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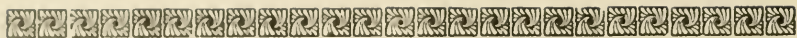
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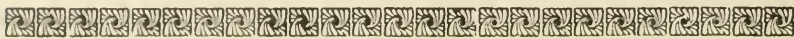


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2. Football.....	Friday, October 23, 1914
3. Home-Coming.....	Thursday, November 12, 1914
4. Woman's.....	Monday, December 7, 1914
5. Post-Exam.....	Tuesday, February 9, 1915
6. Military.....	Monday, March 8, 1915
7. Spring.....	Monday, April 12, 1915
8. Interscholastic.....	Thursday, May 13, 1915

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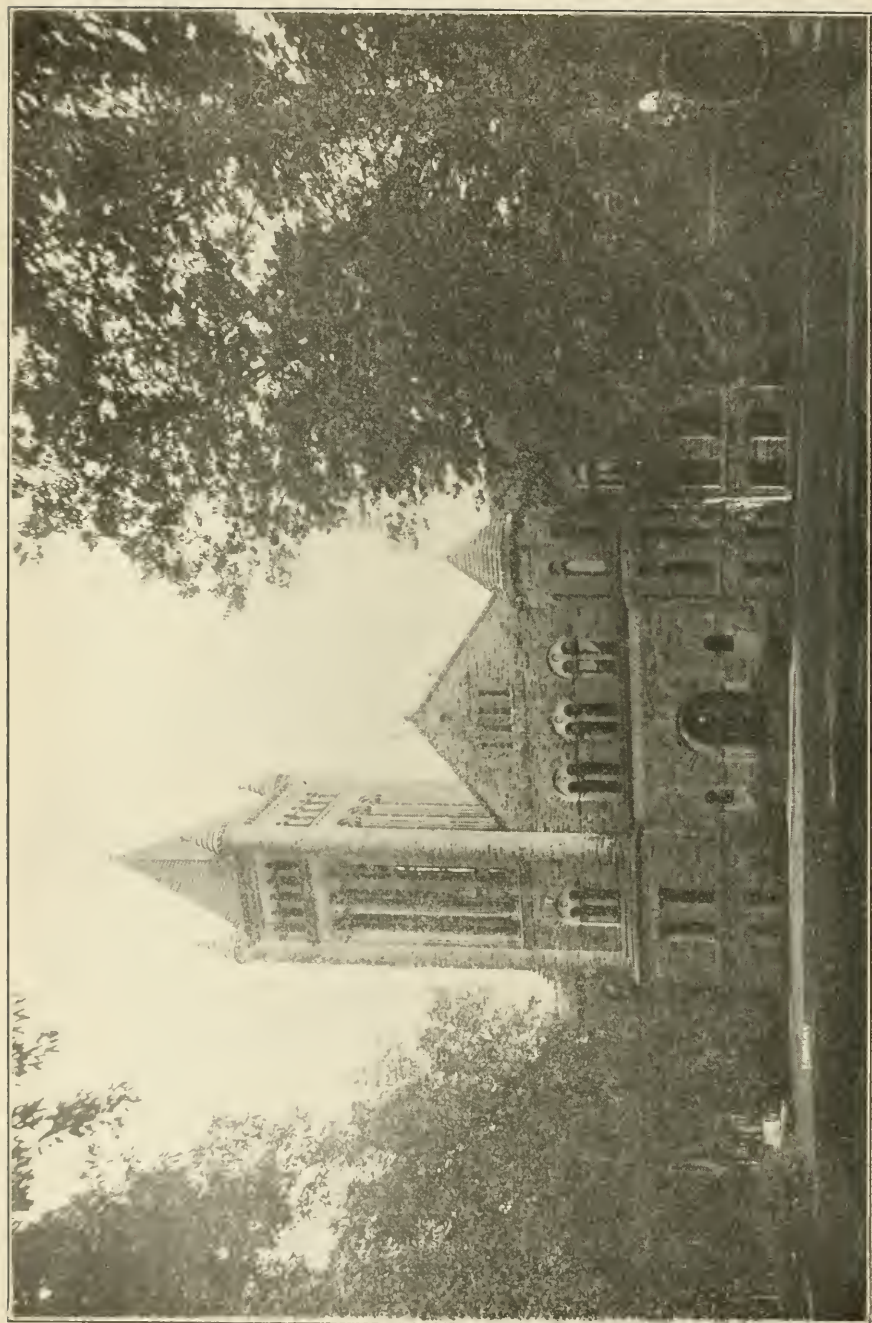
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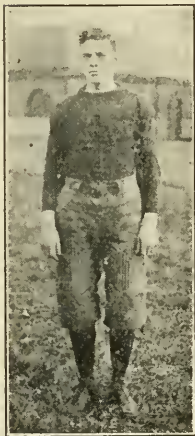


THE ILLINOIS

VOL. VI SEPTEMBER, 1914 No. 1

Football Prospects For 1914

(By Sidney Casner).



R. H. CHAPMAN

Should "G." Huff, author of many famous epigrams, the most notable of which is, "Amateur rules don't make amateur athletes, they make amateur liars," be asked to discuss the football team in the summer, he would probably say, "Wait until the registrar returns from his vacation." In other words, many of the teams that look like champions on paper when the summer session is still in full bloom, somehow or other never convene in the fall. The grim registrar, with his seventy horse-power steam roller, wrecks more 1000 per cent. elevens than all other destructive forces combined. More terrible is the above mentioned registrar than a band of German Uhlans sweeping down upon an unprotected Alsacian village. Many a victory on the gridiron has been won in the class room and this year promises to prove no exception.

If a goodly portion of the candidates scale the scholastic barriers, and as "Smiling Bob" has said, "the word 'if' cannot be side-stepped, stiff-armed, or bowled-over when peering into the football future," prospects seem to indicate that Illinois will be represented by the best football combination since 1910, when the renowned Illini line permitted Otto Seiler to drop-kick his way to a conference championship. Even Coach Zuppke in his most reticent mood will admit the outlook is much brighter now than when he took up the reins a year ago. It is well that such should be the case. Director Huff in staging six conference

games has abandoned a tradition as old as the graduate-coaching system, and the football team will have to weather the stiffest schedule in its history. Minnesota, Chicago, and Wisconsin, the "class" of the "Big Nine" are all met in rapid succession, and two of the contests involve long, fatiguing trips to Minneapolis and Madison.

There are a number of factors that tend to strengthen the belief that the Orange and Blue will have a formidable eleven this fall. In the first place, instead of four seasoned warriors and a host of green, awkward, ungainly candidates such as greeted Zuppke on his first appearance as an Illini coach, there will be seventeen veterans, all of whom have been under fire in conference games. Ex-Captain Rowe, Wilson, and Fullerton are the only regulars who will fail to answer the roll when official practice begins on September 21st. Out of a total of eighteen "I" men, fifteen wearers of the coveted letter will return for duty, and in addition there will be a lesser constellation represented by three "I" cap men. This large number of returning veterans is unprecedented in the annals of Illinois gridiron history. This squad will be reinforced by some excellent material from Jones' former freshmen, all of whom are eager to oust some regular from his position. Keen competition for every post will be the result.

Again, these veterans will be doubly veterans. Last fall they received their initial training under Coach Zuppke and familiarized themselves to a certain extent with his style of play. Last year, too, spring training under the direction of the regular coach was held for the first time. The freshmen also received the benefit of this work. Thus, Zuppke had an opportunity to drill the rudimentary elements of the game into the minds of the candidates; to give the men some necessary personal instruction, and, at the same time, gain insight into their weaknesses and powers. Above all, he had opportunity to impress forcibly upon the men his own distinctive ideas of the game.

In Robert C. Zuppke, Illinois has a coach who resides at the university throughout the entire year. The Athletic Association has now secured a man who makes football his vocation. This is something that has been needed for a long time, and its importance will be shown this fall and in succeeding years. The wonderful and continued

success of Stagg of Chicago is, in a large measure, due to the fact that the wily Alonzo is constantly hovering about the Midway, always thinking and talking football; always contriving new plays, new formations, and new tricks suited to the men whom he knows are going to be the principal cogs in his machine during the coming season. This is the regular practice of eastern universities. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton each spring fight out on the blackboard and field the teams which they are to meet in the fall. By means of this preliminary training, the coach is able to devote his time to more advanced instruction in the fall, and as a consequence, saves hours of tedious teaching in the rudiments of the game at a time when each minute is precious.

In 1910, Illinois possessed a forward wall that not only prevented their opponents from scoring, but also withstood the onslaughts so successfully, that not once during the entire season was the ball within the shadow of the Illini goal posts. Men like Butzer, Twist, Belting and Springe were of the fast, heavy, aggressive type, who could open big holes in the line with the same ease that they could solve an attack and smash-up a play. They were football players by instinct, not the artificial kind who have to be taught the game as an engineer has to be taught rhetoric. Since that time the line has been continually getting worse, until last year it was of the paper-mache variety. The men were willing enough and hard workers, but they lacked aggressiveness and the all-important football instinct. Some, like Lansche and Seibens, had never donned moleskins prior to their appearance on Illinois Field. From this pre-season viewpoint, it appears that the curve of retrogression has reached its lowest point and is steadily climbing upward. The Illini line for 1914, while in no sense the equal of the one developed in 1910, will more closely approach it.

For the position of center there are three men available in Watson, Wanzer and Chapman. Watson, after a year's experience, the latter part of which was marked by sensational playing, will undoubtedly retain his old post. He is not heavy, as centers go, but his 185 pounds of muscle and grit have worked havoc in many of the opposing lines. He was the only man capable of giving "Shorty" Des Jardien, heralded as All-American center, any kind of

fight. In fact, there were times in the Illinois-Chicago contest when "Watty" actually outplayed his great Maroon rival. He passes the ball well, despite the fact that some of Zuppke's formations call for passes in all directions and at many distances. On offense he gets into the interference in every play, while on defense he covers a lot of territory and backs up the line in an effective manner. Wanzer, if sufficiently recovered from his recent attack of typhoid fever, should prove a valuable substitute should anything befall Watson. Wanzer is a heavy, aggressive player, not as fast as Watson, but trustworthy and usually well able to handle his share of the battle. Captain Chapman will, in all likelihood be stationed at tackle, but is the third man that could fit in at center rush should the exigencies of the game necessitate his being shifted. In that case his experience at the pivotal position gained during the 1912 campaign will serve him in good stead.

The selection of the guards presents a hard problem. There are seven men, all of whom have a fighting chance for the job. Lansche and Siebens, the "I" men who are out to retain their positions, will be enriched by one year of experience. Both are heavy but slow; determined but dormant. Both seem to possess too pleasant a disposition, but this coming season they will probably enter the contests with as fierce resolution as ever characterized the playing of Springe or Butzer. If they do, it will mean that Hachman, Stewart, Davis, Nelson and Weidling will have a rougher road to travel in winning a place beside Watson. Of these latter Hachman appears to be the man most likely to succeed. He is a large fellow, touching the beam close to the two hundred mark, but well proportioned. He charges fast and true, possessing an aggressive attack that worries an opponent, but his staying powers are questionable. Hachman attended summer school, and while there spent every afternoon endeavoring to better his endurance. He ought to be in excellent condition when school opens.

Stewart, a team-mate of Hachman on the freshman varsity, also was his team-mate during the eight weeks of the summer practice. He is heavier than Hachman, but much shorter in height, and is surprisingly speedy considering his physical make-up. It is rumored that Davis,

who responded in such a game manner when called upon last fall, will desert the gridiron. Weidling and Nesledge are fighters, but the competition is too keen to allow them to hope for anything greater than substitute positions. Nelson is a newcomer discovered by Zuppke during the spring training session. His development was rapid, and he ought to prove a man whom the more experienced candidates will have to reckon with before the season is old. Bonsib has returned to Indiana University, and will probably renew on October tenth his experiences in facing the Illinois varsity. Of this array of guards, Lansche and Hachman appear to have a shade on their rivals.

Captain Chapman stands out as Illinois best tackler, and the greatest difficulty that Coach Zuppke will encounter here is in picking a running mate for him. "Slooey" is a fast charger and a hard hitter. There are few tackles in the conference who are his equal, in ability to size up a play and in shifting to meet it. He is a natural football player, and if he had about fifteen pounds more weight, might be a claimant for All-American honors. Pruett, Tupper, Petty, and Traeger will contest for the vacant place. The first two mentioned are "I" men. Tupper plays a hard, conscientious game, usually taking care of the man directly opposite him, but rarely doing more than that. Pruett, on the other hand, often undertakes more than he can handle—an admirable characteristic if controlled—but his inexperience and lack of football strategy frequently lead him to make mistakes of judgment. Ross Petty of the yearlings bids fair to displace both of the veterans. Time after time, he withstood the charges of the varsity backs when they attempted to gain through his tackle. He has good ability in getting in fast and his tackle. He has ability in getting in fast and hampering the interference in such a degree that the end has little trouble in stopping the man carrying the ball. Traeger is another candidate who may upset the dope and break into the line-up before the team journeys to Madison. On past performances, it appears as if the duty of opening holes in the enemy's line will devolve upon Chapman and Petty.

There are already three "I" men, in Graves, Armstrong and Derby, who are aspirants for the two positions of ends, so it can readily be seen that it will be a difficult

matter for any of the ambitious 1917 youngsters to take the palm from the veterans. Despite that fact, however, in Squires, the former freshmen have a player who will not have to sit upon the bench. Speed in getting down the field under punts, tackling or ability at smashing interference, and the adept handling of forward passes, are the prime requisites for ends, and Squires is proficient in practically all of these points. He was the bane of the varsity backs last fall when they attempted to circle his wing. Not content with merely breaking up the interference he would often brush aside the backs and tackle the runner. His ability in keeping his feet after being hit can be attested by all of the varsity backfield men. Graves, at the present writing, is in some difficulty with the aforesaid registrar. "Perry" would prove an ideal man for the other extremity of the line. He is light but chunky; unable to handle the forward pass as successfully as might be desired, but fast as lightning in getting down under punts. His tackling is sure and hard, and he possesses the characteristic, so dear to every coach, of keeping his eye constantly fixed on the pig-skin.

Armstrong and Derby, the other "I" men, spurred on by this intense competition, may yet retain their old positions, a goodly share of the time. In truth, when a careful analysis is made of the efficiency of the letter men, one finds only a shade of difference in the ability of Graves, Armstrong and Derby. Each excels in a different department. Graves is faster in running down punts; Armstrong surpasses in breaking up interference; Derby is best at tackling. Armstrong received his early training under Zuppke at Oak Park, and has the advantage of being most familiar with Zuppke's brand of football. Marquardt and Stoit are other former freshmen who will evidence their tenacity of purpose by striving for places against these distracting odds.

While the line, as has already been mentioned, grew rapidly weaker after 1910, the backfield has consistently improved until last year, even with the weak forwards, it was able to score the first touchdown on Chicago since 1909. Indeed, the "Flying Squadron" (or shall we say Pogue?) might have proved an effective scoring machine, had it had the strong line that was furnished when Butzer was captain. Captain Rowe is the only veteran to be lost

and substantial gains will be made from the ranks of the freshman varsity. With the expected improvement in the line the offense assumes a much more dangerous mien.

Illinois' sport enthusiasts have been sighing for years for a quarter-back the equal of Sinnock, and this fall they ought to have a new hero to tell the 1920 freshmen about. But first to name the candidates for the honor of calling the signals. There are three "I" men who have had experience in directing the Illini eleven. These are Pogue, Wagner and Silkman. Two other aspirants come from Jones' squad in Clark and Macomber. Almost every one of these men is too valuable to sit upon the bench, and as a result, Zuppke will be forced to shift some to a half-back position in order to get the maximum utility. Even in this galaxy of stars, there is one man who shines above the rest. That man is Clark. He is not as fast as Pogue, neither can he kick like Macomber, nor can he handle the forward pass as Silkman, nor can he pick holes like Wagner, but he combines all of these qualities in an efficient degree. Besides, Clark possesses that admirable characteristic known in the vernacular as a football "noodle." Even a spectator can hardly hear Clark calling signals without feeling the blood mounting to his head and his body quiver with excitement. On the offense he directs the team with speed and discretion, and he carries the ball in a bewildering, dodging fashion. On the defense his well-knit physique will permit him to play in the secondary place, and allow Pogue, should the lighter Harold be played at half, to play the safety position. The merits of the other men will be discussed later, but it suffices to say that Pogue, Wagner and Macomber can be used at quarter if necessary. It has been said that Silkman, who played so well in the Minnesota game, will be ineligible this fall.

In selecting the half-backs, Zuppke will probably be in a quandary, but it is a quandary of the delightful type. From the array of backfield material, the coach can easily select a capable first string, with the knowledge that he is well protected should any injuries occur. The "I" men are represented by Pogue, Wagner, Seneff, and Rue. Randall has earned an "I" cap, while Macomber, Borhn and Marquardt are candidates from the 1917 aggregation. Brandon, Decker, Rhodes, and Gruenwald complete the

list. A ground-gainer such as Pogue cannot remain off the team, and he will in all probability be stationed at one of the halves. When Pogue runs thirty yards he gains twenty-nine, and while not the dodger that men like Eckersall or Steffen were, is a ground-gainer of a different species. He electrifies his opponents with his tremendous speed, and is gone before they are fully awake. He runs with a long, hard stride with his knees well up, and it requires a well-executed tackle to bring him to the ground. Wagner is also an excellent man to carry the ball. He is of the reliable, trustworthy sort, the kind to call upon when it is the fourth down and there are still two to go. He is not speedy, but he has an uncanny intuition in picking holes in the line. Frequently one will see the "Flying Dutchman" slowly forcing his way through the muddled mass in the line of scrimmage and finally breaking away for a long gain.

Senneff has wiggled his way for many advances with the ball, and it is too bad that the peppery little back is not heavy enough to stand the strain of a grueling contest. "Giggs, however, is a valuable man to put in just before the end of a quarter or half, when his furious attack often takes the opponents off their feet. Rue is without question the best defensive back of all the candidates. He is a sure open-field tackler and a remarkable man in sizing up plays and shifting to meet them. His work in guarding forward passes prevented many gains by that method around his side of the line. Orlie, however, is weak in running with the ball, which is surprising considering his speed and superabundance of fighting spirit. Randall carries the ball well, being adept at following the interference. The reader may well ask here, "Who is going to do the punting?" This introduces Mr. Bart Macomber, a former protege of Coach Zuppke at Oak Park. Macomber is not a Norgren, but he can punt consistently from 40 to 50 yards, and his ability at placing makes his kicks extremely effective. Bart can also drop-kick better than any Illini since the days of Seiler. His kicks are not long, but he is dangerous any place inside the 30 yard line. He is also dexterous in throwing and receiving forward passes. His all-around ability makes him an extremely difficult man to keep off the team, and it would seem that the characteristics exemplified in Pogue and Macomber would make

them the pick of the candidates for the half-backs.

There can be no hesitancy in placing Schobinger at the full-back position. "Gene" has all the qualities that go to make up a great full-back, but for the past two years, strange to say, he has alternated at playing a star and mediocre game. In this his last season, Schobinger is bound to come across with some sterling work. His great strength is in off-tackle and line smashes. He gets up speed with remarkable rapidity back of the line of scrimmage and hurls his 185 pounds of bone and muscle with intense momentum. He usually goes through the line and it is only the secondary defense which finally stops him. On defense, Schobinger's position of full-back makes him one of the hardest worked men on the field, but his great strength and endurance makes him equal to the occasion. In Carpenter, Zuppke has a utility full-back, who, although not as fast or heavy as "Gene," plays a hard, fast, fighting game.

Altogether, the Illini eleven for the coming year ought to average close to 177 pounds. This will be about five pounds heavier than the 1913 aggregation, and more closely approaches the weight of a team that can hope for a high rank in college football circles. Taking the team as unit, the defense has been improved and the offense strengthened. But on the whole it is, in no sense of championship timber, although it should win five of the seven games played, and put up a tremendous battle for the other two. The material for the moulding of a winning team is there, but it needs seasoning. Football is the most intricate of college sports and cannot be mastered in the brief two months of the season. With the staging of six conference games, Captain Chapman's men are called upon to face the hardest schedule in Illini football history. Minnesota, Chicago and Wisconsin are all encountered in the space of four consecutive weeks, and in company with the additional burden of traveling about 1,500 wearisome miles. Glancing over the prospects of these teams, we discover that they will have veteran squads. Thus, with Illinois, what in another year, might be considered a team of championship caliber, will be simply a better team than the 1913 aggregation; a team that Williams, Stagg and Jeneau had better watch with a wary eye.

—SIDNEY CASNER.

The Day's Work

(By Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men).



Thomas Arkle Clark

"I suppose it seems pretty tough to have to get back to hard work," a freshman said to me as we were sitting together on the train that was bringing me back to the University from a summer of sightseeing and freedom from office routine. What I said in reply is, perhaps, beside the mark, but the fact, and my text, remains that the day's work for each of us should have our interest, and our best effort, should bring us a measure of joy, and should not be delayed or done badly because of past pleasures or present allurements. The boy entering college is likely to have at first a misconception as to what, for him, the real work of the day is. He has so recently broken away from the attachments and duties of home, and he often falls into a maelstrom of attractions at college. It is not strange, then, that he should so frequently see things out of proportion, and that he should not at once recognize the fact that for him the real day's work is his college work—the assignments which from day to day he will jot down in a friendly note book, as they come from the lips of his various instructors. Other things may be important, but they are only incidental.

Only a few weeks ago I saw a body of Scotch Highlanders—five thousand of them—marching away to war. They were farmers, clerks, laboring men of all sorts, who had left their regular work, their friends, and their families to take up the business of war. For many of them there was much of joy and comfort and love left behind; for all of them there was much of joy and comfort and love left behind; for all of them there was sacrifice and privation and the danger of death ahead. But all these hardships were for them a part of the day's work, and they were go-

ing to it with firmness and courage and with faces set. No doubt their minds were filled with the thoughts of the friends they were leaving behind; they would have been something more than human if they had not thought occasionally of the danger ahead; but whatever they thought or felt there was fight in their eyes, and they marched straight ahead, to the accomplishments of their day's work.

It is with this sort of spirit that the freshman should go to his work. Every day will have its special tasks; these should be done and done within the time assigned for them. He will not always find them easy or pleasant. The soldiers that I saw were carrying guns that no doubt galled their shoulders, and heavy knapsacks that seemed like an Old Man of the Sea about their necks; their feet were often blistered and sore, but they marched on; the day's work had to be done.

A young man said to me not long ago in explaining his failures of last year, "My work was very difficult, and I could not get interested in it, so I shirked it." Such a man would make a poor soldier, just as this one made a poor student. Whatever your day's work is you should go to it **with** courage and vigor. If it is difficult you will get so much the more training out of it if you manage to solve the difficulty. If it is not to your liking so much the more to your credit if you do it well. All sorts of things will call you away from it, some of them very good in themselves—physical and social pleasures, the picture shows, your new-made friends—but so far as they take your mind off the real business of the day they are bad. The day's work must be done.

And you will find as you address yourself manfully to the task of doing your college work that gradually it will grow easier, gradually your interest and your pleasure in it will increase, and finally you will come, as most men do who have chosen wisely, to look forward to it with real pleasure and to leave it with regret.

Military Training at the University of Illinois

By Major Frank D. Webster.

The question is asked probably every day, "Why is military instruction necessary at the University of Illinois?" The following is written for the benefit of those who may be interested in the answer to that question, as well as for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the facts in its connection.

An Act of Congress dated July 2, 1862, donated lands for the establishment of colleges in which particular attention should be given to instruction in industrial subjects—agricultural and the mechanical arts. Instruction in military tactics was also a condition of the grant, and the War Department was directed to detail a certain number of army officers to the colleges, among which was Illinois Industrial University, now the University of Illinois.

This university, it may be seen, has entered into a contract with the United States Government, which provides on the government's side that funds for instruction will be furnished, and on the University's side that military instruction will be imparted to every student. There are exceptions, of course, on account of age and other circumstances; yet it is virtually true that all the students at Illinois learn something of military science.

Every student who matriculates here, it may be seen again, enters into a contract with the institution wherein he agrees to abide by the regulations, and in turn into one with the United States, wherein he agrees to accept military instruction. Any man who attempts to evade his duty in this respect is certainly attempting to repudiate a fair and lawful contract.

Why all this? Some students—the number is usually exaggerated, I am confident—consider military a hardship, and enter into it half-heartedly. And yet there is a very good reason why they should be enthusiastic. They are forgetting that the first duty of a citizen is to his country, and that he can equip himself for the fulfillment of this duty in no better way than by learning at least the rudi-

ments of a soldier's training. It is perhaps only a few who ever give a thought to that fact.

The Drill Regulations state that "the object of military training is success in battle." The only really efficient fighting force under constant, compulsory military training is comprised in the regular, or the "standing" army. And yet how many men have we in that army? We have only one soldier for every thousand of population—9,000 soldiers for 90,000,000 inhabitants! A mere drop in the bucket!

What must the country do in time of war, in view of this fact? It must depend on a reserve. The reserve must be made up of the militia, of volunteers, and of any others with a smattering of military knowledge. There is need of intelligent men for this reserve, and particularly of intelligent, trained officers to handle them. Graduates of institutions at which military instruction is given are naturally material for selection of officers to command these Volunteers and State Militia in time of war.

George Washington said, "In time of peace prepare for war." How do it better than by a uniform system of military training? Preparedness prevents war; unpreparedness invites it.

Students at Illinois may with reason feel that they have done part of their duty to their country in giving a small part of their time to military preparation.





MR. J. P. BECK

A Long, Long Way From Home

When the name of the winner of the \$1,000 prize offered by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World was announced last June at Toronto Convention, 4,000 advertising men cheered. Echoes of this mighty cheer had scarcely died away when there came an Illinois yell—a yell which astonished the staid Canadians of Toronto. The whole delegation of “ad.” men from Chicago stood en masse and greeted the success of one of their members—greeted it by the familiar yell which they knew would please him best. Not to be outdone, the Pittsburgh delegation rose and emitted the same yell—chorused it so that in spite of the paucity of numbers the volume of sound was even greater. And the wondering Canadians stared in open-mouthed amazement.

Then President Woodhead called J. P. Beck to the platform and presented him with \$1000 in gold, the prize for the most constructive plan of advertising development significant by analogy to all advertising and selling. President Woodhead announced that the judges of the contest, Professor Paul T. Cherington, of Harvard University, A. G. Newmyer, of the New Orleans Item, and John Renfrew of Los Angeles, had awarded Mr. Beck the prize unanimously. It was an Illinois triumph.

Mr. Beck, who graduated from Illinois in 1907, holds a number of offices of importance in the cement industry. He is Manager of the Publicity Bureau of the Universal Portland Cement Company, General Manager of the Cement Products Exhibition Company and Secretary of the National Conference on Concrete Road Building. In the cement world he is looked upon as one of the most progressive men in the entire industry.

Advertising men regard Mr. Beck as a splendid example of the newer type of advertiser—a believer in careful investigation and analysis of merchandising problems.

While he was at the University, to insure the success of any student undertaking, it was only necessary to get James Peter Beck to promote and manage it. He edited the Illio, managed the Illinois Magazine, was captain and

regimental adjutant in the regiment, did some debating, was a political power in the famous class of 1907, and maintained a healthy interest in everything going on while he was in college. He was a member of the English and Varsity Clubs, was a member of Pi Theta, which has recently secured a charter from Alpha Delta Phi, of Phi Delta Phi, and of Phoenix, the honorary senior society founded in 1907.

"Pete" was one of the leaders in the formation of the Illini Club during 1908, and was elected to the board of directors at the first election of officers in 1909. For 1910 he was elected president, and his efficient administration left the club with over \$500 in the treasury. The larger part of this resulted from the promotion of the annual Chicago concert of the University Glee Club, under the auspices of the Illini Club, which was suggested and undertaken by President Beck himself. The concert proved a financial success for the first time, and as he was the only man in the Illini Club capable of handling a task of this magnitude, it has been Manager Beck ever since. Besides being profitable the annual concert has become one of the most enjoyable of Illini Club affairs.

Mr. Beck's activities at college presaged success in the business world and "Pete" has made good with capital letters. He was the logical man to whom the honor of being recognized as the most brilliant advertising man in the country was due.

Susan's Catastrophe

(By Ruth Beeby).

Susan stared vacantly out of the school-room window, her freckled little face propped between her chubby hands. From noon to recess is a long time on warm spring days, and especially long to a little primary in a country school. Yesterday, fat Tommy Jones had gone to sleep and almost jumped out of his seat when Jimmy Pemble stuck him with a pin. Susan wondered vaguely what would happen if she should tumble out of her seat. Would Jimmy stick her, too, or would she lie there until recess time, or would the teacher—?

The sharp tap of Miss Annie's bell suddenly woke her from her reverie and with a start Susan turned toward the teacher's desk.

"Fourth grade physiology," Miss Annie was saying in her cheery way. "Let us have every book closed and all feet on the floor."

Susan squirmed around in her seat and a dimple appeared in either cheek. Fourth grade physiology—the very best thing in all the day! Primer-Book One was all right for a while, but wouldn't she be glad when she could have a book with pictures of fingers and teeth and stomachs? Yesterday silly Jennie Baker said she always put her fingers in her ears when Miss Annie called this class. The corners of Susan's little mouth drew downward in disgust. Susan was a big 'fraid cat. How would she ever know what she breathed with or why she wasn't a jelly-fish if she acted like that. If Jennie would listen she might learn something.

The recitation by this time had fully commenced. Thomas King was slouching lazily over his desk.

"An artery," he drawled in his sleepy voice, "is a blood vessel. It's red and black," and with a heavy thud, he dropped into his seat.

Susan's blue eyes opened wider. "Blood!" They had talked about bones and skin, but never before had they said a word about blood. And it was in vessels—blood-vessels. Susan's forehead drew into a pucker. What were—but Mary Smith was reciting now; maybe she would tell.

Mary's black eyes snapped, her tight little pigtailed stuck straight out behind and she spoke as one with authority: "An artery," she declared, "is a blood-vessel, but it isn't black. Veins are black and arteries are red. You can tell the difference," she added breathlessly, "'cause when you cut an artery you will die."

"Die!" A cold shiver ran down Susan's rigid little spine. "Blood—arteries—die! When papa cut off the chicken's head last Saturday, it died. And there was blood. He must have cut it's artery! And the mouse in the steel trap—it died, too. Then there was the fly that bad Tom Jones had pulled the wings from." Susan wondered vaguely if flies had arteries, too.

"But, then, they must," she decided, "'cause that one died."

"It must be awful to die," she went on to herself, clasping her little hands nervously in her lap and looking straight ahead with terror stricken eyes.

"When Annie Peter's cat died, they shut it up in a shoe box and then put the box into the ground and covered it up."

Susan shivered. She wondered how it would feel to be put down in the ground. Would it be cold and wet when it rained, and would the ants and fishworms—?"

"Why, Susan," said Miss Annie's voice at her elbow, didn't you hear the bell? It is too beautiful out of doors to miss a single minute of recess."

Susan looked up in a dazed way at the speaker and then over the empty school room.

"Yes'm," she said, blushing with mortification. "I—I guess I didn't know it was recess time. I'll go right away."

Miss Annie, with troubled eyes, watched the strange little figure walk soberly out of the room and across the yard to join her playmates.

"What an odd baby," she said to herself. "I wonder if I shall ever understand her. A minute ago she was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she didn't hear anything going on about her, and now she is heart and soul in the game.

"I must try to watch her more closely, she thought, as she turned toward a pile of uncorrected spelling papers.

Ten minutes later, Miss Annie was startled by a

piercing scream and a terrified little figure rushed into the room. The child's big eyes gleamed wildly through a torrent of tears and she was clasping one stubby forefinger in her other hand. "Susan," cried Miss Annie, drawing the sobbing child to her side, "What is the matter, dear?"

Then, receiving no reply. "Did you hurt yourself, Susan?"

By this time a crowd of awed spectators were filling the room and Miss Annie turned to them for an explanation.

"We was playin' blackman," volunteered a barefooted urchin," and Susan fell down and hurt her hand."

Miss Annie reached for the injured member which the sobbing child still tightly clasped.

"Why, Susan, "she admonished comfortingly after examining a dirty little scratch from which oozed tiny drops of blood, "you must not cry so. This is nothing but a little scratch that will be well almost as soon as we tie it up."

"But—but it's blood." cried Susan, "and it's red."

"Yes, dear," comforted Miss Annie, "but see, it has stopped bleeding now."

Incredulously, the child brushed away her tears and examined her finger.

"Why, Miss Annie," she said as a smile broke over her wondering face, "I thought it was an artery."



September--A Fantasy

(By Florence T. Stoutzenberg).

To feel the quick, cool breeze. To watch it stir up tiny currents of rebellious, yellow dust in the road. To listen, as it whispers through the dry, odorous corn. To love it as it caresses the distant purple and blue, and roses of the hovering mists on the far-off horizon. That is September in the open country, and to wander idly along the dusty road is indeed to drift through Arcady. The purpling shadows lightened with the sun's soft gold chain you to your dreams.

The drooping, dust-drenched weeds, the goldenrod fast feathering away, the fading purple asters, seek to hold you and the road within their narrow borders. By your side, framed by the rough gray of an old rail fence, the close cropped grain stalks of a harvest field gleam like a huge topaz cut into myriad facets. The stacks, piled high with golden straw, throw out to you a sweet, odorous light. Back, far, far, hiding the world from your dreamy gaze, opalescent purple and rose and lavender shadows hover on the horizon.

Across the road, the sun's light warms into pale yellow the ripened leaves and stalks of corn. Here and there the old-gold of the kernel gleams through the bursted covering. Always the leaves sway and swing back and forth, whispering and singing, never keeping time, yet always in tune with each other and with your thoughts. At the cornfield's far limits lies the old cow pasture, worn and brown. How oddly like a well-lived home, with its grass fast browning, the little worn places where the cattle have loved to rest beside the trees. How narrow the little path for so many wide-bodied animals. Then with a short "plop" an acorn falls from the neighboring oak. In the nearby elms a brown squirrel springs sharply to seize the welcome contraband. The yellow leaves are beginning to fall in the quick, cool breeze, but they make no sound. Only the little stream gurgles softly or the air rustles from the occasional flight of a bird. The calm and peace of fulfilled labor fills the countryside. Afar off, the glowing red of the sassafras gleams forth, a beacon to all who behold, calling them to life, to service. Perhaps in the

city the mob struggle in hot, sweating haste, but here in the open country, primal nature and her woman-child September rule supreme.

Beyond the Abyss

(By Donald White).

The Baron von Marck's ponderous form cast grotesque shadows on the wall as he rolled in his huge chair before the fireplace of my northern Montana bungalow. His harsh, throaty chuckle—always unpleasant—seemed especially annoying that night when, of the eight rich and cynical cosmopolitans accustomed to meet here every other month to discuss matters of common scientific interest, but three were present. Perhaps the winds raging without had kept the others away; for two days it had been dangerous to wander in the Bitter Root range without a guide—and no strangers save "the eight" were permitted to know the way to my bungalow.

As he shifted the Baron spoke: "And so, Herr Clifford," he remarked, "it would seem that your neighbor and enemy, Fiero, has won another victory. Already have we news of his latest invention, a compact glass, with short focus, indeed, yet which they say will carry for miles."

"And," conceded DuBois, the Frenchman, "one must admit that in the industrial world his new drill—"

"Bah," I snapped in reply, recalling with irritation the fact that in all scientific controversies I had been signally worsted by Fiero. "Another of his advertising tricks. But he won't succeed any more; they say he's gone now."

My two companions were momentarily stunned by this bit of information which I had intended to withhold till later, not wishing—perhaps foolishly—to discuss so late at night the dreaded subject of Fiero, who had lived but ten miles distant by Mt. Tekoa and who had inspired us with as much hatred as he had the world with admiration.

The Baron's bulk rolled again. "But what carried him

off?" he queried throatily. "Did he burrow too deep into the mountain for his—ah, specimens?"

"It's doubtless a report," I hastened to affirm. "As to truth, who knows?"

"But Mein Herr?" the Baron insisted.

"Who may know?" caught up DuBois, lighting his cigarette. "Has not Monsieur said that it is but a report?"

"Then, Herr Clifford," von Marck laughed unpleasantly, "the chap won't bother you any more with his crazily clever ideas, unless—" he paused oddly.

DuBois had been lost in contemplation of the shifting clouds of tobacco smoke. Now he spoke: "In that case his book with his theory of the inner sphere, of life below the world's outer crust on the convex surface of an inner sphere—will not come out."

I could stand no more; the storm rattling the casements, the praise of Fiero—alike these tormented me. "DuBois," I cried, "you, of all men, to give any credit to his scientific bosh! Was he not an importer, a clever schemer for publicity? If he were back, I'd wager with him I'll defeat his theories yet—the cur!—openly to copy our ideas on the focal theory!"

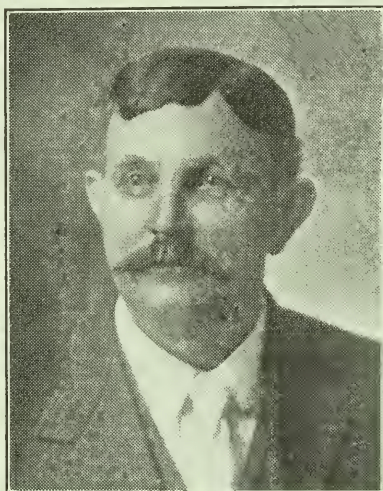
The Frenchman was silent. Tho' he doubtless disliked to discuss such a generally disagreeable subject, there could hardly be attributed—even to the death of Fiero—a strange reticence which had replaced his usual excitability. As if to break the tension of painful silence, von Marck swayed in mock elation to his feet.

"Cheer up, friends," he cried, lifting his glass. "Here's to the shade of Fiero; may he never strike a place so hot—"

"But no," interrupted DuBois quickly. "Do not drink to the dead—like the Captain in the Spanish legend, he might come and show you to the underworld."

We all laughed—a forced and mirthless laugh, a laugh characteristic of men when they are uncertain of their footing and know not whether to continue or turn back. Twelve long strokes from a wretchedly lingering gong echoed from a farther room. As the clang died away, our half-hearted attempts at merriment were broken in upon by a grinding noise outside—and perhaps, the sound of a halting footstep on the broad veranda.

**You Progressive Voters
ought to know**



U. G. GLASCOCK

Progressive Candidate for

COUNTY TREASURER

Champaign County

STUDENTS AND FACULTY:

Show your progressiveness at the polls November 3rd by casting your ballot for a worthy candidate. There is no doubt in the minds of his friends, and even his opponents, that he is well qualified to fill the office of COUNTY TREASURER. He is running on his merit.

*"A vote for Mr. Glascock is a vote for honesty,
efficiency and integrity."*

We know our work pleases
them---they all come back.
We'd be glad to please you.

Come in and see
our fine facilities
for doing the best
work and look at
what we've done
for others. We'll
convince you of
our ability to give
you satisfaction.

P
R
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We intend that
every transaction
shall be so satis-
factory to each
customer that it
will be a pleasure
for him to extend
us his patronage.
Give us a try-out.

THE CAMPBELL PRINTING CONCERN

Northwest corner of Main and Race streets, in Urbana

WE ALSO MAKE RUBBER STAMPS ON SHORT NOTICE

U. S. Postal Station

Western Union Telegraph

Both Telephones

Safe Keeping Depository

All of these with numerous other conveniences and the wonderful size and variety of stock always on hand makes this store

The Best College Shop in the West

THE CO-OP

Distributers of Freshman Caps

Two Good Chances

For Your Favorite Sodas

AT THE

Arcade next to
Y. M. C. A.
Down town
Store
No. 9. Main

Bradley

You alone
are the
most capable
judge.

Say Fellows—When you go to the Carnival stop at the

White & Gold
Confectionary

Where Student Patronage is Appreciated.

Auto 4544

106 W. Main, Urbana

Bell 2160

I BOUGHT IT AT KAUFMAN'S.

Earn \$500

for next year's expenses

The man who earns his own way through college has accomplished something to be proud of. He has built strength into his character and added something to his experience that must be of value to him in after life. We want to help one of these energetic, self-reliant fellows to earn his own way next year. So we are going to pay \$500 in gold to the student who prepares and sends to us the best original ad for Fatima Cigarettes before June 1, 1915.



Any student of any college may compete for this \$500

There are no restrictions, whatever, no strings of any kind on this offer, other than this—every contestant must be a regularly enrolled student in an American College. We want a student—not a professional ad writer—to benefit from this offer.

Three prominent business men, whose names will be announced later, will act as judges.

\$5 for every ad published \$500 for the best one submitted

The \$500 will be awarded June 1, 1915. In the meantime, some of the ads submitted will be published each month in college publications, together with the name and photograph of the writer—provided the writer will give permission for such publication.

For each ad so published we will pay the writer \$5. But, the publication of any ad must not be taken to signify that it stands any better chance to win the \$500 than the ads that are not published.

Those who try to earn this \$500 should remember that the supreme test of any advertisement is its *selling power*. Whether your ad consists of only ten words—or runs to a thousand—it should be interesting, truthful, convincing—it should give to the reader the buying impulse. To write such advertisements, that will pass the test of performance, the writer must believe in the product he is writing about.

Some facts that may help you

Made of Pure Tobacco.
Fatima Cigarettes were first made famous by college men. The Turkish Tobacco used in Fatima Cigarettes is selected by expert native buyers stationed at Xanthi, Samsoun, Cavalla and Smyrna.

Fatima is five to one the biggest selling fifteen-cent cigarette in the country.
Simple, inexpensive package, but no finer tobacco is used than in Fatima.

Fatima Cigarettes are "distinctively individual"

They are 20 for 15c

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Ave., New York



FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTE

"Ach, Gott," murmured the Baron, "can dead men—"

The Frenchman said nothing, but turned pale. One person only could know, or rather could have known, the way here at this hour. But I had little time for reflection for a knock recalled me to my duties as host; and bravely enough I passed into the long corridor, closing the door behind me. As I snapped on the light over the porch, I visioned with a mixture of fear and loathing the familiar medium-sized figure that, incased in rain-beaten motor-ing coat and cap, stood just beyond the threshold.

I hesitated.

Fiero, for it was he, beckoned, and the mockery of the gesture was so potent that I flung open the door to the veranda. As I stepped outside, there spoke the well-re-mem-bered, sneering voice: "Come, my dear friend Clif-ford, come with me over to my place; I have something of much interest—to show you."

Quickly I advanced; a heavily built man, I could easily overpower this spirit—but no, this was no demon—unless one in living human form.

"No violence, please," remarked Fiero quietly, "you will come."

"What, with you! On such a night! And I have guests in the house."

"Oh, they will survive a few hours without your in-spiring presence," he murmured. "It is"—he hesitated—"it is an affair of great moment, and it is as a friend that I ask you. Tell them; make excuses and get ready."

I did; and though mentally cursing myself for the weakness, I laid the blame on my curiosity to discover what trick this arch-enemy but recently reported dead now had in view. Doubtless, he was still treacherous as of old. As I left my amazed friends and accompanied Fiero through the rain to his car which stood whirring and unlighted, like a dark crouching animal at the foot of the barely-glimpsed lawn, my hand nestled with satisfac-tion against the butt of the chubby automatic in my pocket; two could play at this game as well as one.

The ride was uneventful, Fiero guiding the car through the tearing storm toward the tall, grim shape of Tekoa that, like some mediaeval monster, bulked before us. On arriving at his estate, Fiero stopped—not at the long, low

(Continued on Page 26)

	<h1 style="margin: 0;">THE ILLINOIS</h1> <p style="margin: 0;">Of The University of Illinois.</p>	
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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 502 East John Street, Champaign.

Subscription Price75 Cents

Published by the Students of the University of Illinois.

A Glance Into The New Year

With this issue The Illinois Magazine enters upon a new year. It comes to the students and faculty strengthened by an era of prosperity and fortified by a vision of broader success. It will stand, as it has stood in the past, for the best literary effort of the University. Its pages are open to all, freshman or professor, and its demands are only two-fold: Have something to say and say it well.

In addition to the continuation of its literary policy, a new department of athletics and topics of current interest will be installed. More than ever before the policy will aim to be broad and thoroughly unprejudiced. There is space for the reformer, the pessimist, the socialist, or what not, provided only that he have his word to say and that he say it with precision.

But lest this sound too forbidding, lest the timid anticipate stifling pages of cultural vaporings or endless voluminous arguments and disputes, we hasten to say that after all our primary purpose is to entertain. We hope to furnish interesting fiction and clever verse that will

speak for itself and stand upon its own merits. We are beginning a new school year and we greet you all, whether contributors or readers, with impartial cordiality and a wealth of optimism and good hope.

An Appreciation

Words spoken in sincerity cannot, it is hoped, be in poor taste. Praise springing from genuine emotion cannot be blatant. To Professor Guild's ears, were he alive, outspoken admiration could not but be distasteful. To his modest, self-effacing nature the desire for ostentation or public flattery was totally foreign. But it is with his memory clearly in mind that we make bold to express some measure of appreciation. Literary accomplishment at Illinois owes much to Mr. Guild. He was constant inspiration to high endeavor and pure art. Because of our deep sense of gratitude we venture to praise where no praise is desired, and to intrude with faltering appreciation for accomplishments that speak eloquently for themselves. This is our only excuse: we knew him.

Upon Advice to Freshmen

This is the season of prosperity for the would-be advisers of freshmen. As we encounter them in verdant ignorance about the campus, opportunity for wise counsel presents itself at every hand. And few rise above the temptation. The minister preaches to the newcomers from the pulpit, the sophomore is a veritable mine of precepts, even the professors in the class rooms drop profitable allusions. So that in the end the conscientious freshman goes about like a storm-tossed vessel, without firm anchorage, carried backwards and forward by conflicting currents; truly an object of pity.

But the temptation is in the college air; its insidious grip not the less real because imperceptible. We resist it uselessly; it will out. "Freshmen, be original, but above all, be natural," we burst forth with singular perspicacity, and, satisfied, the infection leaves us.

Beyond The Abyss

(Continued from Page 23)

house where he lived and evolved those peculiarly strange experiments that made him famous, but farther out at the very foot of the mountain near the ruins of machinery by the shaft of a deserted mine. Toward this he started, first taking a lantern from the car, and slinging several small leather cases over his shoulder.

"But wait," I protested. "I balk at this. I didn't come here to be kidnapped, murdered, or—or—or—to fight a duel; I—"

Fiero stopped, and smiled thinly. "You are armed, no doubt. You are a coward, for you have an equal chance. But do not be angry. We are not fighting each other tonight; we are fighting for futurity and the world. Here, I promise as a gentleman."

I took the outstretched hand; it was cold, and by the gleam of the lantern I could see a queer light playing in my companion's eyes. Then the truth flashed upon me—Fiero was a maniac. I could still retreat, but I had given my word. I would not back out—and who could tell what might happen?

Following my now silent guide, I climbed obediently—but distrustfully—through a little steel door into a damp, musty cage that creaked and groaned, and then, as a motor began to spin, dropped downward beneath us. Perhaps the scientist was not really mad after all, I reflected. At least if he were, he had a purpose in his madness. But even sane I would not trust him far. No, there flashed across me too many examples of his cruel, unscrupulous cunning in the past not to doubt him in the present. At any rate, I felt much safer with my hand in my right coat pocket.

The cage creaked again and stopped. Swinging his lantern before, Fiero climbed out and led the way along a low black, dripping passage to a small, almost basket-shaped truck standing on the disused track.

"Thus," he remarked succinctly, pulling back a lever. Somewhere in the bottom a motor began to buzz and

*Run Your Eye Over This
List of Talent---The
Greatest Ever
Offered*

by

The ***Star*** *Course*

Every number a Star.

MADAME LOUISE HOMER.....OCT. 21ST
Prima Donna Contralto

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.....NOV. 6TH
U. S. Senator and Lecturer.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.....APRIL 16TH
World famous cartoonist of Chicago Tribune.

ALMA GLUCK.....JAN. 22D
America's Prima Donna Soprano.

LELAND POWERS.....Date not fixed
Impersonator and Reader.

BEN GREET PLAYERS.....NOV. 21ST

TICKETS COST ONLY \$2.50 and 3.00.

Single admissions will cost you \$6.50, but SEASON

Seats on sale at Co-op. and University buildings.

Registration days, SEPT. 21, 22, 23.

R. E. HIMSTEDT, Mgr.
Bell 1519.

BENJ. WHAM, Mgr.
Auto 2433.

slowly gathering momentum the car slid ahead into the depressing gloom of the passage-way. It was useless trying to interrogate this damnably silent guide, for Fiero would give no definite reply as he handled the lever, now advancing, now retarding it, while the car slipped for an interminable while down the fungus-walled passage that seemed to know no end to jagged roof or dripping sides.

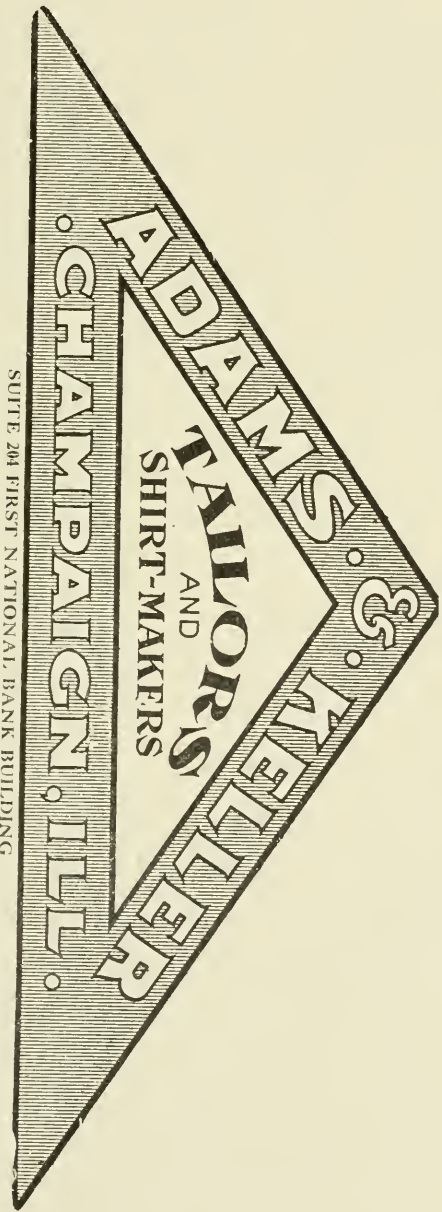
At last there blurred a light streak ahead: the car, the track, and the tunnel stopped. Leaving the lantern behind, we again climbed out, and in mutual silence—I doubt not but in mutual suspicion—turned into and walked swiftly down what seemed to be a large natural cavern in the rock. For the first time, strangely enough, I noticed an oppressive heat. In the grotto the water did not ooze so freely from the walls—and where it did it was steaming. Soon the cave was quite plainly growing lighter; and with a wierd white glow that increased in its intensity the farther we went, rendering other lights unnecessary, and throwing a dead-white pallor on the ever-broadening walls. Fiero's usually vigorously red face looked grim and drawn, while my own hands, as I noticed them, appeared to have a curious lightness in color; they looked brittle, and I vaguely wondered whether my fingers would break if I bent them.

Finally, Fiero halted, mopping his face with his handkerchief.

"We are near the spot," he said coldly, unslinging one of the cases and removing from it a pair of field-glasses, "Come."

I followed, lulled—by the heat, perhaps—into a momentarily fancied security. I had almost ceased to wonder concerning our destination or the "spot" to which he had referred. We now traversed a short cross-passage in the rock where the light became more brilliant than intense, and entered a round dome-like cavern on the farther side of which there were a number of apparently natural tunnel entrances, like so many huge rat holes side by side. The rock on that farther wall, I noticed, steamed like a dull-hot iron.

"Be careful now," cautioned Fiero, and seizing me by the arm he piloted me around the corner to where an aperture some fifty feet long cleft the floor before us. That hole, not over two yards across, but with its relatively



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thin floor-walls and its suggestion of unlimited depth beneath, possessed a curiously charming fascination—so much, in fact, that when my old enemy handed me the field glasses and suggested that I look down, I had no hesitation about throwing myself full length and peering over the edge. The touch of cold rock—for the floor was cold—must have brought me to my senses. I thought I heard a snaky footstep slip behind me; intuitively I knew Fiero was crouching down beside me and in an instant I saw how I had thrown myself away. Lying there I was helpless; I could not whirl around, get up, or even use my gun. Vividly I could imagine the futile struggle which must follow. And so this was Fiero's revenge for repeated opposition; to push me irresistibly out over the brink, to torture me with a moment's dizzying hesitation, and then to hurl me to an unspeakable doom below. I wondered how long, how far, but the voice of Fiero interrupted the maddening thought—his breath was close to my ear.

"Use the glass, Clifford," he commanded. "Look to the right—the lens will carry thirty miles—and then straight down."

I collected my senses and steadied my shaking nerves; foolish as I had been to be off my guard, now that there had nothing come of it I would give no signs of my terror—neither would I be caught that way again. "Your new discovery?" I queried.

"Look!"

"I don't see," I replied evenly and insultingly, adjusting the glasses.

"The longer focus—there, now do you?"

The sight, I admit, was incredible—if one is seated in an easy chair. In the grotto, however—What I first beheld seemed like the heads of a field of grain, moving in one direction. Next, I made out a definite marching order, an array progressing at regular intervals. At various points the white light gleamed as though from some shining bit of metal, and the distances now changed from time to time between what looked to be huge armies of migrating bugs or insects. The smooth voice of Fiero again startled my ear.


"Still greater focus, my friend. Be not content with a mere cursory glance at your possible companions."

Was it a threat? It did not sound like one. On still



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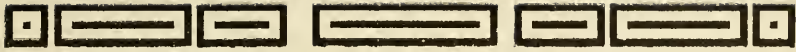
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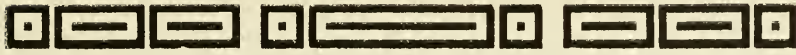
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further adjusting the lens, I could now see more clearly: the insects became companies in a strange circular formation, beings taller than man, red-skinned, with blank looking faces in which the eyes under the projecting forehead were scarcely visible—carrying, occasionally, long, many-levered weapons made of a white metal that glistened and reflected the light upon their utterly denuded bodies. Removing the powerful glass, I looked with the naked eye, but all was such a vast and endless emptiness that my head swam and I lurched unsteadily to my feet.

"Well?" I demanded waveringly of Fiero, who now stood back watching me with folded arms, a scornful smile hovering about his pale mouth.

"You have seen the invaders, the people that will"—he laughed—"if no one hinders, sweep down upon the puppets of your civilized world like fighting red ants upon a colony of black. They are about to surge out like the invading Huns of the fourth century, only these invaders come from the crowded and flat surface of the inner sphere, whereas the Huns poured down from the northern Steppes of the outer crust. It is true. And, my dear friend, they will run over you as did the northern barbarians over Imperial Rome, for you too, dear Clifford, are decaying. Your vaunted science, your decadent armies could never resist the force of a new and vigorous blood which this strange people will bring up but through the lower passages of this mountain. I tell you your corrupt world society is sinking." He stopped, then added: "Let it decay. Who wants to stop its decline? You? You cannot, you boasted man of science. And so, despising your petty expanding society and wishing it to rot to its own putrid finish, we can by no means allow this unknown race to enter—or exit, rather—and by its strength destroy and at the same time invigorate your on-the-crust civilization. No, Monsieur Clifford, it is impossible."

Amazed by his strange mixture of philosophy, satire, and irony, I could scarcely think.

"Do not doubt me, my friend," he continued. "While you were squabbling over trifling theories, I foresaw this invasion: I studied this race, their air-propelling weapons, and the few cool passages far below us which can lead them to the outer world. If—but you will not—" I shuddered, and Fiero smiled.

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Then he went on: "If you could see them in a few days surge up through the several exits beneath us and slowly emerge upon the surface through the seldom visited caves of Tekoa, then Clifford, then you would curse your conservative science and pray for your poor vain lives.

"But be not so alarmed," protested Fiero, as he unfastened the second leather case and produced a long, gleaming instrument. "We do not merely think, we do—and accomplish."

Ah, here was the final evidence of Fiero's intended perfidy. My hand slipped into my pocket to grasp the butt of that comforting automatic, but the Savage was gone. Had it fallen over the cliff, or had my enemy stolen it while I watched the greater terror below? My mind refused to work, but he was speaking.

"It is a queer little invention I have here," he was saying, "a specially tempered automatic drill—it will bore through rock. Now to put it plainly to you, what I propose to do is to have this mountain tapped. Doubtless, you have never known that Tekoa harbors in its interior as large a lava pool as any active volcano. Now, there is a certain place—I assure you I can point you the very spot—where by a judicious five minute's work with this drill the walls will crack in the right direction; the molten lava will gush out, run down, harden, and stop up—for the present century, at least, all possible exists for the people of the underworld. I have gone over the whole plan; I know it will work."

In truth, I did not doubt him. With a sickening certainty I saw his plan of operation—I was to be the driller. What a fate—to be swept away by a red-hot, life-burning torrent even though I were a sacrifice for the whole world. But how far more terrible to be driven to such a martyrdom by my triumphant enemy. It was only his evil science that could have led him to conceive such a revenge.

He began again in his mocking voice: "Friend Clifford, you have doubtless heard a report outside of my decease. Well, that need not be corrected—"

Ah, then, Fiero was going to pass out with his victim—so much the better for him. Perhaps, like the Devil at his own furnaces, he would direct the drilling in person.

But he was speaking again in a low, more rapid tone. "Monsieur Clifford, you have seen; possibly, you have ob-

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served, but—as to the report of this—follow your own judgment. You know the way back to the car and up the shaft. Go, then, return to your friends—and now—au revoir.”

I looked and rubbed my eyes; with the drill he had darted from sight into some passage behind that steaming wall. A light more blinding than that from the cleft swept over me; a sickening terror seized me and I cried aloud: “Fiero! Fiero!” Only the echoes from the dripping walls gave answer.



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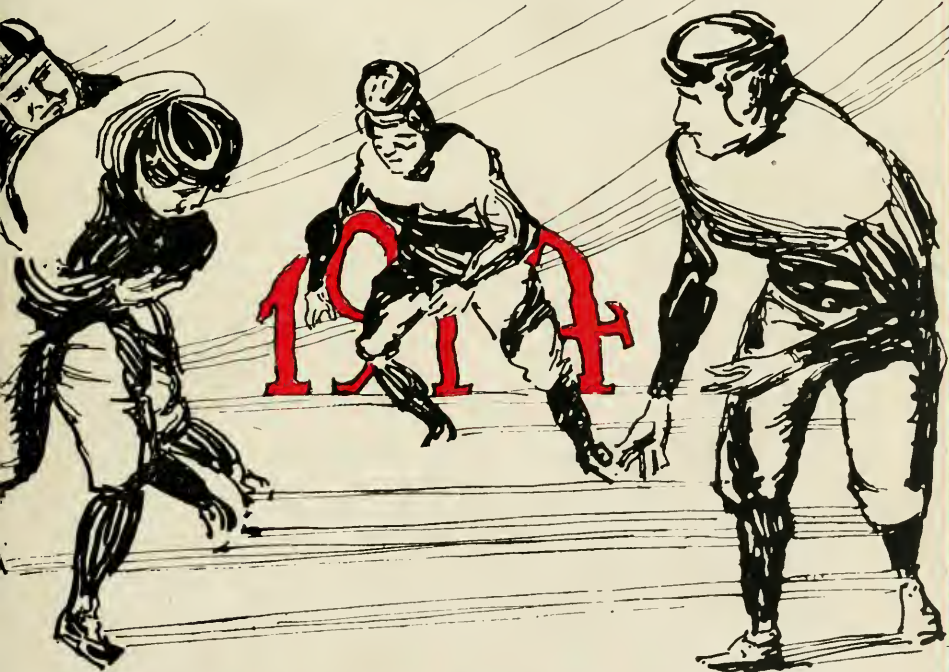
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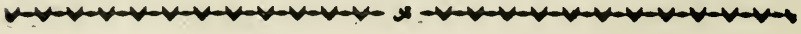
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The 1910 Football Season.

By Otto E. Seiler

The 1910 football season has been called Illinois' most successful one, and from the standpoint of number of games won, and from the showing made in the Conference football championship, it has no doubt been rightly named. As I am writing this article, however, I cannot help but wish that the above named season's distinction will fade in the light of the success of the 1914 campaign, and that another sixty days will see the Orange and Blue undisputed champions of the western football world. I am very sure that in making this statement I am voicing the sentiment of every member of the 1910 team. We are all "pulling hard" for Zuppke and his men to "Bostonite" Chicago on November 14.

The 1910 season was a peculiar one in many ways, and it is perhaps only once in a thousand times that such a unique record is made. Seven games were won in which Illinois scored 89 points, while the opponents failed to register a single marker, a most enviable record made by very few teams. It is a unique fact, also, that during this most successful season the three greatest games on the schedule were won by a single drop kick in each case, Chicago, Indiana, and Syracuse being vanquished by the narrow margin of 3 to 0. The other teams to meet defeat during the season were Millikin by 13 points, Drake by 29 points, and Northwestern by 27 points.

We have all heard this 1910 season reviewed a great many times, and most of us have gloried in its successes, yet I never think about it that I do not feel some regret, for two features somewhat mar the season for me. It has often been said, and very truly so, that no matter what degree of success an individual or group of individuals may attain, there is left a note of dissatisfaction which wishes that it might have been just a little better, and this same note of slight dissatisfaction hovered over the season of 1910, felt to a more or less degree by the players and all who had any definite interest in the team. First, I have always been sorry that at least one touchdown was not made in the games against Chicago, Indiana, and Syracuse. I should very much like to have seen all of them won by touchdowns, but if this was not possible, at least one touchdown in any of these three games would have

helped our season greatly. I say this because I believe that Illinois football would have been more benefited had it been demonstrated in one of these games that we had a powerful, machine-like offense which could not be halted. On the other hand, let me say in justice to "Artie" Hale and "Lindy" that our team in 1910 was one of the most powerful defensive teams that has ever been seen in the west, and it was not the plan of these coaches to win games by overwhelming scores. They rather laid the emphasis on the defensive style of game, supplemented by kicking tactics which were successful because of good ends and a powerful line. A successful coach builds his style of play to his material, rather than coaching the material up to his style of attack, and in doing this I have always felt that Hall and Lindgren followed "good football sense." It has often been said that a good offense is the best defense, but I am not at all sure that the theory is sound. It works well enough until a powerful defense is encountered and then it too often fails miserably, while a well coached defense can generally rest assured that it can get nothing worse than a scoreless tie. In spite of all these things I still wish that we had defeated the three above mentioned teams by touchdowns.

The second regret that I feel for the season of 1910 is that we could not have met Minnesota when we were at our height during the latter part of that season. I have always felt that our defense was strong enough to offset Minnesota's powerful shift (and this feeling was greatly strengthened when the 1911 team—much weaker than the 1910 team—stopped Minnesota so successfully and surprised the football world), while our offense combined with the kicking game could have won a victory by at least a narrow margin over the Gophers. I feel that we could at worst have held them to a tie, which in that year would have been equal to a victory, for Minnesota probably never sent a stronger team onto the gridiron.

The writer has been given a great deal of credit for the success of the season under discussion, and to a great degree much of this credit was not merited—it is and has been misplaced. Because a man can punt and drop kick does not necessarily designate that he is a great football player, and I do not care how skillful a man may be with his toe, unless he is supported by an unflinching line he is useless. I was not successful in making those three drop kicks because I had any exceptional football skill, and I feel sure

that in both the Chicago and Syracuse games there were other men on the team who could have made the drop kicks as well as I, had they been given the opportunity. I was fortunate to have the opportunity, and more fortunate to have in front of me ten men who defended me so well that I had plenty of time for accuracy. We cannot give the credit of the season's success to any one man. It belongs to all of the men, who with a fine spirit for Illinois and for each other, under two respected coaches, worked together with one ambition in view. If I were to single out any one player to whom more credit is due than to anyone else, I should name "Heavy" Twist, the star center of that year. On defense he was a marvel. Play after play of the opponents was broken up by him behind the line, and many times he stopped a play around the end just as it was well started on an incipient gain. In my football experience I have seen no more powerful defensive player. Whenever I was back to punt or drop kick it was not necessary to worry about getting the ball from the center. Heavy's passes came back with bullet-like speed, which always gave me more time, and they were marvellously accurate, with the seam of the ball generally facing upward. Unless one has had the experience of kicking from behind a line with seven to eleven men charging in, he cannot appreciate the value of such passing.

I have already mentioned the Chicago and Syracuse games, but in the Indiana game something happened which was a very lucky turn for us. I have never before related this incident, but I remember how surprised I was when I saw the ball going between the goal posts with but four minutes left to play. The field was very muddy, it having rained most of the previous night and part of the morning of the game. The footing was very bad, and every time I started to kick, raising my right leg, my left leg would slip forward in the mud. I found that I could keep my footing better when I drop kicked, so most of the time during the game I was drop kicking instead of punting because I could get about the same distance, better direction, and there was not so much danger of falling and missing the ball entirely. I drop kicked many times when I knew that I had no chance for a goal.

When there were still about eight minutes left to play we had the ball on about Indiana's forty-five yard line. From here I tried a drop kick fully expecting to make the goal, but it went to

the right about six inches. I had expected to score on this attempt, and was sorely disappointed when I failed, since I felt that it was our last chance. About four minutes later we had the ball again about the same distance from the Indiana goal, but very close to the side line, which made a bad angle to kick from. We were forced to kick, however, so I decided to try another "drop". The ball came back perfectly, but when I raised my right foot off from the ground my left one slid forward in the mud, and it threw me off my balance to the right. This happened just as I was dropping the ball from my fingers, and I failed to drop it straight down. As I lost my balance the seam of the ball turned toward the right also, but having lost my balance the untrue dropping of the ball to the side and the forced turn of my body counteracted each other and the ball went sailing between the goal posts as near to the middle as one could wish. As I dropped the ball from my hands and saw what had happened I said something to myself that cannot be published, because I felt sure that the game would now end a tie, which would spoil our season. Imagine my surprise then when we registered the three points. This tied us for the Conference championship, but accident took the place of skill, luck played havoc with the science of kicking, although we were thankful for these small favors.

There is one more feature of the kicking game of that season which I wish to mention. We gained almost twice as much ground on our punts as did our opponents, but this was not so much because I outpunted the opposing punter to that degree—although my averages of that year were considerable farther than any of my opposing puntsmen—but because Lyons and Oliver at ends allowed the receivers of the punts to return very few yards. They were down under punts with great speed and were deadly tacklers. All of these things that I have mentioned are things which the bleachers rarely ever see or know about. They are prone to give credit to the spectacular, and a man who see-saws back and forth across the entire field gaining a yard or two gets much more credit from the bleachers than the steady, driving back, who is not flashy, but reliable, and consistent. Unloubtedly few of the people who saw the Indiana-Illinois game in 1910 recognized the fact that Springe, our big tackle, played the best game of his career. It was not a flashy game, but it was deadly, it was consistent, and

his share in the glory of winning that game must be equal to any other member of the team.

Dillon was given a great deal of credit for his end runs, especially in the Indiana game. His runs put us in a position to strike the decisive blow, but no one ever gave little "Bernie" credit for making those runs possible. Bernstein would pave the way for Dillon's runs by "taking off" two or more of the defensive team, while Dillon was not always so sure to pave the way for "Bernie" around his end. In the same way "Billie" Woolston made many gains possible by wonderful interference.

I have cited the above merely to show that the 1910 season was a success because there were eleven conscientious, steady, loyal men on the team. The credit goes to all of them, and the writer cherishes as one of his fondest memories of that year the good feeling among the men, and his friendship with many of them. This was especially true between Johnny Merriman and myself, rival candidates for positions on the team during the three years we played together, yet our friendship is still of the highest type. No bitter feeling ever came between us, and I am glad to say that it is the "Illinois Spirit". We all felt it, and realized what it meant, and I believe that same spirit is going to carry the 1914 season to a much higher degree of success than was 1910. At least that is what the writer hopes. The 1910 team is a matter of the past, but our place in the football world is as yet a matter of the future, and we are most willing to let the former stay in the past forever. Our one hope is that the time is not far off when Illinois will be the Yale and Harvard of the Western Football World.

A Letter From Dillon

Editor's Note—This is Dillon's message of hope to the Illinois team of 1914. Dillon will be remembered as a member of the last championship team of 1910 and as a half-back rivaling this year's backfield men in speed and cleverness.

Dear Fellow Illini:

Although I am too far distant from you to have any first hand knowledge of Illinois doings of late, I keep as well posted as I can upon the achievements and prospects of achievements of my alma mater.

Naturally, I am tremendously interested in her success in athletics. How I did wish I could be with the eleven at Chicago again last fall to help combat Stagg's strong aggregation instead of reading of it a couple of days later in South Dakota, six hundred miles from the scene of action.

I have read of the material and prospects of the present season, and from my knowledge of the men, and the coaches, and the indomitable Illinois spirit I am confident of a very successful season for the Orange and Blue.

I am hoping against odds that I may get to Minneapolis on the 31st to see Illinois give Minnesota the defeat that we have tried for three years, in vain, to deliver.

Here's hopes, and confidence, and best wishes for the Orange and the Blue and all its followers.

Yours truly,

CHESTER C. DILLON.



Can We Do It This Year?

(By R. Burr).



We are going to beat Chicago this year. If ever Illinois had a right good chance to do that difficult feat properly, this is the time. Chicago has a good team. Many of the veterans are back. We may rest assured that they will be well coached. They will not come down here in poor condition. They will be in their very best form, with excess spirit, when they appear on Illinois field this fall. Chicago always gives Illinois her best, and that will double the glory of our victory.

And Illinois never fails to give Chicago her best. But this year our best is better than their best. We have a team that is good and bids fair to develop into a whirlwind later in the season. And in addition, we have an Alumni and a student body that is known the world over for its "Loyalty". The force exerted by



these two absolutely essential factors will give the wearers of the maroon and white the battle of their life. They can fight an Illinois team, but not a team backed by the spirit of all the Illini. And every Illini will try to be there, from the most successful alumnus to the greenest "frosh".

Their loyalty will be repaid, too, for they will see a real game, the greatest game, no matter which way it goes, of the 1915 season. But these rhetorical flights may need foundation, facts, evidence, and proof. Well, first and primarily, we have the "goods" on them all this fall, and as we have said, the team is getting better. Anyone who saw Indiana go down to defeat before them by a score of 51-0 will affirm that. Seventeen points more than the Chicago-Indiana score a week earlier in the season, too!

But that's history now and we let it die. What every man asks is, how could Chicago win on Illinois field this year? They are coming to play a finished football unit in the hands of an experienced coach. And behind that unit, behind that coach, helping that line with every ounce of nervous force is the spirit, the inspiration of ten thousand shouting Illini. Fighting here on their native field where every heart is hopeful and every rooter loyal, where every yard gained is joy to thousands of friends and brothers, what chance has Chicago, even if the actual playing qualities of the two teams are equal?

This tremendous Illinois spirit is not a new thing. It starts back in '92 when the mortar of the new rival of the north was scarcely dry. They won that first game. We came back and won another from them the same year. The team couldn't wait for another fall, but wrote them a letter Friday and played the next day. The crowds—about 75—were enthusiastic even then. They followed the players up and down the field—forming more interference than the line of either team. And so it was started.

Eighteen times have we met them, and fought them all the

way up the field and all the way back. They have proved to be a royal foe and have showed their best each and every time to Illinois. And we have shown Chicago our best, not only in football but in every sport we have met them in. Chicago has won by the work of individual stars; Illinois has conquered by the work of the team, and the power of the Illinois spirit.

Our last victory was in 1910. The score was close and Illinois came out victor with a thousand percent team and the best kicker in the west as their heroes. That was on Illinois field and the greatest game of them all. When in 1912 they again invaded our team was weaker and we lost. But it was a hard, fierce battle and they earned a clean-cut victory. The game was won by feet, not by yards, by sheer weight and not by superior fighting quality.

Last year it was our turn to marshal the assaulting force. And here is where the true Illinois spirit showed itself. Three thousand Illini and over attended that game. For a full half an inexperienced line and light back-field held Stagg's powerful champions helpless, but in the end experience and skill triumphed over our best efforts and the game was lost. And then and there we came home in the firm belief that in 1914 we could return the compliment in good measure.

Now the chance has come to realize that hope. With a fighting team of high caliber, and the shrewdest and squarest of coaches, we are ready to cash in. We know what our team is and could afford to back it on it's merits alone. But do so doubly confident because we know Illinois loyalty and spirit are real. And this year, four years after 1914—before a crowd that is with them once and for all—a team of fighters, tribe of the Illini, are going to win ien the best battle in the annals of western football. Can we do it this year? We can-and-we will.



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Illinois Football Squad--1914

Top Row—Zuppke (Coach), Clark, Schobinger, Macomber, Pogue, Derby. Middle Row—Ambuster, Petty, Markwardt, Rhodes, Pethybridge, Nelson, Madsen, Squiers, Applegrant, Wiedling, Real, Senneff, Kirby, Wanzer, Jensen, Lindgren. Bottom Row—Pruett, Stewart, Crane, Poirot, Chapman (Capt.); Stebens, Rue, Armstrong, Wagner, Watson.

The Illinois Union.

"The Union of all Illinois Men."

(By Arthur A. Odell).

"The Union of all Illinois Men" expresses in a terse manner the purpose of the Illinois Union. With the rapid growth of the University it is becoming more and more difficult to maintain the true University spirit and interest. The students of each department and college are becoming members of that department or college alone, and are forgetting that they have a greater allegiance to their University.

As a result of this tendency, the undergraduate life of the University is in danger of becoming narrow and provincial. Instead of being toward the democracy and equality for which Illinois always stood, the tendency is toward the creation of arbitrary class and college distinctions. The University is gradually receding into the background, loyalty to departments, fraternities, societies, and other groups taking the place of the larger spirit of loyalty to the University itself.

To foster and maintain this greater loyalty is the real mission of the Illinois Union, and its five years of existence have proved that it is accomplishing its purpose. The past five years has been a more or less experimental period. Now that it has passed successfully thru this stage, the student Council believes that it has earned a secure place at Illinois, and in an endeavor to increase its usefulness this year they are going after 2500 members. At first thought this seems a large proportion out of the 3214 men students in the Twin Cities, but the Council are confident that they can secure this number. With the backing and the confidence which they will give, the Council may feel safe in starting a campaign for funds for the Union Building, which is our ultimate aim.

The Council last year purchased the property at 619 Wright Street, more as an investment for the funds which they had on hand. It has proved a very good investment, tho it can never probably be used as a Union building.

In the meantime, while the Council are trying to secure a building, they have gradually assumed a very important place in

the Undergraduate life of the University. Their principal work is the handling of the annual Home-Coming. At the Home-Coming as at no other time of the year, not even at Commencement week, the alumnus can visit his old Illini haunts and renew old associations, and become inspired with a new and deeper enthusiasm for the welfare and progress of the University. The Union has earned a place in Illinois, if for no other reason than that it has fostered the annual Home-Comings and has worked hard for their success.

In addition to Home-Coming, the Union conducts the class elections, referees the class scrap, elects the cheer leaders, and assumes the financial responsibility for the Illinois Union Opera. This year the Union is endeavoring to give a few University dances in the Armory in an endeavor to standardize the dancing conditions at the University.

The great majority of students, and even some of the Council do not know the organization of the Illinois Union. The Union itself is in charge of a board of directors, consisting of three faculty members appointed by the Council of Administration, three alumni members appointed by the secretary of the alumni association, and the three ranking officers of the Student Council. The Council is composed of eight seniors and seven juniors elected annually by the student body. This Council acts under the Board of Directors and secures all its power thru them.

The Union is making a strenuous campaign this year to secure 2500 members. Not until the officers of the Union feel that they have the entire student body behind them can they hope to accomplish anything very great. With the confidence which a large membership will give them, they can go to their work with the utmost enthusiasm, and with the feeling that the Illinois Union is no meaningless phrase, but a living reality, an actual realization of its creed—"A Union of all Illinois Men."

Traditions of The Sack Rush.

(By F. H. Williams).

Traditions, although usually of slow growth, do not necessarily have to extend far into the realms of the hazy past to possess interest. The traditions which surround the Sack Rush at the University of Illinois, for instance, are only a little over twenty years old; yet the incidents of development of an old-fashioned, rough and tumble color rush into well-controlled, properly-organized sack rush can not in any way be classified under the category known as "Stale Stone Age Stuff."

One crisp morning in October back in 1891, when the University of Illinois boasted three buildings and three hundred and fifty students, the beginnings of what matured into an annual contest were most unconventionally inaugurated. The first open demonstration of rivalry between the freshmen and the sophomores was a hand-to-hand melee in University Hall. It was instigated by the appearance of freshmen flaunting their class ribbons in the faces of the sophomores at the close of Chapel service. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred men participated in the scrap which for action would have made a Keystone comedy reel look as pallid as the over-powdered face of a co-ed. Several of the faculty members in authority endeavored by both commands and entreaties to check the row; such attempts, however, not only failed utterly to terminate the affray, but they invariably made the pacifists the subject of an enlivened attack. Two exciting hours the conflict raged. Only the use of a well-directed fire-hose convinced the battling classes that hostilities should cease; and the combat ended with the sophomores in possession of most of the freshman colors, and both militant parties well-nigh exhausted and shockingly devoid of clothes.

The following years the same sort of color fight occurred, only it was even more enthusiastic. This time it lasted three hours and through the experience of the previous year, it gained in ferocity. The arena of the combat, however, was moved from the corridors of Main Hall to a grass plot where the Library now stands.

Three years after the color rush was accepted by the student body as an established University custom, a precedent to be fol-

lowed, President Draper came to Illinois and officially banished the "brutal, barbaric consuetude." The practical effect of his ukase was merely a change in the time and place of the scrap, for even in those days the students felt themselves to be a free people. Instead of the freshmen and sophomores struggling over the possession of a few yard of ribbon in front of University Hall in broad day-light, with the tacit approval of the faculty, the encounter was held in the dark of the moon in the old Fairgrounds—now a part of the student resident district—without even the passive consent of the faculty authorities.

At this development of the situation, President Draper put the case in the deft hands of T. A. Clark, present Dean of Men of the University. The latter negotiated with the University authorities and the contending classes, and definite arrangements as to time, place, and management of the rush were established. The authorities went so far in their efforts to gain control of the conflict, that classes were dismissed in order that students might attend it. This was an extraordinary concession even for those good old days.

With the University in charge, the color rush changed materially in form and purpose. Instead of the freshmen sewing their colors to their coats and the attacking sophomores trying to separate colors, clothing, or odd handfuls of hair from the besieged yearlings, the battle was staged about a high wooden pole bearing the freshman ribbons. The second year men did the "rushing", and endeavored to capture the prized colors. The freshmen acted wholly on the defensive and fought desperately to keep their colors flying from the "mast". Various methods such as coating the pole with axle-grease, or wrapping it with barbed-wire were employed by the freshmen to intensify the difficulty of the sophomores in scoring a victory. So successful were the first year men in the use of their "ingenuities of war" coupled with the rapidly increasing size of each successive freshman class, that from 1900 to 1907 the sophomores never gained a single victory over the fresh. Something had to be done!

Pushball was ushered on the scene in the fall of 1908 as the contest to supplant the unequitable, old-fashioned "colro rush". No one knew anything very definite about the new class game, except that the ball was filed with air and the object was to push. That sounded as fair for one side as the other, but several unfore-

seen things developed by the time the first contest was completed. The struggle was shorter but more exciting; the "pushing" was more systematically managed but less spectacular; the contest was fairer but the hospital list was longer than in all other years put together; *and the sophomores won.*

At last Homecoming time, a new rush, calculated to possess all the exciting, spectacular, equitable features of both the color rush and the pushball contest, without the dangerous qualities of either, was introduced between the sophomores and the freshmen by the Illinois Students' Union. This was the Sack Rush. So far it has answered all the demands made upon it by the contending classes, as well as by the University authorities. This gives it an unrestrained sanction that the other "rushes" and "contests" have not had. The Sack Rush appears to have come to stay as a permanent University custom.

The annual struggle between the sophomores and the freshmen from the beginning twenty-three years ago until the present has been a pertinent problem in psychology. Nothing in color rushes, pushball matches, or sack contests contributes toward a student's knowledge of Calculus or History 3A; but whatever feeling of contempt or bitterness the "sophisticated" sophomores felt for the half-baked, conceited individuals just graduated from the high school, was spent in the enthusiasm of the scrap. The conflicts gave expression to the temporary class animosity, and in the end the same thing occurred no matter who was victorious. So often and so regular has it happened that it has been formulated unconsciously into the unwritten law "that no hazing is to be done after the conclusion of the contest between the two classes". Therein have the combats served as an invaluable custom to the University of Illinois.

Weighing by The Greek-Letter Scale.

(By Grace Stratton).

"To be or not to be"—That is the question that has been uppermost in the minds of several hundred girls for the last two weeks. The question is one of equal importance to the rushee and the girls doing the rushing and now that it has been satisfactorily answered for all concerned, we wonder why we agonized.

To the Freshman, rushing season has been a concrete illustration of Dante's *Inferno* plus the joy of *Paradise Regained*. She has been plunged from the seventh heaven into the depth of despair by the imagined coldness of some girl who merely forgot to smile at the appointed time. It seems to her that she has met thousands of girls the first few days and they all look exactly alike. She is possessed by a feeling of utter helplessness and after she has been snatched up by one group for dinner, led safely through the maze of registration by another, sent to a room and told to stay there until called for by yet another, she gives up, resigns herself to the inevitable and wonders how soon nervous prostration will end it all. The one familiar object in this Champaign puzzle is "the boy from home"; but he is a Senior now and fails to note the wistful appeal, so with a brusque, "How's everything coming?" hurries on wondering what that kid's doing down here any way.

The sensation experienced by those who occasion these feelings in Freshmen are usually vastly different in character. How coolly, deliberately, cold-bloodedly they plan their campaign, gather in the eligibles, separate the sheep from the goats and then settle down to convincing the sheep that their fold is the only one that will harbor them satisfactorily. Then they choose peculiar methods of being careful to avoid breaking orders of Pan-Hellenic. They must feed the children, pet the children, flatter the children, and sing to the children; all these things being done at just the psychological moment. All this tends to create a strained, abnormal state

of mind, the tension increasing rapidly as the second week draws to the close.

The climax, coming of pledge day, defies the English language—A freshman might do it justice but I must pause. One has to be there to understand. The eager, trembling freshman, the millions of men on the side lines, the rush from the parlors, the cries of delight, the violent demonstrations of affection; this makes it quite evident that everybody is happy and after all that is sufficient.



Our Fighting Team.

(With apologies to the singer of Waterloo.)

By William Wilson

There was a sound of revelry by day,
And 'llini field had gathered then,
Her rumbling rooters who always stay
All loyal to loyal 'llini men.

Ten thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Loyalty arose with its voluptuous swell,
The band played, then, with its hundred men,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

* * * * *

Last year beheld them full of vigorous life,
Last year in football circles proudly strong;
But 'llini men took victory thru strife,
Which Stagg's men shall remember long.

The War As I Saw It.

(By Prof. W. A. Oldfather)

Ridentem dicere verum Quid retat?—HORACE.

Any one will appreciate, I feel sure, how distasteful has been the newspaper publicity to which we have been subjected since our return from Europe in September, and how loath I naturally am to foster such adventitious notoriety by word or deed. Nevertheless I acceded to the editor's request to narrate some of our experiences, because of the chance it offered to explain some things all at once which have appeared in New York, Chicago, Milwaukee and Kansas City journals, and I know not where else, things that I could never hope to explain otherwise in this University community.

When such stories appear in a newspaper one naturally thinks that the "hero" has been talking for publication about himself. Indeed that is precisely what one of my best friends surmised. He was fairly green with envy to think that my "publicity agent", as he called him, had secured for me a place on the first page of the Sunday edition of the self-styled greatest newspaper of the world, when even the original Bull Moose was relegated to page three. That I wish to stamp as a malicious suspicion. I gave no reporter an interview, or any information, nor in fact any one else of whom I had reason to think that he would repeat casual conversation to the first "chiel among us takin' notes". The facts are that to while away the tedium of a newsless and uneventful voyage across the Atlantic a small group of us spun one another yarns about our experiences, after the tradition of the high seas. When our steamer was held up in the Narrows for several hours until friends of a number of indigent Americans on board came out in tugs and launches and paid down the balance of passage money yet due, an enterprising reporter for a New York Daily came on board, and one genial member of the group supplied him with whatever he thought would make good copy. The general substance of what appeared was reasonably correct, but I do wish to protest against the statement that I grew the innocent beard in question because I was too lazy to shave. That is a vile slander. If such an act be deemed significant enough to justify conjectures as to a sufficient

motive, be it known that my modest effort to elevate the standards of taste in this community was initiated before leaving Urbana, that it was already a flourishing object of facial adornment long ere I reached the region where razors are rare and each man his fellow's barber, and that in the end it was sacrificed before the banal flippancies of the underbred, to whose Philistine imagination such a soul-satisfying achievement could be nothing else but the accident of circumstance or indolence. But enough of this painful topic.

Although Greece was full of the spirit of wars past and impending our real experience did not begin until we had reached Italy a fortnight after the outbreak of the present conflict. We had planned to visit the sites of the leading Greek colonies in southern Italy, but delays of one kind or another, connected principally with efforts to cash drafts and secure new accommodations for transportation homeward, made it impossible to visit any but those in Calabria, the roughest and most remote part of the country. We had been advised by the ambassador's office at Rome, and the consular secretary at Naples not to leave the large cities, but we could see no reason why we should not pursue archaeological studies in Italy, as neither that country nor the United States was at war, and as none of the questions in which I was most interested was likely at this somewhat late date to endanger further the peace of Europe, so we went ahead. Unluckily the only clothes had suitable to wear in the mountains of Calabria were the American army khaki uniform which I had worn through more than a thousand miles of tramping in Greece. It was covered with stains of sweat and dirt, the trousers had a great rent in one knee which Mrs. Oldfather had mended with some red and green selvaige remnant she got in the Greek mountins; there was a split in the other knee and a fair-sized gap somewhere in the rear where a Locrian dog had taken a mean advantage of me as I was walking through a melon patch. The leggings were frayed to tatters by the thistles and thorny brush of the rocky hillsides of Greece, and altogether I looked as though I had just come out of active service in the field. Mrs. Oldfather had an outing suit of the same general material, in better repair, of course, but even then not the conventional garb of the average tourist. Besides we had the great military staff maps of the region we were studying, never

failing to take them out there no matter who was around, and a good German camera and tripod which we used as often and whenever we pleased. Finally a twny beard suggested northern extraction—indeed, as I think of it now there might have been some little justification on the part of nervous and overconscientious officials in viewing us with some suspicion. But strong in the integrity of our purposes we set forth.

Our first objective was Monteleone, beautifully situated on a high spur of the Appenines some 1,800 feet above the sea, and, like nearly all small towns in Italy, several miles from the railroad. As most of the trains had been taken off by the government, our only chance to get away in good time was to leave about 10:30 a. m., otherwise we should have to wait until after 9 o'clock at night. After making hurried observations of the walls and castle of the ancient Hipponium nearby, we hurried back through the edge of town to get our carriage, which was to be ready for us at 9:30. We had almost reached the spot where our driver was waiting, when a soldier stopped us and invited us to go with him to the sub-prefect of police. I thanked him for the invitation, but said I had another engagement, as I wanted to catch a train, and started on. However he was persistent in extending his invitation; in short he announced that he had orders to bring us. As he was fully armed, that made it a different matter, so, as he didn't seem to care whether we had documents or not, I directed Mrs. Oldfather to go ahead and have the driver come around by the police station to pick me up after the interview, in order to lose no more time than necessary. But it appears that that wouldn't do either. The sub-prefect wanted to make Mrs. Oldfather's acquaintance likewise, so off we went. We were ushered into a room full of clerks copying out of great pink, and green, and yellow portfolios and told to sit down, as the sub-prefect was not yet ready to receive us. At that I grew indignant and demanded to see at once the man who was detaining us. I refused to sit down and kept walking up and down the room expostulating in the most effective Italian I could use, which was not very effective I fear, as my practical knowledge was pretty much restricted to Dante, a technical philological vocabulary, and the necessary phrases for ordering a meal. However my protests and walking up and down had

(Continued on Page 83)

Illinois on The Platform.

(By Chas. H. Woolbert).

The platform interests of Illinois seem to be on the upgrade. The number and calibre of men available for this year's forensic contests gives promise that Illinois is going to take her place with the best there is, where she rightly belongs. Most emphatically we say that there is no reason that can be alleged or devised why Illinois should be the tail of the procession in any line of activity. And it is the deliberate judgment of the writer that Illinois has just as much good material for platform contests as she has for track, baseball, basketball, and football.

With this abundance of good material to begin with, there ought to be no end of interest this year, for the schedule of contests is the best Illinois has ever had. In December come the debates with Iowa and Minnesota, in March the debates with Wisconsin and Michigan, and in the second semester the Peace, Hamilton Club, and Northern League oratorical contests. In our last debates with Iowa and Minnesota Illinois suffered defeat, so there is a fine incentive toward going after these two rivals with the best we have. But then Wisconsin won all four of her debates last year, while Michigan has unquestionably the best debating record of any university in the country. So it takes no blue print to show that there is a fine little task cut out for the boys of the "Honorable-judges-we-have-proved" kind.

Then, in the set-speech contests the one sure prospect is that this year's representatives will have to watch their step if they are going to do for Illinois what Essington and Hasker did last year. Essington's victory in the Northern League contest against the best of the universities of the Middle West has shown us that the trick can be turned and that Illinois keeps the right kind of men about her campus. The one thing needful now is to make sure that the boys who can will prove to be the boys who do. If the competent speakers and writers politely do the Alphonse and Gaston feat for the benefit of some imaginary better man, there will be no repetition by Illinois this year, or next. May this prove an exhortation to the experienced speakers to get to work on the job. Preparing for a platform contest where one encounters the

brightest minds of great student bodies is not a matter of days or of weeks; months at least are required to get results. The getting in is very good indeed this year; try a plunge.

There seems to be something of a popular misconception of the precise place and function of debate and the oratorical contest. Plainly and frankly, the platform contest is a game; a contest of wits, native talent, preparedness, hard work, personal magnetism, discipline, and general mental capacity. No college debate ever proved anything, except that the judges decided thus or so. No oratorical contest ever wrecked a government or made the earth tilt. There are those who fear debate because it seems to trifle with "truth" and to tamper with a young man's sacred convictions. Then there are those who condemn it because it deals only with academic questions. Now if these two types of mind would only get together, they could discover the true inwardness of team debating: that the questions have to be academic for the very reason that they must in conscience be the kind that do no violence to set opinions. And the college boy has little right to a fixed and immovable opinion on minimum wage, the recall of judges, or the proper way of making San Domingo pay her debts. Really the best thing debate accomplishes is to compel a man who is a natural-born hard-shell to discover that all live questions have two sides.

Just at present Illinois cannot show a very impressive list of alumni who have achieved prominence and power through their platform ability. Michigan, for example, boasts that she has more men in Congress, in various state legislatures, on the bench, and in public office generally than any other college in the country; and it is well known that Michigan has been a pioneer in encouraging students to practice for effective public address. Even some of the small colleges can show remarkable records of alumni in prominent places through strong platform work; notably DePauw, Beloit, Hamilton, and Knox. And every one of these has given large place to student contests. Of course, if Illinois men wish only to be superior engineers, farmers, and business men, this representation will stir no blood and rouse no ambitions. But more and more is it becoming clear that the alumni of this great state university must give to the state more in the way of public activity, and they must be prepared to take their place in public life. They must be the natural leaders to stand up wherever they happen to be

and point the way in politics, law, agricultural improvement, business progress, and the spread of the gospel of machinery. Whatever tends to cultivate proficiency toward this end is entirely worthwhile.

The men who participate in platform contests while in college are getting ready for public life. The better they play the game now, the farther will they get in their work. There is no royal road and no Aladdin's lamp; but the fellow who works hard and faithfully now has the double joy of adding an arrow to his quiver and of doing something for the good name of his Alma Mater.



Among Our Alumni Authors.

(By N. N. K.)

Foreward:—The writer is indebted to Dean T. A. Clark for most of his facts.

“Scribblers” and contributors to the Illinois Magazine must often wonder what are the literary traditions of Illinois, and who among her alumni have contributed song or story to the literary output of America since 1867. No answer to the question will be complete until an indefatigable historian drags the Alumni Record for every hint of authorship there set down. The present sketch, which makes no pretence either to completeness or to industry, will bring to notice only a few of the better known names.

No Illini has risen yet to chant the Great Epic of Illinois, or to construct the Great Illinois Novel. The magnificent material embodied in our pioneer and prairie life or in the transformation which riches and learning from the East have begun to work in that life, lies still unturned. Undergraduates have sung the prairies, and Abraham Lincoln. Two alumni at present are scheming to glorify, one by describing, the other by painting, the prairie landscapes of the state. Yet Illinois herself “has no poet.”

Certainly the most interesting of graduate writers has been James Newton Matthews. Mr. Matthews, the first Matriculant in the university and during his lifetime a practicing physician in Southern Illinois (he died at Mason in 1910), has come closest of all alumni to a concrete and comprehensive expression of rural Illinois life. Not through exalted poesy or through formal chapters, but through the lilt of familiar verse has he made it impossible for posterity to say of rural Illinoisans (to borrow one of the poet's own titles). “They had no poet and so they died.” Mr. Matthews has been variously hailed “Poet of the New and Golden West,” “Our Singing Doctor,” “Bard of the Prairie,” “Voice of the Prairies,” and one who heard “the tuneful harps that throng the winds which sweep the Illinoisan air.” And it is as a citizen who was built to sing, a cheery doctor who could draw the whole countryside to hear him, a superior tradition of that countryside, a useful member of the community, that Mr. Matthews is fascinating to us and was valuable to his state.

While he lived Mr. Matthews contributed verse to many magazines; and in 1911 his literary executor collected his most characteristic work in a good-sized volume. This editor, with true prairie want of literary perspective, somewhat blatantly proclaims him poet of all poets, great because never obscure.

Matthews owed much to James Whitcomb Riley, and in fact did for Illinois what Mr. Riley is better known for having done for Indiana. The two men seem to have been intimate, and to have exchanged many a doggerel pass. Matthews was influenced as well by Eugene Field, Joaquin Miller, and Kipling. In his more uneasy, "literary" work, he reveals a catholic and honest acquaintance with the great poetry—with Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Thomson, Goldsmith, Burns, the English Romantic poets, the Victorians and of course the New England classics.

Yet it is as an indigenous prairie singer, eloquent, absolutely at home and at ease, that he interests us most. He has great vigor and variety, a swinging style, and an outspoken profuseness. He can very fitly speak of Illinois prairie life. The consolation in Faith, in Compensation, in a prairie naturalism; the soothing belief that nature is good and that present ills prepare for final peace—these the hard-driven pioneer has wanted, and these Mr. Matthews has supplied. A sympathetic and sounding glorification of prairie occupations and prairie pastimes, of rural comforts, of rich winter evenings, Matthews, with sufficient neatness of phrasing and distinct clarity of imagery has been able to furnish. The pangs that thoughts of change cause perhaps more often in country than in city hearts Matthews, like the Shropshire Lad, has voiced. Matthews was not self-critical; indulged often in thick-tongued sentiment; was now and then jingling and commonplace. But his rough-and-tumble fancy, glorifying friendship and shunning the ways of the city, did excellent service to rural Illinois. He merits more reading than he gets. It is unfortunate that want of space prevents a reproduction of more than two of his pieces, ranging as they do from burlesque to tragedy, from iron to frolic, from sentiment to satire, from dialect to idyll.

"O, what is the time of day?" I said
To a school-boy humming a spring-time song;
His feet were brown and his cheeks were red,
And he answered, shaking his curly head,
" 'Tis nine o'clock, and the day is long,—
'Tis nine o'clock in the morning."

"O, what is the time of day?" said I,
To a farmer laboring ankle-deep
In the new-mown hay,—and he made reply,
As he turned a tired look at the sky,
" 'Tis after twelve, by the watch I keep,
And the weather is warm for reaping."

"O, what is the time of day?" I spake,
To an old man crooning an old-time tune;
The hearth's dull embers he tried to rake
As he heard the winds in the garret shake;
And he said, " 'Tis late in the afternoon,
And the night will soon be falling."

Where did it come from, where did it go?
That was the question that puzzled us so
As we waded the dust of the highway that flowed
By the farm, like a river—the old country road.

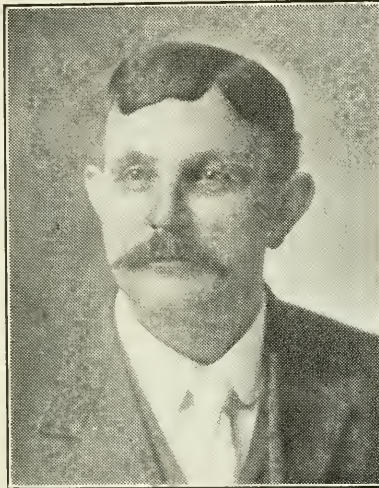
We remember the peddler who came with his pack
A down the old highway, and never went back;
And we wondered what things he had seen as he strode
From some fabulous place up the old country road.

Oh, the top of the hill was the rim of the world,
And the dust of the summer that over it curled
Was the curtain that hid from our sight the abode
Of the fairies that lived up the old country road.

Miss Anna Riehl, now Mrs. Thompson and in residence here, published in 1906 at Alton, two years after graduation, a small volume of verse, "On the Heights," which was noticed at that time in the pages of this magazine. Its intent to edify may be inferred from this sentence in the preface: "He that is able to see good through the evil, he that can appreciate the great gain in the small loss, dwelleth on the heights of peace." The ease and variety of the numbers, the softness of the images, the dignity and mellow

(Continued on Page 79)

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The Possibilities of The "Movies"

(By William Raymond Garten).



How would you like to see the building of the pyramids, those vast silent monuments to forgotten kings? What would you give to study the expression of Napoleon's face as he entered the solitude of St. Helena, alone, powerless, shattered in spirit and in health? Or to come nearer to present time, what would you say if you could see the prophetic countenance of Abraham Lincoln as he stood on the battlefield at Gettysburg, to trace the movement of his lips as he spoke those epoch-making words of peace and forgiveness?

These are a few of the possibilities of the motion-picture for our descendants. The battles of the present war, the opening of the Panama Canal, the coronation of a king, will no doubt be a source of interest to the people of a century hence as well as to the audiences of today. The great and significant place which the moving-picture industry is carving for itself has been so gradual a development, so in keeping with public demand, that it has passed unnoticed. Gradually the "movie" play has evolved from fearsome melodrama, the product of the yellow-backed "dime-

novel," into clever productions equaling the best offered by the legitimate stage.

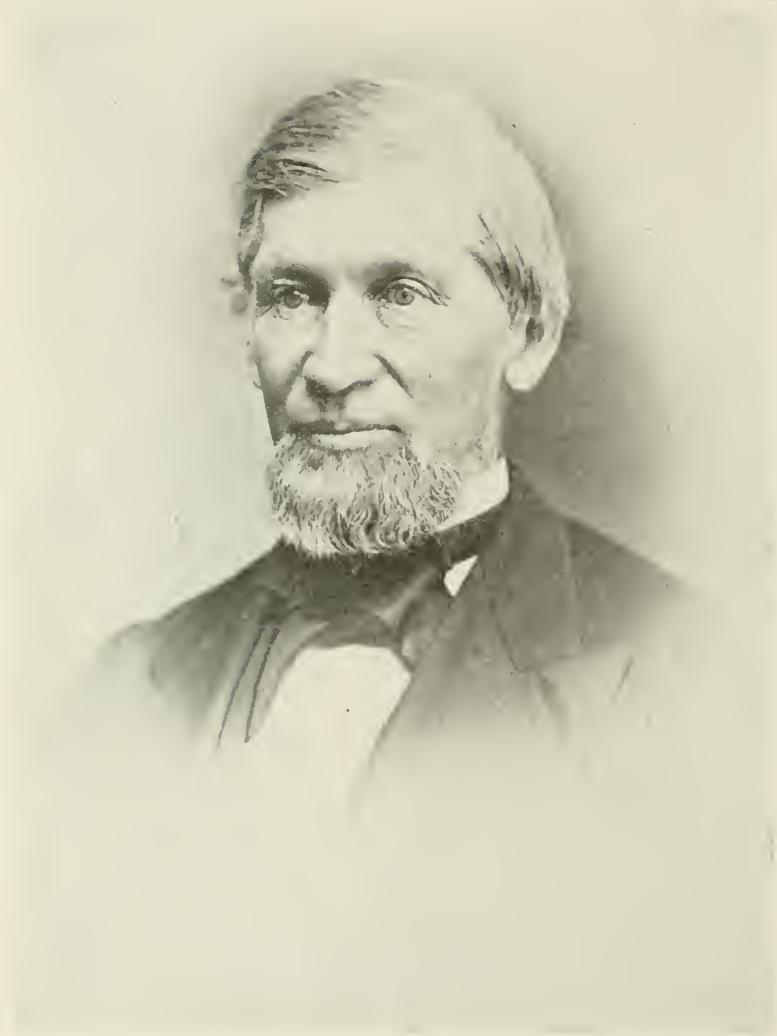
The latest step in this advance is advertising through motion pictures. The Essanay Film Co. of Chicago has developed a unique scheme of visualizing the making process of certain goods so that selling clerks will be better equipped with knowledge of their materials and thus enabled to show prospective buyers just

why their wares are superior. "Dramatizing the selling points," is what the projectors of the new scheme call it. Pictures are taken of every step, for instance, in the manufacture of cotton, from picking, ginning, packing and unloading at the factory, until the cotton is finally ready for the loom. Vividly impressed by this entire process carefully filmed, the sales force are stimulated and enabled to demonstrate just why their goods merit attention.

Even further in this direction is the use of pictures to illustrate the possibilities of a machine or product. For instance, the Universal Portland Cement Co. employs skilled actors and builds entire scenarios merely to illustrate the advantage of cement rods and the proper method of building. The International Harvester Co. shows the improvements in their machines and their new models in operation. In the educational line, of course, motion-pictures are highly effective, being a recognized part of modern school equipment.

In the same manner the motion-picture is making its appeal to the advertisers of every type. Watches, clothes, banks, electricity, drinks—these are only a few of the things which the Es-sanay company alone features annually in advertising films. True enough, they haven't quite encompassed a way for us to see how the pyramids are built, but just as true is the fact that unless a catastrophe of unforeseen consequences overwhelms the earth, the people of a thousand years hence may look with curious eyes upon every detail of our daily life. Speaking literally our whole life is on the screen; a target for criticism or approval.





JOHN MILTON GREGORY.

Alumni Gregory Memorial

The official title of the *chief* administrative officer of the University as given in the legislative enactment founding the institution is Regent, and this still holds so far as that law is concerned. The trustees however exercised an undoubted privilege in 1894 and appointed a president as well as a regent—one man having both titles—but since that date only the first has been used. The first Regent, however, was something more than president as later defined in that he was *ex officio* chairman of the board of trustees, hence had large legislative as well as administrative powers and duties.

Anyone worthily filling the very influential office would naturally have most to do in shaping the character and initial policies of the University. When added to this the personal and professional qualifications of the man gave him well recognized leadership, he inevitable became, far beyond any one else, the real founder, the potential creator of the University. Such was Regent Gregory. And to the early student body he was even more than this, for he soon established himself as a great teacher, a wise counselor as an earnest, helpful, inspiring friend. Vigorous as he was in physical and mental endowments, gifted as he was in effective oratory, furnished as he was with lofty ideals, possessing as he did a wide and wise outlook upon life of the present and for the future, and with it all having winsom manners and an attractive personality—it is not wonderful that he magnified his great office, won the admiration of the students and sent his rich influence down the whole stream of University being and life, even to our day. He was not only the founder, he was the master maker of the University in a sense and in a way, and in a degree which no one else can now or can ever lay claim. He was first in opportunity as well as in time and he was first in power because in part he was first in personal and official opportunity.

Regent Gregory resigned his office in 1880, and subsequently lived most of the time in Washington, D. C., engaged in official duties or in personal affairs until the time of his death in 1898. Wherever he was and whatever his occupation, the University of Illinois had first place in his mind and heart, and he often expressed his desire to be buried on the campus. Interment took place Octo-

ber 23d of the date mentioned. The grave is located just west of University Hall.

It has all along been recognized that some suitable memorial structure should be erected and an alumni committee was early appointed to see that this should be done. But the situation was a peculiar one. Nothing could be taken as a precedent. There were many people and interests to be consulted and, as it proved about as many differing ideas of people. The committee made small headway and at length gave up. Nothing was done, not from lack of interest, rather from much interest, a strong desire to have the right thing done. But there seemed to be nothing which was time considered, both acceptable and feasible, and nothing less could go.

At length a new movement was made by members of the Alumni Association. A conference was scheduled for the June meeting of 1912; a committee was appointed to ascertain the opinions of members, to report a year subsequently. Independent of this Mr. Homer A. Stillwell ex-'82, of Chicago, urged that something should be soon done and offered to subscribe \$1000 to any fair project that should be adopted. This was a big stimulus. With their further encouragement the committee made in July, 1913 a favorable report to the Alumni Council, where after full discussion a decision was reached to undertake the erection of some kind of memorial structure, and referred further movement to the Executive Committee. The latter instructed the President of the Association to appoint a new committee upon the subject and to call into conference at an opportune time the President of the University, the President of the Board of Trustees, the chairman of the trustees committee on buildings and grounds and the Supervising Architect, with the members of the executive and memorial committees of the Association. The duty of this large and fully representative conference was to settle the long undecided question: the definite sort and scope of memorial. Here were eighteen people, each one of whom, it was thought, was as fully acquainted with the situation as any that could be named and together they constituted as competent a body for the purpose as could be assembled or as can be desired. Let this be emphasized for it means much in all subsequent procedure. What this body should decide must merit universal acceptance and ungrudging support.

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An October Idyll

(By Olive Deane Hormel).

The sun of mid-October lifted its reddy disk out of the gray blue mists which shrouded the cornfields. Its rosy beams stole through Ben's open window and slipped across the floor to play in the corner where his gun stood, polished and ready. But the mighty hunter lay dreaming. Crouched in the field he had taken aim and fired on a flying squadron of wild duck. The largest and handsomest of all had fallen dead at his feet. He was bearing it proudly away,—when the paternal basso profunds crashed in upon his dreams.

"Last call, Ben. I'll be up in a minute!"

The pontent of that threat was not lost upon the sleepy boy. A prompt thud of bare feet on the floor reassured the parent below, and shivering in the frosty morning air, Ben scrambled through a hasty toielet.

As his father made ready for a trip to town, the boy ate his breakfast in silence, awaiting the opportune moment for suggesting a morning hunt. But his thought had been divined.

"Sorry, sonny," his father said, "no wild ducks this morning. You'll have to finish that husking over by Aunt Mary's."

Now no ten year old boy likes to husk corn when all the world is hunting wild ducks. Ben swallowed tears of wrath and disappointment as he trudged off to the cornfield alone. The air was crisp and fragrant. Overhead arched a sky of flawless blue, and the hills and woods of October in holiday attire called to him on every side. Scarlet sumac flamed in the zig-zag fence rows. The bitter sweet draped its clusters of frosted berries in long garlands by the wayside, and wild grapes, cold and sweet, glistened amid the bare branches of vine covered trees. From Aunt Mary's house below the hill blue smoke curled lazily upward, and as he reached the hill top and the husking, that favorite lady herself appeared in the dooryard and waved him a cheery greeting.

Ben worked busily but his eyes scanned sky and horizon. It was yet early morning when he sighted a covey of wild ducks settling slowly over the pond in the meadow toward the timber. There were occasional shots too, in the distance. Surely 'twas a morning made for huntsmen! He toiled on in settled gloom. Even Aunt Mary's apple tarts, conveyed by small Davy, failed to revive his

drooping spirits.

"Davy," he said, and there was passion in his tone, "If I was a hunter and huntin' this mornin', and you was a huskin' corn like me, do you know what I'd do?"

But Davy was round-eyed and mute before his hero's flights of fancy.

"Why I'd come along through the field where you was a workin', with my bag full o' ducks on my shoulder, and I'd say, 'Here, boy, you look like you was a doin' your duty, and I got more ducks than I can use. Here's one for you, and you might as well be takin' this one to your Aunt Mary too,'—and you'd say—"

But Davy never knew just what he would say, for Ben's graphic portrayal was interrupted by a series of shots near at hand. There were cries of confusion and a mighty whirring of wings from the direction of the meadow pond, and the timber. The covey of ducks circled wildly. Two or three plunged downward head foremost. But one big fellow soared aloft with a queer, frightened scream, circled wide, then veered lamely and passed almost over their heads, dropping to earth not many feet away from them in the cornfield. The boys watched eagerly, but the wounded bird did not rise. For a moment it thrashed with hurt wings amid the corn stalks, but all was quiet as Ben hurried across the fields with Davy following close. Their quest was a brief one, for there amid the dead stalks, his glossy breast all soaked with blood, lay the biggest and handsomest wild duck that Ben had ever seen. The boys gazed in wide-eyed wonder.

"What'll we do with him, Davy?"

But Davy was absorbed in stroking the warm downy back with timid fingers.

"Let's build a big fire, and cook him, and you'll eat half, and I'll eat half, and you can have the wishbone," concluded Ben with a burst of generosity, as he manfully shouldered the burden and started across the field with the small boy at his heels.

"But you gotta husk corn," lisped Davy, the practical.

Ben visibly drooped. But back at his post, he deposited his prize upon a pile of stalks, and with a great sigh, resumed husking. Davy, disheartened by his hero's silent gloom, at last wandered off toward home.

It was yet some time before noon when a glance down toward Aunt Mary's furnished Ben with real inspiration. He would take

the duck to her. She would think it was fine, and she'd fix it for diner, and they'd have a surprise for the folks. His wide eyes alight with anticipation, Ben shouldered the fowl once again and trudged briskly away toward Aunt Mary's. Down the road two men were coming toward him. As they neared, he saw they were hunters, but he did not envy them now. He rather hoped they would see his duck, as he turned from the road into the lane. Then one of them hailed him and approached.

"Hey, Bub, where'd you get that duck?" and he inspected the fowl with undisguised admiration. Ben eagerly told him all, even trusting his prize to the man's outstretched hands with a proud little air of proprietorship, as the second hunter joined them.

"Looks to me like the fellow you shot," said one in a low tone to the other.

"Sure, Jim, that's the bird!" the other replied, with a wink. Then, "Here, kid, 's a dime for your trouble."

With starting eyes and swelling heart Ben saw his treasure swallowed up in a well-filled game bag, and the two men swung off down the road. The dime slipped unheeded through his fingers. He tried to call after them,—to tell them it was his duck,—that he didn't *want* to sell it. But the angry sobs choked him and his eyes were blind with hot tears. Then he went back to the corn field.

Hours passed, and the cracked old dinner bell sent its quavering summons across the autumn fields. As Ben reached the kitchen door, he heard his father say, "Yes, the game's great today. Met two fellows down the road with eight or ten fowl apiece."

A Dancing Year at Illinois

Have the new dances worn themselves out? Indications at Illinois seem to show that they have not—decidedly not. Bradley, College Hall, the Elks up-town and every other feasible place is dated up for months ahead—and for what? Not the old fashioned waltz or two-step, with their mild exhilarations, but for the “400” one-step, the Argentine tango, the macie half and half, and a dozen new varieties of the hesitation.

Even the Illinois Union plans to supervise a few dances this year. The influence of dancing as a winter amusement at Illinois seems to be decidedly on the increase. Last year, for a few weeks while the ban of the council and sororities fell heavily on the new steps, attendance at club and University dances lagged. This was no doubt due to the fact that the most enthusiastic dancers were interested primarily in the latest innovations, while the adherents of the straight waltz and two-step were not particularly interested in anything.

This year the logical development is a dancing-school efficient enough to meet the demand for new steps. Mr. F. H. Thorne, a student here, has established just such a place. Every Tuesday evening he meets a class of beginners, devoting Friday nights to more advanced students. Mr. Thorne is well recommended and the people who wish to keep up with dancing fashions will do well to give him a trial.—(adv.)

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Penelope of Traverse City

(Dix Harwood).

There were dozens of letters in the box, and she drew them out, one at a time, and read them. Some were tied with ribbons into dusty little bundles of six or seven, each bundle marking an epoch in the affair. She had to admit that she had forgotten even her lover in the rush of the years, but when she re-read his vows of undying love, she did feel a mild glow of returning interest. At the bottom of every single page the faithless one had aided the rheumatic muse who would not soar with little cross marks which are to be interpreted as one pleases.

Penelope began to remember the night she stood on the shores of Grand Traverse and watched the *City of Sheboygan* steam down the broad bay and how she had wept in true romantic fashion worthy of the Greek matron for whom she was named as the lights began to fade and the pounding of the engines grew fainter, drowned by the wash of the waves against the dock.

The *City of Sheboygan* had wandered down Grand Traverse that afternoon in May forty years before, a palatial bark to dazzle the eye of the most blase. She lay at the dock like a very queen of ships, and her fat red stacks with their bands of black, her "social hall" with its splendid brass spittoons, her buccaneering bellboys, and the courtly first mate were worthy of the scrutiny of the worthy citizens of Traverse City.

She turned over the pages of another bundle of letters, and in one she found a picture. No, the first mate of the *City of Sheboygan* was not bad looking. Even if he were not, it was obvious that he could abuse a deckhand more artistically and with a grander and more profane flow of language than any mate on the whole lake. As Penelope sat smoothing out the picture with her fat hands, she could not analyze the ancient passion. Poets might call it the communion of souls, but anyway, twenty minutes after the boat had reached her dock, she had reposed her head upon his gleaming and resplendent bosom of lace and braid.

"My dear," he had asked, by way of getting acquainted, "d'yuh wanta see thuh boat?"

"Uh-huh," and after the inspection they strolled down the street to get better acquainted, because the *Sheboygan* would not leave Grand Traverse bay until nine.

There was some talk on that amorous night of spring. The versatile boss of the deckhands talked of love; real love—the kind which lasts until the earth ends and begins over again and until all our souls have come to the place where we are sprinkled by the water cart.

“You love me?” she asked skeptically. “Everybody on Lake Michigan’s a kidder. I’ll bet you’re married.”

“I do love you, Penelope; I never loved anybody else, and I never can. When I come back next fall, we’ll be married and be happy.”

“Oh, I’ve heard that before,” announced the prosaic Penelope, yielding, however, to the embrace of the gold-braided arm. It may have been the soft stars of the intoxicating spell of masculinity in uniform; at least that was the way she was inclined to analyze the matter forty years after, almost to the day.

“You won’t be back to Traverse City this year?” she asked mournfully.

“No.”

“You won’t be back until fall?”

“No,” he said, “you see, dearie, Traverse is a long way off of our reg’lar route. But you wait; I’ll be back this fall.”

She waited. She waited until the last boat left for the south that winter. Next spring she was waiting still, but the *City of Sheboygan* brought another first mate the next season who had a hunted look as well as a substantial wife of two hundred pounds.

Penelope sighed over the next bundle of letters. Her fat shoulders shook as if she were crying, and it appeared that the letters with the purple ribbons marked the beginning of the second reel. Well, as to this second lover, she married him, and he died eventually. There were seven children and a cider mill left. As to the daughters, they spent a certain time admiring the crews on the lake boats, then married. As to the sons, they ran the mill. As to Penelope, she lived with Popey and his wife Parthena, of whom she was a little afraid.

Penelope had finished reading the last letter. She tied each letter into the bundle to which it belonged; she placed each bundle in its proper place in the box, hiding them with a start, because Parthena was coming up the attic stairs.

“I’ve got some cloth in this old chest here, ma,” she bellowed in her fog-horn way. “It’s some brown stuff. I thought I’d best

be gettin' it out; we'll need it pretty soon, because you're gettin' on in years. We'd best be starting to work this very afternoon on your shroud; there ain't a single minute to spend.

"But, Parthena," protested Penelope, restraining a desire to peer into the old glass on the dilapidated dresser. "I'm only sixty; not a day beyond. Ain't I a long while to live? You are hurryin' things somethin' awful. Wait till the good Lord gets ready, Parthena. "Oh, she shivered, "let's don't hurry Him." She was alarmed. She had never crossed Parthena before, and it seemed like disobedience.

"Ma, my mother had hers ready when she was thirty-two. I didn't know you wasn't prepared until yesterday. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away!' You can't tell when he'll strike you down, so we must be prepared." She sighed resignedly, gathering up the cloth for the spending of a happy afternoon. "Did you notice, ma," she began when they were in the little sitting-room downstairs, "that our lot at the cemetery is awful crowded? There ain't room for more than one grave more. I'll take your measure now," she said, as Penelope made no reply.

Penelope staggered to her feet in agony. She felt the sombre stuff. It was rough and hard.

"I b'lieve I'll make my own shroud, Parena," she managed to say, as her daughters skinny fingers tucked the tape-line beneath her fat arms. "I b'lieve I'd rather." Whereupon Parthena arose with dignity and betook herself from the maternal roof regretfully, to tell her dearest and most morbid friend and neighbor how her mother-in-law refused to be interested in the imminent.

"And I do make such serviceable shrouds," she sighed, "even if I do say it myself."

After Parthena had gone and all danger seemed to have passed, Penelope wrapped the brown goods in a paper and went far out to the end of the break water to drop the bundle in the bay. On the way home she bought white lawn with a pink flower in it. "I'd rather be buried in pink lawn or white lawn. Because it's spring and I read them silly letters, I guess I'm thinking I'm young again."

As she strolled along the dock toward the town, she felt ashamed of herself and the white stuff beneath her arm, because there were young girls about, waiting for the *Joliet*, which was

(Continued on Page 75)

	<p>THE ILLINOIS Of The University of Illinois.</p>	
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Published by the Students of the University of Illinois.

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 502 East John Street, Champaign.

Subscription Price.....75 Cents

Regarding a Literary Policy

We anticipate some criticism because of the fact that certain literary qualities of the magazine will be missing in this issue. "Literary" is a peculiar, elusive adjective; particularly have we found it so at Illinois. We have searched diligently for something we could so modify, for art with the true touch of the artist, for that rare, happy combination of style and thought that lends entity to the printed page. In a measure we have been successful, but only when we drew upon tried and reliable sources.

Sometime in the near future a call will be issued to those who wish to write. If something of the spirit of ancient bards stirs within you, if you are that rarest of all creatures at Illinois, an embryo writer, we hope to meet you then. Meantime we present articles of timely interest. Unable to be literary, we flatter ourselves that we may be interesting—interesting and clever.

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Urbana, Illinois

Penelope of Traverse City

(Continued from Page 72)

steaming up the harbor. It was big, but not nearly so wonderful as the old *City of Sheboygan*. She felt conscious of her grey hair, her red hands, her sombre dress, as she stood there, and she almost smiled at the queer prompting which caused her to buy white lawn for a shroud.

Then the *Joliet* docked by the old red warehouse which had been since she was a girl; it brought back to her mind again a certain romance which she had dug from some old letters that very morning. The passengers came ashore; the bellboys, still clad in white duck, looked mercenary and gathered dimes; the steward swaggered; a very young first mate greeted a very young wife; the lookout shrieked to a feminine acquaintance, requesting that the "kid" wait for him, since he would be down in a minute; the chef grinned through a forward porthole; the deckhands moved trunks and boxes noisily to the cadance of the same old picturesque abuse of former times; a passenger somewhere in the boat was extracting uncanny sounds from the piano. It was just like the days when the *City of Sheboygan* was new.

As she stood there dreaming, the captain came ashore. She started. There was something familiar about him. His hair was grey, and he was fat, but he was none the less familiar. He stared at her a moment, picking her out from the crowd.

"I don't think you know me," he said, and his voice was the same as ever. It was the old first mate of the old *City of Sheboygan*, and he still possessed his old voice.

"Oh, I guess I remember you," she said, a bit tremulously.

"We're going to lay here for two hours."

"So didn't the *Sheboygan*," retorted Penelope.

"Is our walk still there?"

I haven't ben down that walk for forty years. Law, do you think *I* want a lover *now*?"

"I haven't seen it for a long time; let's take a stroll down there," he suggested.

She walked with him down the old path, which had not changed in forty years; and there was the lookout and his Traverse City admirer giggling a little way in front of them.

"Why didn't you come back?" she asked frigidly, as he slipped

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his arm about her. Love warmed over is likely to be analytical.

"Well," he answered, "you see—you see—I guess I lost my mind. Did you wait all this time for me?"

"N-no," she admitted, "guess I must have lost mine, too."

But why quibble over the ethics of the affair? The white lawn did not become a shroud; it was made into a wedding dress, and Parthena smiled wanly the day of the wedding. "You never can tell," said she. "'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.'"

Alumni Gregory Memorial

(Continued from Page 64)

In the meantime, advised of the Alumni procedure and forecasting events, the Board of Trustees, acting upon the recommendation of President James, caused to be prepared a marker for the grave, consisting of a granite boulder, dug from its long-time resting place while excavating for Lincoln Hall, with an attached bronze tablet inscribed as follows:

John Milton Gregory,
First President of the
University of Illinois, 1867-1880.

If you seek his monument look about you.

The proposed conference was called for May 2, 1914, and upon that day the members—with few exceptions and with no participating interest unrepresented—met in Natural History Hall, all anxious that, after so much difference in ideas and in consequence so much delay, the wisest and best thing should be done. What was done is shown by the resolution which was at length adopted by an unanimous vote. It was: "Resolved, that the memorial to be erected to Dr. Gregory on the University campus be a *Gregory Memorial Building and Art Collection*, that \$150,000 be raised for the purpose, and that the University Trustees be requested to assign a site for the building south of Lincoln Hall and west of the Auditorium, and facing the site chosen for the new Library building.

This is the conclusion then of the long discussion, and it is believed it will be when consummated the happiest possible solution of a problem complicated by many factors of real importance, but which cannot be further followed here. The Trustees assigned the site requested—again a happy contribution towards the success of the movement. The Memorial Committee appointed the under-

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Marten's

Why walk to the University for a meal when you are uptown
Meals 25c and 35c. Main and I. C. Tracks.

signed director of a canvass for subscriptions and otherwise organized for the effort. It was felt however that during the vacation months of July and August little could be done and since then the European war seriously affects such matters. Hearing of the action of the conference Mr. Stillwell increased his proposed subscription to \$2,500. No other sum anything like so large has been offered but a number of subscriptions from \$1,000 down has been added without serious effort having been begun. Hope is not given up for big help. At least half the full sum should be so secured, then the remainder will be assured.

The building plans have not been drawn, except that the structure now proposed is to be 186 by 66 feet, three stories and basement. It is to house an art collection, thus furnishing the University again in larger and better form what Dr. Gregory was earlier instrumental in providing—an Art Gallery. Of the former collection some 4,000 pieces are now scattered, and so unimpressive, thru the various buildings. When good quarters are provided, the collection will grow naturally and special help will soon be found. The building will also provide suitable headquarters for the Alumni Association and its varied and increasing activities—a full office suite and an Alumni Hall, for meetings and for representative collections of many kinds. A campus home for the Alumni Association itself must make the movement popular.

Among Our Alumni Authors

(Continued from Page 58)

smoothness of the compositions in general do not wholly succeed in convincing us that the moral is not too bald. There is a great deal that is Wordsworthian, both in style and in the belief that nature is beautiful and true. To a great deal that is commonplace Miss Riehl joined yet more that was earnest, and once or twice something that was magical—as in "April." While in college Miss Riehl wrote verse for the *Agriculturist*; after graduation she won first prize in the *Magazine World's* story contest, and published several short stories in household publications.

Among alumni writers of fiction Mary Tracy Earle, '85, stands forth at once for both her success and her merit. She has published stories in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Century*, *The Outlook*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Short Stories*, *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, *Godey's*, and *The Evening Post* of New

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STERN
BROTHERS.

York. She has also seen through the press the following volumes containing either fresh material or reprints of magazine stories:—*The Wonderful Wheel*, The Century Co., N. Y., 1896; *The Man Who Worked for Collister*, Copeland and Day, Boston, 1898; *Through Old Rose Glasses*, Houghton, Mifflin, Boston, 1900; *The Flag on the Hilltop*, Ibid, 1902. She has also some essays to her credit in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Most of her work seems to have been done under the local color spell of twenty and thirty years back. There is a touch of poetry in every piece, and the traces of a firm if not always flexible hand. The setting is almost invariably the South, in particular among the Creoles of Louisiana.

"The Wonderful Wheel" recounts the struggle of two pathetic, delirious, fancy-haunted Southerners, a poor potter and his motherless little girl, "The Fiddler," against the stubborn, hot superstition of their Creole neighbors. Their home is declared a hoodoo, and the wistful yearning of the child for playmates, together with the desperation of the play of her lonely fancy, is made the spring of the whole imaginative action.

The remaining volumes treat various Southern temperaments in sensitive and effective fashion. If the dialogue is not always nervous and progressive, and if the turns of plot are occasionally artificial, the conception is always charged with poetry, and the dealings in personal motion or extraordinary aspects of wild Southern Nature are penetrating. The author is most convincing in her treatment of fanciful and unsophisticated timid young girls, for whom her men are often only impotent foils. Ginevra Seymour, Ducie Burnham, Clothilde Rousselle, and *The Fiddler* are undoubted triumphs.

Mrs. Kate Peabody Girling of Glencoe, '83, has startled magazine readers with a number of effective if bizarre narrative themes not easily forgotten. Her story in *Good Housekeeping* last year, "The Duchess' Last Game," was a subtle and resourceful presentation of a morals—etiquette dilemma. Her "*When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old*," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1913, is a grisly slice of immigrant life, inspired, clearly, by Mary Antin. Hannah the Swedish maid is induced to tell how back in cold Sweden when she was a child she had to lay away her dead mother on the ironing board in the batter-cold lean to, in order not to "bring a fear on the little child'n," who knew nothing

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Arcade. The sooner
you get acquainted with
it, the longer you will
eat there

Eventually That Will be The Place

Try Our Original "Chili"

The Alamo

"The Home of Good Things to Eat"

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W. A. Bohnhorst

Something New all
the time at Marshall's
in the way of Neckwear,
Shirts, Collars, Hats
and News.

Our Tailored Suits are
always up to the minute
when made by

A. E. Anderson & Co.

First Shop

**BRADLEY ARCADE
WRIGHT ST.**

of Death. The relentless probing for domestic horror and its bald, naive recitation are only extenuated by a method which in its calmness and paring keenness, is worth cultivating for its own sake. Here is a deliberate laying bare of tender memories, a cool stripping clean of a situation more often mouthed and sentimentalized.

Of writers as yet less prominent than these there is perhaps a very considerable number, and a study of them would surely prove profitable. The Alumni Record tells us, for instance, that George Madison, '08, an editor with Reilly and Britton, publishers, Chicago; has published from that house a "Collection of Verse called Sweethearts;" and has written "fiction."

But if there be but slight literary heritage from our scanty past, and if no long line of playwrights, poets and novelists lights up our Alumni Record, we at least may reasonably look forward to a greater productivity in the years which will follow. Meanwhile, ambitious undergraduates may well remember that they had best write what they know, and that such men as James Newton Matthews often yield inspiration when geniuses greater and more remote have remained inaccessible.

The War as I Saw It

(Continued from Page 52)

merely the effect of irritating the clerks and petty officials, for we were kept waiting a full half hour, and then when it was quite impossible to catch our train any longer, the sub-prefect called us in. He was a typically self-important official and I presented him my passport and other credentials. He couldn't read English, but called in a captain who understood a little, and between them they made out the passport in time. Then they asked for Mrs. Oldfather's papers, and were not easily satisfied that she appeared only as "and wife" upon my passport. Then they wanted to know what I was doing there, where I had been and why, and what I wanted with military maps and German guide books; finally just why the University of Illinois was not paying my expenses if I were engaged in scientific work so far from home. That last question I couldn't answer any more than they could, and ruefully reiterated the plain fact. At last they demanded that I produce the rest of the party. This was a poser, and I confessed inability to do so. It seems that we had been reported by two officers, and

Letters Home II

Dear Folks:—

We're getting all ready for that Big Home-coming Nov. 14. The astrologers, the soothsayers and the wise men have peered into the future and they tell us that old man Stagg and his minions will be expunged from the football map on that day. Stagg, they say, has a new disease—"Pogueitis". It comes in the shape of uneasy dreams in which a slender figure runs through a bunch of redcoats.

"Heads Up" is the signal, with all the old-timers coming back. I'm sure getting to be the Daily Hint from London. Zom's new suit fits me like a glove—and I picked up a Balmaccan there for \$22 that is a wonder. Zom is ready for the rush with a big line of neckties—Everybody wants a new one for the festivities.

BILL.

P. S.—Man always needs a little money Home-coming.

ZOMBRO

Green Street, Champaign

Freshmen:

Learn to Sing the Illinois Songs

Do not be a dead one

If you know them all get a couple to send home to sister. She will like them.

THE CO-OP

Publishers of all Illinois Music

putting two and two together in their official wisdom they had concluded there must be four of us. At length they consulted with the informers, and since each identified us as the persons he had sen we were rather reluctantly released. But as we had lost our train anyway by this time, we were in no hurry to go, and I paused to discuss the matter further. As suggested above my vocabulary of objurgation and abuse was somewhat limited, but fortunately I carried two pocket dictionaries, and when I couldn't think of the right word, I would stop and look it up. I thus managed in the course of a few minutes to make clear that I was decidedly *irate* at being needlessly delayed until I had lost my train, and that their action was *inumano*, *inurbano*, *timoroso*, *pavide*, *codardo*, *cattievo*, *incommodo*, *ridiculo*, and *motto stupido*. That last got quite a rise out of the sub-prefect, as the boys would say, who became *irato* likewise, and I left him in a nice passion at the disrespect I had shown his august personality, while I in turn threatened to report him to his superiors and to lay the case before the American ambassador at Rome.

This ended the first adventure, which was much the liveliest of them all. The professor of classics whom I met later in the day was greatly amused over our tilt with the sub-prefect, and I judge a good many others were too, for the soldier who escorted us to our carriage afterwards was grinning most of the way, and occasionally chuckled after he got out of sight of the police headquarters.

(Continued in the Home-coming Issue.)

\$5 for every ad. published \$500 for the Best

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For the best original Fatima ad. submitted by a college man before June 1, 1915, we will pay \$500 in gold.

The first installment of students' ads. will be published next month

Each month, beginning next month, some of the ads. submitted will be published in college papers and magazines. With each ad. so published, if the writer will permit us, we will publish his name, year and photograph.

Every ad. published will be paid for at the rate of \$5 apiece. It must be understood however, that the selection of an ad. for publication does not signify that it has any better chance to win the \$500 than the ads. not so chosen.

There are no restrictions whatever as to the method you shall employ or the way you shall approach the subject—except that the ad. must be truthful.

It has been our experience that no man can strike the fire of conviction in any kind of salesmanship—written or personal—unless he believes in what he is selling. That's only a hint, however.

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co. 212 Fifth Ave., New York



ILLUSTRATE your ad. if you can but if you can't draw, then use your kodak or describe your idea.

Fatima Facts

- Pure Tobacco.
- No finer tobacco used than in Fatima.
- Simple, inexpensive package.
- The biggest selling 15 cent cigarette in America.
- Made famous by college men.
- The Turkish tobacco used in Fatima is specially selected by resident native buyers at Xanthi, Cavalla, Samsoun and Smyrna.
- Smokers of high priced cigarettes who smoke a few packages of Fatima are usually satisfied to "switch."

Fatima Cigarettes are "distinctively individual"

They are 20 for 15c



FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTE

Can Illinois Win The \$500.00?

All over the United States college men are working eagerly on the Fatima ad writing contest. The Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. will give a prize of \$500.00 to some college man this year—to the fellow who submits what they consider the best advertisement. This is an opportunity for every wide-awake student with a faculty of getting material before the public eye. The contest is square; the prize amply guaranteed; all that is necessary is to produce the goods.

While the business staff of practically every college publication in the country is hard after such a tempting reward, something seems to tell us that an Illinois man can land the honors. Something in our prosaic western air seems conducive to sound business-sense. For instance, J. P. Beck, '07, just recently walked away with the fattest plum in the professional advertising world—the \$1,000 prize offered by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World for the most constructive plan of advertising development.

Mr. Beck is an exceptional man; but our innate confidence in all Illini leads us to say, no more exceptional than many other fellows now in school. Of course in addition to the prize, every "ad" published is paid for at the rate of \$8.00 apiece, but that's not the point. The big honor is what Illinois wants and there are brains and ability enough here to land it. If your talents are in that direction read over the Fatima ad in this issue and get a few pointers; then do your best. Everybody admires a good effort.

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All over this county the people are clamoring for efficiency in Public office. In order to become efficient a man **MUST FIRST LEARN HOW.**

Vote for Ed. Rogers

Can We Do It This Year?

Sure

Do It Any Year

by simply learning to make **New York Life** your Savings and Investment as well as your Protection medium.

Its New Selfsustaining Policy

will beat Government and Municipal Bonds, Farm and City Mortgages, to say nothing of all classes of Promotor's schemes.

See what it has to offer you and then draw your own conclusion.

A. J. Woolman

Over Co-OP Store

Y. M. C. A. BARBER SHOP

Before you take your girl to the
game, come in and let us fix you up.
No Waiting

This is still the meeting place.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

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For

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CHAMPAIGN

A College Graduate

Obtained Illinois Life Certificate by Examination in 1902



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Private Dining Room Service
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Champaign : Illinois

LET US FRAME
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The largest stock of mouldings to choose from, in
the TWIN CITIES.

LESLIE—Urbana

George Fitch
Says---

that "Petey" Simmons dident begin to feel the tightness of his hat band until he got to be a freshman at Siwash. But Petey was one of those whole-loaf-or-none-at-all kind of fellows and his case of domus balloonicus got so bad that he felt melancholy whenever he thought of the loads of people who would never have the privilege of knowing him.

This is not our case exactly but we want to tell you, so that you will know, that we have the finest blue white crushed stone for driveways, the best brands and stock of Portland Cement and general builders supplies in the two cities.

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BELL 12 AUTO 1342

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ILLINOIS

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WARNING!

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¶ When we're least expecting him, “Mr. Cold Weather” is going to pounce down upon us with a large, number 10 club! He may come tonight or he may wait until next week to spring his surprise! He's bound to come soon!

¶ Don't be taken unawares! Come in and see us today and get your heavy clothes “armor” ready to defend yourself against “Mr. Cold Weather.”

¶ We have just what you want in overcoats and winter suits. Don't put it off! Act now!

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TAILORING CO.
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37 NEIL STREET

Pictures of *YOU*

taken during Home-coming the 13-14-15th will
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We have your picture and over 1000 others.
Come see yourself as others see you.

Watch for Date of Show

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and sold with our guarantee of perfect fit,
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good name at this store than we do of money
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MAIN AND WALNUT**

The NEIL THEATRE Means BETTER Moving Pictures. Special Feature Daily with such stars as Mary Fuller, Rosemary Theby, Florence Laurence, Warren Kerrigan, Grace Cunard, Ben Wilson, King Baggot, Harry Myers, Ford Sterling, Bob Leonard, Francis Ford and many others.

Compare Our Pictures---Then Judge

—THE ISSUES—

<i>Numbers—</i>	<i>Date of Issue.</i>
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2. Football.....	Friday, October 23, 1914
3. Home-Coming....	Thursday, November 12, 1914
4. Woman's.....	Monday, December 7, 1914
5. Post-Exam.....	Tuesday, February 9, 1915
6. Military.....	Monday, March 8, 1915
7. Spring.....	Monday, April 12, 1915
8. Interscholastic.....	Thursday, May 13, 1915

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Illinois Magazine

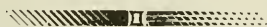
Vol. VI.

November, 1913

No. 3

The Discovery of *POGUE*

By R. Bur.



"He is going to be a second Steffen," prophesied Referee Thomas after the Missouri game in 1913. And that prediction has proved to be not only wise but also extremely conservative. For where Steffen made his spectacular gains occasionally, this man makes them regularly and even habitually.



Back in 1912 a freshman came to Illinois from oer Sullivan way. He was what could be called the ideal "frosh". He was a good football player and a very modest one. He had a think-works, too, and was not one of the kind who are continually ineligible. And he went out for the Freshman Varsity.

Unfortunately that fall was the first year of Coach Jones of the Freshman Varsity Football team and the Varsity Basketball team at Illinois. There was material galore and a quick cut had to be made. The coach naturally enough cut the men from the squad who had come out late and particularly the lighter material. And as our freshman filled both requirements, he was dropped the second day without a trial.

Cut off the Freshman Varsity, he went out for the class team

and made good with the whole word capitalized. "The bright light of the game: the shining star of the men on the class teams" is the way the reports read throughout the season. And when the curtain fell he was chosen quarter-back in the selection of an all-star class team and designated as captain.

As a Soph he went out for the varsity and made it hand down. Nervous the first game of the season, he steadied down and became the hero of the rooters and the delight of the newspaper men. For as we have said, he was a second Steffen and was always good for the head-lines.

As a quarter-back, he was one of the best in the west. Seven touch-downs went to his credit in five games and a score in all the contests except the first. A sixty-five yard sprint through the entire Chicago team gave us our only score against them last year. And he made that run. Surely a second Steffen and more.

This was the last game in which he participated last year. Injuries kept him out of the others. But this fall he was shifted to half and has played a better game, if that is possible, than ever before. Six touch-downs already this year in four games. One in every game except the first. By some strange coincidence history repeated itself in this first game and he again failed to score in the opener.

And, barring accident, the history of last year's touchdown against Chicago will be repeated and very likely, more than once. Illinois has a backfield who are good ground gainers. All are good for consistent gains against any team. But this half is the one who makes the forty yard runs—cork-screw fashion—which make even the co-eds get excited. And the telegraph clicks, the crowds cheer, the opponents sulk and the football world knows that Pogue is repeating past history.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

He had waited thirty minutes for a slow waiter to bring his dinner.

"Now," he said to the waiter, "can you bring me some cheese and coffee?"

"Yes, sir; in a minute, sir."

"And," continued the diner, "while you are away you might send me a postal card every now and then."

—Woman's Home Companion.



Home Coming at Illinois

(Olive Deane Hormel.)

Credit must be given to the erstwhile Senior societies, Phoenix, and Shield and Trident, for the first conception of a Fall Home-Coming, though the original suggestion, it is said, came from Clarence F. Williams, '10. These two organizations, after considering the plan for some time, early in 1910 appointed George W. Schoeffel, '10, as chairman of the committee to draft a petition to the Council of Administration, asking that two days be set aside for such an event. The Daily Illini of Sunday morning, May 29th, of that year, contained an announcement that the Council had given the time from Friday noon, October 14th, to Saturday night, the 15th, for the First Annual Fall Home Coming.

The idea, though more or less vague, was enthusiastically received by the student body and given much publicity through the Daily Illini. Soon it was the general idea that an elaborate programme of events should be arranged for the entertainment of returning alumni and announcement was made that the chief

of these would be the football game with Chicago. The effect on the alumni was instantaneous. As soon as it was definitely known that Home-Coming was to be a reality and the Chicago game its leading feature, letters began to pour in from all parts. Alumni enthusiasm further stimulated the student body, which set to work with a zeal unprecedented to prepare entertainment on such a scale that the old grads should be swept off their feet.

The Senior Societies, having instituted the movement, now resigned their claims to the Illinois Union, which organization has had full charge of Home-Coming arrangements since that time. From the very first, W. E. Ekblaw of 1910 was the moving spirit. Too much cannot be said of the splendid initiative and organizing ability which he exhibited as General Chairman of the first Home-Coming committees. Under his leadership the movement crystallized, and seemed almost spontaneously to be on an effective basis, and to him is due not only a large part of the immediate success of first Home-Coming, but much of the efficiency with which the subsequent events have been managed. In a practical sense, Mr. Ekblaw is the founder of Fall Home-Coming.

The most memorable features of the First Annual Home-Coming were the Chicago Foot Ball Game with its victory for Illinois, the Alumni-Varsity Base Ball Game, the Push Ball contest, the great mass meeting on Illinois Field, and the rollicking fun of the Hobo Band, and Girls' College of Nonsense. It was still several days before the 14th of October when the Illini began to come back. They came from all directions at once and in astonishing numbers, back to Alma Mater and a jollification that set new standards of fellowship between graduate and graduate-to-be, between Illinois and her great family of alumni. From California and New York, from Washington and Arkansas and Tennessee, from every state in the upper Mississippi Valley, and from every county in Illinois, they gathered in. By special train, by special trolley, and by automobile they came to have a rollicking good time, and they had it. They sided with the Freshmen in the Push Ball contest. They sang loud and long at the mass meeting, yelled their voices away as Illinois beat Chicago for the first time in nearly a decade, and heedless of their years linked arms with their brothers, and sons and nephews in the

snake dance down Burrill Avenue when the game was over. The spirit in which the Home-Comers arrived was livelier and freer than that which pervades Commencement week, and that spirit was increased by the presence of the undergraduates, and the excitement incident to the various undergraduate activities. Consequently the Home-Coming did just what it was planned to do, and as the greatest gathering of Illinois Alumni that had yet ever known, was a success beyond the highest expectations of its most sanguine supporters.

What staggered the old grad, even one who had come back now and then for Commencement, was the overwhelming scale on which affairs were done when all took part. The broad sweep of closely packed bleachers where six thousand sat in the moonlight and sang the new Illinois Sunset Song; the surge and ebb and flow of the vast multitude of voices as the greatest crowd which had ever gathered on Illinois Field, cheered Captain Butzers' team on to victory, the mad frenzy of excitement when the game was over; and the deep rooted and all pervading spirit of "Illinois Loyalty," constituted a series of revelations to the graduate who had not been back at home on Illinois Campus for four or five years, and gave to all, recent and old, a fresh realization of what a potential factor the great fellowship of Illini had become.

Second Annual Home-Coming on November 24th and 25th, 1911, was the occasion of an even more impressive ingathering of alumni. The program of events this time centered about the Minnesota Game. At this auspicious time the Siren made its debut as an Illinois publication. A successful innovation was the double night performance of the Lion Rampant by Mask and Bauble, which has been a regular feature of all subsequent Home-Coming programmes. But the most significant features of this year's program were the class reunions and alumni affairs. The stress upon such events led to a rather spirited controversy between those who favored an annual Fall Home-Coming, and the more conservation alumni who felt that tradition should not be set aside and that Commencement week should be the one great occasion for a gathering of the clans. A few prominent alumni favored compromise by holding such an event only once in four

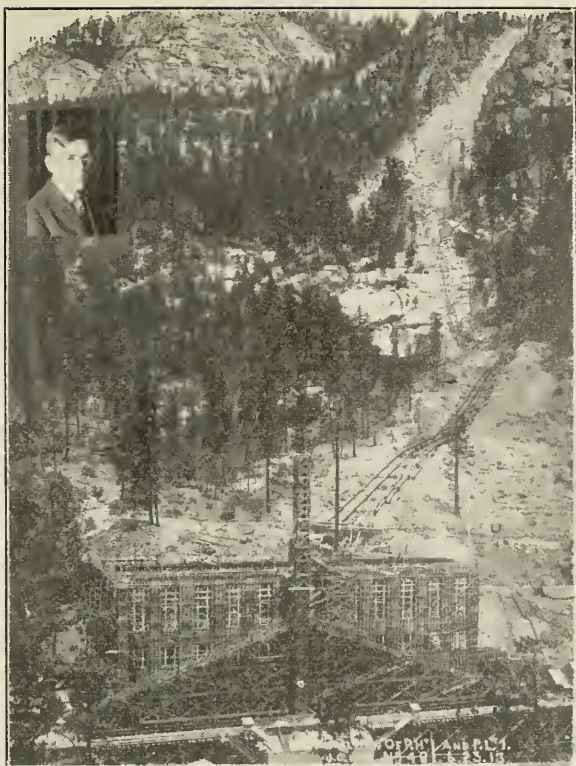
years. But Fall Home-Coming enthusiasts aggressively maintained the two fold argument that alumni reunions should be held during the school year so that undergraduates might be influenced and inspired by graduate enthusiasm, and that reunions at a time when all University activities are in progress, are the only kind that repay the alumnus for his trip.

Apropos of this controversy the Home-Coming number of the Illinois Magazine in 1912 contained an excellent article by W. E. Ekblaw, setting forth very clearly the fact that Fall Home-Coming need in no way detract from Commencement reunions, and suggesting further that such a Festival was an opportune time to concentrate in the one week all those Fall events such as the Hobo Band, the Fall Handicaps, the Push Ball Contest and the Mask and Bauble Play, all of which engross so much time and attention and thus do away with the frequent interruption of class work through the first half of the first semester.

At Third Annual Home-Coming, November 15th and 16th, 1912, there was an overwhelming increase of attendance. The Foot Ball Game with Chicago was, of course, the outstanding event and to quote one account: "That game will long be remembered—not for the victory, for that was Chicago's; the game was remargable for its trappings and its suits of Illinois spirit. Twelve thousand people thronged the bleachers, east, west, and north; twenty-four thousand lungs did hearty yeoman's service; twelve thousand streamers uncurled in the breeze and knit as many rooters into a fantastic web; thousands of rooter hats orange and blued the scene. The cheering was magnificent, the band, one hundred strong, was superb. Victory only was lacking, and after all that is a detail." Other notable features of 1912 were the Alumni Smoker on the eve of the game, where much spirit was aroused by stereoptican views of past foot ball heroes; the class Foot Ball Games, the Fall Handicap, Mask and Baubles performance of *The County Chairman* and the meting of Mawanda.

Fourth Annual Home-Coming is fresh in the memory of most of us. Returning Illini missed the mirth provoking antics of the Hobo Band, hitherto regarded almost as essential a part of Home-Coming as the grads themselves. But in spite of this, and the rather discouraging weather, there was, if possible, increased

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Power House No. 1 and pipe line clearing. It is 2000 feet from the power house to the top of the clearing. The "incline" on which all material was hauled up to the basin, is shown at about the center of the top of this picture.

Unknown Well-known Men at Illinois

L. H. PROVINÉ, MOVER OF MOUNTAINS.

(By Sampson Miles Raphaelson.)

If the average inhabitant of a college town were to begin a search for the element of romance, the last body of persons he would suspect of harboring it would be the faculty. If he happens not to be an average inhabitant, but a person singularly wise or singularly foolish, he might try the faculty, and feebly flounder among the professors of romantic languages or astronomy or poetry.

He might even try the different branches of the agricultural college. But who but an inspired—idiot or genius, whichever you please—would conceive of the engineering department, and of all branches of that department, the architectural!

Yet it is in the architectural engineering department that I stumbled on romance. Not that imitation which is composed of moonlight and lovers, but the modern romance, containing the thrill of electricity and steam and mountains and gorges. L. H. Provine, head of the department, spent two years doing things to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and after hearing him quietly tell of those two years I cease to deprecate the passing of the days when knights were bold. There is something about the man who can cave in the face of an impassable mountain and speak of it casually that makes all of your armored heroes seem as the false shine of worthless ore which conceals the precious metal itself.

Mr. Provine's task was completed a year ago; it was started two years before that. There were four parts to it: architectural and building, mechanical, electrical, and transmission. Mr. Provine was head of the architectural and building work.

The Pacific Light and Power Company of Los Angeles was in need of electricity—so badly in need of it that the company paid about twenty million dollars in two years to get it. The electricity was to be generated from mountain water and transmitted 240 miles to Los Angeles. The mountain at that point had never been explored before, excepting, perhaps, by some stray prospectors. The water was to be gotten from a gorge known as Big Creek.

This country is so impassable that the engineers thought it necessary to build a railroad 56 miles long for the sole purpose of carrying supplies for the work. In itself the railroad cost a million, and it was up to the engineers to prove to the owners that horses could not do the work! They estimated that it would take a 14-horse team to haul an ordinary load of freight, but that half of the load would have to be feed for the horses; thus in order to handle the 50,000 odd tons of various materials, it was figured that a 14-horse team leaving Fresno, California, every fifteen minutes for seven years would be required. This, with other considerations more technical, made the owners agree that a railroad was indispensable.

It took exactly 157 days to secure the right of way, lay out the road, excavate the road-bed, and purchase rails, ties and roll-

ing stock. The road joined a branch of the Southern Pacific 22 miles north of Fresno. There were 984 curves in the 56 miles; the average six-car train often had three curves in it while traveling; so crooked was the trail! The road had a maximum grade of five per cent—double the usual railroad grade.

It took two Shay locomotives to handle a train of six cars, one engine pushing and the other pulling. All trains had to have at least one engine pushing to prevent the train from breaking, so steep were the up-grades. There were only three trestles on the entire road, for the policy was to keep on solid ground rather than to trust to trestle construction. Fourteen camps were scattered at regular intervals, composed exclusively of men working on the railroad.

The upper terminal of the 56 miles is at a point 5,000 feet above the sea level. At this elevation it was necessary to build 11 miles of additional road to take care of storage and get the supplies and materials up into the *basin*, as the gorge was called when it was dammed up. The basin is 7,000 feet above the sea level and on account of a deep incline—75 per cent grade—9 locomotives and over 100 freight cars additional were required for the work. All the cars on this incline were operated by an electric hoist, using a steel cable one and three-eighths inches in diameter. The locomotives were used only for switching. Fifteen to 20 acres of land were reserved at the top for a stock of material which was constantly kept on hand.

Three ravines ran out from the gorge. The idea was to dam these ravines, making the gorge into a reservoir, and directing the accumulated water down to the power houses at high velocity through water-pipes. From the power houses—there were two of them—the electricity was to be transmitted to a sub-station in Los Angeles, from where it was to be distributed throughout the city for commercial purposes.

At a level of 7,000 feet the three huge dams were built. Altogether they required over 125,000 cubic yards of concrete. The largest one is 135 feet high and took 58,000 cubic yards in itself. The reservoir formed is four and one-half miles long and two and one-half miles wide, storing enough water in the rainy season to run both power stations for nine months.

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To The Men Who Hold In The Line

(By Sidney Casner.)

Oh, the fullback bows to the cheering crowd,
And the halves and the quarter, too,
And the praise descends to the plucky ends,
Who fight for the Orange and Blue.

To none so great do I dedicate,
This poor little verse of mine—
But here's to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who hold in the line!

You watch the game and you'll all exclaim
"Just look at that fellow run,"
And you'll shout and roar when the battle's o'er
That the game was only won

By that fullback's pluck in that splendid buck
That carried him to the goal;
But you don't see fit to think a bit,
Of the man that made the hole.

Yes, the fullback has his mead of thanks,
And the quarter did it all,
And the halves are praised and a voice is raised
For the ends who took the ball;

Now take your cup and fill it up
To the brim with the dancing wine
A toast to those in the fighting rows,
To the men who hold in the line!

"WEE" WILLIE MCGILL

Old Time Trainer

T. I. R.

When the "grads" come back their first quest will be for the familiar facts of old. The athletes will hie to the gym, back to the odor of rubbing oils and clatter of noisy cleats. The men of the last two years will look in at the door of the trainer's room eager to shake hands with "Wee." But "Wee" is not there. He's gone. Another master of sprains and bruises presides over the weary athletes. "Wee" Willie is gone, but not into an unkind land. The following extract from the *Northwestern Magazine* shows the place the little Irish wizard has won in the hearts of the Purple Rooters. They call him a "trainer with a personality," and add an interesting account of his life. Here is what C. Hanson, writing about their new trainer, has to say:

"Wee Willie" is an ex-professional ballplayer, actively engaged in coaching baseball and keeping the members of the other teams in excellent physical condition. His knowledge of the wildest "Charliehorse" would make the western horse-trader look like a Presbyterian minister at a card party; he can make a sprain feel like the oil of gladness trickling over the injured spot; and when it comes to massaging and limbering up the whole body, he acts like a commencement dance on a stiff collar. His psychic effect on the players is described as being as if each separate vertebra in the spinal column just seized his neighboring vertebra and shook him until his teeth rattled, the whole effect producing that "spinal thrill" vulgarly called "pep."

His speech and manner, cool, quiet, witty and yet assuring, make his work as a trainer efficient. He seems to mother those great brawny athletes who come to him for treatment. He is anxious and watchful over every man on the team.

"Does it hurt here?" he asks as his deft fingers pass lightly and skillfully over the muscles of his subject. "Well, we'll fix that up in a minute—just to limber it up. But I'll tell you what to do. You've got plenty of water at home? Just take and steam this for about an hour with hot towels. Now, will you do that for me, Bob?"

That's where he makes his work sure—by the personal appeal. Every man's condition he makes a matter of personal interest.

And thus he works. He has many to attend to, but he keeps all of them in good spirits with his wit and his personality.

William Vaness McGill became active in athletics when he was at Notre Dame University back in 1887. He was their best in baseball. He must have been pretty good for in 1889 the Cleveland Nationals scooped him up. He played with them for two years and then went over to the St. Louis "Browns." That was the time when the league was known as the American Association. When "Wee" was pitching for the "Browns," Charles Comiskey was playing first base and managing the team. After a brief sojourn here for two years "Wee" went over to the Cincinnati club.

It was while he was pitching on this team that he "put one over" on the University of Michigan. His Alma Mater was to play the Michigan team. And as they were anxious to beat Michigan, they brought "Wee" along to do the pitching. He was kept under cover until the bell rang for the teams to take their places. Then out stalks "Wee." He started to warm up with the catcher. One of the Michigan players came running out on the diamond and addressed him.

"Say, you can't pitch against us."

"I beg your pardon, stranger," "Wee" answered, "but you've got the advantage over me; I don't know you.

"Well, I know you," said the other, "you're McGill of the Cincinnati Nationals."

"Huh?" said "Wee," "you haven't got much on me; you're Al Spurney; I used to pitch against you when you were with the Davenport 'pros'."

The man laughed.

"That's all right, 'Wee.' I'm taking law here; what are you taking?"

"Arithmetic," said "Wee," and both of them played.

"Wee" stayed with the Ohio team until his good work got the rest of the pitchers so jealous that the manager had to sell him to Chicago to keep peace. At that time the team was called "Anson's Colts."

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The War As I Saw It

(By W. A. Oldfather)

(Continued from Football Issue)

Our train was late and we reached Tropea accordingly long after midnight. There were no carriages, and the station agent escorted us to the dismal jail-like structure. That served as a hotel. While we were pounding on the door with a great iron knocker which roused dismal echoes in the hallway, and shouting for the proprietor, the night watchman came around the corner, and held a whispered conversation with our guide. He was apparently satisfied when we were duly locked up inside the converted dungeon, and we saw him no more till the next morning. No one hindered us as we went out through the town at an early hour. We climbed down the precipice on which the town is perched overlooking the sea, and started to take views. Ere long I saw a policeman coming out towards us, and directed Mrs. Oldfather to walk over towards him and delay him (as she understood only a little Italian and talked less), while I climbed a rocky hill to take one more view that we especially desired. She did so, and the man reached me only after I had the picture, and was packing up the camera. He said the chief of police wanted to see us, and we went along. The chief was a genial fellow and was ready to receive us at once. It was no great surprise to find the night watchman in his office as accusing witness. Our papers soon proved satisfactory, but my appearance not quite so. The chief of police insisted that I *must* be a German, because of my full tawny beard, especially as no American, he was quite positive, ever wore a beard. At this I laughed, but somewhat nervously, and then the chief laughed too, and the incident was closed. The night watchman thereupon became our devoted guide to the antiquities of the place, and we parted the best of friends.

From Tropea we went to Rygio, passing an interesting country where I took a number of snapshots from the car windows and must have aroused new suspicion thereby, for as we were just about to leave Rygio for Gerace a secret service agent came into our compartment and demanded my papers. I happened to think to ask him for his first. He was a bit nonplussed for a moment,

but showed a badge and then a book which contained his commission, his photograph, and coupons for free transportation on the railroads. I took my time with his papers, scrutinizing them carefully and reading them through; they struck me as very interesting because I had never before seen the commission of an Italian plain clothes man; and then I looked from the photograph to the man's face and back again, shaking my head dubiously. The passengers who were at first very curious now began to be amused, and were soon smiling audibly to the detective's manifest embarrassment. Finally when I was good and ready, I gave him my papers with which he professed to be satisfied after a cursory glance—and retired. However he had his small revenge, for in a few minutes an army officer came in and sat down opposite us, watching carefully our every motion. When we reached Sapo Spartivento, a great landmark for the early Greek mariners, I took out my camera for a photograph. The officer at once informed me that it was *victato*, and on my asking why, he pointed out that it was occupied with a wireless station. That had a show of reason about it, and I desisted. A little later we came to Capo Bruzzano, where the Lokrians made their first settlement in the west, and I started to take a view of it. This also was *victato*, it appeared, and when I pointed out that it was neither fortified nor occupied in any way, he replied "Quite so; but that is just the reason it must not be photographed, because an enemy might attempt to land at an unoccupied position." It was quite clear that he was not going to allow me to take any pictures at all, so I packed up the camera.

At Gerace I hunted up the director of the museum early in the morning, showing him my papers, and making arrangements to call on the chief of police at his office hour as soon as I had returned from the ruins. One of the rural police and a detective held us up, but accepted my promise to see the chief of police at his office hour, and the assurance of the director of the museum that he would not let me out of his sight until then. They followed us about for awhile, but as we did nothing more interesting than to take measurements and photographs of ruins, they finally grew tired, and were last seen helping themselves to grapes in one of the rich vineyards near by. On returning to town we saw the chief of police. He was satisfied with our papers, and after a little chat, we parted

with expressions of mutual satisfaction at having made one another's acquaintance.

The next two days we were merely watched and followed about, but we had long since ceased to pay any attention to that. At Girgenti in Sicily however, we were arrested on coming into town by a policeman, who had ridden up from the station in our carriage beside the driver, and who clearly wanted to make the arrest before an audience which could witness his devotion to duty, and then later on by a secret service agent while we were taking lunch in a restaurant. But by this time we had drawn up a schedule of hours and trains which provided for occasional delays of this sort, and we suffered no serious inconvenience. Our last arrest was made by a detective on board the steamer Ancona in the Harbor of Palermo. Here the officers of the ship, who evidently did not want to lose my passage money, helped make the necessary explanations. This completed the perfect number seven for our arrests and ended our real adventures.

At Gibraltar we stopped by a torpedo boat, and then allowed to go ahead at slow speed through the straits. Small war craft of all kinds were cruising about, policing the passageway and nothing, no matter how small, could long have escaped their vigilance. The remainder of our trip was uneventful, save for a little experience with the Italian censor. A group of Americans on board raised a fund to send a wireless message to the Marconi Company at Tome asking for the privilege of receiving daily bulletins of war news, and offering to pay generously for it, the operator taking the precaution to make us prepay the expected answer. After a day's wait our message was returned by the censor, because we had given the address of the company in code signal. We raised enough additional money to give the full address of the company including the street and the number, and then of course never heard anything more from anybody about it. But we still have a receipt for that prepaid answer and are hoping some day to get that much of our money back.

Our Outgrown Gymnasium

(By Ray Gibson.)

While the University of Illinois has been making rapid strides to the front, scholastically and also as to the number of students enrolled, our old yellow gymnasium has stood like a relic of olden times, becoming less satisfactory with each succeeding year.

The gymnasium was built in 1901 and at that time was one of the largest, of its kind, in the country. The building is 100x150 feet with a total floor space of 48,600 square feet. The cubical content of the structure is 811,200 cubic feet. Now the latest statistics from the Registrar's office show that there are 3,609 men registered in the college at Urbana and the actual "Gym" floor space that they can exercise on is 15,000 square feet, as the rest of the area is taken up with the offices of the directors and the lockers and pool.

If all of these men should take it into their heads to get a little exercise on the gym floor at the same time each man would have just 4.16 square feet to carry on his operations in.

That this would be impossible, anyone who knows anything about the gym will say, because there are only 1,632 lockers which are at the disposal of the students besides a few reserved for the athletic teams and members of the faculty. Well, it should be possible, though, so we have a perfect right to go on with a few more such comparisons. First, however, let us quote a few statistics:

When the gym was built in the first year of the 20th century it cost \$65,000 and was considered to be big enough for all time. But these people who thought this did not look ahead far enough, as the following table, of the men registered at the college in Urbana from 1901-1902 to 1914-1915, will show:

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE.

Year.	Men Enrolled.	Year.	Men Enrolled.
1900-1901	1075	1908-1909	2964
1901-1902	1279	1909-1910	3214
1902-1903	1473	1910-1911	3214
1903-1904	1779	1911-1912	3382
1904-1905	1901	1912-1913	3376
1905-1906	2207	1913-1914	3603
1906-1907	2401	1914-1915	3609
1907-1908	2731		

It can easily be seen that the gym was built to accommodate but 1,075 students, while now there are over twice that number. In other words there are exactly 1,534 men in the University who were not considered when the building was built.

This year in fact there are 1,181 students who are required to take P. T. More than the total registration of men in the whole college in 1901. Nor is this stream of male students likely to diminish in future years, as a look at the table above will show that, except in one case, the registration has been greater and greater each succeeding year.

I know that you have been thinking all this time that there are only about a hundred fellows in the school who ever go near the gymnasium unless under compulsion. That's the general attitude and it's wrong. I know because I made it a business to go around and find out just how many men do take advantage of the opportunities offered.

Of course everyone had a guess as to the number when I asked them, the usual estimate being about a thousand.

As a gamble I went down to the towel dispenser and made a few observations about things in general. When I thought I had him off his guard I sprang the question. Instead of giving me an offhand answer like the rest he dug up his record-book and the figures showed that he distributed about five hundred towels on the lightest days and as many as 1,500 on busy ones.

That sounds big, and it is big, but he certainly had the figures to prove it. All this time the thought had been running through my mind: Where do all these fellows take their plunge? Surely not in that 23x75 foot tank? I asked Mr. Manley about this and I quote from what he had to tell me:

"Do I suppose that as many as one hundred fellows dive

into that tank in a day? I've seen as many as 800 men waiting to jump in, and they have been so thick in the water that all you could see was heads."

"I know it's eight feet deep at one end and also three and one-half at the other, but when we have a rush like that we lower the water at the deep end to five feet so that there is no danger of anyone getting shoved under."

"What's our daily average? Well, I started in to count them one day and stopped when I got to five hundred, so I think that 500 would be putting it at a reasonable figure. The tank is getting more and more popular every year. There was a time when all the teams had to do when they wanted to practice was to come over, but now we always have to blow the whistle to clear the pool."

After I got out of the tank room the impressiveness of these remarks gradually sank into my mind. I took out a piece of paper and made some figures. Result: If every man in the University took a swim in the tank at the same time there would be just 17.819 gallons of water to each man, as the tank holds altogether 64,390,625 gallons and there are 3,609 men in the school.

A long time ago some one told me that there were 7.5 gallons in a cubic foot and if this is still true I found that each man would be allowed 2.037 cubic feet of tank space to swim in. That would be rather inconvenient for the bigger men.

Another thing I happened to notice when I wandered up stairs, was the running track. Upon asking I found out that it was 15 laps to the mile. Now if the entire male population should start to run around that track they would each have .0975 feet to run on each stride they took. Somebody would step on somebody else's heels.

Of course Illinois always turns out great teams, although the other schools are far better equipped, but it's a hard, grinding task, exhausting even the ingenuity of a Huff or Zuppke. And Illinois can hardly develop a race of physically superior men, of graduates seasoned in body as well as in mind, until we allot them more than a few feet of floor space for exercise. We need a big gym. It's coming, too, but the combined efforts of alumni and students cannot help but speed it on its way.

The Freshman's Lament

(By J. R. Gibson.)

Everything has been breaking against me so long that if anything came my way it would be a brick in disguise. Why disguise the brick? It would be a useless waste of energy. Start a brick in my direction as big as a German shell and give me fair warning, and I'll lay the usual odds that I couldn't dodge it, if I were handed a bonus.

But I'm not benig handed any bonuses these days, nor anything that looks like one of those things called bonuses. I'm drawing blanks all the time and I'm getting called down all the time.

You've all taken military, or are deep in the mysteries of it right now, and have experienced those delightful little thrills which go to make life one howling wilderness.

That's it—that's the cause for me getting the short end of everything these days. I who always thought that if anything would make me more satisfied than a good square meal, it would be to shoulder a gun and march off to war. With the bands playing and every one crying when I started for the front to defend our country, I thought it would be splendid, but it's not.

I've always thought I was pretty nifty when it came to handling my feet and tangoed my way thru high school, but since those corporals have got a hold of me and been showing me up, I'm tongued tied—there's freckles on my brain.

I don't know how to turn; I don't know how to walk; and if they don't let up on me I'm going to get a pair of crutches or pretend that I am paralyzed.

I don't dress right. Wouldn't that get you. I can't see that it's anyone's business how I dress or the way I dress just so long as I dress and don't go to war without anything on.

Then after all that, when they have a fellow so tangled up that he don't know whether he is a human being or a centerpede they start in to teach him how to walk without moving a muscle excepting the ones that are in motion.

Yes, that's exactly it? "Don't move any muscle except those that are in motion."

Now how can a fellow standing out there looking straight

ahead with his nose turned skyward know what is going on in the muscles of his legs, if he can't take a look to be sure that they are in motion.

How does the corporal know how many muscles that I got or which ones I use. Just to show you how much he knows about it he told me the other day that my brains were in my feet. What do you think of that?

It may be a great thing to be a muscle controller, but I came down here to exercise my brains and I never heard anything about brains having muscles. The Captain comes along and speaks as follows:

"Just step out here and look at me do it. Do it this way." And then when I did it, some one else comes along and says:

"That's not right."

My conclusion is that I am the only one who is right and that the other boobs are all wrong.

I miss my guess if it isn't them that don't keep step and if I ever get to where I am sure it is the other fellows in the squad who are gumming up the cards I'm going to give the corporal some lecture.

The following verse can be sung to suit individuals. I wrote it in a hurry:

I wonder if the earth was flat
Instead of being round;
If it would help us rooks a bit
While on the drilling ground.
Yours in distress

—Frank.

A SETTLEMENT.

Mr. Golden had a new office-boy. A few days after his arrival some money was missed from the cash-drawer.

Calling the new boy into the private office, Mr. Golden said, severely: "There is ten dollars gone from my cash-drawer, Albert. Now you and I are the only people who have keys to that drawer."

"Well," replied the boy, cheerfully, "s'pose we each pay five dollars and say no more about it?"

—Harper's Weekly.

Lovey Love's Lotions For The Love Lorn.

(By J. F.)

Dear Miss Lovey:

I am a young man of 23 with no bad habits. I neither chew, smoke nor make weekly trips to Danville. The only bad habit I have is that I cannot keep my peas from rolling off my knife. How can I remedy that? Yours truly,

Jasper.

Dear Jasper:

Did you ever try mixing them with your mashed potatoes?

N. B. This does not belong in column but it is published to keep other freshmen from asking the same question.

Dear Miss Lovey:

I am dearly in love with a handsome young Senior in the Engineering School. I was positive that he loved me all last year but since I became so fat last summer his love has dwindled so that now he even flirts with the girl in the picture show as you go over to town. You know the one I mean. What can I do to regain his affection? Yours in tears,

Fee Fee.

Dear Miss Fee Fee:

You must reduce by all means. Be of good cheer though. Go and see Deanness Kyle, she'll take it out of you.

Dear Miss Lovey:

I am the poor wife of a tall, blond, round shouldered German professor. I have to work hard all day and at night I can not sleep because of my husband's raving in his sleep at the sight of the spirits of the students he has flunked. My dear Miss Lovey, won't you please help me out and tell me whether I should see my lawyer or go home to mother?

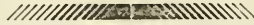
Yours in all sincerity,

Mary Ann.

Dear Mary Ann:

Your case is indeed a hard one and Miss Lovey will give a year's subscription to the Illinois Magazine to the best answer to your query.

The Prayer of The Alumni



"Hang it on," says Mr. Freshman gaily. Lord! What can he know
Of the sorrow and the heartbreak, dating back to long ago!
We have waited vainly, nobly thru all these many years
We have sung upon the bleachers when our eyes were full of tears.
And our pluck has been a by-word, even in the camp of foes
Who have marveled at the spirit that each Illini shows.
"What if the fight be futule?" We have hymned a beautiful tune:
Next year will send the downfall of the conquering maroon.
But the mills have ground us out the same remorseless grist—
They have cheated and have tricked us—God! Can they persist?
They must give a full accounting to the loyal hearts that yearn—
After all these years of waiting the Illini worm must turn.

We have seen their banners waving, we have heard them proudly hail
Their heroes with that battle tune they borrowed from old Yale.
What if we've hurled into their faces the chants of Illinois?
All our notes were hard defiance—not a note was there of oy.
They can not call us cravens—they cannot say we ever quit,
Even though the field was fruitless. And I tell you, it takes grit
To stand behind a loser for anyone can cheer success.
Who can know our feelings? Paint our sorrow? None but us, we guess.
But they've never smashed our spirit though it's been an awful drag—
There's a great big bill to settle and you have to pay it, Mr. Stagg!

We are sick and tired of hearing that we fought a gallant fight;
That luck was ere against us or we would have won alright.
We are done with consolation, weary of this same old balm and soap;
Handed out in condescension, it's a bitter, thankless dope.
We're disgusted with that system by which is gloried.
The yearly hero of the midway while a Sinnock is denied.
We are much fatigued with reading in every morning's rag
That Football's only profit rejoices in the name of Stagg.
Oh; we grant their royal opponents, worthy of a foeman's steel
But years of patient suffering has come to make us feel
Convinced there's only one prescription that is an antidote—
You can give it, Dr. Butzer, when you get the Midway goat!

There is reason, there is justice, in the verdict that we ask:
Today there's set before you a righteous, holy task.
..e'er was such incentive, in all annals no such prize
As destiny is waving before your eager, hopeful eyes.
From far and near we've traveled, we've come the country o'er
To see the final healing of that hurtful, old time sore.
We know that you can beat them—Lord, we've seen it done—
We were there upon the bleachers in the fall of nineteen-one.
Ask Lowenthal or Lindgren. Ask Jimmie Cook or ask McKnight.
They were instigators in that sweetness and that light.
Are you going to swat them? Your "Yes" is not a brag?
Well, we believe you, fellows. Pay up, Mr. Stagg!

—L. M. T.

The Heart of The Singer



You say that you can't play? Forget it!
Nor write, nor carry a tune?
Your song will fail if you let it;
We all can't be skylarks in June.

Musicians laugh at your playing,
And poets smile at your rhyme;
The thoughts your pen is assaying
Are limping and seem out of time?

Sing on, for your spirit is surer,
Than many as wise and as true;
Although your music be poorer,
The heart of your singing is you.

—S. D. H.

KIDNAPPED

(The Story of an Old Grad's Home-Coming.)
(Elizabeth Fuller)

The nearer came the skurrying little taxi to the Twelfth Street station, the more despondent grew the droop of Phyllis' face beneath the red rose that crowned her little grey French toque. Her lips quivered pitifully and it was thru a maze of tears that her dark shaded grey eyes looked up at Harvey Munro.

Oh, Dads, *please!*" she begged, reaching up to pull his tie and rumple his hair, just as four-year-old Phyllis had used to do. "It seems as tho I just can't stand it if you don't. If you only knew how perfectly wonderful he is, and how much I love him. And mother likes him," she coaxed, the upturned face flushing pink, "and you don't want your baby to be unhappy, do you Dads?"

But Harvey Munro's round, good natured face was set in determined lines; the twinkling humor that laughed out of his grey eyes was gone; the very hair that Phyllis had mussed stood up around his bald spot like a crest. In the desperate effort to steel himself against that pleading little upturned face and those brimming eyes his voice became unnaturally gruff.

"Marry Dale Morris!" he thundered. "Well, I guess not! The son of that sneaking old money grabber? Makes a heating plant that can't look at the one we turn out without wondering why it was ever born, and then yanks that big St. Louis order right out of our pockets by a sly, underhanded bid. Marry his son? I'll see him in Jericho first!"

"Oh, Dads, it was just business, and it wasn't Dale's fault,—"

"Not another word, young lady! You *can't*, and that's all there is to it. Now you just on to that house party and have a good time and forget all about him, like daddy's good girl."

Wavering between brusqueness and pleading, Munro gave his daughter an agitated kiss and rushed out to make the 2:30.

He was very much upset as he entered the smoker,—unusually so. It was deuced unpleasant anyhow to have that puppy cause such a rumpus. He reflected, tho, under the soothing influence of a Havana, that Phyl was just a kid; she'd soon get over it, and he'd buy her a new set of furs after he finished that business in

Kankakee. Then heating plant bids, furs, and Phyl's pretty, coaxing face seemed to swim together before him thru the haze of smoke and he relaxed with an exhausted sigh.

A volley of laughter, calls, and cheers awoke him. There was a swirl of people around him and one of them gave his back a mighty whack.

"Old Harve Munro, of all people! Say, it sure is good to get you back here!" Some one worked his arm up and down vigorously. "Hey, Bones, come on! Here's Munro, Dutch Munro of umpty-three; come back for Homecoming, went to sleep on the way, and hasn't waked up yet."

Munro looked dazedly up at tall, awkward Doc Bones with his humorous grin, and the jolly black-haired little spokesman whom they called "Ginks," and the swarming group of fellows behind them. Dim memories of an invitation thrown carelessly into a waste basket passed thru his mind.

"Hurry!" called back Ginks, who was departing with Munro's bag, "you don't want to hurt the feelings of that hot dinner up at the house." Before he could recover sufficiently to defend himself, Munro was hustled into a big red auto and they sped away into the dusk.

"Not so much changed now, is it?" queried Doc Bones. "Remember this metropolitan business block? Got a new station, tho—that's one saving grace." The old landmarks did look familiar; they unlocked a rather musty pigeon-hole back in Munro's brain.

"Here's the campus!" announced Ginks. "And the fight you'll see put up on that football field tomorrow! Well, it'll sure beat any little French-German demonstration; that's all I've got to say about it."

Amid the babel of eager talk and laughter Munro remembered when he had trotted out on that field, with the band playing and the bleachers wildly yelling. He and "Cap" Morris had been together on the line,—but he caught himself up with a jerk! Business rivalry had proved too much for that old friendship.

They drove up to the frat house thru streets gay with banners and college colors. Touched by the enthusiastic welcomes of the joyous crowd, and amused by the humor of his own predicament, Munro gaily greeted the old friends of his own college days. There was Andy Smith, who had been his pal in many a dark escapade

of their sophomore year; Briggs had brought them glory on the debating platform; Evans, who as a senior had won and held his unwavering freshman loyalty. In a warm flood of reminiscences the older men sat down to dinner, when again Gink's voice was heard.

"Say, Munro, remember how you and "Cap" Morris used to make pretty much of a team out there on the gridiron, and down in that stuffy little newspaper office? Well, here's the man *you* want to see!" Up he marched, triumphantly leading a stately, keen-eyed, gray-haired man. And Harvey Munro stood up to shake hands with Stephen Morris. No one but the two men knew the burning embarrassment and antagonism covered by the assumed heartiness of that greeting. But the boys must not guess; the spirit of Homecoming must not be marred by their personal enmity. So they sat side by side and talked blithely of college, of the coming game, of everything except two topics they avoided with mutual dexterity,—the old days when they were chums, and the heating plant business. They were separated later that night in the crowded theater box, but thru all the color and sparkle and bright mirth of the gay little comedy each was acutely conscious of the other's presence.

The next morning the bunch of old grads turned out to tour the town and campus, Doc Bones remarking mournfully that his system was too sore from sleeping on the gas range to do more than bid them a fond farewell. They ended up on the scene of the Freshman-Sophomore struggle; the sight of the tattered army of bruised and blood-stained Sophs who marched gloriously off the field gave Munro an odd, exultant thrill he had not felt for years.

But all the festivities were shot thru with a tense sensation of strained waiting that reached its climax that afternoon when the men joined the thousands of eager rooters on the bleachers just before the championship game. As Munro looked over the crowd it seemed all one blaze of color; the college pennants, the bright splashes of blue and green and crimson where the girls sat flecked here and there by big yellow chrysanthemums, the brilliant "rooter" hats, the flash of the sun on the band instruments. And as he stood there gazing at it all, the spirit of the old days came

back to Munro. Just as tho they were still undergrads, the older men sang and yelled and felt that queer, choky sensation when the team came trotting out before them, to save their Alma Mater from defeat at the hands of her deadly rival. Then the band played, and again the bleachers yelled and sang and cheered under the direction of that frenzied, gyrating figure in front of them. There was a sudden, breathless stillness, and the game was on. Munro watched every move with tight clenched hands and set teeth. When the ball wavered near their five-yard line he held his breath; his very heart seemed to stop beating. Then when a long punt sent it up to center he relaxed limply as tho from a vise. The game was close, desperately close. Would they never score? The end of the last quarter drew near. The bleachers were still, with that ominous quiet of strained watching and waiting. Then, like a flash, a sudden quick pass of the ball, a figure breaking away from the rest, a darting plunge down the field, and a yell that crashed out from those thousands upon thousands, sweeping them to their feet shrieking, shouting, laughing, yelling madly till the bleachers rocked.

Munro never knew just what he did, but when he came to he was hoarsely croaking forth a cheer, while one hand swung aloft a rooter's hat (which had not been his during the game) and the other worked up and down with a steady driving motion the arm of another man who was attempting to lead the crowd in singing "America".

"First time in eight years!" chattered the other man wildly. "That team ought to go down in history; they ought to visit the White House! They ought—"

"Rah for the team." chanted Munro at regular intervals thru the surging roar about them. And then in one great flash it burst upon his consciousness that the man whose hand he was shaking and whose overcoat collar he was tightly clutching was Stephen Morris.

Well, after you have pumped a man's hand up and down for five minutes, and wept on his shoulder, and danced a jig with him on a twelve-inch plank, and made one glorious fool of yourself in his sympathetic company, you can't very well bid him a formal farewell and make a dignified exit. "Cap" Morris and "Dutch"

Munro exchanged furtive, sheepish, questioning glances. Then broad, shame-faced grins overspread their flushed faces.

"Some game," remarked "Cap" nonchalantly, "but it's not in it with that one in umpty-two."

"Not on your life!" declared "Dutch" fervently. "Do you remember when—?" Then again their right hands met, this time in a hearty clasp, as the two men turned and climbed down from the bleachers shoulder to shoulder.

"It's been a Homecoming to remember alright, alright, with all you fellows back," remarked Doc Bones Sunday evening as the crowd hilariously escorted the "old boys" down to the station. "And next year—"

"Next year," affirmed "Cap" Morris solemnly, "if you men put up an affair like this, we'll go out after the rest of umpty-three and lead them home if we have to put them in strait-jackets to do it."

The train started, and the two men leaned back comfortably, settling into one of those companionable silences which between old friends often mean more than conversation. But as Munro looked thoughtfully out into the darkness he was rudely startled by a smart rap on the top of his head as a hat box, descending from the rack above, poured forth a confection of messaline, flowers, and white chiffon into his lap. At his smothered remark and Morris's chuckle two astonished faces appeared above the seat in front of them. Then "Dutch" Munro looked deep into the startled, dark shaded grey eyes of his loving daughter Phyllis, while "Cap" Morris met in surprise the level gaze of his son Dale. There was a moment of silence while the mutual survey went on; then Dale patted Phyllis' hand reassuringly and turned to face the situation with what nerve and appearance of firmness and mastery he could summon.

"Yes, it was no use waiting for our parents' consent and Phyl and I simply could not leave matters as they were any longer, so I went to the house-party to meet her and we are going up to Chicago to be married; then we leave for the East." His falling inflection spelled defiance.

Munro crossed one foot over the other knee and matched his

finger tips reflectively, as he was wont to do in a critical business situation.

“Well, now, we appreciate your thoughtfulness in choosing such an economical kind of wedding; we surely do,” he affirmed, smiling on the two amazed young folks blandly. “But, Phyl, you—ahem—your father-in-law and I have formed a business combination that’s going to make six greenbacks grow where one grew before; and”, he went on with the most heartfelt cordiality, “we just want you two to have all the orange-blossoms and the rice, and the Lohengrin music, and the white satin sofa pillows to kneel on, and all the other fol-du-rols that are THE thing, you know, on an occasion like that. In other words, my children, we want you to have a wedding a la mode, so you two just postpone that little visit to the pracher, can’t you, while we get the wedding cake ready? See?” He really carried it thru pretty well, but as he looked upon those dumbfounded, slightly suspicious faces before him he turned to Morris for support. And just as Morris had stood by him in days gone by, on that old football field, so he stanchly backed his pal up in this crisis; the two of them gave the matter-of-fact impression that a wedding of the sort they were planning had been ordained from the beginning and that Dale and Phyl were doing a most incomprehensible thing in fleeing from it. The young couple succumbed. They were prepared to meet opposition, but to plumb the depths of this bland and assured cooperation was too much for them.

The train roared into Twelfth Street station and the little group climbed in to the Elevated, “Dutch” and “Cap” enjoying the situation hugely, the lovers still dumb with wonder and a lingering tinge of faint suspicion. But as the train rolled on Dale and Phyllis worked out the dilemma quite to their own satisfaction and looked at each other with smiles of relief and understanding and saw the future rosy with hope. But as the older men sat side by side in a seat further down the aisle, it was of the past that they were dreaming in the warm renewal of that old college friendship. Each knew that to the other the steady throb of the car wheels was beating out the haunting rhythm of that refrain, “We’re loyal to you, Illinois”!

The Trail Without an End

A Story of The Terrible Effects of a War in The Air

(By Myron Dresser)

One misty evening early in the summer of 1913 Scott, one of my club friends, and I were taking a long rather aimless stroll down Thompson Boulevard, a fashionable suburb up the Hudson some miles distant from New York. My companion, whose reputed commercial and political interests allowed him little time for diversion, seemed for once to have dropped the shy impenetrable reserve and the air of natural hesitation characteristic of him on his infrequent visits to our luxurious club house in the nearby suburb. In fact,—a strange thing for this average-sized, self-effacing chap of near forty—he appeared loquacious with the chatting affability of one for the moment, at least, relieved of care.

"Stop, Ward. Dd you hear that?" he suddenly exclaimed as we neared a wide-spraying fountain in a little by-park. I listened; above the endless splashing of the water there sounded a low, hacking cough. "It's Bretz, the White Devil, we call him," continued Scott, chuckling at his own powers of discernment. "You met him one night at the club, I think. Lives out here somewhere—lank consumptive, but a very devil of a fellow."

Then a long, stooping form which I dimly remembered scuffled out on the walk near the gurgling pool. "A fine night—is it not?" gasped a hoarse voice seemingly befogged with mist. "And so that is you—Scott," he coughed or rather wheezed through his thin bowed nose on approaching us. "How long since busy men took to wading through this damned fog as a pastime? I'd thought of going up to get out of it. And by the way, don't you want to go along, you and your friend there? I think I know him."

Scott assented. "What about it, Ward?" he asked. "Hadn't we better go along—just a short pleasure trip with the Devil, the White Devil, I mean. I feel like having a little adventure, a harmless one," he confided to me as we followed Bretz in the direction of his hanger several blocks distant. "Judging from my acquaintance with him, the White Devil is prone to be erratic at times, but if he gets troublesome—we can deal with him."

We reached the long, low hanger near Bretz's house as he was running out his Cutting monoplane, a long cigar-shaped machine of the tandem type with the seats and control levers sunk down in the body just behind the curved, unfolded planes and tractor propeller. Swinging up on the wheels we climbed in, while Bretz, only his goggled head visible, wheezed at us from the driver's seat.

"I hear, Scott, that Morrison, the twentieth century Napoleon, is planning his aerial attack on the world from the-er-some secret camp in our northern Adirondacks. Suppose we make a brief adventurous reconnaissance—it would be sport only to locate him; and we need not get near any of his war planes. What do you say?"

Indecisively Scott turned to me for an opinion, but since in my quiet life I had heard but mere vague reports of the world conquest schemes on the part of some discredited but enterprising politician, I was at a loss whether to treat the proposal seriously. "It is an adventure, tho," I suggested. "And if I remember right, Scott, you were in that kind of a mood."

"Get seated, then," croaked Bretz, his voice growing steadily worse. "I'm going up out of this fog at a Hell of a rate. Hold your breath."

The lifting propeller began to buzz and straight up shot the machine, leaving the earth behind with a sickening vleocity. Then the tractor started purring softly, steadily pulling us away from the glaring lights of the great city up along the dark and narrowing ribbon of a river spanned by innumerable lighted motor lines. The fog and even the river were soon lost sight of; after half an hour of silent driving, the lights of Albany flickered past. Then in a few moments we plunged into the enshrouding darkness that hung over the vast forest of northern New York, that uninhabited wilderness which the government had once been proud to call the forest preserve.

Bretz hemmed and hawkled at the wheel, but otherwise seemed perfectly content with his own reflections. Scott, on the other hand, was quite evidently growing uneasy. Even as I watched him, he cautiously put his hand behind him to his hip pocket; and then, by the dim lights of the car I saw an expression of disgust pass across his face—the first sign of emotion I had yet known him to show. He bent over and whispered softly: "Are you armed?" I shook my head in a horrified negative. To carry a gun

with an efficient minion of the law posted on every corner! Then I recollected what Scott had said about the White Devil's eccentric actions. True, from what I had heard, he was scarcely of good repute. From his outlandish appearance and continual coughing and croaking one might judge him crazy. But what had tempted him to take even his friends to this forsaken region? Perhaps he was a tool of the mythical Morrison. Visions of kidnapping and of enormous ransom flashed before me.

Suddenly Bretz turned in his seat with a leer. "We are not so far from the secret camp," he said to Scott. "Are the surroundings familiar?"

Scott's well-bred features expressed nothing but amazement. "Are we not going back soon?" he inquired. "I still have business in the city tonight at a later hour."

Bretz looked at a small chart near the wheel and coughed his disgust. "No, Mr. Scott, your business will have to wait—the Devil—the moon is coming out!"

It was a fact; and by its bright light in the upper air there could be seen half a dozen huge shapes slowly winging off in a diagonal direction. After taking a long look at them through his glass, Bretz appeared satisfied. Nevertheless, he threw down his front control until the machine was shooting downward at a terrifying angle. "Heavens!" I groaned as I thought of the popular fiction of the last few years, "Some international mixup is ahead of us." I had some vague thoughts of seizing the levers, throwing the White Devil headlong from his own car, and taking the quickest way back to my routine existence.

But it seemed that Scott was becoming a man of action. "If you don't want trouble, go back!" he yelled in a loud threatening voice, the main effect of which was to make Bretz snicker as he humped over his wheel.

"Don't be in a hurry," he threw back over his shoulder. "I—" Just then there came a white puff from the shape nearest on our left—the group had now separated and was stringing above and behind us—and a number of explosive bullets flared and whistled by in dangerous proximity. With an exclamation of disgust our driver careened the machine downward and to the right, headed straight for the tree tops several hundred feet below. Apparently the great war plane behind us was intent on our destruction; for

several olleys howled past, tho always the steadily changing list of the machine threw it barely out of range. When but a few rods separated us from the tallest trees, Bretz threw off his engine and grasped the front control lever again. There was a snap as of a rod breaking, the elevator started but stuck fast, and dropping at a lesser angle we struck the tree tops. There came a sharp tearing sound as the projecting branches ripped at the landing-chassis; something held for a moment—long enough so that we sailed onward, while the machine turned a complete somersault to the ground, landing in an opening upright on the wrecked running gear.

Bretz was the first to gain his feet, cursing and hemming volubly; his usually crafty grey eyes had a frightened look—his lean red face was rather pale. "The fools!" he yelled, his voice now improving noticeably with use. "Don't they know any better than fire at me? I'll—" he closed with a peroration that would have put a Spaniard to shame. After testing my own limbs, I looked for Scott to find him hugging a large limb only about seven feet from the ground. When he had been rescued, we concentrated our attention on the machine, which appeared in much better shape than could rightly be expected. But in spite of this, Bretz, after a few trials of the motor, shook his head.

"It's no use," he proclaimed, having recovered his speech in a marvelous manner. "She won't start. And we're out here two hundred miles from nowhere."

"Suppose we hunt up this camp you mentioned," suggested Scott. "The cruisers have gone on—and they may do nothing more than hang us."

Bretz thought a moment as if to collect his wits, and then grinned sardonically to himself. "I've no objection," he finally said. "If you're going to—er—leave the world, you might as well make a dramatic finish. But don't get too foxy"—he showed the butt of an automatic—"for I am armed while you are not. Now follow me this way and we'll find the trail."

Scott shook his head as the two of us followed to the other side of the clearing. "I'd swear he was lying about that plane," he whispered. "Seemed as if the intake was jammed—I know I could fix it. First time, tho, I was ever outwitted like this. But we'll have to wait and take our chances." Then he added aloud: "How is it,

White Devil, you seem to know the ground rather well yourself?"

Bretz slowed up for us as we made our way through a trail tangled with bushes, undergrowth, and dead hemlock branches. "There is a trail here," he chuckled. "You might call it the endless trail.

For my part, I admit I was growing somewhat frightened, but my companion in misfortune preserved the greatest sangfroid. Accordingly I tried to follow his example, and restrained—my senseless desire to run yelling into the wilderness in an attempt to escape this real Devil, as I now believed, that was guiding us. After struggling along for almost an hour, sometimes following no definite path, we dimly sensed the fact that there was a large opening some two hundred feet before us. Was it the camp of a real world conqueror? Would we break in upon the meditations of a modern Alexander? At the same time I noticed an outlandish odor which as we drew nearer became a clearly perceptible stench as of some huge putrescent animal. Our guide would answer no questions, but plunged forward through the thick growth with exultant bounds. Soon, several rods behind his, we broke out into the open.

The place had once evidently been a camp. Wrecks of countless aeroplanes were piled up in one corner; in another a great machine shop was in utter ruin, decayed and fallen to pieces, by the progress of time; aerial guns for repelling attack were completely demolished. But the most horrible thing of all was the stench. Its source was obvious. It proceeded from the numerous dismembered bodies that were scattered over the place regardless of the proper positions for head, feet, or legs. A stick which I picked up as a possible weapon of defense proved to be of solid stone. Truly, it must be a place of mystery with petrified wood and rotting bodies mixed together in endless profusion. As we hastened up toward Bretz who had halted, the form of a man dressed in uniform and still standing at order arms with a rusting gun in his hand arrested our progress. Would he challenge? Hardly, for just at the instance we passed him a mass of putrescent flesh dropped from his head with a ripping sound, revealing the bare whiteness of a grinning skull.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded my companion of Bretz, who approached and with small compunction gave the remains of the soldier a kick so that they toppled over to the ground with a heavy thud.

"It means," he replied easily, "that I know you are an important messenger of Morrison's. It also means that while I can't make you reveal the import of any messages you may now be carrying in your brain, I can make you permanently sever your connections with this would-be Napoleon and thus inflict a telling blow on him. I understand you are somewhat essential to the development of his plans. As to this"—he waved an inclusive hand toward the farther side of the quarter mile clearing—"this is the result of my air fleet which mistakenly bombarded us. Luckily they did not use the bombs they employed here, for these, besides the explosive ones, are of two kinds. These two, while they explode release two very different gases which can act on wood or living matter; one of them petrifies, the other causes decay. In this poor devil"—he kicked the body behind him—"you have an example of both, for his body petrified while his head decayed."

"But the details matter little. It is enough to know that the camp of this man who was about to conquer the world is destroyed. Germany, the country which I represent, has accomplished a great end. When my war planes hovered over here to-night and began to drop those quick acting bombs, they destroyed without recourse the career of Morrison."

"You lie!" broke in Scott suddenly. "This is the minor camp."

"What," cried Bretz in stunned disbelief.

"It is true," went on Scott, regretting his disclosure. "I know, for I have been here many times before. The main camp, ten times as large as this, is two hundred miles north of here, where neither you nor any of your treacherously clever associates are likely to find it."

"By God, it shall be destroyed!" cried Bretz almost demented.

"You forget," retorted Scott, "that you are here and efficient executives are there with ready orders. Tomorrow morning, whether I am there or not, the fleet will start—and with its air propelling weapons it can destroy your fleets of Germany, wipe out all your devilish destructive science, and conquer the whole world."

"Wait," exclaimed the White Devil. "They tell me that for the most part you are the thinking machine which serves Morrison's purpose and perfects his plans. I have a suspicion that if you were killed, the whole plan would prove a fiasco."

"Well then, suppose I were," came back Scott calmly. "In that case you should by all means let me go. Morrison has started to conquer the world. He is going to do it. By his universal authority he is going to stop the spasmodic quarrels on the continent, the fitful agitation between Caucasian and Asiatic. Commerce, development, politics will run smoothly under his absolute authority. No one can dare to contest him."

"That," snarled Bretz, "is the very reason I am in action. It is the thing we are fighting against. We are going to be free to work for our own progress; we will bow our heads to no imperial master. Germany will yet surpass the world—"

Scott smiled and interrupted. "So you want to conquer for yourselves. You want to be a world master—that is your cause for opposition. There, then, and not behind you in the forest, you will find your trail without an end. Time after time since history began, men have tried the magnificent conquest and failed. This time, for a generation at least, it will be settled. After that—who cares. My duty is with the present."

There was an ugly look on the German's face. "Still I am not satisfied."

"Go then," said Scott. "Bring your plane—it can fly—and take us to the other camp, or back to Uew York. Then leave the rest—to me, and the future Emperor of the World."

"But why should I go?"

"Because I command you as I would a dog."

Bretz put his hand in his pocket sullenly. "I had intended to give you your choice," he remarked, bringing out two percussion bombs the size of walnuts. "But I see you are very stubborn. As with the soldier, I think both kinds will be effective with you. They are small—just sufficient for one man; and will explode on impact now I have turned the cap."

I stood looking fascinatedly while he coolly aimed and threw a bomb at Scott who had now retreated, some fifteen feet away. My companion dodged, and the missile went whizzing far into the

woods where it burst with a resounding crash. At the same instant Scott started toward his opponnet. Bretz, retreating, prepared to throw again, but his foot caught upon the petrified corpse behind him and he fell over upon it backwards.

"Look out for yourself," cried Scott hoarsely, as he bounded past me.

We had gone but a few yards when there came a muffled explosion accompanied by a faint odor of a strange gas. Neither seemed to affect us and we rushed on. Behind there were thudding noises as of falling bodies. Then over our heads flew a round object which dropped and rolled directly in our path. It was a petrified head—that of Bretz. Scott, running ahead, leaped over it; but the uncanny thing rolled cross-wise toward me and I tripped on it, heavily striking the ground. For several moments I lay stunned. Distantly I could hear Scott running back up the over-grown trail. The lean, stony countenance near me spun about a dozen times on the back of its head as an axis; then it rolled over on its nose, exposing the stump of a neck, ragged but bloodless.

The reaction from the whole affair made me sick—so sick that when in a few moments I noticed a one passenger, scouting monoplane settling gently down toward me, I resolved not to stir if it cost me my life. Doubtless it was one of Bretz's emissaries, I thought.

The machine dropped in a place clear from debris, and a ferret-faced little fellow with green leather puttees descended and came in my direction. "Where is he?" he asked.

"Scott?"

"Morrison. You near lost me, and I have a message to give him."

Again I experienced that sinking sensation. "If you mean Bretz—"

"Don't you know?" went on the little man absently while looking attentively around him. "Scott, commonly Morrison, the man you were riding with."

"Oh, if you do mean Scott, you'll find him about a mile off at the end of that old trail tinkering the intake valve to a Cutting Mon—" but he was gone.

A Matter of Courtesy

(By J. M. Hinsdale)

Camden saluted as the chief finished his instructions. Although he was only twenty-four, a bulldog tenacity of purpose was already distinguishing him from the rank of The Gary Police Force.

"I've got a tip that those fellows are going out the Ridge Road tonight," concluded the chief, "But I can't spare you any men on a rumor. Now the point is, if they do come that way you'll have to stick with them and get word back to us."

Camden bowed and left the office. At one o'clock that night he still paced impatiently along the damp macadem of the Ridge Road. Not a suspicious sign had marked his three hour watch. On either side the dank autumn mists of the swamps floated over him, penetrating his heavy clothing and chilling him sharply.

Suddenly from the east, where the lights of Gary glowed against the black sky, came the staccato, puffing splutter of a motor. It was a sinister sound, as of a powerful speeding car, driven with reckless disregard of the confusing darkness. Camden crouched low at the side of the road, waiting for the glare of the lights.

But nothing came. Only he could hear the crunching of stones beneath heavy wheels. Finally, a huge, spectral bulk evolved slowly from the darkness, piled high with some heavy load. Two muffled figures crouched behind the wheel. Camden waited, immovable, until the truck had passed. Then he sprang out and scrambled on the back end. He was crouching there when he became aware of the cold, insistent shove of a tiny ring upon his neck.

"Put up your hands—I've got a gun on you," said a low voice.

Camden gave a convulsive start, but thrust up his hands without a sound. In a moment a rope bound his taut wrists. Then rough hands searched his clothes, discovering his revolver, watch, and pocket flashlight. There was a sharp glow in his face as his assailant turned the latter upon him.

"We know you, all right," some one said at the end of the scrutiny. "We know what you're after, too, so you better keep pretty quiet."

With that he was jerked into an uncomfortable sitting position.

Encouraging.

"But she says she has never given you any encouragement."

"Did she say that?"

"She certainly did."

"She told me that her uncle was going to leave her a fortune and that he had one foot in the grave. If that is not encouragement, I'd like to know what you call it." —Houston Post.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

He had waited thirty minutes for a slow waiter to bring his dinner.

"Now," he said to the waiter, "can you bring me some cheese and coffee?"

"Yes, sir; in a minute, sir."

"And," continued the diner, "while you are away you might send me a postal card every now and then."

—Woman's Home Companion.

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The truck had not stopped, but moved with slow rumble over the unyielding macadem. For hours, it seemed to Camden, this continued, then he felt the springy recoil of earth and the truck came to a sudden stop.

"Pile yourself out," said the gruff voice. Then some one took hold of his shoulders and thrust him toward where the outlines of a tumbledown shack were visible. After an interval of fumbling uncertainty a key turned in the lock and he was pushed into some kind of a musty room. The door slammed and everything was still. Camden worked his way to where a gray oblong showed a window. He tugged desperately at his wrists, but the cord was too well tied. Finally he felt along the board walls and about the rough floor, but the room seemed empty of furniture.

Again the door opened; and some one was thrust inside. Without Camden could hear the sounds of an angry altercation. A voice shouted angrily: "But how in hell did he know that we were coming out this way." The door closed and there was silence.

From across the room came shuffling and uncertain noises. "Mr. Camden," said a pitifully small, jerky voice, "O, Mr. Camden—aren't you here?"

Camden hesitated for a long minute. "Who are you," he asked sharply. "How do you know me?"

"O, can't we get out of here?" answered the voice, breaking hysterically. "Oh, help me, can't you! I'll die in this dark hole!"

Camden felt along the wall until he touched the woman, crouched in a shuddering heap in the corner.

"See if you can untie my hands," he commanded sharply, seeking to reassure her. Then as he felt her twitching fingers trying to loosen the knots, he asked: "How did you get into this?"

"I'm cashier in that restaurant on Broadway. Tonight about twelve, two of them came in and began to talk. I overheard them say: 'We'll take the whole outfit out to Pine and leave it there until this blows over.' I suspected them because the evening papers had one of their pictures in them and I rushed out to get a policeman. But one of them followed me and grabbed me. They bundled me off in that truck and carried me out here—'O-o!'" She was sobbing brokenly again.

"Now listen," said Camden soothingly, "You're a brave little girl. The chief has got the whole force on the trail of this gang;

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your Alma Mater is to ride
in a Gray Limousine or
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Bell 187

Auto 1543

they'll have them locked up before morning. There, you've got my hands loose. Now let's see about getting out."

The window was fastened with nails on the inside instead of a latch. The boards of the old shack had begun to decay; at last Camden pulled the nails loose with a wrench. The window made a grating screech as it came up, and the two stood breathless, waiting for sounds of discovery. They could hear confused noises outside, but none came nearer. Finally Camden crawled cautiously out and pulled the woman after him. Silently they crept over the sand, keeping the shack between them and the truck. A hundred yards away they stopped breathless. The murmuring of the surf upon the shore of the lake was the only sound.

"You stay here and I'll scout around and see what they're doing," said Camden abruptly.

"O, please," shuddered the woman, clinging to him. "I'm afraid to have you go back. They'll kill you."

Camden looked at her suspiciously. "Say," he said sharply, "I don't know why you want to keep me away from these fellows so bad. Now my duty is to follow them and by the Gods, I'm going to land them in the pen."

He stopped suddenly. The woman had slipped to the ground. With a curse he picked her up in his arms. Her head rolled limply to one side; she had fainted. The old moon, rising in the east, suddenly flooded her face with a ghastly light. She was only a girl, Camden saw, and the drawn, white droop of her lips showed the strain she had been through. "My God, forgive me," he muttered and stumbled off with her toward the lake.

The motion aroused her. "Where am I?" she asked weakly. "Let me down."

"Forgive me, please," begged Camden, as he set her on her feet. "I know I'm a brute, but God, I forgot you were a woman, and a mighty brave woman at that. You're nearly done up; I'm going to get you home."

"Oh, don't mind me," protested the girl. "I'm sorry I'm such a coward, but I can wait; please go back."

Her tangled brown hair had fallen about her shoulders, and her wet, dark lashes, melted into the curve of her wan cheek. She trembled, while Camden supported her.

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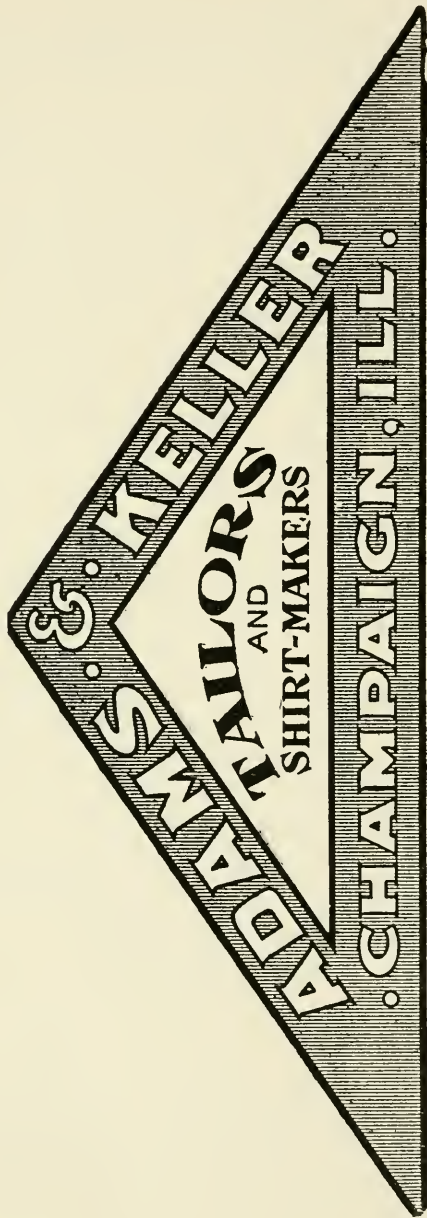
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"I don't want you to let me keep you," she still protested. "Go back—please do—I won't be afraid."

Don't mention it again," interposed Camden decidedly. "I'm not used to women and I thought—O, well, I was a fool—I couldn't see why you didn't want me to go back. Let's go up the beach until we reach the end of the car line. And we better be quick about it, too, because that gang is liable to miss us any minute."

Camden half-led, half-carried the girl up the long beach, until finally they reached the end of the car line. Here she again paused. "You must telephone the police," she said faintly, "I'll get home all right."

But Camden insisted. On the steps of a large rooming house they paused. "My aunt lives here," said the girl. "She thinks I'm at work, so she won't be worried about me. Now—you—you must go. I can't—thank you for this—but—"

"Listen," broke in Camden earnestly. "I want to see you again. May I come over tomorrow—that is—this afternoon. Please. I—I must see you once more."

She hesitated perceptibly, but finally he heard her faint assent. Then Camden turned and ran for the station. Fifteen minutes later he halted the powerful automobile from headquarters in the gray dawn—a quarter of a mile from the shack. A dozen blue-coated policemen crept cautiously through the brush.

But no band of desperate men opposed their advance. The truck was gone and the shack stood silent and deserted. The ground was plowed up where the truck had been turned and driven away, but the men were gone.

"They've got away with the tables and everything," growled the chief, mopping his red face in disgust. "That was the main gang, too, Camden. We raided their joint last night again, but they'd cleared out entirely and had everything with them, even to the cards. I suppose they're over in Illinois by this time, and the outfit is hidden in some safe place. I wish you'd stuck with them, Camden, because I think most of the syndicate were right in that truck. And they're the fellows we're after."

But Camden was impervious to the chief's sarcasm. He was thinking of the way the moonlight had shone upon the face of the girl. And late in the afternoon, clad in a new gray suit, he set out to her house.

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The right moulding carefully chosen, clean joints, honest workmanship,—that is what we mean by *Good Framing*.

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It costs no more than the poorly-done, slopped-together kind.

"If your picture is worth framing at all, it is worth framing well."

Leslie--Urbana

An angular woman opened the door. "Who do you want to see?" she asked, regarding his square jaw with suspicion. "You don't know her name—the young lady that works nights at Martini's restaurant? Say, you get out of here, faith, and the likes of you will never see any of the young ladies from this house, trying to make a mash on a girl when you don't even know her name." Whereupon she slammed the door, leaving Camden utterly abashed upon the steps.

Discouraged, he plodded back to the police-station. "Still," he reflected, "I can just as well see her tonight. I never could talk to a woman, anyhow." He began to open his routine mail. Then his jaw dropped in amazement. On a rough piece of paper one of his letters read simply:

"Mr. Camden:—

"I'm sorry I had to throw you off the trail last night. I must tell you that my brother and father were mixed up with that gambling syndicate, and that I wanted to save them from jail. Now, thank God, I think I can live an honest life. If you can forgive me and believe in me wear a flower in your coat tomorrow. Then I'll write to you if I make good.

"JANE HARPER."

Camden laid aside the note and cursed furiously. But his lapel the next day was adorned with a small white rose, although roses were out of season and very hard to find.

VALUABLE INACCURACY.

Pat was a witty young recruit, who was taking instruction in marksmanship. The squad had finished firing. Pat was brought to task for poor shooting, and told that he must do better at the next distance; there were to be seven rounds of quick firing.

Now, Pat," the sergeant told him, "fire at target number five." Pat banged away, and hit target number four seven times in succession.

"What target did you aim at?" asked the irate officer.

Number five, sor," answered Pat.

"And you have hit number four every time."

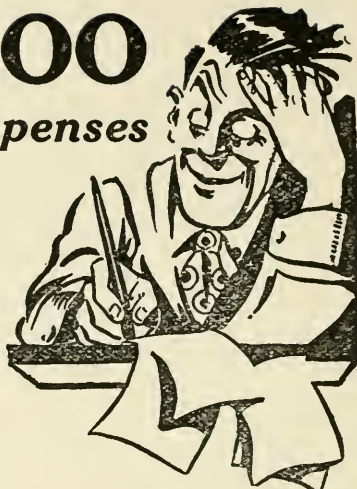
"Bedad, sor," retorted Pat, "that would be a grand thing in war. Sure, I might aim at a private and hit a gin'ral!"

—Youth's Companion.

Earn \$500

for next year's expenses

The man who earns his own way through college has accomplished something to be proud of. He has built strength into his character and added something to his experience that must be of value to him in after life. We want to help one of these energetic, self-reliant fellows to earn his own way next year. So we are going to pay \$500 in gold to the student who prepares and sends to us the best original ad for Fatima Cigarettes before June 1, 1915.



Some facts that may help you

Made of Pure Tobacco. Fatima Cigarettes were first made famous by college men. The Turkish Tobacco used in Fatima Cigarettes is selected by expert native buyers stationed at Xanthi, Samsoun, Cavalla and Smyrna. Fatima is five to one the biggest selling fifteen-cent cigarette in the country. Simple, inexpensive package, but no finer tobacco is used than in Fatima.

Fatima Cigarettes are "distinctively individual"
They are 20 for 15c

Any student of any college may compete for this \$500

There are no restrictions, whatever, no strings of any kind on this offer, other than this—every contestant must be a regularly enrolled student in an American College. We want a student—not a professional ad writer—to benefit from this offer.

Three prominent business men, whose names will be announced later, will act as judges.

\$5 for every ad published \$500 for the best one submitted

The \$500 will be awarded June 1, 1915. In the meantime, some of the ads submitted will be published each month in college publications, together with the name and photograph of the writer—provided the writer will give permission for such publication.

For each ad so published we will pay the writer \$5. But, the publication of any ad must not be taken to signify that it stands any better chance to win the \$500 than the ads that are not published.

Those who try to earn this \$500 should remember that the supreme test of any advertisement is its *selling power*. Whether your ad consists of only ten words—or runs to a thousand—it should be interesting, truthful, convincing—it should give to the reader the buying impulse. To write such advertisements, that will pass the test of performance, the writer must believe in the product he is writing about.

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Published by the Students of the University of Illinois.

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 502 East John Street, Champaign.

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Welcome

Welcome, home, Illini. Old Illinois claims you once more. Back from the cares of business, drink deeply of her freely-given fountain of youth. You have every reason to be proud of your University today, nothing to disturb the pleasure of the great reunion. Your Alma Mater greets you a bigger, broader, stronger Institution than she was when you left. She is destined to a vaster, more comprehensive future than you ever dreamed. Her president has outlined an expansive policy such as exceeds our wildest hopes. The day is near when the name of "Illini" will carry the sanction of the greatest western University; when it will command even greater respect than now.

Yes, we welcome you home, men of our past classes. We want the class of '76 to stand shoulder to shoulder with the class of '18, a solid column in Illinois advance. We are here only for

TO tailor clothes both wisely and well; to make every garment individually and separately to fit *you* and your individuality---this is the work of the Pitsenbarger & Flynn Shop.

Furthermore, they take care of your clothes after they're made, as only good tailors know how to take care of them.

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a few years, but it is a period of great impressions, comprehensive insights, lasting inspirations.

And lastly, Illinois welcomes you home to watch a *team*, a determined fighting team. It is the one thing needed to complete the enjoyment. For the first time in four years victory is in our grasp. We hope that every Illini may be here to see it.

A Family College

In the great universities of the east son follows father to the traditional college as a matter of habit. Three and four generations trace education to the same campus, the same associations. The instincts of university life are received as family traditions; fostered until they produce strains of noble American manhood and womanhood. The ideals of the family college become the guiding sign of each succeeding generation, enveloping them in the atmosphere of culture and achievement.

Illinois is too new to do more than begin such a progress. The torn sod of her prairie site is scarcely healed, her great life only just begun. A few sons of her graduates are coming back; pioneers in what will be an established custom. It is a tremendous impetus—this feeling that the school of the father is the school of the son, that in some cases the same professor counsels both. Backed by the strength of family example, the son is literally pushed to success. Alumni, this is your part in the long future before Illinois.

A College Education

What is a college education? It is hopeless to revive this, tossed in the conflict of opinions as it is. But it is pertinent to ask a few brief questions. Is the goal of a college education a Phi Beta Kappa key and scholastic honors? Or does a college education mean an all-around man, athlete, student, orator, and what not? Are these things the marks of success in a University career?

The answer is too apparent. Phi Beta Kappa keys may be found in the obscure country high school; brilliant honor men taking orders from ill-bred merchants. Athletes sometimes fail dis-

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MR. HOMECOMER!

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Outfits Made to Suit at

LOYDE'S

UNIVERSITY STORE
606 Green, CHAMPAIGN

mally, all-around men graduate never to be heard of again. What distinguishes these from their classmates who electrify their professions and reach the highest goals. What did the latter get from college which the others missed?

In a large proportion of cases, they took away simply the ability to *think*. Men may leave college with the verse of Milton and Shakespeare, the facts of history, almost a part of themselves, yet it is possible that they never reacted seriously to a single fact. They accepted Shakespeare with no thought of his tremendous, many-sided philosophy of life; they read history as catalogue of events; they memorized their sciences. Every bit of machinery of the University is opposed to this, but some men accomplish it. Then they graduate, while over the soundless oblivion of their future hang just four words: *He could not think*.

Home-Coming at Illinois

(Continued from page 94.)

enthusiasm among the Home-Comers, and certainly an increase in their numbers. The First Freshman-Sophomore Sack Rush was perhaps the most interesting event, aside from the Foot Ball Game with Minnesota.

With the approval of the Fifth annual Home-Coming and its prospect for a Championship Foot Ball Game with Chicago, students and alumni alike are thrilled with anticipation of the greatest Illini festival in the history of our Alma Mater.

We are proud that Fall Home-Coming originated at Illinois. Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Missouri have since adopted the plan, and Iowa held its first affair of the sort this October. Thus one after another of the middle western Universities has made the experiment, rejoiced at its success, and incorporated such a festival in its calendar of annual events, until the Annual Fall Home-Coming must soon be as distinctively characteristic a feature of middle western college life, and one as fraught with happy memories, as Commencement week is in the older institutes of the east, which is all its most loyal supporters can ask.

Foot Note—Much of the account of First Home-Coming is taken from the Alumni Quarterly.

LA SELL---

Fine Shoe Repairing

First Shop North of Boneyard, on Wright Street.

Christmas Buying at the Jos. C. Bowman Jewelry Shop

The Jos. Bowman Jewelry Shop on Neil street is featuring an advance display of Christmas jewelry, things for folks who are wise enough to buy their gifts early. The selection is naturally at its best just now.

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Home-coming means coming home for our home made candies.

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Where Student Patronage is Appreciated.

Auto 4544

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ENCOURAGING.

"But she says she has never given you any encouragement."

"Did she say that?"

"She certainly did."

"She told me that her uncle was going to leave her a fortune and that eh had one foot in the grave. If that is not encouragement, I'd like to know what you call it."

—Houston Post.

PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE.

"Did you hear about the terrible fright Bobby got on the day of his wedding?"

"No, but I was at the church and saw her."

Friend—"Suppose the baby is fond of you?"

Papa—"Fond of me. Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays awake all night ust to enoy my society."

—Tit-Bits.

An Invitation

Alumni Students and visitors are invited to visit the architectural department, 4th floor of the Engineering Building. Exhibits will consist of freehand drawing, together with working plans and elevations.

L. H. Provine.

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THE FLORIST
 314 E. Springfield Ave.
 FLOWERS

AN "OOZER."

The visiting lady had kept her hostess at the open door fully half an hour saying good-bye. Finally an irate masculine voice indoors called out: "Say, Maria, if you're going out, go; if you're staying, stay; but for heaven's sake, don't ooze out." —Harper's Weekly.

"Strange," said the first tramp meditatively, "how few of our youthful dreams ever come true!"

"Oh, I dunno," said his companion; "I remember when I used to dream about wearin' long pants, and now I guess I wear 'em longer than any one else in the country." Ladies' Home Journal.

Home Coming and Home Taking

A Souvenir of the occasion go together and "*Wuesteman*" the Jeweler is the place to secure the better class of goods suitable to take home with you.

Sterling Tea spoons with seal - - \$1.00 up
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December 15, '14

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You Old Timers

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HARRIS & MEAD

Confectioners

608 E. Green Street

Sole Makers of

“La Vogue Chocolate”

? ! ! - : ! ? X : ! ' IT

Fellows, Why Didn't We Let

Williams Brothers

DO our Painting and Decorating

“Wee” Willie McGill

(Continued from page 100.)

He went from here to the Philadelphia Nationals, where he pitched for six years.

While playing with the Chicago team, “Wee” used to go over to visit our friends on the Midway. While waiting for his team to go south in the spring, he would give the Chicago boys lessons in baseball efficiency. Later he became the trainer for the football team.

Mr. Huff of the State school, realizing that “Wee” would be a valuable asset to his staff, inveigled the ex-ball player down to Champaign. Here he stayed for two years, coaching the ball team and training the gridiron men. For references as to Mr. McGill’s ability to coach baseball teams ask the people down at Champaign. Mr. McGill’s abstraction from down state leaves an unpunctured boil on the neck of the Orange and Blue.

“Wee’s” gone—it’s true, but he’s not gone in despondency. It’s a new school he’s entering, but his great old spirit goes with him and in a few years the alumni at Northwestern will look for “Wee” as eagerly as our men here. Such is the advantage of an Irish smile and a magnetic personality.

Unknown Well-Known Men at Illinois

(Continued from page 97.)

Aluminum cables, supported by steel towers, carry the electricity to Los Angeles from the power houses. Over 3,000 towers were built. They are made of steel angles thoroughly galvanized and bolted by means of sheradized bolts to prevent all possible rusting. The country is rough and inaccessible in parts and therefore they had no use for concrete foundations. All the towers are supported by galvanized structural steel footings designed to withstand all possible stresses.

The wire consists of 57 aluminum strands woven around a steel core. About 5,000,000 pounds of aluminum were required for the

transmission lines alone. Owing to the high voltage it was necessary to make ample precaution against electricity being conducted from the wire into the steel tower, and insulators about five feet long were used to support each wire at each tower. To prevent the electricity from jumping through the air from one wire to the other the wires had to be spaced 11 feet apart.

In Los Angeles the sub-station was built. This is larger than either of the power houses. It steps down the electricity from a high voltage to a voltage low enough for distribution through the city.

There were 3,000 men in the mountains, 1,000 men on the transmission line, and 500 men in Los Angeles on this job. Furnishing three meals a day to the laborers was a gigantic and complete undertaking. There were three enormous baking ovens in which was made bread (and at intervals cakes and pies) for all the men. Each camp had one chef, six "bull cooks," or assistants, and about two dozen "crumb bosses," or dish-washers and general kitchen workers. As it was necessary to complete the job in so short a time, the men worked practically twenty-four hours a day, there being two ten-hour shifts of common laborers and three eight-hour shifts of skilled mechanics. At times the chefs had to prepare as many as ten meals a day.

The men were in the main foreigners or hobos. Once during the process of the job an I. W. W. strike was declared. (It doesn't cost anything to belong to the I. W. W., says Mr. Provine; you just believe in it.) About two-thirds of the common laborers made the usual demands for larger pay and shorter hours. The matter was submitted to the State Labor Commission, which made a thorough examination and decided against the strikers. They quit work. Fifteen minutes later the order went out to the effect that no meals should be served. The men were 80 miles from civilization; they had not had sense enough to realize how helpless they were until now. After they had missed one meal they all begged to be allowed to work again under the old conditions. The authorities were obdurate: the strikers were told to "get"—and they got.

Yet there are people who hunt big game in Africa, watch professionals fight for purses, or pursue chorus ladies in order to *live*.



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December

1914

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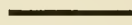
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In Memoriam.

Mrs. Edmund Jane James

Thou hast gone forth, Beloved!
and I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's Shallows,
and dost possess the Deep.

Lowell.

Illinois Magazine

Vol. VI.

December, 1914

NO. 4

The Woman's Gift

Eleanor Jewett

The sun dipped red-rimmed behind the vine covered hills of Lainton. Maria pulled her shawl more closely around her shrunken shoulders as she hurried down the cobble-stoned street. The women standing in their door-ways stopped chattering as she passed by and looked at her with hostile glances. The children pointed at her, whispering, and one little boy picked up a stone and threw it. The stone fell harmlessly at her feet and rolled clattering away, but the children laughed and the women nodded.

"Bien," they murmured. "It serves her right—"

Maria pressed her thin lips tightly together, and without looking back walked on down the street. She had become accustomed to this kind of treatment the last few weeks.

"It does not matter," she said. "It does not matter."

The little cottage where she lived was well on the outskirts of the village, and by the time she reached it with her limping step the sun had disappeared and a chilly twilight was blowing up from the river. Maria shivered as she opened the door. Inside there was darkness. A cat came crying out of the damp and bats fluttered noisily in the tumbled-down chimney. Maria struck a match and lit the tall candle which stood yellow in its tin holder. A flicker of light warmed the room.

"Hungry, Nanon?" said Maria to the cat that persistently rubbed at her ankles. "Wait a minute and you shall have your bread."

She tossed her shawl on the bed and taking up the broad knife lying on the table cut a slice from the loaf of black bread that stood on end in the cupboard. The cat gnawed at the crust and purred

loudly. Maria cut more slices and ate them thoughtfully as she watched the shadows flicker on the walls.

"Thirsty, Nanon?" she asked, and poured water from the pitcher into the cat's bowl on the floor.

The cat curled up on the bed and slept. Maria took her work and sat down at the table. Tap, tap, tap—the little room echoed with the strokes of the hammer as the wooden pegs were driven into shoe after shoe. The night wore on and the candle melted to a stub. Still Maria worked. A cold wind blew up from the river and the door and windows shivered in their frames. The cat roused herself and stole uneasily around, sniffing at the hearth.

"A lass loved a lad,
Tap, tap, tap,
Who so lonely as I?
A lad loved a lass, in years that are gone—
When the world was young, and life at its dawn—
Oh, who so lonely as I?"

"The bugles sounded,
Tap, tap, tap,
And all alone sit I—
The bugles called, and the call was war—
The lad left his lass for evermore—
Oh, lonely and lonely am I."

The song sifted through the darkening shadows and Maria suddenly straightened herself.

"Enough work, Nanon," she said. "The candle is nearly gone."

She put the finished shoes and the box of pegs into their place and stood a minute by the table.

"Nanon, I sing and my heart is heavy. I sing—I who would weep. The women laugh at me in the streets and the children throw stones. I laugh at myself and throw stones at myself—but what good does it do? The others are of some account to France. All have given of their hearts, given their men to her. But I, oh Nanon, I have neither father, brother, husband nor lover to give. So they mock at me as I mock at myself."

Heavy tears swelled Maria's eyes and fell slowly, tapping like

little hammers, on the wood of the table. She watched them where they fell.

“A lass loved a lad,
 Tap, tap, tap—”
 Roughly she swept them away.
 “Nanon, let us pretend!”

The stub of candle was nearly out. Maria hurried her preparations. A sheet of paper, a stumpy pencil—an envelope—and a picture, a man’s photograph. Quickly she propped it against the candle-stick, and as the flames wavered weakly, quickly she covered the coarse page with writing.



“Dear boy, dear boy:

“So my gift is made and you are gone for France! My heart is heavy with longing and fear. I can write nothing but this, I love you—I love you—I love you—. Boy, will you ever read these words? God alone knows. But whether you read or not, dearest, you know—”

Maria broke off suddenly. The pencil dropped from her nerveless fingers. She half rose from her

chair. There was a noise not made by the wind outside. A noise of running horses and the loud crack, crack of guns. A shout rose in the distance and sank away. Maria crept to the door and opened it. A blast of wet wind nearly swept her off her feet. Nanon slipped by her and was lost in the blackness. A heavy shape stumbled out of the mist. Maria was forced back into the room and the door closed. The strange figure stood erect and threw the cape from its head. He stood revealed, a soldier in the uniform of France. Maria crouched back with a little cry.

“Be still.” He snapped the words at her. “The Germans are

somewhere near. I got through their lines with a message for General LaPorte. Their last out-post raised an alarm. They are tracking me now."

He stood, panting heavily. From somewhere further away more shots rang out.

"They've struck our men. Great God! I must get through. Ten thousand lives hang on the message I bring—"

Maria interrupted him, her eyes shone and her cheeks flushed with longing.

"Can I help?"

"You"; his eyes ran over her. "Have you a horse?"

"No—"

"Mine fell—shot through the side. They got him at the other end of the town. I'm wounded, or—"

He staggered suddenly and caught at the table. The sheet of paper crumpled under his hand. Half unconsciously the words read themselves into his brain. A new hope filled his dim eyes and he turned his whitening face toward Maria.

"I am wounded—killed—I can do nothing. But here, your lover—get him and give him this message. For France before morning—I—" The soldier lost his grip on the table and fell slowly to the floor. "Go, I—"

Maria sprang to him. He lay still. Blood ran in a thin stream, matting on his red coat.

"I have no lover," she gasped; "I have no one to send."

Silent and deaf the man lay with his message clasped in his hand. The message that would give ten thousand lives to France. Maria took the bit of paper from his fingers. Her whole body quivered and she shook like an aspen tree in the wind.

"For France—ten thousand lives for France—"

Snatching her shawl, Maria ran out into the night. In the distance the noise of guns was dying away. By the side of the house, in the lee of the wind, something was standing. Maria's breath caught in her throat. She went nearer. A horse neighed a welcome. With a laugh of delight Maria sprang to the saddle—

Thirty miles through cold and rain; thirty miles through river and mud; thirty miles through a solitude peopled with armed

ghosts; thirty miles to the camps of France. As dawn broke Maria reached the first out-posts.

"Who goes there?"

"A message for General LaPorte."

An officer hurried forward.

"The word we have been waiting for all night—" He snatched the paper from her. Maria sat very still on her worn horse. In the distance bugles blew. The soldiers crowded around her curiously. The sun rose red-rimmed over the vine-covered hills of Lainton.

"I give ten thousand men to France," said Maria.

Class Elections

Rain or shine at Illinois we vote. Especially noticeable is the class spirit and activity shown by the women. They, conscious of the many obvious inconveniences of voting at the men's polls, asked permission last spring to have polls at the Women's Building with their part of the elections completely under women's management. As usual the men demurred. However, a compromise was made: the women had separate polls but—the men managed the rest.

Even with this concession, the attitude of the men and the very keen desire for separate control resulted in a letter being sent to the Students' Union requesting that Women's League supervise entirely the women's side of all future elections. Affairs are now hanging in the balance. An attitude is permissible if based on fact. Women swing elections at Illinois. Their votes are busily solicited. Let the men prove their point by giving us a chance to show our efficiency or otherwise. In the last election according to statistics the women made fewer mistakes than the men. It is no great trick to mark a ballot. It is no superhuman mental effort to check a name off the list and give out the right ballot, pink or yellow as the case may be. Anybody smart in arithmetic can count. As far as keeping electioneers away from the polls I think a woman's tongue can manage that. This hue and cry about feminine stupidity in elections is mere prejudice and ignorance.

Let the men of Illinois give us free rein in the next election and we will not be found wanting.

Household Science Extension

Mamie Bunch,

Director of Extension in Household Science.

What is the Extension department in Household Science doing? At present simply following out the policy developed by Miss Bevier of giving to the women of the state who could not take up the study at the University, the result of the investigation into household problems that the department has been able to work out. There are six special channels through which our work is conducted: The Farmers' Institute; High Schools; Household Science Clubs; The School for Housekeepers; The Short Course; and the bulletins and articles published by the department.

In connection with the Farmers' Institutes we have agreed to send a speaker to each county institute. This year on account of funds many counties have failed to meet and we have given to the counties that have called on us from one to five addresses on various phases of household science in their practical adaptation to local problems.

What is the nature of the topics we discuss at these meetings? The subject of Household Science seems to fall naturally into four groups: Food; clothing; shelter; and social interests.

Under the selection and preparation of the foods best adapted to repair wasted tissues, promote growth, and provide energy for the bodily functions as well as for daily tasks, are many topics for discussion. This involves of course a study of the relative merits of various food stuffs as to their cost, palatability, digestibility, mode of preparation, energy furnished, etc. Such studies have been made in our own and other food and nutrition laboratories, and the results, graphically shown in the charts used by our extension lecturers.

Discussion of tried methods, and the scientific principles underlying these methods, for the care and preservation of food materials such as milk, cheese, butter, and eggs, and the curing of meat, canning of vegetables and fruits, jellies, preserves, pickles, etc., creates an intelligent interest which makes those home tasks lighter and more successful.

How to plan meals to secure a pleasing variety of wholesome

food well balanced as to bodily needs, at the minimum of cost, presents problems in which the special studies of university women are very helpful to the housekeeper. Demonstrations of the preparation of foods illustrating the principles underlying rational diet, are made before classes.

What proportion of the family income is the housekeeper justified in spending for her table? These are a few of the many food topics presented in extension work.

Usually the study of household science is begun with foods, because, perhaps, the sciences of chemistry, bacteriology, physics, physiology, etc. have together contributed so much valuable data ready for our use in making practical application of their principles to our food problems. However we have an equally broad field in connection with the social sciences and the economic, social and aesthetic phases of home problems are receiving due attention.

In the study of clothing many valuable facts have been ascertained, that the extension lecturer can pass on to those who could not have discovered the facts for themselves.

The Arts and Sciences unite in textile crafts even more than in food. In clothing and in household textiles women have an excellent medium for self-expression. Certain principles of form, color and design and their application to these daily problems that confront home women add materially to the harmony of home surroundings. Illustrations of common household textiles with a basis of discrimination as to use, quality, price, etc.; illustrations of dyes and adulterations in fabrics; of weaves, textures, and designs; appropriate dress; the selection and care of clothing; what proportion of a family income is one justified in spending for the family wardrobe; are some of the profitable discussions under this group.

As to shelter—The planning of the house requires first a consideration of the personnel, and the interests of the various members of the family. Then the selection of the site, materials, and general type of house based on outlook, condition of soil, drainage, relation to environment, cost, etc. Floor plans are considered with regard to adaptation of space to use, convenience of housekeeper, comfort of family, etc. Methods of heating, lighting, and ventilation, and the installation of power and water are described. Principles of furnishing and decorating are illustrated and labor saving devices demonstrated. In all these subjects the results of the Uni-

versity studies are condensed and tabulated and given as simply as possible to the home women.

Under the head of Social Interests household management problems are considered. To my mind two of the greatest sources of inexcusable waste in our country today are, first, the prodigal waste of energy in allowing mothers to do horsepower drudgery; **and, second, the waste of boys and girls.** The one is in part the result of the other. What mother worn out with a day washing, ironing and scrubbing, can take much interest in what the children are about? There has been too little account taken of infant mortality due to overwork on the part of the mother during the period of gestation, or of the sickly puny children who were robbed of their rightful share of vitality in this way. At no time has there **been so keen a necessity for high ideals, and the development of incorruptible character in our citizenship.** Here there is no influence so potent as the companionship and sympathy of a good mother, but a good mother, physically exhausted can not be the inspiring guide and companion she ought.

Any phase of the home economics movement is successful only in so far as it frees the home woman from drudgery; teaches her to balance and adjust values and to make all home problems contribute toward the character development of the various members of her family. The energy of the boys and girls is, rightly directed, our greatest asset; run wild it is often our direct menace.

Systematizing house work; the application of power machinery to household drudgery; distribution of household tasks to make each member of the family responsible for his share of the daily duties; making up the family budget and keeping household expense accounts; beautifying the home, garden, etc.; planning the living room to represent the interests of every member of the household; home music; pictures, books, and the childrens' hour; and neighborhood interests. These are fruitful topics of discussion, having a direct bearing on our social structure of which the home is the unit.

A valuable phase of our extension work is the Movable School. A club, high school, institute or other organization desiring a week's instruction may secure it by applying to the Household Science Extension department, and agreeing to furnish a suitable lecture and demonstration room provided with cook stoves in good order, the necessary foods for cookery, comfortable rooms and board for the

instructors, and a class of at least twenty-five. They must also pay the expenses of instructors to and from Champaign, transportation of equipment, etc.

The one-instructor school gives usually five lectures and four demonstrations. Here is a sample program. This school was held in Mendota. The average daily attendance was 49. The total cost to the organization was \$35.78.

SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Baptist Church Parlors, October 26 to 30.

Miss Olive Percival, Instructor.

Monday, 2:30 to 4:00 p. m.

Talk and Discussion, "Food Requirements of the Body."

Tuesday, 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.

Discussion, "Food Containing Nitrogen."

Demonstration, "Protein Foods," Milk, Eggs, Cheese.

Dishes made for demonstration—Soft custard; baked custard; junket; creamy omelette; and cheese fondur.

Wednesday, 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.

"Protein and Fat in the Diet."

Discussion of the value of different cuts of meat.

Demonstration, "Meats and Fats." Use of cheaper cuts. Rolled steak with dressing. Canalon of Beef a L' Itallienne (croquettes of meat).

Discussion, "Fats and Frying."

Thursday, 2:30 to 4:00 p. m.

Discussion, "Carbohydrates in the Diet."

Demonstration, "Starchy Vegetables," Bread, Chocolate Bread, Parker house rolls, fancy rolls.

Discussion, "Water and Mineral Salts in the Diet—Perfection Salad (vegetable), Prune and Nut Salad, Apple and Date Salad, Angelfood Salad.

Discussion, "Salad Dressings."

Friday, 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.

"Fruits and Green Vegetables."

Demonstration, "Salads."

Bring note book and pencil. Season tickets \$1.00, single admission 25 cents.

(Continued on Page 186)

The Leetle Gal

Veta Melsena Thorpe

"No, I ain't got no call to pull the old mill down," drawled Long John, settling himself with deliberation upon the fence. We had both stopped at the top of Tunbridge Hill to look down through the haze into the deep green valley below, where a lazy creek was trickling its way from the mill dam and disappearing among the willows down-stream. Above the dam stood a mossy, crumbling old stone mill, which hung over the quiet pond, throwing weird dark shadows upon the water. Huddled against the hillside, a few rods from the mill was a tiny cottage. The whole valley was mystically silent and deserted.

"Wal—yes," continued Long John thoughtfully, as if in answer to my unuttered question. "The land's in my name, an' never a doubt o' that. But the mill—it belongs to the Leetle Gal."

Immediately I knew that Long John had a story to tell. So I seated myself on the fence beside my white-haired old companion and waited.

"It was nigh on to fifty year ago," proceeded Long John, dreamily, "that the Leetle Gal come to this valley—on a blusterin', bitin' night, sech as we have here in January. The miller, ol' Joe Pettijohn, he told me himself—how the wind shook his cottage yonder, an' how the sleet hammered down on the roof, an' the winders an' doors rattled * * * * " Long John paused to take a pull at his pipe.

"Wal—ol' Joe Pettijohn's wife died that night. She'd been ailin' fer months—an' Joe, he couldn't do nothin' fer her—him blind an' helpless like he was. They wa'nt no doctors in this part o' the country then, neither. I guess ol' Joe didn't re'lize Mary was a-dying that night. He was jes' settin' by the bedside like he allus did evenin's—smokin' an' dozin'. Purty soon Mary, she put her ol' wrinkled hand up on Joe's head an' she says in a voice all shaky like: 'Ye've been a good husband, Joe,' she says. 'Ye've tuk keer o' me an' pervided fer me nigh on to sixty year. Seem's I can't leave ye all alone now, Joe,' she says, 'but I'm goin'! An' all the time she was talkin' the wind was a-whistlin' 'round the house

shakin' the winders an' whizzin' through the cracks * * * *
 an' Joe—he was plumb broke up. Fer he didn't re'lize she was goin'
 afore, an' it come to him so sudden like.

“Wal”—went on Long John solemnly, “he jus' set thar a-
 bendin' his ol' white head on his knotty staff. He was too broke
 up to say anything—an' seems like he couldn't re'lize nohow. Then
 after while Mary says, weaker 'n ever, ‘I guess ye've missed a-havin'
 the leetle ones around ye, Joe. Ye've allus loved childr'n, I know.
 Ef I could ha' made it up to ye somehow—or ef the Leetle Gal had
 lived! Seems like she come to us fer a mighty short spell,’ she
 says, ‘jus ten year, wan't it Joe? Guess it well nigh broke your
 heart when—she—died. Even ef she was a thin, crippled leetle
 mite,’ she says, so weak Joe could hardly hear her, ‘she'd a been
 someone fer you when—I'm gone.’”

Long John took his pipe from his mouth and cleared his throat.
 “Them was the last words Mary Pettijohn ever spoke,” he continued
 impressively. “Her hand jes slipped off Joe's head—an' then Joe
 knowed she was dead. He got down on his knees by her side
 a-feelin' of her face an' hands like blind folks do—an' callin' her
 name broken-hearted like. He jus' couldn't re'lize, 't seems.

“Wal—there Joe was a-kneelin' by the bedside, not knowin'
 what to do, when—all of a sudden the door flew open an' the wind
 an' sleet rushed in an' blew things right an' left. Then soft an'
 quiet like—the door shet—an' ever'thing was still agin. Fust thing,
 Joe knowed somethin' was diff'rent. Seems like blind folks has
 feelin's tells 'em what they can't see. Ol' Joe jus' kind o' *knowed*
 there was someone in the room. He got up feeble an' staggerin'
 to git his balance. He was eighty year old then an' well nigh
 tuckered out. He went feelin' his way along the room an' sayin',
 all husky like, ‘Who's thar? Who's thar?’ They wa'nt no answer
 at first. But purty soon a leetle voice pipes up an' says, ‘What a
 nice warm fire this is,’ she says. ‘It's cold out thar’. Many's the
 time ol' Joe's repeated that to me. Seems like them very words jus'
 took holt on him, fust thing. An' when he heard the leetle creetur
 speak, he reached out to feel o' her, an' fust thing he teches is a
 leetle crutch. Seems like 's if the leetle mite knowed from the way
 he felt o' her he was blind, an' she says to him so sweet an' pitiful:
 ‘W'y, you can't see! But you used to see jus' like I used to walk
 'thout crutches, didn't you? she says. ‘I like to think about when I

money was nearly gone. Tomorrow he would leave it all behind and start out on some other equally hopeless quest.

Some one sat down in the chair beside him. It was Reddy Bran, the man who had offered him the drinks. The prospector scarcely turned his head, for he was in no mood to talk to a stranger. But evidently Reddy did not take his silence as an offense, but puffed away contentedly at his pipe. For a long time neither spoke. At last, knocking the ashes from his pipe, Reddy turned to the prospector.

"New about these parts, eh?"

The prospector hesitated. "Well, not exactly. I've been over there in the mountains for some time. First time I've been to camp, though, for narly two years," he vouchsafed.

Reddy looked at the other significantly. "Prospectin', I take it?"

"Yes," answered the prospector, curtly.

"Well, I've done some of it myself," added Reddy. "I hung around these parts for a dozen years or so, but a couple of weeks ago I happened to strike it rich. Last month this time I didn't have a fifty to my name, and then one day I saw a bit of yellow shining under my pick. Now—well, now I guess I would buy and sell Bellows City, if I wanted to. But the Lord knows why I'd want to, though. How's luck with you, pard?"

The prospector gazed at Reddy oddly. Here was a man who had made the mountains pay, and pay well. That's what he had been trying to do for ten years. Reddy repeated his question.

"How's luck with you? Prospectin' is always a little uncertain. But some way, even if you don't have luck, you can't leave off. It gets a grip on a man some way. Funny, ain't it?"

The prospector turned on his almost savagely.

"Grip on a man! Do you want to know how long this cursed life has had a grip on me? For ten years! Ten of the best years of my life I've spent in those mountains yonder. They've paid you back—yes, a hundred times; but for me—what have they held for me? Nothing—save disappointment after disappointment, and failure after failure. But you can't understand—you, who have just struck it rich," he said, looking again out of the window.

"Where'd you hail from, pardner?" inquired Reddy. "You don't look as though you came from these parts."

His interest and friendliness were so genuine that the prospector turned toward him in surprise. Could it be possible that

he could be interested in him, a prospector who had made a complete failure of everything? It had been years since he had confided in anyone, and sympathy was a word he had forgotten out here in the mountains. Half an hour ago he would not have told his story for a fortune, but now somehow Reddy's interest appealed to him strangely.

"No, I'm not from these parts. I'm from the East—Vermont. My family was well-to-do and educated. I was sent to college as a matter of course. It was during my junior year that the crash came. My mother's bankers failed and practically everything was swept away. My mother lived only a few months after that. My father had died when I was just a little fellow. My brother Jim—two years my junior—and myself were all that were left of our family. To finish college was out of the question. The gold fever was on out here. I had been interested in it while in college, and now I persuaded my brother to come out and turn prospector with me. We might strike it rich, and at least it would be better than anything left to us at home."

"So you came west?" put in Reddy.

"Yes. The proceeds from the sale of our personal belongings amounted to a little over three thousand dollars. We decided to keep most of it as a reserve fund, spending just enough to get us out here and to buy the usual prospector's outfit. You know the supply. That was ten years ago," continued the prospector bitterly. "I was twenty-two then, young, full of hopes. Now look at me. I'm an old man at thirty-two. It takes these mountains to put age on a man. Why, I lived more in those first two weeks that I was out here than I had in all the years of my former life put together.

"You know the kind of a life we had—the kind that every prospector has. Up before the sun, one of us would get breakfast while the other would get the outfit ready. By sun-up we would be digging away at the mountain's side. It was all right in summer, but in winter it was fearfully cold. The ground was frozen hard as any rock. At noon there would be a cold lunch which we had brought with us, and then it would be dig again until dark. At night we would go back to our shack and, worn out with the day's work, would throw ourselves on our bunks as soon as our supper was over. Some nights I would be too tired to sleep and almost too despondent to think, but there always was left the chance that the next day would be our lucky day—that then we should strike

Driftwood

Florence Thomas Stoutzenberg

"Yes'm, I reckon I do want somethin' to eat. Jest most anythin', so long's it's hot and fillin'."

It was only an ordinary specimen of tramp humanity that slumped at Mrs. Barclay's back door. Such a neat, white back door as it was; the clean, shining grass that grew up to the bright bricks of its foundation threw into bold relief the sodden figure. From a pair of sunken, faded blue eyes the tramp looked at Mrs. Barclay and then slowly through the tangled thatch of faded mustache and beard that outlined the time-battered face, the man smiled, a smile so winning and frank that Mrs. Barclay was taken off her guard and unwarily smiled back. Thus the victory was won.

The woman opened the door a little wider, showing a tiny, radiantly clean kitchen, pulled her crisp blue skirts back and said:

"Well, come in, and I'll see if I can find you something. Goodness knows, though, there's little enough left after three men get enough to carry them through half a day's harvesting. Why aren't you working?" and she turned on him fiercely.

The sodden look settled down on the man's face as before; the thin shoulders beneath the sun-faded, ragged old shirt cringed a little lower as he nervously glanced out to see if his little pack were safe.

"Please ma'am, I know you're a good woman. Jest let me have a little somethin' to eat and I won't bother you. I can't work."

But he dropped his faded blue eyes and Mrs. Barclay sniffed contemptuously. She was a big, robust farmer's wife with straight black hair, small brown eyes that squinted a little behind the glasses, a thin, straight nose, and a thin, straight mouth that closed firmly. In fact, her whole being radiated "tightness", but it was belied by the ruddy color of her plump cheeks. Those who knew her knew that it was her tight comfortableness that had won for John Barclay the straight rolling fields now ripe with grain, wherein the tramp could see the men working, now and then stopping to brush the sweat from their hot faces. But the queer thing about the tramp

was that he looked longingly at the men, a faded soul rising to the weary eyes, as half unconsciously he gulped down the hot, clear coffee, the thick ham sandwiches and the hurriedly heated beans.

"Please ma'am," he began when he had finished; "Please ma'am, you've been turrible good to me. Please ma'am—," again he hesitated, then finished all in a hurried breath. "Mayn't I jest sit out under that tree a couple o' hours. It's gettin' so hot out doors and every place but yourn's so dusty. I can't work," he finished pitifully.

Again the man's unconscious flattery won Mrs. Barclay's heart, although she squinted suspiciously at him.

"Well, go on, but lay on t'other side of the tree where I can't see you and don't be bothering me for a hundred things. I can work and I have to, else some folks wouldn't have nothing."

The tramp slumped wearily out under the tree and Mrs. Barclay continued with her work of cleaning the already spotless kitchen, yet often stopping to glance unconsciously out at the tramp who lay stretched under the old maple. Once she smiled to herself before she turned back again.

At noon, John Barclay and his two helpers strode in, hot, red-faced, and tired. As they all sat down at the shining white table, laden with everything "hot and fillin'", Mrs. Barclay suddenly started.

"Weil, I declare, John, I'd forgot all about 'I can't work.' I do wonder if he up and sneaked off after the way I fed him, too."

At her husband's look of mystification, she explained.

"Another tramp came this morning, and he acted so pitiful I just had to take him in. He didn't talk much, but he looked sort of sad, and at the end of nearly every sentence he'd say, 'I can't work.' After he ate everything I had cooked up, he asked if he couldn't lay out under the old maple tree a couple of hours, and I told him to go ahead. But I ain't seen him since," and she hurried to the window.

"John, John, come here; he's still there and he looks awful queer. He surely can't be asleep; look how stiff he looks."

The three men hurried out to the once slumping figure, now stretched tense and rigid along the shadowed grass. The faded eyes were closed; the blood receding from his dirt-straked face had left the unthatched part oddly purple-mottled from the many days in the sun; the hands were curiously white and small, with long,

tapering fingers half-disguised by rough twists and knots. Now they were thrown a little to each side, grasping tightly a bit of the grass, as though they at last had something clean and sweet to hold.

Barclay strode forward and prodded the man a little with his heavy shoes. The tense figure did not slump nor cringe. Barclay stooped over, his head above the man's heart.

"He's alive all right," he said, with unconscious relief, for a great fear had come into their hearts. "But what's the matter with him I don't know. Must be a fit or something like that. You can't tell what tramps'll do. Henry, Sam, bring a bucket of water, and we'll see if we can't get him up. It'll make him a little cleaner anyhow."

The men brought the bucket of cold water and with awkward care John Barclay threw it upon the man's face and stood back. And the curious thing was that still nothing happened.

Barclay walked back into the house.

"Well, Martha, I don't see anything to do but stop my harvesting and go down and get Doctor Cooper. I can't figure out what's the matter with the man. And you can't stay here all afternoon with him out there, and no telling what he might do when he came to. I don't see why he couldn't find some other place to act up, with us so busy and all."

The old doctor, hastily summoned from his dinner table, looked at the man about as dubiously as had the Barclays. He knelt down, felt his pulse, tried in vain to flex the arm—stiff like a thin pillar of rock—listened to the almost regular breathing, and stood up.

"I'm not just sure," he said, frowning perplexedly. "I never had a case in my hands personally, but from all I can determine he has a pretty hard attack of locomotor ataxia. It grips a man suddenly like that and it'll leave him pretty weak. I'm mighty sorry, Barclay, but from all I can see, you'd better let him stay here a couple of hours until he regains consciousness and then try to get him to the Poor Farm. It may be a week or two before he's strong enough to tramp again. I don't think he'll die, but you can't tell with a thing like that."

Barclay frowned, but Mrs. Barclay's eyes began to brighten with sudden hard thinking. She had not forgotten the man's flattery. Hadn't he said she was a "turrible good woman"? Hadn't he said

(Continued on Page 189.)

The Violin

Frances Keen

It was to be the last practice of the great Symphony. There had been a practice in the afternoon, but the leader had requested a final one tonight. The great opera house was dark, the stage silent. The instruments were lying just where their masters had left them in the afternoon. Suddenly the gruff voice of the bass viol broke the stillness.

"Well, I wonder how much longer we will have to wait for things to commence. It's getting on my nerves, this eternal practicing."

"Oh, thees work it ees terrible," shrilled the French horn. "Practice, practice, all the time—nothing but practice. If only tomorrow night it ees all right, but how can one tell with zat stupid violin making ze flat notes all ze time? Ciel! Such a blockhead!"

At this there was an angry murmur throughout the crowd, which found vent in a general muttering. "He has no place in the orchestra. He will shame us all."

A small violin to whom the remarks seemed to be delivered shivered slightly as the murmur went around, and then said in a faltering voice, "Surely I will do better this time." Then, mistaking the silence for assent, he continued, "Somehow I feel as though I could really make music—as though I must make it—"

But here he was interrupted by the flute. "You make music!" he almost shrieked: "why, you don't know what music is. How many times has Vallens gone over your part with you. How many times have you flatted in that same place. You make music! Bah!"

The violin shrank back at this outbreak and ventured not another word. The other instruments went on talking among themselves, and he was left quite alone. And how much alone he felt, the only poor piece in the orchestra. And yet there were times when the others were playing that he felt that he too could play. Thn would come that awful flatting. How did it happen? He knew those notes were flat. He seemed to feel the music inside of him, but anyway it wouldn't come out. Could it be that Gottiliege—but

no, it wasn't Gottilieg's fault. How could he be expected to play with a poor violin?

But now the stage-hands were moving about adjusting the scenery, trying the footlights and getting ready for the final practice. Soon the Leader Vallens appeared, as he always did, first, and began nervously turning over his music and humming to himself. Then by degrees the whole orchestra straggled in. Last to come was Gottilieg. He looked pale and tired. There were great circles under his eyes, and his hands trembled slightly as he took up his violin. Vallens crossed over to him. "You'll have to do better tonight," he said in a low voice. "Remember that bad place. It must be right tonight."

Gottilieg flushed. "It will be all right," he cried almost desperately. "It must be all right."

The awful din of the tuning-up ceased. The Leader raised his baton, there was an outburst of melody. Just in the middle of the number there was a sudden flat in the first violins. The quick ear of the Leader detected it in an instant. He rapped loudly with his baton. The music stopped. There was a dead silence—an ominous silence, it seemed to the poor violin. Then came the voice of the Leader.

"Gottilieg, that note, it is flat again. You will please stop playing. I cannot have my music spoiled by flat notes."

Gottilieg's pale face seemed burning. Without a word he dropped his violin, pushed back his chair and hurried out by the wings and down the side passageway which led to the street. Some one ran after him with his violin, but he was already whirling away in a taxi.

The Leader raised his baton, the music started again. As for the poor violin, he lay as if crushed on the chair his poor master had left so hastily. Disgraced before them all, put out of the orchestra. What was there left for him? Poor Gottilieg, no wonder he didn't even care for his violin—the violin which had brought such disgrace upon him. He wished they would take him away, anywhere to get away from the music and the jeering faces of his friends. Why couldn't he play like the rest of them? Why! Those words of Vallens' kept ringing through his head; they shrieked at him in the music; he seemed to read them on the faces of his friends.

* * * * *

The great night for the first appearance of the Symphony had

come. The theater was a blaze of lights, of hurrying ushers and beautifully dressed women. Behind the scenes all was confusion; the stage-hands were shifting scenery, the orchestra was tuning up; Vallens was here, there, everywhere, now encouraging, now threatening. Down in the little dressing room under the stage the poor violin lay face downward on the floor. It was very dark down there, and very still, compared to the uproar above stairs. But the violin wasn't thinking of the darkness. He was trying to imagine how it would be to be up there on the stage with the others, to be a part of that glorious confusion, to send forth that great melody across the blinking footlights to those waiting people.

Out in the audience there was a sudden hush as the curtain rolled slowly up. The Leader raised his baton, the music sounded forth. The audience settled back to listen. Down in the dressing room under the stairs the little violin writhed as if in pain at the sound of that music. Every note seemed stabbing him.

The second number, so the program announced, was to be a solo by the Leader Vallens. Accordingly, there was much excitement when it was found that Vallens' violin was missing. He looked everywhere, he questioned the stage-hands. Someone telephoned his lodgings, and it was found not to be there. The people were becoming impatient. The only other violin which was worth playing on was that of the stupid Gottilieg's. Some one suggested that it was down in the dressing room. So it came about that the violin suddenly heard steps descending the stairs, and before he knew what had happened he was being carried up the stairs. As in a dream he saw the stage, the awed looks of his companions, the relieved face of Vallens. There was a brief prelude by the orchestra, then Vallens stepped forward and faced the great circle of upturned faces. Then he drew his bow across the strings, and the strains of Dvorak's Humoresque floated out to the waiting people.

Oh, they were his—his those wonderful mellow notes that welled up and surged from him. It was his—that wonderful melody which floated out across the blinking footlights. As Vallens ended, there was a deafening roar of applause, but the song in the heart of the little violin was high above it all.

After the concert was over Vallens picked up the violin. "You are mine now," he cried. "I shall buy you from Gottilieg. He shan't murder you any longer."

The Grip of the Mountains

Frances Marks

Supper was over at the Golden Bar Hotel and its two boarders, the school teacher who came up from Sacramento for a three months term every summer and the minister who stopped at the Golden Bar one Saturday night of each month, had strolled out to talk over the possibilities of Bellows City. But luckily for the Golden Bar, it had other sources of income than these two mainstays, and already its smiling proprietor, Big Bill, was serving straights to a score or more of ranchmen and cowboys who had come in for the regular Saturday night shindig. The Golden Bar was the meeting place for over half the ranchmen in the county. Not only was it the only hotel and by far the best saloon in Bellows City, but Big Bill also kept a liberal supply of merchandise, varying all the way from tent poles to Boston baked beans, with which he fitted out packs of all the miners and prospectors who came into Bellows City to lay in a new line of supplies. Here the latest news from Sacramento might be heard, and, what was equally interesting, who had made the last lucky find up in the mountains. The place was filling rapidly. Big Bill was noted for the excellence of his drinks, and Saturday night came but once a week.

The door of the hotel opened, and a man, clad in rough dirty khaki, stepped inside. On his head was the slouch felt hat and over his back the big leather pack which marked him instantly for a prospector. His shirt, open at the throat, showed a neck and chest of such a deep bronze tint as only constant exposure to the wind and sun can give. All eyes were turned on the newcomer, for a prospector was always more or less of a curiosity to even the miners and ranchmen of Bellows City. Silent and taciturn, they usually stayed up in the mountains digging away in their search for gold, coming down into town only once in every eighteen months or two years to lay in a new supply of provisions. Even at these times they would talk but little and avoided the other men, suspicious lest they spy out and develop their claims.

The man flung his pack in one corner of the room, and then walking up to the bar he inquired:

"When does the next train leave for San Francisco?"

"Well," drawled out Big Bill. "The next train is due to leave Bellows City at ten tomorrow, but I reckon it'll be nearer noon."

"I suppose I can bunk here for the night, then. Send the stable boy around for my horse and the rest of my outfit. They're outside there. And, by the way, my horse went lame soon after leaving camp. Ask the boy if he can do anything for it."

He turned aside, but a big brawny fellow who had been doing his full share of the treating accosted him.

"Come on, pard, have one! The treats are on me tonight. Here, Bill, fix up another glass!"

The prospector hesitated. Then a little fellow with a flaring red necktie spoke up.

"Aw, come on, stranger. Reddy Bran isn't the man to be refused. He's a-treatin' the whole gang tonight. Here. Down this!" And so saying, he thrust the well-filled glass into the stranger's hand.

The prospector downed it at a gulp. "Thanks," he murmured, and then crossing the room he threw himself into one of the three arm chair which the hotel boasted, and propping himself back, looked out on Bellows City.

Although it was after seven o'clock, the sun was just setting, back of the long range of mountains. Bellows City was just the ordinary mining-supply town of the west—one long straggling street with the hotel at one end and the little frame church at the other. Between these two were some half-dozen shanties and a general store not nearly so much patronized as was lucky Bill's. But the one thing that Bellows City was proud of was its railroad station. It stood off to one side and was painted a glaring yellow, upon which the words *BELLOWS CITY* stood out in startling distinctness. Off in the distance was the long range of grim, formidable mountains. The prospector gazed at them in fascination. They were almost a living creature to him—some monster who had robbed him of the best years of his life. He thought of the plans, the hopes, and the toil he had wasted on those mountains, and now he had nothing to show for it save years of useless labor. Time after time he had been on the point of giving it all up; but somehow the mountains had held him. He could not break away. They had held gold for others; why not for him? But now the end had come. His

money was nearly gone. Tomorrow he would leave it all behind and start out on some other equally hopeless quest.

Some one sat down in the chair beside him. It was Reddy Bran, the man who had offered him the drinks. The prospector scarcely turned his head, for he was in no mood to talk to a stranger. But evidently Reddy did not take his silence as an offense, but puffed away contentedly at his pipe. For a long time neither spoke. At last, knocking the ashes from his pipe, Reddy turned to the prospector.

"New about these parts, eh?"

The prospector hesitated. "Well, not exactly. I've been over there in the mountains for some time. First time I've been to camp, though, for narly two years," he vouchsafed.

Reddy looked at the other significantly. "Prospectin', I take it?"

"Yes," answered the prospector, curtly.

"Well, I've done some of it myself," added Reddy. "I hung around these parts for a dozen years or so, but a couple of weeks ago I happened to strike it rich. Last month this time I didn't have a fifty to my name, and then one day I saw a bit of yellow shining under my pick. Now—well, now I guess I would buy and sell Bellows City, if I wanted to. But the Lord knows why I'd want to, though. How's luck with you, pard?"

The prospector gazed at Reddy oddly. Here was a man who had made the mountains pay, and pay well. That's what he had been trying to do for ten years. Reddy repeated his question.

"How's luck with you? Prospectin' is always a little uncertain. But some way, even if you don't have luck, you can't leave off. It gets a grip on a man some way. Funny, ain't it?"

The prospector turned on his almost savagely.

"Grip on a man! Do you want to know how long this cursed life has had a grip on me? For ten years! Ten of the best years of my life I've spent in those mountains yonder. They've paid you back—yes, a hundred times; but for me—what have they held for me? Nothing—save disappointment after disappointment, and failure after failure. But you can't understand—you, who have just struck it rich," he said, looking again out of the window.

"Where'd you hail from, pardner?" inquired Reddy. "You don't look as though you came from these parts."

His interest and friendliness were so genuine that the prospector turned toward him in surprise. Could it be possible that

he could be interested in him, a prospector who had made a complete failure of everything? It had been years since he had confided in anyone, and sympathy was a word he had forgotten out here in the mountains. Half an hour ago he would not have told his story for a fortune, but now somehow Reddy's interest appealed to him strangely.

"No, I'm not from these parts. I'm from the East—Vermont. My family was well-to-do and educated. I was sent to college as a matter of course. It was during my junior year that the crash came. My mother's bankers failed and practically everything was swept away. My mother lived only a few months after that. My father had died when I was just a little fellow. My brother Jim—two years my junior—and myself were all that were left of our family. To finish college was out of the question. The gold fever was on out here. I had been interested in it while in college, and now I persuaded my brother to come out and turn prospector with me. We might strike it rich, and at least it would be better than anything left to us at home."

"So you came west?" put in Reddy.

"Yes. The proceeds from the sale of our personal belongings amounted to a little over three thousand dollars. We decided to keep most of it as a reserve fund, spending just enough to get us out here and to buy the usual prospector's outfit. You know the supply. That was ten years ago," continued the prospector bitterly. "I was twenty-two then, young, full of hopes. Now look at me. I'm an old man at thirty-two. It takes these mountains to put age on a man. Why, I lived more in those first two weeks that I was out here than I had in all the years of my former life put together.

"You know the kind of a life we had—the kind that every prospector has. Up before the sun, one of us would get breakfast while the other would get the outfit ready. By sun-up we would be digging away at the mountain's side. It was all right in summer, but in winter it was fearfully cold. The ground was frozen hard as any rock. At noon there would be a cold lunch which we had brought with us, and then it would be dig again until dark. At night we would go back to our shack and, worn out with the day's work, would throw ourselves on our bunks as soon as our supper was over. Some nights I would be too tired to sleep and almost too despondent to think, but there always was left the chance that the next day would be our lucky day—that then we should strike

our find. Queer, isn't it, how you can't get away from it? No matter how black things look you fool yourself with the thought that tomorrow will be better. And right down in your heart you know it won't."

"That's one of the queer things about prospectin'," agreed Reddy. "If 'twasn't for that a man couldn't stand it. But what became of your brother?"

The prospector smiled grimly.

"My brother?" he echoed. "One day a letter came from an old friend of my father's, offering us a chance to invest what little we had in a real estate deal in Sacramento. It was bound to pay well, so he said. Jim was wild to leave off prospecting and take it up. We would double-treble our money, he insisted. Real estate was on the boom in Sacramento. But I hesitated. I was afraid to risk what little we had left. The more I thought of it, the more uncertain I became. I told Jim to take his share and invest. As for me, I'd stick to prospecting awhile longer.

"Jim did invest, and left for Sacramento. I was left alone on the mountains. For a time I thought I could not stand the lonesomeness of it. Night after night as I sat in my shack listening to the coyotes howling farther up among the peaks I thought I could not endure it another day. In the morning, if morning would ever come, I would break camp and clear out for civilization and God's country, where at least I could hear the sound of another man's voice. But you know how it was in the morning. Things always looked a little better, and I would decide to stick it out for another day.

"After awhile there came a letter from Jim. He had been right. The Sacramento deal had been successful, and he was on the way to becoming a rich man. After that I put in more hours a day digging away at the mountain and was more saving than ever. If I got tired, all I had to do was to think of Jim and his easy income, and I would work with a vengeance for the rest of the day."

"Surely you're not quittin' now, pard?" inquired Reddy, drawing his chair closer to that of the prospector. "From the looks of your outfit, I took it that you must be leavin' it all."

For an answer the other drew out a worn leather wallet from his hip pocket.

"Do you see that?" he demanded. "Want to know how much there's in it? Well, \$61.05. I've counted and counted and counted,

(Continued on Page 196)

Three Heroines

From

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Drawn by Glen Mullin '07

Reprinted from The Illinois Magazine of 1907

By Courtesy of the Editor, Carl Van Doren



“But as he warmed and glowed in his simple and eloquent language, Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter, Said, in a tremulous voice, “Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”



“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!”



“Maiden, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!”

New Professions for Women

Florence Yoch

What with militant feminism so firmly established and no end in sight for the great war, this threatens indeed, to become a world of women. In this time of unrest there is a great deal of talk about vocation schools and bureaus are established for the sole purpose of finding something new under the sun in the way of professional openings for women. The common demand is that the work be clean, interesting, remunerative and "different",—not necessarily easy. Women have entered so many and such varying fields that it is no longer a matter of sentiment for family friends to patronize and secretly pity one so starting out. Rosy dreams of a career disappear in the present necessity to make good. There are a number of professions that might be grouped together because of certain similar prerequisites. Under this heading may be properly put, Consulting Housekeeper, Applied Design, magazine illustrating, Consulting Decorator, Architecture, Social Survey Work, Landscape Architecture, Horticulture of various sorts, and Scientific Agriculture. These have been taken up by women recently, and with marked success. All of them require brains, imagination, and serious study. The artistic professions combine these factions with appreciation of color and beauty, feeling for design, and some artistic ability.

Rather new in the realm of domestic economy is the Consulting Housekeeper. In certain cities, university women act in the same relation to the busy or inexperienced housekeeper as the expert auditor to the business man. They study markets and systems, giving special information as to efficiency and economical methods. By regular and frequent auditing of household accounts many leakages are stopped.

Magazine illustrations and Applied Design, offer many distinct branches of art. Need for originality, technical training and special talent limit these fields, however.

Many college women who have only a small amount of capital become Consulting Decorators; and serve as assistants to the house-

holders who do not wish to place the decorating of their homes in the hands of a firm of decoration. With her knowledge of the history of art and design, and color, and furniture, the college woman works with the housekeeper rather than for her.

Knowledge of design is far reaching and the college bred woman is taking up architecture seriously, usually the home problem, on the grounds that a woman understands equally well, if not better, the needs of a house. One young woman in the east is specializing in kitchens only. In San Francisco one woman has earned distinction by the design of several buildings for a prominent girls' college and Y. W. C. A. camp.

The Social Survey, as distinct from settlement work, involves special study of housing conditions, sanitation and ventilation. Several endowed foundations and national associations employ women in certain branches of their work in city surveys.

Landscape architecture is not a new profession among women and has several divisions. In general a strong constitution and good health, careful training and a great deal of study and hard work are required. The chief branches of the work are design, engineering and horticulture. Long periods of drafting and surveying soon dispel any preconceived idea that landscape means merely pleasant hours in flowery places.

The profession of gardening offers a considerable amount of freedom, the refining influence of poetry and beauty, contact with intelligent interesting people, and health and happiness in mind and body. Then too, there are different branches of the work so that quite wide choice is available. In New England one woman plans and cares for a definite number of gardens, going one day in the week to each, and employing several men. Then there are school gardens, market gardens, and the higher branches of horticulture, such as the treatment of rare greenhouse plants, hybridization, cross fertilization, and handling orchids. Few women have gone into this kind of work, in this country, and there is a very definite opening. In the olden countries horticulture proper and pleasure gardening have long been studied by women and in England particularly there are a number of schools for this training where the emphasis is strong on practice.

Scientific agriculture is gradually making a wider appeal

(Continued on Page 182)

From the Women's "Gym"

Mary Ann Boyd

In girls' athletics, as in every department of the University, there have been additions made to the curriculum. It is of the new sports innovated this year that I am speaking, instead of basketball and the usual indoor work.

This fall the primary interest has been in hockey. Over two hundred and fifty girls have played on the sectional teams, and had there been another field, this number would have been larger. For over five weeks, at eleven, two, three, and four o'clock each day, the field has been in use. The enthusiasm for the game was especially evident in the fact that there were several "early" morning games. Even on the sold days of the week preceding Thanksgiving the scheduled games were played, and the girls kept warm, too. Thus far the girls have gone into the game for the fun and joy of playing, not simply with the desire to win. The spirit of rivalry will doubtless become more prominent in the class championship games which are soon to be scheduled. These games promise to be most exciting, for the teams will be composed of the picked players of each class. A position on a class team counts ten points toward membership in the Athletic Association.

Now about the game itself. The ball used resembles a baseball, and the hockey stick is about four feet in length with a curved end. A team is made up of eleven members; five on the forward line, three half-backs, two full-backs, and one goal-keeper. The ball is put in play by a bully-off between the opposing center forwards. Each player is supposed to keep within certain limits on the field, and if the referee sees a player out of bounds, her team can be penalized. The ball is passed from one player to another and generally takes a zigzag course toward the goal. Hockey is a game which especially requires team work, and, although there are always individuals who star, the winning team is that one which has the best team play. The advantages of hockey as an exercise are obvious—it is played in the open air, it requires quick thinking

as well as speed in movement, and the co-operation of every player determines the team's success.

* * * * *

After the hockey season is over, the bowling season is to begin. A meeting of all University girls interested in the game will be held in the gymnasium. Those desiring to bowl will be divided into squads of eight, and a captain will be chosen in each group. Each squad will have its regular practice hour and will be coached by one of the gymnasium instructors. The first object will be to teach the girls how to bowl, as it was found last year that very few had that accomplishment. By the end of the first semester it is hoped that the girls will be proficient enough to have class teams organized. Of course, a tournament would then follow. As an exercise for the development of the muscles of the arms and back, bowling is most excellent. Bowling ought to become as popular as hockey has been this fall, and the girls can make it so. Watch for the notice of the first meeting!

* * * * *

An innovation which has great practical value is the swimming test first used last spring. On certain days the swimmers are required to wear old street costumes over their bathing suits. They are then pushed into the tank and must remove their extra clothing. It is a very amusing sight, and the spectators shout with laughter. No one who has not tried it can imagine the difficulty incurred in the performance of this feat. The value of such training cannot be overestimated.

* * * * *

I cannot conclude without mention of Miss Moulton's plan for an outdoor skating rink. President James is not the only one who has visions, for Miss Moulton can see the girls' gymnasium course so extended that the University would draw hundreds of students who desire to become teachers in the work. Her plan, as she has proposed it, is to use the funds now on hand from the May Festivals and to pledge the money which will be obtained from the Festival in the future, for a certain number of years. The field is not even obtained as yet, but at least skaters may dream of the good time they would have if Miss Moulton's plan is carried out.

Forerunners of Mask and Bauble

Nelle Rand Patterson

Centuries before *Mask and Bauble* staged its first play at the University of Illinois, other universities were making the drama part of their student life. In the University of France, as far back as 1315, dramas were enacted on Saints' days by the student dramatic club. In 1558 the Comedies of Jacques Grevin were acted at the College of Beauvais at Paris with great success. In the days of Louis XIV, a girls' school at St. Ayr was the object of public attention on account of their dramatics.

In Germany we find there was a similar practice. Today at Worms, Germany, there is a superb figure of Reuchlin, professor in the University of Heidelberg in 1497. The German literary historians call him the proper founder of the German drama, and his first plays were played by the student dramatic club in his university. It was at the University of Strassburg that dramatic life of Germany found a splendid culmination.

At Cambridge and Oxford, the practice of acting plays was very ancient and continued to be an important feature of university life down to the time of Cromwell. These plays were adopted first as part of the entertainment at receptions of eminent personages. The soberer part of the nation felt there was excessive attention paid to the drama, and they often complained in language similar to that of Ben Jackson's character in "Staples of Newes":

"They make all their schollers play-boys!. Doe we pay our money for this? We send them to learne their grammar, and they learne their play-books!"

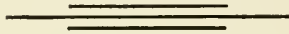
However, they came to realize, as we do today, that dramatics in the university are beneficial and even necessary. Hamlet says to Polonius, "My lord, you played once in the university, you say?" To which Polonius replies, "That I did, my lord: I was accounted a good actor, I did enact Julius Caesar."

Capability and love for play-acting are almost universal among young people, and plays should be performed by young men and young women in such a way as to give recreation and elocutionary

training; that in this way their minds may be refined, and both performers and spectators may be made better acquainted with the works of our best geniuses.

“For ill can Poetry express
And Painting, mute and motinoleless,
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty Actor brought
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Scripture to be dumb.”

—*Thomas Campbell.*



New Professions for Women

(Continued from Page 178)

usually to those women who own their own fruit and dairy farms. On Long Island there are many women engaged in intensive farming for truck markets. Here as in all other fields, specialization is important.

Men will always preach that it is woman's mission to create the home,—certainly also adorn and improve it. By this very fact women are peculiarly fitted for the professions here mentioned. All deal with home problems. Their traditional training in the age honored occupations of the household enables women to think constructively. Cooking, dress-making, fine needlework, and even house cleaning are constructive. The same fundamental principles of design should hold whether it be for the facade of an imposing building or the smallest hat therein.

	THE ILLINOIS Of The University of Illinois.	
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WOMEN'S NUMBER

LUCILLE NEEDHAM, Editor E. F. PIHLGARD, Business Manager

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Mildred Drew

Olive Hormel

Published by the Students of the University of Illinois.

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 502 East John Street, Champaign.

Subscription Price.....75 Cents

MEN'S DEPARTMENT

We call it the Men's Section merely because herein we extend to the men our gratitude and thanks for the privilege of publishing a number of *The Illinois* of the women, by the women, for the women; whether that privilege be granted by way of a compliment, a courtesy, a custom, or a sop to our vanity. The policy of the issue is not to publish a statistical report of women's activities,—for the Illini has already published the news. We have tried to reflect a bit of the student life from the girls' standpoint, but we have not attempted a comprehensive resume. Our aim has been merely to assemble literary material and to arrange and publish it in the normal masculine way, without any masculine help.

THEY SAY

They say Illinois is not literary. Well, she isn't, wholly; but then, she is not wholly engineering, either,—nor architectural, nor scientific, nor commercial, nor agricultural. But the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences has a nice fat registration, healthily growing; and a fair and proper proportion of this registration majors in English, the languages, and journalism. Our English faculty renders a series of English Readings, and the audience overflows the Chapel, crowds the Commerce Lecture Room, fills 228 Natural History, and finally has to be transferred to Morrow Hall. A Dr.

Woodbury lectures on Emerson, and the crowd taxes Morrow Hall. An Alfred Noyes reads, and the Auditorium is needed for the congregation. And, to boot, we have always with us Scribblers, Greek Club, Le Cercle Français, Deutsche Verein, Spanish Club, History Club, Library Club,—and some more,—each with a goodly coterie of enthusiasts. If you were a stranger to the campus of Illinois and read such facts as these in some report, would you not feel, on the face of them, that there was at least a genteel trend of student attitude toward literary things? They say we are not literary.

WHY IS A CLASS HAT?

This query has been flitting over the campus ever since the girls have appeared in jaunty gray tams and those dignified sailors of a dark blue. What does wearing a class hat signify, anyway? In a university the multiplicity of organizations and the wide divergence of interests make the bonds that unite classes only too much a matter of mere form. It is not so much those in our class as in our sorority, our society, club, social group, athletic team, for whom we really feel warm friendship. But these class insignia stand for a tie that exists, nevertheless, and it is to our own advantage to make the most of it.

Surely the fact that two girls each wear '15 or '16 hats entitles them to bow or smile or speak in recognition of each other when they meet. Why pass our own classmates by in stony indifference just because we lack a formal introduction? Each of us has a spark of primeval clan spirit somewhere, and the sight of another class hat should elicit at least a friendly smile.

Wearing a class hat involves a sense of responsibility to stand for that class. It makes us more thoughtful of those small courtesies that are easy to neglect in the rush of things. Care not to monopolize the sidewalks when we are in groups, not to block stairways while we are talking, not to forget to thank the man who opens the ponderous doors of Lincoln Hall for us, not to be thoughtless in seminars or library, not to slip into any of those fatally easy campus illinoisances, is more than ever necessary when our negligence directs disapproving glances and slighting remarks to the class whose emblem we wear.

Let us make the most of these external insignia and strengthen the real bonds for which they stand. Let each do her individual best to vitalize class spirit and raise class standards.

Household Science Extension

(Continued from Page 157)

At Chandlerville in Cass county an interesting school was held by Mrs. Jennie C. Barlow with an average attendance of 109.

The topic discussed and demonstrated here were:

Food Preservation—Fruits—jelly demonstration; vegetables—pickle demonstration.

Fish in the Diet—Methods of cooking and serving carp—demonstrated.

The Use of Leftovers—principles involved in different dishes.

Cakes—Discussion of bread and cake flours—manipulation food values, etc.

Chandlerville had a school last year so its program this year was different.

Here is a program of a two instructor school held in Chrisman, Edgar county:

Miss Percival, Demonstrating.

Miss Bunch, Lecturing.

Average daily attendance 54, season tickets \$1.00. Cost to club \$41.10.

Monday Morning.

Bunch—"The Meaning and Scope of Household Science."

Percival—"Food and Its Functions."

Tuesday Morning—Girls' Class.

Percival—"Protein Foods, Principles to Be Observed in Cooking Them."

(Girls were directed in preparing custards and cheese soufflé.)

Bunch—"Care of Milk and Its Use as Food in Other Countries."

Tuesday Afternoon.

Percival—Demonstration—Nut cheese loaf, cheese fondu, chocolate soufflé.

Bunch—"Planning the House and Garden."

Evening.

Bunch—"Homes in Many Lands," illustrated with stereopticon.

Percival—"Meat in the Diet."

Wednesday Morning.

Girls' Class—Tough and tender meats—Hamburg steak, pork chops, croquettes.

Bunch—Discussion of Dr. Woods Hutchinson's article from the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post, "Feeding a Million."

Wednesday Afternoon.

Percival—Demonstration—Beef loaf; Ham in cream; Meat stew; croquettes.

Discussion—Bunch, "Relative Value of Different Fats on the Market, i. e. lard, crisco olive oil, lard compound, etc."

Bunch—"Planning and Furnishing the Living Room and Bedrooms."

Thursday Afternoon—Girls' Class.

Percival—"Carbohydrates in the Diet"—baking powder biscuit, creamed potatoes, rolled oats.

Bunch—"Use of Fireless Cooker"—Principles involved in cooking cereals.

Description of the Shredded Wheat biscuit factory at Niagara.

Thursday Afternoon.

Percival—Discussion of flours—Gluten tests, bread and cake flours.

Demonstration—White bread, chocolate bread, Parker house rolls, fancy light rolls.

Bunch—"Planning and Furnishing the Service Part of the House."

Friday.

Girls' Class—Flavor, fruits and vegetables.

Percival—Discussion of water and mineral salts in the diet.

Friday Afternoon.

Demonstration—Salads, vegetable, fruit and savory.

Bunch—"Community Interests" as a part of the larger housekeeping.

These schools invariably grow in interest and attendance from first to last. There are also in the field with us Mrs. Cecil Baker, Mrs. Antionette Donoho, Mrs. L. V. Walcott, and Mrs. John Stout. All of these ladies are Illinois graduates. Mrs. Baker was for several years head of the textile department in this University. Mrs. Stout was head of the department of household science at McKendree college. All our dates are full until March.

Within a fortnight the programs will be issued for this year's School for Housekeepers, Jan. 18 to 30, to be held here at the Woman's Building. The women of the state are invited to attend. The lectures are all free, the only cost to our visitors being their

transportation to and from and board and room while here. Some of the subjects to be treated follow:

On Food—

"Relation of Food to Hygienic Living," Miss Harrison.

Daily demonstrations of food principles by Mrs. L. V. Stevens, Mrs. Jennie Barlow, Miss Percival, or Miss Churton.

Illustrated lectures by Mr. Harrison of the State Pure Food Commission on "The Fly"; "What a Man Learned" (about milk); and "The Marketing and Care of Eggs".

"Fruit Jellies," Dr. N. E. Goldthwaite.

"Infant Feeding," Dr. Ruth Wheeler.

On Clothing—

"Correct Dress," Mrs. John C. Hessler.

"Draping and Design," Mrs. Cecil Baker.

"Fabrics of the Season," Miss Seymour.

Moving pictures showing the processes of manufacture of various textiles.

"Planning and Care of the Family Wardrobe," Miss Fleming.

On Shelter—

"Good Architectural Design as Applied to Inexpensive Houses," Assistant Professor Ash.

"Light, Heat and Power for the Farm Home," Mr. Dickerson and Mr. Compton.

"Essentials in Planning the Farm House," Miss Greta Gray.

"Tasteful Interiors" (illustrated), Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Hessler.

"Equipment of the Service Part of the House," Miss Stanton.

On Social Interests—

"Problems of the Home and House," Miss Bunch.

"Community Interests," Dr. Hieronymus.

"Music for the Home (illustrated), Prof. Constance Barlow Smith.

"The Home Library," Professor Windsor.

"Selecting Pictures for the Home," Professor Lake.

"Civic Beauty," Dr. Wilhelm Miller.

"Games, What They Are, and What They Do," Miss Gertrude Moulton, physical director for women.

"Floriculture" (illustrated), Professor Darnier.

"Poultry Raising as a Vocation or an Avocation," Professor Barto.

"The Boy's Interests," Professor Puffer.

During the sessions there will be an art exhibit, also demonstra-

tions daily of power as applied to home tasks, and receptions to permit us to become acquainted.

The four weeks following this school will be given a short course where students (a limited number) may have regular class work in cooking and sewing, in our laboratories under our practice teachers. There is no tuition required for this. Country girls are given the preference and are enrolled in order of their applications. There is no entrance requirement other than the equivalent of high school standing.

Applications should be directed simply to the Household Science Department, U. of I., Urbana, Ill.

Bulletins issued from time to time by members of the Household Science faculty may be obtained on request and those who desire to receive these bulletins as issued may be put on our permanent mailing list.

When the funds under the Smith-Lever bill become available we shall be able to expand our extension work. We are already gathering up a demonstration outfit to help us in teaching house equipment and are looking forward to a broad field of practical work. Our calls are coming largely from the fourteen counties where they have county agents, and from the fields in which our workers have been in former years.

Love's Cycle

It was dawn of a summer's day,
Love slept, curled in the heart of a rose,
Lulled by the beat of a butterfly's wings,
Dreaming such dreams as no man knows.

It was noon of a summer's day.
Love sprang aflame from the passion-flower,
With purple and red he garlanded him
And played with the joy of the passing hour.

It was dusk of a summer's day,
Love lay alone in the black night-shade—
Dead, dead, dead, with a broken heart,
Poisoned the play, and the one that played.

Driftwood

(Continued from Page 164.)

the place looked cleaner than any other? Suddenly the thought resolved into action.

"You won't like it, John Barclay, but you're just goin to move that man into the spare room. He needs some one to take *care* of him," and she threw the old doctor a look of contempt for his suggestion of the Poor Farm. She knew what "care" he would have there.

Her husband turned upon her in amazement.

"Why, Martha, are you clean crazy? Put that dirty tramp in the east room?"

"It's just because he is dirty that we'll put him in these," she replied, and smiled enigmatically.

With gentle awkwardness the men clumped in, bearing the thin, stiff figure of a ragged tramp, and followed shortly by Mrs. Barclay with towels, soap, and a huge basin of hot water. She and the old doctor soon made the lean figure neat and clean. Glancing up, the old doctor could not but smile at her expression. Her hair was tightly twisted, her eyes were squinted nearly shut, her nose turned up as much as a thin, straight nose can turn, and her mouth was shut in a thin, straight line.

"For goodness sake, let's stop, doctor. I pretty near wish I hadn't asked them to bring him in. I never dreamed he'd be this dirty," and she looked down repugnantly at the man.

"But don't he look clean," she said, as they drew the fresh, clean sheet up about the man's throat. "And won't he be surprised when he wakes up?"

And the old doctor, who had been puzzled at Mrs. Barclay's unexplainable wish to take care of a tramp, suddenly understood. Martha Barclay had never had much of the unexplainable in her life. John Barclay was not difficult to understand and all these years the woman had gone on, anticipating and helping her husband think and plan, with never a thing to stir her by the mystery of a human life. Now she grasped almost unconsciously at this opportunity of solving the unexplainable.

The hot summer hours dragged through the afternoon, and about five o'clock, just as the sun's rays were so long upon the grass

that they seemed almost to double back and enter the east room again, the tramp felt returning consciousness. One inner hand relaxed, the eyes flickered and suddenly opened wide. If Mrs. Barclay could only have been there at that moment, she would have realized all her desire for surprise. The man grabbed the clean sheets and smelled them, smelled them as though he would never let go; then with the sheets still grasped tight in a half-believing hand he looked about, looked at the white, rose-bordered wallpaper, at the Madonna on the wall, at the "Washington Crossing the Delaware," at the white woodwork, and finally, with a sigh so soft he hardly felt it, his eyes sought the crisp-curtained window at his side. He remembered how cringingly he had looked at the stiff, guarding red cannas in their mathematical bed; now they seemed shielding friends and he smiled weakly at them, at the old cedar tree by his window where the mocking bird was singing. And Mrs. Barclay, opening the door at just the psychological moment, caught the reflection of a smile. As before, the woman returned it, this time with an unconscious motherly tenderness, as she came up and straightened the sheets.

"You played a good trick on us, didn't you," she began with a fine air of ferocity. "After I fed you that way and let you lie out under the old maple. Now the doctor says you'll be here a couple of weeks or so, and us right in the busiest time of harvesting."

But something in the faded soul of the tramp looked out and he did not cringe, only quietly closed his eyes, and smiled a little.

The long summer days passed on, the shadows came and went, and slowly the tramp grew better. John Barclay had clumsily shaved away the thatch from the man's face, and tried to even the hair upon his head. The sundown slowly fading from face and hands had left them thin and startlingly white and time-battered.

One night, when the couple of weeks were passed, Mrs. Barclay tiptoed in to see if the man were comfortable. She would have fiercely ridiculed the thought of such a thing those first days that the slight, thin figure of the tramp lay in the middle of her best bed. But now a change had come upon her; all the mother-nature that had been pent up so long began to soften and temper her fierceness and it was with but a half-disguise that she cared for the helpless tramp.

A shaft of moonlight lay caressingly across his face, revealing a wide, sober smile.

"Would you mind calling Mr. Barclay? I've got somethin' I want to say to both of you."

John Barclay came awkwardly in at his wife's sharp summons, and the man and woman sat down together on the edge of the bed, just outside the ray of bright moonlight.

"You see," he began eagerly, as though at last a great courage had come upon him. "I don't remember anybody ever bein' so good to me as you've been, and it seems as if I just couldn't get well and go off without you knowin' somethin' about me. I ain't never had a home, nor, John Barclay, I never had a mother ike your wife. If I had—I wouldn't be here. I try not to remember exactly how I grew up, me with a drunk father and mother, and allers bein' weak and puny-like. I run away from home when I was big enough to sell papers. Why the only fun I ever had was **when** I used to find a scrap of cloth and make doll dresses for a bundle of rags. Oh, don't laugh when you think of a boy makin' doll clothes. I wasn't a man-child, only a weak, puny sort of piece of life but it was a passion with me, not the lovin' the bundle of rags but just seein' what I could out of another rag. I useter enjoy that until the fellers out in the street saw me doin' it and laughed so, and even a piece of life has some feelins. After that I never let 'em see me do it.

"After I'd sold papers a long time, I drove a delivery wagon for a big tailoring store, and, well—I don't know how I ever had the nerve to get 'em to let my try, but their head fitter finally let me get a try-out. I must have been all right, because they let me stay. Then, finally, after I'd saved enough money to buy some decent clothes, she let me fit a few of the women that came in, but all the time she watched me and them just as close. They kept comin' more and more, and 'fore long I had more'n I could do. I worked nearly night and day—and me allers so weak and puny like—until one day they had to carry me out to the hospital. I got well pretty quick that time and went back, but the work heaped up again—the women hade me do all their fittin', and I had another spell. This time I was gone longer, and while I was in the hospital the doctor told me I couldn't go back, that I'd have to go West if I expected to live. Me go West! Of course, I didn't pay much attention to him, but I went back to the shop, and, oh, Mrs. Barclay, they had someone else. Ain't that allers the way; somebody drops

out a minute and they fill your place and never seem to miss you? Ain't that allers the way?

"After that I didn't care much. I knew I never could do anythin' but sew, and the doctor had said somethin' about my father and mother bein't drunk all the time had made me have those spells. So I was all ready to go out and jump in the river when a feller asked me to go bummin' with him. An', you see, I been trampin' ever since—that is, between spells, although I ain't had 'em so very often. But I'm glad I've done it. I've found a God in the grass, the flowers and the birds, and now I've found Him in you. There ain't nothin' left for me to do. I can't work. I'll just go on trampin' and trampin', and some day I won't wake up from one of my spells."

The thin, dreary voice ceased; the tramp lay back on the bed, exhausted from his long story, and the moon shone through the window just as it had all these years of the Barclays' peace and comfort. The room was intensely quiet; out in the August night the crickets were murmuring, the birds slept, the stiff canna lilies still protected and guarded gate and window.

Mrs. Barclay turned and looked at her husband, and John Barclay saw, not the face of the severe, harsh woman whom strangers knew, but the softened, tender face of her who had sustained and comforted him in all things. She stretched forth gropingly a rough, big hand into his horny one, and turned to the tramp.

"I reckon you'll be a right sight of help for John to have 'round in the winter. Maybe you can help me 'round the house some. As soon as you get well I'll fix your room upstairs."

The tramp did not answer, only smiled, and suddenly the woman drew her rough hand across her eyes.

Thus it was that a tramp "came home."

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Green Street

On Reval Sands

Into the wind with the rain in our faces,
Swift let us gallop with bridle held free—
Close on the blood-tracks of dead autumn's traces,
Follow the pungent tang down to the sea.
Strike the spur home and cling with strong knee—
While our horses dash on through the salt-shingled sand
Bleaked by the chill from the black Arctic fanned
From whence the surf rolls, on this drear No-man's land.

Into the mists, where the sentinel pine
Rears his loft head to the grim lowering skies,
By the ocean that ebbs in a mud-yellow line
Spotched with the white of a sea-gull that flies—
Into the mists where the winter sun dies
Swift let us gallop, and swifter—for we
Ride alone in this world gone dead by the sea—
Ride alone, with Death riding us hard on our lea—.

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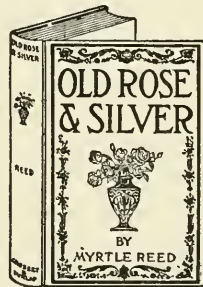
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The Grip of the Mountains

(Continued from Page 172)

but I can't make out any more than \$61.05. I tell you, it has cost to live these last ten years, even if I have spent them in a prospector's shack. \$61.05, and time to lay in a complete new outfit. O, yes; I know I could get some grub for that money, but what would become of me when that was gone? What am I going to do? Well, Jim wrote once that there was always a place for me in his office if I ever cared to leave off prospecting and do secretarial work. Secretarial work! Imagine me Jim's secretary! But I'm going to sell my outfit," he added; "it'll bring in a few more dollars. And then I'll hit it off for San Francisco. Perhaps there'll be something there for me. There's nothing but starvation left back there in the mountains."

Reddy re-lighted his pipe.

"Well, I don't know but what you're right after all, pardner," he reflected. "Prospectin' is a dog's life. I hit it rich, but I'm one in a thousand that did. These old mountains holds fortunes for some, but death for a hundred times more. You'll have enough money to get you to San Francisco and some left over for a fresh start there."

The prospector did not reply, but gazed straight out of the window. It was nearly dark now, and here and there a light twinkled in one of the rough shanties. But out beyond, the mountains loomed up, ten times more menacing than ever before. Reddy puffed away on his pipe. Behind them the ranchers and cowboys were having a most hilarious time talking over the evening's shindig, prospecting as to who would and who would not be there. Curious glances were cast towards Reddy and the prospector, but no one made a move to approach them. If they wished to be alone, that was their affair.

All at once there was a stir among them.

"Where did you find it?"

"Here' kid, let's have a look at it."

"Great God, man, but it's sure a winner."

Half turning in his chair, the prospector saw the ranchers crowding around the stable-boy, who was holding a small rough object in his hand.

"Pure gold, if ever I saw it," remarked one big fellow.

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Jos. C. Bowman

Jeweler-Watchmaker-Silversmith

Two Doors North of the Cooler on Neil

"Where did you happen on to it, boy? You sure have made a find."

"Picked it out of the horse's foot that just came in." The boy motioned towards the prospector. "The horse that belongs to that fellow over there."

The prospector came over towards the group swiftly. Without a word he took the nugget from the boy's hand and turned it this way and that, looking intently at it all the time. The men were right; it was gold.

"Picked it out of the horse's hoof?" he asked sharply.

"On the square," answered the boy. "No wonder he went lame."

For a full minute the prospector stood silent, turning the nugget over and over in his hand. Then he slipped it in his pocket, and taking out the leather wallet, he threw a roll of bills on the counter before Big Bill.

"There! Fit me out with a new supply of grub. I'm butting the trail back again early in the morning."

November

E. J.

The long, bare arms of the wind-stripped elm
Stretch out to the shifting rain;
And the broken leaves of the maple tree
Lie crushed to the earth a purple stain,
Summer's red shroud of pain.

Winter comes up from the polar lands,
From the lands of the snow and bear,
And the birch tree trembles from crown to foot
As she sways in the mist, like lights that flare,
In her cold, white nakedness there.

Back! Back, to the countries of genial sun—
Oh, Summer, quick,—quick away!
The birds are gone and the flowers are dead,
The blue of the skies has been shot to gray—
Winter is here—Away! Away!

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The 1916 Junior Prom

By John Frier

"Get those people in line back there, we're all ready to start. Are you ready, Crane?" Turner's orchestra then struck up the music and the Grand March, led by the president of the Junior Class, had started. The people in the spectators' gallery eagerly leaned forward and with their eyes followed the promenaders as they moved through the hall. The grand march was soon over with and the first dance had commenced. While the people are seated in their booths, during the intermission between the first and second dances, let us inspect our surroundings.

The Armory was one complete arbor of flowers. All around us was an array of beauty such as the vivid imaginations of the fairy story writers only, could have given words to. The walls and ceiling of the Armory were completely hidden from view. They were covered with a false ceiling of wire on which was entwined southern smilax and roses. The committee used over thirty-five cases of smilax and over nine thousand roses in order to accomplish this. The booths were separated by low rose hedges that ran from the wall out to a corner-post. The posts were covered with flowers that hung down from the top and gave an effect most pleasing to the eye. The booths were furnished with tables, chairs, and davenport and were lighted with table lamps. The gun racks had been removed to the new Armory; this left more room for the booths and for dancing. The booths were a whole lot more homelike this year and looked a good deal better than they did when they had the gun racks for partitions. The Armory was lighted from twenty-four incandescent lamps that were covered with rose colored globes. The lights were hung below the false ceiling and in that way it was impossible to see through it. The orchestra was placed on the north side of the building and in the center. The orchestra consisted of twelve pieces. They were entirely closed in by palms, and in looking at them one was reminded of the big city so near (only one week more) and yet so far (two dollars and fifty-two

cents worth). The music for the second dance has just started and we'll turn our attention from the decorations to the dance.

The second dance was the first of the four feature dances. It was the dance of spring. The music for this dance was the Mendelssohn spring song and all through the dance birds were singing. The music slowly died away and the dance ended, at least for a short time. Amidst vigorous applause the orchestra played an encore. This dance was the first of a number of pleasant surprises the decorators, Grimm and Gorly of St. Louis, had in store for those who attended the prom.

The next few dances went off in rapid fire order. The seventh dance was the next feature and it presented summer, the second season. During this dance rose petals were showered down on the people below and the dance resembled a veritable rose storm so thick did they fall, some seventy-five odd bushels of the flower petals were used, and during the dance there was many an example of the old expression, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Coach Zuppke declared that this dance was the prettiest sight he had seen since Patsy Clark ran through the whole Chicago team ninety yards for a touchdown. Quickly the time passed as the dances, one by one were given. The ninth dance was enjoyed by everyone to the tune of the "Meadowbrook Fox Trot." The twelfth dance was the third feature dance, and it represented fall. Autumn leaves fell throughout the building during this dance as the wind roared up above, the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed. A moon was set in one end of the Armory and it was pleasing to see the pale yellow streaks of moon-light that shone on the falling leaves. Dean Clark enjoyed the dance immensely, so it seemed, and tripped away in the latest steps like he used to do once upon the time when he was a Junior.

After this dance came the supper. It was served in the gymnasium. The caterer, Mrs. Todd, prepared a repast that would have been considered inviting to the most dyspeptic person imaginable. We will not further discuss this subject lest the reader become too hungry at the recollection of it. After the supper had been disposed of dancing was resumed. The extra dances were played after the supper.

The seventeenth dance was the fourth and last feature dance. It depicted winter. Snow balls and snow fell during the dance and

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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

toward the close, twelve snow birds were released from a huge bell that hung in the center of the ceiling, and flew around the hall. Major Webster remarked that this dance put him in mind of the great advantages of the new Armory and the fact that he'd be able to drill the entire regiment during the winter. Isn't it nice to be a Junior. The next dance, the eighteenth, was the last dance. By this time it was drawing near two o'clock, the time the Council set as the time to close the dance. Music may come and music may go but "Home, Sweet Home" we have always with us, and as the last strains died away the dancers started for the cloak room and the waiting taxi-cabs.

The committee deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which the dance was pulled off. The programs, which were made by the College Shop of Chicago, consisted of covers of Persian ivory that were held together with two little brass rings. The front cover had a monogram in gold of the University and the words, "1916 Junior Prom" on it. The insert consisted of twenty-four pages and contained the names of the patrons and patronesses of the dance, the names of the committee and the dances. There were eighteen dances and four extras. A new feature of the program was the number of little sayings that were in it. There was a different little saying on each page appropriate for that particular part of the program. The decorations and music were most admirably handled. Messrs. Grimm and Gorly of St. Louis are to be thanked for the decorations and Mr. Turner for the music. The supper was well taken care of as was also the arrangement of the booths and furniture. The dance was a great success and will be long remembered as one of the most successful Junior Proms ever given.

Sidelights on Junior Prom

He who hesitates is lost unless he also fox trots.

After bringing his sister up to the prom a fellow stude. telegraphed to his doctor, "Sister has been tangoing all day and talking all night! What is the matter?" The doctor wired back, "Symptoms—Foot and Mouth disease."

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On Green Street

(Taken from The Daily Illini of
December 8, 1914.)

ILLINOIS MAGAZINE WINS

HIGH FORMAL RECOGNITION

**Publication's Policy of Expansion
Secure Offices in Basement of
University Hall.**

The Illinois Magazine has been given formal recognition as a student publication. On petition of the editor, the Council at its last meeting granted the magazine office space in the basement of University Hall. At present the matter is in the hands of Supervising Architect J. M. White, who expects to make the official assignment within a few days.

This step is another indication of the Illinois Magazine's policy of expansion, which is expected to bring it to the ranks of the foremost undergraduate literary publications of the country. Within the last year it has grown from a thin pamphlet to a solid periodical. At present the women of the University have taken the next issue into their hands and promise some things that will make their number peculiarly attractive and original.



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ILLINOIS MAGAZINE



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The central graphic is a large, stylized letter 'I' formed by thick black lines. Inside the top horizontal bar of the 'I' is the word 'LOYDE'S' in a bold, serif font, with 'TWO STORES.' in a smaller font below it. The vertical stem of the 'I' contains a list of items: BOOKS, DRAWING, SUPPLIES, TYPEWRITERS, KODAKS, STATIONERY, MUSIC, and SOUVENIRS, all in bold, uppercase letters. The bottom horizontal bar of the 'I' also contains the word 'LOYDE'S' in the same bold, serif font, with 'TWO STORES.' below it.

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U. of I. Store, 606 Green Street



ILLINOIS 1915 BASKET BALL TEAM

Top row--Left to right: Trainer Glimstedt, Comstock, Applegrant, Bane, Alwood, Squier, Coach Jones.

Middle row--Ray Woods, Crane, Kircher, Duner, Williford, Ralph Woods.

Bottom row--Otto, Clark.

POST EXAM JUBILEE PROGRAM

AUDITORIUM

FEB. 8, 1915

8 O'CLOCK

LESEURE BROS.' HALL OF FAME

Speaking of halls of fame, have you seen the one over at Le-seure Brothers' Smoke Haven on Green? The start is made and there's three immortals up already. Potsy Clark, Slooey and Pogue have their classic phiz (Make-up Man, Howja make that plural) lined out on the Bromide so they look mighty natural. They're framed in dark oak and it's a matter for which to be thankful that the artist didn't try to put a gilt frame 'round that solid gold three!

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☐ We thank you collectively and as individuals for your part in making us

"The Leading College Store in the West"

(SERVICE FIRST)





THE CO-OP

(ON THE SQUARE)



“You can't grow a garden by merely turning over the soil.”

And you cannot get an education by merely coming to college.

Reading good books improves one's education.

In this connection let us add that we carry in stock sets of all standard authors—at reasonable prices.

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OUR SENIOR
BASKET BALL
VETERANS



Read this Magazine carefully. Criticisms
and offer suggestions for our mutual
benefit.

Sincerely,

ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

Illinois Magazine

Vol. VI.

February, 1915

NO. 5

Examinations—A New Inquisition

D. H.

Whether you intend to cram Schopenhauer down the necks of student generations yet to be born, or whether you intend to gain a livelihood by bearding physiognomies yet to appear, it is all the same. You must take examinations. You will not be through with them until a certain trumpet sounds the call on the day of judgment; and those who have left undone those things which they ought to have done, and wish that they had led better lives—yes, and boned in preparation for the final. You cannot escape. The present day is the springtime of the examination fiend.

Escape after four sorrowful years of struggle with all sorts and conditions of examinations is not to be counted upon. The examination fever has traveled swiftly, and now they begin at two years when some proud mother drags her offspring forth to examine him on catechism or Mother Goose, according to the household. And again, when the time comes for the obsequies, when all are gathered together to pay what certain newspapers call the last sad rites, along comes the undertaker with a sanctimonious face and a certificate, saying that he has passed an examination, and that he can dispose of the defunct one with neatness and dispatch.

Some well-meaning and ingenious soul invented examinations, and he probably felt that he was a useful citizen, because he helped to mar so many young lives, and to deprive so many undergraduate bodies of their most prominent ornaments to student activities. Examinations are the only thing that will drive a student to the intellectual feasts at Lincoln Hall; so faculties are to blame for the beginning and encouragement of them.

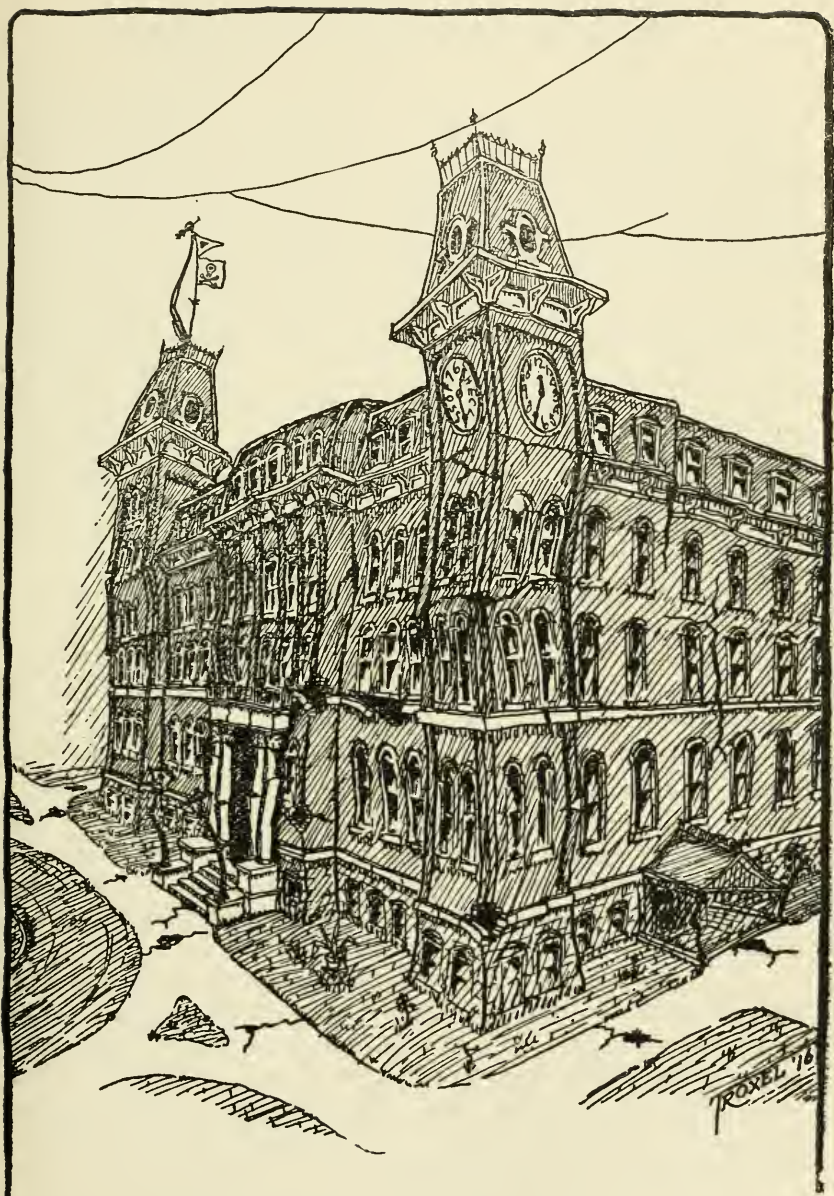
Not even the bitterest enemy to culture and refinement will have the temerity to deny that examinations are useful. They make

students read faculty-manufactured jokes. They make students stay awake through illustrated lectures. They make work for the man who runs the mimeograph machine that furnishes examination papers, purple ink, and the drunken lines of type. If filed carefully, such mimeographed sheets are often useful for students and other unfortunates in future years. Oh, no one denies that examinations may have a use of some kind.

Even the less malignant form of examinations, semester papers, has its use, though the justification of it is more difficult. But everyone will admit that in becoming truly expert in using a card index there is nothing like a semester paper. Then there is work for the librarian's assistants who drag forth cobwebbed volumes for your perusal which you immediately proceed to keep overtime. Then there is a fine if the student assistant happens not to like you, and that proves a very respectable source of revenue. The faculty assistants also earn their salaries, and the time which you might have spent watching the corruption of your own soul in Twin-Cities' glittering movie emporiums is put in, so to speak, with profit. Four semester papers are usually enough to take the joy out of life for a week. So it is very easy to see their connection with examinations. Taking the joy out of life is the principle justification for the existence of examinations.

If the instructors have a proper sense of the artistic, and most of them have such a sense, an examination can be made really grueling. I know a professor in a certain university whose name is still unutterable to me, who stands in the front of the room while two sentries stand in the rear; and at the word the examination begins. He adds unexpectedness of attack to the other thrills of the ordeal. The sentries prevent any attempt at borrowing the knowledge of a neighbor. The object of examinations in this class was to supply missing words on the papers handed out. A sentence would run along beautifully until it came to a certain place where there was no word. Then it was time to use cunning and ingenuity. I have heard it said that students were known to have filled in the right words. Generally they did not. The man who first succeeded in filling in the puzzle wins. It is a very fascinating and thrilling indoor sport if one enjoys it. Someone was once mean enough to say that the two sentries in the rear of the room and Max, the

(Continued on Page 237)



1915 AND STILL STANDING

Will It Be Four Straight?

BY R. BURR.

The phenomenal pre-eminence of Illinois in athletics among western schools seems to be about to receive an additional boost. All Illini seem to think that they have in the 1915 basket ball team a squad that will be able to weather a hard conference season and come out at the head of the column. But whatever is the final result, it may be safely asserted that the winning team will not have a thousand percent record. It seems that the probable outcome will be much as in the frenzied baseball race that occurred last spring. Illinois leading with their persistent rival, Chicago, as a runner-up. Wisconsin has already been defeated by Chicago on their own floor and therefore, although they have a team of real worth, can not be figured as possible winners unless there is an unexpected break in the dope. So there is a real basis for the hope that every Illinois team that has taken the field since the basket ball season last year may be declared champions.

Three or four years back the Illini were not reckoned as contenders for the championship in basketball. But the school drew a coach that could deliver and he seems ready to do so this year. This man is Coach Jones. He put the W of Wabash at the head of the basketball procession. Then he went to Purdue and gave them a championship. Now it looks as if he is going to hand the Illini a similar package. Much success attended the team last year and the team this year is vastly superior to the one of last season. And in addition, Wisconsin has lost the nucleus of one of the most wonderful aggregations that the Big Nine has ever seen. This year the signs point to a probability that Jones can mould his material for a top crust.

Good material has blest Illinois recently in all branches of athletic endeavor. The men who come out are not only of high caliber but are steady. That is to say, they show sufficient scholastic ability to make a weekly ineligibility list unknown. And each year the material seems to be better. This year two of last season's varsity have not been able to reach that form which would entitle them to occupy their old positions.

Taking the players individually, they are experienced. Captain Duner at guard maintains the consistency which last year made him a favorite with the fans. A steadier guard has probably never

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE.

played in the conference. Williford, last year's captain and a veteran forward, displayed that aggressiveness and head work which made him so valuable to last year's varsity until his injury during the practice trip at holiday time. His return to the game will give Coach Jones a dependable forward. Bane is the star of the aggregation. At center he seems to be without a peer in this year's conference circles. For a big fellow he is a whirl-wind and stands a fine chance of being an All-Conference selection.

Three Sophomores have been developed who give Illinois hope that the top of the pile may have a permanent lease—the squad of Coach Jones. The Woods brothers may be called spectacular finds. In Ray, the Illini have a guard who has speed, an excellent eye, a head for floor work, and a spirit of team play that marks him as an All-Conference man before he lays aside his suit in 1917. His brother Ralph, who might be taken for the mascot by any one who had not seen him play, has such speed and fight that the fact that he only weighs 128 could not keep him off the team. His ability to count up the ringers has been a cause of much of the Illini success. Allwood has filled the other forward position in great style. At the beginning of the season he gave the rooters an exhibition of skill at scoring that would make a Stoic smile. He seems to have slowed up recently but showed good form in the Ohio game. Crane and Kircher, of last year's team, have not showed their old form yet this year but they have served to make the competition keen and that is an essential in a winning squad. These players, using the long pass style of play which Coach Jones teaches, can be counted on to lead the conference teams all the way.

Too much prosperity is a bad thing if the failure of the Track team to get any indoor competition may be taken as a criterion. In swimming, Illinois will have to meet some fierce competition in Northwestern and Chicago. Coach Manley appears to have a well balanced team, however. In wrestling, Illinois has a new coach, Evans, who will give us a team that will make them all be glad to be out of the grasp of the Illini if he can teach as well as he can perform. Good material and coaching are assured in gymnastics and there seems to be no chance but that Illinois will gather in her share of the honors in this line. So we can conclude that whether we make it four straight or not, it is no idle assertion to call Illinois the peer of the west.

Dramatics

S. M. R.

We are going to have a Campus Theatre. Then the Mask and Bauble Club will not have to pay \$275 for two nights at the Illinois Theatre. Then the Illinois Student Union Dramatic Club will not have to pay about \$300 for the same show-house. Then about \$170 will not be spent in carfares by students who attend the show of either of these organizations. Then prices will go down about fifty cents per seat. Then you can call for her at eight, instead of seven-thirty.

Of course, the construction-plans have not been made as yet. And the Powers-That-Be have not signed any contracts. In fact, the building in which it is hoped the theatre will be built will not be ready for use until about three years from now. But that is no reason why you, and you, and you should not get up and ROOT.

There is an organized effort that is out, among other things, to land the Campus Theatre. It is a dramatic association, consisting of representatives from every dramatic club on the campus, now in the process of organization. This association, headed by F. K. W. Drury of the Players' Club, is aiming to promote efficiency and interest in dramatic activities on the campus. At the present writing, a committee to draw up a constitution has been appointed. Mr. Buchen, of the English Department; A. M. Baker, Jr., president of the Mask and Bauble Club; M. Wolters, of the Lambkins and the Student Union Dramatic Club, and S. M. Raphaelson, of the Illinois Magazine and the Siren, are on it. Mr. Drury, of course, is the chairman.

The plan is to have a combination theatre and concert-hall in the new School of Music which is to be erected in a few years. The Supervising Architect has said that it can be done; Professor Erb of the Music Department is in sympathy with the idea; the Council is said to be keenly interested in campus-dramatics; and there is a crying need for a Campus Theatre.

The stage in Morrow Hall is inadequate, and the seating capacity is too small. The Auditorium has no stage and dressing-room facilities. The Illinois Theatre is no place for college plays. It is a case where the university, dramatically speaking, is all dressed up and nowhere to go.

One of the biggest factors in getting the actual cash and the

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actual plans for a Campus Theatre will be the Student Spirit. We feel sure that the faithful Illini will come out with strong voices and persistent enthusiasm.

Yes, we saw the Guild plays at Morrow Hall on December 19. They were presented by the Players' Club, an organization of dramatically-inclined gentlemen (and lady) of the faculty. We wonder, if they were not faculty members with a certain amount of dignity to uphold, whether the performance would not have been more facile and entertaining.

"The Power of God" was the first play. If you saw it, you would not care to read the story of the plot again. If you did not see it, the story as it would be told in the abbreviated space allowed us would not interest you. So, dear friends, we will not tell the story.

Suffice it to say, that it is a story involving hypnotic power and the love of a man for a wife—somebody else's wife. Given by the Irreproachable Faculty Thespians! And you missed it, and you, and you!

Seriously speaking, there was a professional restraint about the acting. The intensity was too obviously mechanical. There was an uncertainty in speaking the lines. Mr. Phelps seemed to talk with his mouth half-open at times.

The monotonous tone, which seemed so commonplace in the commonplace action at the beginning, became weirdly realistic and powerful in the hypnotic scene.

Mr. Van Kleek was human in the part of the "subject," but his acting was slightly dispiriting in effect; there was no warmth or color. Mr. Kay, as the doctor with the hypnotic power, did well with a very difficult part, although we would have liked him a little less unbending and mobile of feature even in that exacting role.

We think that much of the difficulty of portrayal is due to the fact that the play, as written, contains too many psychological subtleties; it is the least bit more to read than to act.

"The Higher Good," the second play, which was presented in 1910 by the Harvard Dramatic Club, was less subtle, had more broadly-lined characters and more direct action, and was therefore more palatable.

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What Is A College Man?

BY BENJAMIN WHAM.

Why does a student come to college?

There is a popular belief among people who have never attended a university that a student there should concentrate all his efforts upon his studies and at the end of his course should be absolutely master of his subject. To these people it often appears that the average student studies very little. They see football players plowing up the gridiron several hours a day for months, editors and managers of various kinds working almost incessantly, debaters searching frantically through musty tomes and expostulating to empty chairs, and they conclude that studies play only a minor part.

There is some justification for this belief. Most students come to the university to specialize upon a certain subject. An engineer must be able to build a bridge and bathe in the clear ether of analytics; an agricultural student, to improve soil and judge a beef; a household science student, to decorate the interior of a dwelling and cook a balanced ration. It is the primary object of a University course to teach the different lines of work. They are to be the life vocation and need to be studied well.

The question is, would the student not be a better engineer or farmer if he has also taken part, to a limited extent, in other activities? Few men are so constituted that they can study at their highest rate of efficiency continuously. A change is needed, recreation, something to give tone, zest and enthusiasm. Furthermore, a student should be developed in many directions, not simply in one. He should be versatile in ordinary subjects, able to adapt himself to changed conditions, to seize upon a new situation, and act without hesitation. He should be a thinker and originator, not a paraphraser and repeater.

It must be remembered, too, that the student is going out into a world of human beings where a person's advancement does not depend altogether upon the amount of Latin he can quote or the number of formulas he has memorized. Often it depends largely upon the impression he creates, the ability he has to meet other people upon their own grounds, to acquire knowledge by so doing, and from this and his past experiences to form a practical opinion.

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The Three

E. R. J.

Over the world, a Shadow crept
 Stamped with the brand of Cain—
 And from sea to sea
 Man rose against man,
'Till the earth ran red with the red of hate—
 And the trenches were piled with the slain.

Over the world, a Figure wept,
 Bowed with the weight of a Cross;
 And the thorns that pressed,
 And the whips that lashed,
Were the cries of pain of children distressed—
 And of women grieving their loss.

Over the world, a Spirit leapt,
 Bearing the peace of God;
 And the thunder of war
 Was stilled with a breath,
And the hate was forgiven and all the pain—
 And men knelt on the man-sown sod.

Newspaper Crusades

J. K. BARBER.

Three times within the last month the Daily Illini has inaugurated inquiries or published results that have traveled far afield and produced somewhat dubious effects. The first of these was on the dance situation. Whether we are to dance the old waltz and two-step or the one-step, canter, and fox trot; or to expend our energies on learning the new double shuffle, is a matter of local opinion.

But when we start agitating, scrapping in a polite form as it were, we attract the attention of the world at large. The college student has always been an interesting subject for press comment. The public likes to read about him. They expect him to start things.

The press of the country was not greatly interested in our dance controversy. We had a much better one last year. It provoked only passing interest.

Then the Rhetoric department discovered we did not know how to spell. To prove it they submitted a list of twenty-five of the most confusing words to various classes. The classes of course fell down. The Daily Illini published the results under an editorial headed, "Is it impossible to teach spelling?"

Almost immediately the glad tidings that Illinois students could not spell was heralded over the land. It was flaunted on front pages, and lest some casual reader should overlook it, it was usually surrounded with bold black lines. Logical conclusion: Illinois, an institution of higher learning, can produce football players, but not spellers. Fifth grade pupils were given the list of words and spelled them in the main correctly—a no very astonishing fact. The results were again duly heralded—Fifth Graders excell U. of I. students.

But, once again the Daily Illini felt called upon the start something. With big-league tenacity it fell upon cribbing as he skulked among the shadows and brought him forth to the light of day. His supporters and the anti-examination crew flew to his aid. Communications came thick and fast. Then someone, wishing to cap the climax, and we strongly suspect that this communication was written within the ground glass precincts of the Illini by an enter-

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The Second Red

BY ELEANOR JEWETT.

The fire crumbled somberly on the hearth. In the distance a door slammed.

"Women," said Bert Carrol, "are the deuce."

There was no answer but the louder whining of the wind around the bay window. The flowers on the table shivered in the cold stream of air that whistled through the casements.

"Little things," said the man, "can play the devil with life"—

He slunk deeper into his chair and pulled at his pipe. The thick gray cloud spiralled to the ceiling. Carrol watched it unblinking. Somewhere a clock struck. A deeper silence fell over the room.

"Can't be done," he muttered suddenly; "this thing is getting on my nerves"—

With a last puff he threw his pipe on the mantel. Stretching he rose from his chair and went to the door. He listened for a minute. The house was quiet as a grave. Carrol shivered in spite of himself.

"Time something were done," he said.

He took his hat and coat from the tree in the hall and let himself out. The street was a swirl of biting snow. Driven with all the force of a winter blast it struck like myriad bullets on the necks and faces of its victims. Carrol pulled his collar closer. A taxi was coming down the street slowly. Carrol stopped it and jumped in.

"Darci's," he called.

While the machine was in motion he tried not to think.

"I'll drown you," he said savagely once to the persistent little idea that kept running through his head.

The taxi stopped and Carrol got out.

"Thank you, sir," said the driver.

Carrol nodded and went into the restaurant.

The blare of an orchestra met his ears. A waiter hurried forward and held a mask out to him.

"Good evening, Mr. Carrol."

"What have you tonight, Tom? A masked ball"—

The waiter smiled, "Something like that, sir. We thought it

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would liven the place a little. It's about Christmas time, sir, and people like a little fun."

Carrol frowned. That's so—it was about Christmas. Oh, well, he couldn't help it.

"Shall I help you put it on, sir?" The waiter held the mask.

"No, give it here—I can do it." Bert slipped the band around his head and went in.

There was a great crowd and much noise and laughter. In the center of the room a girl was dancing. Carrol took his seat where he could watch her. She was slight and young and very graceful. Faintly she reminded him of someone. He tried to think as he ordered his wine. Then it flashed over him. His wife! That was who it was—Mabel was slender and young and graceful. He leant back and half closed his eyes. The dancer was circling now among the tables. She came near and he beckoned to her. She smiled and shook her head. That was like Mabel, too. She smiled and shook her head when something pleased her. How long had it been since she was pleased? Carrol moved suddenly and upset his wine-glass. A waiter hurried forward.

"Never mind, I'm going."

The dancing girl was looking thoughtfully in his direction. Suddenly she swept forwards him. A slight accent tinged her speech.

"Would you not like to dance, Monsieur?"

Gracefully she swayed to him. A sudden thought sprang into Bert's mind—"Does she dance as well as Mabel?" Without a word he took the girl's hand. The people in the room applauded them as they stepped together on to the carpet. The music played—and they danced.

They stopped breathless. From the crowd went up a great clapping—never had such dancing been seen at Darci's before. Carrol's blood ran hot.

The girl turned from him to dance again alone but he caught her.

"Let me see you," he begged; "take off your mask a moment."

It was her resemblance to Mabel that held him. He wanted to see—was she alike in face, too? The girl smiled. She shook her head and glided away. Carrol bit his lip and sat down waiting. The night wore on. Two o'clock struck. The crowd thinned a

little. Still the girl danced and still the man waited. She came to him once.

"Do not wait, Monsieur—I can not take off my mask"—

"I will wait," he answered shortly.

She shrugged her shoulders and left him.

It grew later and the sleepy waiters scarcely had the patience to conceal their yawns. The girl was not dancing now. Carrol went to her.

"Come," he said, "you must be dead—have something to eat"—

She nodded and went with him. While she ate he watched her. Would she take off her mask? That was what was haunting him. He wanted to see—he wanted to see—Mabel was that way, too. Always she wore a mask—and the little things that it was made of were rubbing his life and their happiness away. He leant forward again.

"Please," he said, "will you take it off—just for a moment?"

The girl eyed him curiously.

"And why, Monsieur?"

"There is no why," the man explained roughly. "You remind me of some one I know—I am curious to see if the resemblance is in your face, too"—

She looked at him doubtfully and a little sadly.

"I am not pretty, Monsieur. I"—

He broke her sentence short.

"Let me judge—you are"— She had slipped the ribbons from the mask and the bit of cambric lay between them.

"You are pretty"—

She caught her breath and then rose. With her hands resting on the table she look at him.

"You are a good liar, Monsieur," she smiled—"and a brave man, Monsieur"— She swept him a bow and caught her mask to her.

"Good-night, Monsieur."

He let her go.

* * * * *

As he went out into the cold a few minutes later her face was still before him. She was not pretty—she was not beautiful—she was homely, horribly plain. His breath caught in his throat. She had called him a liar—well, he was. But she had called him brave—was it brave to lie? The girl's face and her words went

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Five Dollars Worth

BY J. R. GIBSON.

Which dance is the biggest of the year at the University of Illinois?

This question was asked of 487 students, a short time ago, and out of that number just 486 said the Military Ball; and the other one said that he did not dance.

The committee in charge of the dance has planned many surprises. Claiming that half the value of invention lays in surprise, they would not give any definite idea concerning them, however. But they all stated that there would be nothing there to recall memories of old-time affairs, unless it was the uniforms of the men and the ceremony that accompanies every military social function.

The decorations will be a revelation in ballroom decorating. The idea is to transform the Annex so that the architect that built it would not recognize it. More effort will be spent on the booths and wall decorations than ever before. All of the gun racks, which formerly lined the walls of the hall, have been moved to the Armory. With these out of the way the florists will be able to give full scope to their art.

Now comes a hitherto hidden feature of the dance. If the scene of the Ball were a barn, and even if there were no "eats," your "date" would still love you for the rest of her life for taking her.

Here's why. The programs are going to be the neatest, cleverest bits of the jeweler's art that you ever reposed your optics on. The committee refused to allow a description of them to be printed, for the following reason:

"You had better not say anything about the programs; because if you do, every fellow in the school will be after us to sell him a ticket, and on the night of the Ball there will be a riot."

Were you ever in a grand march where you wound in and out and around and around, and then when you got all through someone told you that you had spelled out the name of the club that was giving the dance? That is exactly what the grand march at the Military Ball is not going to be. Its middle name will be Simplicity. This is for the benefit of the visitors who have to come from a long distance.

At every big dance there are many imports, but probably never

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The Man With the Sack

BY VIDA THORPE.

Jacky couldn't remember just how it began—or when. But he knew for *sure* that there was a big, big reason why little boys mustn't go up there and that this reason was simply The-Man-with-the-Sack.

Somehow or other Jacky couldn't find out much about the mysterious man. Everybody said there *was* a man-with-the-sack—Norah, Father, Jones—even mother smiled knowingly whenever his name was mentioned. Still nobody seemed to know much about him. Whenever Jacky questioned Norah, she would say, "Faith, an' it's precious little I kin be tellin' yez, Masther Jacky. Ivery bit I know is this: "It's the bad little rascals the man-with-the-sack do be afther whiskin' into his big, black bag." If Jacky asked Father, the answer was always the same: "Needn't worry about Bug-a-boos so long as you're good, old chap." Jones never did *say* anything. But if Jacky ran over the flower beds or teased Boots, the old tabby-cat, Jones would grin darkly and point up there.

Just the same, Jacky had his own ideas about the man-with-the-sack. He must be something like old Happyshanks, the lame rag-man that lived in the alley, Jacky thought, though of course the bag of the man-with-the-sack was not filled with rags, but with *naughty boys*. He was tall and skinny and crooked, was the man-with-the-sack and his hands were big and claw-like and his arms were dreadfully long. Oh, he was a really, truly man, Jacky *knew* it—and he lived among the trunks and boxes 'way up there.

But even if the Man-with-the-Sack was awful, Jacky couldn't help wanting to see him. Of course there weren't many chances, for some one was always about to shake a finger at Jacky and say, "No, no, Jacky! Little boys mustn't go up there," or else if nobody were around so you really could go, your knees got so trembly and your cheeks so hot and your throat so achey that you just had to come back before you got half-way there.

But one day some strange things happened that made Jacky really go all the way. The strange things began early in the morning and lasted all day. There were new people in the kitchen with Norah—people who kept hustling around, pouring things together into big pans, stirring, beating, then whisking the funny mixtures into the oven and out again. More people came to the parlor and

dining-room and hung up flowers all around and grew little play forests of ferns in the corners. Norah was busier and crosser than Jacky had ever seen her before and Mother herself seemed very busy and worried as she hurried around giving orders here, asking questions there and saying again and again, "Oh, dear, I do hope it will go off all right!"

All day long Jacky roamed about by himself, wondering what could be the matter. In the garden he stopped to ask Jones, "What are all those peoples doing at my house?" Jones just kept on spraying the bugs on the rose trees with a "fumery-squirt" and said soberly, "'Taint nothing' that concerns you, Master Jacky. Your ma's just givin' a shindig."

"But what's a shin-dig, Jones, if you please," asked Jacky politely. "Why is my muvver makin' one?"

After Jacky had followed Jones clear across the yard to the lettuce beds Jones answered, "A shin-dig, Master Jacky, is a blow-out, a celebration; the missus is givin' her annual."

But even this didn't tell Jacky any more than he already knew. So he went back to the house a puzzled and hopeless little boy. He couldn't get into the kitchen. Norah was as cross as a bear! And when finally he managed to hunt out mother from among the people and the flowers, she had only time to stoop and run her fingers through Jacky's brown curls and pat his rumpled blouse and say, "Poor little urchin! He looks like nobodys child today. But try to be good, Jacky dear, and amuse yourself just this once. Thank goodness I don't have to go through it often!" Then she fluttered away without noticing Jacky's puzzled questioning about the people at his house.

Jacky did try to be good and amuse himself. But it's pretty hard when you get tired and dirty and when there's nobody to read to you when you get lonesome. So Jacky couldn't help getting cross before the long busy day was over.

Jacky had his bread and milk in mother's room that evening, and he was sitting cuddled back in mother's easy-chair, waiting to be put to bed, when mother finally came. She was wearing a lovely, shining white dress, with slippers to match, and her black hair was parted and done up the sweet mother way. She swept across the floor and put her soft white arms about her grimy little boy.

"Good night, sonny mine," she said. "You'll be mother's boy

again tomorrow—and forever afterwards! For I'm *never* going to let you run wild like this again for all the dinner-parties in the world! Now, then, dear, let mother go. Norah will come up presently to put you to bed. Be patient for just a little while longer. There's a good boy!"

Then mother trailed over to the dresser, opened a little drawer and bent over it. She looked into it for a long time and turned things over and over again. Then she stepped back, and covering her pretty face with her hands, cried "oh!" in a little scared voice, gathered up her shiny skirts and ran out of the room.

Jacky looked after mother with wide-open eyes. What could be the matter with her? Had something hurt her? Jacky began to cry. Digging his grimy fists into his eyes he pattered out into the hall after mother—down the steps as fast as his short, little legs could carry him. He stopped at the parlor door. There were lots of people there—ladies in bright dresses and men in sober black. They were all gathered about mother and all trying to talk at once. Mother was saying, "They are gone—gone! My diamonds! I went upstairs to put them on and when I looked for them in the drawer they were not there. Oh, somebody *do* something quick!" Mother's voice trailed off into a little wail.

Then somebody grabbed Jacky by the arm and marched him back upstairs to mother's room. Downstairs Jacky could hear much ringing of telephone bells and hurrying of feet. Then some men in blue suits came to mother's room and rummaged through her dresser drawers and went downstairs again.

Jacky was too scared to go to sleep, even if he had been undressed, and tucked to into his bed. He lay down on the floor and cried and rolled and kicked for half an hour, but nobody came. Then he sat up and began wondering if he couldn't take off his shoes. He struggled out of one shoe, a stocking, and his blouse and then—

Jacky heard a muffled sound Up There. He listened, listened—then crept to the door and listened again. Breathlessly he stole out into the hall. Very faintly he heard the noise again. It must be—the Man-with-the-Sack!

Jacky crept down the long, dim hall. Big shadows crouched in every corner and flitted along the wall—and right alongside of Jacky sneaked a naughty little shadow that made Jackey's heart beat faster and his chubby hands grow cold. For away at the end

of the hall was the door that led Up There—a queer old door, never open except at house-cleaning time. At the door Jacky faltered. He was a good little boy, of course, so the Man-with-the-Sack wouldn't get him. Besides he wasn't so very little anymore. Father said he was almost a man! And oh, there was something strange about that Man-with-the-Sack that made you feel that you just *had* to see him.

Softly, Jacky opened the door—just a wee little bit at first—then wider and wider. Standing on tip-toe he groped along the wall until he found a “pushedy-button” and turned on the light. Not a sound came from Up There. Slowly, doubtfully, Jacky climbed up the stairs. First he could see only the bare old rafters as his head came up out of the black stairway; then he could see the boxes on every side, and then—What was that? Jack's heart thump-thumped and his eyes opened wider and wider. Way over there in the darkest corner from behind a box peered a man's head, and straight at Jacky pointed a small, shiny thing. Jacky ventured toward the man, an inch at a time, and stopped at a safe distance from him. “I aren't scared o' you,” said Jacky boldly. “No, I aren't,” he repeated, though his throat had a lump in it which almost choked off every word. The man behind the box looked as if he wanted to get away. Jacky tip-toed up to him and circled round him.

“Oh,” cried Jacky gleefully. “I see your Sack! I knew it were you, ol' Man-wif-a-Sack—I knew! I been a wantin' to see you so long—'most a million years, I guess. But—say, you don't get little boys, Man-wif-a-Sack. You don't, do you?”

The man slipped the small shiny things into his pocket, and took hold of Jacky's wrist.

“Sh-h-h,” he whispered. “What's yer folks, little boys?”

“My—my what?”

The man held Jacky's wrist still more tightly.

“Who sent you up here?” he asked crossly.

“Not nobody,” said Jacky proudly. “I jus' comed—'cause I aren't scared o' you even if Norah *does* say you get little boys an' put 'em in your sack, 'cause I know you put in jus' bad boys an— an—muvver, she says I'm good—an”—

The man slapped his big hand over Jacky's mouth.

“Hush,” he whispered.

But Jacky was not used to being hushed. So he squirmed and then he squealed, and the man had to take away his hand. ff

"Look here, little boy," said the man, pulling Jacky roughly toward him. "If youse don't hush up I *will* put you in this here sack o' mine. Now then, little boy"—

"Why—why"—interrupted Jacky—"it aint bad to jus' talk, 'cause my muvver, she talks an' my favver—an' they're good, Man-wif-a-Sack. They're the goodest people in the world. Say—Man-wif-a-Sack, do you know my muvver? She knows you, I 'spose. Do you know my favver an Norah an' Jones? What? How much years have you lived here, anyhow?"

The Man-with-the-Sack looked helpless. He looked at the window and then at the door—and then—he crinkled up his eyes until you could hardly see them, and he turned down the corners of his mouth so that he looked very wicked and mean. He stretched his big hand out toward Jacky.

"Man-wif-a-Sack," asked Jacky in a scared little voice, "what *have* you got in your sack? Bad boys? or—or—say, haven't you got any little boys all by your own? Maybe you don't like little boys, Mr. Man-wif-a-Sack—Oh, dear, what makes you look so cross?" Jacky's little mouth quivered and the big tears rolled down his cheeks.

The man looked at Jacky for a long time. Then slowly his hand fell to his side and his rough, black chin sank down upon his big chest.

"I want muvver," moaned Jacky, as the tears chased each other faster and faster down his cheeks.

The man was muttering strangely under his breath. When he lifted up his head, Jacky was looking at him with big tearful eyes. Quickly the man reached down into his sack and pulled out a little black box, and putting it into Jacky's hands, gave the little boy a gentle push toward the stairway. "Go back to your ma," said the man hoarsely. Jacky stopped on the top step to have one last look at the Man-with-the-Sack. He smiled through his tears and waved his hand and said, "Good-bye, ol' Man-wif-a-Sack. I *knew* you wasn't bad!" And Jacky pattered down the stairs right into the polished hall, and from there into the big company-parlor. At the dining-room door he stopped. He had to, for things were so beautiful they took his breath away. The table was covered with candles and flowers and good things to eat. The ladies dressed in their

bright gowns and the men in sober black were gathered around. Everybody looked rather worried, except the Fat Man at the foot of the table who was eating a great deal and eating it very fast. Poor mother looked so afraid and father, of course, was looking at mother with such sorry eyes.

"Muvver," said Jacky from his place at the door. Mother jumped and looked at Jacky in dismay.

"Jacky Trevors!" she cried in a faint little voice.

Then father came and took the funny half-dressed little boy back to the table in his arms. Jacky was still holding fast to the black box, but there were so many things to look at, and so much to think about, that Jacky forgot all about it until father exclaimed, "Great Scott!" and snatched it from Jacky's hands.

Everybody jumped up from the table. The ladies crowded about mother and the men about the black box. Father emptied beautiful sparkly things upon the table, and the men looked at them and sounded them. Somebody snatched Jacky and stood him up in the middle of the table among the candles and roses.

"You little rogue!" said the Fat Man, popping a bon-bon into Jacky's mouth.

Everybody was talking at once and laughing and pointing at Jacky's one bare leg and streaked face.

"Who would have guessed that Jacky had them?" mother said.

Jacky rubbed his eyes and yawned. "None o' you ever did—know—nuffin' 'bout the Man-wif-a-Sack—anyway"—he murmured drowsily.

And they *never did* know!

Watch Your Step

BY ONLOOKER.

This is official.

The tango is *passee*.

The Maxixe has been laid to rest with the turkey trot and the grizzly bear.

And he who hesitates is lost.

This was the information received by one of our dancing experts who has a friend in the American Society of Dancing Professors in New York.

The writer was given the letter to read, and in addition to the above this is what he learned.

The one-step was dying, but the professors performed a major operation on it, removing the body movement; then they slackened its speed and otherwise doctored it until it survived. Then, in order to placate the long line of mourners and incidentally to keep themselves occupied, they sprang these—the last words in society dances:

400-One Step.

Waltz Canter.

One Step.

Lulu Fada.

Chinese One Step.

Fox Trot.

Half-and-Half.

Brazilian Polka.

La Russe.

Of this necessary repertoire the "Big Four" are the waltz canter, the half-and-half, the 400-one step and the fox trot; and whoever wishes to get on this season must soon learn them. The fox trot is a "speed boy." It is done to four-four time and a couple of tries at it generally suffices for one evening; hence the funeral movements of La Russe, the Brazilian Polka and the grace and syncopation of the waltz canter.

The girl starts backward this year and the man forward. If you think you should show deference to the eternal feminine by beginning your dance with one step back, don't suit the action to the thought. You will jeopardize your position in society; you will

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The Jubilee Post-Exam

BY J. M. KNAPPENBERGER.

The final exams were over
And the "bunch" was about all in;
The way they had crammed for the last six days
Was nothing short of sin.

The pipes were out—the P. A., too;
The room was full of smoke;
When all of a sudden—a sigh and a yawn—
The death-like silence broke.

Then up spoke one of the fellows,
'Twas he of the freshman cap;
"I guess if there's nothin' to do to-night
I'll take a little Nap!"

Then spoke the Fresh's roommate,
"You crazy boob!" said he;
"Call up right now and make your date,
For the Post-Exam Jubilee!"

The Freshman did as he was bid,
And dated up a "she";
Although 'twas true he never knew
What he was going to see.

By 8 o'clock the doors were closed—
The show was well begun,
And the Fresh agreed when "she" decreed
They were "goin' to see some fun."

But the yearling lad was all at sea—
He did not know the players;
For all he knew, they might have been
Some cousins of the major's.

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So when each stunt came on the stage
She'd tell him every fact,
And once she said, "Now listen good,
This is Pee wee Byers' act!"

She told him what a funny thing
Our Pewee's stunt would be;
And when he asked about the next,
She said 'twas T. K. E.

She diagnosed the D. U. stunt,
And praised the Sigma Kaps;
The Fresh applauded every bill
With loud and lusty claps.

Pi Omicron and Ius,
They said were fine and dancy;
But for running things in tip-top shape
"Bill" Williams took the candy.

And so it was with many pairs
Who enjoyed this looked-for eve,
They saw their friends and had their fun,
And hated like fun to leave.

They're glad the exams are over,
The way they worked was a crime;
But glasses to lips—there's just a few sips,
So let's have a hot old time.

What do you think of our
wooden team?
I don't get you.
Why Ray Woods, Ralph
Woods, Allwood. Get me?

Says the Business Manager

S. M. R.

It's funny, but everybody thinks the business manager's job is a pipe. They will tell you that "business manager" is only another term for corraler of the coin and boss of the show. All he has to do, they imagine, is to sit in an upholstered mahogany chair, with his feet hoisted upon the glass-plated surface of a magnificent roll-top desk and smoke Pall Mall cigarettes, while his numerous faithful assistants work from morning 'till night counting the intrushing money.

Now, I am a business manager. I wish that I could afford to have my picture taken so that the Illinois Magazine readers could see how worn and worried I look. If you could hear the discouraged tones of my voice, and if you could see my dispirited and forlorn carriage, you might be constrained to believe that perhaps life is not one glad, sweet song to a business manager. And when I tell you that among other business managers I am considered a rollicking, carefree blade—a roistering, merry, happy-go-lucky youth—you might be caused to reflect that business managers, as a class, are not exactly one of the frothiest layer of civilization.

You will ask why. You will charge that I have full control over all contracts and money matters. I will answer that I have all the responsibility for contracts and money matters, without much in the way of contracts and money matters to be responsible for. No, it is not account of the war, or because I have indigestion, or because I am suffering from an acute attack of a rushing of foolishness to the head, that I am saying this. My attitude is just as much the result of observing the fortunes of other business managers as it is the result of my own experience.

Take, for instance, the business manager of a college publication. Let us say it is a monthly publication. First, he must get all of the advertising matter in. This is such a tragic proposition that its details would make even a member of the psychology department cry. I could write a chapter alone about the terrific wear on shoe-leather, patience and postage stamps this job entails. Shall I?

Well, then, on the other hand there is the proposition of collecting money. The word "attempt" is unadvisedly left out of the accepted term used in describing that occupation. The gentle

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE.

advertisers demand proofs, and if a word is misspelled they figure that you owe them money. They will offer you payment in trade; they will offer to leave you the money in their wills—if evasions and promises could make a man rich, you could afford to build a house like Rockefeller's and donate it as a home for the destitute.

And the printing! You know, college magazines, as well as the *Cosmopolitan* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, are printed by a printer. The business manager has a residence, with a regular street and number connected with it. You can find out about this residence if you look in the *Student Directory*. As far as the business manager is concerned, however, his residence is the place that his mail is sent; he *lives* at the printer's. He raves about 8-point type in his sleep; "forms" and "galley-proofs" are his constant companions in delirium. Once a business manager, always are you doomed to go about with the stupendous buzzing of lino-type machines in your ears.

Then there is the literary staff—a necessary evil which tradition has attached to every college magazine. There is a constant, nerve-racking struggle between the business manager and the literary staff as to whether the magazine shall contain advertising matter wholly, or some literary material be allowed to creep in. They are always planning editorials for the same page which you have sold to the *Iron-Cable Cigar Company*.

And when you think all your work is done; when you have cowed the printer, run the gauntlet of your advertisers, and gotten away without having your money taken from you; licked, cajoled and outwitted the pestiferous literary staff into shape, and sat up all night, preceding the date of issue, seeing that the cover design is not printed on page 35, and that the *Fatima* ad. is not inserted among the pages of a love story—after you have done all this, and more, and you prepare to lean back and get a few minutes of rest, the printer and editor and the advertisers come at you with an avalanche of stuff for the next issue.

So goes it.

	<p>THE ILLINOIS Of The University of Illinois.</p>	
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Published by the Students of the University of Illinois.

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 502 East John Street, Champaign.

Subscription Price.....75 Cents

Resolutions

We hereby serve fair warning that the *Illinois Magazine* is going to push and hammer itself into the hearts of all Illinois men and women. It casts traditions to the winds, temerity to more conservative neighbors. It takes the attitude of a fair and discriminating critic. It hopes to find a place on your table because of its purely literary merits, but it *will* find you out because it has something to say. You may think its cleverness enjoyable, you may read its stories or its poetry. But in addition to this, it has a new mission. It will criticize dramatics. It will ridicule some of your cherished foibles. It will support what it conceives to be worthy—and that alone. With the year 1915 we introduce you to a new era in the annals of this publication—an era of attention, criticism, censure, publicity—and we hope—of occasional commendation.

More Rhetoric Courses

A certain school of purists at Illinois incline toward an unfortunate hypercritical attitude. They criticize our publications for their occasional lapses of good taste, their rhetorical bombast, their frequent grammatical errors. The publications are guilty of all this. But the fallacy of the critics seems to be in the belief that the courses here give enough supervision to produce effective writers. They think that rhetoric 3, a three-hour course, should be productive of an excellent style. Or that the three hours of rhetoric 17 ought to turn out finished magazine articles. Only recently a class of students in short-story writing voted unanimously to continue the course during a second semester. There is no innate apathy among students who manifest the eagerness of these. Trace down the trouble, Mr. Critic. Ask for a course in imitative writing, a year in the theory and practice of magazine articles, a course in poetry and play-writing. Ask for these, Mr. Critic, and every publication on the campus will be in your fighting squad.

Useless Discussions

Once a great poet spoke tersely and said:

“Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.”

One would think he had attended the University of Illinois.

How many impassioned arguments have assailed us about our “cribbing?” How many inspired orators have condemned and defended the new dances? We have raised the spirit of past Illini to defend our cause, invoked all the prestige of a worthy institution to rally to our support. If there is a “cribber” in school, how he must suffer in the uncertain throes of shifting opinion. And after all, where does it all lead? Like the same poet said of his soul, ultimately we must resolve, “I myself am heaven and hell.” Why not stifle this useless discussion by a clear, introspective appeal to our own conscience, then turn to more interesting speculation on the coming census report or some equally enervating topic.

Dramatics

(Continued from Page 211)

In this play Mr. Drury, as the Mission Superintendent, was the ideal, kind-hearted, funny-looking, bustling, fervent Bowery character.

Mr. Moore, as Brother Adams, was convincing. Not only were his clothes seedy, but his gait, his slow, murky speech, his entire personality bespoke the super-pious slum convert.

The acting on the whole was much better than that in "The Power of God." One bit that grated on us somewhat was Mr. Jamison's imitation of a detective. His conversation and general demeanor suggested a rhetoric professor at a crap game.

The scenic effect of a Bowery Mission was simple, but perfect in its illusion. We happen to have seen the original in New York City, and can vouch for the accuracy of the reproduction.

It is a pity that the stage was not bigger and did not offer more scenic facilities.

Sing-Song Foolishness

J. M. K.

Sing a song of street car lines
Running to and fro;
Sing a song of elevators
To save you steps, you know;
Sing a song of aeroplanes,
Above the fields and bogs;
Sing a song of submarines
That mingle with the frogs.
Sing a song of Champaign streets
That ne'er on earth were drained,
Sing a song of people drowned
Every time it rained.
Sing a song of everything,
But loudest of them all—
Sing a song of ferry-boat line
'Twixt town and Uni. Hall.

The Second Red

(Continued from Page 217)

through and through his mind inextricably tangled with Mabel's tearful face and her last words that evening. "You want nothing but the truth—the plain, unvarnished facts—and it's killing me—killing me." Who was right? Could lying be right and truth wrong?

A figure leant to him as he walked down the street. A few vague words reached his ear. He shook his head.

"Not to-night," he said, and threw her a dollar. The figure hurried away.

Again he had done it—played with the truth. In heaven's name why couldn't he play like that for Mabel's sake. Their endless, meaningless, little differences were wrong—all wrong. Where was the blame? Liar—courage—Truth—coward. He shivered.

The fire was cold and the flowers were drooping in their pots. A figure was curled in his great chair as Bert opened the door of their living-room. He went in softly. The figure stirred.

"Bert"—

Carrol threw down his coat and went to her.

"Cold, dear?"

"Not very. Why were you so long—I was waiting for you"—

Her voice broke and she lay looking up at him. He bent over her.

"Mabel"—

"Yes."

"Do you know what's been wrong with us—with me?"

"What do you mean, Bert?"

"Too much truth, Mabel—too many facts. You can't run a boat and strike all the reefs. You have to go around. And that's the way with life. It's brave lying, Mabel, that we need"—

"Not lying, Bert—just"—she stopped a minute, "Where did you learn this, dear?"

From the second red," he laughed. "She took off her mask and I saw the truth. It's sometimes dangerous"—

"The second red?"

"At Darci's—you remember the other dancer he had. This is the second one"—

Mabel smiled.

"It's cold and I'm sleepy," said Bert. "Let's go to bed."

Five Dollars Worth

(Continued from Page 218)

in the history of the school has every state in the Union been represented by some fair girl who knows someone at the University. Unless something unforeseen happens, this year there will be an import from every state, from Virginia to California. These visitors will begin to arrive as early as Wednesday, February 17th, and continue to come until Friday.

At most of the big dances of the year the freshmen have to wait until all the upperclassmen and sophomores who want tickets have them, before they are allowed to attend. Not so with the Military Ball. Freshmen may jostle elbows with seniors at the ticket sale. The only restriction is that they must wear their military suits. This is no great hardship, as every member of the cadet corps is required to do the same thing.

Going on the supposition that no dance is complete without some exhibition, the committee has secured several couples to show their dexterity on the dance floor. Knowing that every dancing member of the student body will want to see these exhibitions, as well as the other features of the Ball, provision has been made to seat the spectators in the gallery of the Annex at a nominal price of fifty cents.

You have only to wait until the 19th of February.

The advice of Dean Clark to "go out and do something to make a name for yourself" evidently made a deep impression on the freshman who made a date with a girl to go and look at the Military Ball from the balcony.

A letter was received recently by one of the officers high up in the military department. It was from a freshman who asked if there was going to be inspection the night of the dance, because if there was not he was going to wear his blue shirt, black tie and no coat.

Watch Your Step

(Continued from Page 225)

compromise the social position of your partner, because anyone noticing you making such a horrible blunder would put you down as a boob, and believe your partner was an arrival from the tall grass.

Start with your left foot forward. Also you have been accustomed to hold your parent's hand at right angles with your body. Well, forget it. The left hand of the man and the right hand of his partner point at a spot about ten degrees removed from the zenith. It may be slightly uncomfortable, but you must do it because this man in his letter said so.

And furthermore, never try to imitate a whirling dervish every four or five steps as you did last year. It would queer you. Take it easy. Modify your turns and go slow. Safety is the watchword this season. This "slowing down," it is declared, will eliminate the danger when you go on the floor of getting kicked in the small of the back, sprawled on the carpet or elbowed in the solar plexus. And the best of all you will not need an extra collar.

How about the dip, you say. Well, let me tell you that there is nothing doing. That little bit of calisthenics is no longer with us. The dip nowadays would provoke a laugh. And the fact is, according to this authority, all the little pet stunts we sprung with such glee last year have been properly sat upon.

The letter concludes with these words:

"Dancing has been standardized, and this very standardization is going to prevent the confusion that has resulted in everyone dancing a different way, as heretofore."

Moral: If you must travel in society this year,
Watch your step.

"The Constitution! The Law! The Crown!
Order reigns in Champaign Town!
The Postmaster General has had his way,
And now the "new numbers" are on to stay."

Newspaper Crusades

(Continued from Page 214)

prising reporter, penned a most boastful and sweeping statement statistics so convincing that we almost forgot they were mere estimates. He told how many prepared ponies, how many cribbed habitually. He signed himself Junior.

The press of the country took his statements for gospel truth—a common failing of newspapers in regard to interesting but doubtful news—and published them broadcast. The story traveled from Maine to Calcutta, and all intermediate points, that eighty per cent of Illinois students were cribbers. Mr. Junior was widely quoted. It is unfortunate that he can not reveal himself and collect space rates.

Undoubtedly the newspapers of the country are watching us. They have a right to inquire as to what a school that can produce three-quarters of the Western Champions annually can produce in addition. It was great sport, when we dropped into new niches between semesters, and were introduced around as from Illinois, to have people graciously, humorously, murmur:

“Illinois! Ah, yes; the place where they produce football teams and cribbers; where they can not spell and are dance fad-dists.”

And mothers slam shut the catalogue of our Alma Mater and send Arthur to Wesleyan.

Those Cute Junior Tams

BY J. M. K., '17.

Here's to the girls who wear the Spats,
And here's to the ones who buy thirty-buck hats;
But cutest of all are those dear little lambs
Who set off their beauty with those Junior Tams.

If I had my choice of all girls here in school
I'd cut out the movies and stop playing pool;
I'd crawl on the wagon; stay home like a clam
In order to buy her a cute Junior Tam!

Examinations—A New Inquisition

(Continued from Page 206)

psychological prodigy, in front looked like a chain gang or a boarding-school out for an airing. But, of course, he was biased.

I know another university where the business of giving examinations works out into a system. Person in cap and gown stands at front of room. Bell rings and obsequies begin. Students write with more or less eagerness. Bell rings. Papers are collected by academic individuala, and another set of questions is given out. After the examination is over all incriminating evidence, sworn affidavits and the like, are collected to prove that the student had no business passing the course. For those who come forth with uneasy conscience and frazzled nerves, a rest cure is suggested.

You might as well get used to being a martyr to a cause you don't understand, as well as any time, because you will have to take examinations from now until judgment day. Whether you run an orphan asylum, or spend the better part of your mad, merry existence riding on a hearse; whether your business is removing the vermiform appendix or selling spareribs and backbone to suspicious housewives, you must take an examination to prove that you are possessed of a certain amount of intelligence. You should be reconciled by this time.

There's nothing in Champaign half so swell
As a Sunday dinner at the Inman Hotel.

You've certainly got to hand it to Williams Bros.' All-Star attractions at the Lyric every Friday.

Flowers—biggest variety—best quality at Gus Johnson's.

What Is A College Man?

(Continued from Page 212)

Then how shall he spend his time so that he may gain this composite ability? Almost any of the University activities have value. It would be absurd for a student to scatter over a great number, for this would create such a distraction that he would do none of them well. *He should select one or two that will help him most in his profession and for which he has some ability.* Competitive athletics not only gives exercise, but trains in physical and mental alertness. Debating trains in logical expression and readiness of address. A manager's position gives a business training and a knowledge of men. Every student should take advantage of the social activities that are open to him.

But no student should neglect his studies for these outside activities. Some can engage in them to a greater extent than can others and still maintain high grades. Each must decide for himself the extent he shall participate, but all ought to engage in them to some degree. By so doing they will become broader-minded, better able to meet their fellow-men, and to grapple with the practical problems that await them.

Say, boys, you'll surely cop her
If you take her to see DeWolf Hopper.
Illinois Theatre, Feb. 17.

Drop over and see Kiler's Furniture.

Start your Xmas Saving Fund with the Illinois Trust.

New Orpheum Theatre

Parlor Home of Vaudeville

Daily Matinee at 3:00

Nightly at 7:30 and 9

Some Feature Acts For February

Feb. 15—"Sunnyside of Broadway"
"Everything New but the Title"

Feb. 22—CHICK SALE

Feb. 15—"ISMED"
Oriental Pianist

ILLINOIS THEATRE

Feb. 17—DeWolf Hopper and Gilbert-
Sullivan Opera Co. in "THE MIKADO"

How It Started

J. M. K.

The argument started when the Knife told the Poker he would have to Fork over some money or he would tell the Poker's wife that he saw him out with a stewed Chicken.

"I know she was a Peach", remarked the Knife in a cutting manner, "Not only a peach but a Pickeled Peach, so I must have some Dough or I'll tell your wife."

"Cheese it, you bone-head," replied the Poker, "Can't I Spoon with the Apple of my eyes without you Beef-ing around about it? You're a bad Egg, you have no Brains, and you had better Beat it before I Chop off your head." Just then the Tongs entered the room.

"Oh Lard", he shouted at the top of his voice, "Can't you two ever quit quarreling? You remind me of Mutton Jeff, always fighting. What difference does it make if Poker did Meat this Chicken? Why I saw puffed Rice the other day when he was half shot out of a gun".

And then Tongs made a quick Duck just in time to miss a Plate which some one had tried to Fire at his Bean. It missed him and Stove in the side of a Potatoe that was Bacon in the oven. "Tea-hee", chuckled the Tongs, "You've got lots of Salt to Pepper me with things. In fact you seem to be Allspice today".

"I was Bread in old Kentucky", snorted the Poker as he made a dash for the Tongs, "But you can't slander the Flour of my Heart and get away with it. You can't Roast me or Turnip your nose at me either", he screamed as the Tongs taunted him with jeers.

Just then the door opened and the cook who had been in the pantry watching the Salad Dressing stepped into the room. "Scramble two", yelled the cook, as he grappled with the Tongs. "Don't Dessert me", yelled the Tongs; but it was too late, you never Sausage a mad rush.

First Stude—Why is all that crowd in the Co-op?

Second Stude—You poor boob. Didn't you read the Illinois Magazine?

ILLINI, ATTENTION!!!

“Double Time! March!!”

“Right Front into Harris & Mead’s”
to order your

Military Ball Candy

A Full Assortment of FRESH

LaVogues
Johnson’s

Huyler’s
Morse’s

Lowney’s
Appollo

WE DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR BOOTH

HARRIS & MEAD

608 E. Green St., Champaign

European Plan

Fireproof

Strictly Modern

Inman Hotel

GEO. L. INMAN, Prop.

150 Rooms

Rates, \$1.00 up

Opens March 1st, 1915

J. F. HAYES, Mgr.

Champaign’s Newest and Most Modern Hotel

Her Romance

It seemed to her as though her life would never end. For years and years she had been growing more and more feeble; each year, as it passed, saw her shorn of one or more of the beautiful charms of her younger days. True, her life had been a model, though at the same time plain and, to the technical eyes of the world, ungainly. Some declared her positively ugly. And yet they loved her. She had comforted many a poor heart-broken maiden and love-sick youth, her open arms had offered shelter to all who were in need of it.

But now she wanted to die. She longed for kind hands to lead her to fairer fields of everlasting rest. Each time she felt the cold winds beat against her and the cruel rain-drops with their incessant pounding, her heart was filled with hate as she crunched there, broken in body and spirit. A student on his way to an 8 o'clock class pounded up the stairs, and she groaned and swayed as she tried to control herself and her shattered nerves from the effects of his screeching, despicable whistling. Oh, if she could only fall and crumble to dust where she stood. But no! She, the "pride" of the people, was forced to stand the scorn and contempt of those who scoffed at her appearance, but knew not her heart; the edict had been issued.

"Some day," she screamed in hysterical and bitter scorn, "I will take my own life, if they will not take it for me, and they will find me fallen here—a mere mass of withered and shrunken wreckage—while my spirit revels in the joys of the rest and memory I deserve!"

These were the words of Uni. Hall.

Girls, girls, girls! Oh, mercy! How I love 'em—
I love the ground they walk upon, and the stars that shine above
'em;

But, nevertheless, they're awfully dear, and men must all admit
It takes an awful pile of jack to ever make a hit.

— URBANA'S —

Colonial Theatre

EVERY THURSDAY this Theatre presents one installment of the great detective serial photo-play, "The Exploits of Elaine," which stories, by Arthur B. Reeve, appeared in the "Cosmopolitan" and other publications.

Every THURSDAY, one episode of the Reliance serial, "Runaway June," by George Randolph Chester—story running in Urbana Courier-Herald every Monday.

Every other day in the week, a high-class program of feature photo-plays.

COLONIAL THEATRE

Matinee Daily, 2-5

Night 7-10:30

500 Comfortable Seats, 10c

That Man is Crazy!

Who, did you say?

Why, the man who has his
PAINTING or DECORATING
done before he gets
facts and figures from

WILLIAMS BROS.

Artistic

Painting and Decorating

16 N. Neil St.

Champaign

Does a Son Follow His Father's Occupation?

That a son does not usually follow his father's occupation is indicated by some statistics of the University of Illinois taken from the replies of 3,663 students, of whom 2,894 are men and 2,766 undergraduate men.

Fifty-two per cent of the children of ministers were registered in engineering, agriculture, music, law and library and 48 per cent in literature, arts and sciences. 48 per cent of the children of physicians were registered in engineering, agriculture, law, music and library and 52 per cent in literature, arts and sciences. 12 per cent of the children of lawyers were engaged in the study of law and 35 per cent in literature, arts and sciences and 53 per cent in other departments. 45 per cent of the children of teachers were taking courses in engineering, agriculture, music, library and law, and 55 per cent in literature, arts and sciences (probably many of whom are preparing for teaching). 62 per cent of the children of architects, and the very same number of children of engineers (civil, mechanical and electrical) were registered in engineering, of which the department of architecture is the largest in the United States, and 38 per cent in other departments. 50 per cent of the children of commercial travelers were studying literature, arts and sciences. 46 per cent of the children of merchants (unclassified) were registered in engineering, agriculture, music, library and law. 58 per cent of the children of liquor dealers were registered in literature, arts and sciences. 59 per cent of the children of contractors were registered in engineering. 34 per cent of the children of bankers were studying engineering and 29 per cent literature, arts and sciences. 34 per cent of the children of real estate men were registered in engineering and 34 per cent in literature, arts and sciences. 37 per cent of the children whose fathers were engaged in business (general) were registered in literature, arts and sciences and 29 per cent in engineering. 47 per cent of the children of employees (unclassified) were registered in agriculture and 41 per cent in literature, arts and sciences. 46 per cent of the children of farmers were registered in agriculture and 33 per cent in literature, arts and sciences. 50 per cent of the children of carpenters were registered in engineering and

(Continued on Page 254)

Satisfaction Guaranteed

**URBANA STEAM
LAUNDRY**

205 N. Market, Urbana

Bell 877

Auto 4150

KANDY'S--

9 Chairs--Sanitary Barber Shop

The Largest in the Twin Cities

614 East Green Street

Auto 2265

FLOWERS

FOR

The Military Ball

GUS JOHNSON

THE FLORIST

314 E. Springfield Ave.

FLOWERS

FLOWERS

1915 Baseball Schedule

- April 2-3—Mississippi A. and M. College at Starkville.
April 5-6—Tulane at New Orleans.
April 7—University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa.
April 8—Vanderbilt at Nashville, Tenn.
April 10—Indiana at Bloomington.
April 17—Wabash at Illinois Field.
April 21—Bethany College on Illinois Field.
April 24—Ohio on Illinois Field.
April 27—Purdue on Illinois Field.
May 1—Northwestern at Evanston.
May 4—Northwestern on Illinois Field.
May 8—Wisconsin at Madison.
May 10—Minnesota at Minneapolis.
May 14—Wisconsin on Illinois Field.
May 15—Indiana on Illinois Field.
May 18—Purdue at Lafayette.
May 22—Chicago at Chicago.
May 28—Chicago on Illinois Field.

1915 Football Schedule

- October 2—Haskell Indians at Illinois Field.
October 9—Rolla School of Mines at Illinois Field.
October 16—Ohio State at Columbus.
October 23—North Western at Illinois Field.
October 30—University of Minnesota at Illinois Field.
November 13—University of Wisconsin at Illinois Field.
November 20—Chicago at Chicago.

A glance—a smile.
A becon—a whiz;
Zombro's Clothes—
Did the "Biz."

Letters Home

Dear Folks:—

Well, the exams are over. Even if they won't call me in and anoint me with the Iron Cross for scholarship valor, on the other hand they won't decorate me with the Order of the Double Cross. Do you remember you said something about a little present if yours truly sailed through?

Said present will come in handy for I have designs on sundry articles of clothing. Every time I drop in at Zom's to participate in a meeting of the board of strategy to advise Ralph Jones and Harry Gill, I see something new. Zom is filling up with some great togs. I have already invested in a "Broadway" derby—only cost \$2.50—and I'm flirting with some of his new neckwear.

BILL.

P. S.—I'm going to leave my order with Zom for my spring suit.

ROGER ZOMBRO
Green Street

THE ROSE STUDIO

Photographs of Quality...

Special attention given to
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING
for Amateurs

21 Main Street

CHAMPAIGN

Twin City Dramatics

CHARACTERS—Advertisers in the *Illinois Magazine*.

SCENE—Office in which meeting of Business Men of Twin Cities is being held.

THE SKETCH.

J. M. Kaufman, President Champaign Commercial Club—(Raps on table.) “The meeting will come to order. Leslie, I said the meeting will come to order. Will you please stop reading that *Illinois Magazine*.”

Leslie—I just can't help reading the publication that doubled my business.

Kaufman—The purpose of the meeting this evening, gentlemen, is to see how we can get better results from our advertising.

Joseph Bowman, Champaign's Prominent Jeweler—I move we advertise exclusively in the *Illinois Magazine*. That is what I'm going to do.

Kaufman—Mr. Bowman, you are no doubt right, and we will discuss the *Illinois Magazine* right away. Mr. Inman, I hear you've started taking a half-page ad. with the boys.

George Inman, Proprietor Champaign's New Hotel—Yes, Jake, I have. Hayes, my manager, and I know we've got the finest thing in the hotel line in this part of the State, and we believe in letting people know about it. I never did pay a lot of attention to the University publications, but I thought the *Illinois* best for a starter.

Hunter of the Lyric—Mr. Chairman, I've been advertising my regular features, and the best I can say for it is that my house is always full.

Kaufman—So far everyone seems to have only favorable things to say. Hasn't anyone anything to say against the Magazine?

Howard—I have. I started out the first of the school year to advertise in the *Illinois*. I'm rather sorry I did it. If any of you gentlemen were in my studio before Xmas, you know how busy I was. I was up to my neck in orders. Does it pay to advertise? Believe me, I sure think it does.

Kaufman—Well, I'll be. In place of saying anything against the *Magazine*, Howard, you've sure given it a big boost.

PITSENBARGER & FLYNN

Know How!

IT takes a man with a knowledge of how clothes are built to be able to press them correctly. Such Tailors as Pitsenbarger & Flynn can make your clothes look their very best. They conduct a Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing service that is all-ways right.

PITSENBARGER & FLYNN

Tailors to Particular Illini
ON GREEN STREET

LA SELL---

Fine Shoe Repairing

First Shop North of Boneyard, on Wright Street

University Pressing Shop

4 doors North of Co-Op. Both Phones. Four Suits
Pressed for a Dollar. Work called for and Delivered
SHOES SHINED 5 CENTS

Visit the Up-to-Date Soda Shop, opposite Court House

BELL 943

OLYMPIA

AUTO 4155

GEO. J. VRINER

Our Luncheonette Dept. is the finest in the Twin Cities. We serve a complete line of Soups, Salads, Relishes, Hot and Cold Sandwiches.

Home-made Candies, Ice Cream, Sherbet and Frappe

We deliver to any part of Champaign or Urbana

SPECIAL RATES TO FRATERNITIES, CLUBS, CHURCHES, ETC.

102 W. Main Street

Urbana, Illinois

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE.

Leslie (reading *Illinois Magazine*)—Haw, haw, haw! Here's a good one: "Why is a girl at Harris & Mead's like a drowning man?"

Jim Flynn—Well, spring it.

Abrams—You needn't act so innocent, Flynn. Did you see that one on you?

Leslie (reading aloud)—Because they both grasp at straws.

Chorus—Deep stuff.

Wheeler of Urbana's Colonial—Say, those lines around the ads. were great. Sure made a hit, I think.

Kaufman (raps on table)—Gentlemen, we must conduct this meeting in an orderly manner.

Harris—Mr. Chairman, can I have the floor?

Kaufman—You can.

Harris—Well, I'll plead guilty to that joke, but did you fellows see that one they had on Leslie? (Aside, *Revenge is sweet.*)

We praise Ralph Jones,
And hand it to Zup;
But leave it to Leslie
For "Framin" it up.

(*Knock is heard at door*)

Kaufman—Come in.

(*Enter Messenger Boy*)

Messenger Boy—Telegram, sir. (*Gives telegram to Kaufman, who signs for it.*)

Kandy to Marshall—Now, what's up?

Marshall—Search me.

Mike Tobin (aside to Zom—takes out pad of paper)—Say, Zom, this might develope into some news.

(*Exit Messenger*)

Kaufman—Just a minute while I read this to you. (Reads): "Sorry couldn't be there. All tired out from waiting on customers.

"CHARLEY GRAHAM."

Renne—By George, I'm glad to hear that. Graham sure deserves it for putting in that double page insert. Unless I'm mistaken, that is the biggest single ad. ever pulled off around here. I wonder if he figures on going after Spearmint's advertising rep.

PICTURE FRAMES

FURNITURE

RUGS and CARPETS

Everything for the Home

C. A. KILER

24-26 Main St.

CHAMPAIGN

Scrap Book Specials

All kinds of Sepia Prints to be closed out
at the uniform price of

5 Cents Each

STRAUCH PHOTO-CRAFT HOUSE

Bargains---Look Them Over

DON'T BE CONFUSED

IN SIMILARITY OF NAMES

REMEMBER

Miss Ray L. Bowman
JEWELER

IS LOCATED TEMPORARILY IN

Grand Leader Dry Goods Store

New Number 116-118 North Neil Street

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE.

Kiler—Speaking about good ads., I think that ad. of Lloyde's pretty nifty. What were the results, Lloyde?

Lloyde—Well, I may not declare as large a dividend this year as Henry Ford did, but I certainly did a lot of business, and I've always found the students very responsive to my ads. in the *Illinois*. I think it was a shame, though, that a good ad. like that of Kuhn's was run in such a small space.

Kaufman—That's the dope, Lloyde. I never advertise at all, unless I take the whole back page. I'll bet Abrams did a big business after that ad. of his. Eh, Abrams.

Abrams—I certainly did. I've had a regular stream of rebuilt Typewriters coming down from Chicago, and still I can't supply the demand. How did it happen that you missed out this issue, Gullick?

Gullick—I don't know, but you can count on me for the rest of them. I know the students like the clothes and furnishings I sell, and I'm coming strong hereafter.

Kaufman—It's 11 o'clock now, and I guess that we had better adjourn.

Mitchell, of Edwards-Mitchell Shoe Co., Urbana—What! Before the rest of us have had a chance to say something. Why, there's myself, Thornhill, Bert Spalding, Charley Williams, A. B. Hill, Gus Johnson, G. W. Laurence, and Harris of the Orpheum, and all these others here who haven't had a chance to say anything. I tell you it's an outrage.

Kaufman—Well, we'll give all of you a chance next time. The meeting is adjourned.

(CURTAIN)

Second Semester is about to begin,
Get that suit at Pitsenbarger & Flynn's.

The Ideal Electric Co. will supply your Electric Wants.

Illinois Trust and Savings Bank of Champaign

YOU'D BETTER SAVE MONEY

You are sure to need it some time and when that time comes, a snug little Savings Account will do you more good than all the wishing in the world. And the choosing of the right bank is almost as important as the saving itself. This is the logical bank for your savings. We offer you absolute safety, courteous and efficient service, unexcelled facilities and

3% INTEREST, COMPOUNDED 3%
SEMI-ANNUALLY

Six Per Cent First Mortgages for Sale

PHOTOGRAPHS

Sixty per cent of the Seniors of the University last year were photographed by Abernathy, which shows the superiority of our work.

ABERNATHY STUDIO

53 N. Walnut St. CHAMPAIGN Auto Phone 1194

When in Champaign

remember

THE
Chaf

Main Street, near Neil

Get a meal ticket at

MARTIN'S

Why walk to the University for a meal when you are uptown? Meals 25c and 35c. Main and I. C. Tracks.

Does a Son Follow His Father's Occupation?

(Continued from Page 244)

31 per cent in literature, arts and sciences. 56 per cent of the children of mechanics were registered in engineering and 27 per cent in literature, arts and sciences. 50 per cent of the children of unskilled laborers were registered in engineering and 29 per cent in literature, arts and sciences.

In the statement of these facts it should be remembered that the departments of engineering and agriculture are unusually strong in the University of Illinois and for that reason doubtless a relatively large number of parents engaged in various occupations send their children to the University to enter these departments and for the same reason parents who are engaged in other occupations that are represented by departments which are also strong elsewhere send their children to these institutions also. But nevertheless the facts are significant.

JUNIORS

The Prom was a Success
Now let's all get Behind our

S M O K E R

and Push it across in '16 Style.

Don't forget the date

FEBRUARY 12, 1915



An Infuriated Step-Ladder Defending Its Young

THERE is no sense to the above picture; neither is there any sense to the some of the things people do every day. For instance:—Some people still smoke a cheap cigarette put up in a fancy package and pay twice what it is worth. Why not try a sensible smoke—**FATIMA**? No frills; just good, clean tobacco delightfully blended and put up in a sensible package.

20 for 15c.

The \$500 Prize

\$500 will be paid to the college student who sends to us the best original advertisement for Fatima cigarettes before June 1, 1915. In the meantime, for each ad. we publish we will pay the writer \$5. Illustrate your ad. if you can, but if you can't draw, then use your kodak or describe your idea.

Prize will be awarded by a committee of three prominent advertising men. L. B. Jones, Adv. Mgr. Eastman Kodak Co., F. R. Davis, Adv. Dept. General Electric Co., and J. George Frederick, Editor of Advertising & Selling.

This ad. published in the \$500 Fatima Advertising Contest, is the work of Mr. J. P. Watson, Cornell University.

FATIMA
THE TURKISH BLEND
CIGARETTE

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
212 Fifth Ave., New York City

Contest 32-B

Did You See Your Shadow?

Exams were not the only reason for the downcast countenances of many students on February the Second. Those of us who believe in the observance of the ancient and honorable rites of Candlemas Day must needs determine if our shadows were with us on that date. And lately shadows are a rare thing between the hours of sunrise and sunset in cloudy Champaign.

And if you don't know why "Candlemas Day," we must say that the name has fallen into desuetude in United States. But the custom—the day. Ah! you remember it.

Groundhog's day. That day Br'er Woodchuck determines whether Winter shall expire forthwith or linger 'till the sun crosses the equinox; determines all this by whether or not, his sleepily, blinky eyes, can discern his fat sides and chubby head outlined by the sun upon the white and dazzling snow.

First Doctor—I performed an operation for appendicitis on the wife of a millionaire yesterday.

Second Doctor—What was she suffering from?—Boston Advertiser.

Have you ever thought seriously of marriage?

Indeed, I have—ever since the ceremony.—Boston Transcript.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 364 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Say, Fellows—When you go to the Colonial stop at the

White & Gold Confectionery

Where Student Patronage is Appreciated.

Auto 4544

106 W. Main, Urbana

Bell 2160

IDEAL ELECTRIC CO.

Electrical Constructions and Supplies

110 WALNUT ST., CHAMPAIGN

WHEN YOU WANT **SIGNS**
WHEN YOU WANT Gold Lettering

SEE

SCHWIETZKA BROS.

THE BEST

Soft Water Laundry

A. A. NYBERG, Mgr.

Urbana, Ill.

Just Call; Bell 880 or Auto 4506

5 FOR YOUR DEN 5

Beautiful College Pennants
YALE and HARVARD

Each 9 in. x 24 in.
PRINCETON, CORNELL,
MICHIGAN

Each 7 in. x 21 in.

4—PENNANTS, Size 12x30—4

Any Leading Colleges
of Your Choice

All of our best quality, in
their proper colors, with col-
ored emblems.

Either assortment, for limited
time, sent postpaid for 50 cents
and five stamps to cover ship-
ping costs.

Write us for prices before
placing orders for felt novelties
of all kinds.

THE GEM CITY NOVELTY CO.
2441 Bittner Street
Dayton, Ohio

Halftones

Zinc Etchings

Color Plates

for every

University

Requirement

G. R. GRUBB & CO.
ENGRAVERS
SUCCESSORS TO NATIONAL ENGRAVING CO.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Bell 411

Auto 2162



Quality and Satisfaction

Makes Clear The Reason Why
SPALDING'S
are outlitters to champions, whose implements must be invariably right. The Spalding
Trade-Mark represents years of leadership in the manufacture of athletic equipment.

Write For Free Illustrated Catalogue

A. G. SPALDING & BROS
28 SOUTH WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

LYRIC THEATRE

CHAMPAIGN'S QUALITY HOUSE

All-Star Attractions Every Friday

Star Features Every Wednesday

A Quality Program Every Day

COMING
Friday, Feb. 19

MARIE DRESSLER
MABEL NORMAND, CHAS. CHAPIN
in
"Tillie's Punctured Romance"

You Need a Typewriter

EVERY college student needs one. You need it first for your own work. And if you wish, you can make a nice income from it by doing work for others. Every student knows this. "I wish I had a typewriter," is what students say every day.

That's easy, easier than you think. We have made it easy by our

Special Rental Rate to University Students

Rent from us a rebuilt latest visible model

Remington Typewriter

2 Months for \$5.00

Two months will settle the matter. They will prove to you that you need a typewriter; that you can't get along without one.

Then if you wish to buy that machine or a new one, we will credit the \$5.00 on the purchase price.

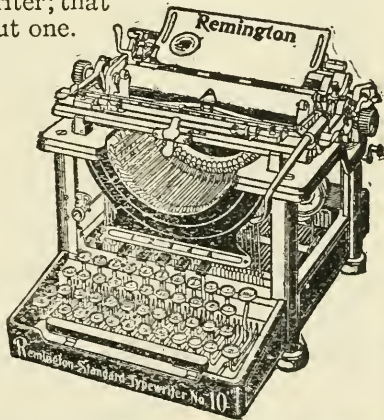
A good fair offer, isn't it? Then send us \$5.00 and we will send the machine.

Remington

Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

J. H. NEIMANN
Local Representative
73 N. Neil St., Champaign Ill.
Bell Phone 448



SENIORS

The Howard Studio is Showing
Something New in
CAP and GOWN PICTURES

Cap and Gown furnished at the Studio

Call at Studio or see Melton

HOWARD STUDIO

115 S. Race

Urbana, Ill.

Auto Phone 4411

Particular
people
referring
leasing
portraits
properly
reduced
atronize

The Aristo Studio

614 E. Green St.

BRING

Your Shoes to Us.

The

Right Shoe Shop
Right Workmanship
Right Prices. On
Right Street.

A. B. HILL

Successor to G. E. Read

3 Doors North
of Co-Op

NOTICE

The Hotel Beardsley is now operated on the
EUROPEAN PLAN
WITH AMERICAN PLAN MEALS IN CONNECTION

Guests occupying rooms will be entitled to meals at 50c each as desired.
Those wishing meals without rooms will be charged 75c as heretofore.
Prices of Sunday meals not changed—still 75c.

ROOM RATES WILL BE FROM \$1.00 UP

BEARDSLEY HOTEL COMPANY

LOOK LIKE \$1,000,000

You don't need to be a
Millionaire to look like one
if you buy your Clothes at

JOS. KUHN & CO.



GOOD Printing that can create the desire to buy your magazine or to preserve a special feature of some advertising "stunt" is the kind that The Times Printing Co. can furnish you. Good Printing is an investment not an expense, and pays big dividends. Good Printing is an influence, not a mechanical product; that is if you have a

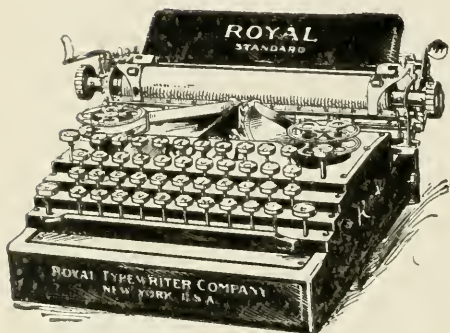
Printer with the "Know How."

The Times Printing Co.

114 North Walnut St.

Champaign, Ill.

SPECIAL TYPEWRITER OFFER



\$35

THE POPULAR ROYAL STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Clearer, neatest work. Fine for carbon copies. Light weight, durable, easy running. Like brand new. Only a limited number at this price.

~~~~~  
ALSO I can save you money on *any* make of typewriter—new, rebuilt or used. See me before you buy.

~~~~~  
TYPEWRITERS FOR RENT

~~~~~  
**SAM'L ABRAMS**

612 East Green Street

Champaign

***ILLINOIS***  
***MAGAZINE***



***SPRING NUMBER***

***15 CENTS***

# Jos. C. Bowman

## Jewelery Shop

Temporary Location (on account of the big fire)  
324 North Neil Street Champaign, Opposite  
the Beardsley Hotel

Some rare bargains in slightly damaged goods,  
will be on tab just as soon as our fire loss is ad-  
justed. Watch our ads, in the daily papers.

Expert watch repairers always  
ready to serve you.

324 NORTH NEIL STREET

## OUR HAT IS STILL IN THE RING

*When you are ready to have your PAINT-  
ING and DECORATING done SEE*

# Williams Bros.

Artistic Painters and Decorators

Champaign

Illinois



No matter how hard it rains,  
A Victrola always entertains.

A complete line of Victor talking  
Machines and Records.



**LESLIE**

**URBANA**

## **PRINCESS**

**Urbana's New Cinema Theatre**

**Matinee Daily 2-5 Evenings 7-10:30**

The only house in the Twin Cities  
showing a first run film. Every  
day a feature. Thursdays, Daubert  
and Brady Productions.

**We want the Student Patronage**

# Swearingen's SHOE STORE

76 N. ELEVENTH ST. (W. 11th ST.) CHAMPAIGN

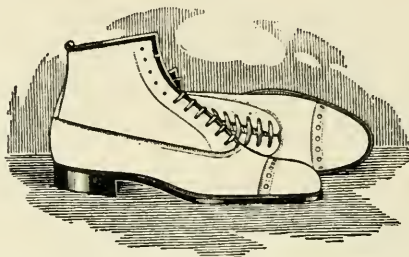
ACROSS (EAST) FROM BENDISLEY HOTEL

Use Swearingen's Shoes Once You'll use them always.

For their Popular Prices

For their stylish Appearances

For the Service they give and for the Saving.



## In Class Room

As well as when at your studies your eyes perhaps tire for want of help—bring your eyes to

## Wuestemans

We will examine them for you and it isn't as if it would cost you anything—a little of your time is all we ask—glasses only if you need them—"Everloct" Mountings the latest innovation to glass wearers—no more loose lenses—always tight and ready for service.

# WUESTEMAN

JEWELER and OPTICIAN

CHAMPAIGN

# How About that NEW SPRING SUIT?

The woollens are now in and  
Ready for Your Inspection.

GET BUSY

Prices \$18.00 to \$45.00

**FRED G. MARSHALL**

Tailoring and Furnishings

Bradley Arcade

*Everybody Likes* our genuine FRENCH NOUGATE. It is a soft, creamy confection made with white of egg, sugar, Hersy, almonds and cherries.

40c for a pound is about half its value. Take "her" some tonight.

**HARRIS & MEAD**

608 East Green Street

# Home Games

|                                      | UMPIRE      |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| April 17—Wabash at Illinois.....     | Meyers      |
| April 21—Bethany at Illinois.....    | Wainwright  |
| April 24—Ohio State at Illinois..... | Wainwright  |
| April 27—Purdue at Illinois.....     | Fitzpatrick |
| May 4—N. W. at Illinois.....         | Fitzpatrick |
| May 14—Wisconsin at Illinois.....    | Pickett     |
| May 15—Indiana at Illinois.....      | Fitzpatrick |
| May 28—Chicago at Illinois.....      | Fitzpatrick |

# The Co-op

ALL ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

WIRING

FIXTURES

# Ideal Electric Co.

This Means Quality and Service

110 N. Walnut

Bell 1998


Auto 1013

Furniture, Rugs and Pictures Especially  
designed for student's use. Come  
and see our stock

## C. A. KILER

The House Furnisher

Payments if you wish

 We give careful attention to watch and jewelry  
repairing.

EXPERT ENGRAVING.

DIAMONDS REMOUNTED.

Have you any antique jewelry that needs re-  
pairing?

*All work guaranteed.*

*Charges reasonable.*

## MISS RAY L. BOWMAN

JEWELER—CHAMPAIGN

Temporary Location - Grand Leader Dry Goods Store

**Z**OM is rounding out another successful year with the greatest spring and summer stock in his career. More than ever the men of Illinois realize that it pays to outfit at Zom's. He knows how to buy what they want. And he is willing to sell at a reasonable margin of profit.

Wise Illini—and that's most everybody—are visiting Zom's these days.

## KANDY'S--

### 9 Chairs-Sanitary Barber Shop

The Largest in the Twin Cities

614 East Green Street

Auto 2265

## FLOWERS

For All Occasions

**GUS JOHNSON**

*THE FLORIST*

*314 E. Springfield Ave.*

FLOWERS

FLOWERS

# NEIL THEATRE

Beginning Thursday March 25, "THE BLACK BOX" written by Phillip Opemheim; Produced by Otis Turner producer of Damon and Pythias, featuring Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson.

15 Weeks—30 Reels

Why walk back to the University when you're over town and hungry? Drop in at

## MARTIN'S

Across from I. C. Station. Home Made Pies  
Our Specialty

## A SPECIAL FEATURE



GOOD Printing that can create the desire to buy your magazine or to preserve a special feature of some advertising "stunt" is the kind that The Times Printing Co. can furnish you. Good Printing is an investment not an expense, and pays big dividends. Good Printing is an influence, not a mechanical product; that is if you have a Printer with the "Know How."

*The Times Printing Co.*

114 North Walnut St.

Champaign, Ill.

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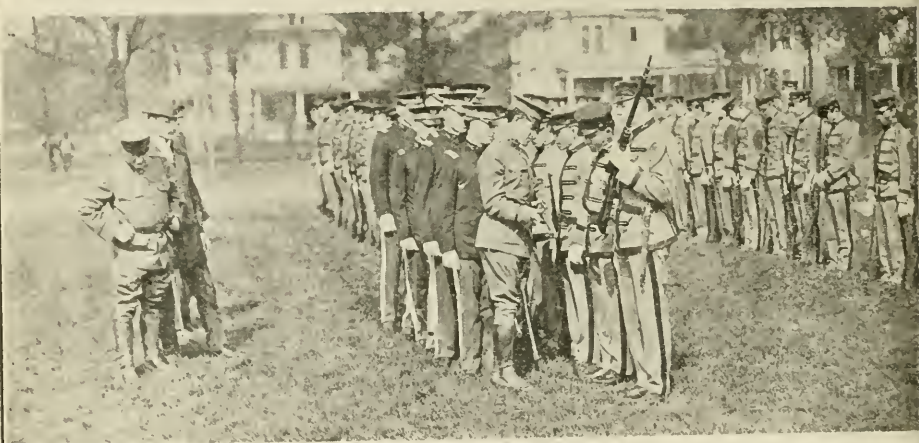
FOR THAT MIDNIGHT LUNCH

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GO TO THE

**STUDENTS CRUMB SHELF**

Open until 1 o'clock. All sandwiches 5c We deliver free



THE DAY OF REAL SPORT.



# Illinois Magazine

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1915

NO. 6

## An Analysis of Dreams

(This Is the Prize Story)

DE WITT PULCIPHER, '18.

CHESTER VAN DUSEN had been my intimate friend and companion for fifteen years. Engaged in the same business, we had always been thrown in close contact with each other. At the time when both of us were young and had just set out upon the business highway, we decided that both for convenience and for our mutual help in business, we would share apartments.

So as I said, for more, more than fifteen years, Van Dusen had been my closest friend and companion. Our bachelor quarters were some distance out, on Riverside drive, beyond the highly aristocratic district of the city, yet still within the precincts which were usually placed inside the social lines. There we had spent our leisure time through the years of our business struggle and come at last to a path of comparative ease and very nearly every luxury.

In the quiet of a summer evening it was our custom to stroll down to the lawn along the Hudson—there to talk and dream and pass away the time in pleasant contemplation. If you remember things well as I do, you perhaps will not recall that on the opposite bank of that mighty stream are the remnants of several old colonial mansions. One of these fine old homesteads was visible from our favorite lounging place and it was this old mansion that brought to light the first installment of a strange tale. It is a story of a Fear that hounded a man to death—however substantial may have been the grounds for that Fear, no one now knows. I have no knowledge

and rather less faith in reincarnation. Much less do I hold dreams a criterion, yet I have come to respect those who do. Perhaps you too, after hearing the story of my companion and his significant departure, will have more reverence for those with superstition and faith in the uncanny and unknown spiritual realms.

It was in the summer of two years ago. Our evenings were now claimed by the old haunts along the river and in the quiet of one of these memorable, starlit nights my companion shared with me, the Fear. During the preceding winter, Van Dusen had become greatly interested in the significance of dreams. Possibly the reaction on the imagination caused his present peculiar state of mind, but at any rate, his story to me on that night presented a strange sequence.

"Do you know, Ken, I have been troubled a great deal here of late. That old manor-house over there seems to have brought on the trouble. For the past month and a half, I have had periodic dreams that are the strangest things imaginable. And the astounding thing about them is that they are all practically the same. I have been hounded by these visions at night and tracked by their memory through the day. Every noise or movement startles me and if I finally fall asleep through sheer exhaustion, the old picture is reeled off on the screen of my dreams."

"I am wandering alone in a tangled forest, up rocky hills and down steep gullies, treading my way through the dense thickets, seemingly with no end to my journey. I seem lost. But suddenly a distant light shines through the underbrush and I struggle eagerly toward it. Coming upon a clearing, I find myself near the mighty Hudson, which the dull, red moon has transformed into a river of blood."

"But the light that has attracted me came from an old manor-house like that one over there. I go up to the door and am admitted by a butler in colonial garb. In the high, candle-lighted drawing room, a gay throng is dancing the Virginia Reel, dressed in the costumes of a century ago. It is an old colonial hall. An aged negro is scraping away on his battered violin; the bright coats of British officers mingle with the colored muslins of the ladies' hoop-skirts; and gaiety prevails."

"My welcome is a hearty one. Every favor is shown me and I am soon dancing with the belle of the hall. Many times I dance

with her, till we finally retire to an old wing-backed settee in the chimney-corner. Our seeming devotion is noted with dark glances of hatred by a smart-looking British officer. I had noticed him several times and wondered at his jealousy. Suddenly he appeared before us and thrust an accusing finger into my face."

'You're a spy! Damn you! he yells. 'We've found your papers!'

"Then we clash. He is an expert swordsman, but I am driven on with more power than skill. Evidently Patriotism directs my sword-thrusts, for a straight jab soon catches him and his heart is severed in two. Jerking some papers from his clenched fist, I thrust them into the hand of the girl.' To General Gates! I gasp, and turn to hold back the mob of now hostile guests while my lovely maiden makes away. She smashes a window to escape and at the same instant there is a flash—and I wake up!"

We walked home in silence. In the library I took down a volume entitled "An Analysis of Dreams", by Professor A. E. Gilham, the noted theosophist. Opening it at random, I scanned a passage:

"Admitting that there is in many cases, more than the mere fancy of the brain in dreams, we are forced to one of two theories. First, the soul either leaves the body and actually passes through the dreamed event or, second, the soul remembers and seems to live over again some incident of a former life."

I tossed the book into the corner and advised Van Dusen to take a camping trip into the Katskills for the remainder of the summer. Shortly afterwards we closed our apartment, Van Dusen going into upper New York in search of rest and I, to the board-walk of Atlantic City.

Sitting in the lobby of the Rathskellar one evening, my eye caught a news-telegram that dumfounded me.

Haverhill, N. Y., Aug. 15.—While hunting in the woods near here, a party of hunters found the body of a man, later identified as that of Chester Van Dusen, a prominent New York business man. The body was found in the old Bennet House, which is a relic of the Revolution and has not been occupied for years.

It is said that Van Dusen was on a camping trip for his health, which had been broken by over-work. A verdict of heart-failure was rendered by the coroner's jury.

*(Continued on Page 284)*

# From the Baseball Camp

S. D. H.

**N**OWADAYS no one waits until a nice warm day when the flowers are blooming and the balmacaan has been respectfully relegated to the mothballs to see the team chasing grounders. The day for that sort of thing is past at Illinois. The really, truly seeker after information regarding prospects slipped on his mackinaw a month ago, got into his rubbers, and went down to the New Armory to watch Jack Bradley put on the catcher's mit again and to see the rest of the squad engage in a very serious minded game of "ketch".

The New Armory has been put to use for other things beside teaching a thousand youths the proper way to do on right into line and the quickest and most correct way of going through the manual of arms, although the new use does not interfere with the military purposes of the building. The baseball squad has been practicing in the New Armory while snow was yet on the ground; and when the days are bad, practice does not stop entirely; the team merely adjourns to the Armory for practice instead of going over to Illinois Field.

Baseball teams will be in form much earlier in years to come. They got off earlier this year, and it will be almost like outdoor practice, even if the team doesn't play a real game in its covered field.

In former years Illinois teams have not had much training before they started on their Southern trip; at least, not enough training to make the proper dent in their rivals conceit. This year, since the team got to work earlier and they can get out of doors for practice occasionally, the prospects for the Southern trip are brighter; and what is better, another thousand percent team seems to be in the making.

G. Huff has a great deal of material working out these days, and a strong team is the only logical result. Halas and Gunkel of last year's Varsity are scheduled to be on the pitching staff, and Swede Westland is also to be with them, according to the present outlook. Ed Hill is promising great things, and is going better than any man on the squad. Davis is another promising sophomore.

The first basemen are numerous; but Veteran Bane, whose basketball record alone is big enough to get him in any Conference Hall of Fame, will probably have the call as guardian of the sack. Markwardt is another good man. Captain Slip Cogdall is pursuing his way at second without the sign of a rival.

Nig Light has returned to third base after spending two years in the background. He has vindicated himself from the charge of professionalism made against him, but he is not the only man who will be seen at third this year. There are Morrell and Krebs of last year's Varsity. All three of these third basemen are "I" men.

Jack Bradley has a rival this time in Eddie Stites, and Jimmie Purcell may develop into a star who will demand attention from the bleachers before the season is far under way. Grabbe, Arbuckle, McRobie, and Silkman are candidates for positions in the outfield, and there promises to be a crop of dark horses which may cause some startling changes.

There will be some hard hitting on Illinois Field this season, but there will be more room for prophesy after the Southern trip is on. But even now the squad is promising one of the hardest hitting aggregations that has represented Illinois in a good many years. Another interesting bit of news has come out concerning the pick of men for the Southern trip. Only the tried men are to go, according to G. Huff, and the players who get berths for the games and season south of the Ohio will be the picked men of the lot.

After the New Armory fulfills its function of putting forth champion rifle teams and a crack regiment and a thousand percent baseball nine, it can still be used for indoor track work and for the men who are trying out for the jumps.

# Concerning Examinations

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK.

I MET him as he was coming out of Lincoln Hall,—red, wrathful and breathing anathemas against the whole examination system. I gathered from his pyrotechnic and super heated remarks that he had just submitted to a final in English and that he was not entirely pleased with the result.

“How did you hit it, Harry?” I asked in as consiliatory and sympathetic a tone as I could assume.

“How did I hit it?” he asked with an almost frenzied irritation. “I didn’t hit it; I didn’t even come within arm’s length of it. I was floored in the first round. I was lying on my back with the intellectual wind knocked out of me before I was through with the first question.”

“Not trained up to it,” I suggested.

“Well, you know last fall I was out for the Mask and Bauble play,” he went on, “and that took time—in fact it took about all the time there was for a month or two, and I did get behind with the reading. Old Viking hauled us all over the coals; and he had me scared silly for fear I should flunk the course.”

“Quite a new state of mind, that, for you,” I interjected encouragingly.

“I knew I’d have to work if I got by, so about Christmas time I went to it, and, believe me, I toiled. Mr. Millet’s Man with the Hoe looks like a Sunday School picnic beside the way I reeled off the work.”

“Read? I guess I did. Some of the stuff about Abraham and Isaac seemed like a poor imitation of good English to me, but I waded through it all right, and I stayed by those Noah’s Flood plays until Ham and Jophet seemed to me like frat brothers. I associated with pastors and shepherds so much that I used to wake up at the sound of my own baa-ing. I read the old plays from start to finish until I felt familiar enough with Marlowe and Lyly to have called them by their first names, and I studied the Spanish Tragedy so faithfully that it seemed like the story of my own life. I’ve committed to memory passages until I’m a walking text of beautiful selections. I ate up that reading list so completely that I feel adequately fitted to offer a course in the pre-Shakesperian drama in any institution of higher learning.

“Some stude,” I murmured.

"Now do you suppose I got anything on the examination that I had studied? Not on your life. Did he ask any sensible questions like—

1. Who was Abraham and Isaac?
2. What relation was Friar Bacon to Friar Bongay?
3. How old was Marlowe when he wrote his first play?
4. What was Everyman's other name?
5. Give a few quotations from Dr. Faustus.

Nothing like that. All this burning of the midnight oil was a frost. I might better have been taking in the movies than wearing out my young life in acquiring information that nobody seems to want and that I can't use. He didn't ask anything that I knew; he didn't ask anything that was in the books; and I wasted a lot of perfectly good time on those pesky dramas for nothing. What I gave him was a stall pure and simple. I didn't know anything more about the theatres in London in the sixteenth century than I do about what Germany will do with the loot if she wins the war; and as to the influence of the pre-Shakesperian drama upon the modern drama you have me guessing. This examination business is some gamble: it's worse than trying to pick the winner at a country horse race. But here's one place where I'm certain. I flunked."

At this point our ways diverged, and as I left him I could still hear his mutterings of protest as he disappeared down the street.

"How did you come out in that English exam?" I asked him a few days later as we ran into each other in Uni Hall.

"Now what do you think of that?" he said. "When I got nerve enough to ask the old man he handed me out a grade of eighty-seven. 'You wrote a very creditable paper, Mr. Williams,' he said enthusiastically. 'Not all your answers, it is true, were as specific as I could have wished, and some of your references to the early English theatre were a little new to me, but on the whole your discussion was quite illuminating. Your illustrations showed a pretty careful reading of the text, and the whole paper was indiv- work and originality. I think a great many people, perhaps, fail to make us think. When you are older, Mr. Williams, you may discover, as some of us have done, that the difficult things of life for which we sometimes prepare so carefully seldom if ever come to us. The main thing is in getting ready for something. I hope I may see you in my course next semester.' Now wouldn't that jar you? And the most surprising thing about it all is that I've signed up for the course for next semester, and I'm going to spring a little more of my original thinking on the old man."

# Other Girls' Beaux

By K. H.

I HAVE had very little opportunity of judging men from personal experience, but my observation of other girls' beaux has led me to believe that, except for women, (who are undoubtedly the most inexplicable of all created things) men are Nature's best joke on herself. Most girls enjoy the joke with her, but few men appreciate the humor of it. That few won't admit it,—they are too loyal to their sex, and there are none so blind as they who will not see.

Most of the men whom I have met at the door have not been good-looking. Since I have a penchant for handsome men, it has been a great disappointment to me that the girls have not been more thoughtful. Maybe they could not help it; there are not many well-favored men in school. They have been nice enough, likeable fellows, however, of all types from the fresh-faced winsome boy and the embarrassed youth who hitched from foot to foot to the condescending, cocksure fellow and the dignified young man who was grave and simply courteous.

The types are distinct, and the individual characters vary greatly, but, as a class, men are remarkably alike. So, girls have discovered certain fairly constant traits and tendencies, and derive therefrom both amusement and vexation. In the first place, men are, as a rule, unreliable. Don't misunderstand me; I do not mean that they lie, but that girls can never tell just how far they will go in their disrespect, or count on the continuance of their attentions, or understand their taste in girls. Whether or not it is innate for men to take up all the walk, and for girls to let them do it, it is so regularly the case here that if a girl holds her own, every third man bumps into her, and they all look surprised. Worse than this is their deliberate disregard for etiquette. I was told that a man no longer asks permission before smoking. The little niceties of invitation and recognition are no longer observed. A telephone call at the last minute is enough to insure a date, and once it is over, responsibility end. Girls never know whether or not the men who have taken them to an entertainment will ever call again. This is bad enough, but far worse are the imports. It is hard to forgive a man for taking you to a number of club dances with apparent



satisfaction and then bringing the Girl From Home for the large affairs. Coeds would be much better satisfied if men who have girls in other towns had to wear ear-rings. It is very hard, too, to tell why men choose the girls they do. This is too deep a subject to more than touch upon here. I can only say that when a girl surprises her friends by the men she goes with, they excuse her because convention limits her choice to the men who offer themselves, but a man has complete freedom, and should show more sense.

Sometimes I think they have no sense at all, though, their ways are so peculiar. They are as adverse to giving their names over the phone as the Aborigines are to being photographed. I don't know why, but if I ask their names, they ring off without a word. They do not seem to realize that when the girl they asked for returns she will pounce on me wildly.

"Who was it, and what did he want? Well, why don't you? Did he sound fat, or as if he had red hair?"

It behooves me to know, too, and it is really strange how proficient one can become at this in one semester. Without ever having seen the boys, I know them all by their nick-names, and can recognize their voices and moods. Their calls are very different. There is a wide and interesting range from the gruff, "Hello! Bella?" to the diffident, "Is this 2387. May I speak to Miss White?"

They are just as funny at the door. When a comparative stranger comes to take a girl to a dance or concert, he invariably asks if she is "in". Where else he thinks she would be, I can't imagine. Some of them refuse to come in and wait, preferring the porch even in cold weather. They have queer ways of asking for dates, too. While helping a girl on with her coat after supper, one boy murmured,

"Orange and Blue tonight, Bessie?"

Another, far less brash walks four blocks without mentioning the Chicago game, and finally invited the girl while choking over a bubbly fountain.

Most men are very unconscious, and so transparent that girls can read them with no great difficulty, but there are some things girls cannot find out. This is the most provoking, and perhaps the most interesting thing about men. How do they judge girls, how do they judge each other? How far are they sincere, and how

far can their judgment be accepted? I wonder if they really believe that girls are all frivolous, or if their avoidance of serious topics is an effort to retain their attitude of superiority. Their praise and mockery are hard to distinguish. They are tantalisingly inconsistent. They can keep the girls guessing.

But their weak point, and the girls' advantage, is vanity. Any man is naturally and naively vain, whether he has cause or not. Every girl fosters this vanity to increase good will. There are more ways of doing this unobtrusively and effectively than I could mention,—than I know, probably. A man thinks a girl far more sensible if she starts an argument in which she can gracefully admit defeat than if she beats him in fair reasoning. All abuse he takes as indirect praise and he will swallow almost any amount of "jollyng", for his conceit is unbounded and his gullability is enormous. An interest in his stories, the right tone of voice, a recollection of something he once said about himself, a fierce scolding given with an admiring glance, are all potent. Few young men can withstand them. A girl who knows how to flatter skillfully can do anything she will with any man.

Sometimes I wish I were skillful enough to play the game, and sometimes it doesn't seem worth the candle. A young man lends zest to life, and is often convenient, but he complicates matters, and is a dreadful responsibility.

One of these young college creatures who wears a "join the church collar" and a soft hat down over his ears had just dropped into the dentist's chair.

Dentist, to stenographer: "Poor thing; I can't give him gas!

Steno.—Why not?

Doc.—Why not! Why how can I tell when he is unconscious?

# Dramatics

By S. M. R.

ONCE upon time—maybe it was last fall—the Mask and Bauble Club team-worked *Our Wives* to the tune of over 800 persons a night for two nights at the Illinois Theatre. At that time this department (which, if you please, shall be known as the department of Calcium Cascades, Drah-ma Drippings, Vaudeville Veerings, and Balcony Bumptiousness) was not yet. So, many things which should have been said about the play and the players were not said.

Then, later, when this department of Gallery Gossip *was*, the Players' Club stepped in to the tune of two excellent and impressive plays and the compositor intruded so that we had but three (3) pages to ourself, and again Mask and Bauble was cheated (or would you say escaped?) from our opinions and asseverations.

But now—now there is all kinds of space. And as the players in *Our Wives* are most everything but seniors, their abilities and failings as actors ought to interest a community which will receive much from them in the way of histrionism during the next year or two.

First, however, to escape the stigma of not being up-to-date. The *Illinois Magazine* goes to press before the Architectural Dramatic Structure and the German Thespian Declension thunder over the foot-boards, and so nothing more than the lovely red and black posters are saying can be said. The *Illinois Magazine* read two volumes of Goethe and approached the officials of the Deutcher Verein, asking that the date of the play be made earlier. Very unreasonably; the officials refused. Also the Architectural gentlemen. So, to our fricassee.

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## TWO ANGLES OF CRITICISM

Here is one angle from which any attempted criticism of the work of a college play cast may be viewed:

The cast is working faithfully, giving of its time and energy and talent; it is doing this for no remuneration, for no particular glory; it is giving its best for the sake of the University. Therefore the University should be grateful, accept the enjoyment which the many qualities of the performance tend to induce, and ignore

the faults—if there are any. One should consider that in the big city where critics are impartial and merciless, actors are being paid money—money which their managers get directly from the public. And the public does not care who the actors are: the public pays for diversion or education and it demands its money's worth.

Here is another angle:

These amateur actors are more or less talented. They have dramatic ability and intelligence. Having intelligence, they should have ambition and a desire to improve their ability. Having intelligence, they should possess enough pride to scorn the inane praise that is usually slopped on amateur performers. Therefore, they surely ought to welcome any criticism which comes in a fair spirit—criticism which tells if they “got across” or not, and why.

It is a problem.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### GROSSBERG NOT PROPERLY APPRECIATED

For instance, we should like to say that three-fourths of the people who witnessed the performances of *Our Wives* did not properly appreciate the acting of Victor Grossberg. In conservative Chicago newspapers statements analogous to this are made daily and they do not cause ill-feeling. Often, when they are explained—when the *why* is given—they have constructive value. Doesn't someone think that it is insulting to the intelligence of the readers of college publications to feed them constantly on concessions—to play safe always—to hedge rhetorically when something disagreeable must be said?

Grossberg had to act a part that originally was written to fit the personality of Henry Kolker, a metropolitan near-star. Kolker is adept in portraying the urbane, somewhat whimsical, sophisticated man of the world. He has the natural qualities: a well set-up body; a drawling voice which is capable of producing a commanding tone; philosophical, cynical fighting eyes. He has the personality—the hundred and one intangible things which make the real actor—and years of training which have enabled him to utilize his personality to the greatest effect.

All that Grossberg has to match this is a little of that intangible quality of personality. His figure and face are hopelessly boyish; no make-up could disguise these. Yet he did much with the part. He showed a fine appreciation of subtleties—things which many a

professional actor might have passed by. Perhaps his appreciation was too fine; maybe that is why it did not, in some cases, obtain recognition. It is rarely that an amateur actor can do more than cleverly read a part. Grossberg did more. He created a distinct, consistent character.

The Misses Patterson and Woolman in their respective playing of the leading role of *Our Wives*, that of *Wilson*, present an interesting contrast of type. Speaking the same lines, going through the same stage business, each managed to insert distinct and contrasting personality into the part.

Miss Patterson is poised, stately, pretty; capable of feeling, yet restrained in expression by her refinement. In the bits which required self-possession and mastery she was sufficient unto the job. We liked her in the love scenes; still we couldn't help but wish that she be a little less well-bred.

Miss Woolman is small, slender, intense. She forgets herself, and in doing so makes us forget ourselves. She is not old enough to have attained the maturity which to her type brings poise, and when she is in control of the scene she might impress one as having a little too large a task for so small a person. But her sincerity and her colorful interpretation of the more emotional scenes compel us to recognize the presence of broader qualities which as yet are more or less latent.

The one general and pleasing impression we took away with us was of the perfect *team-work* of the cast. Team-work is not a matter of individual brilliancy. It is a matter of artistic dovetailing, and usually involves much repression of individual cleverness for the sake of the tone of the whole. Whenever you have good team-work, look for a director or a coach. The culprit in this case was Mrs. Heilman, and *Our Wives* was her first offense. Long may she sin.

We have to hand it to Mrs. Heilman for a fine selection of the cast; for the stifling, without personal unpleasantness, of the elocutionary proclivities which, unless this was a rare bunch of amateurs, were undoubtedly exhibited; and for her clever handling of the concerted comedy climaxes.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE THREE BACHELORS

The three bachelors—impersonated with rich comedy effect by

Bryant, Katzenberg and McNulta—did not bring out sufficiently their relationship to one another: that they were old friends with the rough edges of personal peculiarities dove-tailed by virtue of years of adjustment. They carried themselves, for all the opportunity the lines afforded to the contrary, like mere acquaintances on a jovial but slightly bored basis. In other respects they qualified. They handled the broad comedy of their roles with a restraint and co-operation for psychological effect.

Bryant as the slightly effeminate, love-steeped dentist rejected many obvious opportunities for slap-stick comedy, and gave an admirable delineation of the character.

Katzenberg "registered" instantaneously. His work has finish. He was too much himself and too little the character of a bachelor artist in the play, but his acting was so clearly-defined that we preferred him as he was. He has magnetism.

McNulta as the broker-bachelor was "distinctively individual". He has a highly-developed sense of pose and gesture and expression. It stands out so strongly in his acting that it obscures his more refined qualities. We liked his startling laugh and his striking way of accenting words; they were funny and legitimate.

A few words about the butler, and then we come to the ladies. Savage made a fine character there. He handled the German accent like a master. He made an appealingly humorous study of his role. There was a touch of pathos, too, in his faithfulness to his master in things both large and small, which was artistically done.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE LADIES

Far and above over all the others glows the living bit done by Mae Sexauer. The part itself doesn't amount to much, but Miss Sexauer lives it, and lives it with drollery and the sheerest of ease. There was no opportunity for emotion of any sort, for convincing action: there was no intensity of situation,—yet we have the impression that Miss Sexauer could "get under our skin" if she had a pathetic role or a drab role or an exciting role or any kind of a role. Her insinuating drawl as the almost catty but human and likable woman and her unaffected portrayal of an affected woman were the real thing.

Georgia Castleberry as the dentist's wife simpered and whimpered and cling—and did not once degenerate into low comedy. She

brought more laughs than any other single person in the cast, with the possible exception of Bryant as her husband. You know the newly-married female who sends out the riot call and telegraphs to the Associated Press a distracted message describing her husband from his head to his toes to the posy she pinned on him just before he left, every time he stays away from home for more than two hours. That was Miss Castleberry in "Our Wives".

Pauline White had a part that was difficult for her to play. It was that of an over-sweet, trouble-making flirt. And, sad to say, although Miss White has large eyes, she knows how to use them only to see with. Though she is sweet, she merely drips: her honey is not frozen. However, this is Miss White's first appearance on any stage, and we should like to see her again in a different role, perhaps, where her talent might be shown to better advantage.

First Bum—"I always smoke quarter cigars."

Second Ritto—"S'at so?"

First Ritto—"Yeh; 'cept when I find half ones."

We suggest that the resident of Bloomington who sold his saloon and bought a picture show, went from one reel business into the other.

# Poe, Kipling and the Horror Story

By ALLEN B. BROWN

**I**N THIS paper it will be the aim to offer a brief comparison of the horror tales of Poe and those of Kipling. Immediately the subject is presented, a number of questions arises. Has the English writer been influenced in any way by the style of his predecessor? What are the essentials of Poe's atmosphere? etc. These and many others of a like character must be answered before any adequate idea of the subject may be obtained.

The first question a juvenile would ask upon opening an investigation of this kind would be, "Which gives you the most shivers?" and it is safe to recommend Poe at once. His stories are more consciously constructed than are those of Kipling; he designs his effects with the care of a symphony writer, paying particular attention to the suggestive power that lies in the mere sound of a word. Of course he exaggerates, and much of his work will not bear close analysis, but the effect of his prose as a whole is both immediate and powerful. One of the chief methods by which he secures his atmosphere is by flooding his readers with a veritable shower of it in the very opening of his tales. The following selection from "The Fall of the House of Usher" is an example.

"During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the fall of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing, alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher."

With this as the opening paragraph, there can be no doubt as to the character of the story to follow; the black introduction stands at the gateway and advertises the nature of the material within.

Both Poe and Kipling, as a rule, follow the same rule with regard to the arrangement of their descriptive material in the body of the story, but it might be well to quote an exception to prove the rule. Poe, near the close of "The Tell-Tale Heart", strengthens his general effect by combining narrative with description. It would be hard to find a more artistic climax than in the paragraph which



results. The main character in the tale, it will be remembered, is a murderer who has hidden the body of his victim under the floor of the room he occupies. Officers visit his apartment to question him, and as they sit there chatting, the guilty one imagines he hears a sound from the floor beneath him.

It was a low dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath, and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I rose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! What could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and steadily increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! no, no. They heard, they suspected, they knew! they were making a mockery of my horror!"

On second reading one would grow a bit doubtful as to whether or not even such obtuse individuals as detectives could remain in blissful ignorance of a criminal's nervousness when he foamed, raved and swore in their very presence, but the passage is a very carefully constructed bit of description nevertheless. Kipling's descriptive matter, like Poe's, is usually arranged in blocks, this being an easier, though not quite so effective a method. The following passage is taken from one of Kipling's Indian tales, "The Return of Imray", a story which abounds in paragraphs whose only purpose is to establish a setting and weave an atmosphere.

"I never saw him, (the ghost of Imray, the murdered man) but I could see the curtains quivering between the rooms where he had just passed through; I could hear the chairs creaking as the bamboos sprung under a weight that had just quitted them; and I could feel when I went to get a book that somebody was waiting in the shadows of the front veranda till I should have gone away."

It is now proper to ask, "What are the functions performed by the descriptions in the short stories of Poe and Kipling?" "What value do they possess to the main narrative?" In the case of Poe one may answer unhesitatingly that it is written to put the reader in the proper frame of mind for the horrors to come. Kipling employs description to establish an Oriental atmosphere. He does

this more effectively of course by the use of the quaint Indian dialect, as witness the speeches of Ameera in "Without Benefit of Clergy". The following extract from "My Own True Ghost Story" illustrates the use of descriptive material used to establish atmosphere.

"For bleak unadulterated misery that dak-bungalow was the worst of the many that I had ever set foot in. There was no fireplace, and the windows would not open; so a brazier of charcoal would have been useless. The rain and the wind splashed and gurgled and moaned around the house, and the toddy palms rattled and roared. Half a dozen jackals went through the compound singing, and a hyena stood afar off and mocked them."

In the above passage it will be noted that particular vividness is gained by the use of the particular verb: "splashed, gurgled, and moaned" for instance. Kipling is more a master at this than is Poe, the one works with words the other with paragraphs. Figurative speech is rare in the work of both writers, their power lying in suggestion of a subtler type. The Englishman, however, is master of the daring figure if he chooses; when he says that lightning spattered the sky "as a thrown egg spatters a barn door" he immediately loses caste with the conservative, and to compare the beating a drum with the steady throbbing of a swollen artery inside a brain fevered skull, is, in slang phraseology, "going some". Poe, in his few attempts at figurative language, fails to establish himself at all securely. His similes lack originality and force, they sound made to order, he is again the conscious creative artist. His main character in "The Pit and the Pendulum" feels every fibre in his frame thrilling as if he had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, and the ill fated boat in "The Descent into the Maelstrom" skims "like an air bubble on the face of the horizon". Figures such as these fail to carry conviction, but fortunately they are rare, and since both Poe and Kipling prefer as a rule to use a straightforward unembellished narrative style in their horror tales, it is unfair to take the few exceptions into consideration.

Coming next to a study of the less conspicuous traits of style in the work of the two writers, one immediately notices two things, Kipling's freshness of phrase, and Poe's mastery of the rhythmic sentence. The words of Kipling reach out and strike; they bite like the touch of red hot iron. Perhaps no better illustration can

be given of this than a selection from one of the opening paragraphs of that admirable tale of mystery, "At the End of the Passage". It is his purpose to leave with the reader an impression of intense heat, and this is the way he does it.

"Every door and window was shut, for the outside air was that of an oven. The atmosphere within was only 104 degrees, as the thermometer bore witness, and heavy with the foul smell of badly trimmed kerosene lamps; and this stench, combined with that of native tobacco, baked brick, and dried earth, sends the heart of many a strong man down into his boots, for it is the smell of the great Indian Empire when she turns herself for six months into a house of torment."

One may object to descriptions of this type, one may say they lack unity, that they ramble, or that they exaggerate, but the fact must remain undisputed that the reader *feels* as well as sees, the paragraph. A greater triumph than this is impossible for the writer of description.

Poe, on the other hand, who, with his well balanced, impersonal style, succeeds in producing a more highly polished product than Kipling, suffers a considerable loss in force. One sees, not with the eyes of Poe, but with his own, as if he were reading a play instead of acting it. Referring again to "The Descent Into the Maelstrom", we find near its close a paragraph which gives a good idea of Poe's rhythmic style.

"The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays from the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss."

Poe's excessive use of the comma will have been noticed by this time, and it is certain that he might have secured a larger smoothness of style and eliminated the choppy effect which obtains at times, had he used less commas. The subject matter of the tales of both Poe and Kipling is unusual, Poe dealing with the weird and fantastic, and Kipling with mysticism and at times the

supernatural. The later writer has the advantage of Poe in this respect, however, in that he has been and seen the things and people of which he writes. Kipling came back to England while still a young man with a bundle of manuscript which has proved a veritable storehouse to him since. Poe, on the other hand, does not write with any especial sympathy of touch—the very nature of his tales precludes the possibility of any such characteristic—so he becomes an artist who draws cold dispassionate images from the recesses of his brain and places them, drear and dreadful, on the printed page. Poe could never have written such a tale as “Without Benefit of Clergy” because he lacked the ability to humanize and vivify. Therefore, although Kipling has produced a number of horror stories of the same general type as Poe, the added richness of coloring and warmth that they possess is ample evidence to disprove the claim that he was influenced by the American writer.

The horror story is as popular now as it ever was, and will continue to be, but Poe does not improve on second reading, and Kipling does. A certain artificiality prevails in the work of the former, the naked ribs of the frame work show through. What becomes a perfect gem in his poetry is rubbed bare in his prose, although the same method of careful repolishing is used. Kipling in his effort to infuse the same desirable characteristics into his poetry as prevail in his prose, fails conspicuously. So again the Fates may mock!

My wife talks, talks—talks all the time.

You're mistaken. She must listen part of the time or my wife would not be with her so much.—Boston Transcript.

# A Political Autopsy

J. K. BARBER

**T**O THE distinction that goes with them. It is upon such a basis TO THE victor belong the spoils, and the honor and work and that our class politics are founded and it is immensely right and proper that it should be so. We recognize no such an institution as civil service. For one thing there is no necessity for it. With the introduction of University Auditing Committees and Illini Board of Control, the heyday of the political grafter passed. To the victor belong the spoils, but what are the spoils of today? Certainly not the trips to Europe and the extensive fortunes that were accumulated in days gone by. There was a time when politics were lucrative, now they merely afford the winning party an opportunity to do more work.

Among the elective offices today, there are only a scant dozen that arouse any great interest. The junior and sophomore presidencies the first semester and the office of senior president the second semester, usually bring forth considerable organized opposition. The Union election is pretty hotly contested as it probably offers the highest honors. The Union officers are now the only positions that are passed upon by a large proportion of the student body. But it is paraded before us as a cardinal principal that there must be no electioneering for offices in the Illinois Union, so politics, offering the politician any chance for display of his talents or proclivities, are limited to the classes.

Under such a state of affairs classes divide into factions. It is only natural that they should. The party distinction is,—perhaps, a good deal like that once given by an English statesman. "One party was in power and wanted to stay there. The other was out and wanted to get in." To this end issues are ferreted out or made. For one can not fight except upon issues. Certainly here there is no place for personalities. In the issues outlined there is very little fundamental difference between our class politics and those of the world at large. Of course, in university elections, there is no bribery or corruption. The use of automobiles is tabooed and were a candidate to start passing cigars, he would quickly discover the high cost of furnishing the university with free smokes.

The politicians of days gone by tell us we don't know the

meaning of the word. They fought when the stakes were something more than the privilege of having your name published in the Illini as a member of some committee, having this same cognomen engraved upon the back page of a dance program and the pleasure and pecuniary profit of being furnished with a ticket and cab upon the night of that glorious social function. Then they tell us there were spoils worth fighting for. But the advent of university reforms and the rise in the cost of living and the new dances ended the last of this. Nowadays it is a lucky committee that finds the balance on the right side of the ledger. Despite the good attempt of Illini campaigns we are no nearer a solution of the dance question than we were before: Until we do reach some solution whereby we all learn the same steps staging a dance is a herculean prospect. Yet the politician is not disturbed. He sees the brilliancy and the distinction offered. The work becomes a sad reality. As he sleepily heaves furniture about in the small hours of the morning and stops to light a cigarette before the fire which the porter has just started in the grate, before he returns to the weary task of taking the furniture that belongs to the next bunch home, the committeeman is apt to think that it was the opposition that was lucky. But, by next year he has forgotten all this. Again he is ready to tramp up and down John and Green and Daniel and Illinois Streets soliciting votes, disturbing landladies, risking the ire of outraged students and getting himself rather generally disliked, for the privileges afore mentioned. The successful candidate for president is but little better off. Apart from the distinction it matters very little whether one leads the Grand March or brings up the rear, except that the added responsibility makes one decidedly more nervous and of course, the added prestige it gives in relation to the girl who shares the honor with the president.

After all is the game worth the candle? The training is certainly as valuable as any to be gained from college activities. From the standpoint of the class the present system is good. It makes for efficiency and consideration. If the faction that is in does not make good it gets out. There is very little bitterness developed. It is a live or die spirit that pervades elections and "the devil take the hindmost". The sides are constantly shifting. The same align-

*(Continued on Page 284)*

# The Old Pasture

BY FLORENCE T. STOUTZENBERG

YOU really thought, didn't you, that some time you would forget the magic spell of the old pasture? But stronger than all changes comes the sweet lull of its presence; its shining calm chains you to childhood. Straight back from the the garden it stretches, like a narrow weft of green thread between brown, fertile fields. It is April now in the old pasture, and the little "branch"—the quaint name the farmer folk give to brooks—is beginning to swell with the spring rains. There so close beside the garden fence that you never could understand why it didn't topple in is the sharp, clay cliff that the rains have cut into queer shapes. On its straight sides the wasps had a whole village and there you used to watch them, half-resentful that they had taken one of the best wading pools, half-glad that you had discovered them, wholly timorous as you covered around the corner. But look how the old hickory tree, the one with the path of green moss leading up from the bank of the branch, is almost bursting its heavy brown buds into velvety yellow-green leaves that will grow and break into soft, shining green in May. How warm the loose, brown sand along the water's edge! It must have been about this time of the year that you used to sneak out of the garden and pull off your shoes and stockings to pat this same warm sand into fairy castles about your feet. What wonderful, two-roomed castles they were, before whose entrances you planted stately, guarding trees, that were but twigs from the blackberry vines that fringe the bank. Surely it cannot have been so long ago that you played here in gipsy happiness, for a little way down the branch is the same old Fairy Castle Tree, the big elm that was so high the giants might easily have lived in its branches, but whose moss covered roots still lie along the ground. The fern still canopies the queen's throne, but the hole that led into the dungeon now looks dwarfed. That is the only change in the Fairy Castle Tree, for this entrance was once most fearsome, and big enough to thrust in even the most recalcitrant giants.

As you walk along the bank the trees grow thicker about you and all at once you seem in the hush of the wood. Now you begin

to feel the April thrill of the old pasture in a hundred subtle ways. Perhaps it is the smells: the sweet spiciness of the buds on the hickory trees, the whiff of running sap, or the moist smell of beginning life that rises from the pungent ground. Perhaps it is the sun shining along the gray bark of the trees, on the grass so vividly green, or on the slow-moving, clear-shadowed water, whose small denizens are beginning to come from their hiding places in the little sunken rocks and sodden leaves. Perhaps it is because of the sounds: the robin with his half-mournful call, the soft wind, or the patter of the water. But whatever it is, you feel that complete spell as you wander slowly on, lost not in dreams but in the consciousness of life and its depth and bigness.. Here are the wild crab trees. In another month these brown buds will have shed their dull colors and burst forth into such a glory of smell and color as to draw to the mill the humming-birds and bees, small children and grown idlers about the countryside. Why,—and you stoop quickly down,—here it surely is, a spring beauty, half-hidden among the brown leaves! Almost breathless with the first thrill of delight, you snatch it up, and at the picking you remember how you used to search time after time for the selfsame spring beauty. Again the same pride of discovery sweeps over you.

And the persimmon trees! You had forgotten them, hadn't you? Forgotten how you used to hurry down before school on October mornings to get there before the pigs had eaten those that had fallen during the night, for you and the pigs had almost an equal fondness for ripe persimmons. Beside the tree is the old ivy swing that twists around the big oak. On Sunday mornings, or perhaps on Saturdays, a Father used to come down with you and swing you and shake down the ripe persimmons.

Here is the hill Father used to tell you was so steep you had to climb it from the top instead of beginning at the bottom. Along the top the ivy still droops down, half-hiding the hole from the depths of which the dog used to bark so furiously while you anxiously waited for some monster to issue forth. Just below the hole the water still seeps out from the sandy rock and trickles, drop by drop, into the branch. Don't you remember this spot of quicksand and how one time you forgot to go around and plunged in above your knees and the harder you tried to pull out, the deeper you went, until you finally worked your frightened way out with



the aid of a nearby bush whose branches you grasped? Even now you unconsciously skirt the place, though you walk high and dry upon the bank. Just beneath this turn in the bank grows the same cluster of delicate green maidenhair ferns raised high on their supple, brown stems. It was from here that you lugged the ferns for your "fern bed" up under the orchard's old sweetapple tree. The little bare spaces stand mute witnesses, though a few sword ferns and the faithful maidenhair still cling.

Through the trees you get a glimpse of the pasture's crowning triumph—the cave. In the side of the hill it stands, sunken and ruined, and the quick tears well unconsciously into your eyes, for it was the cave that was really the essence of the spirit of the pasture. Your brothers dug it, generally on Sunday afternoons, and that old wooden door used to lead into a big round council chamber, from which branched arches that wound back into a small "secret" chamber. When the door was closed and padlocked on the inside, the old red lantern set upon a soap box, you in the corner with an apple in one hand and a salted turnip in the other, and one of your brothers reading a wild tale of piracy while you all apprehensively watched the corners—then you were living life to the fullest.

The ruin of the cave breaks the spell; you feel a drooping within you and you turn and walk back sadly, full of a knowledge of a grown-up's world where everything is the same as in childhood, yet with a vague something gone, a something that for a moment takes the glow from the sun, the spring from your walk, and joy from the day.

# Their Tenth Mile-Post

DIX HARWOOD

SHE yawned very imperceptibly long before the waiter brought them their coffee; but she made sure that Harold did not see.

Although the lights on the table shed a rose-colored glow which made them both look ten years younger, perhaps she felt justified in yawning. Some people consider it irritating to have a husband over forty who is bald and unqualifiedly fat. During the little dinner the orchestra played amorous summer melodies, full of the-love-which-doesn't-grow-old, while Mabel toyed with the white roses on the table. Harold had just said that the mattresses in this hotel were very hard, and Mabel had said she thought so too; and Harold announced that black coffee always made him lie awake of nights, but Mabel then changed the subject.

"Ten years ago tonight, Harold," she whispered, "ten years ago tonight we were at this very table. Ten happy years with you, my dearest"

"It's been a happy ten years, Mabel. I couldn't have got along without you." Poor little girl; she loved him as much as ever, and he had fancied that she was growing xivenish and that more cosmetics were necessary now to make her presentable and that she was getting angular and tiresome. But he squeezed her hand in the presence of all the diners at the Lake View hotel. "You are wearing pink tonight," he whispered, "and you are wearing *my* white roses."

"Do you remember how we slipped out here that night after our wedding, Harold? Do you remember how we swore always to love? In all those ten years, Harold, you have been as handsome and as fascinating as at first. You haven't changed a bit."

"Nor you," announced Harold, with a look supposed to be full of light from a great and undying fire of love.

He felt like a dog when he knew that he must tell her that business was calling him this night of all nights in the year. Of course, it wasn't, but it would not have done to tell her what a tempestuous wooer he was. And she had just told him that he was always the same. Why, it had been but an hour before that he had spent fifteen minutes studying the proper method of covering a

bald spot which was growing apace, and he had to admit, after close scrutiny of himself in the glass, that he should soon have to admit frankly that he was growing obese. She was smiling through her roses at him, a smile brimfull of love and connubial trust.

"Mabel," he began, "business—"

"O," she said, "let it go, darling. This is *our* night. It belongs to you and me."

"Tomorrow, my soul."

He saw the hurt look in her eye. "We men are brutes," he told himself. "Here we have perfect love, and yet here I go atrifling."

"I have never *made* you stay, have I, Harold?"

"No, never. And tomorrow we shall have the pink pearl earrings."

As he waved her a somewhat cheerful farewell, she crept into the gilt and onyx hotel parlor and sank upon a purple divan. At the footsteps which were approaching nearer she turned.

"I thought I should never get rid of him, Paul," she yawned. He had business as usual, which is fortunate; celebrating anniversaries with one's husband makes one feel like a gay deceiver, you know."

Paul sat down beside her. "The little pink dress! For me! You knew that I love you most when you wear pink, didn't you! And you are wearing my little white roses."

"How can you love me, Paul?" she sighed. "Harold seems to think me so old." Paul's twenty-one year old bosom swelled indignantly. "Fat insensate boor;" he told himself, "he has killed her great and noble soul. Thank God! I am a gentleman." Audibly he whispered: "Let us go out on the river beneath the stars, dear heart. I've a canoe."

"It's safer," she admitted.

It may have been the drunken night—it usually is,—and as they drifted down the river with the current, Paul was ecstatically happy with his arm about her waist.

They were drifting along in the black shadows near the bank of the river. Suddenly there was a cry. The huge shadow of another canoe swerved around, and the clumsy paddler bungled. He ran his canoe straight into Paul and Mabel's, all the time calling to them to look out. Then the boats capsized. Paul was calling to

her to be brave with an infinite number of endearments thrown in as their boat turned over. Mabel felt herself carried in strong arms to a little ledge of sand farther down the river. She saw two dim figures climbing ashore on the other side of the stream. Her rescuer stood before her, panting and shaking the water from him. She sat up and whispered, "Paul." She stared again, and then sank back to the sand.

"Harold," she gasped.

"Yes," he repeated, "Harold."

Then she laughed. "Business, Harold! Is it another modern business method, this canoeing with one's business associates by what we thought was going to be moonlight? Is she pretty, Harold? It was so dark that I couldn't see. Does she say she'll always love you?"

"Well," he growled, "what shall we do about it?"

She rose and scated herself on a piece of driftwood leisurely. "If it hadn't been for this lack of moonlight, it would have been well enough." Then she remembered the question. "Really, I don't know what we had better do, Harold."

"Fall in love again, perhaps," he sneered.

"Oh, dear no," she said, unpinning some draggled white roses from her dress and throwing them into the river; "that would be awfully tiresome.

"Why is a girl at Harris' like a drowning man. Because they both grasp at straws."

If you follow the crowd you will surely go over to Howard's Studio.

# Patrick Henry's Recipe

By L. R. L.

In speaking to an audience of opposite opinion, one of the first things to do is to remove all prejudice and get on friendly terms with everybody. Look at both sides of the proposition, and try and see the merits of the opposing parties. When you have your audience in a friendly state of mind, it will be much easier to pass gradually from their views to your's.

It is essential that the speaker define his purpose and state his truths and facts in the first part of his speech. This will put the audience in a more attractive mood, as they will know what to expect, and what the speaker is "driving at." However, caution should be exercised about taking sides too soon.

The success of the orator will be greatly influenced by his tone, style, and personality. He should always be serious, and his voice and attitude must demonstrate that he is in earnest. He must convince the audience that his truths and facts are genuine, and are based on a firm foundation. The conversational style will bring about the best results. Shouting is unnecessary and out of place. The speaker should be direct in his remarks and use as few words as possible. However, he should be clear and concise, and should look the audience in the eye.

A pleasing personality will quickly command the attention of the audience, and will aid in driving home an argument. He should be natural in his gestures and attitude, and should always be confident of himself, in order to gain the confidence of others.

Good illustrations give added power. Those of actual experience are probably best, as they are more original, fresh, and life-like, altho a pointed anecdote is valuable. The illustrations should be new and varied. The orator will profit by choosing subjects familiar to the audience. The more vividly and accurately the speaker mentally pictures what he is saying, the more clearly and satisfactory will his audience be impressed by his message.

The orator will find it valuable for him to read and use the great thoughts of the world's masterpieces of prose and poetry.

Last, but not least, it is important to fix upon the conclusion of the speech in advance. A good strong ending, or conclusion, summing up the points previously brought out, will leave a lasting impression upon the minds of the audience, and will thus materially aid the accomplishment of the desired result.

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## Spring

**W**HAT do we mean by Spring? Did you ever stop to think? Most of us probably have assorted notions of varying degrees of vagueness, with a general, though hardly defined idea of peace. Peace is about what we mean. It is what we feel when we loll under some convenient tree and philosophize upon the usefulness of human efforts in general. It is what we feel when our ambitions fade in the distance and we rest on our oars while the time slips away. But with this restful inactivity comes a new exuberance struggling for expression—a feeling of joy in life. It is good to be alive in spring when the snow melts away along with the memory of looming coal bills and bursted water-pipes. What was a calamity but last week becomes a huge joke under the melting spring sun. Maybe there is some justification for the spring poet after all.

## A Growing University

**A** KEEN humorist has taken to calling the University of Illinois "the Conference". Perhaps there is more in the hypothesis than he or any of us are aware of at the present time. With a respectable appropriation such as ours, a tremendous spirit of cooperation between faculty and students, and above all, an executive genius at its head, we have here the nucleus of a university whose enrollments will some day surpass that of Columbia. When we look at the narrow policy which governs Wisconsin and again at the progressiveness of our own control, we feel that it is not unwise to rhapsodize a little over future prospects. We wonder if this school is destined to become that visionary but not impossible ideal—a national university.

## Patronize Home Merchants

**A** RECENT news item exposing a clever crook who had been playing upon the credulity of numbers of students and representing a fake tailoring firm, offers another object lesson for University men. Five-sixths of the fellows who were caught had been trading with entire satisfaction in Champaign and Urbana; they were simply victims of that restless spirit which probably prompted the traditional "bag of gold at the foot of the rainbow" story.

To do something better, to get gold for copper, to get the best of the bargain—that's the main idea and yet if the students would only stop to think, they are getting the bargain right here. The merchants employ them, support their publications, give the mcredit, sell them good wares. When the University people once realize this thoroughly, fraud will have to move to other fields. The merchants are in reality your friends—be on the square and reciprocate with your patronage.

## An Analysis of Dreams

*(Continued from Page 255)*

A curious history attaches itself to the house. It is the former home of a Tory, whose daughter was famed for her beauty. A captain in Burgoyne's army fell in love with her, but it seems that she was a patriot at heart and favored an American spy. It is said that on one occasion she carried his message through the enemy's lines to General Gates. The spy was killed in a fight near the same fireplace by which Van Dusen's body was found.

Immediately upon my return to New York, I went into our library and tenderly picked the discarded "Analysis of Dreams" from its dust-laden corner.

## A Political Autopsy

*(Continued from Page 274)*

ments seldom face each other twice, and almost never do they line up for the third time. The factions are willing to forget. The true Illinois democratic spirit is too strong to take a great deal of account of the man who harbors grudges. The opponent of today may be a henchman tomorrow. At all events there is another election coming unless you are a Senior and then there is so much coming your way that you are not just exactly sure of, that class honors are nothing to worry about.



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Starting At 3:00, 7:30, and 9:00 P.M.

# Do You Remember?

H. W.

There was a night,  
Star-sprinkled and still;  
There was a lane—  
I was walking with Bill.

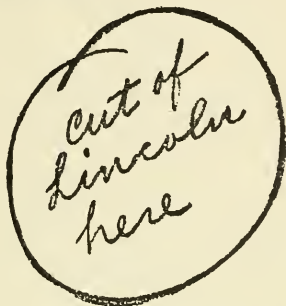
Deep in the shadows  
Cast by the trees;  
Bill stopped and gave me—  
O, such a squeeze.

Chill was the air  
And warm was his breast;  
Close up I cuddled,  
And Bill did the rest.

So sweet and so tender,  
As soft as the mist,  
He turned my face upward  
And someone was kissed.

I asked not the price;  
I knew not the cost.  
But with that one kiss  
My poor heart I lost.

Now always I dream  
Of a lane and a boy—  
Of the time I met Billy  
At old Illinois.



Here's an ad,  
by one of our  
own men

## Abraham Lincoln

Says: "When I am in doubt I listen to the 'voice of the people'. And I have never gone wrong when I acted according to the sentiment of the Great American Public."

We invite you to listen to the "voice of the student." Consider that college men smoke five times as many FATIMAS as any other brand of cigarettes and then decide what brand YOU will smoke.

20 for 15c

This ad. published in the \$500 Fatima Advertising Contest, is the work of Mr. John J. Lacey, University of Illinois.

### The \$500 Prize

\$500 will be paid to the college student who sends us the best original advertisement for Fatima cigarettes before June 1, 1915. In the meantime, for each ad. we publish we will pay the writer \$5. Illustrate your ad. if you can, but if you can't draw, then use your kodak or describe your idea.

Prize will be awarded by a committee of three prominent advertising men. L. B. Jones, Adv. Mgr. Eastman Kodak Co., F. R. Davis, Adv. Dept. General Electric Co., and J. George Frederick, Editor of Advertising & Selling.

**FATIMA**  
THE TURKISH BLEND  
CIGARETTE

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*  
212 Fifth Ave., New York City

Contest 35-B

# The Neighborhood Nuisance

*Being a Weekly Paper Published in Savoy, Ill.,  
Tells A. Goodwun, Editor.*

**O**UR city was honored on Friday evening by the appearance of th troop of famous Gren Beet players. "Lizzie the Lovelorn Lunatic" which they presented in Al Falfa's implement store, was the best which we have seen for some time. Only one accident marred the evening. Miss Nina Week, who played the leading role of "Lizzie," was using a mattress which belonged to Aunt Eva Sye for a padded cell, and at one time ran against it a little too hard, which released several bed bugs. Uncle Evan Lee Sye arose and denounced them, which removed all suspicion. He said that he could not explain their presence in the bottom of the mattress, because they were all on top the night before.

It is with pleasure that the editor publishes the following poem, written by Miss Rita Linersew of this city. No comment is necessary, for it speaks for it's self.

"My love, for thee I fain would die,  
"Thou art unto my soul the apple of my eye,  
"My love is thine, a seething conflagration,  
"Take it, I pray, e'er tis two late for redemption."

The editor commends the young lady on her talent. It is such article as this which have put our paper where it is now. Our total subscription for last week was 32, an increase of 20 per cent. over that of the week before.

The Raisin Ridge Rail Road is at present surveying for a branch line through our little city. It is to be hoped that the project comes to pass because the C. & O. service is not quite as good as it has been. Day before yesterday an unknown tramp tied himself to their tracks just south of the Gray-Mayer livery barn, and today his dead body was found. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "death by starvation."

**D**o you have cleaning and pressing done?  
Do you want it done right?  
Are you saved by sending it to  
the right place.  
Don't forget the number.

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# LYRIC THEATRE

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All Star Attractions Every Friday

Star Features Every Wednesday

FRIDAY, MARCH 26

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

IN

"THE KEY TO YESTERDAY"

From the Novel by Charles Nevil  
Buck

FRIDAY, APRIL 2

MAX FIGMAN

IN

"THE TRUTH WAGON"

From the Play by Hayden Talbot

Mrs. Simmy Larity's nephew, Justa Lyke, came down from Champaign last evening to spend the week end. It seems that he was slightly intoxicated, and retired early. About 9 o'clock Mrs. Larity heard a noise in the dining room, and arose to see what it was. Imagine her surprise when she saw her nephew shooting the cups off the table with the hoe handle, and after each shot sliding three or four dough-nuts up and down a clothes line which he had strung from one wall to the other.

Will O. Tree, this city's foremost lumber dealer, is down with the erysipilis. His cousin Tuba Fore who is also in the firm, was down with ptomaine poisoning last week. In some manner one of his toes became infected during his illness and had to be amputated. We hope Will does not meet with such a coincidence.

## Owed to a Lady

J. M. K.

I started out to write a verse  
In behalf of votes for women,  
Across two tables sat a blonde  
Who made my head start swimmin'.  
I thought t'was right to help the girls  
To get a chance to vote,  
I would have finished my verse, had not  
This blonde one rocked the boat. \*  
At first she smiled, and then she grinned,  
And then she laughed and spoke;  
She bowed and tossed her saucy head  
Until I thought she'd choke.  
Since then I've changed my mind, you see,  
It changed my whole relation.  
'Cause I'll be dogged if I could see  
Such women run our nation.

## WATCH REPAIRING

When done by T. H. Craig is done as good as it is possible for repair work to be done and when it leaves our shop it is in factory shape. It costs no more to have it done here than it does to have it in incompetent hands. Let us have your watch troubles.

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ESTABLISHED 1896

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SPECIAL RATES TO FRATERNITIES, CLUBS, CHURCHES, ETC.

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Urbana, Illinois

Satisfaction Guaranteed

**URBANA**  
**STEAM LAUNDRY**

205 N. MARKET, URBANA

Bell 877

Auto 4150

# Those April Fussing Nights

We feel the spring time coming on  
We sure have got it bad—oh!  
The ground-hog had no luck at all,  
He could not cast his shadow.  
The spring, you know, is surely fine  
With flowers and birds and trees;  
'Tis then that hens hatch little chicks  
And dogs hatch little fleas.  
'Tis then we rest our addled brains,  
We think no more of "figures;"  
We spend our time on picnic trips  
A' flirting with the chiggers.  
'Tis then we all a'fussing go,  
We turn out all the lights,  
Why speak of incandescent bulbs  
On moon-light April nights.  
'Tis then we all acquaint ourselves  
With south-farm creatures all,  
The little pigs who squeal at us  
And little calves who bawl.  
These things at any other time  
Would give a thousand frights;  
Somehow we never notice them  
On April fussing nights.

—J. M. K.

Who wants to try this one? Go easy, it's a slicker!  
"Why can't a cat stand on its hind legs?"  
Because every cat-"aract" falls over something!  
Now take it!!



# Mr. ADVERTISER

Do you know that your ad in the "Illinois Magazine" will be placed before a large part of the 5000 Illinois Students?

And that these students have **REAL MONEY TO SPEND?**

**DO** you realize that our advertising runs on the **RIGHT** hand page and reading matter on the other, which gives you a **100 PER CENT EFFICIENT** advertising medium?

**DO** you know our next two issues will be the **BIGGEST** and **BEST** ever put out?

Can **YOU** afford to miss out on them?

# For Smokers Only

By J. M. K.

ONE day as Phillip Morris was walking down Pall Mall in London, a circus parade passed. He didn't pay much attention to it until he saw Fatima riding a Camel. Now he desired greatly to call on Fatima, and thought desperately of taking her out to dinner, but he didn't see how he could Mak-ar-off his little \$15 per week. However, he resolved to write her a letter, so he took up his Penn and dropped her a card. A few days later he received a card from her from the South, and he departed for Richmond Straight way. Some how or other he didn't feel Natural away from her. She was his Favorite, and he desired to be with her. At Richmond he found her staying with her mother in a cute little Queen Ann bungalow in the Piedmont region. She was more than glad to see him, and he noted with pleasure the Luxuries of her surroundings. She was desirous to have him meet her mother, and of course he consented with pleasure. So she went to the foot of the stairs and called; "O-Mar! Come down and meet Mr. Morris!"

Her mother made her appearance at once and expressed her approval of Phil's presence in a most charming manner. She in turn presented Prince Albert of Havana, whom the ruler of Cuba had presented with the Chancellor's Havana Ribbon as a token of esteem. The little party then engaged in a game of billiards, Fatima was there with the Old English and won the game easily. After the evening had been spent enjoyably the butler served London Sherbert and the old folks retired. Phil and Fatima wandered about out on the wide veranda; Velvet-y moon-light and the soft, Satin touch of the sea breezes added Romance to the occasion, and soon Phil declared his love. He told her he was tired of leading a stray London Life with his old pal, Herbert Tarryton, at the City Club and asked her if she wouldn't like to take a honey-moon trip to Cairo, where they could love as did the Deities of old. She gave her consent, and when her little brother, Milo, wandered out on the veranda a few moments later he saw that Phil had made a Lucky Strike,

Stude, (seeing another smoking a cigarette, after having laid off since New Years):—"How does she taste, old boy; natural?"  
Stewed—"No, Fatima."

# Her Chamois Skin

There's a certain girl amongst us here  
Whom every lady knows,  
She's pretty, and the secret is  
The powder on her nose.  
She gets up for her nine o'clock,  
She's sorry she arose,  
She grabs a little bite to eat  
And powders up her nose.  
Between each class she rushes 'round,  
Frets not about her clothes,  
But at the glass she carefully  
Smears powder on her nose.  
At the evening time she has a date,  
And just before HE goes,  
He kisses her, but while he does  
She powders up her nose.  
At twelve P. M. she's snug in bed,  
Her eyes she's glad to close;  
At one o'clock she's up again,  
She forgot to powder her nose!

J. M. K.

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You will be sure to find among this collection a pattern which will chum-in with your personality.

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**ON GREEN STREET**

# A New Epidemic

Short courses are becoming almost as numerous as honorary fraternities. It is a poor profession, nowadays which can not support both and usually several of the latter.

Although the Ag short course, the original among the abbreviated courses, was abandoned this year and the last minute the Highway Engineering course was called off, the University was plentifully besieged with the Short Coursers.

The picturesque Ag Shorthorns, the delight of landladies and haberdashers for the past decade were lacking, but still the student could distinguish many about our campus during late January and early February, that had never worn a Freshman toque.

The Ceramics department, assisted by Professor Bleininger, now of the U. S. Bureau of Standards at Pittsburgh, disseminated a great deal of technical knowledge among practical brickmakers who gathered from many states. The Household Science did as well by the housewives, active and prospective. The school of Commerce entertained the business men of our state the first week of February.

In addition to the regular number of these bob-tailed courses of instruction a newcomer was noted in the ranks this year. No one seemed directly responsible for this, nor was the Short course in Automobiling designed to furnish outsiders with information. It was rather intended to enlighten ourselves.

The Short Course as given at Illinios represents something more than a mere diffusion of knowledge. The idea recognizes the fact that the University has other and broader duties in addition to educating the undergraduate. It is a recognition of the debt a public University owes to the community at large and especially to those who have been prevented from enjoying the regular curriculum.

Take that next pair of shoes to Harry LaSell.

## An Evening in the Library

You an boast of all your evenings spent  
By cozy fire sides,  
Your statement is no doubt well meant,  
But much good judgment hides.  
Nor can the trusty old park bench,  
Lay every claim to lovers,  
'Tis round our library reading rooms  
That old friend Cupid hovers.  
'Tis there the fussers meet their girls  
Sometimes not their's, but other's;  
'Tis there the coeds meet and talk  
Of other co-eds' brothers.  
And flirt! Well I should hope and trust  
Just like t'was Tucker's corner,  
If one fair miss refuse to flirt  
Why, then the others scorn her.  
We should not ask for privacy  
As long as we are able  
To hug behind a stack of books.  
And hold hands 'neath the table.  
Some night when you have naught to do  
Drop in for half a minute,  
If you're inclined to doubt my word  
You'll find there's something in it.

Newest, latest and nobbiest furnishings at Marshall's—The  
Arcade.

# Bugs

By J. M. KNAPPENBERGER.

Buggs come in many different shapes and sizes, subject to change without notice and guaranteed to fill with perfect satisfaction the position for which furnished.

Bugs are classified as follows:—pinching, lady, lightning, bed—for further classes see any good, gray-haired zoo prof.

Pinching variety are named for their adept talent at mimicking electrician's pliers. Some authorities place them in the same class as lightning bugs, because when one pinches you, you're bound to raise thunder. (Deep stuff; just like a whale!) However, lightning bugs are a much older species; in truth, they are so old they are beginning to get light-minded. All that started the family troubles in the garden of Eden was a lightning bug. Adam gave Eve one on their wedding day for a diamond, the dirty loafer. He said it was a 16-carrot; but the bug died and didn't shine any more. Eve threw it in his face and said "she didn't carrot wasn't any good, anyhow." This is about all that is definitely known about lightning bugs, except that they hung them from the roof of the Ark by their hind legs so they could see to feed the elephants.

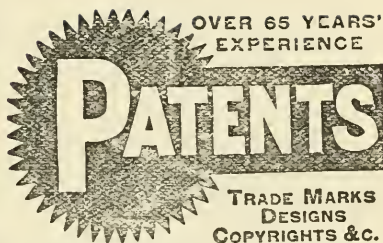
It has been often said that we mortals meet strange bed-fellows. One of these is the bed-bug. He is an aristocratic rascal, making his nests chiefly in the best laundries and rooming houses. They make excellent roommates and often furnish entertainment during nights of sleeplessness by using the small of your back for a motor-dome.

Lady bugs are found in various places; one species is always present at base-ball games. (Don't be discouraged, think it over!) They are dainty little things, and when you were a little wild you used to enjoy tormenting them by advising them to hurry home, because their domiciles were burning and they were apt to lose their progeny. They are exactly similar to girls in the Engineering school—not very often seen.

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## Hats

A man who wants to make a mark  
Amongst our students here,  
Should classify in index style  
The hats our Co-eds wear.

There's brown ones, and white ones,  
Some slick and others fuzzy;  
The man who said styles never change  
Was not quite right; now, was he?

I see one now that's all pure white  
With two black feathers on it;  
If I could claim an artist's skill  
I surely would have drawn it.

It looks just like some poor tired bird  
Had flown up there to sleep,  
And if he only had a mouth  
I know he'd sing "Cheap—Cheap!"

Now here's another over here,  
It's blue, with roses on it;  
I don't know where they got the name,  
It's a Mary Pickford bonnet.

There's one across the room that looks  
Just like our old coal bucket,  
The one next to it looks as though  
A tropical storm had struck it.



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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE.

The next one down is really nice,  
It cost a lot, I know ;  
But still it is no nicer than  
The girl that's down below.

And over here's a black one, too,  
Brave girl; she dare's to wear it!  
Those big green feathers look to me  
Like half a poor, dead parrot.

The colors all so dazzle me  
I don't know where I'm at,  
So I will give it up and say  
Each one is  
Just a  
Hat!

## That Car

It's soft for the guy who's got a car,  
There's nothing in life his pleasure to mar,  
He don't have to hunt; he can get any queen,  
If he's got a speedy, good looking machine.  
I envy the guy who's got the Pierce,  
This walking the streets is simply fierce;  
I'd be tickled to death if I had a Hup,  
And could drive around town and pick 'em up.  
It's great to drive out in the cool night breeze,  
With a left hand drive and a right hand squeeze;  
But I gotta' stick inside the house,  
Oh gosh! I wish pa'd buy me a "Louse!"

—J. M. K.

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# Forgotten Romance

By J. M. K., '17.

It seems that as the years roll on  
We less romantic grow,  
Our time is taken up with work,  
You know!

It seems we've near forgotten ;  
No love our hearts entwine,  
And not a single girlie gets  
A Valentine.

And yet there is a Maiden here—  
The fairest of creation ;  
My interest was first aroused  
By rank flirtation.

I've seen her many, many times,  
As much as twice a week ;  
And yet because of etiquette  
I must not speak.

And so it is I take this means  
To send her this short line ;  
I hope she'll promise now to be  
My Valentine.

I trust this will a lesson be  
To all young friends of mine ;  
Don't fail to tell your girl that she's  
Your Valentine.

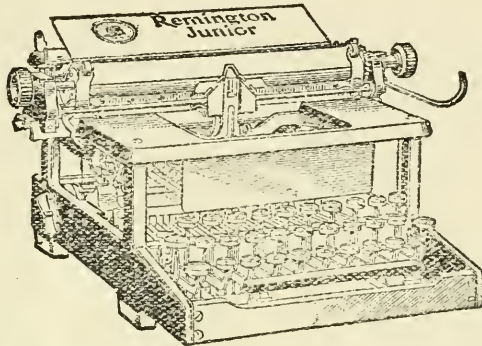
For if we each forget it,  
Old Romance will be "nix,"  
And in a trice this world will be  
A bunch of sticks.

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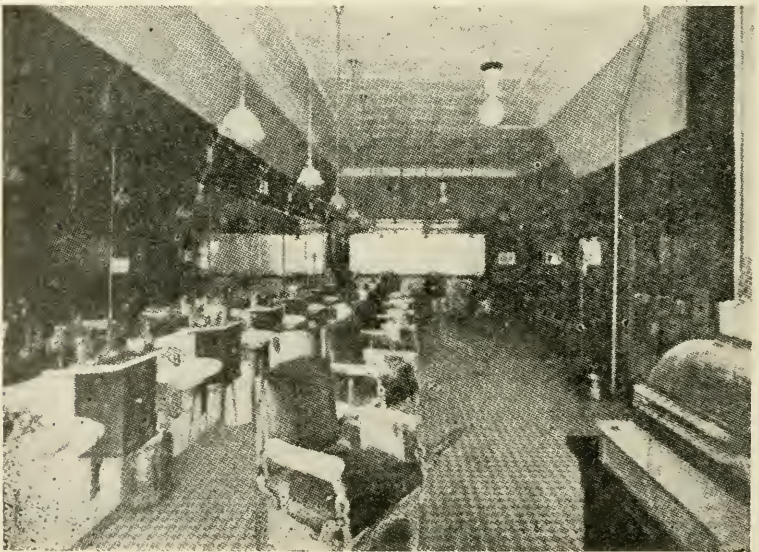
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A Nature Study, - - - Alpha X, Delta

Old Man Bigty and His Campus Scouts  
Delta Gamma

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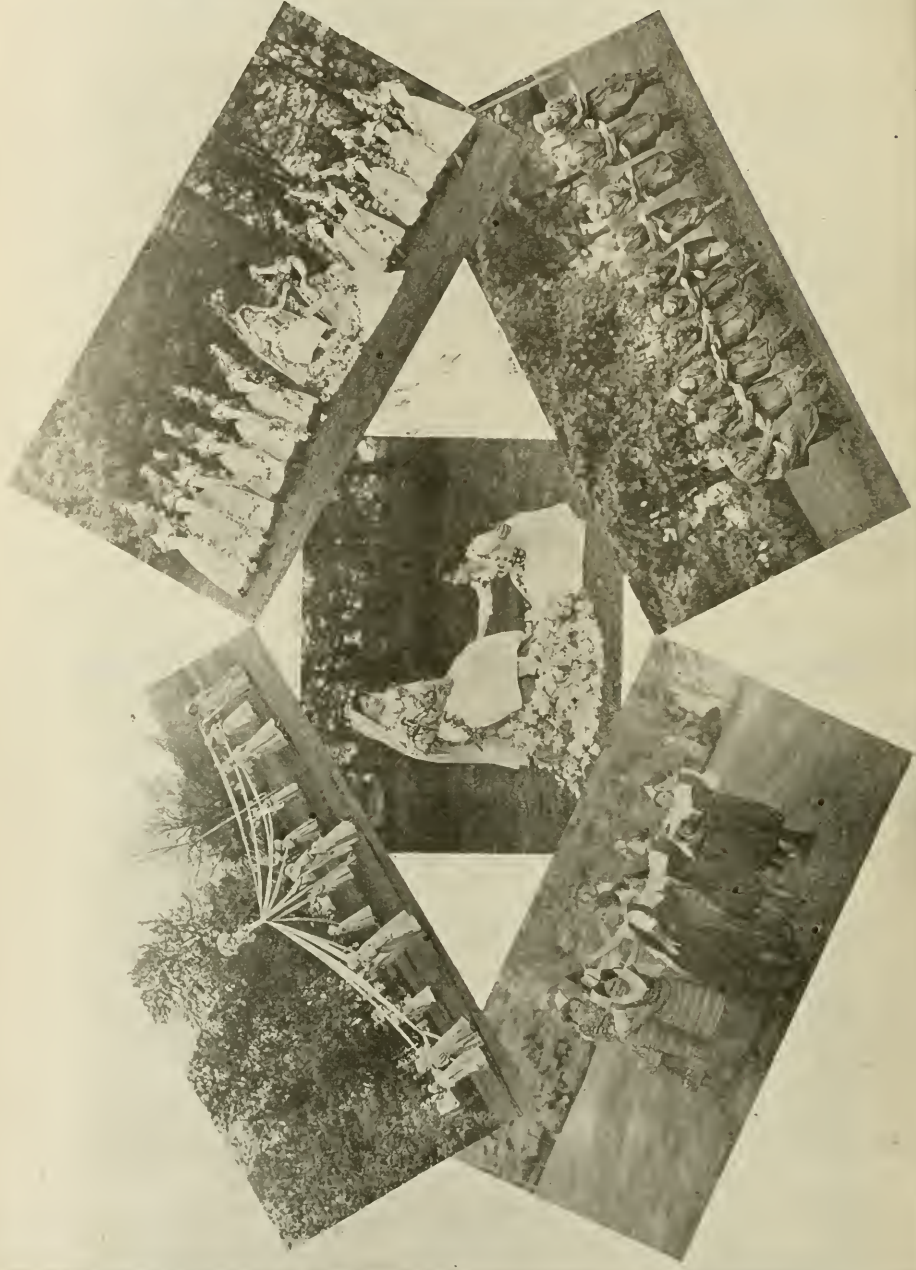
Alice in Wonderland, - - Gregonian

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# Illinois Magazine

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1915

NO. 5

## A Strange Vision

By ALLEN BROWN

I MET Manson for the first time at the club on West Forty-fourth street, and although we saw each other several times after that in the months that followed, I never became really acquainted with him until an invitation from a mutual friend took us away from the city on a two weeks' fishing trip in the Adirondacks.

We devoted the first two or three days to getting acquainted, and the next two or three to the trout, but as the novelty wore off we found ourselves hanging around the cabin more and more each day, going out only in the mornings and devoting the rest of the day to bridge and our pipes. There were three others in the party besides Manson and our host, two brokers from the street, and a retired merchant from Jersey City. I found myself drawn to Manson from the start, and as chance had appointed us bed partners, we rapidly became good friends.

One night we were sitting out on the side veranda smoking. The other men had gone to bed, and Manson and I were seated with our feet cocked up on the railing watching the play of an electrical storm farther down the valley. We had been discussing dreams and the question of whether or not the mind of the Infinite ever assumes direction of the affairs of men through their agency. I was a bit skeptical on the topic, and cited the story of the Indian sleeping on the prairie, who, dreaming that he was being run over by a herd of stampeded buffalos, awoke to find that his ear had been next the ground and that the rumble of their approach had wakened him. Manson maintained, on the other hand, with a terrible earnestness which I was at a loss to account for until later, that man's approaching doom is often made apparent to him before-

hand in dreams. I was about to continue the argument when he silenced me with an imperative movement.

"I know what I am talking about!"

With this, he drew a leather case from an inner pocket and handed it to me. I lighted a match to look at it more closely and found that it contained the portrait of a beautiful young girl of perhaps nineteen or twenty.

"My daughter," he said shortly. There was a long pause which neither of us broke until I at last became curious to learn more about her and interrupted.

"Well?" I said inquiringly.

He lit a cigar before answering, and in the halo formed by the flaring match, I saw him wince.

"I see no reason why I should not tell you", he said, finally, "since you have raised the point. The death of a wealthy relative some twenty years ago enabled me to retire with a small fortune and take up a life of leisure in a comparatively fashionable section of town. My wife and I were not blessed with an abundance of children, as are some, but the one girl which we did have was so good that she more than made up for it.

"Curiously enough, although every advantage of wealth and good position was within her reach, she cared little for society, and seemed never so happy as when home with us. She was the most obedient girl I have ever known, and our slightest whim was her law. This obedience, God forgive me, was the cause of our tragedy!

Manson resumed his story with a neffort and I was for having him stop, but he insisted on continuing, so I relapsed into silence.

"It was thirteen years ago this spring that it happened. Louise appeared late at breakfast one morning, with her face as white as paper and a look of intense fear in her eyes. She avoided our questions at first, a thing most unusual in her, for she generally told us freely of her thoughts. I was forced finally to demand directly what was the matter, and she confessed that it was a mere nothing—only a dream she had had.

"I burst out laughing, for it seemed ridiculous to me that anyone should be frightened at a dream, but my wife gave me a reproving look and asked her to tell us what she had dreamed.

"Louise was unwilling to do so at first, and I became slightly

irritated at her conduct. She apparently saw that I was rapidly becoming angry, so she hastened to assure us that she would repeat the details of her vision as it had appeared to her. It seems that in her dream she had been walking down a deserted street just at nightfall, when she was stopped at a street crossing by a funeral car which suddenly drew up in front of her and blocked her way.

"The hearse, drawn by four black horses, was the oddest she had ever seen, being fashioned like a heavy oblong steel cage instead of the usual carriage of ebony and plate glass. On the driver's box sat a man, she said, in whose countenance it seemed that all the evil passions of the world had found a harbor. A thick mass of heavy black hair hung low on his forehead, and a nest of broken yellow teeth was laid bare by a hideous scar which spread over one side of his face.

"Terrified at the apparition, she stood rooted to the spot, whereat he growled at her in a commanding tone, 'Come on, I am waiting for you'! and vanished.

"Try as I might, I could not help laughing at the outlandish tale, and I was only prevented from rebuking her for her nonsense by the pitiful spectacle she presented in her terror. After breakfast I took her for a short walk, endeavoring as I did so to show how utterly absurd it was for her to attach any significance to the dream. On our return I suggested to my wife that she be placed at some light task about the house to relieve her mind, and the poor girl went about it as though she were being punished for some misdeed.

"That evening when she said good night she surprised me by flinging her arms about me and kissing me again and again. I pushed her gently but firmly away, and bade her get to bed as quickly as possibly with her nonsense.

"My friend stopped shortly, and I could discern his huge form shaking violently in the half light. I chewed my cigar nervously, but could say nothing. He finally took up the thread of his story once more.

"We were awakened early in the morning by a scream from our daughter's chamber, which was just across from ours. There was a rush of bare feet across the corridor, and she burst in the room in her night attire, her dishevelled hair flying in a cloud about her face.

"He came again, and he is waiting for me!" she sobbed as she clutched frenziedly at the counterpane, "Help me father, help me!"

"I arose, put on my dressing gown and went to explore her room, leaving my wife to calm her. It was just barely daylight, but I was unable to see any evidence of a visitor's having been in her room, so I understood at once that the dream had merely repeated itself. Returning to the room, I found that this was indeed the case. She had dreamed the dream just before dawn, as at first.

"Once more she had walked down the deserted street at dusk. Once more she had been stopped by the hearse, only this time, she said, an open coffin was lying within ready to receive her. Once more the evil faced demon on the box had turned his gaze upon her and said, 'Come on, I am waiting for you!'"

Manson paused in his narrative, and I wondered what horrible ending his tale would have, for I felt instinctively that it would be horrible. He broke in shortly.

"There's no use my drawing out this damnable story. The dream came to Louise three times, leaving her each time weaker and more terrified than before. On the fatal afternoon of the third day, I took her down town to shop, thinking the change of scenery would do her good. Yes, may Heaven forgive me, I forced her to go against her will, but she was obedient to the last. Weak she must have been, or she would have turned on me and struck me to earth, since I know now that the terrible events which followed in such quick succession were all made clear to her before hand. Only the hand of an implacable Fate could have drawn her so irresistably to her doom, terrorized into subjection though she may have been.

Alighting at the curb in front of a large department store on Fifth avenue, I took hold of her arm and guided her across the sidewalk into the doorway. She was trembling like a leaf, and somehow all my confidence left me in a lump. I shuddered as the horrible events of her visitation passed before my mind in brief panorama. I saw her stopped by the steel woven carriage of death, with its coffin lying open inside. I saw the friend beckon to her from the box, and heard the damnable words hiss through his yellow snags, when suddenly I was torn loose from her in the crowd, an empty elevator sank to rest in a shaft just before us, and the demon himself appeared as the door slid back.

“Come on. I am waiting for you!” I heard him say, as she crossed the threshold fascinated. My agonised warning came too late, his ugly face contract into a hellish grin of triumph as the door slammed to and the car shot upwards. There was a grinding of shattered machinery, a scream of rending cables, and the car flashed past on its way to death.

“My God! If I had only known——”

The Johnson-Willard fight is past,  
It ended like we hoped,  
Old “Atha” went below so fast  
    You’d think his skids were soaped.  
How long we’ve waited for young Jess  
    The sport sheets only know,  
But now if I don’t miss my guess,  
    He’s out to make a show.  
The “colored gent” was pretty trim,  
    He still could use his dome,  
But after Jess got through with him  
    ’Twas just “nobody home.”  
So here’s to the new “world’s champion,”  
    On the fighting ladder’s top,  
It remains to be seen, he may be green,  
    But he’s there with the knock-out drop.

# The Junk Pile

By J. M. K.

We hereby launch our "funny boat." It is customary to break a bottle of champagne on the prow of the boat to be christened, but inasmuch as this is a dry town and we haven't the fare to Danville we have with all due ceremony just bit off the neck of the old brown bottle we brought back after Easter vacation, and with one mighty effort we have dislodged two drops of H<sub>2</sub>O—Corn 97—, Alcohol 250, and oozed them gently on this sheet. After which sacred right we soaked it up with a sponge and swallowed the sponge. With a little "blank" verse, we're off:—

We hope you'll like this little sheet,  
It's just our first edition,  
But if it tends to tickle you  
Why, then it's served it's mission.

After much ceremony and dispensing of money for doctor's bills we have ushered out the small-pox. We feel sorry for those who have had it, but lots sorrier for those who haven't, because they'll probably get the new edition scheduled to arrive a la Bone-yard on March 23, 1916.

The powers that be won't cover the glue factory up because they know it's liable to blow to pieces if they do.

If you have a Ford and don't want it to fly away, never let your hand slip while cranking it.

## *A Touching Little Drama.*

Two cats.

Enter bulldog.

Exit cats.

What fur?



# Hash

We feel it coming! Yea; It approaches rapidly. Hurriedly we take the typewriter fondly between our thumb and forefinger, nervously we toss it in our hand for a few fleeting seconds, and then—we're off!

First come the plants! Did you ever feel a deep interest in plants? If you did, don't be alarmed, because few indeed are those who were not verily born with palms in their hands. The idea will take root in every one's brain, so let it branch out, bud!

So many fond parents take supreme delight in naming their progeny after some flower. Little Violet often turns out to be 6 feet 2 and with red hair, but be that as it may she is still little Violet. Rose often becomes a washed out blonde, with number nine petals, but Rose she remains.

Our subject of flowers seems to be giving way before the railroad craze. We feel that we must rave about railroads. "Toot-toot." We're off the track again. Actually, we must begin to tie ourself down before we place ourself before our proper station in life.

Did you ever play foot-notes on a shoe-horn? It is commonly called Oxford music, because it comes forth from the very sole. Of course, there is tacks on such music, but the strings are not very expensive.

Enter moving pictures! Moving pictures are the reel enjoyment of life. War is necessary to moving pictures because we could not have movies without carbines. The movies are very pre-historic things because they have been running ever since the arc was discovered. A film seems to be appearing which screens our view of future foolishness. We thank you for your patience, but we still contend that a cliff over which the Boneyard flows is a dirty bluff!

## “Days of Real Sport”

By J. M. KNAPPENBERGER

MASTER HAROLD DALEY slammed the door to the little news stand with a bang peculiar to juvenility in a state of anxiousness. For a moment he looked about him carefully, then tiptoed to the screened-in display window and glared longingly at a box of candy cigars. Having satisfied himself that they were really there and plentiful enough to hold out until he could procure a nickel from that infinite somewhere where small boys obtain their allowances, he turned like a flash on his run-over heels, slammed the screen door even harder than the time before and dashed madly toward his father's house.

Arriving in the alley directly behind the red barn he crept cautiously in a crouching position past the open space between the smoke-house and the hen-roosts; then having gained a strategic position beyond the dog kennel and the pump he dropped to his hands and knees and crawled cautiously toward an old stump. Forthwith he began measuring by hand-lengths due east from the stump, the meanwhile counting “one-two-three-four” and upward each time he touched the back of his left hand to the finger tips of his right. Upon the count of “seventeen” he raised the forefinger of his right hand and lowered it directly into a small hole, heretofore unobserved. He and “Skin” Tanner had dug this hole the Saturday before while playing “Jesse James” and none but they two had learned the location of the swag and lived to tell it. Causiously he peered about him; then satisfied that he was unobserved he pulled forth a small match box, his face beaming with gluttonish glee all the while. Feverishly he tore the lid from the box, sorted out two green pennies from a myriad of marbles, fish-hooks and worms, and replaced the box; then having again crept cautiously past the barn, he rose to his feet, emitted a whoop of triumph and tore down the street, all the way galloping and crying “dangger-dangger” at the top of his voice in imitation of the fire department. This, with Harold, expressed triumph and satisfaction.

Once more the screen door to the little news stand banged shut, and Harold exchanged his time-worn coppers for as many chocolate cigars. His satisfaction seemily at its zenith, he handled the door more gently on his exit. Arriving on the sidewalk, he placed one of the cigars at a particular angle skyward in the corner of his mouth, rammed his chubby fists in his trousers' pockets and swaggered jauntily up the street, removing the cigar at frequent intervals and expectorating vigorously and with deadly aim at certain trees along the parking which did not suit his taste.

He had not proceeded for more than two blocks when he was hailed from the top of "Skin" Tanner's barn.

"Yoo-hoo, 'Fat'! Wha'cha got'n yur face?"

Seemingly unperturbed, though inwardly gloating at his triumph, Harold condescendingly stopped, scrutinized the freckled face which peered over the ridge of Tanner's barn, and then slowly sauntered toward that landmark.

"Wha'cha got'n yur face?" again came the query.

"Cigar, y' poor boob!"

"Aw, fur the love o' Mike, 'Fat'; whad'ya want to fool with them candy ones fur, look'at what I got!"

Harold's erstwhile million dollar countenance fell to 80 in the shade when he slowly raised his eyes and beheld "Skin" Tanner with a regular, "honest-to-goodness" cigar in his smudgy face. Now Harold, though not yet in his teens, was no slouch as a diplomat, and seeing that he was bested he began to cast about for a plan by which he might go "fifty-fifty" on "Skin's" Havana. Finally a bright idea came to him, and crawling dexterously to "Skin's" point of vantage via the cherry tree, he seated himself in a friendly attitude near his chum and broached his proposition.

"Say, 'Skin,' I got one more candy cigar left: if you'll lem'me smoke half that cigar I'll give yu' one of mine."

"Done," answered he of the real smoke, in such an emphatic manner as to leave no question of doubt.

"Where'll we go to smoke it?" This from Harold.

"Well," debatingly, "I guess we'd just as well do it right here, 'cause mamma's around on the front porch."

This momentous question having been decided, "Skin" procured a match from the depths of his pockets, roughly struck it on said trousers, applied said match to said cigar, and puffed vigorously between coughs. In the meanwhile Harold was all alertness.

"How does she go, "Skin": is she mild or strong?" This to give the impression that he was a veteran smoker.

"Pretty strong, I'd say!" was the reply: "if you don't believe it try it yourself!"

Harold seized the opportunity and also the cigar, and puffed vigorously as "Skin", now white about the gills, sat looking pensively at the roof, meanwhile fanning himself with his straw hat. For several minutes Harold entertained the cigar royally; then suddenly he began to feel hungry. Oh, how he could have enjoyed a good apple or a bunch of juicy grapes! And it was getting hotter than blazes! He had never sweat so before in all his life. Raising his head, with the myriad of millstones that hung attached, he peered cautiously about him. "Skin" was now prostrate; he had crawled to the far end of the barn and was lying there on his manly bosom with his head hanging over the edge of the roof.

Harold waited to see no more; he planned to retreat. But "Skin" should never know he was sick. A happy thought crept into his addled brain, and as he wobbled to his feet he called out:

"Well, s'long 'Skin', I gotta go; mamma wants me to beat some rugs for her."

A muffled "Aw'rite" was all that came from the far end of the barn.

Harold's path from the barn to his home was by no means rosy. He seemed to experience genuine difficulty in walking on the walks. Finally he staggered into the little vegetable garden at the rear of his house. Ah! Here was heaven at last.

Blindly he grouped about in a bed of onions, pulled up a handful and ate them, dirt and all. Radishes came next and then tomatoes. After a meal that would have done credit to the strictest vegetarian, he staggered to his feet. He wished now he hadn't eaten anything; he felt worse than he had before. On shaking

pins he wobbled to the back porch, his lower lip quivering. He would—No, he wouldn't—yes he would—

There was no longer any chance for argument. Harold lovingly grasped the gutter downspout by the back steps and bowed—to the inevitable, all incognizant of the fact that mother was watching him from the kitchen window with a half-smiling, half-pained expression on her face.

The window raised slowly.

"Harold!"

He started as abruptly as possible.

"Yes'm!"

"What have you been doing?"

"I fell off "Skin's" barn and hurt myself, mamma!"

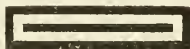
"Harold!"

"Yes'm!"

"What's that in your hand?"

He looked. Great Scott, he had forgotten to throw the cigar away!

We drop the curtain on the scene immediately following in the wood shed.



# "Other Fellows' Girls--and Mine"

By J. M. K.

**I**N OUR last issue one young lady very ably and in detail pondered disasterously for the space of three pages on other girls' beaux. Since none of the other sex have as yet ventured to "come back" in behalf of the dear boys, we meekly bow our head and assume the responsibilities of the awful task.

My own personal experience has been limited extremely, but from what I have seen of other fellows' girls I am providently thankful that I am not as yet attached; that is, permanently. It is a firmly established fact that every man should fuss, because thereby they may see practically ever failure and short-coming on earth, and profit by them.

Girls are divided into three classes: serious girls, jolly girls, and flirts. The first class, needless to say, is practically extinct. The second class, thank goodness, is as strong as ever; and the jolly, sociable, "I'm-your-friend" kind of a girl is the greatest blessing on earth. The latter class is exceedingly plentiful, and furnish exceedingly interesting pastime for the boys. We will permanently dismiss them by saying that next to Coca-Cola nothing is so sure a cure for the blues.

Now for the serious class. They range all the way from those having jet black hair, precisely slicked back and fastened with plain wire hair-pins, to those who use peroxide and amber colored barrettes; but never yet have I seen a serious girl possessed of Titian tresses. Strange, isn't it? Serious girls are the surest kind to fall desperately in love with, because when they say you're the only one you can believe it without crossing your fingers. They are always overflowing with etiquette, and as for knowledge—well, never try to tell a serious girl anything about the standing army of the country or the manufacture of clay pipe, because you'll feel like your brain is a knot hole before they finish with you.

Jolly girls are by far the most interesting class, and moreover the kind men know least about. It requires years and years of training before a fellow can learn to talk to one over the phone. They will pick out some little flattering remark you make (on

purpose), pounce upon it mercilessly like a hawk, and spend thirty minutes tearing it into shreds to keep one talking about them. It goes something like this :

He—"I heard something nice about you the other evening."

She—"Oh, do tell me what it was."

He—"Uh-uh, I mustn't."

She—"Please do."

He—"Well, if you must know, my room-mate said your hair was perfectly adorable."

She—"Did he, really? The dear old thing. I'd love to meet him"—etc. (Note: This isn't half long enough, but it serves the purpose admirably.)

Girls are regular Chinese puzzles to men. We can never tell anything about them. One night they may act as though they adored you, (they probably have some ulterior motive in view) and the next night you feel as though you had made about as much progress as if you had stayed at home. This applies only to other fellows' girls, not to mine.

Another queer thing about them is that they never will tell you whether they have a date or not for a certain evening until you tell them just what you contemplate doing on the evening for which you ask. If one calls up and asks for a "date for the Band Concert Tuesday evening" he has some chance of getting it, but call up and ask if "she has an engagement for Tuesday evening" and you might as well scream at a cigar box on the wall for all the good it will do you; she will either come right out and ask you what "we are going to do" or else keep the benefit of the doubt to herself and tell you she has a date. I give them credit for this, and think it very wise, for what is the use of taking a chance on Charley when Jimmy may be coming around with a bigger bonfire for the same night; one can never tell. This applies to other fellows' girls, not mine. Girls are very fortunate in that they can tell you to call up again the latter part of the week; this leaves all comers a chance at a date; the girl can then pick the best one and tell the others "no" as fast as the poor fools can call her up. Mine never does that.

Fellows often lay awake nights figuring out how to get "a better stand-in with so-and-so" when if they only knew what the

old hands know they would sleep in a state of coma straight through for two weeks and let "so-and-so" do the worrying. All experienced fussers know that all you've got to do to make a girl crazy about you is to never call up more than twice a week (unless you have the thing cinched) no matter how much it hurts you not to; never ask her for more than just enough dates to make her wonder just what kind of a fellow you are anyway; and never by any means let her know that you could for minute consider her seriously. Carry that "I-should-fret" atmosphere about with you whenever you are where she can notice you, and you can certainly land any of them. They are just naturally so inquisitive that they can't live without finding out more about you; if they can't figure you out any other way they'll take the one last desperate chance. This applies to other fellows' girls, NOT MINE!

He—If a goat should swallow a rabbit what would you call it?

She—Why, I would call it a hare in the butter.



## The Bubble

The first rays of the rising sun that struck the southern slope of Old Pendennis fell upon the figure of a young man seated on a smooth white rock. He was breathing heavily and his forehead and upper lip were moist with perspiration as a result of his early morning walk. Not far below him extended the deserted bed of a mountain river with a mere thread of water meandering helplessly between its broad banks. Beyond this valley, and in fact in every direction, were mountain sides clad below with blue grass and above with pine forests. No paths, cabins or other signs of civilization were to be seen.

As the boy rose to his feet he surveyed the landscape with eager smiling eyes.

"There's not much danger of an unwelcome visitor here," he said to himself. "This is surely the rock that Bull pointed out to me. And the place to start digging is a couple of yards below here, eh? Well, I've wanted to test this out for quite a while now, and tonight I'll know!

Rubbing his hands in the clay at his feet, he grasped his pick, which with a spade was lying on the ground beside the rock, and fell to digging. As he worked his thots flew back to the day a fortnight before, when he had passed below that spot with Bull Roberts. The old man had stopped short, picked up a lump of dirt and examined it eagerly.

"There's a pocket of gold in this here mountain side, he had then exclaimed, "Do you see that white rock up yonder?"

Ted remembered nodding his assent.

An'do you see that yalled bush 'bout six foot this side of it? Wall, as sure as they call me Bull she's right close to that bush. An what's more I ain't a goin' to waste no time acomin' out here after her."

But that very night a drunken quarrel over a card game at Dick's place had cost Bull his life. Two weeks had passed, and at last Ted had been granted a day off at the mill. What he lacked in experience as a gold digger he made up in a energy. Bull had been right; there was a vein of ore in the mountain side. Ted struck it at a depth of about two feet, finding not a pocket of gold, as he had hoped might be the case, but a sprinkling of yellow

grains scattered through a bed of shale and sandstone. The pocket was higher up the mountain side. Without stopping once to rest, he followed the vein with successive drillings. He was unaware of the passage of time as he sank hole after hole. He knew only that he was nearing his prize. The stream of ore was narrowing and concentrating and from all indications the next digging would strike the pocket.

"Just one more hole and I'll get you, old girl! Ted you're going to be a regular get-rich-quick. But keep your shirt on, boy! Keep your shirt on! You haven't got her yet."

He crawled out of the hole. A slight breeze struck him and made his clothes, drenched as they were with sweat, feel cold, and clammy against his steaming body. When he straightened up, every muscle in his back and legs quivered and ached. Then he realized that he was hungry and tired as well as sore.

"It must be about noon," he said. "But I can't stop digging just to eat and rest."

He glanced up at the sun.

"Noon!" he echoed. "Jumping Jupiter! It's three o'clock if it's a minute past sunrise. If I'm going to eat at all it's got to be now!"

So he took out fifteen minutes for a hasty lunch which he ate dangling his legs in his last pit and deciding upon the exact spot to sink his pocket-out blow. He was stiff when he began digging again, but his muscles soon loosened up and he made the dirt fly. Three! Three and a half feet—! Was there no pocket after all? Then his pick struck the gold dirt. Not a few scattered grains of it this time, but a solid mass of the crumbling yellow substance.

Ted's eyes shone with feverish brilliancy, his temples burned and his fingers lost their strength. He soon gathered his scattered faculties and began to test the size of his find. The glittering mass of yellow ore was almost three inches thick and was lodged in a crevice between two layers of sandstone. It had once been solid, but it had disintegrated to such an extent that only a few chunks were left. The boy excavated all around it with the utmost of care. Gold! Almost a bushel basket full of it! He leaned back in his narrow pit in happy relaxation. With his right hand he

patted the pile of golden dust tenderly; then he filtered it idly through his tired fingers.

"No more work at six-thirty with three-quarters of an hour off for dinner. I'll get a letter off to Lucille tonight to let her in on my good fortune, and to tell her that the Markeston Lumber Mill is going to have to learn to make boards without me. Yessir! I'm going back to the States as soon as I can get this stuff counted and taken care of. No more Alaska for—but these are blamed cramped quarters for day dreaming, especially when my own knees are jamming the wind out of me."

He scrambled out of the pit taking with him a generous handful of the yellow dirt which he poured into his large red bandanna. Folding the handkerchief he placed it in one of his trouser pockets. This, he would take to town to determine its purity and value. He burled the remainder of the ore in a grassy spot under a scrubby pine a few hundred feet away. Dumping his pick and spade into the nearest pit he strode down the hill, pausing at the tiny stream just long enough to wash some of the dirt from his hands and face and to enjoy a drink of the cool, clear water. Then he set off down the valley toward Markeston, whistling softly as he hurried along. Only once did he cease whistling, and then he was thinking what a shame it was that Bull would never know how true a prophet he had been.

ffl

There was no doubt in his mind whom he should go to ask about his gold; Sandy was the man! For what Sandy did not know about mining and metals hadn't reached those parts as yet. The old man was seated at the door of his cabin. Ten sat down beside him without wasting time on formalities. After a few casual remarks he drew his bandanna with its precious contents from his pocket with a hand that trembled a little inspite of his efforts to hold it firm.

"About what is this worth, Sandy?" asked the boy.

The miner unfolded the handkerchief and examined the ore it contained. Ted, without removing his eyes from the miner's face leaned eagerly toward him.

Well as nigh as I kin tell this here is wo'th close unto four

(Continued on Page 2020)



WHY NOT BE REASONABLE.

As the first of June rolls around the old question comes up of a period of "neutrality" before the final exams, during which time the student can rest his tired brain and pull himself together for the examinations. The final exams are supposed to be the court of last resort where the student can show his instructors what he has gotten out of his course. The showing he makes depends so largely on the physical condition he is in, that a student who has worked up to the last minute on his regular work and attempts to review the whole semester's work of one or two studies in a night, is not in a condition to do full justice to his examinations. Members of the faculty, why not be reasonable and suspend school on the day before the finals.

TWIN CITY MERCHANTS—THANK YOU.

The Business Managers of the Illinois Magazine wish to thank the advertisers for their splendid support throughout the year. The existence of the magazine is made possible only through the cooperation of the advertisers. In fact they foot the printing bill, and they deserve the support of the Illinois students.

dollars and a half a ton," drawled the old man. "It 'pears to be a pretty fair specimen of pyrite. Looks a lot like gold doesn't it sonny?"

The boy did not reply. The color had gone from his face. Clenching his fists he rose unsteadily.

"Thanks Jim! I've got to be going," he said quietly as he left the miner with the fool's gold on his knees.

He turned down the dusty road looking neither to the right nor the left. ¶¶

"Not worth what it would cost to cart it to town! And I thought I was a rich man! Well, I guess it's back to the mill for me. Hereafter, I'll leave mining for those who understand it. There's probably not enough gold in that whole mountain side to buy a vacant dot in northern Greenland! What a poor fool I've been to think that I could clean up a neat fortune in a day. I doubt if I could tell gold from saw dust, and I'm worse at building air castles than an eight year old Don Quixote!"

He strode along in silence with his hands buried deep in his pockets and his head bowed, seemingly studying the little clouds of dust he was kicking up.

"The worst of this is that it's just as hard for a fellow to lose twenty thousand dollars that he thinks he's got, as twenty thousand that are really his."

He stopped short; then he glanced about him in surprise. Before him were the empty pits he had left an hour before. His feet not his brain, had brought him back.

The last red rays of the setting sun that struck the southern slope of Old Pendennis fell upon Ted sitting on the smooth white stone, gazing thoughtfully out over the valley. Two garrulous sparrows in a nearby furze bush dared to chirp gayly at each other in supreme disregard to the dead silence of the place and the young man's solemn attitude. Their chirping seemed to awaken Ted from his thoughts. His features softened into his old expression of eager hope.

"What have I to feel bad about?" he asked himself. "I needed the exercise, and anyway I'm just as well off as I was this mornin'—just as strong, just as wealthy with my year's savings;

(Concluded on Page 2022)

# Summer Fabrics for Summer Suits

AT THE

## Pitsenbarger & Flynn Shop

The exquisite display of light-as-air woollens for the coolest of cool summer clothes, is the big feature of the Pitsenbarger & Flynn clothes display for man alive.

Into Pitsenbarger & Flynn suits are tailored certain visible qualities of elegance and refinement that so completely set them aside from just "other" clothes that men who really care will buy here exclusively.

These little niceties of draping and cutting and finish, form conclusive evidence that will bring a verdict of "Guilty of the Highest Quality" from the most particular men of fashion.

# Pitsenbarger & Flynn

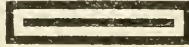
## Tailors to Particular Illini

### On Green Street

these mountains were never more beautiful, and what's more, Lucille will be more stronger for me in a couple of years when I've earned every cent I take home with me, than she could have been now."

He paused to draw a deep breath of the pure mountain air. Then, throwing his spade and pick over his shoulder, he called:

"Home, James, and don't slow up for corners! I need a good night's sleep, and I'm going to be at work ten minutes ahead of time tomorrow morning.





# Our Ability

to "deliver the goods" has gained us  
a large patronage.

*Why not Yours?*

We are offering something in the  
way of

**Cap and Gown**  
**Pictures**

**THE PHOTO ART STUDIO**

CO-OP BUILDING  
SECOND FLOOR

## Interscholastic Program

### THURSDAY, MAY 13

- 6:00 p. m.—May day fete, Illinois field  
8:00 p. m.—Girls' stunt show, Auditorium

### FRIDAY, MAY 14

- 9:30 a. m.—Preliminaries, 4th Interscholastic tennis tournament  
1:30 p. m.—Track meet, Wisconsin vs. Illinois  
3:30 p. m.—Baseball, Wisconsin vs. Illinois  
5:00 p. m.—Parade, University Brigade, Illinois field.  
6:45 p. m.—Band concert, Auditorium steps  
7:30 p. m.—Interscholastic oratorical contest, Auditorium  
8:00 p. m.—University glee club concert, Illinois theatre

### SATURDAY, MAY 15

- 9:00 a. m.—Interscholastic track and field meet, Illinois field  
9:00 a. m.—Interscholastic tennis finals  
3:00 p. m.—Baseball, Indiana vs. Illinois  
5:00 p. m.—Awarding of Interscholastic trophies, Illinois field  
7:00 p. m.—Interscholastic circus

# *The Colonial*

North Market Street, URBANA  
Matinee 2-5      Night 7-11

---

## Paramount Pictures

Every Wednesday and Friday

---

### Star Features Every Day

---

## *Friday, May 11*

The Dramatic Star

## *GABY BESLYS*

IN

## HER TRIUMPH

Paramount Feature—Five Acts

Admission 10c

Colonial Orchestra

# Students!

The Howard Studio is now located at 121,  
123 W. Church St., opposite the Park Theatre.

Special Offer on Cap and Gown and Com-  
mencement pictures.

# They're All Coming to Us

FOR

## *Thesis Titles*

We get up the right kind at right prices.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

### *P. S. Campbell*

Cor. Race and Main

URBANA

Auto Phone 4529

*For Your  
Pleasure*  
for your profit—drink  
**Coca-Cola**

Every sparkling glass of it brimful of vigor,  
enjoyment and downright goodness.

*Delicious—Refreshing  
Thirst-Quenching*

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an  
Arrow think  
of Coca-Cola

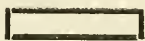
6-C

Meet your friends at  
**The Co-Op.**

All public accommodations

*Telegraph Telephone Postoffice*  
*Rest Room Baggage Checked Free*

Here you will see the best in  
**Illinois Souvenir**  
**College Novelties**  
Pennants and College Jewelry



Kodaks, Films and Film Packers

**The Co-Op.**  
*Everything for Everybody*

# FATIMA-ISMS

## 1. Mediation



A ring o' smoke,  
And training broke!

## 2. Consternation



Caught with the goods  
By ol' coach Woods.

## 3. Accusation



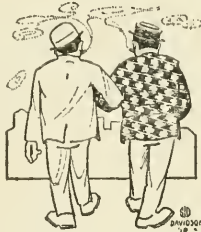
"What means this breach o' rules, I say,  
Answer me, else without delay!"

## 4. Inspiration



"OH," said the coach, "I see it's a 'FAT!'"  
"Have one on me," quoth Varsity Pat.

## 5. Moral



The sinner lacks not a redeemer  
As long as that's out there  
a little 'FATIMA.'

## One of Zom's Straw Hats

—will prove the finishing touch to your summer regalia—buy it now—have it for the rest of the school year—then take it right home with the assuredness that it is RIGHT.

Leghorns---milans--- panamas---yacht  
---every kind---up from

**\$2**

**Roger Zombro**

**Green Street**





## No Regrets

After having your picture taken at Renne's.

Catering to those who appreciate the BEST in Photography.

---

## *LA SELL---*

### *Fine Shoe Repairing*

First Shop North of Boneyard, on Wright Street

---

## University Pressing Shop

4 doors North of Co-Op. Both Phones. Four Suits Pressed for a Dollar. Work called for and Delivered  
SHOES SHINED 5 CENTS

Large Assortment Fine Porch Swings

**\$2.90 to \$15.00**

Sale Bedroom and Bath Room Rugs in Delicate Tints

**45c to \$3.50**

Picture and Picture Frames

**C. A. KILER**

Champaign

Furnishers of Everything for the Home

## \$500 For an Idea

The first portfolio of Fatima cigarette advertisements written by and to college men has just been received. It shows the wide interest being taken in the contest. The story of the work of these amateur ad-smiths will not only interest those who are trying for the big prize, but all other college men as well.

If you have written a Fatima advertisement, do not be disheartened if you do not find it in this first portfolio. Others will appear from time to time, and all Fatima advertisements sent in will be considered finally for the \$500.00 prize whether they find places in a preliminary portfolio or not.

When it comes to the number of students from each college writing Fatima advertisements, Liggett and Myers Tobacco Co., the makers, say that the score looks like a sporting writer's resume of the football season. Some colleges have piled up a big score, and others haven't crossed the goal line more than once—as yet.

If you have a Fatima idea knocking about in your brain, bring it down some way, with a baseball bat or a butterfly net, and try to cash it in for \$500.00. If that is too much money for you to have all by yourself, you can always donate half of it to the university library.

Colleges that are leading in the number of contestants for this Fatima money are Harvard, Pennsylvania State, Columbia and Syracuse. And the Fatima manufacturers say the advertisements mean something, have "class".

The manufacturers find that some colleges are sending in better work than others. That is why if a poorly executed Fatima advertisement appears in this paper as the work of one of our men, we have to stand for it. The agreement is that at least once a month we shall have a Fatima advertisement that is local work. If you don't like it, try to beat it. It may mean \$500.00 to you.

Our Stock of  
*Wall Paper*  
and  
*Paints*

Are complete in every detail.

Our *Service* is unexcelled.

Our *Prices* are most reasonable

*Let Us Show You*

**Bacon Bros.**

107-109 N. Walnut St.

CHAMPAIGN

Both Phones

# WHAT DO YOU SMOKE?



## The Cigarette or the Box?

Do you prefer a fancy gold box or genuine quality in a cigarette?

College men are sticklers for **QUALITY**. That's why **FATIMAS** Predominate among them.

In your Clubs, your Frats, and in your Dorms, seek out the **FATIMA MAN**.

**He is a QUALITY MAN!**

The Glamour of outside appearances does not feaze him.

He knows the **REAL THING** when he sees it.

Better make his acquaintance and meet his best friends—

# F-A-T-I-M-A-S

20 for 15c



This ad. published in the \$500 Fatima Advertising Contest, is the work of Leighton Vetter Smith, Columbia University, "1915."

## The \$500 Prize

\$500 will be paid to the college student who sends us the best original advertisement for Fatima cigarettes before June 1, 1915. In the meantime, for each ad. we publish we will pay the writer \$5. Illustrate your ad. if you can, but if you can't draw then use your kodak or describe your idea.

Prize will be awarded by a committee of three prominent advertising men. L. B. Jones, Adv. Mgr. Eastman Kodak Co., F. R. Davis, Adv. Dept. General Electric Co., and J. George Frederick, Editor of Advertising & Selling.

# FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND  
CIGARETTE

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.  
212 Fifth Ave., New York City

Contest 58 B

# New Orpheum Theatre

*Last Two Weeks*

of

## Vaudeville

Always

5—QUALITY ACTS—5

Vaudeville Season Closes Saturday, May 22nd

---

Monday, May 24th

Two Weeks

## JACK BESSEY COMPANY

*All New Plays*

DAILY AT 2:30 AND 8:15

POPULAR PRICES

# WILLIAMS BROS.

There is originality and class to all our work. Now is the time to let the contract for "refixing" your house as a 1917 model. If your house needs a new coat of paint we can guarantee to fill the bill, if it needs interior redecorating, that's our middle name. Call on us for facts and figures about putting your house in tip top shape this summer for the next school year.

## WILLIAMS BROS.

Orpheum Theatre Building

**WE HAVE**

*Something Special*

*IN*

**CAP AND GOWN**

**PICTURES**

---

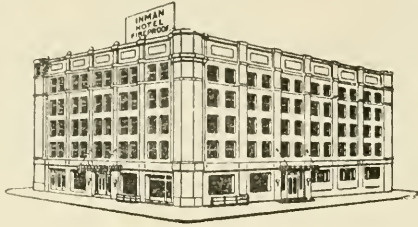
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*Come In and Look*

*Over Samples at the*

**ARTISTO STUDIO**

**614 E. GREEN STREET**



## Bring your friends to dine at the Inman

You'll be proud to bring your friends to dine at  
Champaign's beautiful, new hotel. ..

Delicious food, courteous service, and refined sur-  
roundings all appeal to your good taste and add to your  
enjoyment.

TABLE d'HOTE DINNER 75c

A la Carte Service

## ANOTHER BIG ITEM

of interest, is just where to go for  
LIQUID REFRESHMENTS

SAY

*Bradley*

the name in everybodys' mouth. The originator of

### Chocolate ala Boston

The peer of fountain drinks

### 9 Main Street (Down Town)



# **A Star Best**

Madison St. and Wabash Ave., Chicago

Furnishers to Young Men



A Local Distributor

504 East Green Street, - Champaign.

# **Ideal Electric Company**

**Exclusive Fixture Designs**

**Opposite Inman Hotel**

## Use Ansco Speedex Films

and get better results with your snapshots.

---

## Use Ansco Speedex Packs

and avoid the trouble and annoyance of other makes.

---

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

---

# Leslie's Drug Store

URBANA

# SCHWIETZKA BROS.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Gold Leaf  
Silver Leaf  
Raised Letters

## SIGNS

Banners  
Show Cards  
Electric

Best Advertising on Earth

---

## Interscholastic Visitor

Why walk back to the University when you're over town  
and town hungry? Drop in at

## MARTENS'

Across from I. C. Station. Home Made Pies Our Specialty

---



**Quality and Satisfaction** Makes Clear The Reason Why **SPALDING'S**

are outlitters to champions, whose implements must be invariably right. The Spalding Trade-Mark represents years of leadership in the manufacture of athletic equipment.

*Write For Free Illustrated Catalogue*

**A. G. SPALDING & BROS**  
28 SOUTH WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

# LYRIC THEATRE

CHAMPAIGN'S QUALITY HOUSE

ALL-STAR ATTRACTIONS EVERY FRIDAY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Friday May 14

ADELAIDE THURSTON  
in the Famous Stage Success

THE SHADOWS OF A  
GREAT CITY

In Five Parts

Wednesday May 19

CHARLES CHAPLIN

Supported by Marie Dressler  
and Mable Normand in  
"Tillie's Punctured Romance"

A Six Reel Comedy Sensation

**Photo Views**  
and  
**Post Cards**  
**of University Events**  
**as They Occur**

**Strauch** Wright Street  
Opposite President's House  
**For Good Photo Finishing**

We will be open during commence-  
ment and summer school.

**CARNES & REEVES CLUB**

1012 Oregon

Bell 635

Auto 4688

**Picnic Luncheon Put Up**

Satisfaction Guaranteed

# Urbana Steam Laundry

205 N. Market, Urbana

Prompt Service  
Careful Work

Bell 877

Auto 4150

## A Spring Campus

It was mid afternoon on a warm, sunny day in April. The walks which had been full of hungry students at three, still held groups of men wearing fluttering togs and talking excitedly; elections and tennis and baseball were in the air. Girls in twos and threes loitered on the library steps a moment and then walked toward Bradley's.

Suddenly there was a little puff of wind, a flat gray cloud with flying, feathery edges slid up over the brilliant sky, flashing a zigzag line of lightning. With the sharp crash of thunder the walks were clear, except where here and there men went flying past, with coats hugged tight about them, and their legs phenomenally long and active.

I found refuge in Uni, and from a window watched the little tempest. The sky was in even pearly gray now over which fled scudding cloud ranks of a deeper shade. In the big triangles marked by the walks the sod lies smooth and sharply green like pieces of cleanly cut velvet carefully fitted into their spaces. There is a little wind in which the graceful upreaching trees shade their spray of dainty leafage; the same little changing wind blows the veil of fast flying rain drops back and forth—its veerings marked by small eddies on the shining walks. Silvery puddles form here and there on the cinder drive, shining against its blackness, and the racing drops dance into them, sending up a battery of tiny splashes.

Faster and faster flashes down the rain even while the sky lightens and the gray tears apart a little to show the hidden blue—and then it ceases. In the north great rents of gold appear, and the air is filled with the chiming of birds. As I gather up my books the vacant walks are suddenly peopled with loitering groups again, laughing and talking in the clean, sweet air.

**KODAKS**

and

**FILMS**

**PENNANTS**

**VIEW BOOKS**

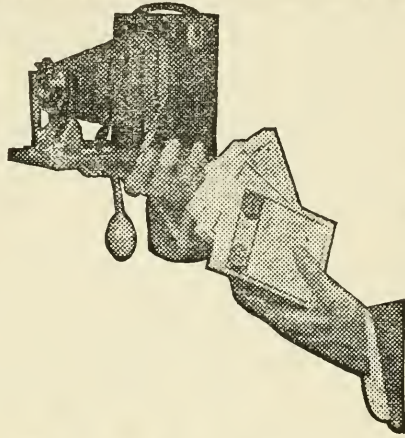
**POST CARDS**

and

**ILLINOIS SOUVENIRS**

of all kinds

**606 EAST GREEN**



**LOYDE'S**  
TWO STORES.

*Cook Bros.*

Men's

**Fine Wearing Apparel**

—  
**Merchant Tailored Clothet**

—  
*Cook Bros.*

12 Main Street

## A Space Filler

The sun rose this morning in the West about daylight and set this evening about sun-down. During the interim between 11:59 A. M. and 12:01 P. M., the clock on Uni. Hall said midnight when it was noon. The buzzards arose chirping from the Boneyard and flitted merrily from branch to branch. But it's a long lane that cuts no ice. The plaintive wail of a lawn mower softly reached the ears of a decrepit corn cob resting in the cattle barns, and three tadpoles in the swimming tank of the women's gymnasium arose simultaneously and gave thanks for the many blessings that they were to receive after the P. T. class was over. A cur ran through the corridors of Uni. Hall softly calling for its mate, and an Australian Oomph on the Library steps screeched "Bob-White" thrice in quick succession at its sister as it protected its young. A cab driver gently rapped his engine with the snapper of a shovel just as a Wabash train pulled in on time, Pee-Wee Byers quit speaking to Bart Macomber, Alice McCall put her red coat amongst the moth-balls, and——

Too much! We croak!

### A DAY DREAM.

Dorothy's sighs, and her sparkling eyes  
Have the warmth of the summer's breeze.  
Her darting glance is the fairy dance  
Of the sunbeams 'neath the trees.  
Her melting smile doth reconcile  
The most perverse of foes;  
Waving and fair, like spring, her hair,  
Her neck the winter's snows.  
The grace and charm of her youthful form  
Apollo's bride in life.  
No man there is who worthy is  
To call this gem his wife!  
A day with her is for aye with her,  
A blessing from Heav'n above,  
So dear is she, so fair is she,  
So wonderful her love.



---

# ANNOUNCEMENT

## MISS RAY L. BOWMAN JEWELER

Wishes to thank her friends and patrons for their kindly interest in her welfare at the time of the fire.

---

Miss Bowman has taken window space at the Reliable Plumbing & Heating Company's building, across from the new Interurban Station and Inman Hotel, where her expert watch maker, jeweler and engraver gives special attention to all work left for repair.

---

**Mail Order Patronage Solicited**

---

# “Don’t Wan’na Worry Yer None.”

By J. M. K.

If the Theta’s were a race extinct,  
We mean long dead, you see,  
Oh! Great distress!  
We’d hate to guess  
Where “Slooe’y” boy would “B.”

We hate to ponder o’er this next,  
Yea, bo! We hate to think;  
If “Sorrel” Kirk  
Gave us the jerk,  
We’d have a missing “Link.”

Here comes the very worst of all  
It cost a tub of blood,  
If “Baldy Po”  
To the “Pi” house would go,  
Would he get stuck in the—mud?

(Yeh; we knew you thought we were gon’a say “Flood,” but  
that was only a “Fluke.”)

OVER 65 YEARS'  
EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 364 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

**5 FOR YOUR DEN 5**  
Beautiful College Pennants  
YALE and HARVARD  
Dayton, Ohio  
THE GEM CITY NOVELTY CO.  
2441 Bittner Street  
Each 9 in. x 24 in.  
PRINCETON, CORNELL,  
MICHIGAN  
Each 7 in. x 21 in.

**4—PENNANTS, Size 12x30—4**  
Any Leading Colleges  
of Your Choice

All of our best quality, in their proper colors, with colored emblems.

Either assortment, for limited time, sent postpaid for 50 cents and five stamps to cover shipping costs.

Write us for prices before placing orders for felt novelties of all kinds.

THE GEM CITY NOVELTY CO  
2441 Bittner Street  
Dayton, Ohio

**THE BEST**

**Soft Water Laundry**

A. A. NYBERG, Mgr.

**Urbana, Ill.**

Just Call; Bell 880 or Auto 4506

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE.

Well, here we go on the last home stretch  
Oh! Happy, glorious thought;  
We button our vest,  
Throw out our chest,  
And bow to Dr. Scott.

We had great hopes to make of this book,  
The best of magazines,  
But it seems that she  
Is destined to be  
A hall of fame for themes.

So if our work did aught to bring  
More fame to Illinois,  
Our goal we've made,  
We're well repaid,  
Farewell, thou "hoi-polloi"!

# NOTICE

The  
HOTEL BEARDSLEY  
Is Now Operated on  
The  
EUROPEAN PLAN



Guests occupying rooms will be entitled to meals at 50c each as desired. Those wishing meals without rooms will be charged as heretofore. Price of Sunday meals not changed—Still 75c.

ROOM RATES WILL BE FROM \$1.00 UP.

## BEARDSLEY HOTEL CO.

### SHEAFFER'S SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

The new favorite in Fountain Pens, SELF-FILLING, SELF-CLEANING, NON-LEAKABLE, all three features combined in one pen which makes the SHEAFFER the practical pen for all uses.

Guaranteed to give satisfaction to the user.

We have a complete assortment in stock and will be pleased to demonstrate this pen to you.



We carry in stock a complete assortment of this famous pen and would be pleased to demonstrate its advantage to you.

## WUESTEMAN

JEWELER

CHAMPAIGN

Fatima



She said to me, 'Bill, try Fatimas'  
You see why I couldn't refuse her  
And all that I've got to say now is  
"Deezee one! That girl is some chesser!"

This ad. published in the \$500 Fatima Advertising Contest, is the work of Mr. A. L. Zulick, Dartmouth College.

### The \$500 Prize

\$500 will be paid to the college student who sends to us the best original advertisement for Fatima cigarettes before June 1, 1915. In the meantime, for each ad. we publish we will pay the writer \$5. Illustrate your ad. if you can, but if you can't draw then use your kodak or describe your idea.

Prize will be awarded by a committee of three prominent advertising men. L. B. Jones, Adv. Mgr. Eastman Kodak Co., F. R. Davis, Adv. Dept. General Electric Co., and J. George Frederick, Editor of Advertising & Selling.

**FATIMA**  
THE TURKISH BLEND  
CIGARETTE

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.  
212 Fifth Ave., New York City

Contest 71B

PROPERTY OF THE

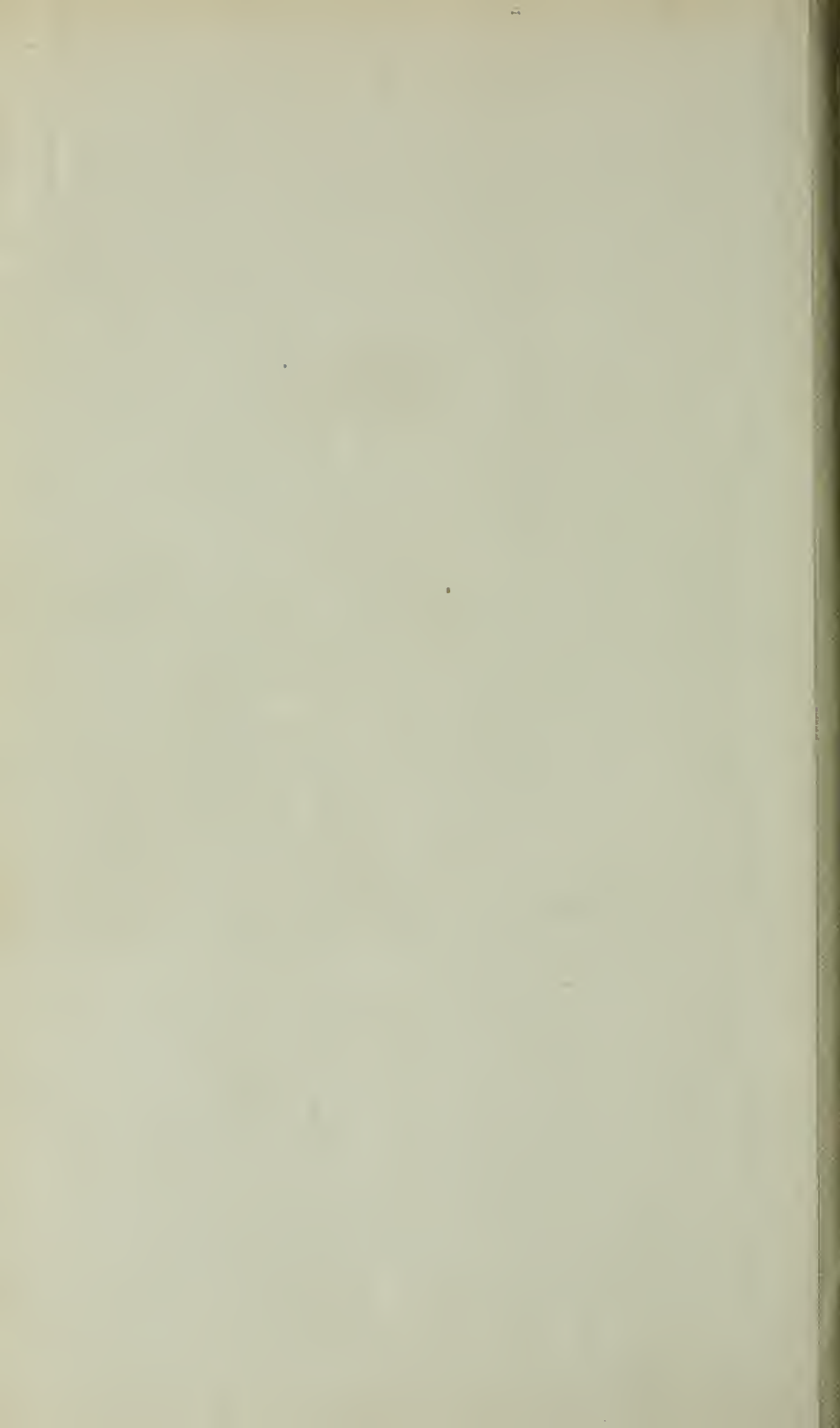
JUL 21 1931

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS











UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



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