to the eighties. "The 'Illinois Industrial University'", he wrote, "did not recruit its students from playgoers;—but when all ideas of industry vanished, or at least disappeared from the official designation, the genius of play thrust open the door and installed itself in this seat of serious learning."

In those days, the English drama itself was only just emerging from its Dark Ages; it did not come into its own until the nineties, and only in the last decade has its new power laid a transforming hand upon college dramatics. Very recently, indeed, have the study of modern plays and the art of dramatic reading won their way into a university curriculum. Naturally, then, the early plays at Illinois were given frankly for fun and for funds. The Athletic Association, for example, to meet a "chronic deficiency" (*tempora mutantur!*) gave such plays as "Muolo the Monk", which seems to have depended for its success upon an acrobatic genius who portrayed the "missing link". Athletes likewise starred in Mr. W. E. Shutt's original play "The Rabbit's Foot", which was built around a foot-ball game between Illinois and Lake Forest.

The Literary Societies, however, turned to more pretentious things; the Alethenai Society early presented Tennyson's "A Dream of Fair Women" and Dickens's

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"The Cricket on the Hearth", and in 1904, with the Adelpic Society, gave "The Merchant of Venice" at the Walker Opera House, under the auspices of a newly-formed Dramatic Arts's Club. Standard French and German plays, also, have been offered frequently since 1894. The Dramatic Club, organized in 1901, gave "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" with the members of the faculty assisting, and later, with a student cast, the modern comedies "Miss Hobbs" and "Gloriana". In 1906 the faculty Players Club was separately organized, and gave as its first two plays "For One Night Only" and "She Stoops to Conquer". The student club was rejuvenated in 1907, under the name of Mask and Bauble, and presented "Liberty Hall" and "Nance Oldfield".

The English Club was the first to go pioneering into the Elizabethan drama, and in the spring of 1905, revived Greene's "Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay" with a strong cast. Its success led to an invitation performance the following October, as a feature of the Installation program for President James. The nature of the occasion and the notable assembly of guests gave the production much publicity and Illinois dramatics secured something of national recognition.

Following this lead, the Philomathean and Alethenai societies went back to the seventeenth century for Shirley's comedy "The Opportunity," and made a successful open-air production. Nature warmed to the ambitious amateurs, and Diana supplied certain celestial lighting effects beyond the art of even a David Belasco.

The range and quality of our campus drama may readily be seen in a list of the offerings during the college generation just ending. The present seniors have had an opportunity of seeing the following plays: by the Mask and Bauble—"A Night Off," "Two Strikes" (original); by the Adelpic and Illiola societies—"David Garrick," "Nephew or Uncle," "She Stoops to Conquer;" by the Ionian and Athenean societies—"The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Palace of Truth," "Esmeralda;" by the Players Club—"The Class of '56" (original), "The Honeymoon," "The Rivals," "Our Boys;" by the class in Dramatic Reading—the Miracle Play "Abraham and Isaac," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," "'Op o' me Thumb,"

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"The Taming of the Shrew," and scenes from six other comedies of Shakespeare.

The University has thus offered a chance to study and enjoy good specimens of almost every phase and period of the English drama. Add to these the productions of Greek, German, French, Italian, and Spanish plays, and the list represents a good deal more than mere pastime. Here are history, costumes and manners; poetry, satire, and eloquence; fools to be laughed at and noble characters to be admired. Here is life sketched from many angles, by geniuses and by the day-laborers of art, made more or less vivid by earnest actors, and appealing frankly and wholesomely to the emotions. The University owes something to its player-folk.

And these actors have rarely failed to attain the spirit and smoothness which alone make amateur work



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

really interesting. They have drilled faithfully, they have learned stage "business", and they have "made their points". One general criticism, however, needs to be offered. Our students speak badly. And slovenly habits of speech cannot be cured in a few weeks of rehearsal. Careless enunciation, roughness of tone, and ignorance

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of the finer points in inflection and cadence, though they are easily overlooked in college actors, are none the less serious blemishes. In these things we have something to learn from our Amherst visitors. The fact that reading, if not a lost art, is at least a neglected one, must be evident to any well-trained auditor at our student plays. It is worth noting that in the recent trials for the *Mask and Bauble*, a scant dozen of the applicants were free from glaring faults of delivery. It is only in their cleverness and dramatic instinct that our players make us overlook this otherwise discouraging defect.

But good actors are rare at best, and we have had several of really notable skill. From student performances of former days we have the traditions of Mr. Snider's *Miles* and *Tedman*; Mr. Carter's *Frier Bacon*; Miss Clendenin's *Peggie*; Mr. Schreiber's *Ascanio*; Mr. Ackert's *Caleb Plummer*; Mr. Miller's *Garrick*; Mr. Patton's *Palamon*; Miss Shumway's *Jailor's Daughter*; and others perhaps equally worthy of mention. Among students now in college it is only fair to mention the finished character acting of Mr. Howard as *Elbert Rogers* and of Miss Scott as *'Op o ' me Thumb*; and we might comment on the promising work of a dozen others.

It is not easy to compare our performances with those of other colleges. Our raw material is perhaps a trifle more raw than in centers where good drama is more abundant and accessible. Then, too, a more extended preparation and better facilities have given some universities a reputation for work that challenges the professional. Our own efforts have here and there attained that level. We have chosen, however, to give numerous plays, modestly staged, instead of developing a limited group for a "big" production. But the time has come for a measure of concentration. The reorganized *Mask and Bauble*, if its excellent plans are developed, will represent the survival of the fittest, a small but soundly democratic group of students whose dramatic instinct and training have been tested. Other clubs in which acting is a side issue should by all means continue their valuable efforts, and thus, together with the training-courses offered by the University, provide plenty of 'prentice work and graduate their skilled artisans into this special group. We shall then have a right to expect

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performances equal to any similar efforts in the American universities.

In respect also to the plays chosen, our record ranks well. They have been clean and wholesome entertainments; many have been in the best sense educational without the taint of dullness—and there is no more ghastly anomaly than a play which “educates” and fails to entertain. If a level-headed graduate carries away the impression that the kind of drama we officially approve is as musty and joyless as a Puritan parlor, he has paid the University for a “gold brick”. Our productions of standard or historic pieces, ranging from the miracle play to the satire of a living dramatist, have sought, more or less successfully, to entertain. At least four of our revivals have received attention as the first to be made in this country. But in certain fields others are easily in the lead; Harvard, in original plays and Elizabethan revivals; Amherst and other colleges, in Shakespeare; Yale and Chicago, in significant modern dramas.

Just what aims and ideals, then, ought to direct our choice of plays? Shall we seek mere amusement, exploit clever performers, resurrect plays long since decently interred, exalt the poetic drama, or grapple with modern thesis-plays?

The answer is fairly simple. It all depends on how keenly we recognize our limitations, and how seriously we take ourselves. Mr. Scott, in the article cited above, declared: “The undergraduate should be free to give whatever satisfies his taste and appeals to his public.—As regards the purpose of a faculty organization—the fundamental aims and scope should be educational.” This is pretty sound doctrine; but we should add that it is not a question of the maximum of amusement in one case, and the maximum of education in the other; the normal standard for both is the maximum of *good drama* consistent with successful entertainment. That is, for the audience naturally attracted (small and “select”, of large and uncritical), the play should furnish unforced pleasure. This means, ordinarily, that the acting must be sufficient unto the play, as well as that the play must be worthy of the acting. Shakespeare for example becomes sadly boring when an incompetent cast flounders through his lines. On the other hand, when the

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Illini critics, refreshing in their independence and sincerity, suggested that the Players Club was worthy of something better than "Our Boys", they not only paid a high compliment to the cast, but expressed the idea that here we were not getting the maximum of good drama. The Club was of course conscious of its own limitations and feared to take its mission in life too seriously; it is not easy to find a play at once worthy, simple, and adapted to a given cast; and furthermore "Our Boys" is an excellent specimen of a certain phase of dramatic history. But none the less a criticism which demands the maximum of good drama is most welcome.

Granted, then, that the available actors and the prospective audience are essential factors in the choice of a play, we may say that a fairly wise and definite policy already prevails. The Players Club points out some of the interesting old landmarks, the literary societies seek drama that is also literature, and the students of Dramatic reading revive English classics and do experimental work.

It would be natural and fitting if the Mask and Bauble (besides its encouragement of original plays) should aim to keep us in touch with the best of contemporary drama. It would be a fine thing if such a policy could gradually attract the many who at present take no interest in these things. They have grown up, in many cases, with no opportunity of learning what the drama may hold in store for them. This means more than the neglect of "culture". The drama, again and again, proves a royal road to literature and to the life that lies beyond the section fence. Mrs. Fiske has not only made Becky Sharp a living personality, but for many a student she has opened the pages of Thackeray and thrown on them a new and fascinating light. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Servant in the House" touched hearts beyond the reach of sermons. It is not so much to be deplored that many find regular recreation in vaudeville (which is about as near to drama as penuche is to baseball); the deplorable thing is that so many have never discovered their own capacity for enjoying good plays. The Choral concerts prove a revelation to some who have never before realized the inspiration of fine music. Similarly, live student plays, understandable, strongly played,

and at prices within the reach of all, may reveal new possibilities in the way of mental and emotional enjoyment.

In this connection I have been asked to print the statistics recently collected on student attendance at the theatre and elsewhere. Questions were submitted to 948 students. Patronage of the regular drama was checked on a list of nine plays, virtually the entire autumn offering at the local theatres. The list included the names of J. E. Dodson, Otis Skinner, and Maude Adams, and the titles of popular successes like "The Fourth Estate". Yet 35 per cent of those questioned had attended no one of these plays.

Musical comedy had drawn nearly 60 per cent. About the same number had more or less regularly visited the Orpheum. Moving-picture shows had attracted but 35 per cent. Fifty-nine students only, or one in every sixteen, had indulged in no form of theatrical entertainment during the present season; while two in every three professed hearty interest in the theatre. That the great popularity of high school theatricals is fostering this interest is suggested in the fact that 60 per cent. of the students have themselves appeared in plays.

By way of comparison, the questions tested recent attendance on certain other forms of diversion or education. The results: Dances, 53 per cent.; concerts, 51 per cent.; lectures, 63 per cent.; sermons, 75 per cent.; athletic contests, 80 per cent.

Here is a fair indication of our students' taste and interests. The degree of interest in the theatre suggests the amount of influence already brought to bear upon college men and women by this medium. In so far as college dramatics help intelligently to direct that interest, they are serving a large end.

But there is still another end, the training received by the actors themselves. This is more than a smattering of elocution and gesticulation. It means something to enter into a character created by an able dramatist; to make the mental and emotional processes one's own, and to live them before an audience. This work may be genuinely creative. And in the rigid drill necessary to secure ensemble work, one has to learn co-operation, control, accuracy, quickness, and self-confidence. One

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learns something about his own character in mastering the technical means of portraying a fictional one. Beyond this lies the stocking of the mind with strong or beautiful or witty lines; the power that lies in the human voice rightly used; and all the subtle inspiration that comes with interpreting anything for the delight of a friendly audience.



THE ORCHID

By COLVIN WHITE

In the depths of a tropic jungle,
Sits a giant idol old,
And the moisture drips
From his chisled lips
To the roots of a flower of gold,
That has bloomed on his stony bosom,
Through the lapse of time untold.

And the apes in the towering tree-tops,
Tell a tale to the cockatoo,
Of the pile of skulls,
That the idol culls,
As he sings to his love so true,
In the drip, drip, drip of the water,
That falls from his lips like dew.

How the apes of another nation
Come on a fruitless quest;
Of their toiling climb,
Through the tangled slime,
To the idol's carven breast,
To the flower with its deadly perfume,
And its cup of nectar blest.

How they gaze on the golden vision,
Till the fragrance their sense beguiles;
A slip! a cry!
And the echoes die,
While the idol sits and smiles.

“THE DAILY ILLINI”

By F. E. BAER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: When the editors of the Magazine requested the associate editor of the "Illini" to contribute one of a series of articles by students, the general subject of "College Journalism" was suggested to him; he has, however, elected to confine himself to the publication with which he is most familiar. The opinions here expressed are largely his own personal views, but also express the attitude of the "Illini". It is unnecessary to bespeak an attentive hearing for an article so timely.]



WITH the current year the *Daily Illini* is forty years old. It has achieved its present distinction of ranking with the largest college dailies only within the last few years. There are none larger. Until three months ago the students of the University of Nebraska published a daily paper of practically the same size that characterizes the *Daily Illini*. There were eight pages of five 16-inch columns. The faculty interfered. Now the *Daily Nebraskan* appears still as a daily, but there are four pages with four 14-inch columns. The comparison makes obvious the only natural conclusion.

When the reorganization of the *Daily Illini* was announced in the columns of that publication on Thursday, February 9, of the present year, the reason therefor was not given. Later a member of the Council of Administration said that the change was made to effect "a fine and clean *Illini*." He talked about gang rule, playing politics, graft, and other more or less comfortable terms. The reflection on the method of the present *Illini* management needs no explanation.

The *Daily Illini* has never been run more fairly than this year. Lester Maxey has been so straight that at times he has nearly fallen over backwards. The expression is borrowed from conversation, but it is nevertheless applicable. Politics have not entered into the news columns. Politics have not entered into the editorials. Personal prejudices have neither helped nor injured any individual. An instance: A member of a prominent fraternity was one of three men who were ruled out of college by faculty action for dishonest work in a rhetoric

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course. The matter was given full publicity in the *Illini*. The man's name was published. His affiliation with the fraternity was mentioned. That day a senior member of the fraternity called at the office of the *Illini*. He demanded an explanation of the use of the fraternity's name. The fact that the man had cribbed seemed of little consequence. The fact that the reputation of his fraternity had been besmirched, hurt. He talked for two hours. He wanted the assurance that it would not occur again. Maxey laughed. The visitor would bring pressure to bear.

"If you can bring enough pressure to bear, said the editor, it won't happen again. But can you?"

Then the man pleaded.

"You're a fraternity man; and. . ."

"As editor of the *Illini* I forget all that," Maxey answered.

That shows the way the *Daily Illini* has been run. The newspaper standpoint has prevailed always. There has been no gang rule, no politics, no graft. The *Illini* has been c-l-e-a-n.

All readers feel themselves qualified to criticise a newspaper. They can offer suggestions for improvement in typographical style though they cannot distinguish between a nonpareil slug and a makeup rule. They can criticise the treatment of news matter though they see no distinction between news and editorial. Not long since the Woman's League gave a party. The active press agent brought in something that read like this:

"Girls! Don't forget the Woman's League party at the Woman's gymnasium Saturday afternoon. A good time is assured."

That is, at best, a very poor manner of editorializing. As news matter it is absolutely valueless. The reader wants facts. Advice, opinions, contained in a news "story", injure it. They certainly do not influence in any way. One may quote but never advise. That is reserved for the editorial.

There are many such press agents. The University trains a veritable horde of them. Each activity, each organization, each committee has one. Few of them write what the reader wants. Hence the everlasting howl: The *Illini* is rotten; it does not boost (as it used to.) Note the parenthesis. This year the editors have

kept editorial out of the news columns. Gladsome promises have been made a negligible feature. They have been put where they belong, in the editorial section. If the *Illini* thought something was going to be fine it said so, editorially. But the press agent was denied the privilege. Men who are qualified to speak, because they know, have noted the newspaper tone of the *Illini*. I mention two. L. M. Tobin is generally admitted to be the best newspaper man in the Twin Cities. He says he has never known the *Illini* to be better, or as good. John E. Wright is editor of the *St. Louis Times*. He went there four years ago after having held the most responsible editorial position of the *Chicago Evening Post*. He got his start as editor of the *Illini* in 1885. He is the other.

The one really valid criticism that can be made against the *Daily Illini* as we have it now is the ever-present "There's too much advertising." The statement is quite true although the *Illini* is not alone in this, for nearly every college daily runs about the same proportion of paid advertising matter. The papers at the universities of Wisconsin and California run probably ten percent more paid matter than does the publication at Illinois, while at Cornell the same proportion obtains as here. Those papers which are unable to obtain a greater amount of paid matter resort to other schemes to fill up the advertising space. Thus at Purdue, the *Exponent* advertises itself to the extent of two full columns each day.

At nearly all colleges the investigator will find that the same proportionate amount of reading matter, as one finds in the *Illini*, is maintained. The reasons are these: There is no lack of news to fill more space. Ten, twelve, or sixteen pages could not well accommodate everything that is to be told each day of things happening at this University. But the mechanical facilities are lacking. To see the *Illini* to the press each night means a twelve, one, or two o'clock job. There are no job-shops in the Twin Cities that can improve upon this with their present facilities. We have no University press. So there you are. The news is here; there is an editorial staff that can assemble it, but no properly fitted shop to print it all. A big proportion of space must be given over to willing advertisers or else there would be no paper at all. The *Illini* is not run merely to make money.

Long-continued protest, however, has borne fruit.

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The *Illini* is going to be reorganized. At the time this article is being written the new system has not had its election. It will not, anyway, affect the management of the *Illini* this year. It is interesting to know how the plan of reorganization was framed. The credit can go nowhere, nor can the blame. No one is responsible. Members of the "committee" who were known to have helped frame the reorganization plans have announced that they do not wish it to be known as their scheme. It was done this way:

The Council of Administration appointed a committee to investigate the matter of reorganization and frame a plan. That committee appointed a sub-committee to proceed with the active work. The last committee appointed a further committee to proceed with the active work. The last committee did so. It submitted its work to the committee by which it had been appointed. There was revision, slicing here and insertion there. The revised plan was passed on to the committee immediately above in rank. More of the same; more slicing, more revision. The revised plan was again passed upwards. The revisional program continued in effect. The plan had now reached the Council of Administration, itself. That body had its little session with the blue pencil and the revised document was submitted to *Illini* readers. It was passively received. Four undergraduate students and one graduate student disliked the new plan and wrote their sentiments to the *Illini*. Two deans answered these communications. That was all. No one else said or wrote anything; probably no one else cared, or realized that he cared, or dared to care.

By the time the class of 1915 becomes a part of the University of Illinois the *Illini* will be published under the new system. It is almost pleasant to look forward to the time, for *Illini* readers will then be subscribing to or borrowing a paper which will be issued under conditions identical with those that mark so many metropolitan newspapers; meaning this: *The editor will be a puppet.* He is not to say what is to go into the columns which he, in name, lords over, nor can he say what is to be suppressed. The policy of the paper, the style of the paper, the tone of the paper—all this is to be decided for him by the board of trustees elected for the purpose. When the six members of this board cannot agree as to the cor-

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rect manner of procedure, *the Council of Administration will take the task upon itself.* The editor can be taken out of office at the pleasure of this board of trustees. The re-organization document is silent as to what manner of offense makes the editor subject to dismissal. The board of trustees has the power to make the crime as it goes along.

There will probably be no more really live "stories" of naughty students, or sororities in their pledge day races. Miss Curly Heisenflipper's column will be relegated to the discard. Sporting news will be written in a discriminating style and such expressive terms as "fernist" and "picking high ones" will be set in the class of faulty diction. First columns will be reserved for faculty reviews which tell about the "Propagation of Internecine Strife by the Use of Fatima Cigarettes," or the "Feeding of Swine." The management will doubtless have to pay bills incurred while the machine operator was yelling for copy and the staff of editors argued with the board of trustees over the use of the split-infinitive.

Perhaps this is picturing an exaggerated condition of affairs. But the point is this: the editor is but a figure-head under the new plan. He is bound by the decision of the board by whose grace he holds office. There will be no more headlines like these:

PETE ADAMS
ENTERS HOUSE;
NABS HAZERS

When the account of the hazing episode which this head carried appeared last fall one faculty man characterized it as the best college story he had ever seen. Another prominent member of the faculty called it childish. Both are members of the new board of trustees. At least we are assured of a difference of opinion at times.

Granted that an editor has all the moral courage that any man is ever blessed with, it means little for the readers of his paper when he is under the constant fear of having his official head lopped off. A Champaign paper when commenting upon the faculty action in reorganizing the *Illini*, said:

"According to the new system, the editor will be at

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the mercy of the board of trustees, which can cut off his head at any time. A free expression of opinion from the editor is evidently to be choked off if desired."

To take the matter of providing a staff for the *Daily Illini* out of politics might be well. In the majority of instances it certainly will insure the selection of the most efficient men for the positions which until now have been elective. It enables the men who hold the responsible positions to disregard wholly any political obligations, for they will have none. There is no reason, however, why control should be taken from the student body. The fact that students have the privilege of electing three student members to serve on the board of trustees grants them practically no power, for the three faculty members who complete the membership of the board are appointees of the Council of Administration, which body, itself, is the determining factor in the case of any unsettled dispute. So from the face of things one can readily see that student representation is thoroughly in the minority at all times, for in the event of an unsettled question as far as the board of trustees is concerned, the Council of Administration will naturally take the view which its representatives do.

Although the action of the Council of Administration, whereby the *Illini* reorganization was affected, came with the suddenness of good news to the University community, it was action taken with thorough deliberateness. Plans had been under way for a year or more. Dr. D. H. Carnahan, a man who has been pretty closely identified with the *Illini* in a supervisory capacity for several years and a man well in touch with the situation said, in conversation, when discussing the Council's action: "Men on the *Illini* should do their work from a sense of honor and the glory there is in it, and not merely for the matter of remuneration."

Now everyone should have a sense of honor, and glory is a very beautiful thing indeed. But honor unrewarded fades well away into obscurity, and the glory of working from one o'clock in the afternoon until that hour and later into the night is far from being an obvious thing. Why should it matter to the reader of a paper if the men in charge make one dollar or a thousand times that much? The subscriber's right of demand ceases when he gets the news, news which is properly handled.

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This year he has been getting it, Lloyd Morey et al to the contrary, notwithstanding. It has not at all times been presented to the readers in the exact way in which news-givers or press agents have wished, but that is one reason why we have editors. There were times when these editors have had the affront to publish news before those concerned had authorized it. But that is the subscriber's right; to get the news when it is timely.

At this time it is futile to prophecy the nature and scope of the *Illini* in 1912 and thereafter. Perhaps it will go the way of the *Daily Nebraskan*. Or maybe it will evolve into a dream-newspaper like the "*Bromley News*." Now that the *Illini* has been ridded of its political curvature and the filthy lucre element disposed of, there are endless possibilities for its advancing to unquestionable superiority in its particular field. But to those who have worked with and for the paper until now it would seem that the Council of Administration has thought in agate and acted in primer.

This is not written in defense of the *Daily Illini*. The *Illini* needs no defense. But what has been said might serve to convince its readers that they now are getting the best college daily that is published, considering news, typography, and all. What they will get when it is published under the reorganized policy is after all but a matter of conjecture; that they will get a newspaper in improved form, however, is a matter of very plain doubt.

A CHAIR FLIRTATION

By SARAH LATIMER PHELPS

REWRITTEN BY T. J. E.

IT was three o'clock, the hour when students and instructors alike are tired, and the hour was dragging. Professor Dumfrey's lecture fell on deaf ears, as in a voice as dry and harsh as his beard, he read solemnly the years-old phrases of Ben Jonson's "grace." The Chi Sigma in the corner had been asleep for ten minutes, and the only seemingly animate thing in the room was the Upsilon on the front row, who laboriously scribbled sentence after sentence in his already pudgy notebook, firm in his belief that a notebook is an ever present help in time of quizzes.

Evelyn Best yawned and looked out thru the unwashed window, across the campus where the bleak March wind was hurling the last leaves, which had escaped the fall burning, in a headlong race across the sodden lawn. In her three years at college, she had never been in such a dry course; and now it was almost unbearable, with the dirty blue of the calcimined walls within, and the gloomier gray of the low rain-clouds without, and sounding thru all the oppression the Professor's voice, husky, unemotional, unvarying.

Yet suddenly the girl came back to life, and the Beta Upsilon took a fresh grip on his pen, and waited expectantly. "Ben Jonson is best known, perhaps," Dumfrey's was saying, "by his poem 'To Celia', more commonly known, or designated, by its first line, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'."

The Beta wrote rapidly. The Chi Sigma shifted in his seat, but slept on. Evelyn Best sighed—it had been a false cue—there was nothing of interest here. But the words ran thru her mind. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." The wind in the ivy vines about the windows seemed to say it; the smoke from Power House chimney half seemed to write it on the sky in heavy black letters as the breeze carried it casward. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." There was a charm in those words. Absent-

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mindedly the girl penciled them on the arm of the chair, looked at them dreamily, half erased them, and then as the bell clattered the end of the hour she left them, and forgot them in the hurry of the hall.

The next morning "Buster" Brown puffed in late to his eight o'clock. He was taking English 1 for a make-up, and had registered in the eight o'clock section more because Miss Hayes was reputed to be "easy", than because he was ambitious or energetic. This morning his slow wits, not yet awakened from his six hours of sleep, found following the lecture an impossibility. His eyes strayed to the rain-drenched barren trees and the water-soaked campus, but found no interest there; and the bare, cracked walls with their scaling blackboards offered a scarcely less inspiring substitute. Suddenly his eyes wandered to the arm of his chair, and there amid the list of initials, fraternity letters, and football scores, was written "Drink to me only with thine eyes." "Umph! somebody else havin' that stuff," he thought. "But a girl wrote it." He read the words again. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." The line had a soft sound that somehow appealed to his sentimental nature. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." "I'd like to," he thought. "I would if I knew who you are." Then a brilliant idea struck him,—to answer the line. But the conception was easier than the achievement. Everything that came to his mind seemed inane. Finally, however, he scrawled beneath the quotation, "I will if I like the color."

Wednesday morning brot no development. The quotation with its commentary stood as before, but the following day Buster found an addition: "Mine are blue. And yours?" At first the boy thought it might be only some joker's trick; on closer examination, however, he saw that there was the same Greek e, and the same wavy, unformed r. Yes. It was from the same girl. Of course it had to be a girl; no boy would be so sentimental. But now he faced the problem of a reply, and at last from his slow brain he evolved, "I like blue eyes. Mine are brown."

For the next few weeks the messages ran thru these commonplaces. He learned that she had blond hair; that she hated English; that she was "majoring" in history, while she on her part found that "the unknown" (as she

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called him) was a senior in "business" and had flunked English II.

All this secret information and mystery was too much for "Buster." He felt he must tell some one. Yet if he told the fellows at the house, they would only laugh at him, for his "cases" were too numerous and too ephemeral to merit serious consideration. But there was one quarter in which he was sure of a hearing, and he determined to seek it there, and so on Friday night he confided the whole story to the one girl in whom he had managed to keep interested for more than a month. He was too full of his subject to notice that Evelyn Best started as he began to detail the incidents; he was too absorbed to notice the twinkle in her eyes or the smile on her lips, as she said: "You foolish boy, suppose—suppose—it should be some old-maid school teacher."

"But it can't be," he insisted. "They don't flirt."

"Oh! don't they?" Her tone was one half of incredulity, and half of query.

"No!" He was getting nervous. "Anyway I want to know who she is."

"Why don't you ask her?" Evelyn volunteered. "That's the easiest way."

"Well, but I'd only get her name, and that mightn't do any good," he objected.

"It would give you a clue."

"Bother clues! I want to know her."

"Make a date with her," the girl suggested.

"But—" The house bell tinkled. "But—that won't do any good. I don't know her," he finished at the door, and disappeared down the steps.

Evelyn stood alone in the hallway for a moment. "The foolish boy," she murmured. "But I've been foolish too," came the after thought. "Anyway, I'm going to have some fun," she determined as she rushed up the stairs.

The weather had grown warm now, and as Brown sat staring out of the window one morning in late April, while Miss Hayes commented on Burn's poetry, the dewy grass and leafing trees made him suddenly eager to break thru the constraining bonds of recitations and get out in the open. But to walk alone was no fun, and then the girl of the chair flirtation came into his mind. Here

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was a chance for the "date" Evelyn had suggested. He acted up the impulse at once, and on the pencil-marked, ink-stained arm a new series of messages began.

"This is fine weather for a walk. Shall we go?"

"Sure. When?"

"Friday at four. How'll I know you?"

"I'll wear a blue dress. We'll go to the Forestry for violets."

"All right. Meet you in front of the Chem Building."

Friday was a beautiful day, and the grass seemed more velvety, the sky a bit bluer, and the sun a bit brighter, when at four o'clock "Buster" wandered down the walk from Main Hall toward the Chemistry Building. Just as he passed the cave-like entrance Evelyn Best in a suit of light blue gingham, came down the steps. She smiled as she saw him, but he only blurted out "hello" and hurried on. Why should he meet her, of all girls, today? He went up past the "Ag" Building, turned and strolled back, faced about and sauntered by the hall again, but no girl in blue appeared. He was puzzled. Was she making fun of him? Whatever the case might be she wasn't there, and disgusted he went up to Illinois Field to smoke and watch baseball practice.

The Monday following, as Buster marched up the front campus to a class, he met Evelyn.

"You must have been in a hurry Friday," she said.

"I was," he replied. "I had an appointment."

"Who with, that girl?" she asked naively.

"No. One of the fellows, to go out and watch the Preps drill," he exclaimed.

"Oh! I thought maybe you were going to the Forestry to pick violets," Evelyn added as they separated in front of Main Hall.

"That girl knows too much," was his mental comment as he plodded upstairs to class.

The next few days saw a new series of messages scrawled on the already much used chair-arm.

"You're a dandy."

"So are you."

"I was there."

"So was I."

"I didn't see you."

"I saw you."

"Let's try again."

"All right. When?"

"Next Friday at four on the Senior Bench."

"I'll wear a blue dress."

"Friday afternoon at three-thirty saw a nervous senior in Main Hall. He wandered up and down the corridor. Then he stopped and read, uncomprehendingly, the numerous bulletins on the board—how a Harvard man had made five hundred dollars in three weeks, selling aluminum ware—that some one had lost a capless fountain pen—that some one had found a gilt belt-buckle—and that the following had made the second band. He went down the hall and out by the east door, sat on the Law School steps and smoked half a cigarette, threw it away and got a drink from the fountain, strolled into Main Hall and read all the notices over again.

The three-fifty bell, and the rush of students broke the monotony, and the next five minutes passed rapidly as he bandied jokes and retorts with his acquaintances. But the hurrying men were soon gone, and only the groups of girls about the lockers remained, they, too, soon drifting away, some to the Library, some upstairs to literary societies. At last, however, the bell clanged with deafening clatter in the empty hall, announcing four o'clock, and "Buster" strolled out thru the front entrance.

There *was* some one in blue on the Senior Bench. He sauntered down the walk, trying hard to look unconcerned, but as he approached he was slightly startled, for the figure in blue was Evelyn Best.

As he came up, he called, "Hello, Evelyn," and started to pass on.

"Hello," she answered, and to his confusion closed her book and rose. "Shall we go walking?" she asked.

"I—I've got a date," the boy stammered.

"With a girl in blue?" she asked teasingly.

For a moment he looked at her half-angrily for having guessed the truth. Then it dawned upon him.

"Come on," he said simply, and reached for her books.

FISHIN'

By M. B.

God made de little fishes
Dat old debbil made 'em slipp'ry
Man made de cunnin' spoon hook
An' de other fishin' fripp'ry.

God made de sunny san' bank
Dat old debbil he done figger
To poke de wish to fish upon it
In de bones ob dis ole nigger.

MELANCHOLIA

O'erwhelmed with work, harrassed by fear,
With failure whispering in my ear,
I rest my pen and sigh:
O college life, thy ways are hard,
Thy gates to happiness are barred
To wretches such as I.
In retrospection I look back—
No joyful views I see;
Toil lies along my future's track
With sad monotony.

Then is my lot in after life
To be with tribulations rife?
Shall I no pleasures know?
Is college life a prophecy
Of what the Future holds for me?
Can Hope no balm bestow?
Then were it better had I been
Content to spend my days
'Mid humble scenes; ne'er hoped to win
Reward in Learning's ways.

“REQUIRED ENGLISH” AT “BOSTON TECH.”

By ARTHUR JERROLD TIETJE

[NOTE BY THE WRITER: Professor Arlo Bates, the head of the department, has been kind enough to call this article “sympathetic and excellently right in tone” and to make a number of suggestions. All of these, since for lack of time I could not incorporate them in the article, I have appended *verbatim* as notes.]

That the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is the best engineering school in the United States is scarcely to be disputed. Does this involve that its department of English is, for engineering purposes, the best? Manifestly, to deduce such a corollary would be as illogical as to uphold the theorem that because many Bostonians are cultured, all Bostonians are. Nor can the present writer venture even an opinion thereupon. He knows sufficiently Cornell University and the University of Illinois; he has a mild acquaintance with theme-writing, theme-reading, and lecturing at Harvard; and for seven months he has pondered with acute interest over the conditions at “Tech.” He can, as a result, communicate his observations on certain striking differences between the Institute of Technology and the University of Illinois department of engineering. That is all.

Nevertheless, before any discussion of the English problem proper can become accurate, certain discrepancies between the life of the two schools are to be understood. The most obvious differences are two, one scarcely flattering to the Western institution. The other—upon it opinions might vary. Let us take the latter first. Ask the average student at “Tech” what he feels to be the attitude of the authorities toward athletics, toward the social diversions, toward all non-professional activities. He will probably declare that these are submerged. “Tech.” athletics are a comparative zero in the collegiate world; “Tech.” men seldom go, save on Saturday night, to the theater (and the numberless theaters and cafés of Boston may be balanced against the Walker, the Illinois,

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the Orpheum, and the Beardsley); "Tech." men who manage papers, plays, etc., are frequently not on the best of terms with the record-sheets. So asserts the student, although he does, perhaps because of compulsory gymnasium work, seem healthy and happy, and although he can produce a comic opera for which the *Schubert* Theater charges two dollars per orchestra seat. What says the faculty? I quote the Bulletin or Catalogue; I have not seen a similar sentence in many such catalogues: "While the Faculty encourages a moderate participation of students in social and athletic activities and while it has welcomed the development of student life which has taken place in these directions in the past few years, it demands of the regular student a standard of scholarship which is inconsistent with excessive devotion to such pursuits." Doubtless, though unexpressed, the theory of Illinois, of Cornell, and of Harvard is the same. We all know, however, that students whose major interests are elsewhere than in study somehow get graduated from any schools; Dean Briggs of Harvard has, indeed, published in their behalf skillful "special pleading". For better or for worse, such students seldom remain at "Tech." beyond the Sophomore year. Very few get that far.

The other difference—that the average student at "Tech." is more efficiently ready for work—is, though uncomplimentary to Illinois, not that university's fault. The East has, beyond any doubt, more desirable fitting-schools, whether public or private, than has the West; the New England boy has, in addition, numerous advantages of environment and of cultural association; finally, the firmly-grounded, well-dowered, private Eastern institution may, without any cry of "discrimination"¹ being raised, admit only the well-trained. Thus, in the first place, many a boy who enters the engineering department at Illinois could not, because of the refusal to accept preparatory school certificates in lieu of examination and because of the higher entrance requirements, pass the doors of "Tech." But, in the second place, the boy, once in, finds himself under what I am sure is the most rigid scholastic discipline in the United States. The accurate

¹Cf. the "domestic-science" furore at Illinois.

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proportionment of assignment to hours of preparation, the almost painful method of grading, the "justice" unswervingly meted out to the "weak" student, the course-meshed nets for the elimination of the unfit, the insistence on certain students spending five years instead of four in attaining a degree—these and other components of a highly-methodized system all tend to the fact that the average boy at "Tech." would (elsewhere) be frequently rated as more than average.¹ To the grading I shall revert. One significant incident concerning assignment and preparation I cannot omit. At the close of the first semester I asked seventy Freshmen to write upon "Benefits Derived from this Semester." There poured in good, indifferent, bad papers, with, on most points, widely variant material. Not altogether to my amazement, however, I had stated by practically all one benefit, merely outlined, groaned over, lauded (as the case might be), but invariably admitted—the absolute need by the end of the first seven weeks, with their numerous and dismaying F's and L's,² of a carefully-maintained daily programme of study! Of course, everywhere there are students who do this. I am sure neither my chums nor I did at Cornell. And am I wrong in saying that at Illinois such plodders are called "grinds?" Yet, even at "Tech." there are superlatively studious mortals, also called "grinds;" the men I speak of were very average Freshmen.

If, now, work which goads even the least industrious to a painful routine is the key-note of the Institute of Technology, that school has also notions somewhat of its own as to the proper constituents of an engineer's education. "It's curriculum," says the "Bulletin," "differs from that of technical schools of the narrower type in the respect that a large proportion of liberal studies of a literary and general scientific character are insisted upon, and in the respect that courses upon technological methods and other highly specialized subjects are largely excluded; for, while the latter are sometimes important in special industries, they are not essential to a broadly trained

¹The unseemly records of men who enter with credit from other well-known schools fills me at each faculty meeting with fresh wonder.

²F=failure. L=very poor (50-60).

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engineer, who can readily acquire later the necessary technical knowledge."¹ Accordingly, an amount of purely cultural study that would delight many a good engineering student whom I have had at Illinois, and terrify men whom nature intended to be, not engineers, but mechanics, is forced into the programme. Two years of English, in the Freshman year either advanced French or advanced German (both, elementary, are required for entrance), in the Sophomore year European history, and in the Junior year one course the first semester in either economics, history, English, or modern languages, and two the second semester—these are fixed in the curriculum. The language, history, and economics I know little of; and I wish, finally and specifically, to consider English. I have only one other prefatory remark: I do not mean to suggest in the slightest that the Institute's system of English could be even partially introduced at Illinois. This would imply, if nothing else, required entrance examinations of a most unusual type, and segregation of the engineers. The course is merely interesting in itself.

Dealing, then, as the seven of us who comprise the English Department do, only with engineers, we have a rather unpleasant double aim—from the point of view of the student.² Though in the first year work, composition, we tolerate efforts at the more imaginative forms of prose, we do not encourage them; we very properly aim at clearness, directness, conciseness. On the other hand, though in second year work, the study of literature, we tolerate the student who has no taste for the books really worth while, we are, one and all, unkind. The boy works—we force him to work—yet, unless he has at least a spark of appreciation, we give him an F or a scant L. Our head (I pause to comment that he is a wonderful, though at first an enigmatic personality) would not tolerate the dipping-out of milk-and-water; if Hippocrene be over-strong for the student, woe to him!

How are the clearness, directness, conciseness of

¹A glance at the Bulletin, pp. 71 seq., will show that the *professional* work is not much less than that demanded at Illinois.

²We meet students rather irregularly in class—twice a week, with from ten to twelve omissions.

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composition attained? At first thought the engineers who were wont to lament the twice-a-week themes and once-a-week theory of Rhetoric I at Illinois, would, from 2000 miles away, blissfully exclaim! "Only nine or ten themes in the whole Freshman year!" Were they here, however, their views would alter. From the very beginning a to me startling systematic record is kept of the errors of Brown or Jones; in a few weeks Brown or Jones meets his instructor in private consultation, and the boy's errors are listed; then—luckless Brown or Jones if those errors do not begin rapidly to vanish! How, I may be asked, do those errors disappear? Have we at "Tech." a genius of the lamp? Perhaps we have, though he is only a prosaic being confined amid "midnight oil." In any event, the errors do largely disappear. The slovenly work for which month after month I have known Illinois students to receive C on the five-letter scale would be duly rewarded with our F, our FF, and our *Vale*. I was not wont to be considered lax at Illinois; though I am not the most lenient here, I judge by first semester L men who now under other instructors receive F that I am not the most exacting.

In the time not allotted to composition the Institute English instructor finds himself involved in what I at first adjudged a curious medley of other aims, matters, incidentally, which the student bewails far more than composition, with all its rigidities of F for misspelling, poor punctuation, the half-sentence, or "fine writing." This additional material consists of, besides the presentation of "unity, coherence and emphasis," six weeks' instruction in logic¹, a two weeks' course in note-taking, two weeks divided between the learning of how to use books of reference and the writing of business letters, and four weeks given to preparation for the Sophomore course in literature. Valuable this work undoubtedly is, and, as I have said, it corrects any impression of the laxity of our department. Yet it leads one straight to the evaluation of merits and defects.

These merits and defects I am most incompetent to

¹Into details of all these sub-courses I cannot go. I might venture that, though the logic is very elementary, more actual work is required than in a semester of Sophomore logic at Cornell.

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judge by more than one year's impression. That must be remembered. There can be no doubt that the Freshman course has three tremendous advantages: by the logic it convinces the first year man that his fitting-school allowed his teachers to think for him-providing that *they* thought; by pressure it accomplishes results (here the mills grind, not only "exceeding small," but swiftly) with the least possible waste of time; and by theory it is overwhelmingly adapted to the needs of engineers. That it would fail were the student less efficiently prepared does not damage the plan for "Tech.," "Tech.," as has been said, has a rigid entrance requirement and inculcates an energy most irritating to more than one Freshman. Notwithstanding all this, I am prone to observe two equally powerful disadvantages. Though taught by logic to think, even if stumblingly, and moved by sheer terror to write well, the student, once the yoke of English I is lifted, prances colt-like into the luxuriant field of his earlier misdemeanors; in the Sophomore year, wherein he is required to produce only one four-page theme a semester, he is a revelation of how much a man can forget over-summer. I have been horrified by the way my Sophomores write, and, though I am sure *my* Freshmen do infinitely better now, I am equally sure that *my* successor will be equally horrified. The cause of this, even though none of my colleagues agree with me¹, I am much inclined to ascribe to lack of practice in the Freshman year. To my mind, nothing but much writing, at least as much as is done at Illinois, can overcome in-

¹In regard to the value of a larger amount of writing I am entirely in sympathy with you. Elsewhere I have said that 'the way to learn to write is to write.' The introduction of the logic with its necessary consequences of lessening the quantity of written work is an experiment. We are trying it now for the second year only, and whether we retain it depends upon future observation. We found formerly, however, exactly the same difficulty which exists at present, and this year, the one chance we have had of observing, I do not think the extent to which students shed in summer what they have learned in freshman year was more marked than it had been. If it prove to be so, we have to balance gain and loss here as everywhere along the line. The time to which we are entitled is manifestly too short for what we should do."—BATES.

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grained faults¹. Accordingly, were the engineers at Illinois willing and anxious to avoid "snap" and "half-snap" sections—there are none here—I should, despite some reservations because of his mingling with students preparing for Rhetoric 3, say that at Illinois he will better learn how to write. Yet I must admit that, were there at "Tech." more practice in writing, the note-taking, logic, and the essential preparation for Sophomore work would be forced out. Which is the better? I am like the child between two desired treasures.

The second disadvantage of the Freshman English course is bound up with the Institute's system of grading. It may seem trivial; but I am presenting what I glean from my students, for whose opinions I often have profound respect. At "Tech." F fails a man, but unless he receives FF, not absolutely, for he may take new examinations. L (50-60) passes him with some discredit; P (60-70) allows him unconditionally to enter a more advanced course; P+ (70-74) rates him as very good; C (75+) is the summit of achievement. Now, C should, by the Illinois five-letter scale, cover both A and B, perhaps C+, P corresponds to C, and L to a very low D—I speak, I must insist, of the grades as understood in, e. g., Mr. W. C. Phillips's sections of 1909-1910². In the nature of the student world, though to the instructor C may mean 75 or 90, to the boy it means complete success. Thus, if C is not to destroy ambition, it can only be elevated to a point of excellence which is really unfair.³ and which, by making even P difficult of attainment, may involve a really studious youth in unpleasant letters with his parents, or wofully discourage him. (I have known

¹I refer especially to the too-short sentence and to fine writing. Frequently my students declare that a high-school instructress liked amate descriptions.

²I cannot forbear subjoining for the benefit of those engineers who viewed Mr. Phillips as harsh, that of all my last year's colleagues he would best fit into the M. I. T.'s English Department.

³"Formerly the Institute had a mark of H (Honor) which represented a grade above the C (Credit.) About the time I came to the Institute the Faculty did away with this mark in the interest of simplicity of grading. I had nothing to do with the change, but on the whole am in sympathy with the move."—BATES.

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several such cases). Let me illustrate the peculiar rating of C. I grant at once that this year I have not had out of 115 Freshmen one to whom I would give the *specified* Illinois A; I have had at least thirty men to whom I would give the *specified* Illinois B, yet, as a matter of fact, I have given 8 C's. I think, I may add, that I give C more readily than most of my colleagues.¹

The Sophomore year has been said to comprise a "required" course in English literature. Again, the amount of work demanded, two hours per week of recitation and two of preparation, will seem to an Illinois engineer, familiar with the twelve-hour system, very slight. Still, other factors, are, as usual, not to be forgotten. A more patent truth is that both at Illinois and at the "Tech." engineers, with all too few exceptions, detest, tolerate, or at best, accept the course as planned by wiser heads.²

The course proper consists, each semester, of 32 lectures developing the history of literature from Chaucer to Tennyson, and out of it is supposed to emerge³ an engineer who reads with exactness, enjoys literature not

¹My colleagues insist that I over-emphasize the problem of grading. But I have asked students how C affects them, and, just as Harvard realizes that A given for any theme-work not actually talented is disastrous, so I feel that "Tech's" C is, in another sense, detrimental.

²"I should be sorry to believe that you are exact in saying that the majority of boys either 'detest, or at least tolerate, the course.' This may be true, but I refuse to believe it. I am entirely aware that most of them would shirk it if they could, but that is not quite the same thing; and as I have never closed a course without having boys come to me voluntarily to express interest in one way or another, and as I find that a large proportion ask questions which show at least temporary interest of some force, I hopefully believe that the 'few exceptions' are larger than you are inclined to hold.—This must, of course, remain a matter of opinion."—BATES. I may add that some of my boys tell me the same.

³"In regard to second year work you say (p. 12): 'Out of it is supposed to emerge, etc.' I accept this as a theoretical idea, if you will; but I have tried to shape the entire work of the Department in accordance with the fact that in practice this is absurdly impossible. I have no such 'supposition.' I endeavor to give my boys as good a general notion as is possible of what literature is, of its importance in life and education, and a fair notion of the history of English letters. The chief stress in my own classes is laid upon the endeavor to incite them to think,

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of the stamp of George Ade, Booth Tarkington, or Graham Phillips, has a decent critical taste and feels literature as a point of life. A day-dream, of course. Yet the failure is no more signal at Tech. than at Illinois or elsewhere—on this point sections and instructors do not matter, for the easy-going "popular" teacher does not get *his* or *her* lazy, flattering student to care for literature any more or any less than does the exacting tutor his maligning charge. Both at Illinois and at "Tech." essentially success lies in the fact that actual thought be demanded from the drone and that the good student feel that more than third-hand biography or fourth-hand aesthetic diata are being offered him.

As usual, "Tech." has a marked type of work to be pursued by all sections. Practically on the same day the same man is treated of in all classes; invariably his relation to his period, his purpose in his own work, the essential qualities of his genius, and his influence on life and literature are to be analyzed. Dictionary work¹ and tombstone biography are frowned upon—very properly, to my mind. Moreover, the head sees to it that the men be made to express actual opinions and that the instructor has his material phrased so that, while in no sense babyishly derived from texts or infantile in its appeal, it may (or should) reach the studious engineer. That in no section does the material really seem to be merely saying that if a man likes "Fables in Slang" or "The Chocolate Soldier" enough to dislike Addison or Shakespeare for not planning a "royal" road to literary appreciation, he can not care for literature and, the more exactly aesthetic the instructor, the better for the student who can. The most specific difference, accordingly, that I see between English II at "Tech." and English I at Illinois

for the time being at least, on broad lines, and of large issues; to link literature with life in every possible fashion. It is for this that in the syllabus are the many general headings which have to do with the relation of men to their times, the character and office of literature, etc. I measure my success in my own mind by the extent, so far as I can gauge it at all, to which I have made the boys think and feel." This note, had there been time, I most wished to incorporate in the text. Still, in a later discussion, Professor Bates agreed that what I had *exaggeratedly* stated was *in essentia* his "think and feel."

¹Prof. Bates comments: "I do insist strongly upon intelligent reading." This, however, is not "dictionary work."

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is that here we ask a man to prepare in one hour what at Illinois we allow him two for. Given the "Tech." man's better equipment, the required work of English I, and the business-like atmosphere of the Institute, he should be capable of more work than his average Illinois brother.

The marked disadvantages of the literature course at "Tech." seem, again perhaps only to me, two, neither of them the department's fault. The C, far more rarely given than in rhetoric, ¹once more bars real effort. In two years, out of some hundred and fifty engineers at Illinois, I have had one A student and many B students; here I should forever utterly despair of even one A student, not because the caliber is lacking, but because I can not in conscience refuse the much-coveted C before it really touches the highest point. What I really grieve over in the course, however, is that time is so limited that the men read almost nothing. We have, indeed, a book of selections containing literature definitely characteristic of each of forty-eight authors, yet well adapted to the "appeal to engineers;" to some extent, also, required summer reading partially remedies the defect. Moreover, the Sophomore studies European history, and as a Junior he is as likely to elect English as economics or a third year of French. Still, the defect remains.²

What is my final attitude? The question is a trifle unfair. I can merely reply that, because at Illinois I have had some students better than any I have had here, I shall be very glad to return, and that, because at "Tech." I have gained a more sympathetic understanding of the engineer, I am very glad I came. As for the balancing of courses and value—*quien sabe?*

¹I have given 5 among 63 students.

²"Two features of the work here which we regard as of much importance you do not mention. The first is the Special Section, and the second is the revision by the English Department of papers from other Departments in the third and fourth years. These have to do with strictly professional work, and of these, at least, the students heartily concede the value."—BATES.

THE DAY OF THE SERGEANT

By ALLAN NEVINS



HE morning, as old Henry Aspey, shears in hand, crossed his yard, was as fresh and sparkling as any that are wont to crown the lap of May in central Ohio; it was Memorial Day. The flush of dawn was riding out of the east an ozonic breeze, so cool and pure that it seemed designed for nothing but to wander among the branches of the huge elms of Payson, and to whisper to them memories of days fifty years back, when they did not so tower above its streets and square. Aspey, sole veteran of the village, must have thought so in his vague, unsentimental way, even his stiff age reveling in the golden sunlight. His own yard, like many in Payson, was ample, and he moved slowly from corner to corner, gathering foliage and blossoms. His tall figure had a military erectness, and his crusty mouth some sternness, the sparse mustache rather accentuating than hiding its lines. Peonies, roses, lilacs,—these he visited, not omitting honeysuckle or even the rusty evergreen, and making a heap of color and fragrance in the center of the wet path. His task was no slight one. He groaned over several armfuls, and although when he came the violets were tightly closed, they and the town languidly awoke as he worked. A laborer passed outside,—

“Fine day, Mr. Aspey! Purty good flower-crop, heh?”

The soldier returned a dignified military salute. On any other day he might have been mere Aspey; today he was certainly mistered.

The fervor of the sun, auguring a brilliant day, increased visibly during the first few minutes, first enhancing, then abating the sparkle of the dew, and alternating moments of sultry calm with the belying breeze. Aspey finished. It was still very early, but already the road grew from dark to white, the trees drooped, and then came a drone that was half a roar from the bees swarming about the box-elders. He heaved a sigh of relief as he put aside his scissors. Then he looked at the sun, and making awkward haste to bring his wheelbarrow,

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loaded and transferred his spoils back of the house, presumably to some cooler spot.

When he later returned he wore a gray hat, and carried a small folding table under his arm, which he unlimbered in the shade. The top of the table was a chess-board. He laid a sheet of paper and his watch upon it, and went back for chairs. The breeze fluttered the paper; and,—as promptly as when the stage is set and the curtain rung up one character joins another,—a second elderly gentleman entered the scene, coming through the shrubbery at the left. The new comer was the master of the town's academy, and the veteran's neighbor; he was short, with a mild forehead and keen eyes. The two sat down together. It was seven o'clock, and they began to play, deep in the retirement of tree and shrubbery.

It may be felt that chess-playing, in the early morning, is not so usual a practice as to be above explanation. These two were not merely neighbors, but cronies as well. In every friendship of this sort between men, it is to be observed that one is the masculine element, the strong-willed husband, of the union, the other the feminine or wifely element. Aspey was the worser half of this one. A landowner, he had been the first man of the town since, as sergeant, he had led away its war quota; Bates had presided over the academy as long. Their friendliness was not always unruffled.

"Where's your son, Aspey?" inquired Bates, as he seated himself. "Not up yet? Why, he's hardly seen the old town yet. The young fellows I took in have been out this half-hour."

"Fine day for 'Ascham' Bates' reunion," commented Aspey, dryly.

"Fine day for the Sergeants' Memorial exercises," retorted Bates.

"That reminds me—you always take some advantage of me in our play. You can't deny doing it this time. You've been out in this fresh air longer than I." The master breathed deeply, stretching his thin frame, loth to turn his attention to the board.

"No unfair advantage, I hope," rasped the sergeant. "If you had learned early rising in the school I did, we might have been on equal terms."

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Young men together, the schoolmaster had not left college for the war, and the sergeant often reminded him of the fact.

"On equal terms here, and in other respects——" he finished.

"——And if I wouldn't sit at work on my papers until midnight, also," supplemented Bates. "I don't grudge you the advantage. In a battle, whether of the arms or the wits, the man of action is clear in his movements, the man of thought blundering." He looked keenly at the intent sergeant.

"Don't call a game of chess a battle—contest, if you like. If you knew what a battle was you wouldn't talk so."

"At any rate, I've been beaten regularly of late. Perhaps you'll admit the parallel between chess and military tactics as sciences."

"A very slight one,—hardly to be spoken of in the same breath," admitted the sergeant. "Chess, now, is too scientific; it permits no manœuvres, no artifices.

There was a pause; the principal took several pawns and a knight.

"It seems quite proper," he ventured, "to talk of military matters today. I was struck in Caesar lately by what I thought would interest you—a resemblance between the first Helvetian and Lee's last Peninsular campaign." He paused, expectantly.

"Careful, careful," warned the sergeant, crustily. "Don't let your talk run your moves. If you'd learned to fight outside books, now, you'd keep your wits about you. Noticed how nice the corn's getting up hereabouts?"

Intent, the master made no reply. At that moment a door opened in the old home behind them, and a heavy step came quickly down the walk. The game halted as the son greeted the old-principal. The new comer was a businesslike man, white-skinned, mustached, with features slightly heavy for keenness; today, at least, he had an almost boyish joviality. The sergeant's eyes took on a milder glow after his arrival.

The son laughed through his speech. "Gee, it's good to see you two together,—like being a kid again. But I don't know, either,—confound it! It looks as if I were

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catching up with you; Old Time hasn't flown a bit with you two, has he?"

"Some day he'll fly away with us, my boy," said the principal.

"Isn't this great, this weather? It wasn't made for remembering the dead at all! It's a day of life, if ever there was one."

"My boy! My boy!" The sergeant was shocked.

"But if they get the people out, that's all right; and it's the day to begin our reunion. How many of us are there, professor? Twenty? Good!"

"Look here, Bates," suddenly interrupted the sergeant, "it's your move. And, son, you skedaddle till we finish this game. Go look after those flowers I took to the dairy cellar." His old displeased mood returned.

The indulgent smile left the master's face, and the boy looked surprised; but he went. "Don't you old fellows forget that several things are going to be pulled off today," he called back.

"That boy's a silly goose yet," growled the sergeant. "Let's get on with this game."

For some minutes they played on in silence. The principal grew more absorbed in the board; a sort of agitation apparently increased in his manner. Finally, with a violent gesture, he half rose in his chair.

"Stop, Aspey," he cried, "there it is—there; look at that situation!"

"Come on—control yourself!" angrily admonished the sergeant. "What's the matter?"

"Here," went on Bates, "is the identical battle situation that I studied in Caesar and in Lee. I never thought of working it out on a board. Suppose this the Rhone or the James, B. C. 58 or 1862. See now, how it was just before Antietam? Here's Mac's line, here's Hooker, here's the Rappahannock. These are Lee's corps. Now——"

"Ah, I see," burst out the sergeant, the other's enthusiasm infecting him, "and—look here—this is how Lee did us up that time." He made the first move of his own men, representing Lee's corps. "Pretty sharp, too. Now you move——"

"Hands off!" commanded Bates; "this is how Caesar

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met just such an attack as Lee's." He moved his foremost piece.

"That's nothing new," ejaculated Aspey. "See how that's countered?"

For five minutes the men pondered and moved, exclaiming from time to time at the slowly fading likeness. But the game was nearly out. At last the sergeant made a decisive step; Bates met it squarely; and it was instantly clear that the advantage was the latter's. For several moves yet the contest was doubtful. Finally, on the third, all was over. Caesar, through the agency of the master, had won, though at the end of the military parallel was a rough one. Slowly the sergeant began his final moves, his jaw hardening; abruptly he stopped. He ran over the board with his glance, muttering: "black to white, white to-to-um, king, pawns; yet, you'll take it, that's sure." Then, as the sergeant assented, "Not such bad moves, either." But a look of cold suspicion settled in his eyes. He sat back, and lifted a long forefinger.

"Something of a put-up job there," he said. "You've taken an unfair advantage of me. That was a book problem! You stirred up my military 'spirit, and led me to make hasty moves!"

Bates laughed, murmuring something about chess not admitting maneuvers and artifice! Then noting the soldier's hectic flash and the fact that his eyes would not meet his own, desisted.

"I don't mind losing the game", went on the sergeant, in a hard tone. "But I do mind this—that a cold-hearted, calculating old copperhead, that never smelt powder, should work on the feelings of a patriotic man! It's a desecration to Memorial Day! You, that everybody knows for a stay-at-home, have gone and taken advantage of those very feelings that you don't know the meaning of!"

The principal bristled. "I won't sit here and be abused," he declared, rising; "but, come, Aspey; don't be childish, petty!"

"You're a great one to talk, petty! And the chief reason," the sergeant shook his clenched hand, "the chief reason you ought to be ashamed of your trick is that it shows you up as the spiritless man you are. You know

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it, Dave Bates—you know it ought to bring the sting of forty years home to you!"

"Know what? Fiddlesticks!" snorted the doctor. "You come over to the school at ten, Aspey, and you'll be your old self again." He plunged through the hedge at the side, out of sight. A final snort, of disgust, not of anger, was wafted back.

Alone, the sergeant turned dramatically to the table, and leaned over it in soliloquy. At every word he shook a finger at the snowball bush. He had forgotten his surroundings. "Fifty years ago," he declared, "I came home from the war to find that old curmudgeon—young spark then—home from four years of college. I fought for my country, he fought for himself. No wonder he's sore when I mention it! I'll teach him to take liberties with *me*!" His fist came down upon the little table.

The foliage parted, and the son came in hastily, full in the glare of his father. "Bravo, father! What's the matter?" he cried. "Reminds me of my schoolboy oratory. You two children haven't quarreled over a chess game, have you?" His manner was still jovial.

No man likes to exhibit his anger to a tranquil person. The sergeant, growing calmer, caught up the table and went into the house.

To tell the truth, the sergeant was a little irritable that morning in the thought that his friend's reunion of the class of ninety-blank, most of whose members were scattered in nearby cities, would divide the day with his own pet memorial exercises. And yet for years, as first citizen of the town, he had exercised a patronage over the school. He was wont to learn the names of the best scholars, as the classes rose successively into the world, and to give them an occasional word of stern commendation. At all the little manifestations of the academy's activity—holiday programs, graduations, and so on—he appeared as a more or less benignant dignitary. At times he fancied himself as much one of its salutary and necessary appendages as its master or big brick seminary building. Aside from his customary attitude of superiority to the peace-loving principal, he even looked upon him as a sultan would regard one of the several viziers carrying out special functions. For the whole town admitted

Aspey's venerable supremacy over it; at one bold stroke he had gained an arrogant seat for life.

On this Memorial Day, as usual, he was to speak to the students. The academy preserved a scholastic character now rare—it was half college, half secondary school; and it always listened respectfully. Leaving his wife with others at the entrance of the building, he proceeded upwards alone, remembering how often and how triumphantly he had done so before. Really sound men are at bottom above all things poseurs; but for all that the sergeant's nostrils dilated to the breadth of respect, and he did not balk at admiration. He liked his modest distinction. Perhaps today he hoped to re-impress the principal. But as he entered the door of the large upper room it was suddenly brought to him again that the reunion would engross the hour.

Up in front, where usually he and the President of the village were enough, were a score of bearded men, talking and laughing. The students, dismissed, together with a gathering crowd filled the back of the hall. Waiting for the principal, the sergeant opened his mouth a little as he watched the boys, who presented a scene of such spirits as he had not witnessed for many a long day. They laughed and fairly shouted at times; the master was the lion of them all. Aspey recognized them slowly, even Hawes, the African mining engineer, and Newton, the western banker, besides a round dozen more familiar. When he was led down among them to shake hands, and speak to each, how rapidly they closed behind him! The master was forced to desert him at the end, of course. Together with the President he watched them again, and found that his indulgent laugh was a forced one.

The students were thinking of nothing but their school, the old days, the changes of the years. When some order had been obtained in the assemblage, when some of them had been persuaded to take the floor, it was wonderful to see their ebullitions of joy over the reunion, manifested alike in seriousness of thought or tender raillery. They seemed amazed, and even a little shocked, then, when in the midst of it all the old soldier was led forward, and launched into a Memorial Day speech. There was spirit in what he said, certainly; he spoke, with unaffected force and even fire, as moved by

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strong feeling, as imbued with the idea that he had something worth saying. His stern, rugged old face, his eyes, obscured by the confused cast of age, were well lit up; his gestures were those of a far younger man. But his words seemed trite and hopelessly out of place, even jarring. When he sat down the applause was merely dutiful. The younger speakers that followed disregarded him entirely, and again caught the real focus of their interest,—the old academy.

They had not caught the viewpoint of the old sergeant, however. He had risen in righteous indignation; these cubs were appropriating a day not their own, and he must stem the tide. With his pique at the abuse of the hour was mingled chagrin that the master profited by it, yet it was not that which lent color to his expression and strength to his voice. The day was one on which such veterans as he should speak to the young on topics of patriotism. He could not but feel that his words had been as discordant, in relation to the whole occasion, as so many false notes in a melody. In so far as his pride would permit he appreciated, as he stood looking from the window upon the calm, sunshiny world while the school sang America, that the hour had been another's and his efforts futile. But he had no regret for his attempt, and even as his first resentment passed away he was more at odds with the master than before. Then he quickly had other things to think about, for it was a busy day.

At one o'clock the annual exercises in honor of the dead began, and he must perforce be the central figure in them. The little procession moved out from the square at shortly after that hour, past closed shops and homes decorated with bunting. Most of the town was included in its line, though a few tired laboring people sat on their front steps to see it pass, and a larger number followed it along the sidewalk. The smallness of the village, the permanency of its old customs, made the day a holiday in which every simple heart joined. Music had been provided for, the children carefully marshaled in at the foot of the line, the bravest possible show made by the fraternal organizations; and so they moved off.

Immediately back of the fifes, before the lodges, had in former years been left a space for the soldiery.

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Today, for the first time, there tramped there but one man; the sergeant, with others of his age, would not have looked as old as he did now. The people glanced curiously at him, and tho' preoccupied, he noted the fact. He saw especially the twenty reunited students, being reminded of the years when they were urchins, and looked with careless respect on a small line of his comrades. He saw that they now regarded him as a relic; as one who should be with the others, on the hill, if he would be in his place. He was out of step, more than once, with thinking of it. There was distinction in being one of the last two or three; there was horror in being the last.

He went through the various ceremonies with all his old dignity and pride, forgetting himself in the martial roll of the pastor's words and of the lines from the Bible. The group seemed small on the flag-planted hillside, the sun smiling and frowning through the hurrying clouds. The speaking, the singing, exhilarated him as he felt himself arch-priest of it all. At four o'clock it was over.

The crowd rolled away together, in compact body, to the cemetery gates, closing behind the few carriages that grated through the sandy road. Here it paused, though still heaving and elongating, looking back in expectation; a few stringing out toward the town. The veteran, followed by a file of young riflemen, had climbed to the crest where the embattled dead lay apart. The sturdy fellows drew in line, looking west over the hill, and came to the present and the ready. The low sun gleamed bluish on their guns, and silver on the sergeant's sword. At the latter's command the volley came as one sharp crack, the faint smoke drifting away over the graves; again it was repeated; and again. The third finished the salute—the soldiers grounded arms—a clapping of hands rolled up from the crowd—and it dispersed up the road.

The sergeant remained, sword unsheathed, on the crest; he spoke in rebuke to awkward John Turner, who had mishandled his piece. The men saluted respectfully as they left; he refused sternly their invitation to accompany them back to town, which they took as a matter of course, for they knew his custom of years. He stood

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motionless, almost grand, as they passed out, glancing back curiously at him.

Not until all was still did the sergeant move; he waited for privacy and silence, for what he was about to do was the most sacred thing of the day, although it was performed in mere personal pleasure, as a personal tribute to his comrades. There were eighteen of the town's soldiers stretched in line along the knoll, a white stone and today a tri-color at each grave. He moved to the center of the line and sheathed his sword. In the days of the war, on the eve of every battle, every skirmish, he had so stood at his captain's side and had called the roll; it was this he was to repeat. As he took his place he felt in imagination the ringing notes of the bugle.

"Henry Conrad!" "Charley Bratney!" He knew every name by heart; head thrown back, he enunciated them oratorically, with no vulgar fear that he might be overheard. "Roy Keating!" "Ray Keating!" These were twin brothers, infinitely affectionate. Every name flashed before him a picture-world of memories. There was the joker, the poetaster, the rascal who persisted in foraging. In the line were men whose names recalled battles in which they had fallen; one little skirmish Malvern Hill, had claimed two. As the list of names grew to those opposite his station, he took them off from the tombstones, pacing down the line to the end. His voice gathered new volume and his chest swelled as he moved; at the end he seemed the incarnation of the old old warrior spirit, head up, eyes blazing. He saw his line as before Chancellorsville or Spottsylvania. He saw other serried ranks of troops, far and near, as an army on the march, cheering thunderously, or in the heat and cloud and flash of battle.

Then in a moment the whole panopy and horror of war, thus self-evoked, faded from before his eyes, and he saw again but the shady knoll, the quiet graves, and the far-off village sleeping among the trees, all peaceful in the sunset. With a gesture half-sentimental, half heroic, he plucked the flower from his lapel, and cast it, as into an open grave, upon the turf before him.

It was at that moment, turning away, that he heard confused voices below the extremity of the knoll. He


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moved across to look, and saw the twenty at some distance beneath. They surrounded the master of the academy, and seemed to be struggling with him; as he broke away for a moment, they closed about him again. A laughing enthusiasm possessed them. They bore flowers, filched from the large mock grave to the unburied dead there, and the master vainly tried to prevent them from pinning these upon his coat. With all the vivacity of youth they surrounded him and forced him to submit. The sergant could see him, protesting and red, and hear faintly his "Come, boys!" and his "Get out!", half drowned in their hubbub.

Aspey watched the scene without resentment, and turning, set himself to gathering the flags from the graves. The afternoon's ceremonies, and in especial his own tribute to his comrades, had endowed him with a new charity and an abiding peacefulness. His task done, he straightened, smiling. "Those boy's," he said, aloud, "are Bates's own crew, after all,—just his own crew. My world, now, is with the dead, and that old principal, poltroon as he is, has his with the living." He paused. "After all," he finished, with a sterner gesture, "is not mine the nobler?" He gathered the flags into a tricolored sheaf, and set out slowly for the gate. He noticed that the twenty and the master were now proceeding thither, and quickened slightly his pace. A new benevolence had risen to him from the old graves. He wished to overtake and join the others. He wished to walk back to town with them, arm in arm with the principal, surrounded by those silly cubs; he with the flags, the principal with the flowers.

AFTER THE TOURNAMENT

By RUTH LLEWELLYN

“OU played your old game today all right, Dot.—I'd better get that slice out of my swing or you will surely beat me tomorrow”; Bob leaned Dorothy's clubs against the railing on the hotel porch. “About ten in the morning—it's bully then”. Smiling he pulled his plaid cap over the back of his head, and picking up his bag started off toward the town.

“It's two up tomorrow—a stroke a hole and I'll beat Sir Champion of York,” and laughing, Dorothy walked on down the porch, gayly swinging her crimson sweater over her shoulder.

“Dorothy, I wish to speak with you,” a voice came from behind the paper which an elderly woman at the corner of the porch was reading. Surprised by the sudden sternness, Dorothy threw her coat over the back of a chair beside her mother and sat down. “Yes, mother,” she answered in a soft voice as her mother remained silent.

“Have you been golfing again with that young Mr. Harris?” “Yes, mother,” and the low tone held all of the obedient respect which an English girl is taught to feel toward a parent. “I wish you to stop it. Dorothy”—and with that the paper lowered, showing the stern face of her mother, an English woman who had been brought up in strictest English ways and who, now in her turn was striving to rear her daughter as she had been reared.

“But, mother”—it was hard for Dorothy to remember her teaching. Somehow she had more of independence than was becoming to an English daughter—especially a daughter of such a mother.

“Dorothy, I say I wish you to stop it. You know I have never believed in girls being with young men at your age—especially unchaperoned. You have only known him this summer; and, being an American, what can we tell about his family?”

“He hasn't been in America for years, mother—and you have said his father was a gentleman.”

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"Enough, Dorothy. I have said that you must be with him only here at the hotel with others," and again the paper hid the stern eyes which softened a little as she read on, seemingly relieved that her duty as a watchful mother had been accomplished.

Dorothy, picking up the sweater, strode off down a path toward the woods. The woods would make her forget that rebellion which she knew no daughter should feel. But today it would not leave her. She was having what she had heard American girls could have—a boy chum, and now that friendship was to be stopped.

Her cheeks were flushed as she entered the dining room that noon. "What splendid color"—one of the women had remarked, but Dorothy had only thanked her as she sat down quietly beside her mother. It seemed as though she could almost hear her heart thumping—thumping at that new feeling of granted independence and of settled resolution which was within her. She was going to have that one more game of golf. Contrary to all the laws by which she had lived and grown—she was to disobey her mother that once. Almost frightened at her decision, she had wondered at herself and yet she was going to do it. She had decided that.

It was after luncheon hour that next noon when Dorothy, carrying her own clubs, came slowly around the corner of the piazza. She had left a little before ten that morning, the chambermaid had told her mother, and she had gone off with that young Mr. Harris again. She had done it openly. The sudden rebellion had made her do it. That was all that she knew. Perhaps she had some of the American spirit—for Bob had told her that she seemed more like an American than an English girl.

Her mother, standing in the door, watched her as she walked up the porch, her black eyes snapping as she waited. "I will speak to you in your room, Dorothy." She spoke slowly and distinctly. She always did when she was angry. Then she followed silently as Dorothy, seemingly unmoved, carried her clubs toward her room.

The next day, Dorothy, surrounded by a pile of bags and oilcloth-covered boxes, stood waiting upon the York station platform. Carefully chaperoned by a stern mother in black, she waited, outwardly indifferent, for the train which would take her toward her Southampton home.

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The sound of music on the club house porch and the clink of glasses at the half-way tent proclaimed to all Edgewood County Club that there was a tournament in progress. They never had an orchestra on the veranda, or milk and sandwiches at the tent unless there was a tournament. The milk proved that it was a woman's tournament. The gay golfing costumes—those costumes which society deigns to adopt at a golf club regardless of their unappropriateness for the game—easily distinguished the players from the gallery. The players were dressed with exceeding plainness.

The professional, entry cards in hand, hurried from one group of waiting players to the next, getting their numbers and preparing for their tee-off. Already the English players, cager contestants for the championship of the States, were far off across the green, each one matched with an American girl fighting to win. Long before the first tee was vacant, pairs were coming in on the ninth. They stopped only for a questioning word, a glass of milk at the tent and then started off again, every attention centered upon that small red flag which marked the end of the tenth. Occassionally as a well-known player passed the tent, a group of onlookers would gather and silently follow as she played on down the last nine.

The sub-professional, leaning against the corner by the caddy master's door, looked about him quietly, watching the life before him while he comfortably smoked an English cigarette. These big woman's tournaments were different from the tournaments which he had known. He smiled as he watched a girl cross the fair green before him, dressed rather for an afternoon tea than a game at golf. "Wonder how she'd ever play," he mused. The orchestra began a new piece, as jamming his hands deeper into his pockets, he let his gaze wander out over the course, now dotted by moving figures. For an instant his eye fell upon the nearest couple—two girls driving from the ninth. He started to glance away when something in the swing of the first player caught his attention. He watched her as she strode down the course, with a long free stride, toward the ball which had carried straight and clear toward the green. Something made him straighten up and wait for that

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next swing. Eagerly he strained his eyes to see the girl's face as it was turned toward him while the caddy handed her her brassy. Another full snappy swing and the ball fell upon the putting green.

With an exclamation the young man moved nearer, his eyes fixed upon the face of the girl. As she picked up her ball and walked gayly toward the tent, she turned her face toward the clubhouse. In an instant Bob Hains knew that it was Dorothy Carroll, his little English golf girl, whom he was watching. Stepping behind a tree so that by no chance she might recognize him, he waited and watched again as she called to her caddy, and teeing her ball, drove off from the tenth.

"Your honor on the last two—you're ahead, anyway, little girl," and throwing himself on the grass he prepared to watch her at a distance.

Bob found a new interest in the tournament from that time. He began to hasten to the caddies now as they came in, eager to spread the report of how the leaders were faring. Fearing that the surprise of his presence might put Dorothy off her game, he kept carefully out of sight—always busy if the professional called him while she was near the tee.

It was the day before the finals that, while talking to the caddy master, he heard the caddies outside on the bench discussing the players of the morning. "That Miss Carroll's losin' her game," one of the youngsters under the window exclaimed. "Went all to pieces just now—took fortyeight for the last nine. The Boston lady would have had her sure if she hadn't gone off, too."

Immediately interested, Bob turned to the caddy master. "Miss Carroll evidently came near losing her match today—just off her swing, I suppose," and striving to appear unconcerned he moved over to the door, where he could hear the boys' conversation better.

One by one new caddies joined the group—each one as proud of the victory or as disappointed in the defeat of his player as though he had swung the clubs which he carried in the heavy leather bag.

"Heard that Miss Carroll wishing she had an English professional," one of the boys near him was saying. "These English people think they're the whole thing—want everything English. She's off her swing and is

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afraid to ask Mac for fear he'll tell her something new."

Pondering, Bob left the shop, and walked off toward the professional shack. "If she had an English professional—bet I'd get her straightened around. I didn't play with her all that summer for nothing. Seems a little disloyal, though, to coach an outsider."

Going up to Mack as he was copying the list of scores on a record blank, he casually questioned him. "Mac, any coaching in these tournaments,—no rules against it?"

"So, 79—some playing, boy"—Mac went on with the scores. "What's that—any coaching—all you want after the morning's play is over. None before play in the morning—some playing, I say. Miss Howe ought to take it, though"—and the old fellow went back to his record.

Hesitatingly Bob went out to the bench by the tally board. Most of the players had gone in to rest before dressing for dinner. At the top of the sheet—the first couple in—stood Dorothy's name. "Dorothy Carroll 89." 89—ten worse than Miss Howe. And a swing off is a hard thing to recover in a day." For a minute more he hesitated. He knew that he might be criticized for coaching her then—the last day before play with the Edgewood champion.

Suddenly, as he remembered their last game at York, the resolution came. An old friend against duty and the old friend won.

Drawing an empty score card from his pocket he wrote a couple of lines upon it, and calling to a caddy near him sent it to Dorothy's room in the club house. "I wish she wouldn't remember me until after tomorrow," he thought—"but I'm afraid six years won't change me enough. It's only made her prettier." Leaning back on the bench, his clasped hands behind his head thus pushing his cap far over his eyes and impatiently watched the door on the ladies balcony.

"Would she come? He had only signed himself 'an English player', and anyway, it was late."

Then the door opened and Dorothy, still in her golf clothes, came down the side steps, carrying her clubs toward the tee. As she saw Bob coming toward her, she stopped. "Are you really an English professional?" she exclaimed, as they started toward the practice green.

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Her head lowered as she fastened on her golf gloves and she did not see his face as he answered, "Merely an English player—the sub-professional here at the club. I heard that you had wanted help."

Surprised she glanced up at him. "The professional here and"—then she stopped, her driver slipping from her hand. "Why—it's Bob Harris," and she stared unbelievably at him.

Laughing, Bob jerked the cap from his head. "It's Bob Harris—but he wasn't wanting to be known until after tomorrow."

"You would have had to cut three months of Yorkshire out of my memory to accomplish that," she exclaimed. "Have you been here all of the time?"

"All of the time"—then he reminded her of why he had sent to her. Golf was work now and less than an hour to practice in. Before the lights on the dining porch had flashed their signal Bob's knowledge of Dorothy's game and his professional experience had given back some of the confidence which the young English girl had lost that afternoon.

"What will they say if they see you coaching Miss Howe's opponent?" she queried as they strapped her balls in their packet.

"Criticise, I expect," he carelessly exclaimed, and picking up his bag they went off toward the club house.

Early the next morning the little knoll in front of the club house was filled with women, eagerly waiting for the contestants to start. Dorothy, smiling and eager, carefully swung her club in the grass off side. "It's feeling all right this morning," she whispered to the little woman in black beside her. Dorothy was still carefully chaperoned.

Calmly she took her stand as her name was called, and with a clear graceful swing sent her ball, cutting through the air, a little above the ground and straight down the course. A round of applause passed through the gallery, led by a low "Bully!" from Bob, who stood behind her with Old Mac.

It was a hard fought game, Dorothy's recovered swing working against Miss Howe's slight over-confidence. Dorothy, one down at the turn, approached onto the eighteenth green even up. A putt would lose or win.

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Every nerve centered on that little white ball. She stood waiting while Miss Howe took her shot. A gasp of disappointed "Oh's" from the gallery as the ball stopped at the edge of the cup gave her courage. Slowly deliberately, she aimed, made her shot, and waited until with a soft click she heard it fall to the bottom of the hole.

Calmly she looked up as her opponent reached out to congratulate. As she turned to greet the women about her she caught Bob's eye and laughed as she saw his proud smile.

As she crossed toward the club house later in the afternoon she passed Bob as he stood near the tally tent where he had been watching her. "Can't we have an 'old times' talk tonight, Bob,—perhaps a dance at the tournament ball?" Laughingly, Bob explained he was of the working class now—a professional—and was not permitted at the dance.

"Save me the dance though, Dot."—unconsciously he went back to his pet name for her. "I'll meet you on the side porch."

Suddenly remembering the stolen fun on the York course she mischievously whispered, "I've still a chaperone—but I'll do it."

A dance seemed a short time to Bob that night—one dance to tell everything that had happened in five years. Dorothy, a soft shawl about her shoulders leaned back against the porch railing, her eyes sparkling as they laughed over the last game together. He watched her eagerly as she talked and it seemed as though they had just begun when Mrs. Pierce's voice sounded through the window.

"Doesn't my little chaperone remind you of mother in her watchfulness? But, Bob, I must go. I have the next dance with Archie. You must meet Archie, Bob—" then as she suddenly realized that she was to leave the next morning, she hesitated and held out her hand. "Will I see you again—I leave in the morning—we sail Monday?" For a moment Bob took her hand. "I'll only say good night, Dorothy—perhaps I can see you in the morning." As he gave the fingers a slight pressure, she started and glanced up at his eager face—then with a low "Good Night," she turned quickly and left him.

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Left alone, Bob drew a cigarette from his pocket. "Gad, I didn't know that I had missed that girl", he exclaimed to himself as he lighted it. For a long time he stood there leaning against the post, his eyes wandering out across the moonlit course. Here and there among the trees couples wandered, and he smiled as he thought of himself barred from that front lawn because he was working. Then as the music inside stopped he saw Dorothy come out into the light on the veranda, talking gayly to a young fellow whom he had seen up in the club hack late that afternoon.

How pretty Dorothy was as she stood there!

His cigarette burned out, and tossing it over the railing he lighted another. The music inside started again and Dorothy, walking slowly down the steps, had become lost in the flutter of light which seemed to move in ready for the next dance.

Suddenly he straightened up. "Yes, sir—I'll do it", he exclaimed, "the old place needs me more than these infant golfers do—I'm kind of tired of sticking on the back porch anyway." With a firm step, as though he had suddenly decided upon some unexpected course, he started down the steps toward Mac's shack.

As he passed along the side of the front veranda he heard Dorothy's laugh, coming from a bench under the trees near him. "Oh! Archie, I did—and didn't I say I would? But you might have gotten here to see me." Then he heard a man's voice answer. "Why, Dorothy, you know how I tried—but isn't it better this way, after all? Now I can sail with you Monday—and, little girl, we won't have to put off the wedding day, after all."

Startled, Bob hesitated—sinking back into the shadow. Then suddenly swinging about he turned off toward the cottage where he had his room. Perhaps those infant golfers needed him a little longer after all.

PERSIAN LETTERS: III

By L. GOLDMERSTEIN

(From the report of Ahmed Ibrahim ibn-i-Abbas to the Shah of Persia.)



S AID Maverdi, peace and mercy be upon him: "Let nothing but pure truth be brought before a king." And I obey the Order of my King, and proceed to describe the ways and manners of the people of this country as I observed them in the city of Urabana. But woe to me; fear and trembling stop the flow of my eloquence, and the thought of the anger of the Descendant of Bahadurs arrests the pen as it runs across the paper. For truly, if a traveller withholds the tale of the wonders that he has seen, and does not tell of the marvels that fell under the gaze of his observation, then men say that he is a fool, and that he went six miles to see a river, and came back to get a drink out of a mud-pond. But if the traveller tells all that he has seen, and makes his hand a faithful servant of his eye, then again people say that he is a liar and a *sufaha*, and all travellers' tales are like gold ore, where a grain of truth is incrustated in a ton of invention. However, I am now the slave of the Order, and have to proceed like a soldier who goes to battle, and does not know whether he will become the food for ravens, or will get a ransom for the son of a mighty king.

And the women of this country are very ugly, because they are thin, and many of them are tall, and they are not short and plump as they ought to be. And they go with their faces open, and smile, and nod to men, and speak to them in the street, and even eat with them in the public places, and are not ashamed of doing so. And the men know that the women are ugly, but such is their madness and perversity of spirit that they prefer them to be so. And I say so because I have observed that when they meet a girl whom they think good-looking, they grow angry, and abuse her, and call her a "peach", which is the name of a tree, or "oyoukid" which means "daughter of a pig". And now I read over, and am

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ashamed, and eat dirt for having began my description with so indecent a subject. But in that I have followed the advice of the sages of old who said: let him who goes to sleep think first of the snakes who may bite him, and then of the pleasant dreams he may see. And is not a snake many times better than a woman? I who have four wives say so, but the King who grants happiness to sixty women will know.

And everything goes the wrong way in this country. When the people meet here at table to eat, they pray, but on Sundays they go to church to eat their supper. And in the House of Learning each one has a name according to the branch of wisdom he seeks to acquire. Thus if a man learns the science of tilling the soil, he is called an ag, and if he strives to master the science of coeducation, he is called a fusser, and it appears to be a science beloved by many, but I have not yet received all the information about it.

And I have observed the medresseh whom they call "istudents", and it was wonderful for me to see how many times a day they changed their dress. In the morning they went out of home in the dress of the infidels of this country, but when I passed an hour later through the house of carpenters and the shed of the blacksmith, I saw the same men dressed in khaki, like soldiers of the government of India, and it seemed to me very foolish to dress like a soldier in order to make a chair or a horseshoe. Indeed I thought at first that the colour of the khaki has some sympathy with the work done, but even that cannot be true since, as Ibn-il-Ghamul says, the nature of iron is cold, while that of wood is warm, and hence the same colour cannot have sympathy for both things. I think however that some secret is hidden in this matter, because I have noticed that in other houses of toil they have *bluc* clothes on. I tried to dispel the darkness, and find out the truth, but as yet the tortuous flow of my cunning has not pierced the wall of distrust, and has not robbed of their treasure the holders of this mystery. May this moment be propitious to the elucidation of this matter, and perhaps the King's astrologer will reveal to him what is hidden from me beyond the curtain of my ignorance.

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And now I proceed. Still an hour later the same boys sit in the presence of an iprofisur, but they have no coats on, and their feet are on the table at which he sits: this is the highest mark of respect in this country. Truly, great is the world, and fearful are the differences in it created by Allah: where we kiss the ground in the presence of our teachers, the people of this country raise the ground to the lips of their teachers to show their respect for them. But the Day of Judgment will come, and the infidels will see which was the Right Way.

And the men here are ignorant of the law of cleanliness, and are like the people of Kura who wash their clothes three times a day, and their faces once in three years. But as to the men of this country, they eat three, and four, and more times a day, but pretend to wash once a day, and in this are worse than even the Pathans with red beards, because, the land of Afghanistan not being blessed by the flow of water, the Pathans throw the dust of the ground on their hands and faces every time before they proceed to their food, or before they make their prayers. Wallah, they are robbers and thieves, and have only a small spark of the religion of the Son of Abdulah, peace and mercy be upon him, but what will the people of America say at the Time Foretold, when truly "the fire will burn forever, and men and nations will be the fagots that will feed it"?

And truly abominable are the manners, and barbarous the ways of life of the people of this country; but what else could be expected in a place where women are in the service of the government, and men are but their shadows? Because truly said Sadi: "If lions would have chosen a mouse for their king, in three days they would begin to hide from a cat".

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Amateur dramatics during the past month have been sustained with the same vigor as heretofore; and in one feature, at least, they rose to a climax in the final reestablishment of the Mask and Bauble Club. Performances at Morrow Hall on two different week ends drew large audiences. On March 23d and 24th, the Athenæan-Ionian societies put on Mrs. Burnett's sentimental character-comedy, "Esmeralda"; and on April 7 and 8 the Player's club, with its old constellation of faculty stars completed by Mr. T. H. Guild's return to its ranks, presented H. J. Byron's "Our Boys", a comedy of English society.

The performance of the undergraduate societies, while scarcely as ambitious as the earlier production by two rival organizations of "She Stoops to Conquer", was a praiseworthy handling of a dramatically undistinguished piece. Mr. D. T. Howard's rendition of the Carolina mountaineer's part easily stood forth from the rest of the characterization; yet the other actors showed some real aptitude and flashes even of talent. A play with brighter dialogue, less implied interest in atmosphere and character, and with a more manly action in lieu of the dilute love-scenes would have better supported the strong qualities of the cast and obscured the weak ones. As it was, a distinctly amateurish flavor prevailed and this was not atoned for, as in the Adelpheic-Illiola play, by the sustained brilliancy of a classic drama.

The Player's Club was by some critics pronounced similarly unfortunate in its choice of a subject; it, however, culling its representatives from a much smaller list of eligibles, and especially handicapped in undertaking feminine roles, could better defend its selection of a play neither quite modern nor quite classic. The acting showed real finish and in the main roles moved with a professional verve; Messrs. Guild, Drury, and Colvin, and Mrs. Clark received the largest share of popular commendation. The chief defects lay in the lack of consistency in the interpretation of character. As impersonated by Mr. Guild, the Talbot of the first act differed quite

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radically from the Talbot of the last; and other parts showed a similar, if less glaring, raggedness.

The organization of Mask and Bauble followed several tryouts held at the beginning of April; its membership is composed of fourteen who will be given the preference in choosing the cast of the spring play, and of a reserve group of nineteen. No lack of interest was manifested in the inception of the club, and future tryouts will also be held. An undergraduate play-writing contest has apparently ended in failure, but even if it is necessary to go elsewhere for material the club will give at least one short performance. Many of its members are also enrolled in Mr. Guild's class in dramatic reading, which plans to present "The New Age", a Harvard play, Sheridan's "St. Patrick's Day", and one other not yet chosen.

After the final examinations were over, and the grades were on the registrar's books, a very heavy gloom spread itself over the Illini training camp.

Athletics

Reports were circulated about the campus that the bright prospects of all the teams were shattered for the remainder of the school year, and that the coaches of the various teams were about ready "to give up the ship." According to reports our track, baseball, basketball, and swimming teams were doomed to consistent defeat during the whole of their respective seasons.

All of this gloom proved to be unnecessary, for while "report" was busy defeating our teams, the coaches were busy whipping their men into shape, and at the present writing the Illini have enjoyed their share of the winnings in both the winter and spring sports. The first event which proved that our teams had not suffered so severely as had been supposed was the dual track meet with Chicago held in the local gymnasium on February 18. The Maroons were conceded a victory, but through the efforts of such stars as Murphy, Rohrer, Herrick, Cope, Barron and Bullard the local team won easily by a score of 50 to 36. A week later came even an greater surprise when Coach Delaney of the C. A. A. brought down his bunch of stars from Chicago, only to be defeated by Gill's team. The visiting team was made up of many former wearers of the Orange and Blue, among

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them being Lindberg, Hanley, Otto, and Byrd. The Cherry Circle men were confident of victory, but at the final count they were two points short of a victory.

The indoor conference meet held at the new Potter gymnasium at Northwestern University proved to be an interesting fight from start to finish between Chicago and Illinois. Our team started with a big lead, and victory looked almost certain until the results of the two mile and pole vault were settled. These events turned the meet in Chicago's favor and practically gave the victory to the Maroons. It is interesting to note that Chicago's victory came about through the efforts of a few stars, Davenport, Menaul, Whiting, and Kuh scoring more than two-thirds of their team's total score. The Illinois team, on the other hand, put up such a strong fight all the way because in every event on the program the Orange and Blue athletes were able to score. This all-round and well balanced team makes the Illini one of the strong contenders for the outdoor conference.

The prospects for a successful outdoor season are bright, as the team will be greatly strengthened by the addition of some of the outdoor events. Belting is looked upon as one of the strongest men in the conference in the three weights events, in which Springe, Burns, and Leo are also strong. Outdoor meets will be held with Purdue, Chicago, and Wisconsin, while at the present writing the relay teams are training hard for the Drake and Pennsylvania relay games.

The swimming and polo teams have just completed one of the most successful seasons in the history of the sport at Illinois. The polo team remained undefeated by any college team, and it was only owing to Vosburgh's ineligibility at the time of the first meet with Northwestern that the swimming team was deprived of a 1000%.

Swimming seems to be growing much in popularity, not only at Illinois, but throughout the entire athletic world. Last year the local pool was remodeled because of the increased interest in the water sports, and when the filter is applied we will have one of the finest pools in the country.

When Northwestern came to Illinois for their return meet the local tank men, strengthened by Vosburgh, won easily, as they did the remainder of their meets,

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including Chicago and the conference meet. At all of the dual meets the polo team clearly outclassed their opponents and won handily. Such veterans as Henry, Gossett, Miller, and McCaskey were too experienced and much too strong at the "rough water sport" to even find their conference opponents interesting.

The final success of both teams came at the swimming conference which was held at Northwestern University on March 24. Vosburgh here proved himself a star by winning sixteen points, and with the aid of Green, Tabor, and the polo team the Illinois swimmers captured the meet with a total of thirtypoints. The polo team easily defeated Chicago by a score of 7 to 0 for the championship.

The polo team will lose three stars this year in Captain Henry, McCaskey, and Miller. The team, however, will not be crippled in any way next year with such men as Sewell, Carney, and Clements coming up from the freshman team. John Gossett will also be in school next semester, and with Mix, Doerr, Watson, and Brockmeyer to build around, Coach Norris should be able to turn out another championship team next winter.

The swimming team will suffer in the loss of Henry, but with such men as Vosburgh, Green, Tabor, Doerr, and Billhorn remaining the team should have little trouble in making the next season a very successful one. Beaumont, the breast stroke star, and Chase will come from this year's freshman team and will greatly aid the strength of the swimming team.

An added impetus has been given to the activities of the forensic interests by the innovation of a banner to be awarded annually for excellence in oratory and debate. To stimulate any long-enduring or wide-spread interest in this line of work has generally been a problem at Illinois. It is due to the energy of Mr. Pearce of the public speaking department and to the support of the three literary societies that increased enthusiasm has at length been aroused. Falling in line with Mr. Pearce's idea, the literary societies united in the purchase of a banner and two silver loving cups—the banner to be awarded to the so-

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ciety receiving the highest count in the race for points granted on the basis of excellence in debate and oratory, and the cups to become the permanent property of the men chosen to represent the University in the State Peace and the Northern Oratorical League oratorical contests.

The scheme went into effect after much of the year's work in oratory and debate, particularly the latter, had been done. The stimulus which it lent to the battles for oratorical honors is indicative, however, of the greater success of the plan in future years.

Ionian, youngest of the three literary societies, succeeded in capturing the banner, due largely to the fact that her representatives were successful in the two oratorical contests, taking first and second places in both. Mr. H. M. Thrasher, winner of the Peace contest, subsequently took third place in the final contest of the State, held at Northwestern. Mr. J. C. Searle, who won the N. O. L. cup, will battle against representatives from other western Universities at Ann Arbor in May.

As the banner and the two cups are considered prizes highly to be desired, the competition among literary society men for places on the debating teams and as oratorical representatives will be keen next year. Both the older societies, Adelpic and Philomathean, regret that they have allowed Ionian to surpass them and will strive hard for the highest count of points in the future. The fact that the competition will be strongest and most interesting among literary society men will have a tendency to draw all the debaters and orators to the membership of these organizations.

Another occurrence, the spirit leading up to which will result in the strengthening of the force of the literary societies, was the joint program and joint social held by them on April 1. Alumni and representative members of the three societies filled places on the program, after which good stories were told and jokes cracked over cocoa cups and plates of sandwiches. The present tendency seems to be toward a closer relationship and more concerted action on the part of the literary societies. The result will be better literary organizations and the training of progressively more successful speakers to defend Illinois in oratorical and debating battles with other institutions.



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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During the past few weeks there has been more friction between the student body and the townspeople over the voting privileges of the former than ever before. The heat of the recent controversy was rather artificially generated by an ungraceful debate into which a local newspaper tempted the *Illini*; but beneath all evidences of mere editorial animus has lain a very real issue. Until the students decisively lose on the legal merits of the question, or until they can be convinced that their ballot is not an intelligent factor in the betterment of the community, they will doubtless keep on voting.

One unfortunate aspect of the matter, which has not merely irritated the townspeople, but has offended the University authorities as well, is the fact that the student vote may virtually be contracted anyway. Local leaders among the students—everyone knows who they are—have been in the habit of accepting money for their efforts in "getting out the voters." They have always

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worked on the right side, it is true, in those elections which have involved moral issues; some of them are connected with the Y. M. C. A. They have used no worse means than standing on the corners and button-holing passers-by, or driving automobiles to the polls. Nevertheless, especially as they assume a disinterested air, their acceptance of too liberal remuneration for their time is not good ethics or sound politics. No man should barter his influence. Sometimes, moreover, in purely partisan campaigns they have aligned themselves with that ticket which presumably has bid the most for their aid.

It is this student precocity in the money advantages of the political game which,—until lately too evident also in University affairs—looks worse in city elections. It is to be hoped that some way will be found to destroy it, as it has been destroyed in student contests. Political activities about the campus have now fallen into such desuetude that we may well suspect the faculty plan for a new political club of being a counter-fire against their possible revival. Something should also be done to prevent the entrance of our embryonic heelers into the ward politics of Champaign and Urbana.

It is a strange fact that while the University is almost a half-century old no serious work upon its history has yet been attempted. There are several good reasons why we should have a book upon the subject—some illustrated and well-bound work that should treat comprehensively the course of our institution since 1867. The material for such a history is large, and would be inspiring to a writer really interested in Illinois. No other American university can show a record of such quick growth in size, efficiency, and prestige as ours from 1895 to 1910; and even before the former date our annuals are full of interesting movements and fluctuations.

At present all the record we possess is that in the scant dozen pages introductory to the University catalogue. Much more than a mere expansion of this might be attempted. In certain college files and collections is contained a wealth of raw material upon our history. Best of all, there are professors living here who were

students or instructors in the early days of the "Illinois Industrial University", who have grown up with it and grown old as its youth has developed. Before it is too late they should be induced to contribute to the work. Other universities younger than Illinois—as Cornell and California—found it profitable to issue a general history some years ago, and to supplement it from time to time. The enterprise here might be a private one, but it would best find initiation and support in the college authorities.

WHO IS IT?

By MIRIAM GERLACH

(RONDEAU)

Who is it sits with listless eyes
And scarce the short time occupies
Until a maid in starched array
Comes to a seat across the way.
Her studious air with shyness vies
While she at her lesson plies
Until he comes across to say
That it is time to go away.
Who is it?

He sits down, pretends delay,
She gets her books without display.
Under balmy starry skies
A double shadow homeward hies
At the rate of a mile a day.
Who is it?

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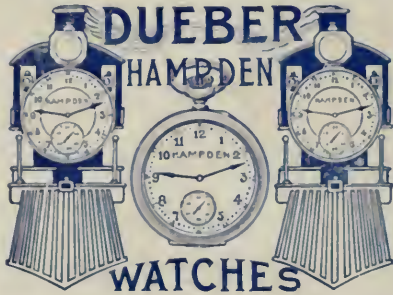
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vol. II 7

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STAHL'S CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM.

THE ILLINOIS

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MAY, 1911

NO. 7

THE EASTERN BASEBALL INVASION

By GARLAND STAHL



THE victorious eastern trip taken by the University of Illinois team in 1902 will always remain a most pleasant memory to each and every member of that team. After winning the western championship the arrangement of an eastern series was a fitting climax for the best college baseball team in my mind ever gotten together. Never will I forget how we looked forward to this trip. With possibly one or two exceptions none of us had ever had the opportunity of visiting the eastern cities or colleges and dear old President Draper, who always had a warm spot in his heart for his Illinois baseball teams, planned the whole trip, which was so thoroughly interesting and instructive, beginning with that delightful ride down the Hudson from Albany to New York.

Our first Eastern game was at Princeton. We had looked forward to this game with a feeling of awe, not fear, as our coach, whom you all know and love, had imbedded such principles into his teams that we entered all our games with that spirit of confidence which is everything, if a team has the ability. The Princeton game was about the best game I think our team ever played. We were playing a team which for years had been recognized as the best Eastern college team, and for three years had not met with a single defeat on their home grounds. The air of confidence that prevailed amongst the players and the large crowd was extremely noticeable from the beginning, they seemed to take it for granted it was impossible for Princeton to lose, and when we scored the first run of the game in the fourth inning, there was no alarm, as they expected the Princeton spirit

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to win at any odds. We, not knowing any of the players personally, were cautioned to look out for Meier, who was considered a hard hitter and a dangerous man. I think he was the first man up in the fourth inning after we had scored our first run and as Lundgren was pitching a grand game we felt pretty confident with our one run lead. I will never forget, and neither will "Lundy" the moment when a Princeton man took his position at bat in the fourth inning. He stood away back in the batter's box in a careless manner and from his position we both figured he was not a dangerous man. I signaled "Lundy" for a fast ball and a minute later I wished, as he did afterwards, that we had known to whom we were pitching. This Princeton man seemed to be a different person. He stepped into that ball and made about the longest hit I ever saw, as he was across the plate tying the score before Charley Higgins, our left fielder, had recovered the ball. This was Meier and we certainly knew him from then on. With the score a tie, the game went on inning after inning. Both Lundgren and Stevens pitched magnificent ball, with few if any chances for either side to score, until the ninth inning, when we managed to score two runs. Then we saw and had demonstration of that noted spirit for which Princeton is famous. The crowd had never thought of defeat and when they saw the game slipping away with only one half inning standing between them and defeat, they arose in a mass and turned loose such rooting as we had never heard before. How they did try to pull that game out! But it was all useless, as we retired the side in the ninth; then what a grand cheer this same band of loyal rooters gave us, who had a minute before been rooting against us! We were indeed a happy crowd after this game, as we expected it to be our hardest. We left Princeton with feelings of regret, for we had been entertained loyally, and the true college spirit is so manifest there that a college man falls in love with the traditions of old Nassau.

Our next game was with Harvard and we suffered our only defeat, but were not disgraced, as it was a remarkably fine game. Harvard won only after a desperate fight, 2 to 1. Lundgren gave the grandest exhibition of pitching in this game I think I have ever seen. Twice Harvard had the bases full with no one out, and were

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retired each time without scoring mainly through the remarkable work of Lundgren. We next journeyed to West Point and while we had not looked upon this game as a very hard one we met one of the fiercest battles we ever had, finally winning 6 to 5. Falkenburg pitched this game and performed the remarkable feat of striking out nine men,—the entire side—in the first three innings; but the plucky army boys kept right after him, finally solved his delivery and with the aid of some critical errors almost overcame the six run lead we had. Our next game was at Yale and while Yale and Princeton had already fought desperately for the Eastern title, we easily defeated them, 11 to 4. From New Haven we went to New York, and after spending two days in the wonderful city passed on to Philadelphia, playing the University of Pennsylvania. This was the last game of our victorious trip. We had little trouble winning, as our team played remarkable ball, the score being 11 to 3.

It was with happy hearts we started back to dear old Illinois, and what a welcome awaited us when we reached Champaign! It was in the early hours of the morning, but the boys were all there, and when we saw them and how happy they were we felt we had been amply repaid for anything we had done to bring Old Illinois to the front.



THE CO-EDS

[“Paul Elmer More does not believe in co-education. So he told a reporter last night. He added that the girls try to ape the men, thus coarsening themselves, and that not even a refining influence for the men comes from the process.”—From the Illini of March 31.]

Like the dauntless dandelion
Is the proud co-ed;
Lights the campus with her splendor
Generously shed.

One short day she wields enchantment,
Does the poor co-ed—
Like the dainty dandelion—
Then her charm is deal.

Like the dowdy dandelion,
Much averse to going,
Stays the co-ed constantly—
Coarser, coarser growing.

Coarser, coarser, coarser growing
’Tis a sad refrain—
Sadder than the slurs of Slosson,
Or of R. T. Crane.

What wouldst thou, O cruel critic?
Tell us what is best.
Shall we catalogue the co-ed
With the yellow pest?

If we doom the dandelions
And eradicate ’em—
When the co-eds charmless are,
Shall we graduate ’em?

ROUGHING IT THROUGH EUROPE

A TRIP ABROAD ON ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS.

By G. E. WAGNER

THE afternoon of June the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and ten, found "Hipp" Jordan and myself packing a few necessary articles in our suit cases. For some time we had planned taking a trip to Europe on a cattle boat, and had made the necessary arrangements to work our way from Boston to Liverpool. Each of us had scraped together one hundred and ten dollars with which we intended to see part of the Old World.

We left Champaign on the evening of June thirteenth and had excellent luck on the first part of our journey, stopping at Niagara Falls and Buffalo. After being forcibly ejected from the train at Albany at three A. M. and nearly put in jail for hoboing, we made directly for Boston, at which place we landed the seven-tenths of June, only four dollars and a half poorer than when we started.

On the evening of the following day we sailed out of Boston harbor on the "Winifrederian," a six hundred foot ship carrying one hundred and thirty passengers, eleven thousand tons of cargo, and six hundred head of cattle. There were twelve cattlemen on board, nine of whom were college men representing Harvard, Nebraska, Lake Forest, Wisconsin and Illinois. Our boss soon got us together and we went below to get our first lesson in taking care of cattle. The work itself was not particularly hard, as it consisted only in feeding and watering the beasts, and took about six hours a day. On inquiring the following morning for something to eat we were told that the galley-cook was drunk, but probably would get sobered up in a day or two. The negotiations which followed with the passenger-cook resulted in our making arrangements to have first class food. Several tons of sweet hay, and numerous bags of meal afforded us good sleeping quarters, so on the whole we were very comfortable. The second morning out nine of our gang very politely refused to eat breakfast. It is unnecessary to

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say any more than that they had succumbed to sea-sickness. It made it pretty tough on us, for we had to do the bulk of the work that day.

During the days that followed we had much spare time, which we put in in sleeping during the day, and amusing the passengers at night with college songs and vaudeville stunts. They in turn showed their appreciation by throwing us candy and fruit from the decks above.

We landed in Liverpool on the morning of the tenth day at five o'clock. Twelve worse looking mortals would



ON THE CATTLE-BOAT.

have been hard to find. We roamed the streets until nine o'clock before we could find a place to get cleaned up. After a bath, shave, hair cut and change of clothing we scarcely knew each other.

The following ten days were spent in England, visiting many cathedrals, castles and churches at such places as Chester, Lemington, Warwick, Stratford, Oxford and Birmingham. The fourth of July found us in London, and we celebrated in true American style. Each of us

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wore a little American flag to remind the natives of the memorable day of many years ago. We were to have attended the United States Ambassador's reception in the afternoon, but decided we had better not go, as we had no collars or stiff shirts.

It might be of interest to state that our lodgings in this great city cost us the elaborate sum of three shillings (seventy-two cents) a week. In spite of this ludicrously cheap price we had a fine front room with a piano and all the other necessary comforts.

Before leaving England I wish to state emphatically that I do not blame the Englishmen in the least because they come to America to find their wives. The English woman has a great deal to learn before she can be compared to our women in appearance and neatness.

From London we headed for the Continent. The trip across the Channel was fearfully rough, but fortunately neither of us fell by the wayside. Stopping a day in Antwerp is enough for anyone. The Cathedral clock, which was only a few hundred feet from our hotel, strikes twenty-four minutes out of every hour, and it is needless to say that one night of it was enough.

At Brussels we made a record in economy. We saw the entire International Exposition, which was being held there at the time, on thirty-two cents. This included a package of "genuine American" candy. While in this city a very strange thing happened. Thinking that it was Saturday, we tried to get a check cashed, and were informed to our surprise that it was Sunday. Where that lost day went we have never been able to figure out.

That noon we started for Cologne, riding in a first class carriage on a third class ticket. The conductor tried to explain to us that we were in the wrong coach, and very politely directed us to the proper compartment. We feigned not to understand him and kept our seats. It then occurred to us to make him believe that we thought he was a customs-officer, so we opened the family suit case that he might see all our belongings. He then lost all patience, and with the assistance of the train crew moved us into our proper compartment, but only after we had ridden some fifty miles in the exclusive class.

After leaving Cologne we took the trip up the Rhine

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by boat, visiting Bonn, Bingen, Colblenz, Rudesheim, and Mainz.

We then left the river and headed for Heidelberg, where we stopped several days. This is a University town, and one of the fraternities was celebrating its hundredth anniversary. The streets were beautifully decorated in the colors of the organization. The celebration was typically American. After seeing the fire-works in the evening we went to one of the cafes to watch the students. We met several Americans, who were taking work there, and also two German students who joined our party. The evening was spent discussing and comparing our schools of learning with those of Germany.

The following morning we tramped into the woods to watch the duels in which the fraternity men there indulge. They are fought with sharp bladed swords, about the length and shape of our fencing foil. The combatants are protected about the throat and eyes, but otherwise their heads and faces are bare. These duels are from forty to sixty rounds in length, three blows being struck in each round. Generally each combatant gets several ugly wounds on his head and face which leave terrible looking scars. It is the pride of all German students to be scarred and have these so-called "honor marks."

A few days later we reached Munich, and from there we went to Oberammergau, where we again gave an exhibition of careful handling of finances.

Many people had told us to keep away from the Passion Play unless we had made previous arrangements, as otherwise we would be unable to get accommodations. While in Munich we met many Americans who had paid as high as twenty-five dollars to get their room and board for one day and see the Play. Not to be daunted by these rumors we marched into town one night; "Hipp" carried a long loaf of bread over his shoulder, "String" Wilson, whom we had picked up in London, had two strings of bologna sausage, and I had the pleasure of being the custodian of the cheese. It was our full expectation to sleep in some hayfield over night, but luck was with us. After a little dickering with a maid in one of the pensions, we succeeded in renting a room for the fabulous price of thirty seven

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and one half cents each. I might add that the beds in the room consisted of three boxes, two large ones, but other quite small. "Hipp" claimed to be the largest of us three, and "String" the tallest. Both of these assertions being indisputable, I was forced to sleep in what I am sure was intended to be a cradle.

The Passion Play is the greatest production of any kind that I have ever seen. A great many magazine articles have attempted to describe this remarkable play, but it must be actually seen before one can get an idea of what a wonderful thing it is. Seeing it was alone worth our entire trip. That night when we left town we counted up our change and found that we had spent only a dollar and fifty cents each while at Oberammergau.

On our journey through Switzerland we stopped in and around Zurich, Berne, Luzerne, Interlaken, Lousanne and Geneva. I will not attempt to describe this beautiful country, as everybody knows that it is the most picturesque spot in the world.

Our next stop was at Paris, where we spent the first half day in getting a much needed hair cut, shave, and general clean-up. Owing to our financial depression we had to limit ourselves to two meals a day. At noon we ate breakfast rolls with coffee, and at night paid fifteen cents for a good meal. We took several sight seeing automobile trips, visiting such places as the Royal Palace, the Bank of France, Maxim's, Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral, and many more of the thousand places of interest in this wonderful French city.

Unfortunately, our money was rapidly approaching zero as a limit, with no prospects of getting any more, and we had to start for home. We reached Liverpool August sixth, after a hurried trip back through London with a stop only at Oxford.

The worst feature of our whole trip was the sea voyage home. We had no money, few clothes, and had to live and eat with the seamen. It was impossible to down the stew that was handed out to us three times a day. I have forgotten the technical name for it, but it consisted of a mixture of fat meat, turnips, cabbage, onions, rice, and several other things that would require

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a chemist to name. "Hipp" and I, with the biscuit that was handed out to us twice each day, made toast and drank water for our beverage. There was no hay on which to sleep, and we rigged up bunks on hard planks over creosote barrels upon which we spent ten long nights.

On our arrival in Boston we spent our last few pennies for baked beans and coffee, and were soon planning how we should get back to Illinois. How we got home from the coast city would be another story, but you may be sure it was not on the cushions of a Pullman.

We landed in Champaign after an absence of just ten weeks to a day, dead broke, terribly hungry and mighty dirty. Our trip had been very nearly ten thousand miles in length, and cost us just one hundred and ten dollars.

ALMA MATER

By T. I. E.

The sun is sinking in the west,
The shade of evening falls,
But golden lights still ling'ring rest
Upon Thy ivied walls.

Slow fades the sunset's ruddy gleam,
And softly comes the night.
But 'round Thy towers Thy glories seem
To shine more bright and bright.

Then softly comes from vale and hill,
From plain, from stream and tree,
From babbling brook, and tinkling rill
Whispers of love for Thee.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK



SAW Falconer first on Illinois Field practicing for the 'Varsity, and I could not but notice how quick and active he was, and with what fierce energy he entered into the play. He was so strong, and so bubbling over with life that I envied him. During his freshman year I saw him often, but mostly when he was engaged in some athletic contest. It was not until his second year, when he entered my classes, that I really came to know him, and I found his appreciative and eager attention a daily inspiration. Almost before we knew it we had passed the barrier that so often separates student and instructor, and had become fast friends. He used to drop into my rooms nearly every day for a friendly half hour around the open fire, and as I knew him better I admired him more.

He had a singularly frank and sympathetic nature. He knew everyone, and everyone was his friend. He had the keenest intellect, and the most ardent appreciation of the beautiful. He loved nature passionately, and enjoyed nothing better than to be out in the woods or the fields alone. Often I have heard him say, "I must go to the woods for a day; I want to hear the owls and the whip-poor-wills, and to see the river." I have never known any one more moved by the influence of music or of poetry; each could throw him into an ecstasy almost bordering on pain. He was very ambitious, and I soon knew and entered into his plans. He was studying architecture, and after he had finished his undergraduate course was going to Paris to study art. We planned a wonderful trip together, and we used to spend hours at a time talking over the details of our wanderings, and of what he should accomplish when his preparation was completed, for we who recognized his genius felt that he had power to carry his plans into execution.

Time passed rapidly, and he came to his senior year. He had won many honors,—had been captain of the football team, had played on the 'Varsity nine, had been editor of his class annual, and now was president of

his class, but none of this had changed our friendship nor lessened my regard for his character and his ability.

He was a wide reader, and his sympathetic nature had made him intensely interested in the fortunes of Cuba. He used often to read me a long invective against Spanish oppression, and was strongly in favor of the annexation of Cuba by the United States. The awful disaster of the battleship *Maine*, and the death of the hundreds of soldiers stirred him thoroughly, and he could talk of nothing else for days.

"We ought never to stand it," he said; "the United States should declare war at once."

When the crisis did finally come and the first call for troops was made he determined to enlist. All his friends tried to dissuade him; there were many reasons why he should not go then. There was no real need of men; while thousands who were practically without employment were anxious to go. Besides, he lacked only six weeks of finishing his college course, and it seemed almost foolish to leave before commencement. So he settled down to work again, but not with the same intensity. He read the newspapers constantly, and I could see that his thoughts were far away with the people struggling in the south.

He came to me in May, the 26th I think it was, on the day after the President's second call for troops, and said,

"I can't wait any longer, T. A., the other fellows are going, and I must go too. I've had a talk with the President, and I'm to have special exams tomorrow, so, you see, I'll get my diploma anyway.

And so it was settled. I did not try to alter his decision, for I knew that he would never be happy unless he went. Besides, why should he not go? It is her truest sons that the country needs in such a time.

He was to start for Springfield on the twenty-eighth of May to join the forces that were enlisting there. I walked down to the station with him the evening that he left. He did not say much,—one does not when the heart is full, but I knew of what he was thinking. I was to cross the ocean in a few weeks, and we each were wondering if this little walk together might not be our last. There was a crowd of his college friends at the station to

see him off, for everyone knew him and liked him. The farewells were briefly spoken, the train came, and he was gone.

I heard from him for a time at Springfield, where he entered into and enjoyed the camp life, wretched as it was. He was strong and vigorous, and he did not mind the discomforts. Every day he was expecting orders to march with his company, and he was so eager to go that he could scarcely wait. Then there was a period of enforced silence; I had no fixed address, and he could not write. In London I received a letter from him written at Tampa. They were still waiting. Numbers of the men were sick.

"I'm afraid it will be all over before I get a chance to do anything," he wrote, "or else we shall all be dead. Do you remember how I used to enjoy camping out? This isn't much like the summer we spent on the Sangamon two years ago. Some things are terrible here, but I won't speak of them, for it doesn't seem to be anyone's fault. I try to imagine I'm in old Illinois when I lie down to sleep at night,—that the cool winds are blowing off the river, that the whip-poor-wills are singing, and that all this wretchedness around me is but a dream. But it's hard to 'make-believe' at times."

The next was a short note, not in his usually cheerful tone, and telling me little excepting that the weather was frightfully hot and that he still hoped soon to be ordered to the front. He was not feeling very well, he added, he thought he was needing exercise, but he was sure he would be better in a few days.

After a longer period of silence there came a letter written in a strange hand and bearing the postmark of Tampa. I knew what had happened before I opened it; my friend was dead.

He had been the life of the camp always, the letter said, and had endeared himself to all his company. For weeks he had helped to take care of the sick, watching over the rough fellows with the tenderness of a woman. He had not slept for days, and had neglected his own comfort to such an extent that his strength began to fail, and the fever found him an easy victim. He had been sick but a few days when the end came.

"He lived a noble life," his comrade wrote, "and he

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died a brave soldier. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

And that is all of his story,—a story like that of many another brave man who gave his life to his country. He sleeps in the little graveyard near the quiet country town in which he lived, and through which we have so often wandered together. But the sky is less blue to me, and the birds sing less sweetly since he is gone.



PETITE DOROTHY

By RUTH LLEWELLYN

“**A**ND so, Lady Dorothy, you really did creep out that door and down that very path!” Slyly shaking her head at the worn picture of Dorothy before her, Mary sprang from the old stone wall, slipped the tattered book in a stump at the edge of the terrace and quickly disappeared down the old historic path.

Already the sun, low among the trees, was turning the stained windows in the little old chapel of Hadden Hall a vivid red, and the terrace behind the immense old building had begun to grow dark. Mary, hidden in a nook on the crumbling stone wall, had forgotten the time until the words on the torn pages of her paper-covered book had become blurred against its dirty white. She had not been herself that afternoon. Taken back with Dorothy Vernon in the time when Hadden Hall had been in its glory, the gayety of its old atmosphere had made her forget its present emptiness and gloom.

“Seems strange that I never knew of it before”—she mused as she passed through the gate at the end of the path. “I never would have known if Miss Ketchum hadn’t left her book here last summer—and the times I have looked at Dorothy’s tomb and stood by that self-same fireplace in the Inn. I never guessed that Dorothy had lived—a real live girl like me.”—and she wondered as she walked, why her mother had always evaded telling her of the old hall or any of the wealthy manor houses in the country about.

It was almost dark when she came in sight of the little cottage at the edge of the tiny village of Rousely. A toss of her head and she seemed to cast off her thoughtful mood. With a lighter step she bounded into the tiny kitchen.

A thin little woman of sixty turned as the laughing girl stood breathless beside her. “Scold me, mother, I’m late.” Lovingly she put her arm around the slight shoulders and turned her mother about until she stood before her as a prisoner to plead guilty. “Scold, little mother, I’m ready”—and she watched the worried lines

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change to a slight smile as the mother answered in a low tone, "Daughter—it is lonesome when it grows dark—you must not stay so long with Anne."

Turning, Mary flung her wrap on a peg on the door. "It's a lonesome old town anyway, isn't it, mother?—especially in the winter. I wonder why no one lives in Hadden Hall?" Surprised at the new tone of discontent in her voice, the old lady watched her as she arranged the tea kettle before the fire.

"The Rutlands are too poor to keep the estate up, daughter—but you know the village would be the same. We could never know people so far above us in rank. You are happy, aren't you, dear?"

"Happy with you, little mother and—yes! Panther, stop whining, I'm coming"; and forgetting her moment's discontent she sprang to open the door. She slyly hid behind it as a shaggy black dog bounded in, its little body twisting in anticipation of a romping welcome but suddenly straightening as it saw the empty doorway.

It was the middle of the afternoon the next day before Mary, slipping away from the cottage, started for Hadden Hall. She felt a prick of conscience as she left the path toward the village as soon as she was out of sight of the cottage, and started across fields. She tried to convince herself that she was doing no wrong—that it was harmless to go off just to read—but the little uncomfortable feeling stayed within her until she again held the book in her hand and was eagerly turning the pages to the place she had marked with a dry leaf. Then everything was forgotten. Glancing down the pages ahead she exclaimed, "You're in the ball room this time, lady belle,—we'll go there to read."

Again the time sped on. Curled up in one of the wide window seats, snuggled behind the faded tapestry, Mary again soon forgot herself. Her brown head bent farther and farther over the book as the light from the dirty little panes beside her grew dimmer. The historical Dorothy had all her plans made to clope from that very ball room. Suddenly, with a burst of laughter at Dorothy's cleverness, she anxiously turned the next page, now almost black in the fading light.

A loud exclamation close beside her made her spring to her feet, blindly clutching the book, bewildered by the

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sudden return to the present. A figure stepped from the shadow behind a loose fold in the tapestry. "So the old hall is haunted," he exclaimed. "Perhaps it is the petite Dorothy of Hadden Hall." Then as he saw the frightened look upon the young girl's face he moved toward her. "I beg your pardon for frightening you, but you will admit that it is a rather unusual time to find a visitor here."

Relieved as she saw the frank, smiling face before her, Mary laughed. "It's my fault. I never imagined that it was so late. Lady Dorothy just kept me."

"May I ask who the Lady Dorothy about here is?" and Arthur Manners looked about him as though he expected to find other women hidden in window corners.

"Oh it's just Dorothy Vernon in the book. I'm just learning of her and perhaps I am a little too interested. But it is almost dark and mother will be so frightened,"—and Dorothy slipped her book through a hole in the worn tapestry by the window.

"Yes, I've been interested in the lady for a long time myself. But I am afraid that you will have to come out this other way. I just asked the men to bolt those other doors at night." Together they picked their way through the shadowy old rooms across the court and to the gate where he left her.

For days after that the old book remained in its hiding place behind the tapestry untouched. Arthur Manners, as he went through the rooms with the workmen, would smile as he entered the ball room and wonder who the pretty young girl could have been who seemed so interested in the old place. Mary, always wishing to go back for her treasure, hesitated partly because of her mother, and partly because of the young man who seemed to be so much at home in the old place. One afternoon, however, as she started toward the village, the fall breeze through the woods seemed to waken all of the old longing for her retreat and made the desire for her book and its pleasure too strong for that tiny inner voice which still whispered to her when she thought of the Hall. Before she knew it she was running down the path through the trees to her Dorothy Vernon.

Conscience once defeated is apt to make a losing fight and Mary's inner voice became quieter as time went on, until her mother again worried about her absences.

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As winter drew near she had finished her book, had read it again, and still returned to read. But now she no longer read alone. The young man with the frank smiling face had become perhaps as fond of the old place as the little village girl. He had met her there that second day—and now it was seldom that they were not attracted to the hall at the same identical time. He laughed at her worship of the old time heroine and would tease her as he called her his "Petite Dorothy of Hadden Hall," but eagerly he would wander with her through the grounds and the empty old buildings as she lived the story over and over again. Often now they would forget the romance of the place and would talk of modern things. He would tell her of his people, of their life in London, of his childhood near Rousely and of his school life in America. Then her imagination would wander toward London, toward America; she would picture the wealth, the gaiety there, and wish that she might some day visit it. Always when she came to that place in her thoughts she seemed to hear her mother's words, "We could never know people so far above us in rank"—and she would try to forget her desires.

Arthur only laughed when she spoke of her desires and of her mother's teachings about her rank, which would keep her from them. He tried to show her that was an old English idea and how different it was in America, where there was no rank.

He begged her to take him to the mother who still clung to these ideas so strongly, but never would she let him go beyond the gate. "I could not tell her of you, Arthur, or she would forbid my seeing you. She fears cities and city men. She wants me to know nothing but our own little town and of father, who was sexton in the village church. She never tells me of Dorothy or of the hall. The little mother has heard of you only as a boarder at Anne's. I sometimes think that I will tell her all and so I must, but not yet,"—and she would leave him to watch her as she walked thoughtfully on toward the little mother who hoped each day that her own happy-natured little girl would return and again want to spend her time at home. Even Panther had come to feel neglected now, and the little pet seemed to realize that there was not genuine fun in their romps any more.

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The first snow had fallen over the little village of Rousely, and at last Fall, sweeping aside its brilliant robes, had let old Winter gleefully take its place. The cottages with their thatched roofs, covered with white, made it seem almost like a tiny village of Iceland. The great Hall stood bleak and cold now, dark against the white, with not even one sparkling light to lessen its loneliness. It had been several days since Mary had been away from the village and only through the tiny box at the village post office had she heard from Arthur. He was to leave soon for the city and he had begged to come. But she had held him back—always dreading his visit—feeling that it would only bring unhappiness. She knew that she was a little ashamed to show how poorly they must live and, too, she knew that her mother would never have permitted their friendship had she known.

She was thinking of him that evening as she sat sewing by the window. The tiny flakes outside seemed to be playfully striking at her, and becoming dismayed at the glass between would melt and run discouraged to the ledge below. Her thoughts, as active as her flying fingers, went back and forth over and over to her refusal to let him come, to let her mother know of him. It had been wrong and yet why should she give him up?

Her mother, seemingly unconscious of the trouble in her daughter's heart, sat opposite her by the fireplace, her old gray eyes strained as she knitted a pair of heavy gray mittens. Mary, glancing at the small bent figure, wondered that she had kept her secret from the little woman who was living her lonesome life only for her. She to whom she owed everything should have known; perhaps she could understand, and yet as she watched her she realized that she could only be happy in that little cottage to which her village lover had brought her on her wedding day. Was it not right that now her daughter had a lover, too—and that he was a city lover? On an on flew the needle and on the thoughts kept company with them, as she lived over day by day her life, her happy hours in the last three months and that last night by the gate. Oh! she should tell her mother all.

Suddenly a whistle sounded loudly outside and a horse stopped by the cottage gate. With a gasp, Mary dropped her work and sprang to the window. Panther,

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jumping up, ran sniffing to the door. The little mother looked up questioningly—"What is it, daughter? Who would come today?" Before she could answer Mary was out of the door and into the snow.

Then her mother heard her exclaim in answer to a man's voice. "How could you, Arthur,—when I said 'No!' It is of no use; mother will not understand." Trembling as though expectant of some unhappiness, the little lady rose from her chair and started to the door just as Mary led Arthur, covered with snow, into the room.

"Mary, I had to"—he was explaining as she hung his coat by the door. "Father has sent for me to come at once and I must go tomorrow. You know why I have come." Then, turning, Mary went over to the mother, lovingly putting her arm around her as she had done that other evening when she had known that she would be scolded. "I should have told you before, but I couldn't. I have been trying all afternoon to do it but now I must. Mother, dear, this is Arthur, one whom I have met and learned to know—and, Arthur, this is the little mother." Anxiously she watched the wrinkled face, eagerly looking for some sign of approval.

With a word of acknowledgement and one swift glance at the boys' young face, she turned to her daughter. "Mary, what do you mean? I cannot understand." Then little by little they told the story, each one putting in what the other left out—the night of meeting, the continued visits, the hours with that ancient Dorothy and finally the story of that last night at the gate. With but one startled exclamation she sank back into the chair to which they had led her.

"And now, little mother, Arthur has come to ask you for me before he leaves. We love—both of us—isn't that all one could wish?" Anxiously they had watched the changing expressions of disappointments, of sorrow and finally of fear—fear for a promise made years ago to a dying husband; a promise that Mary should be kept away from the world, should be kept sweet and pure in their little village. With tears in her eyes, the old lady sat motionless, gazing first at one and then at the other as their story was told.

"My little girl, how could you, when I have told you

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that such as these were not for you—that you should be content with the villages? One should never marry above his rank.”

“Oh! but mother, that is so old—they do not think of that so much now. You can come and we would be so happy.”

For an instant a longing for such a son flashed through her mind and then as though a picture of that dead lover had followed it, she whispered, “I can’t, I can’t—I’ve promised and she mustn’t.” Mary, hearing the whispered words, turned to Arthur, placing her hand on his arm, “Oh! Arthur, you tell her about America—she must say ‘yes,’ for we would be so happy.”

Sitting upon a stool at her feet he gently explained the old world idea of class and then the broader, happier view of the new. “Why, even the oldest families are changing, as you can see—and you, too, Petite. I, a son of the Rutland family, am only too glad ask for the love of a girl because she is sweet and pure and worthy to be loved and not because she has money and a name.” With a gasp the mother straightened and Mary sank on the floor beside him. “Arthur, you aren’t, you can’t really be a Rutland—and you care for me, a village girl?” Unbelieving she looked, bewildered, first at the mother, who only sat as though stunned, and then at Arthur, who smiled down at her. “Yes, Petite Dorothy,—it is an ancestor of mine whom you have worshipped so long.”

Then he told them why he had come to the hall—to see about its chances of repair, and how he had thus met little Dorothy, who had so quickly won his heart.

Then as if possessed by a sudden new hope, Mary turned to her mother. “Now, mother, it can’t be ‘no’ when a Rutland asks you.” Then she stopped as she read the sadness in her mother’s eyes. “I can’t, daughter, I can’t. I have promised. You must stay in our little village, safe from the world. He must go. Such as he could never be content in our little home and I could never live as he would have to.” Then pressing Dorothy’s hand as it lay on her knee, she rose and silently left them.

Way into the night Arthur sat on the hearth, Mary silently beside him. He tried to show her how her mother would change, how happy she would be in a beautiful

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home, and how they should not give up—but just love and wait. But Mary was firm—she had known what her mother's word had meant before, and the devotion to a dead husband only strengthened it. She would never leave the cottage and she could not desert her. Her narrow ideas had become a part of her and nothing would make the little woman give up the place in which she had cherished all of the memories of her own happiness.

At last she begged him to go—to leave her, for each moment made it harder. Still pleading he stood beside her as with tears in her eyes she said that as long as she lived her mother needed her.

"If, Arthur, when I have no dear little mother to watch, you still want me, you will find me waiting, loving as I love now and always will. But it must be goodbye now."

For an instant he hesitated as though to plead again, then suddenly he caught her almost fiercely and kissed her. Turning, he whispered, "Goodbye, little girl—my little Dorothy who is some day to be of Hadden Hall," and with another kiss, he was gone.

STUDENT PUBLICATIONS AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
UP TO '92

By C. A. KILER

DURING the forty years of University life a great many interesting periodicals have been published. A short time ago I visited the University library for the purpose of looking up some of those periodicals, chiefly those which appeared during my time at the University, and very much to my regret I could not find the most interesting of all those which appeared while I was in school. The failure to keep these is probably due to the fact that some of them contained articles reflecting on the management of University affairs. Some of them contained articles reflecting on individuals, both students and members of the faculty; some of them contained articles reflecting on societies and organizations within the University; and I regret to say that some of them should never have been brought into being. I refer to the "Bogus" publications which were prompted by class jealousies, class hatred, and fancied grievances on the part of students toward the University authorities. Some of us have kept copies of these Bogus sheets and those that I have are full of fun and of suggestions for changes in University management, many of which have since been inaugurated.

The Illini office used to be in the northwest corner of the old Armory. On the first floor of this building were the machine shops, the foundry, the wood working shops, and the office of the foreman. The second floor was the drill hall, the gymnasium, the Illini office, and the headquarters for the skeleton of a monstrous whale.

This northwest corner, where the Illini was printed, contained a lot of old fashioned supplies, such as a hand-press, racks for type, benches, tables, ink-pots and an office towel that was washed once a year whether it needed it or not. The Illini was issued weekly and all of the work connected with its issue was done by students who in this way earned money enough to pay their way

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through the University. The Illini office was used at times for a prison, because the windows were barred and there was a good husky lock on the door,—besides, it was up about twenty-five feet from the ground, so that any one incarcerated therein would not dare to risk a drop to the ground below. The prisoners usually were those budding geniuses who were on the program at some class function for an oration, an essay, a poem or some other weighty effort, and the captors and turnkeys of the prison were sure to be members of either the class ahead or the class behind.

The Illini office was the scene of many a mighty conflict. I remember two of my classmates and friends who settled their difficulties in a fight which made the Illini office look like a railroad wreck. Herman S. Piatt set the type and worked the presses for quite a number of years before as well as during the time that I was editor-in-chief of the Illini. Rome B. Pullen was the local editor and Friend Pullen and Friend Piatt got on each other's nerves continually. One day Pullen came into the office and said a few sarcastic things to Piatt, to which Piatt made reply by throwing a stickful of type which he was setting in Pullen's face. In the argument that followed the type cases were overturned and the type scattered all over the floor. The tables, chairs, wash-basin, and everything else in the room was upset and damaged, with the sole exception of the office towel concerning which I have spoken. How the towel managed to escape in this instance I can not explain. There was nothing doing in the Illini office for a week after this fight, except getting things back into shape.

There are no student publications in the Library except the Illini until the "Saturnian," which was issued in '83 by the class of '85. There seemed to be nothing in the University life to call for a publication other than the Illini. The first thing to be found in the "Saturnian" is a cartoon showing the Regent, Dr. Peabody, throwing out fraternities and secret societies and making the student body sign pledges that they would not join fraternities or have anything to do with them while they were in attendance at the University.

During the years '84 and '85 all of the publications produced at the University, however unimportant they

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may have been, together with the Critic's books of the Adelpic and Philomathean literary societies, are full of articles bearing on the secret-society ban. Fraternities had been started and were just becoming a feature in University life when they were put under the ban, and it was but natural for the students to wonder why, and to attribute unholy motives to those who were responsible.

The class of '86 in their sophomore year issued a "Sophograph" full of articles most of which were devoted to changing the name of the University from Illinois Industrial University to the University of Illinois. The student body joined in this movement to have the name changed and the work they did was very effective. The abolition of fraternities in the Universities, as well as the changing of the name of the University, should be treated in separate articles, as each subject was of importance to University life. I simply mention them here because I am reviewing the University periodicals that were issued by the students and I find both of these subjects treated extensively in the student publications of the period.

In the Sophograph of the class of '88 one can find a model of the type of sophomoric efforts which would please a play-wright more than I can tell you. For instance, the motto of the class was "Building For The Future" and the articles were as follows: Self Reliance, The Value of Antagonism, Political Thralldom in the United States, An Ode to Calculus, and A Prophecy of the 20th Anniversary of the Class of '88. I attended the 20th anniversary of the class and it is remarkable how very near to the actuality the Class Prophet came. She looked ahead twenty years and predicted the lives of the class members and saw them with a clearness of vision quite remarkable. There were class pictures, cartoons and roasts; for instance, the editor said he would like to see "the University have a better name abroad; the faculty to look happy in chapel, the junior class to have some spunk, and a senior class that was worthy of the name." The Regent's lullaby will give some idea of the finances of the University at this time. It is "Oh my, Oh, Pshaw, Oh me, I wish Dick Oglesbee would draw on the state for about ninety thousand to give the Varsity; Then would not I hop on my pinions with glee! He, He!"

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At this time the University was getting along on about fifty thousand dollars for every two years and the biggest hope and the greatest wish of all University people was that the appropriations should be increased to as much as ninety thousand dollars for every two years.

The classes of '89 and '90 produced efforts very much along the same lines as those of the class of '88 and nothing especially original was attempted until the class of '91 produced its "Sophograph." The class of '91 was a live bunch and made things very interesting for the class of '92, which happened to be my class. We could not have gotten along without them and from the fact that their annual publication is full of the doings of the '92's, it is evident that they could not have gotten along without us. Just as the class of '91 could find nothing better to write about than the class of '92, it appears that the class of '92 could find nothing better to write about than the class of '91. Those of you who want interesting college stories, stories that are full of fight and fun, would do well to go to the University library and read the sophomore productions of these two classes. This was the period in the history of the University when a great change was taking place. A rebellion against old methods and old ways of doing things was about to break out and when it did break out a change came in University management which brought forth the University of today.

The first "Bogus" publication produced at the University was the "Bogus Sophograph," which my class got out for the purpose of paying our compliments to the class of '91 in a way which could not be done through the legitimate channels of a recognized University publication. Stirring articles full of satire and adjectives and roasts, which would never have passed a faculty committee, were prepared and published. We found a little printing shop in Champaign willing to undertake the production of this sheet. We bought brown paper at a butcher shop and had the Bogus printed on it. Then we took the leaves to the home of Cecil Bacon on West Park Street, where we punched holes in them with an old fashioned gun wadder and bound the pages together with strips of calico secured by tearing up an old calico

gown. All of this was done in the still hours of the night and before daylight in the morning we started to distribute them. By the time of the Chapel exercise at the University, which was at ten o'clock in the morning, there was a tremendous demand for our Bogus. I do not remember any University publication which was so eagerly sought after and the few undistributed numbers brought prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar. Instead of going into our pockets to pay for this publication the committee had money left with which to get out another. The first Bogus abounded in wholesome fun and was issued on February 25, 1889; like many another good movement, it was followed by others which have cast everlasting shame on the men who produced them. All of the meanness of personalities and all the insults which they could heap upon those whom they assumed to be their enemies are to be found in these later Bogus publications. Had those who planned the first Bogus known that it was to be followed by a lot of meanness the first Bogus would never have been produced. All of this can be accounted for only by the fact that a great war was on, and war never has been a very pleasant thing. The thing the student body wanted in University management finally came, and inasmuch as it constitutes the real beginning of our University as it is today, I suppose we can look with charity on the scurrilous publications produced during the war of '89-'90.

I hope that in the future some one conversant with the history of the expulsion of fraternities from the University will prepare an article for the Illinois Magazine, and that it will be followed by articles telling about the movement for the change in the name of the University; and finally, I hope some one will write a story of the rebellion of which I have made a very brief mention in this article.

THE COLLEGE SPRINGTIME; A "NOW"

By ALLAN NEVINS

NOW the moment we wake in the morning, though we be John Sluggards all, we feel no other desire than to leap up, seeing our tennis-racquet, or a baseball, or through the window a strip of gold-blue sky or a patch of leaves, and feeling the vicinity of books and walls an oppression. Now we hasten to get outdoors, and are impatient of the things necessary and unnecessary that restrain us, objecting on new grounds to the rigor of the early bath, and to fresh linen, and indifferent even to breakfasting upon fruit and the news. Now the day is not too long, nor the morning too fresh, nor the noon too hot, nor the evening too languorous and we think the man who says merely "Fine Weather" a very fool for doing it no greater justice. Now we feel less like a student than anything else in the world, and more like a young animal, especially in those moments when we consider going barefoot upon the turf. Now we wish to do a score of things at once, and end by doing the best of all, which is nothing. Now a bookstrap is a sore abomination, and the sluggish river of students that periodically carries us down to classes a torturing stream, though it be full of back-slapping friends; and now it is nettling to see that current of youth vitiated at entrance to the campus by even a thread of bespectacled instructors. Now ivy-covered halls look cold and dark, and their air, as the sun strikes into it, misty, and as you breathe it, unwholesome.

But now everything outside flushes with the same life that is in our veins, and warms quickly into activity. Now the engineer's existence, as with surveyor's tape he paces the sunny sward beneath literary windows, seems blithe and vigorous. Now between classes you know not what to do and so do nothing but wander, like the argosy clouds above, for all desk occupations are beyond consideration. Now the notes from the cavernous music school slip out unmelodiously, as so much of the lugubrious poured upon a world brimming with the song of

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birds. Now the chorus of the physical director's proteges comes softened from afar. Now the courts are a long vista of scurrying figures and of white spheres flashing over white nets, and the athletes trot past them in squads to the open field, where is the crack of the struck ball and the slow glint of the falling discus. Now in buildings the entries and halls seem echoingly wooden and dusty; and the lecturer's voice somnolent; and our attention wanders; and the question in oral quiz comes like lightning out of a cloud at your heart; and notebooks are as mournful as their black covers, and a pen as heavy as the burden of Atlas. Now we all pity the teacher for seeming to take a real interest in his subject; and we feel as angry in seeing others labor as if a spoken reproach were addressed to ourselves. Now the haunts of the studious are beautiful only at night, with the play of the sparkling arc lights among the fairy green.

Now the student thinks with dread of the summer and the hot streets or laborious fields; and prefers to let his mind wander over the diversions that crowd the college May. Now his steps are drawn as if magnetically to the scene of ball practice. Now the empty bleachers become black in the space of thirty minutes, and mutter thunder for an hour, and disintegrate again. Now the lower classmen, in fiendishly designed regimentals, seek out the weather forecasts in hope, and blaspheme among themselves; but as their gray columns wind over the southern lawns, or come, in long lines, to a glittering present before the Armory as the band plays, the spectator forgets their obvious discomfort. Now the constant interest in sports is broken by ebullitions of political activity, and at the heads of the campus walks gather lobbying groups.

Now the dances are over, and social evenings in curtained parlors or on shining waxed floors until midnight seem as distasteful as they were once glamorous; but the swish of a light skirt on the steps or the sight of it across the green campus is as irresistible as ever. Now we are amazed on opening our purses to find them full of confectionery rebate checks and nothing else; and still we cannot curb our tastes for ever-new neckwear. Now in the early evening the streets are full of ball-playing men; now in the after-dinner dusk the fraternity porches

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are massed solidly and banjos and mandolins are in requisition, and the swings are hung from chains that they may bear the weight of nine men at once. Now songs that contain allusions to the much adjectivized moon are shrilled or bawled everywhere. Now fellows with automobiles are most popular, and appear surrounded by flocks, while those without such friends go strolling with a camera. Now on Sunday afternoons the streets about the University are parading avenues, and the south campus is more and more variegated, and the cemetery stones see wonderful sights. Now the smart-stepping darbies who bear pressed clothes, and the urchins who sell Posts, and the wandering Jews who buy garments multiply and become ubiquitous.

Now seniors at times remember, and a shade passes over their brows as they glance slowly at the time-old sights; and their hands clench, and their step quickens as they seem to catch the music of conflict and the call to arms from the world upon they are impinging. Now the atmosphere of the college, just fitting about the freshman, gay upon the sophomore, and intoxicating in the breast of the junior, is passing from them. Yet to senior and all alike, the world and the fulness thereof is brightness. Now—Now—Now—it is spring!



NAPOLEON'S EXILE

By GRETCHEN KROHN

DON, the Irish setter, stuck his head inside the woodshed door and sniffed inquisitively. Then with ears pointing forward he stepped into the black interior. In the farthest corner in a forlorn heap lay Napoleon, sobbing with a force that wrenched his meager little body. With a low whine the setter crouched beside him and poked a cold nose against the hot little face. In a fresh access of terror the youngster started back, and then comprehending, he nearly strangled the dog with a convulsive hug. "Im-m-m g-going to run away, Don!" he sobbed, "Im-m g-going to do it for sure this time! Billy beat me again this morning, look!" The setter tried to lick the scarred little back, into the very flesh of which, fragments of the tattered shirt had been beaten, and then whined in sympathy. "I d-dont e-care if I am b-bound out to him. Im-m g-going back to the woods, b-back to the Indians the missionary t-took m-me away from, *they* n-never beat m-me," and the child lapsed into helpless sobbing. The dog crouched closer.

"'Poleon! 'Poleon!" the coarse voice reverbrated across the yard. The boy shuddered. "'Poleon!" with rapidly rising anger, "Y' come here 'f y' know what's good f'r y'."

With clenched fists the youngster stepped blinking out into the sunlight, and faced the coarse, bloated figure of the half-breed. Billy had been drinking as usual. In his creed the idea of heavenly bliss was complete and continuous intoxication. His leathery countenance was a deep purple in hue. His little pig's eyes which were set closely together in his narrow forehead, gleamed wickedly. He raised his heavy fist. Napoleon dodged agilely. The effects of last night's debauch were beginning to wear off, and Billy felt the need of a stimulant. "Run down t' the Post," he ordered, "'n get m' flask filled. Tell Dupré I'm sick 'n got a chill."

With an expression of disgust the youngster stepped out upon the trail. The dog followed after, resting his nose in Napoleon's palm. Inquisitive sunbeams, tumbling

through the leafy branches which overhung the deeply worn pathway, flecked with light now the dog's beautiful red coat, now the boy's glossy black head, which topped off his alert little body, stiffened by the brutal beating. A turn in the trail hid the two from sight, and Billy lurched heavily to the bench outside the door, convinced that his craving would soon be satisfied.

With a feeling of foreboding, Dupré, the company's store keeper, from his position on the porch of the warehouse watched the stiff little figure limp up the trail. "Beaten again"—he muttered. "Wonder if that missionary did such a grand job after all, when he took Napoleon away from the heathen,—though I don't know's I ever considered *them* Indians very heathen,—and brought him back to civilization and Billy. Long's the kid wandered into their reservation from nobody knows where, seems if he kind of belonged there, act of Providence you might call it."

"Bojour, Napoleon," he called in an elephantine rumble as soon as the pair were within hearing. The youngster approached silently, the wagging of Don's tail the only sign that either heard. "Anything for you today, a gun or traps, or something like that?" A faint glimmer of amusement flitted over the boy's face and disappeared as quickly. Silently he held out the flask. With a grunt of disapproval Dupré brought the four legs of his chair to the floor of the porch and pulled himself from it with a sudden lurch. There was little in the portly girth of the store keeper to remind one of Dupré the trapper, who had once been the pride of the Post—but that was long ago. "Tell you what, Napoleon," he continued, as the liquor gurgled into the flask. "I'm only giving Billy this, cause if I don't he'll raise more hell than he would 'thout it. And if he don't have it he's likely to beat you again today," glancing at the boy commiseratingly.

With lips pressed into a thin straight line the youngster turned to go. At the door he wheeled, "Where's Pierre?" he demanded.

"Pierre?" Dupré scratched his head. "Why, I can't really say, Napoleon. He's away trapping and I don't look for him home before spring. Why, what do you want of Pierre?"

"He gave me a knife once, when he was up to the

cabin, with five blades," the boy's face brightened. "And once when I met him on the trail we wrestled, and I threw him," proudly.

"You don't say," and Dupré patted his shoulder, inwardly cursing himself as he saw the child wince. "Well, Pierre'll be back soon and you can throw him again." He waved his hand in farewell at the youngster as he again tilted his chair back to its normal position against one of the porch posts. "Now what d' you think of that?" he demanded, as he turned to watch the boy and dog. 'Gave me a knife once.' "If that isn't just like Pierre. Bet it's the only pleasure the boy's had," and he shook his head ruefully.

The delay had not improved Billy's temper. He shook his fist at Napoleon as he appeared around the bend of the trail. The youngster hobbled faster, and arrived breathless before the half-breed, who snatched the re-filled flask with a curse and retired to the interior of the ramshackle cabin, whence he promptly proceeded to drink himself into a state of insensibility. The desired effect having been secured, Napoleon quietly set about his preparations for departure. He helped himself freely to the stores, arguing that he had earned all he was taking. Having collected his treasures in the middle of the cabin floor, he set about packing them in a compact bundle. Brought up by the woods Indians until he had been bound out to Billy, he did credit to his early training, and the pack would not have shamed a hardy woodsman. He slipped the short-ax into his belt, and slung the sawed-off, blue-barreled shotgun, with which the Hudson Bay Company supplied their trappers, over his shoulder. Then without a backward glance he hobbled stiffly up the trail, Don following closely after. At each turn of the trail the boy stopped and scolded. The setter wagged his tail violently, and followed as closely as ever. Toward dusk the two left the beaten path and plunged into the woods, Napoleon reasoning that Billy would follow after the runaways as soon as his now unsteady legs recovered their cunning.

Supper that night was a frolic for both the boy and the dog. Freed from the restraint of the half-breed's sullen presence all the world seemed right again, and the youngster's clear laughter pealed down the aisles of the

forest trees as he watched the dog's antics. Only when he washed his back with cold water and rubbed on bacon grease, wincing as he did so, did the frown return to his face. That night he and Don slept curled up by the warmth of the camp-fire like a pair of friendly puppies. The travel through the brush was hard, but each day the two throve visibly. Unstinted fare and contentment were good for both and Napoleon lived on anticipation besides, always looking forward to the days when he would be among friends again. Then one day while fording a stream the pack slipped, and the flour for dough-cake fell into the water. Don barked in delight at the splash, but the boy's face grew sober, only that morning he had fried the last of the bacon. Still—he had the gun, and his face brightened. For a week the boy and dog existed on a meager diet and then the food gave out entirely. Napoleon had no opportunity to bring the gun into play; all the game seemed to have left the woods. Don took to hunting on his own account, and his sleek sides did not seem to diminish much on his diet of gophers and chip-munks. The boy only pulled his belt tighter. The fact that trappers with full packs would be thronging the trail now did not make this fare any easier. The youngster did not dare to seek his own kind, fearing that he would be sent back to the dreaded bondage again. One morning he clubbed a porcupine to death, and for two days he lived high, but porcupines were scarce, and at the end of another week there were hollows in Napoleon's gaunt cheeks. Even the berries were few, and the ground nuts were not yet ripe. Tender tree bark really didn't taste so badly if you chewed it a long time. To make matters worse the hazy Indian summer days were inexorably passing, and the falling leaves and the bitter gusts which swirled them through the air presaged the rapid approach of winter.

Napoleon's feet were no longer planted firmly, oftentimes they slipped, and he stumbled badly over twigs that lay in his path. He hadn't whistled any since the day his voice cracked with fatigue and weakness, and the dog's pathetic eyes were now ever on his master with a human if mute sympathy. The country assumed an even wilder aspect. In places the brush was impenetrable. But the boy pushed ahead, it began to look like his own woods

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again. Even the increasing cold could not daunt his ardor. That night he stumbled upon the old cedar that had always proved a landmark for the tribe, he patted the bark joyfully, and even smiled wanly at the dog's antics. "It won't be far now, Don," he said, taking the setter's head in his hands. "We'll be there tomorrow."

Late the next day the huts of the reservation appeared through the trees. With a cry of joy Napoleon stumbled forward to fall with outstretched arms in the doorway of the nearest one. Don ran sniffing from one to another of the deserted huts, and then took up his position by the boy to make the night hideous with his howls. The first snow flakes of the year melted on his upturned nose, but soon a swirling, shifting sleet blotted the solitary sentinel from sight.

Late the next spring Dupré shifted uneasily in his chair that he might the more easily watch the speck, visible far down the trail. "I hope it is Pierre," he muttered. "Never has he been so late before. And yet I am foolish to hope that he will bring news of the boy, so many months have gone now." He sighed ponderously. The speck evolved itself into a man, and finally took on the outlines of the familiar figure. "He's in luck as usual," Dupré continued, as he noted the heavy loaded sledge, "And yet something has gone wrong with our gay Pierre."

Silently the new comer approached the steps, and as silently unbound the thongs which held in place the blanket wrapped bundle which crowned the load. This he laid gently on the porch. Then he looked up. "Where's Billy?" he demanded fiercely.

"Billy?" Dupré grunted, "Why he died in the greatest spree he ever pulled off, a week after Napoleon ran away. You haven't seen anything of him, have you? He asked about you the day he left. Billy beat him worse than usual that morning."

Pierre pointed simply to the bundle. "Hees there." And then with working face he told of finding the boy's body with that of the dog close beside it as he took a short cut through the deserted reservation that spring, just as the snows were melting. "Sometheng ver' peetful 'bout hees dyeeng way off by heemself," he concluded. Dupré hurriedly rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

The showing of the track team at Purdue was not as brilliant as was expected by the rooters, but with one or two exceptions the

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results were thoroughly satisfactory and pleasing to Coach Gill. Illinois won easily from the Boilermakers with a score of 69½ to 47½, but the unfortunate result of the mile made a difference of fourteen points in the score. Roher and Cope had the first two places to themselves, but on the last turn the latter runner became over-anxious and tried to take a "short cut." In so doing Roher was tripped, and failed to finish, while Cope, although he finished eight yards ahead of Cleveland, was disqualified. Thompson of Illinois finished third, but the first two places went to the Hoosiers.

The meet was actually beneficial to the team, since it showed Coach Gill what he might expect on May 13, when the Maroons are met at Marshall Field. The men never "show up" so well in their first outdoor meet, but by the time of the second meet they are all in mid-season form. The meet against Chicago will no doubt be one of the keenest fought since Gill has been at Illinois, but the local men are determined that they will make it six consecutive outdoor victories against their Midway rivals. The Maroons are strong in the dashes, the quarter, the half, the high jump, the hurdles, and the shot put, but the local men expect to win with a well balanced team strengthened by a few such stars as Murphy, Belting, Cortis, and Cope.

We all realize that over half of the Varsity baseball schedule is yet to be played, but even in view of this fact we cannot refrain from looking forward to a championship. And why shouldn't we? The strongest rivals in the conference have already been "taken into camp" at least once, and with the team now going in better shape than at any time this season the winning streak should be kept up.

Coach "G" Huff has had a troublesome time on his hands this spring getting the varsity into regular order, for each time that the lineup seemed assured a regular

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would either be declared ineligible or some other unforeseen event would take place to spoil the plans. The recent loss of Prindeville, although from all reports the big pitcher will be reinstated by the Conference Board in June, upset the "dope" for a few days. "G" had intended to play Van Gundy regularly at second, and depend upon Kemman and Prindeville for the pitching. One change lead to another, however, as Van Gundy was replaced by Light at second, Watts went to the initial sack in Twist's place, while Kemman and Van Gundy will alternate in the pitching and in playing right field. Then with Naprstek behind the bat, Kempf at third, Weber at short, and Thomas and Butzer covering the center and left field gardens, the team which will fight it out for the championship seems complete, and unless something serious happens we predict a championship for this combination of ball players.

Thus far some exceedingly interesting baseball has been seen on Illinois Field, and as some one has said, "unless the Varsity begins to 'sew up' these games in the earlier innings the rooters will be a mass of nervous wrecks before the final examinations take place." The Indiana, Chicago, and Wisconsin games were all doubtful until the last ball was thrown, but Illinois played with a sensational "come back", and aided in a material way by the bleachers was able to escape with the long end of the game.

One of the most pleasing features of the game on Illinois Field this spring has been the pitching of Kemman. Early in the season there was much discussion as to the man who would fill the place left vacant by John Buzick, now with the Boston Americans. It was then the general opinion that the position could not be filled, but the work thus far has shown that in Kemman Illinois has as neat a pitcher as the former star.

The last political contest of the year is over, and the men who are to figure as leaders in student affairs during the next academic year have been officially chosen by the student body. In most every case, the election has been spirited and closely contested. Large and narrow majorities and pluralities have decided the

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fates of the many candidates. Lively scenes about the front entrance of University Hall have, for some time, been the common thing, and for the most part fortunate has been the man who "has voted" or "did not get a vote", who with such credentials escaped the onslaughts of the legions of politicians.

No one faction, seemingly, can claim most of the honors of the elective offices. Generally parties have arisen for the occasion. The results are in the main very gratifying in that able men have been selected for the various offices. At the same time, it cannot be doubted that many as worthy have been defeated.

The Illinois Union election was marked by the absence of electioneering by the small number of votes cast, and by the number of unopposed candidates. The officers chosen are: W. H. Weber, President; Ralph Gates, Vice-President; B. L. Kirk, Secretary; Vice-President for the college of Agriculture, M. S. Parkhurst; for the college of Engineering, E. B. Styles; for the college of Law, Ralph Monroe; for the college of Literature and Arts, O. E. Seiler; for the college of Science, W. H. Woolston; and seven junior councilmen.

In one of the most hotly contested political battles of the year, officers for the athletic association were elected on May 3. E. V. Champion was chosen for President, G. E. Keithley for baseball manager, and H. R. Hedman for track manager. The men who have been selected to conduct the Daily Illini next year are H. H. Herbert, editor, C. M. Sullivan, business manager, and F. X. McGrath, bookkeeper. Ralph C. Scott is the new Y. M. C. A. President. The Illinois Magazine Board selected for next year Allan Nevins for editor and Paul Fritchey for business manager.

The first effort of the rejuvenated Mask and Bauble Club was put forth in the presentation of three one-act plays of the light comedy character on the evening of May 19. Mr. T. H. Guild's "Two Strikes", a pleasing little play full of local color, "Miss Civilization", an interesting and rapidly-moving character sketch, and "Marvelous Benth-
am", an amusing farce full of witty dialogue, were the

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three plays in which the veteran amateur actors of the University displayed their talents. The plays were well received and resulted in an added stimulus to the already considerable interest in histrionic work at the University. The proceeds are to be given for the benefit of the Hospital Association, which has now a heavy deficit.

Mr. Guild's class in Dramatic Reading presented, at the last Literature and Arts Assembly of the year, a one-act play entitled "The New Age". The work of the players was commendable and well appreciated. Two other performances are to be given by the members of this class. "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets", by George Bernard Shaw and scenes from Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu" are to be presented. "The Dark Lady", which its author calls an interlude, is a fantastic creation which presents Shakespeare as the brazen flatterer of Queen Elizabeth in scenes full of comedy and charming interest.

The final forensic event of the year was the annual Philomathean-Adelphic debate. The question for discussion, on the night of May 12, was that resulting from the difference of opinion as to whether it is advisable for the Federal government to adopt the graduated income tax. J. C. Searle, '11, veteran 'varsity debater and member of the Ionian literary society, won third place in the N. O. L. oratorical contest held at Ann Arbor May 5. The subject of his oration was "Insurgency". Northwestern's representative was awarded first place; second honors went to Wisconsin.

Phoenix and Shield and Trident, the two senior societies, pledged their 1912 membership in the usual manner on May 7th—the former selecting sixteen juniors, the latter twenty. Strict observance of the rules operative between the two societies resulted in a very orderly day and in satisfaction, so far as it might be expected, to all concerned.

The thirty-six men chosen are very fairly representative of their class, and the list includes most, although not all, of the juniors who have "done things" well. A careful study of it reveals the rather clear lines of fraternity influence in the election, each of the main social organizations heretofore represented in the societies perpetu-

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ating its membership therein in a manner too selfish always to exclude weak men. This, and the too great preponderance of athletes in the reconstituted societies, are the only points which lay them open to criticism.

These two societies have a very definite place in the undergraduate activity at the University. Besides the no inconsiderable honor which an election to one of them brings to the man chosen, in stamping him as an active and representative student, there are certain duties there entailed upon him in the nature and responsibility of which few understand or realize. It is perhaps not known to all that both the societies hold regular meetings and are ever on the alert to make opportunities and to take advantage of those they have to work for the best interests of Illinois. Many things which seem to happen as if by a kind of fate are in reality the result of the tireless efforts of the Senior societies. It will be remembered that these organizations were responsible for the origination of the idea of the Fall Home Coming. This is only one instance of their activity, but it is indicative of the nature and size of the tasks they undertake, many of which are pushed to completion noiselessly but effectually. The balance of power maintained between the two societies insures deliberation and discrimination in their actions and results in all the advantages of compromises.

Shield and Trident was founded in 1893, and has since established a chapter at Iowa. Phoenix was established by the class of 1907. It immediately assumed an equal ranking with its companion organization and has been quite as efficient in accomplishing things for Illinois.



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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Each June the university sets free, in addition to its six hundred diploma-bearing graduates, nearly four thousand undergraduates, to pass **Vacation Employment** the ensuing three months in what is loosely called a "vacation"; the term being for most of them a misnomer, for few students are able to spend such a period in idleness. Most of these go to the farm, the shop, or the office, where parental provision has made a place for them, and where employment is secure and profitable. Many others, however, are compelled to cast about uncertainly for something which will bear a return either in hard cash or in experience. Their ill-directed efforts to find satisfactory work are always more or less inspiring of sympathy, and seldom result greatly to their advantage. The summer of the American collegian, taken in general, must represent a vast amount of misspent or unutilized energy. Everyone observant of the matter at Illinois knows how many trained men go forth yearly to mere manual labor, for lack of anything better, and how many fall a victim to unworthy canvassing enterprises.

The securing of summer employment, for the great mass of students, must be largely a matter of personal initiative; in one direction, however, it would seem that the University might organize an effort to help some of

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them in their search. Our various special schools are supposed to be in close touch with the professions for which they are preparing their men; and these schools and the leaders of these professions undoubtedly have a common interest in making this preparation thorough and practical. Some method of coöperation between them might be devised. There are yearly held here a number of conferences between our educational heads and various associations of men representing business and technical interests; this year has seen such conferences with railway officials, mining-engineering officials, and various commercial bodies. Those who attend them thereby give an earnest of their regard for the proper preparation of students electing special courses. It would seem that some kind of agreement might be made between many of our departments and those establishments willing to accept at a living wage a limited number of men trained in theory but desirous of gaining practical experience in their chosen work. Such an arrangement would result in immense profit to the students, and would hardly be disadvantageous to the employers. As for the University organization necessary to carry it out, it would but require the establishment, during a short period each spring, of a special clerical bureau. Even an imperfect execution of the plan would avail much in benefits. The University catalogue specifically states, in connection with certain business and engineering courses, that it will attempt to secure such employment for upperclassmen; but this statement it has never tried to support. The fact that it is made evidences a recognition of the merits of supplementary experience; the failure to provide this experience does not prove the impracticability of doing so.

The new university political league has been avowedly formed to stimulate the interest of Illinois men in state and national politics, to teach its members political organization and procedure and accustom them to political association and competition, and incidentally to inject a little more spirit and vigor into our college life. Its very organization contains a rebuke both to our apathy regarding issues of the day at Washington and Springfield, and to what has been until recently a grave misapplication of political instincts and energies

in student affairs, that is salutary in the extreme. Whether the two main objects of the league will be accomplished or not is as yet a doubtful matter; the degree of its success will depend upon how well it can reconcile such diverse aims as education in current events, and training in governmental procedure, and upon how practical it can make this last object. It is unlikely, on the one hand, that its members will consent to form from it a society to debate topics of contemporary political interest; and on the other hand it is hard to conceive of them as playing with mock primaries, conventions, and ballots, and running for offices devoid of power or distinction. Our leaders in student affairs, who were enlisted in the enterprise at its outset, are the very ones who will find time only for the abundant practical interests about them.

If the league, however, can fix upon one definite aim, and can show its members some concrete work to do, it may accomplish much in civic education. Much, certainly, is to be accomplished among the youth of our state if it is soon to be elevated to its proper political plane. As journalists, lawyers, and educators the students now in the university will some day be the public leaders in the commonwealth. Their political ideas will be those they receive here, and their political effectiveness will depend much upon their collegiate training in civic activities.

It is not long since that a finished player on the Varsity baseball squad was dropped from the team upon complaint, from some outside source, of his having once participated in the professional game. In all the comment that was aroused at the time no notes were sounded save those of regret that a brilliant member had been lost to the nine, and of sympathy for the man deprived of a chance to win his emblem. It apparently occurred to no one that the player had been caught in as palpable an attempt at cheating as that of any thief; or that the athletic officials had in some measure lent themselves to his attempted evasion in disregarding all the rumors of the man's ineligibility which had been rife about the campus for a month. That "All the Universities laugh at the Conference rules" may be plead for the player, the authorities, and for student sentiment; but the

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plea has no justice. Dishonesty is dishonesty, in a ball-player as in anyone else; and the fact that our coaches and managers are personally in favor of summer baseball does not excuse them from the defense of those rules of the Conference to which they are formally bound.

It seems that there is one feature of athletics, if it may be referred to as a part of athletics, in which Illinois is decidedly weak. This weakness is in the "Cheer Leaders."

The Cheer Leaders

It is generally admitted that this is not due to a lack of men willing to lead in the cheering, but because the Athletic Association has not emphasized this feature enough, and in some cases has not even shown just courtesy to the men who have tried to help Illinois win.

We cannot avoid recognition of the fact that the bleachers very often have a great effect on the players; not infrequently the spirit of the bleachers, if it is of the proper kind, may turn defeat into victory. This has been true in two instances this year,—the Indiana and Chicago baseball games. We do not wish to detract from the credit which rightfully belongs to the players, but there is a psychological effect in the attitude of the bleachers which every player and coach knows is valuable. Few players would play as well, and fight so hard as our teams often do if they play as well in front of empty grandstands. If this is true, then we should certainly give greater recognition to the position of cheer leader.

Ray Sparks has served long and faithfully as a cheer leader and single-handed has done a great deal many times to help the teams win, yet it is known that in some instances he was not even given a pass into the game at which he led the cheering. This is not courteous, to say the least.

There is little doubt but that the cheer leaders are as valuable to a team as the team managers, and their worth to the team should be recognized in some manner. There seems to be no valid reason why the cheer leaders should not be awarded caps and sweaters of some special kind with the letters "I. C. L." on them. And certainly they should accompany the teams and rooters on the more important trips, such as to Chicago on Illinois day, or to games in which a championship is involved, as at Indiana last fall.

A VACATION TRIP

By ETHEL IMOGENE SALISBURY

“**N**OPE, I can't spare the horses,” and with this my brother rolled over on the grass, tossed his penknife in the air, and awaited the feminine quartet of protest. Alice looked glum; Sadie took careful aim at his nose with a particularly soft piece of fudge; and Miss Delamere awaited my signaled instructions for procedure. As for myself, I was not in the least discouraged. A few well chosen remarks from Miss Delamere and the day would be ours. For when Vernon Mathews says, “No,” “I won't,” or “You can't,” and clamps his jaw, it is a certain sign of ultimate capitulation. Miss Delamere, correctly interpreting my expression and pantomime, began suavely to lead him to surrender.

“Well, you know best, Mr. Mathews. Of course we are very disappointed. If we could only have—”

“Ahem, how long did you expect to be gone?” Vernon arose to a sitting posture with an expression of possible reconsideration.

“Just six days, Mr. Mathews. We intend to jog slowly, very slowly, through the country for a few days and then return by a different route. We are all so tired out with our school work that we must recuperate. Now, really, don't you think your sister needs it? If she became ill you would never forgive yourself.”

Vernon grunted good naturedly. “Well, if I knew you would get back before the twenty-first, you could have the rig and welcome; but you see, Miss Delamere, on the twenty-third I take the Geneva trip, and you people would never get back when you planned even if you swore it. I know Sis. She never kept a date in her life. Piety Preston has found that out. Last Sunday night he waited exactly forty-eight minutes and thirty-two seconds for her to —”

Mr. Mathews, stop a minute,” interrupted Sadie, pushing the fudge toward him. “Now, Mr. Mathews, would you be willing upon the deposit of ten dollars by this company with Aunt Mary as a guarantee of our

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safe and timely return to give us the use of Molly and Dapple, a double harness, and the carriage?"

"By George, I'll do that; it's ten dollars easily made. If you are not here at four o'clock p. m. Saturday, June twenty-first, with horses and rig intact, I pocket the guarantee. Is it a go?"

Everybody agreed.

"Well, the Rural Express will be at the door at eight-thirty Tuesday morning."

The business meeting of the quartet of we girls who are to make the trip was adjourned after the necessary arrangements for provisions had been made.

A few days later the carriage stood at our door, grotesque with lanterns, sunbonnets, buckets and all the appurtenances we deemed necessary for comfort and pleasure during the next six days. We distributed ourselves in the few available spots not occupied by bread cans, blankets and traveling bags. Interested members of the four families clustered about waiting to see us off. Most of the faces wore expressions of amusement at our project, but a few viewed the unconventionality of the expedition with plain disapproval. At last everything was in place. High above his head Vernon swung a dilapidated cornstalk, uttered a truly bloodcurdling yell, and we were off.

"Don't forget to feed the horses. Your bird cage is hanging," floated after us.

Sadie, who is much given to dramatics, arose in the back seat and tried to be funny with the only bit of German she ever knew.

"Lebt wohl, ihr Berge, ihr geliebten Triften,
Ihr traulich still Thaler, Lebet wohl."

Little Dutchie Schneider, who was watching cows in the road, took it as a personal insult to his mother tongue and yelled, "Ach, du bist verruckt."

The first night we spent in the vacant cottage of a friend at Crystal Lake. In our ignorance of the intricacies of a double harness we unfastened every buckle. The next morning it was Alice's task to hitch up. She went out to the barn. A half hour later we found her lying prone on the grass, gazing dreamily at the sky and surrounded by several rods of scattered straps and flynets. She said she had swooned. We did not blame her.

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We had a short business meeting. We appointed Alice, who has a bewitching dimple and a good command of persuasive language, to appeal to the chivalry of two good-looking campers next door. Meanwhile Sadie, with a most pathetic countenance, was to struggle heroically with the fragments. Miss Delamere and I prepared food for whomsoever should take pity on us. Needless to say, our combined strategy sufficed to get together what we had pulled asunder, and we were started on our way at noon.

At Algonquin we expected mail. Upon our arrival there Sadie and I went into the little office together. There was a box of candy in store for the one who could demand her letters without smiling.

"Is there any mail for Cleopatra Hoakstrasserderovich?" I inquired. Uncle Sam's deputy went off.

"Here we are! four of the durndest cards came here yesterday! We thought they was fur the dagoes. Are they yourn?" I did not answer, but seized my own and departed. Sadie made her request in a series of gasps,

"Hell-hell-hell-Hellercanarsus Pellopenesus," We both giggled.

"By Gum!" said the old fellow, "What's the game?"

We explained, and he promised to demand identification of our unsuspecting companions awaiting in the carriage. Miss Delamere broke down on the first official proceeding concerning Mehetable Androscoggin, and Alice failed to spell Tiawana Natzimovinski. We divided the candy among us.

We jogged on. A kind old German farmer gave us permission to stay in his barn over night, supplied us with milk, and cared for our horses. We ate our food by lantern-light and slept soundly on a load of fresh clover hay.

The following day we left our baggage and hurried on to Elgin to see Governor Deneen review the troops. As we drove among the camps our Big Jo flynets attracted considerable attention. Uncle Sam's boys looked bored. They were sprawled out before their tents trying to extract some comfort from their cigarettes. They seemed to welcome us as an excellent subject for wit and repartee. One naughty captain sprang into rigid position and commanded,

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"Band attention! to the left, haw!"

After a little while we hitched the horses and mingled with the crowd to watch the sham battle. We looked rather gypsyish but no one knew us. We had a thorough good time. The Governor passed and his hat blew off and I almost stepped on it. He alighted and we were introduced and then went over with him and had some soda water — Well, you needn't believe this if you don't want to. The folks at home didn't either.

We arrived back at Herr Wagner's about nine and spent another night on the hay. In the morning we started home along Fox river. The air was almost like that of Indian summer. As we trotted along we drew in deep breaths, sang college songs, and revelled in our freedom. The road was at the foot of a cliff and across the river we could see the forest-covered hills so softened by the haze that one longed to jump across into their midst and nestle there.

Alice and Sadie have fertile minds for amusement. Once at the approach of an automobile they jumped from the carriage on either side and made the most frantic gesticulations of fear. I braced my feet, grasped the reins, and managed to keep the horses agitated by vigorous jerks. Miss Delamere assumed an expression of terror, largely mixed with the agony of pent-up desire to laugh. The chaffeur slackened speed and silenced the engine until Alice imploringly cried, "Do hurry past," which he did with evident relief.

Miss Delamere, too, often surprised us with a well acted part. Stopping the horses abruptly one day beside two honest looking farmers, she leaned out of the carriage with an expression of anxiety on her face and inquired in the politest of tones,—

"Can you tell me where Edward Perkinson lives?"

(Great Scott, what creature of fancy was this? And then we comprehended.)

"Edward Perkinson? H'm, don't believe I can. Are they city folks?"

"No, I understand he runs a White Plymouth-Rock chicken farm—and sells pianos on the side."

"Alice began to rummage beneath the seat; Sadie sneezed.

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"Bill, do you know any Perkinsons around here?" Bill scratched his head without results.

"He has a daughter, Frances Hodgkinson, and—and a boy Macaulay," continued Miss Delamere.

By this time three of us were hunting lost articles in the bottom of the carriage and surreptitiously giving our chaperon signals of distress. Bill had a happy thought. He referred us to the seventh house around the next corner on the prairie. We drove on.

We reached the cottage at Crystal Lake Saturday evening. We slept on the banks rolled up in our blankets. With the cool breeze fanning us and the full moon bobbing about among the clouds above us, we dreamed happily the long night through.

The next day we started for home at one o'clock.

"For," said Alice, "we must run no risks on that ten dollar bill."

We trotted along merrily discussing our various experiences and planning more good times for the future. We were five miles from home when Sadie suggested we build a little camp fire and finish our provisions. It was three o'clock when we picked up our belongings and started for home. It was three forty when we met old Mr. Hensing. He drew up his horses and said,—

"Wal, wal, you're back, eh? Be ye on your way hum, naow?"

"Yes."

"Wal, did ye have a nice time?"

"O, just fine!"

"Ye did, did ye? Did ye know the old bridge is down and ye'll have to go round tother way?"

"What?"

"Yep. Ye know they voted last week to put a big ditch through, and so they've taken down the old bridge and in—"

"Well, if that's the case, we've got to make double-quick time through the lane. Good bye, Mr. Hensing. Thanks for telling us."

"Huld on, I want to tell ye. They got the big dredging machine from Frank Pierce's and——"

"They did, did they?" yelled Sadie as she turned the horses about.

"Huld on, that ain't all, you know Frank Pierce,

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how he skinned the township last year?—and I just told 'em if they——”

“The old fool! Drive on, Sadie,” hissed Alice.

“Wait a bit,” pursued the loquacious one, “It’s a good joke, I tell you.”

We did not wait for more, but dashed off.

“Get out your watch,” commanded Sadie of Alice.

“Marie, you take the lines. Miss Delamere, don’t be afraid to use the whip.”

Sallie was rising to the occasion.

“Ten dollars!” she groaned. “More of the whip! More of the whip!”

Miss Delamere, who had never struck a fly in her life, brought the whip down on Molly with a mighty thwack.

“One mile from home!”

“Ten minutes,” said Alice.

“Cast out the ballast,” screamed Sallie. Out went bread cans, together with ropes, blankets and glass jars.

“Two minutes.”

We had reached the Deacon’s. Chickens, ducks, calves and swine preceeded us in squawking, squealing, baaing terror. Just at the corner where we must turn stod little Dutchie Schneider agap with astonishment.

“One minute!”

“Easy when you round the corner!”

Miss Delamere, by this time a nervous wreck, applied the persuader with greater vigor than ever. Then Sadie spied Dutchie.

“Wiggle your legs! Run for your life!” And he did it.

At thirty seconds to four, with live stock before us and anxious neighbors behind us, we swept into the yard. We had won.

THE QUITTER

By E. J.



HE girl in the porch-swing tapped the floor with the toe of her daintily correct pump, and looked straight ahead as she spoke. "You ought to be ashamed," she said. The emphasis fell on the last word. The man beside her said nothing; he, too, was looking straight ahead, and seemed not to hear her remark.

"You ought to be ashamed," she repeated; this time the accent was shifted to make the remark personal, and she now looked askance at her companion. He felt the challenge, or at least the necessity of a reply. "I ought? Why?" he asked.

"You're a quitter, and all quitters ought to feel ashamed," she answered with convincing logic. "That's why," she clinched her point.

"Oh! I don't know as I'm a quitter," he fenced. "Of course I did leave the squad, but there's plenty of material out, and they don't need me. Ratchford can field as well as I did, and hit almost as well. My going didn't leave any unfillable gap."

"Yes. That's it, 'almost as well!' 'No unfillable gap!' Of course not, but a gap just the same. And they relied on you as an old man, a fellow who had played two years. Why"——

But he interrupted with, "Besides I've got my thesis and a bunch of other work. A senior has to step lively down here. I've won my 'I' twice and that's about all a fellow gets out of it. I'm tired of behaving all spring too, going to bed at ten, and shoving aside the pie and ice cream," he finished.

"Oh! are you?" the girl's voice was scornful. "What did you begin for then?"

"Habit, I suppose. It seemed natural to answer the first call in December," he replied indifferently.

"Wouldn't it have seemed natural then to have kept going out, to have stayed with the team after the Arkansas trip and the opening games with Iowa? That's just why I say you are a quitter. Bob Andrews;" her tone was still disparaging.

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"Aw! You don't understand it. I'm tired of the whole thing." He seemed irritated. "But if we go on like this, Floss, we'll quarrel. I think I'd better go," he added, rising.

"I'm sorry," she said as they stepped to the edge of the porch. "Maybe I ought not to have said it, but I do think you're a quitter."

"Perhaps I deserved it," he admitted. "Good-night," and he ran down the steps.

Out on the sidewalk with its uneven bricks and treacherous hollows, the boy put his hand in his pocket and drew out his cigarette case. He had bought those same cigarettes a week after he had left the squad, but each time he had thought to smoke them, the habit of training season came over him and the case had been crammed back in the pocket, and it was the same tonight. Perhaps the girl's remark, fresh in his mind, helped the decision. "You're a quitter, and all quitters ought to feel ashamed." Was he? Did his chums, who had never mentioned his action to him, feel the same way? What did the fellows on the team think? What was G's opinion of him? He admired the coach, and somehow he felt that there was a look of reproach in his eyes that night when he had handed in his suit, although G was too old a baseball man, or too confident a coach, to show surprise or chagrin, and had only inquired, "What for?" in a calm voice. Was he quitter in everybody's eyes? he asked himself as he strolled down John street, his hands thrust hard and deep in his pockets. The question was still in his mind when he passed in front of Main Hall, and wandered along the now deserted walk past the Chemistry and Agriculture Buildings. Well, maybe they had a right to think so; he had left the team for no apparent cause; he had every reason to remain with it, too, for he had been its "star" outfield man, a fast base-runner, and a sure hitter during his two years on the team. Had he played only to win his "I's?" He suddenly decided that he hated "I's" and baseballs and Illinois—no, not the University. It really meant something. And after all wasn't that what those men were working for who ran and panted and perspired every afternoon on Illinois Field. Their petty jealousies, their rivalries, their quarrels were always forgotten in the game; and it had

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always been every man in the game, and in the game to win if hard fighting could do it, or to lose like gentlemen. For two years he had been part of it, sharing alike in victory or defeat; and now he was out of it of his own accord, but a little farther out than he had intended. The girl's words had explained it all. "You're a quitter." A quitter. That was why the men on the team were no longer open and friendly, why the men in the house frequently made sarcastic remarks about people who didn't play baseball, and discussed with irritating insistency the closeness of the Purdue game and Chicago's last victory. He *was* a quitter, and "all quitters ought to be ashamed." He *was* ashamed.

By the time he got back to Green street, where the alternating bursts of garish light and stretches of darkness made a confused semi-shadow, his mind was made. And as Bob Andrews lounged into his room, he startled his roommate by remarking: "Dick, I've come to a momentous decision."

"Orpheum or Danville?" Dick inquired sarcastically, and bent his head over his thermo-dynamics again.

"Neither."

"Matrimony, then? You fuss enough." This time without looking up.

"Nope. Something serious," Bob answered.

"What?" still with his eyes on the book.

"Guess."

"I'm not good at riddles." He slammed his text shut. "I'm going to bed," he yawned. "But what in the dickens is your momentous decision? You don't often have 'em. The last one was"—He caught the look on his chum's face and stopped. "I see," he added after a moment. "Shake, old man."

A week had passed since Bob Andrews had decided to go back to the baseball squad—a week full of great surprises for him. He had expected that the men and the coach would probably be enthusiastic over his return, and had dreaded it, for he hated "fuss", as he called it. Then, too, there had been the fear that they might be coldly indifferent, and ignore him. Such a course would, he thought, be the worst of all. But both the players and coaches had received him with a cordial but undemonstrative delight, and it seemed to be considered a mat-

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ter of course that Ratchford should go to right, having developed a fair hitting ability, and that he should return to his position in center field. Even the "Illini", too often full of extravagant praises, merely mentioned his return to the game. Everyone and everybody took it as a natural thing—as the expected, and he was glad they did, for it saved embarrassing explanations, and heroic-sounding, though sincere, expressions of sentiment.

No games had been played since his return, for Andrews had rejoined the squad on Monday and all its strength was being husbanded for the two week-end games at Interscholastic, when on Friday Illinois was to play with her greatest rival—Chicago, who had already won two out of three games, and whose every effort would be extended to take a third and with it the Conference championship.

The week had passed rapidly with its round of practices and its undercurrent of tense excitement that always precedes great athletic contests between rival colleges; and the holiday or gala day spirit, released the night before the May Pole dance with weaving figures and flashing colors, and by the stunt show with its spirit of fun, jollity, and jest, was at its height. For although Chicago may be consistently victorious at football, Illinois gains a sweet revenge on the diamond, where her athletes, more than any where else, are consistently successful.

Today, however, although she seemed to have fortune slightly in her favor, the Goddess had not smiled graciously, but had on occasion coquetted with Chicago. When Illinois had scored on a single, a stolen base, and a long fly, her rivals had been equally successful, and had even forged into a lead of one run by the time their "bat" in the eighth had ended.

Then with all the energy, enthusiasm, and determination that "Illinois Loyalty", an Interscholastic crowd, and proverbial victory can give Illinois came in from the field. The first man was out. The second hit safely, stole second, and was sacrificed to third. The crowd was calling madly for a hit, it meant a score and at least a tie, and a tie would mean revived hopes and new possibilities of victory.

The pitcher swung his arms, windmill fashion, and

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the ball came, but went wide. "Ball one," the umpire called. The next was a strike. The third the batter hit, and with the crack of the bat, the crowd arose, one wildly cheering mob, in whose rose the sound of the band was lost. For even the most uninitiated could tell it was a hit. The Chicago left fielder dashed for the fence, but the ball flew too swiftly and falling untouched to the ground rolled under the canvas, where he lost it, while the batter came home. Now Illinois was ahead and what mattered the remaining batters? No murmur of protest arose as the next man grounded to shortstop, and was thrown out at first.

The joy of achievement was short-lived, nevertheless, for Chicago was now in the strong part of her batting list. Her first man hit safely; and when on a bunt down third base line an attempted double play failed, both men were safe. Illinois' hopes rose again, however, as a "pop" fly sent the third batter to the bench. Even yet there was danger, for with only one out a long fly would score both men or at least one. Yet with a startling perverseness from Chicago's viewpoint, and much to Illinois' relief, the next man struck out.

The suspense was growing greater. The coaches were "ragging" the pitcher in an attempt to "rattle" him, while the runners watched his every movement with cat-like intensity. Now a baseman stole toward second during the pause before the ball was pitched and the runner darted back, only to stealthily shift as far off again when the pitcher turned toward the plate.

To Andrews out in centerfield all this seemed foolishness. He had fielded and batted as his team-mates had, but with no particular distinction. His had only been the usual hard but non-brilliant game that he had always played. It was what the men expected of him, and he gave it, knowing that perhaps not half of the audience knew of his ceasing to play for a month, so that he felt no pride over it and asked no hero worship.

Suddenly things sprang to life in the field. The pitcher had thrown the ball to second, but the trick had failed. The baseman had been too slow, and the ball rolled toward center field. Andrews dashed forward to meet it. The Chicago man charged for third base, and reaching it found the ball just being fielded. Under

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coacher's orders he started for home just as Andrews picked up the ball.

The natural thing was to relay the ball in, but with the quick eye of a trained man, Andrews saw it would arrive too late. Time was precious, and an extra throw would take time. The Chicago player was going home. Brain and arm worked together. Andrews threw, and to the catcher. It was a long try, but men have thrown farther, although never truer perhaps. Ball and runner arrived almost together. Catcher and runner went down in a heap as the latter slid for home in a cloud of dust. There was one tense second—it seemed an hour—until the umpire announced "runner out."

A mighty jumble of noises ensued. The band ground out the dog-eared staves of a "Hot Time." Boys yelled. Students and co-eds confined their remarks to the inanity of "Wasn't that a great game?" or "There goes Jack," as a perspiring player slipped through the crowd gymnasium-ward, and over it all sounded the deep throated roar of the cannon telling off the score.

* * * * *

A few enthusiastic spirits had built a bon-fire which was now a glowing ruin of red coals, and had paraded Green street while the college world looked on; but even they had tired of college loyalty whose only legacy was a sore throat, and gradually drifted away to Harris', The Walker, or The Orpheum.

"Bob" Andrews again sat in the porch-swing, and the girl again looked straight ahead and tapped the floor with the toe of her pump.

"Do you remember——" he began and then hesitated.

"Sometimes," she replied smilingly.

He tried it again and got farther. "Do you remember that you said"——

"I never gossip," she interrupted.

"Floss," his voice was determined, "a week ago you called me a 'quitter'."

"Did I?" she answered innocently. "I don't remember; I must have forgotten it this afternoon."

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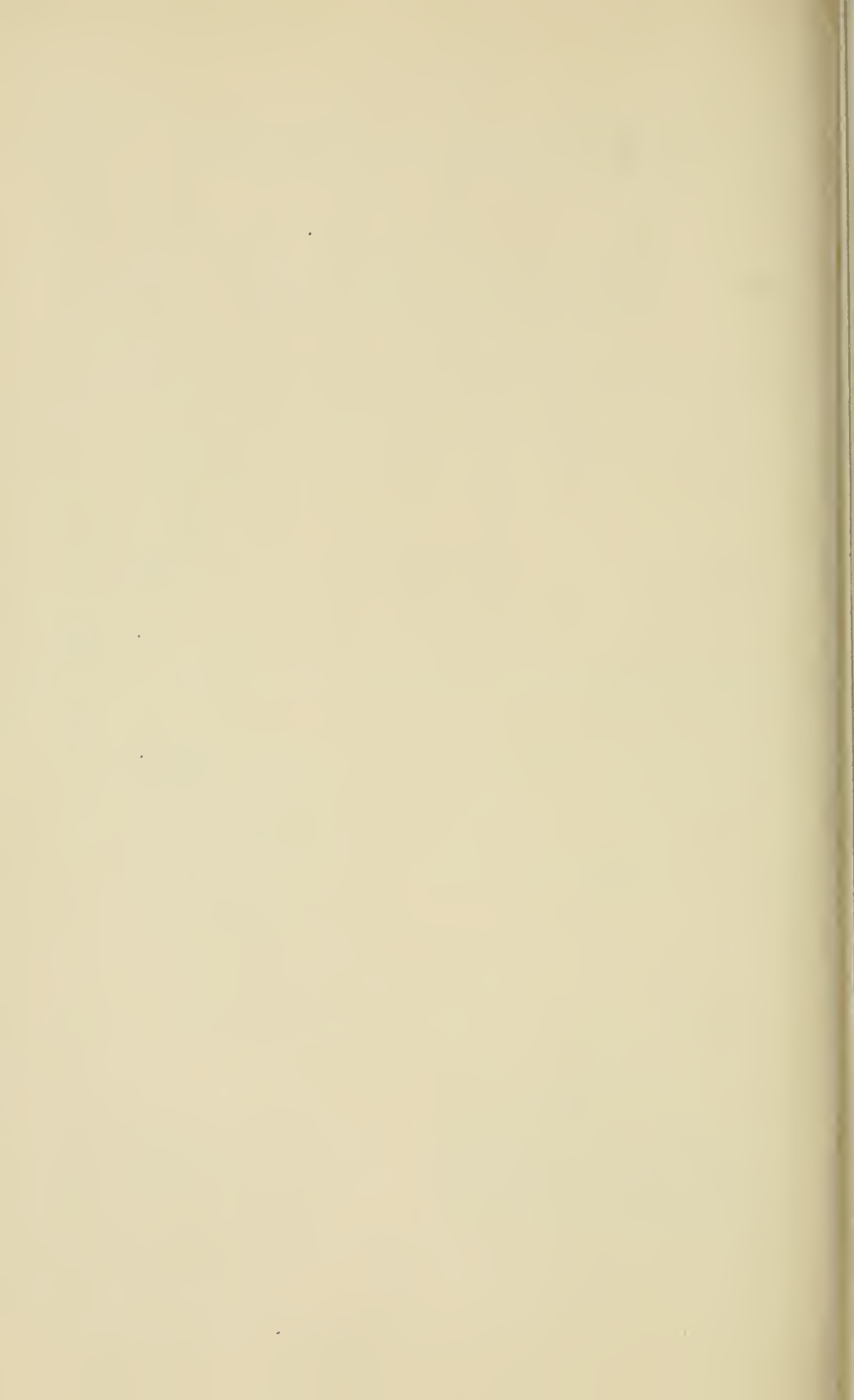
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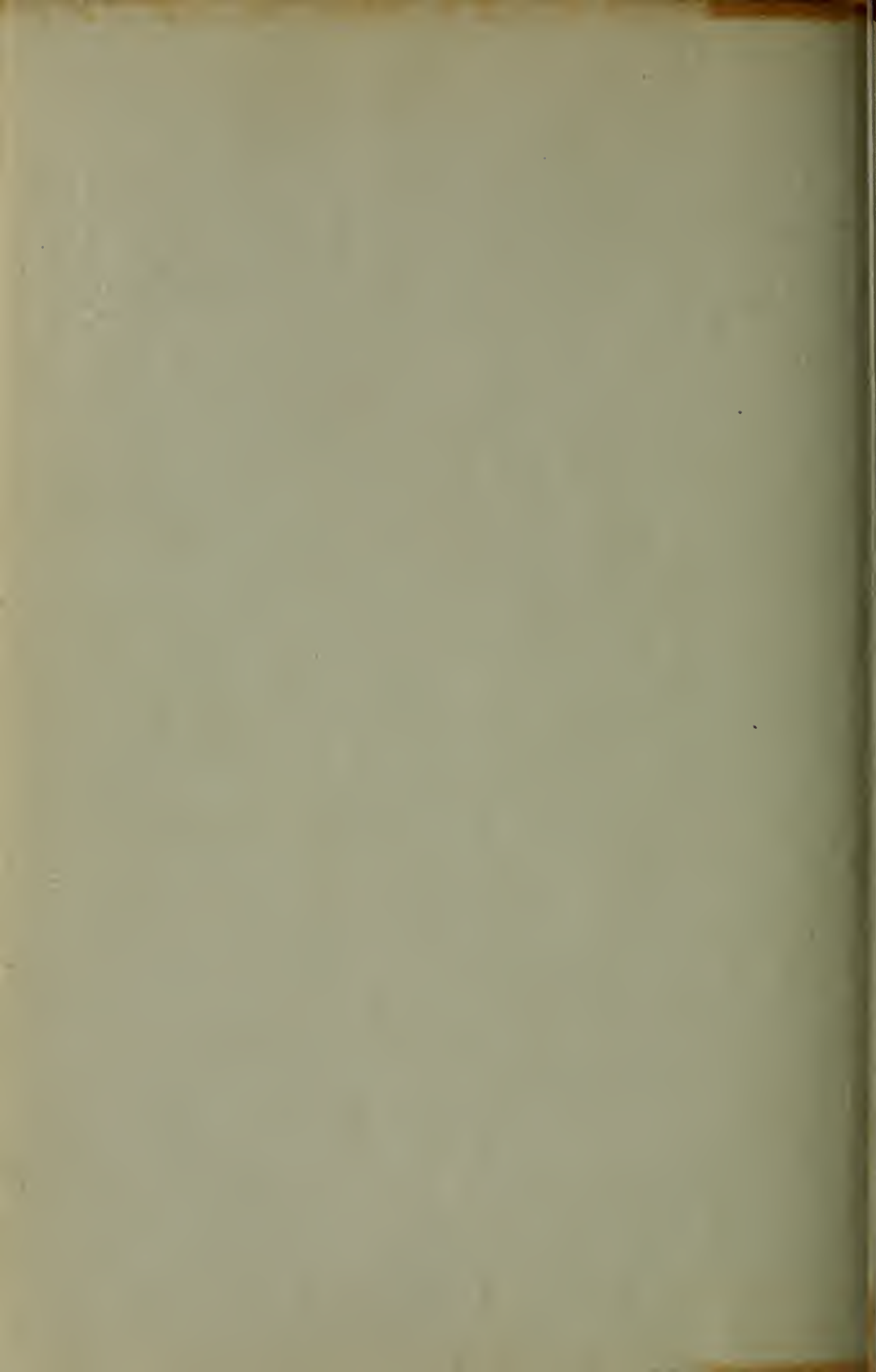
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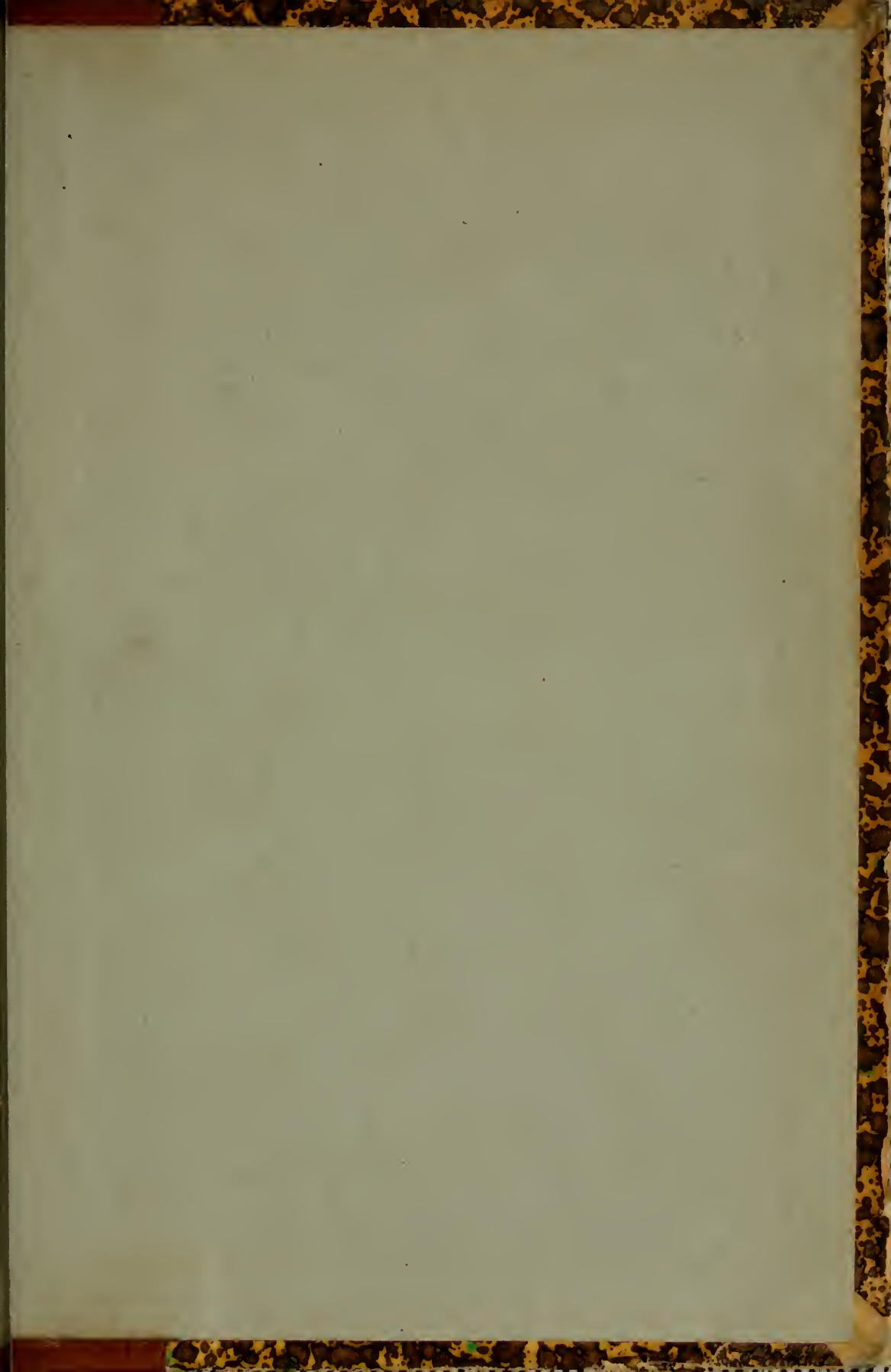
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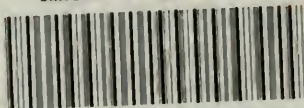








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