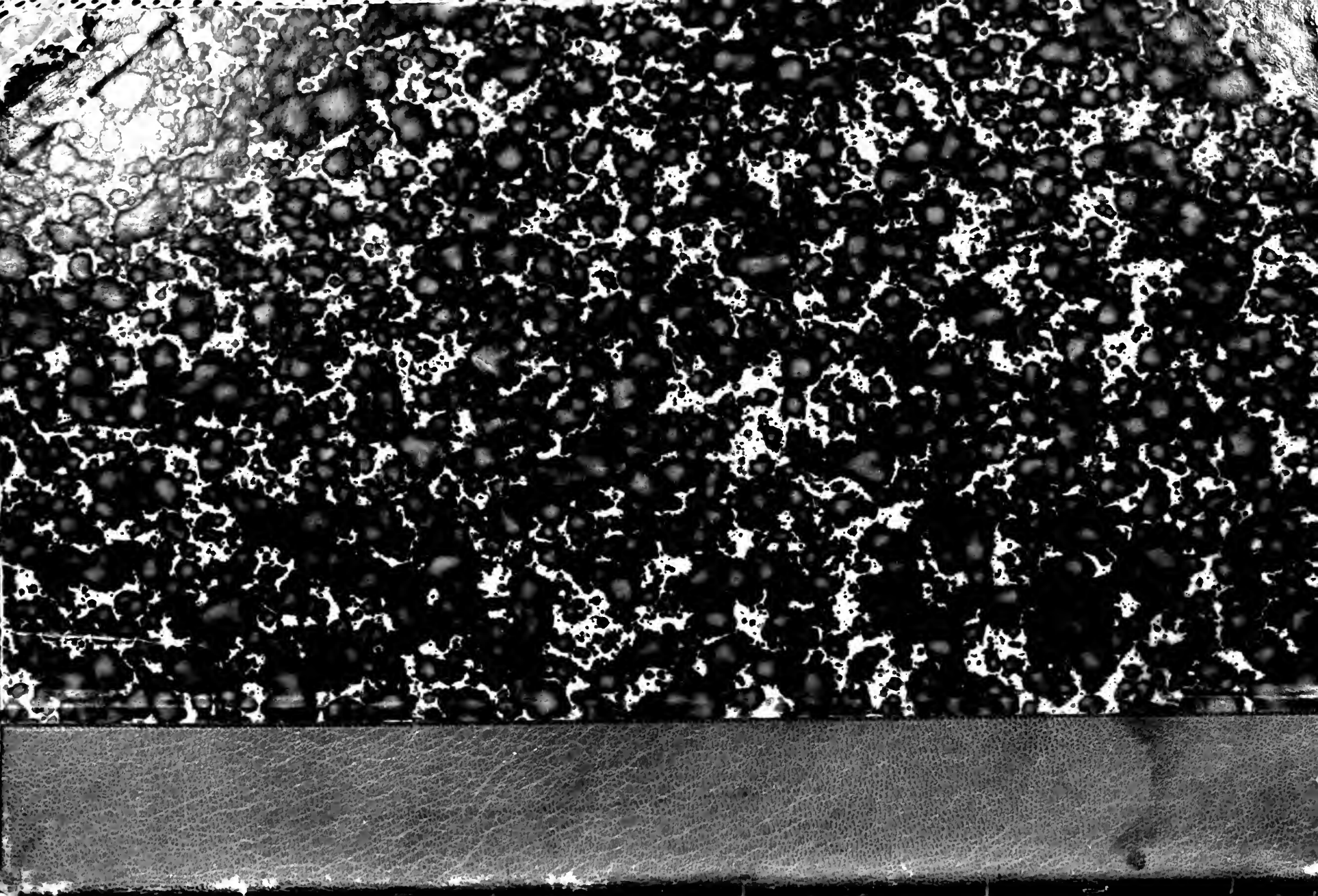

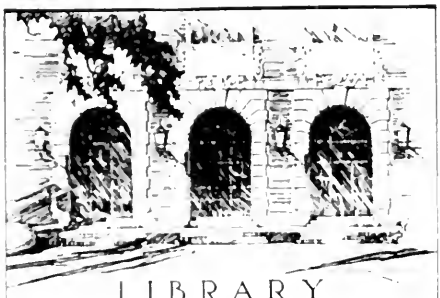

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1915
VOLUME VII
NUMBER 1

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Number 1 of Vol. VII

is not Perfect —
But none of us are perfect.

Boosts, Contributions or Suggestions are Welcome

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in our purpose to meet
every type and class of
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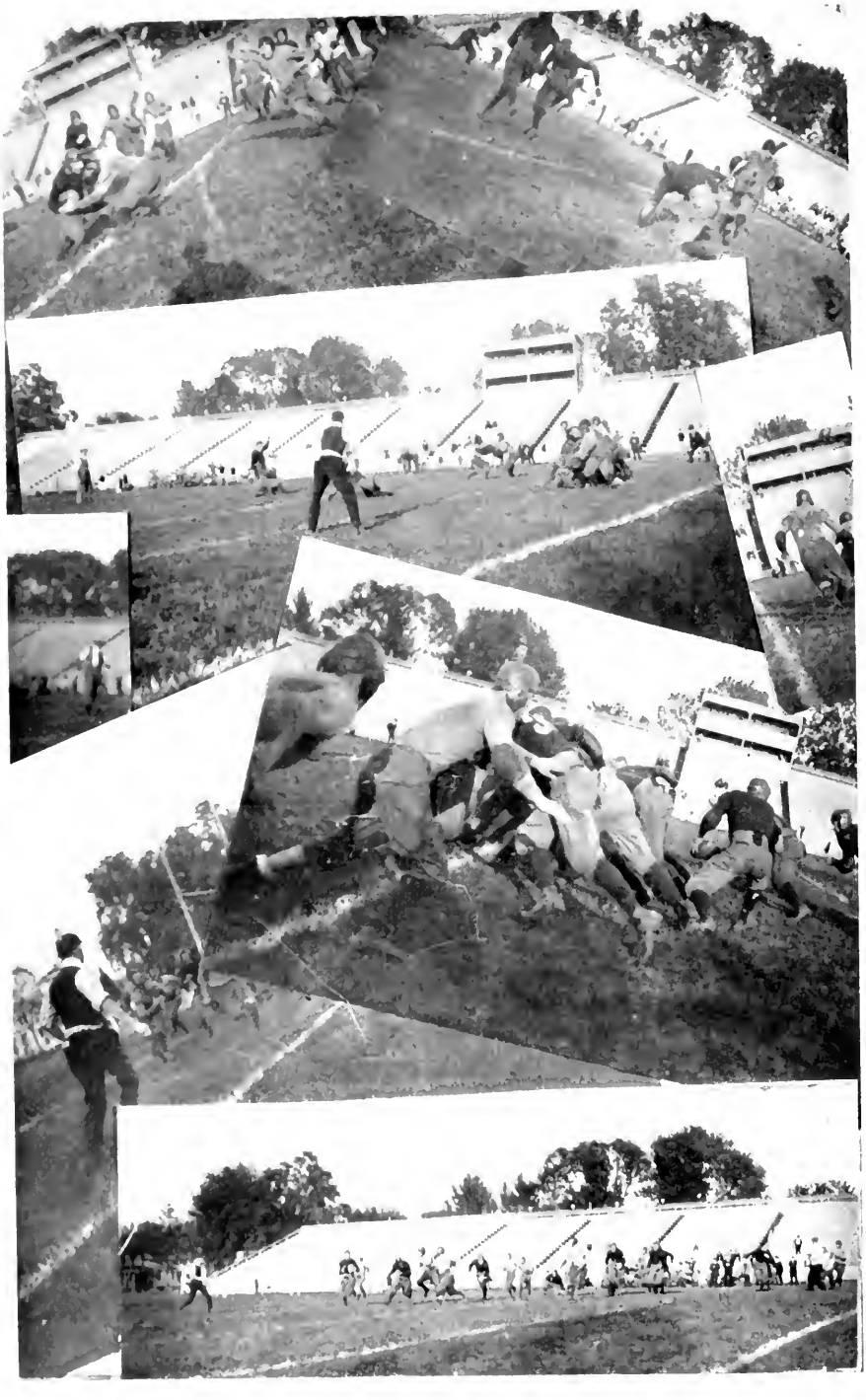


ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

VOL. VII OCTOBER, 1915 NO. 1

WILL ILLINOIS REPEAT?

R. C. ZUPPKE

Because we have a Pogue and a Clark we must not assume that the others have not a Russell or a Solon.

ILLINOIS won a decisive conference championship in 1914. Will Illinois repeat? It is a very common thing to develop the habit of thought after one championship that it is easy to pick up another. That feeling as a rule pervades the student body. It is the prophetic of downfall and is always dangerous. Conference champions have not very often repeated, largely due to overconfidence which robs the individual player of the ambition to attend to the necessary and irksome details. Take the study of rules for example. Champions have a distaste for studying the rules of football because quite often they "got away with" the championship in spite of a meager knowledge of the rule book.

Again take the matter of training and conditioning. Veterans are apt to be careless of their physical condition. After the glory of the first championship they forget that it took serious thought and effort with quite a little inspiration, the latter stimulated by the thought of fighting for something entirely new.

The question then is, will our student body and our men work together in spirit humble enough to make the individual willing to undergo hardships and privations. Are the men willing to deny themselves many little pleasures which have the tendency to develop careless mental habits.

Because we have a Pogue and a Clark we must not assume that others have not a Russell or a Solon. If in practice we see our men make long runs or sensational plays we must not fail to picture to ourselves the fact that the same thing is happening on other fields on other campuses. We have our talent and our heroes, but so have they.

Again, will this be a dry or wet fall? Will the big games this year be fought upon a dry field or a wet one? On a dry field a team must be developed for speed and skill, while strength and ruggedness are the requirements in the mud.

At this moment it looks like a green line for Illinois. Two green tackles, two new guards, and a green end are certain to be found in the line-up. The physical mate-

rial to fill these places is present but the experience is not there. We can not easily replace a Chapman, Armstrong, or a Graves in the line nor a Schobinger, Rue or Wagner in the backfield. These veterans were men of fine personality and had two years of good football experience. It was not until their second year of experience that they first showed football sense. The ability to analyze is the result of experience alone.

On the other hand we have a good nucleus of men, men of proven ability, around whom to build. Watson, Squiers, Pogue, Clark, Macomber and Petty represent an aggregation of football talent not to be sneered at. These men make our prospects bright. Should they be fortunate enough to escape accidents during the practice weeks before the three big games, Illinois will bear watching. One thing is certain—a harder fight than that of 1914 must be looked for.

TO THE LONESOME FRESHMAN

A man is as good a writer as he is a man. At least this is our opinion after reading the article by A Senior.

He is a self-made man, this Senior, and no one has better right to voice the thoughts expressed therein than he. Entering the University without the natural gifts making easy the winning of honors, he picked out the biggest position in the literary field and went out to win it.

We are loath to withhold his name and are prevented from publishing it by the greatest respect for a man who has performed his full share of work in the Business of College Life so well as to set a new standard for some to strive for, some to equal, but none to excel, in producing——. But that would reveal his identity.

MUCH of the glamour that surrounded the University when you first arrived has disappeared. In its place has come grim reality. You are lonesome. Nobody seems to take an interest in you. You wonder whether you will ever be able to make good in your school work. Your best friend, the man you used to chum around town with at home, has just been pledged to a fraternity. He seems to be drifting away from you. And you wish that you were back home.

As you are thinking these somewhat bitter thoughts, I want to present a new aspect to you. It may seem too optimistic, but I know that there are hundreds of men about the Campus who will back me up.

Illinois is the most democratic of any of the state universities. Here, it makes no difference whether a man has money or whether he is grubbing his way through. The fact that he does or does not belong to a fraternity makes no difference. He is judged as a man.

Walk down any one of the streets frequented by students. Look each man squarely in the eye. If he is an upperclassman, the chances are that he will speak to you. Speak to

every man that will give you a chance. And speak first to the members of your own class. No one will consider you presumptious. Pursue that policy for a month or so, and you will suddenly wake up to the realization that you have a mighty large speaking acquaintance.

Men have come to this University for four consecutive years. They have shut themselves up within their shells, and refused to take advantage of the friendships that they might form. They have gone along in their own self sufficient way, and at the end of the four years they leave without missing anybody in particular, and not very many people know that they have gone.

On the other hand there have been men who have come here without knowing a soul. They have "opened up", and made friends. Their personalities have been felt, and when they have left their memories have remained. Right here in these rather lonesome and barren freshman days it is up to you to decide which one of these types you want to be. Once the decision is firmly enough made, the rest is easy.

There are many college activities here to which honor is attached. It is the universal opinion of every man who has ever taken part in any of the college activity, that the experience he thus gained was of nearly as much benefit to him as the definite knowledge that he gained in the classroom. Why? Because, he was dominated by the idea that having entered the game he must make good, because he came in contact with some mighty keen men, because he made many lasting friends, and because he learned to take responsibility.

"Yes, but I can never make good in any college activity. There are only a few positions of this sort, and the competition for each one is too keen. And I know that I have no special ability along any line."

One by one I want to take up your hypothetical objections. In the field of athletics there must be places for between two and three hundred men. Aside from the Varsity teams there are the various class teams. Some of the best athletes that we have ever had have been men with absolutely no athletic experience, men who have never in their fondest dreams imagined that they could do anything in athletics. Then there are the class teams. It is often the case that there are not enough candidates to make up a full team, and that any man who will report for practice regularly can annex his class numerals and a sweater. Go out and see for yourself. You will be surprised to see how easily you can make good.

But let's assume that you have absolutely no athletic ability, yet you are interested in athletics. Go out for one of the managerships at the Gym. There are seven of these highly esteemed offices. The Sophomore year there are places for about fifty or sixty men. From these men about sixteen are chosen to be assistant managers for the Junior year, and from these are picked the managers. Hard consistent work is the only requisite for success in this field. One of those jobs is yours if you will work.

The six University publications have places for at least two hundred men and women. While one naturally assumes that it takes considerable ability along literary lines to even secure a staff appointment, the truth of the matter is that all of the publications report a shortage of applicants. The six publications to which I refer are: The Daily Illini, The Illio, The Siren, The Illinois Magazine, The Agriculturist, and The Technograph. In this field there is also the advantage that if you are successful in the work that you will receive a handsome salary. The editors and managers of the bigger publications receive about five hundred dollars a piece for the year's work. Members of the staffs receive relatively smaller amounts. The managerial department of any of the publications is decidedly worth while, especially for the men who expect to enter business life. Learn the name of the editor or manager of the publication that you are most interested in. Talk to him. He will give you a chance. A chance is all you need.

Class politics is another mighty interesting field. I know that you feel that the man who stands any chance of election must be an exceedingly popular man. I do not wish to take away from the honor which is incumbent upon the holder of a class office. But I do want to point out that any man, I do not care who or what he is, may have a good class office if he will work hard enough for it. Watch the elections. See what the candidates do. See which men win, and you will agree with me that you can have a class office if you want it strongly enough to go after it. And the benefit which you will gain from creating the ability to meet men will be as valuable as anything you can gain while here.

In addition to the activities that I have named there are debating, Y. M. C. A. work, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, the two military bands, literary societies, and any number of other things. Get ahold of a copy of The Illio. Look it over, you will find all kinds of activities upon which I haven't even touched, activities in which you can make your influence felt.

When I was a freshman I was obsessed by a peculiar form of self-consciousness which took the form of feeling that I could not do anything as well as the next fellow, and that someone was going to laugh at me whenever I attempted. I was even afraid to go into the swimming pool because I was afraid that I would be noticed and laughed at. It took me two weeks to get up nerve enough to talk to the manager of one of the publications. When I did, I could not understand why he was so nice to me, or why he gave me a position. I imagine that many of you feel the same way. Pull yourself out of it. Nobody is going to laugh at you. Everybody is interested in you. Give yourself a chance.

And so once more I say, Illinois is the most democratic of universities. Everyone is willing and ready to meet you half way. Whether you ever have any number of friends or not depends upon you yourself. And you must make that decision now. You can make

your influence felt. It's a mighty comforting feeling to know that you are an essential part of a great movement. Pull yourself out of the rut. Forget the little discomforting things of the past few weeks. Catch the Illinois Spirit. It will make you happy.

A SENIOR.

ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER

I HAVE framed in my room this pertinent query from the pen of an editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune: "Mexicans may cross our border to loot, burn and kill. We may not cross the Mexican border to punish. . . . Why keep so many soldiers along the border where they are likely to be hurt?" Bitterly satirical the question undoubtedly is, but isn't it time? With our attention entirely engrossed by the struggle across the Atlantic, we have been oblivious to the petty nagging to which our southern frontier has been subjected. The Texans will tell us that when American lives are lost on American soil the matter assumes more importance than mere trifling, and other Americans along the border between Brownsville and Nogales will agree with them. The majority of our people, however, take but little interest in the situation, and it is to these that the Tribune speaks.

It is doubtful if we gringoes will ever understand the Mexican's temperament. To do so we must analyze his reasoning process, and see how he arrives at his conclusions. This is difficult. If there is one phase in which to characterize it completely, I should say his favorite expression does it exactly—"poco tempo", or "after a while". One only needs to enter a typical Mexican town to appreciate how completely this idea is carried out in their every day life. Filth indescribable litters the streets and the courts of their adobe homes. The chickens and hogs have guest room privileges, window glass is almost unheard of, and as for water, no esta bueno. I saw a woman in one of the border towns taking care of her baby. Her husband was a soldier, and being a soldier, wore a dirty uniform and did little else. The mother was feeding dirty milk to a small baby from an open tomato can. The cradle—four stakes and a piece of canvas—was stretched some eighteen inches above a large manure pile swarming with flies. One looks at these people, then, and wonders that they do not take more interest in internal conditions instead of fighting among themselves and provoking a terrible vengeance from over the Rio Grande.

"We whipped 'em once, and we can do it again," said a Texan to me in San Antonio. He was speaking for Texas. The Texans are famous riflemen and I listened respectfully. My friend had just read of fresh indignities committed in the vicinity of Brownsville, and was only waiting for the Pres-

ident to give the word. Many people do not understand the contempt with which the knowing ones say "greaser", but a voyage to the border, as has been intimated, gives them new light on the situation. The American is unable to like the Mexican at play. The sight of a bull's fierce charge, followed by the goring of a horse and the breaking of his rider's leg, brings no joy to him, and he reflects that a nation with this as its national sport can have no quality worthy of his approval or respect. Yet this is fun for the Mexican, who takes his family if he can, or begs enough money to take himself if he is destitute.

Speaking to a U. S. trooper stationed with the 9th Cavalry near Nogales Sonora, I said, by way of opening a general conversation on the situation: "You were at Naco when Carranza took the Mexican village across the line. What do you think of the two men, Villa and Carranza?"

The cavalryman thought a few moments before answering, and then said, "Maybe it will surprise you, but Carranza is a prohibitionist, and when he takes a town, the saloons and redlight district are driven out. Twenty-four hours after Naco fell in the early part of August, the saloonkeepers and their friends were ordered out. Under Villa they grew strong, provided of course they paid their percentage to him." This was news indeed, but a moment's reflection convinced me that he was at least right about Villa's practices. Almost any tourist who went to the expositions in California lost money at roulette in Tia Juana, a Villa town in Lower California. Ciudad Juarez, in Chihuahua, is at present the most notoriously wide open resort in reach of the American today, and when I counted $12,000 on the keno tables in one of its resorts this summer, I made a rapid calculation and wished for the moment I was Villa.

"I doubt if we would ever get the nerve to go after them," the trooper continued, but it is a fact that Texas did it herself once, and I think she can repeat. If she can do it alone, she ought to be able to do it with the whole United States at her back, oughtn't she?" The man was a Texan, and he had struck the same chord as my friend in San Antonio, so I felt indisposed to argue the question. It struck me that the issue was not so much one of ability as probability.

"Manana", or tomorrow, is the guiding watchword, then, in any transaction which the Mexican enters. The evils of his government will be corrected, poco tempo. But the time is not far off when Funston and his thirty thousand will ford the Rio Grande and exact damages, pound for pound, for the injuries done American people and American institutions in Mexico through ignorance or folly. We in the United States also adhere more or less closely to the poco tempo standard, but the tempo is near at hand.

ARE WE TO LOSE OUR TRADITIONS?

CORNELL, Michigan, Princeton all have Class Scraps. Is Illinois going to cast aside the last of her traditions and abolish the annual struggle between the Freshman and Sophomore classes? Is she going to depart from a custom as old as the University herself? And from the hearts of her thousands of alumni comes the answer, "NO". There are but few things in the way of traditions that we can point to with pride as Illinois institutions. Of these the greatest is Loyalty. The spirit of a University is fed by the fire of class spirit. Abolish the class scrap and you shatter the thread of class spirit. It is not our right to do away with the class spirit founded years ago, nor is it fitting for us to do anything which may affect Illinois Loyalty. Abolish the class scrap, kill class spirit, and what will become of that Illini spirit of which we continually sing?

Get into the spirit of Illinois, Freshmen! Force the issue. The class fight offers you your one chance during your freshman year to show the stuff that is in you. Years later, after you have fought in two class scraps with credit to yourself and class, you will look back and with a feeling of pride think that you were not yellow.

Let class spirit live and keep Loyalty from being "consumed on the coals it was nourished by".

KAMIR SINGH

HALE N. BYERS

AS I sat opposite him in the semi-darkness of his quaint, unusual little dining room, I began to thing of the first time I had seen Kamir Singh and how I had come to meet this most strange person. The feeble yellow light from a richly carved metal hanging lamp shed its rays about the room and their softness blended perfectly with the variegated yet quiet coloring of the furnishings. The ceiling was decorated in red, not a bright flaming red, but an absorbent, soft red, rich in chroma, and the walls were hung with damask and tapestries of the most expensive textures. The floor was covered with skins; and the fireplace at one end of the room, the only thing which would have detracted from the oriental atmosphere of the place, was cleverly hidden by a massive settee of carved teak and ivory.

Kamir himself was dressed in his native costume of state, his head swathed in a ponderous green turban, and from his shoulders hung a loose, richly embroidered, crimson robe. How extremely fantastical and oriental the whole situation was. Here was a real bit of dreamy, drowsy, old Asia in the midst of the matter-of-fact hustle and bustle of a live American university.

In passing about the hall of the University buildings, I had several times noticed this quiet, dreamy-eyed foreigner with his large, white turban, but had never given him much thought till I happened to meet him one evening at a little gathering at the Dean's. He seemed to like me much from the very beginning, and the Dean remarked that he had shown more interest in me than he had shown in anyone since his entrance to the University.

"My friend", he had said not twenty minutes after we had met, "You must come and see me soon, for I need you and have waited for you so long, oh, so long".

I was much perplexed at this but assured him that I would be very glad to pay him a visit. I had gone to see him shortly after this meeting and he had entertained me in this same weird little den. During the visit he had told me that our souls, his and mine, had known each other for thousands of years and in previous incarnations we had been closely attached friends.

"My finding you here", he had said, "away off here where I am alone and sad, is a blessed gift from Karma, but I knew that I should find you sometime for I have called for you and prayed for you so long, oh! so long. Now that you are here you will aid me and I shall have another strong frame to help me bear the burdens of my great sorrow".

The whole idea bewildered me, but the strangeness of the man, his almost terrible earnestness, and the

prospect of some extraordinary adventure had prompted me to keep in touch with him.

From his quietness and slight nervousness I knew that he had something important to tell me, so I sipped the few remaining drops of coffee from my cup, slid down to a half-lying posture in my divan, and remained silent, feasting my eyes on the wonderful patterns of the tapestries and inhaling the intoxicating odors of burning incense, coffee, and sweet oriental cigarettes. After a short while he spoke.

"Oh, friend of a few months and a thousand years, I must now tell you all. Why I am here away from all my kind and kin, and of my great sorrow and of the turmoil and unrest of my soul".

Noticing at this moment that my coffee cup was empty, he stopped talking and touched a little bell at his elbow. A servant glided noiselessly into the room, so noiselessly in fact that I was not aware of his presence till he reached over my shoulder for my cup. After refilling it with the thick, oily coffee he glided swiftly out again, so swiftly and smoothly that he scarcely seemed to put into motion the thin layers of blue smoke which hung lazily about the close room.

"Oh, Brother", Kamir continued, "a few short years ago I was happy and contented, at peace with the world. My soul was a thing of life, full of a burning interest in my surroundings and busy with the works of my people. It was no more like the warped, stifled soul which you now see than the soft, caressing winds of my sunny India are like the killing colds of your American winter".

"Then", he now spoke very softly and slowly, "into this happy, peaceful life—oh, how happy and peaceful it was as I now look back upon it, came a woman—never had I seen such a woman. Her hair was like molten gold, gold more pure than that which the setting sun throws across the summer sea as it dips to quench its burning thirst in the cooling waters; her eyes—but how can I tell you of her eyes! At times they were the deep, quiet blue of the cloudless autumn sky and again they seemed to reflect a darker, thicker shade like that which playes along the eastern horizon before the storm. Her voice—her voice, even in my restless sleep I hear it calling, ringing like the liquid sound of the tinkling temple bells. Sometimes now, sometimes I see—I see", he broke off abruptly, and his eyes, by this time reflecting the fiery feelings of his innermost soul, closed, his head sinking forward on his breast. He quickly regained himself and continued:

"She was the daughter of the English post at Calcutta and had returned home after having finished her education in Europe. It was during the late summer; the drouths were in, the cholera was bad, and all the English were leaving the lowlands for the hills. Her father and I had long been friends; and knowing that Odjah was out of the cholera range he had sent her, along with his mother, to stay with me till the danger had passed. I had worshiped her from the very beginning, but the thought of her

ever looking upon me as anything but a useful acquaintance never entered my mind. Then as time passed and we became more and more intimate, I began to realize that she was paying more than ordinary attention to me. I wondered greatly at the situation, but my extreme happiness would not admit of my reason bothering much about the cause.

"Then—one evening we were on the lagoon together; a band of wandering musicians had just played for us and the music! the beautiful starlit night! the fragrance of her golden hair! My heart was overflowing with joy and love. The hot blood of a hundred generations of impassioned men arose within me—I lost myself—I told her that I loved her—that she must love me. I crushed her in my arms and, returning my caresses,—she whispered her love to me."

In his excitement, Kamir had risen during the last part of this speech, and he now sat down and covered his face with his hands, his whole body shaking with emotion. After a little while he looked up and continued:

"We were married and I took her to Calcutta where she could be near her mother and her friends. Then for two years my happiness was so great that I no longer envied the angels and I almost forgot *Kooma*. The third summer after our marriage I had made an extended trip through my lands in the north and on my return learned that my wife had been entertaining a great deal and had had many regular callers, among them a certain Lieutenant Wilse who, my servant informed me, had been there many times. I thought nothing of this, as I had known the lieutenant and he had been in our home several times while I was there.

"Well—" here he stopped and gazed fixedly at me for some seconds. When he again spoke his voice was low, but harsh and quick and he spoke hurriedly, his face distorted as though he were in intense pain.

"Some of my people were down from the north. I had made arrangements to go to the opera, but she said she did not care to go, had heard the thing before. We went without her and the curtain had just risen on the first act when one of my servants came running breathlessly into the stall and beckoned to me. I withdrew with him, and, as soon as we were out of hearing, he told me that Wilse had come to the house shortly after our departure, and that they had gone away together, walking in the direction of the Great Khal Lagoon. I excused myself and drove home at once, slipped quietly in, armed myself, and slipped out again into the night.

"It was dark, quite dark; the moon had not yet risen and only a few stars were visible, but I knew the lagoon well, all its paths and nooks, so I hurried on. For upwards of an hour I searched in and out the trees and vine-covered paths, and at last came upon them seated among the roots of a gigantic banyan, on the very edge of the water. I crept around the huge trunk of the tree till I was directly behind them and then—waited. I was no longer an educated human,

but had been carried back a thousand generations and was again a beast in the wilds of Thibet. Ten times I was on the point of running her through, and each time some sweet remembrance of her stayed my hand. Then—the remembrances ceased to come, my sole thought was punishment, terrible punishment. A thousand schemes flashed through my mind but none of them seemed terrible enough. I was about decided to withdraw and work out some plan of prolonged punishment, when with the quickness of lightning the moon came up out of the distant hills and lighted up the whole terrible scene. The sight of them was too much for my blood,—I leaped up, drove my sword through them both with one stroke. I drew the bodies back from the river's edge, laughing in my insanity and even singing a little. I slowly and deliberately bound them together with vines, weighted them down with stones and, carrying them to the bank, pushed them off into the black, swift-running water,—a splash, a gurgle, and—Karma! save me! Karma! Karma!"

He fell forward on the table, his his whole body convulsing with sobs. I started,—pushed back my chair and arose. I was trembling from head to foot with—I knew not what; my face and forehead were hot and perspiring and my collar seemed to choke me. I rushed to the door and on out into the street, running at top speed till I reached the campus, where the lights instilled new courage in me and I stopped to catch my breath.

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

J. Kenneth Barber, '16 . . . . . Editor in Chief
Robert A. Burton, Jr., '17 . . . . . Business Manager

VOL. VII OCTOBER, 1915 NO. 1

Subscription Price, Seventy-five Cents. Single Copy, Fifteen Cents.

FOREWORD

This issue of the Illinois Magazine is put forth in the belief that there is a place at this University for the student monthly, contemporary in nature, treating student affairs from something more than a purely journalistic standpoint. With this review is combined material, fiction or otherwise, aimed to interest or amuse the student and the follower of student affairs. The magazine is not issued as a standard of so-called literary merit. Whatever merit it may possess is the work of Illinois men, students or faculty.

Such a publication is something of an innovation at Illinois, although a familiar and established institution at other universities, especially in the East. The Yale Courant, The Cornell Era, and the Princeton Pictorial Review are definite and established parts of the student life upon their native campuses. As the names imply, they are largely campus reviews. The Illinois Magazine will not be exclusively of such a nature, but campus life and student activities will be prominently featured.

We hope to appeal not to the few who cherish the wonders of undergraduate style and rhetoric, but to reach the interests of the five thousand members of the great cosmopolitan institution which Illinois has grown to be.

PEP UP FOR HOMECOMING!

Within two weeks Home-Coming will be with us. To insure the greatest Home-Coming ever it is necessary that every undergraduate spend those two weeks in figuring just exactly what he can do to make it a stupendous success. The only requisite to participation in this propaganda is an optimistic nature or an enthusiastic state of mind.

The Illinois Union and the Athletic Association contract to keep the crowd amused after they are here. The Alumni Association keeps the grads informed as to what they are likely to expect. It is up to the undergraduate to supply "en masse" enthusiasm. Think Home-Coming, talk Home-Coming, and every time you write to your father or brother or high school prof or anyone else that was ever connected with the University of Illinois, write Home-Coming and write it enthusiastically.

The fact that the great event comes two weeks earlier than usual may inadvertently cause the alumnus to omit it from his calendar. Keep him well informed of what that team of Zupp's is going to do to Minnesota and how Jack Watson and Potsy and Pogue are going to knock that criticism of the Christian Science Monitor about inconsistency into a cocked hat. Make the alumnus feel that the great god Fortune will never smile again if he does not arrange his schedule so as to spend at least two days at Illinois during the last week-end of October.

ILLINOIS LOYALTY

Like many another good medium of expression, Illinois Loyalty is being sadly overworked. The song is intended for great occasions, and great occasions seldom arise with such regularity as the frequent playing of Loyalty during the past year would indicate.

Great college songs are rare. The brief career of the many songs praising our Alma Mater written during the last decade are sorry witnesses to the process of bleacher elimination. In Illinois Loyalty the late Thatcher Howland Guild has given the University a battle song, altogether incomparable and famed throughout the college circles of the country. Let us use it as such.

The singing of Illinois Loyalty as the team takes the field for a game creates an atmosphere of inspiration and determination, reflecting the fighting spirit of the men on the field. After that it should be used sparingly, perhaps not at all in the ordinary Conference game, absolutely not to the point where the action of arising and chanting the words "We are loyal to you, Illinois", becomes merely mechanical and devoid of the emotion and spirit that should inspire it.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

Contributions to the Illinois Magazine will be welcomed by the editor and all given careful consideration. Short stories especially are desired, as well as lighter prose and verse. Poems should be short and cleverness of ideas or originality of verse form and style are the most desirable qualities.

The staff of the magazine is not selected. Students desiring to try out should see the editor or submit manuscripts. These may either be sent to the editor or left with Mr. Harwood at the Illini office. In all cases those desiring to write special articles on current topics should consult with the editor in order to prevent duplication.

Finish is the most desired quality in the magazine work. No extraordinary amount of talent is necessary for the work. If you have style so much the better, but smooth writing and well handled diction are the first requisites.

WHO'S WHO AT ILLINOIS

"JACK" WATSON

De Kalb; "Ag."; Zeta Psi; Alpha Gamma Rho; Mazeuda; Sachem, Tribe of the Illini; Varsity Football 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; President Y. M. C. A. 4.

IN our captain of that great Illinois institution, the football team, we have a man with that rare characteristic Andrew Jackson spoke of when he said, "Buchanan, I once knew a man who succeeded admirably by minding his own business".

So unassuming and quiet is Jack Watson that if any single name were to be applied to him to give a concrete description of him it would be "Solomon".

"De Kalb", replies Jack when asked where he hailed from.

Jack's few stories of farm life do not include husking bees, and his fondness for long walks alone, leads us to believe that he is no more of a "fusser" back on the farm than he is here.

His first football experience came in high school, where for three years as tackle and half-back he starred on the De Kalb team.

The "Ag." school claims "Jack as its product", so we may account for the abundance of spare time he has. We are looking to that fight in him to bring us another championship team.

"GOBBO" SUTHERLAND

"Ag."; Phi Gamma Delta; Alpha Gamma Rho; Mazeanda; Ku-Klux; Helmet; Manager Varsity Football Team.

EVERY afternoon on the football field, the visitor at practice sees a personage with much aggressiveness hurrying to and fro, supervising the work of the assistants and looking after the interests of our team. An I. M. cap, surmounting a particularly pleasing visage, reveals a few locks of sandy-hued hair.

He is "Gobbo" Sutherland, manager of the 1915 Varsity football team. "Gobbo" started his football competition in his sophomore year. Good hard work, aided by a contagious smile, won for him the manager's job.

Football seems to go hand in hand with "Ag", as "Gobbo" is also an Agriculturist, forcing us to believe that many good men are enrolled in that college.

WHAT MAKES A FRESHMAN GREEN

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

"SEE the green freshman!"

The remark surprised me a little. I was walking across the campus with one of the football coaches and a summer visitor of mine, a high school sophomore who had been born and for the greater part of his life had lived ten thousand miles away from this state, and who was unfamiliar, except for a few weeks' experience, with college scenes and college students. The innocent looking youth gazing at the workmen on the new Chemsitry building was not physically nor satorially different from the average young high schoil boy in a city or in a country town, but he was, I could see without a doubt, a prospective member of the Class of 1919. The thing that puzzled me was how my inexperienced young companion had so easily detected the fact.

"How did you know he was a freshman?" I asked later in the day as we were referring to the incident.

"Well," was the reply, "he was wearing a high school pin on the lapel of his coat, and you told me last week that boys don't do that after they have been here awhile; he was looking at the buildings as if he had never seen them before, and he did not recognize the coach."

I could do nothing else but agree,—the boy was a freshman, and he was green.

The freshmen starting to college for the first time are quite easily recognized by any one even slightly familiar with the situation. The new men who pour into Cambridge or New Haven or Heidelberg at the opening of the college year find it quite as difficult to disguise their newness as do those increasing numbers who each September begin their college work in Champaign or Urbana. Sometimes the very fact that he is eager to conceal his inexperience proves the hall mark of his freshmanhood.

It was at the opening of the college year, and a young professor had dropped into a little shop on Green street run by a junior who had done some work for him. It was simply a friendly call to exchange autumnal greetings with an old friend. For want of a better place he was carelessly sitting on the table with one foot on the floor, the other dangling in air when a youth entered evidently acquainted with the proprietor, but unfamiliar with the rest of his surroundings.

"This is Mr. Blank," the junior said, apparently wanting to do the conventional thing to the new man. And then realizing that he had perhaps not characterized the instructor with sufficient accuracy, added, "Mr. Blank is a Professor at the University." The freshman looked the pedagogue over carefully; he had undoubtedly been warned before leaving home that there were unexpected pitfalls and carefully gilded gold bricks prepared for the unwary, and he was not going to be easily taken in. A self-satisfied smile spread over his countenance and he winked a knowing eye as he

said, "You can't fool me; I guess I know a Professor when I see one."

We laugh at the freshman because he is green, but he is far from unique in showing this attribute. Verdancy is almost a universal quality. It is easy to pick out the countryman on State Street or Broadway, and it is not difficult to spot the city man in Savoy. They are both green. No American ever goes unrecognized in a foreign city, and no foreigner can at once adjust himself to an American environment. It is because there is a larger per cent of countrymen who drop into a city than of city people who invade the rural fastness that we speak of the "green country Jake" rather than of the "verdant city Ike".

The freshman is green simply because he has not yet come into harmony with his environment. He is green for the same reason that the city man, or the country man, or the foreigner is green; he is trying to adjust himself to new conditions and unfamiliar surroundings and in doing so gives himself away. It ought not to be surprising that he thinks the stock judging pavilion is the library, that he mistakes the Beta house for a hotel, or that he tries to rent a room at the president's house.

It is caution, the desire not to be guilty of a blunder, that causes him to knock at the door of the registrar's office before entering, just as it is nervousness or a desire to cause people to think he is feeling quite at home that leads him to keep his hat on his head after he gets in this office.

The freshman reveals his state of verdancy most easily, perhaps, by too great reserve, by a certain hesitancy. He walks about the campus much as a blind man would do who is familiar with the place. There is constant progress, but a little holding back as if he were afraid of running into something. He enters rooms cautiously; he approaches instructors with hesitation; he looks at the buildings as if they were strangers. He is constantly on the alert for the unexpected and always possessed of the hope that he is not giving his unsophistication away. His very conversation, admirable as it is, marks him as a new man and so as a green freshman.

There is another type, however, and this is the man who becomes too quickly familiar with his new environment and who by this pseudo familiarity with people and things about the campus emphasizes more strongly than does the other type referred to his failure to adjust himself properly to his environment. He talks loudly, he tries to lead the cheering at the games, or from the bleachers to direct the coach or to criticize the players. He calls the college dignitaries by their first names, sits on the senior bench, leads the conversation at every gathering, and by bringing himself prominently before the public attempts at once to confirm the fact that he is an old stager, familiar with all the college traditions and able to take care of himself in any emergency. He is the greenest freshman of all because he is the least in harmony with his environment.

My office door opened one September morning not many years ago

and a young man came in. He was entering the University, he said, and he would like my advice about running for class president, or getting out of military, or joining a debating society, or something of that sort. It transpired before he went out that I had once spent a summer in his town, and that as a boy I had known his uncle Isaac, so that the conversation was friendly and easy. He rose to go finaly and as he reached the door he turned and said cheerfully and happily, "Well, take care of yourself, and come over and see us when you get time."

"A green freshman", you say. Well, not so very. He had simply not quite adjusted himself to his new environment. He was using the friendly and familiar "hail and farewell" of the country community from which he had come, it was his crude attempt at finesse and self-possession, and there was no more thought of undue familiarity in his mind than in yours when you send your landlady a check for your board bill and address her as "Dear Mrs. Brown."

The freshman ought not to be annoyed at his verdancy. Nature has been most generous in spreading this color over the habitable earth. There is no other color so restful to the eye, so pleasing to the senses; there is no other one that stirs in us all so many tender memories of youth and spring days. The brown of the autumn of college days comes soon enough. What matter if the freshman is green—provided that in his greenness there is not too large a mixture of yellow? It is simply an evidence of his youth and his inexperience.

The situation will change. By Thanks-giving he will have wandered over the campus from the golf links to Illinois Field and from the Illinois Central railroad to Lincoln Avenue; he will have been taught to respect our traditions and will have learned our customs; and long before the end of the year he will be able to detect the newcomer with as unerring accuracy as we spotted him. In short he will have adjusted himself to his environment and will be green no more.

THE INDIAN POINT OF VIEW

MILTON G. SILVER

"WELL, anyway, Pogue didn't score on us."

In that one point the Indian took solace for his defeat. But it was not offered in the sense of an "alibi" as we are apt to use that term in sporting circles. It grew out of a respect for the powers of a really great athlete, and a certain regard for his own ability.

After the Haskell game I had a long talk with Coach Kennedy concerning his proteges and the way they adapt themselves to the American college game. This talk and the information that Dr. Kennedy imparted would furnish material for a much longer article than I can here offer. I shall try to concern myself only with the Indian and football. The most impressive point to me, however, was how little we know of the great work that is being done for these red-skinned youths in our government schools.

"There's an example of Indian stoicism," said Dr. Kennedy, and he told me that his boy Levi who was standing beside us with an almost expressionless face had had a tooth broken off in the afternoon's game, and that a bare nerve was at that moment exposed. I went with Dr. Kennedy to the dentist who removed this nerve. It was a very painful job, so I am told, but never a whimper came from Levi. Maybe he did "bat" an eye, but not a sound escaped his lips.

"Do they like football?"

"Well, I should say so. In fact they like all sports, but football and basketball appeal to them particularly. Out of three hundred boys ranging in age from ten years to twenty-three—the government will not let they stay after they are that old—we have as many men out for the team as we have equipment for. That means from fifty to sixty. These fellows come to me knowing absolutely nothing about football, and it is a long and tedious job before I produce the finished player."

Dr. Kennedy is a coach of about sixteen years' experience. For eight years he coached at Kansas University, and for five years he has been at Haskell. One can see that he is completely wrapped up in his work, and likewise one can see that his "boys" are all wrapped up in their coach. This surely is a perfect combination to produce the right kind of results.

"We firmly believe," said Dr. Kennedy, "that the Indian boys learn as much in their games and their athletics as they do in the class room. What the Indian lacks today is initiative and for that reason I have trouble in developing good field captains, and especially quarterbacks with good judgment in the selection of plays. The boy is very apt at first to do what you tell him and no more than that. I have to spend many days each season coaching them in detail or signal practice. The plays must be run through again and again, and that takes much of the time that I would like to be using for the finer points of the game—blocking, interference, and dodging."

The Indian is very apt to imitate

what he sees someone else do. In a game they watch the movements of the opposing team, and in their next game they are very apt to adopt the same tactics of their opponents of the week before. For that reason they were very glad when Pogue was put in the game against them. They watched him very closely, Dr. Kennedy told me, and if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the Illini star will certainly be handed some very great compliments by these Indian boys.

The Indian does not lose his temper in a game. He plays with the same determination whether his team is ahead or behind. He never quits and he never loses an iota of his fighting spirit. It was a great surprise to their coach when Captain Clements was ruled out of the Illinois game for unnecessary roughness. The Indians are not demonstrative, and as slugging is certainly an outward demonstration of one's feelings, very little trouble of this kind is experienced in Haskell games. The whole team and their coach deeply regretted the incident.

The charge that the Indians are a decadent race was not upheld by Dr. Kennedy. On the other hand he claims that under the conditions with which they are surrounded today the Indian is advancing by leaps and bounds, and his "dark days" are long since past.

"Why, they're all natural athletes," Dr. Kennedy told me. "Every fellow who comes to Haskell can run or jump or do something which requires physical prowess. I attribute it to their native dances. When one sees them hopping around to the beating of a tom-tom he cannot but see the source for the excellent foot work which the boys show on the football teams. What little weaknesses they do show are nearly all inherited—they are the unmistakable evidences of the days when the white man surrounded the Indian with everything that was bad and expected him to come through unscathed. But those days are gone and we can only hope that following generations will succeed in throwing off the traces which were left."

"They're fine fellows, all of them, and just as loyal to their school and their race as any student here." Then he showed me a telegram signed by "Bill", who is at school in Massachusetts. It was merely an expression of confidence in the ability of the team to do its best under all circumstances. "Bill" had played with them and he knew what they could do.

"I have just two big things to overcome in the development of my teams after I get the boys trained in the rudiments of football," said Dr. Kennedy. "One is the four year rule, and the other is the tendency of the boys to get married. Eliminate those two conditions and I could show you a team of huskies that couldn't be surpassed anywhere. But after all, what would be the use. We are not after great teams primarily. What we want to do is to train the boys to the realization of the fullest manhood and the greatest possible good to the race. We feel that we are accomplishing this end in a remarkable degree, and the winning or losing of games is only an incident in the final outcome of our efforts."

ROMANCE AFTER TEN YEARS

S. D. H.

SHE sat waiting in the green parlor of the hotel, oblivious to the clang and roar of traffic in the street below. She had come in from the suburb where she and Henry lived to attend to the weekly business which follows from housekeeping. The clock on the spectacular onyx mantle was nearing one; so she rearranged her hair and gave herself up to thoughts of love and romance, for she was dining that day with Arthur, the man she hadn't married. Such impedimenta as Henry and the establishment in the suburbs were temporarily out of the way. She had spent the morning at the hairdresser's and had also given considerable time to the masseuse, who had industriously ironed out the matrimonial kinks from her face by the cosmetics method.

"Together!" She turned as she heard the ecstatic exclamation and gave both hands to Arthur, who was standing before her with a look of ineffable love. The affection was supposed to be the same as it had been ten years before when they were twenty-six.

"Arthur," she whispered, "to think that we two are going to dine here alone! And all these years we haven't seen each other once. Time was when I thought you really cared."

He patted her hand in a smug, complacent manner which comes about the time a man begins to wear long-tailed black coats to business as well as to Sunday school.

They sat at a table for two overlooking the little park nearby; she watched him sentimentally while he ordered the luncheon. Light certainly did not bring out the good features of his face. There were a few wrinkles, the first ones, very obvious in that light. The orchestra played, nevertheless, with a way that orchestras have, dragging forth its entire repertoire of erotic and soulful selections. While they were sipping their coffee, Arthur held her hand beneath the table and noticed with horror that it seemed larger than it had years ago.

"So you are married?" he asked.

"The dearest little bungalow you ever saw in your life," she murmured; "why, it's the most convenient thing. You see, the kitchenette is—"

"So am I," he interrupted, "I just wish that you could see the head lettuce and celery that I grow myself."

The orchestra was playing again by this time, and a girl in a pink frock was walking up and down between the tables, singing something about apple blossoms and springtime.

He gazed into her eyes with the ardor one is supposed to manifest when loving violently. "Why did you send me away?" he asked.

"Why did you stay away when I sent you, Arthur?" She passed her hand before her face so that she

could watch him between her fingers. No doubt of it; he was beginning to show his age.

"Why did you stay when I sent you, Arthur?" she repeated. "I always waited for you before all others; and when I thought you were ceasing to care, I married Henry." He looked out the window, and wondered why her voice had lost the softness that it once had.

"I was a fool, Josephine." Then in a whisper which even the waiter did not hear, he asked, "Is it too late?"

She gave him a martyr-like glance. "Arthur, you are married; yet I would follow you to the ends of the earth, my own."

"Then let us fly," he urged. "Tonight we shall go, my superwoman. No, we shall go at once."

"Right away," she hastened to assent, but she didn't see the look of dismay on his face.

They left the diningroom and strolled down the street, each talking of individual plans. He gallantly assisted her across the traffic-blocked streets, and he was busily thinking in the meanwhile. So was she. They paused on their way to the station at a cry from Josephine.

"Oh, there are some things that I simply must have," she cried. "I'll get them in this store on the corner; they keep fairly good things."

He volunteered to accompany her into the store. "No, no, Arthur dear," she said, as he insisted. "I can go by myself." He seemed a tritle pleased at her refusal.

A moment later he had hailed a taxicab and was riding away as fast as the speed laws permitted. "They still bite," he observed to himself with a smile. "I guess I'm not an old fogy after all, even if I am nearly forty and married as long as I've been. Let's see," looking at his watch; "why, I'll get home in time to spade up some more of the garden and clip the hedge."

Through the store at breakneck speed went Josephine, tumbling over elderly shoppers and dodging obsequious floorwalkers until she reached the door which opened on another street. She stumbled into a waiting taxicab.

"As fast as you can," she cried, and to his question she answered, "Oh, I don't know. Anywhere." After she got her breath she smiled. "Arthur's the same as ever, poor boy. Imagine his being silly enough to listen to that sort of talk! I do hope I get home in time to make the coffee myself tonight. Henry likes it best the way I fix it."

OUR SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

THE cause of journalism is on the boom at the University of Illinois. The college trained newspaper man has come to be just as great an essential in his profession as is the university trained business man. Courses in journalism, which were started here a few years ago in a small way, somewhat as an experiment and yet with full faith in the future of the work, have proved eminently successful; and the time has now come for the University to take a step forward in its training of newspaper men, a step which will place it in the ranks of the leading schools of journalism in this country.

Training thus far offered at this institution has consisted in giving the journalistic aspirants a broad, general education, enabling them to grapple intelligently with the problems of the profession, together with just enough technical training to acquaint them with the general forms and customs of the newspaper world. The advance which is being inaugurated this fall consists of a more elaborate training in the technical side of newspaper work. The same broad training in language, history, literature, economics and government is offered as before, but in addition to this there are now to be given more thorough laboratory courses in all phases of journalism.

The suite of rooms in the basement of the Law Building, formerly occupied by the Bureau of Publications, has been converted into a model newspaper laboratory. Four thousand dollars has been spent in equipping a "local" room. Thirty modern copy desks have been installed, each fitted with the latest model Underwood typewriter. Adjoining the "local" room is a newspaper library, containing files of some thirty different newspapers and journalistic periodicals, together with the dictionaries, directories, reference books and encyclopedias so essential to the newspaper office. On the opposite side of the library is a large "editorial" room, fitted with editorial desks and tables where the future journalists will be given practice in copy reading, proof reading, head writing, make up, etc.

Dr. Frank W. Scott remains at the head of the courses in journalism and he will continue to teach the courses in Rhetoric 15-16 and 19, and English 27-28. The remaining courses in journalism as well as the immediate supervision of the newspaper laboratory, will be in charge of Mr. H. F. Harrington, who has recently been added to the University faculty.

Mr. Harrington comes to the University of Illinois from the University of Kansas. He is a graduate of Ohio State and has had successful experience as a practical newspaper man and as an instructor in journalism. He is a man of ability and has a convincing personality. He is keenly alive to all the possibilities of the newspaper field and he has the rare faculty of being genuinely enthusiastic over his work.

To The Girl From Illinois

R. E. D.

Here's to the girl from Illinois,
Wherever she may be,
The girl whose laugh is light and free
And has a right to be!

Here's to the girl from Illinois,
She puts the smiles in life,
Here's to the man, the lucky man
Who makes that girl his wife!

But may that day be years away,
Fair co-ed, do not hurry,
To promise that you'll be a bride
And share a mere man's worry.

For those who know say married life
Is not what it may seem,
And when you have a family,
Perhaps sometimes you'll dream:—

"Here's to the girl from Illinois,"
(And wish that you were she)
"The girl whose laugh is light and free
And has a right to be."


Fashion
Reflections
Malapert


Malapert


Malapert

THE BOOK-SHELF

WHEN some person of scanty age and scantier experience takes up the ambitious task of reviewing contemporary books, he soon finds that he has acquired a tremendously perilous job. If this would-be erudite young person express radical views of his own manufacture, his elders smile in that maddening patronizing way of theirs and whisper with resigned sighs, "Well, he is young." All of which, of course, the young man can in no way help. Then there are the people of the reviewer's own age and capacity who argue the worthy young critic unknown if he express himself more or less forcibly or ambiguously; it does not matter which. So what is one to do?

In order not to call down campus criticism on the very first paragraph of my own criticism I asked five men on whose judgment I felt I might rely what they thought of Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter's contribution to the literature of the ages. I asked, of course, five undergraduates; I know very well what the faculty may think. Without a dissenting voice they said, "Her books do not seem real."

Mrs. Porter herself stated, in discussing her newest bit of fiction, *Michael O'Halloran*, that the titular character was a super-boy, the embodiment of fine qualities; so that Michael is a synthetic creature, a kind of literary hybrid who does not exist outside of romance. With the heroine the same is true, and the female semi-villainess is ideally disagreeable. In Mrs. Stratton's latest book there is, according to schedule, a sigh or a heart throb on every one of the four hundred odd pages. To one who enjoys hearing of the down-trodden deserving with the wicked in the high seat we should all rejoice, for he will be delighted with *Michel O'Halloran* and he will have a delicious evening to spend in the realms of sentiment. But whether one may think of her latest book, *Freckles*, *Laddie*, and the rest, no one can doubt that Mrs. Porter is sincere; she is not trying to sham although she inadvertently tells an untruth.

Recently Mr. John Galsworthy has given to the public *The Freelands*, a novel of social problems in which he has treated the subject after the manner peculiar to himself. The Galsworthy love of nature and his sympathetic point of the abused peasant reminds of no one but John Galsworthy. There is in *The Freelands* a heartbreaking, a gloominess, a hopeless atmosphere, and through the whole runs the bitter kind of satire that is meant to teach rather than amuse. Mr. Galsworthy's book, although the setting is English and the problem is English, is vaguely disquieting.

Bob Tryst is a laboring man and one of Sig Gerald Mallory's cottagers. He desires to marry the

sister of his deceased wife. The Mallorings, being not a little like our own rural gentry, a bit prone to dabble in the personal affairs of the "Masses," object. When Tryst insists on the marriage, he is evicted, and his revenge is incendiary. He is sentenced to three years of penal servitude; and as he passes out of the courtroom, he throws himself before a passing automobile in desperation.

This is a satire against the English social system, and perhaps we Americans cannot be wholly in sympathy with a hero whose struggles we can comprehend but the significance of which we are very likely to miss. Yet the narrative is moving tragedy—that one cannot fail to appreciate,—although there may be doubt in the average mind as to just what it is all about.

Our good Victorian ideas and ideals seem to be losing their ability to keep us piously condemning Oscar Wilde. There is a noticeable revival of interest in the works of the Englishman in the last two years which is very reassuring. New editions of that brilliant author are almost flooding the market; and a publisher has recently brought forth a set of Wilde's works in a uniform edition, purchasable one volume at a time. When there is a demand for books securable after the manner of this plan, surely the popularity of such an author must be growing. Wilde himself unblushingly asserts in *De Profundis*, "I have spoken of the world in a word, and summed up life in an epigram." No egotist ever came so near telling the truth.

Another book on the war has appeared this month to add itself to the already formidable list which the public generally refuses to read. Everybody from Cramb to Emma Goldman has explained how it all started. Dr. Edward von Mach's contribution to the fifty-foot shelf is *Germany's Point of View*. The new book is not vitriolic as so many war books are, and it is not a diatribe and and arraignment like so many of the publications of which *J'accuse* is one of the latest. Dr. Von Mach, of course, is extremely desirous of vindicating Germany, inasmuch as the contents probably had something to do with naming the volume. How logical the author is had best be left to close scholars of international affairs.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS

Through College on Nothing a Year, intimate talks with a senior on his personal experience, edited by Christian Gauss, $1 net. By Richard Rice, Jr.

College Sons and College Fathers, by Henry S. Canby, $1.20 net. (Harper & Brothers.)

The late Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's last novel, "Felix O'Day," of which he had completed the final revision of proofs just before his death, is published by Messrs. Scribners.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks, by James Huneker, $1.50. (Scribners.)

"The One I Knew the Best of All," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. There is a new edition coming this month, with a foreword by the author, written especially for it, and illustrations by R. B. Birch. (Scribners.)

In the fiction list is Robert Grant, "The High Priestess," whose scene is laid in Benham, tells of the married life of the new woman of the present generation.

The Lord of Misrule, by Alfred Noyes, who visited the University in 1913, with frontispiece, $1.60 net. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

"When My Ship Comes In" is a novel by Gouverneur Morris which, in its realism and the color of its atmosphere, is said to be one of the most remarkable of all Mr. Morris's achievements.

A House of Pomegranates, by Oscar Wilde, illus. by Jessie M. King, $4.50 net.

Poems, is the simple title of a new collection by Gilbert K. Chesterton.

The Laughing Muse, by Arthur Guiterman, $1 net. (Harper & Brothers.)

S. Dix Harwood.

An Antique Pleasantry Addresseth the Gentle Reader

(S. D. H.)

My whiskers fall below my knees,
(No more I need a tie),
And though they will not grant me ease,
They yawn as I pass by.

I'm old and lame; my step is slow;
My clothes are out of style;
I wobble awf'lly when I go,
And cannot get a smile.

With Alexander's Ragtime Band,
Eileen, and Casey Jones,
I long to go to has-been-land
To rest my weary bones.

My vibrant, youthful spirit's gone;
I've lost my hum'rous spell—
I am that hoary, ancient joke
That military's hell.

YE CAMPUS GOSSIP

The Sigma Chis entertained the entire chorus of "Temptation" the other evening.

Abe Walton claimed first choice by furnishing the automobile and took the one in purple on the left end.

Good taste, Howard.

Batting averages in the Stephenson League:

Chink Weems	.880
Denz	.500
Firebaugh	.230
Ye Ed.	.001

Averages based on percentages of dates asked for and received.

It was reported to us that the Dekes have held their chapter meetings at the Lyric for the last three weeks. Yes, we enjoyed Theda Bara also.

We are glad to notice that Del Harris is again serving Sunday evening lunches, as it will be possible to run up a bill without going downtown.

We were using our pass book on the street car the other day when we saw something which made us want to take the vote away from women. A co-ed, one of the most prominent members of the Junior class, Phi Beta Kappa material, rang the bell, waited until the car had nearly stopped, then stepped off facing the rear.

Perhaps some of our seniors could furnish us with statistics on the percentage of decrease of letters the freshmen write to their girl back home. Can you remember, *Snapper?*

An extract from the Daily Illini: "Wallace was the heaviest loser, several suits of clothes. . . . "

We venture to say that thirty per cent of the Freshmen in Ec.26 can catch one in ten of the jewels which fall from Doc. Litman's lips.

It's not such an unsafe thing to let a girl drive your car—she's probably smashed six or eight other fellows' cars learning how, so she ought to be proficient.

We want to acknowledge the Agriculturist, but being highbrows we never get south of the Commerce building, and do not know much about silage and fall plowing.

However, in reading over the Announcement of Courses we see listed in Animal Husbandry courses number 565, How to Recognize The Cow.

We had just recovered from the first pangs of being separated from that little girl of ours when we were forced to witness the extremely platonic welcome of our "Whitey" by his Sophomore Theta love.

And as Bart would say, "If we'd known you were engaged we'd layed off that Stuff.

Doc Folsom, looking at Ponce, Pick and Bob: There are four suckers, three over there and one on the other side.

We can't always stand on our national reputation. Two prominent Greeks lost a man to Iris this season.

The Noble Osky Wow Wow

R. E. D.

In eighteen hundred sixty-seven
The Tribe of the Illini came
From end to end of this great prairie
To the village of Champaign.

Led by big chief Osky Wow Wow
To the land of hash and rain,
Far away from all excitement,
The tribe of the Illini came.

On the shores of muddy Boneyard,
Close beside its lazy waters,
Chose these men to pitch their campus—
In the land of their forefathers.

There they summoned wise professors
With their heads chucked full of knowledge,
Soon came many hundred students
To this wild and wooly college.

Then these pioneers discovered
There was nothing there to do;
Many miles from lakes and rivers,
Hence no swimming and no crew.

Distant also—hills and mountains,
Not a pretty scene to view—
Three hours ride from gay Chicago—
Not an earthly thing to do.

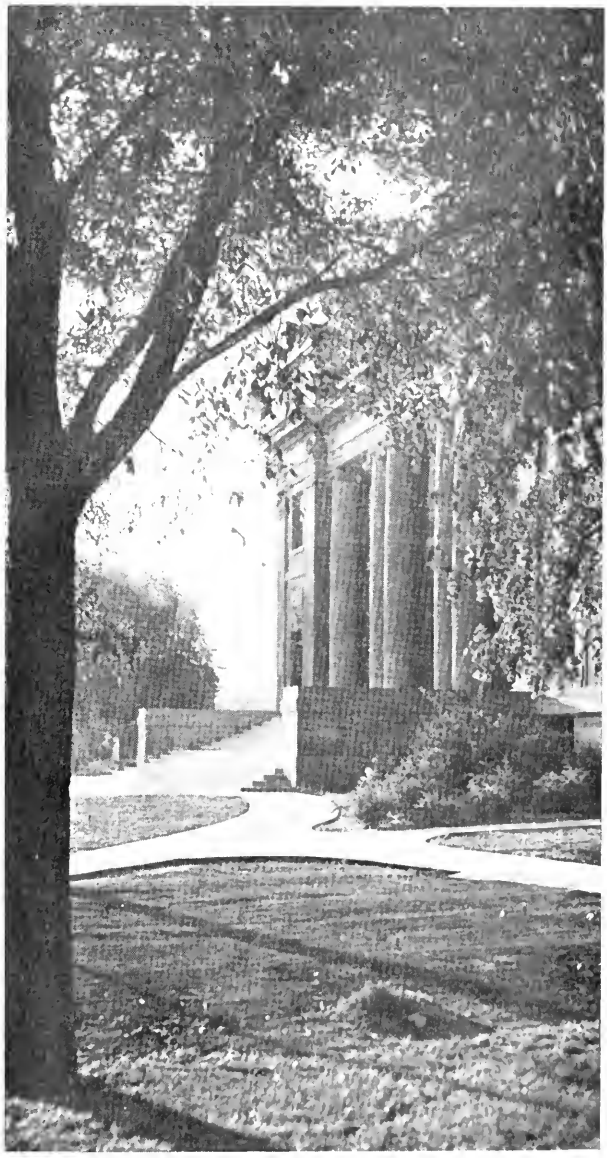
So the skinny Osky Wow Wow
Called the first great convocation,
Spoke to ev'ry loyal student
Spoke: "We must have recreation.

"In the middle of the prairie
Hours hang heavy on one's hand.
Let us spend our time in sending
Illini's name to ev'ry land."

Thus concluded their sage chieftain,
His words of wisdom in their ears.
The valiant warriors of Illini
Have fought for glory all these years.

Today you hear of Illinois
From Labrador to Moscow
Linked with fame, echoes the name
Of noble Osky Wow Wow

The Illinois Magazine



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You'll Have To Admit

We are a Vast Improvement Over any Illinois Magazine you ever saw

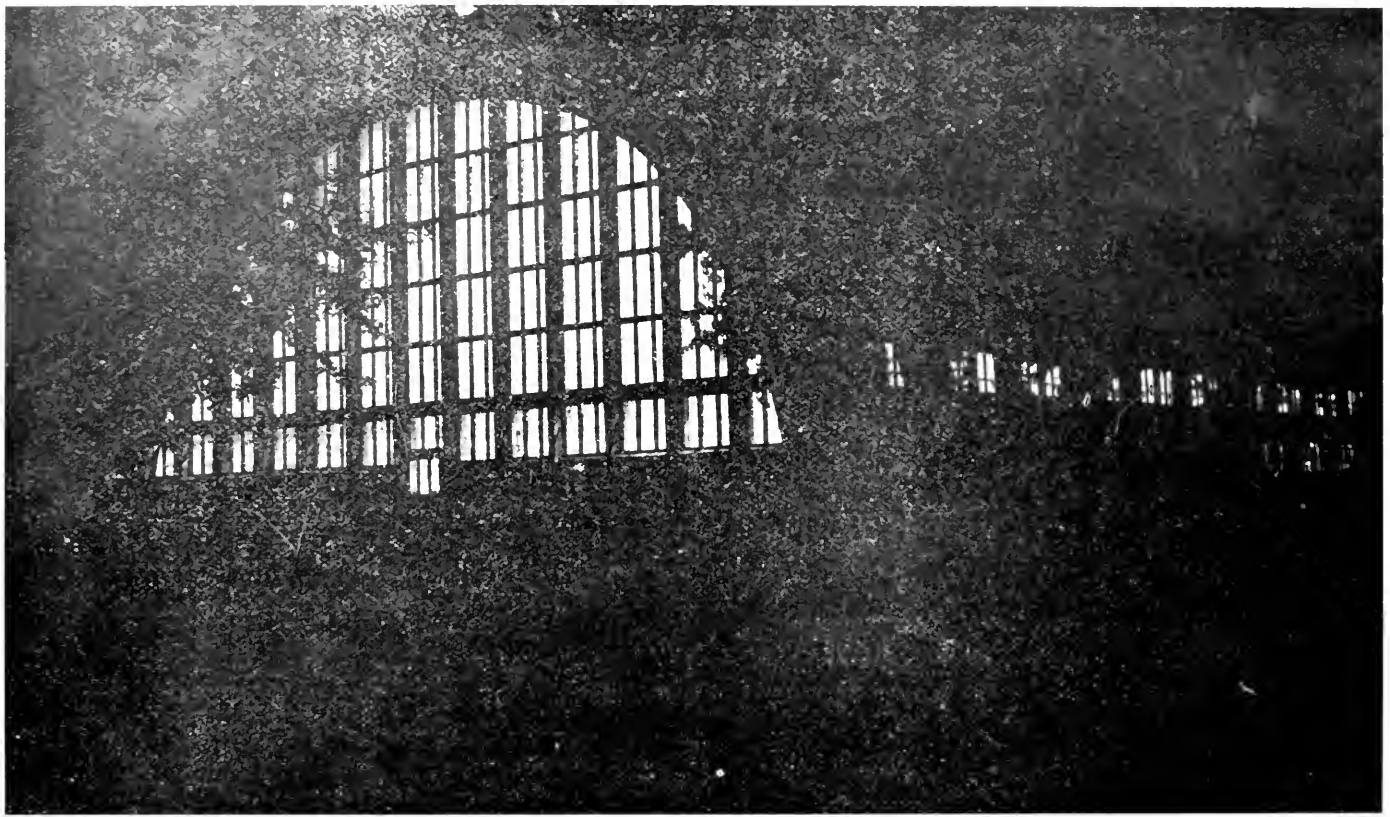
But

Just think how much better we'll be when YOU have sent YOUR

Boost

Contribution or Suggestion. It only takes a minute's time to DROP YOURS TODAY in our box in University Hall

The Illinois Magazine



ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

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MILITARY TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

EDMUND J. JAMES

THE views expressed by President Wilson in his message to Congress a year ago concerning the ultimate reliance of the American people for a satisfactory scheme of national defense were, I believe, correct. Neither the system of universal military service—however many and substantial may be its advantages—nor that of a large standing army, will ever be adopted by the United States, unless it should be really in continuous danger of invasion by foreign enemies or of destruction by domestic conflict, neither of which possibilities is likely to be imminent in our day and generation.

We must then rely for our national defense upon a citizen soldiery. In such a scheme, however, one of the most serious difficulties is that of obtaining and maintaining a sufficient number of properly trained officers to man the regiments of the militia or the national guard, or even the regular army. England and Russia are experiencing this difficulty in the present war in a most acute way; and we also in this country in the development of our national guard.

I desire to call attention to one of the simplest and most economical methods of creating an adequate corps of properly trained officers in the United States.

We have at present in each state in the Union at least one public institution supported in part by the state and in part by the federal government, at which military instruction and drill are required of all or a considerable portion of the male students in such institutions. These are the colleges founded on the proceeds of the federal land grant of July 1st, 1862. They number now more than fifty.

The University of Illinois, for example, which received its first endowment from the federal government in the grant above mentioned, requires all the young men in the first and second years of the

college course to participate in regular military drill to the extent of three hours per week.

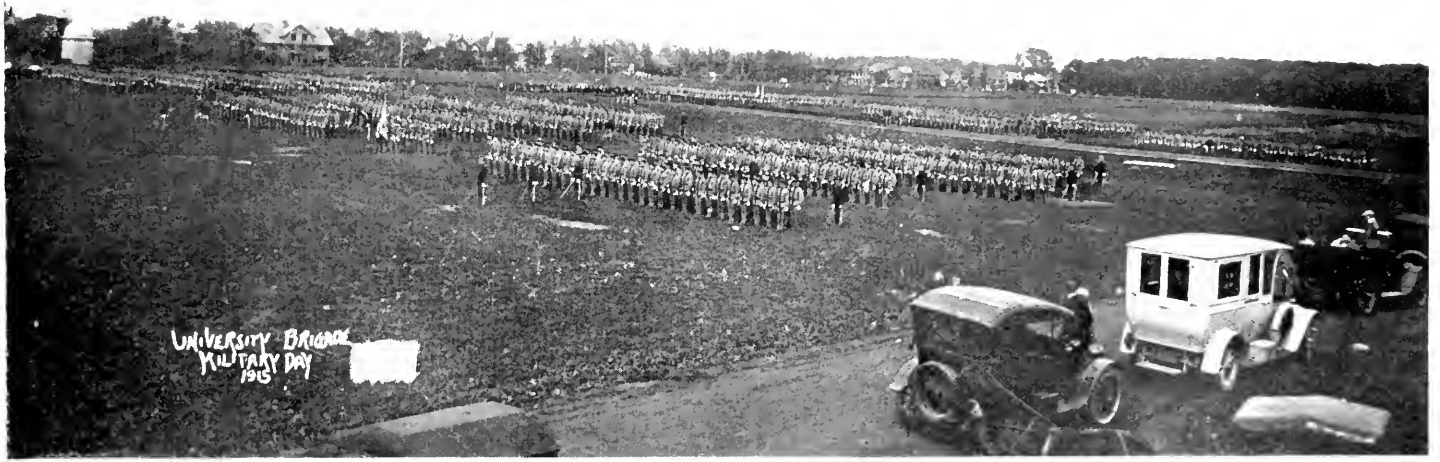
The cadet force at present consists of a full brigade, made up of two regiments, and including the military bands, numbers over two thousand men, equal to about three national guard regiments of the average size. The State has just erected an adequate armory.

These University cadets coming as they do from all parts of the state and country, from all social, industrial and political classes, rich and poor, agricultural and manufacturing, democratic and republican, progressive and socialist; belonging to all colleges (Agricultural, Engineering, Liberal Arts and Sciences), form the very best material for officers in the militia and national guard and other branches of a truly popular army.

Their college training guarantees a standard of general education fully equal to that of West Point and Annapolis graduates, and with the opportunity for additional instruction their military training could be made such as would justify their addition to the lowest grade of commissioned officers.

By extending the time of this military training from three to six hours per week and from two years to four years in the case of those students desiring it, ample opportunity would be gained to secure a military training which would justify their appointment as second lieutenants in the federal army or national guard, and make them most valuable material for officers wherever they might be, and whenever they should be needed.

By adding to the University staff regularly trained federal officers in



REVIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BRIGADE MILITARY DAY 1915

proportion to the numbers of the regiment it would be possible to offer additional courses in military instruction, open to such students as desire electives, and the University could give credit for these, as for other similar courses, toward a degree.

If the federal government were to offer $250 per year to each cadet who would pledge himself to give this extra time to a study of military tactics and practical drill in military matters for four years, I have no doubt that anywhere from one hundred to two hundred and fifty officers of the second lieutenant grade could be graduated from the University of Illinois every year, and corresponding numbers from similar institutions. Thus from two to three thousand such officers might be added annually to the immediately available force of our system of national defense.

I am myself a pacifist of rather an extreme type. I long for the time when international war will cease, but all history gives the lie to the doctrine that a state of military unpreparedness will insure the preservation of peace.

The wars of the French Revolution came upon Europe at a time when no single nation was prepared for war. It was the total unpreparedness of Europe for armed conflict which enabled Napoleon to overrun the Continent. The state of almost idiotic unpreparedness of the United States for the War of 1812 did not prevent us from going into this war and led naturally to an almost continuous series of defeats on land until after the Treaty of Peace had been signed.

Certainly our unpreparedness for war did not prevent us from seizing a large part of the territory of Mexico in the forties.

The great Crimean War, in which it must not be forgotten nearly as large a proportion of the civilized world was involved as in the present war; the French-Austrian War in 1859; and above all our own Civil War from 1861 to 1865 are good illustrations of how quickly nations go into great wars on occasion without any real preparation, and disposes absolutely of the contention that lack of preparation for war insures peace.

This proposition is further supported by the fact that unpreparedness for war on the part of one party did not prevent the Japanese-Chinese War, nor the English-Boer War, nor the Spanish-American War, nor the Russian-Japanese War, nor the Italian-Turkish War, nor the Balkan War, all of which wars have occurred within the last twenty years.

If unpreparedness for war does not guarantee peace, neither does preparedness, as we have plainly seen in the present great war in Europe; but the general knowledge that a great and powerful nation is ready to give a good account of itself in case it is attacked will go far to prevent such attacks. If preparedness for war like that of France and Germany, for instance, may easily lead to wars of aggression, distinct unpreparedness on the part of a wealthy nation offering great opportunities for loot, like that of China for example, easily provokes invasion. The only safe course is for us to establish and maintain a

reasonable military force sufficient for effective national defense.

Let us, by all means then, develop the citizen soldiery, and let us take the first step toward creating a sufficient force of this sort by organizing and developing a sufficiently numerous and adequately trained corps of officers through the utilization of the great national-state schools now in existence.

THE GAME FROM THE PRESS BOX

HAL PAGE

SOMEWHERE in the account of every well-reported football contest there is supposed to be a statement that so many thousand people saw the game. The figures may vary, but the public insists upon knowing how many were there and the papers always give the information.

It would be more accurate, however, to say that so many thousand *watched* the game and that two dozen *saw* it. And the two dozen are dead-heads at that, financially speaking. This small number includes, of course, the coaches, a part of the reserve squad, a few out-and-out football fans who can give offhand every score in the last fifteen years, and the press box.

The bleachers watch the game, in a way. They enjoy its thrills, like the enthusiasm, and follow the plays after a fashion; but they only watch the game. The press box sees it.

As you sit in the bleachers you take in the mass of the play; you know whether the team gained or was thrown for a loss; if the play was a forward pass, a punt or an end run; but further than that you do not greatly concern yourself. And what's the use? If there is any particular feature you want to know more about, it is much better to wait until tomorrow's paper comes out, than to bother your man or the man in the next seat. You are there to enjoy the game.

And here is the job of the press box. Not only must the game be given play by play, but every possible inquiry must be forestalled How many substitutions were made in the game? What was that penalty for? Who fumbled the ball on the second kick-off? How many times did Wisconsin make their down? No matter what you want to know, the information is supposed to be in your favorite sporting sheet the morning after.

To do all this is too much for one man. Most papers which make a pretense of reporting the game with any completeness, have two or more men in the press box. One will take the game play by play, reporting the style of play, the gain, the substitutions and other important facts. Another will keep statistics, recording the number of forward passes attempted and the number successfully negotiated, the number of times gains are made on

certain plays and similar details. He may also assist the first man in his play by play work.

Then if the paper be rich and flourishing, a "star" reporter may be sent to write the lead and the main body of the story, filling in details with the "copy" of the other men. Details are of little importance to the lead writer except as they help determine how things are to be played up after the game is over. He gets the perspective of the thing. A play which, for a moment, seems so spectacular as to be the big event of the afternoon, may dwindle to insignificance in the uncertainty of gridiron warfare.

Here is the real job. As he lolls back in a rickety camp-chair high up over the cheering bleachers, he is outlining what thousands will read in tomorrow's paper. And it is a proposition. Only a few are sufficiently competent as judges of football to know what to write, and the number that knows what to write and in addition, knows how to write it is small indeed.

Such a sport writer is Ring Lardner, who reserves Illinois Homecoming games as his own assignment. Although essentially a humorist, Lardner is successful as a sport writer because he gets a different view-point, an unusual slant, a unique twist to the story which makes his sport writing decidedly individual. A heavy, burly fellow, silent and not particularly humorous in his conversation, it is hard to imagine Lardner as a humorist, but even in the press box he is a humorist and then a sport writer. Only occasionally does he lighten up, and then he lights a cigarette and begins on a "Ford" typewriter which he carries with him.

The treatment of a sport story varies with the edition in which it is to appear. If it is for an afternoon paper such details as the crowd, the band, the cheering and the lineup will be featured, and it is a safe bet that the lead was written before the game. Often two advance leads are written, so that no matter which team loses, the story can be sent through as soon as the game is over without waiting for the reporter to hold things up writing a lead. In case of a tie, such as Illinois has experienced twice this season, it is disconcerting, to say the least, to be called upon to write a third lead.

In morning papers, one may expect to see the big feature of the game played up in the first paragraph. Thus several papers, in their accounts of the Illinois-Minnesota game, featured Halstrom's run and the resulting touchdown by Clark as the event that gave the Illini new fight and enabled them to hold the Gophers. Lardner took a different slant, of course, but he's supposed to do that. That's Lardner.

The press box is a strenuous place during the game. Never say "Pretty soft" when referring to a press box job at a big game. Someone who knows might hear. Before the game there is much trading of lineups, cigarettes and information; much speculation on the outcome of the game, and a little betting on the side, perhaps. But from the first kick-off a tense nervous atmosphere pervades the little coop high up there over the

cheering crowd. It is a newspaper office in an aggravated form, ten minutes before press time with a big story breaking. There is much typewriter clicking, and the battery of telegraph instruments almost drowns the cheering on the bleachers.

From the shouting among the reporters it sounds as if there were a simultaneous effort to get out an edition of Who's Who. "Who's out?" "Who's in for him"? "Who made that run?" "Clark," says one. "Macomber," volunteers another. And then one never can be sure, for a play once passed, is absolutely gone. No one has the time to look it up for the lagger, and the news is half way to Chicago before the next pile-up is over.

Financially, reporting a game runs into money. For the Minnesota game there were twenty-four leased wires running from the Illinois press box. Five of these were to Minneapolis, and Johnny Ritchie of the Minneapolis *Journal* sent more than seven thousand words. Ritchie is one of the hardest working sport writers in the country. In addition to keeping statistics and writing an account of the game as each play was made, he wrote his own leads for several stories, and the reports were flashed in Minneapolis, in addition to being used in the *Journal*.

Bill Bailey wrote for the *Examiner* and *American*, and his reports were sent to the Hearst Building and the Chicago Illini club simultaneously. No one had a bigger job than Mike Tobin, local sport writer, who in addition to handling the report for the Associated Press, covered the game for half a dozen leading papers of the middle west.

Tolls at three-fourths of a cent a word brought the charges to almost $1000. Add to this the salaries and expenses of well-paid reporters and correspondents, telephone charges, expense for photographs and cuts, and you have some idea of what it costs to report a game for the Sunday morning devotees of the sporting section.

TALKING OVER THE COLLEGE

THE king of indoor sports at present is investigating colleges. There is no magazine which does not feel that this is the question of the day. The people whom they select to do their criticisms are drawn from every field. College officials and the professors are the most common sources of the articles. Occasionally an undergraduate is selected for the task. More often, if we are to judge from the character of the work produced, the writer is an editorial writer on the question involved.

Far be it from us to deny these periodicals this privilege. They must fill their columns as well as ourselves. The European war is

losing prestige; it no longer is a feature; it has lost the power to attract. A year from now in all probability the college and the undergraduate will have temporarily dropped from view. But at the present time the serious aspect of university training is recognized as it has never been before; no longer are theories of Crane and his associates in the business world given serious consideration. The rah-rah type made famous by George Fitch has departed to the land of shadows from which no man returneth. What, then, is the opinion of the periodicals of the day on universities and university education?

The *Outlook* is convinced that the affluence of criticism which the colleges have received is a favorable omen, and continues:

"That the colleges should be under fire, and that education in every form should be the subject of widespread criticism, is, at the moment, not only inevitable, but distinctly encouraging. It proves that the American people regard education as a vital part of public life, and it also shows that the old idea that 'Gumption' was the only thing necessary for dealing with any situation or handling any material is rapidly giving place to the modern idea that men and women must be educated—that is, prepared—for every kind of work."

The now famous Scott Nearing case in Pennsylvania aroused a big question as to whether or not the opinions of a professor in a university must be regarded as the official expression of the institution itself. Professor Nearing was dismissed for his radical views on sociological matters, and his dismissal and arguments for himself served as the basis for scores of editorials in the newspapers and magazines.

The *New Republic* probably came nearer than the others to the real heart of the matter in an editorial entitled, "Who Owns the Universities?" Protesting against the control of universities by trustees, it said, "Irresponsible control by a board of amateur notables is no longer adequate for the effective scientific and sociological laboratories for the community that the universities are becoming."

It is still good form to write editorials against the idle American youth in college, but Prof. Henry Canby of Yale, famous among college freshmen for his "English Composition in Theory and Practice", takes a novel attitude when he blames the parents for the failure of their sons to make good in the university. He explains the conditions in an article in *Harper's*.

"The mother was busy learning the ways and means of the new luxury which in the '80's began to be obligatory for socially ambitious Americans; the father was still busier, earning the wherewithal for the process. . . . . The result is the college problem of today—a profusion of well-dressed, well-mannered boys, fairly well-trained, fairly well-stocked in mind, but devoid of any active interest whatever in their education."

"The Confessions of An Undergraduate" written for the *Outlook* during the summer, presents an ultra-pessimistic opinion of a man who, in the last half of his senior

year, has tasted college life and found it bitter. "The hours wasted every day in a modern American university would furnish interesting material to those persons with a passion for disconcerting statistics," he says, and continues:

"These two things, then, I have found that the college works to give her undergraduates: an inability to work, due to four years of pleasant idleness, and a habit of thinking—nay, a desire to think—as the rest think and do as the rest do. A college training tends to destroy industry and independence. . . . . From the point of view of an undergraduate about to be thrust forth upon the world to earn his living, it does not seem that the college has performed its duty of preparing him to lead a useful life."

This pseudo-swan song seems to have been written by a man who has loafed in college and is now blaming the university for not adopting reform school methods and making him work. His point of view seems to be more or less immature, and can be passed over with little or no comment, but the magazine itself expresses itself in no uncertain terms in commenting on the article. The *Outlook* is evidently no friend of the loafer-about-campus.

"There is a great lack of seriousness among large bodies of college students," it says. "They fail utterly to understand their own obligations, and do not recognize the fact that the phrase, 'gentleman's mark', is unconsciously ironical. One of the first qualities of a gentleman is the sense of obligation; the man who wastes his time while in college does not possess this quality. No man, no matter how generously he pays his way in college, ever pays for his education. No college could live on the tuition fees of its students; it lives only because it has a capital more or less extensive presented to it by generous donors or given to it by the State. And every man in college is in that sense a charity student; he does not, and cannot, pay his way. Other people or the State have made it possible for him to use the immense advantages of the college, for which he does not, and cannot, pay, in any adequate sense. He loafs on the foundations which self-denying and able men and women have laid; he takes his ease at the expense of other people; he is as much a parasite as those idle people, relieved from work by the toil of their ancestors, who do nothing to justify their privileges."

Lest there should be those who object to all colleges because of the inability of the finished product to repay his alma mater for what it has done for him, *The Nation* editorializes on President Butler's annual report at Columbia, in which he says, "The University is expending each year out of the income of its endowment immense sums to supplement the fees paid for tuition, in order to provide the best possible facilities for college and university instruction."

"It is true," says *The Nation*, "that the student of a university receives benefits the cost of which his tuition fees are insufficient to cover; but to press this point home, in such a way as to cause the student to regard himself either as an

object of charity or as the recipient of an advance which he is in honor bound to repay in any definite way, would be fatal to the spirit of university life.

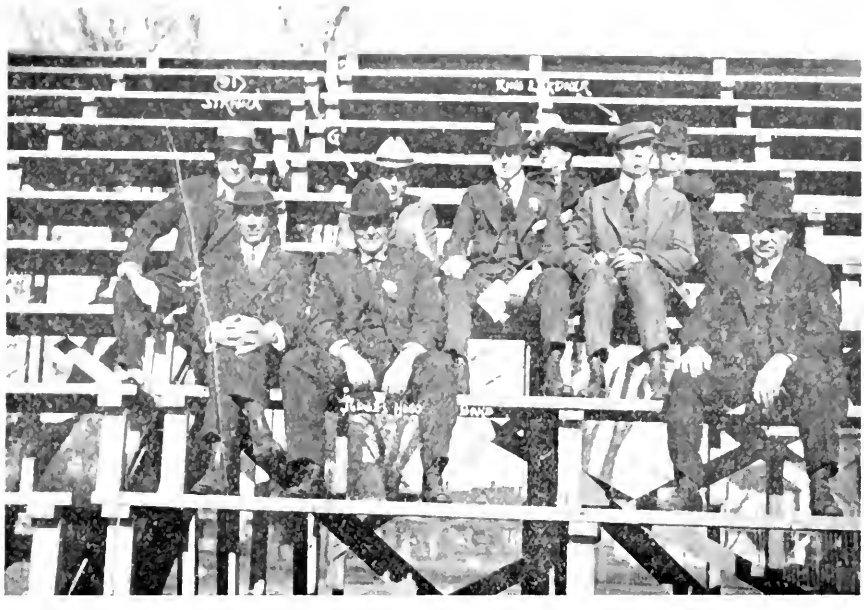
"These resources should not, indeed, be wasted upon young men who do not avail themselves of the opportunities furnished for the acquisition of knowledge, for the improvement of mental powers; for the advancement in culture; but to insist upon a return in each individual case in the shape of 'personal or social service' is to make impossible a free and generous intellectual atmosphere. Let our universities welcome every young man who is attracted to them by the love of learning, and we can well afford to take chances as to just what percentage of them will make a return for the cost in the shape of specific 'personal or social service'."

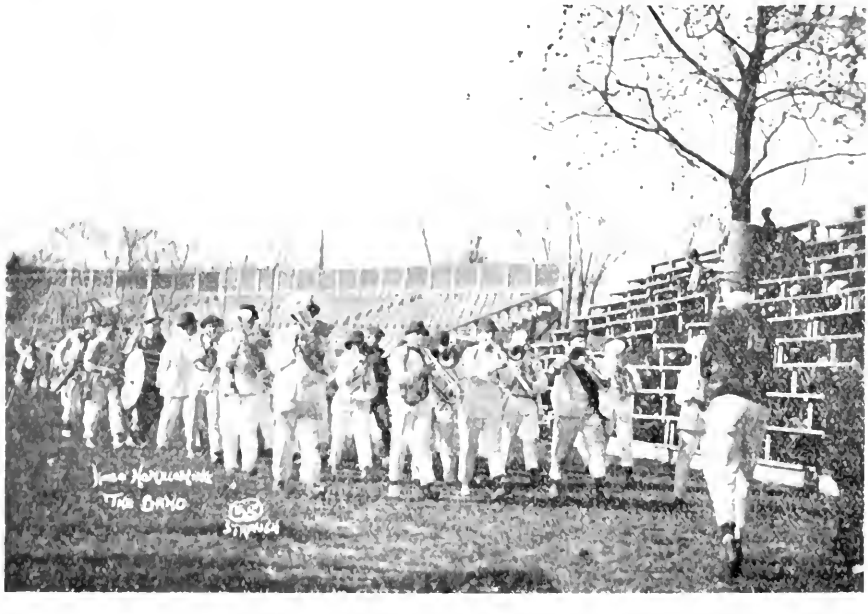
This is perhaps the fairest treatment that the matter has yet received; the "shameless pensioner" idea has a very slender foothold at best, and its adherents are hopelessly in the minority. Perhaps the most startling of all modern articles on the university, however, is one in the current month of the *Atlantic Magazine* on intercollegiate athletics. The article is written by William T. Foster, and although the point of view is that of a radical, the content is worthy of remark merely to show the point of view of many altogether worthy men inside of the college realm.

It is Mr. Foster's contention that intercollegiate athletics should be abolished to cure the evils of professionalism, and he refuses to admit that the system can exist side by side with a reasonable training for all students in a university who wish to better their physical development. A rational system of interclass athletics such as is carried out at Illinois is incompatible with "athletics conducted as a business," so Mr. Foster says, and there his logic fails him. While no one doubts that athletics as at present conducted in American colleges is very much open to criticism, one can hardly accept such radical propaganda as Mr. Foster has put forward. A few other problems of university life which one would hardly expect to find in a discussion of intercollegiate athletics also creep into the article. Fraternities are attacked on the ground that they are but senseless imitations of an ennuied society which seeks to amuse itself in various empty ways. College journalism is attacked for devoting too much space to athletics, and the case of the Bowdoin "Orient" is mentioned as a typical college newspaper in which the ratio of athletics to the sum of art, music, social service, etc., is as three to one. Mr. Foster is under the impression that this situation is typical, but a short glance at almost any well edited college paper will show that the inference is distorted by the mistake of taking a particular instance as being typical.

Various and sundry are the methods of treatment of the problem of higher education, then, and the problem is of ever increasing complexity. As the *Outlook* says, however, the discussion is desirable in that it points to an awakened interest in the education and mental uplift of America.

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF HOME COMING



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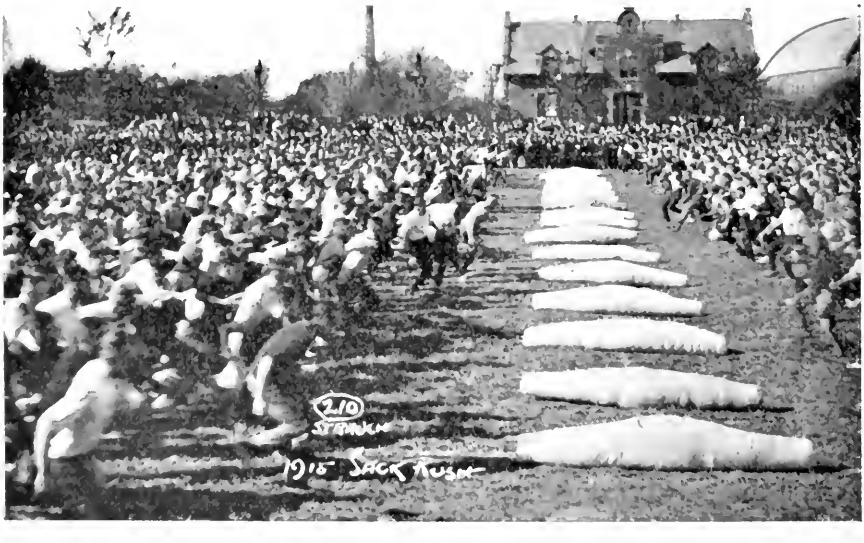
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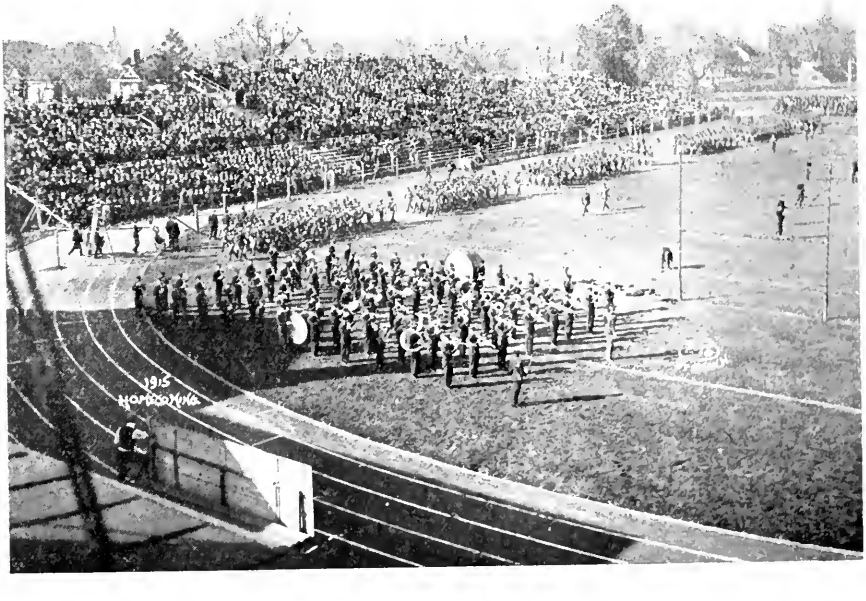
MRS ALEX WOODS
REVIEW OF UNIVERSITY BRIGADE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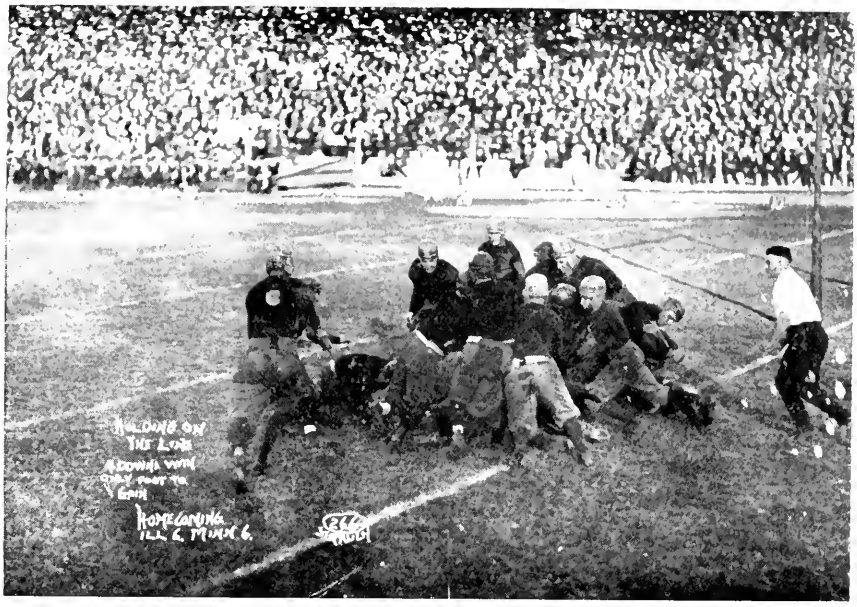
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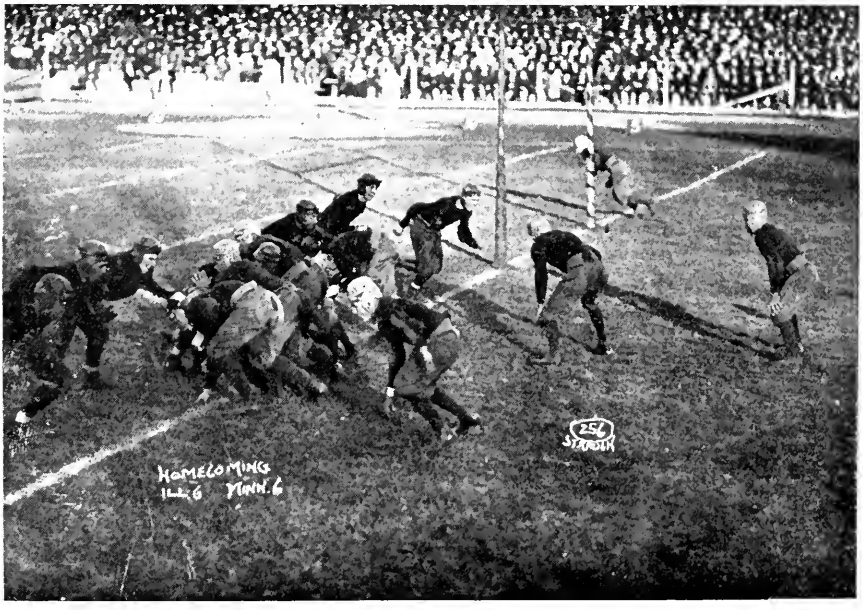
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ONE FRESHMAN'S HOMECOMING

SAMPSON RAPHAELSON

[NOTE. This is a story of last Home-Coming as it was participated in by a freshman. Home-Coming is all over, we know; and it represents a pleasant memory for most of us. In order fully to appreciate our college life, we should get viewpoints on it different from our own. Such a viewpoint is here presented, and in short story form.]

THIS is a story of Home-coming from the angle of one who did not "see" it. But he felt it; no one can deny that he felt it.

He was a freshman and he was working his way. His natural inclination was toward cigarets and good fellowship and a pennant-splashed room and sorority porches and mandolins. Dish-washing and bed-making had not as yet destroyed the glow from his expectancy of these things. He could not afford a ticket to the big "Gopher" game, but he *had* laid aside an old pair of pants to be worn in the sack rush.

He had to get up too early in the morning to be able to scan the copy of the *Illini* which his roommate subscribed for; at night, after studying, he was too tired to read anything. Therefore his knowledge of the Home-Coming festivities, even as late as Friday noon, was limited to the facts of the game and the rush. He washed dishes at a fraternity house, and they told him to be on the job earlier Friday noon than usual. He didn't ask why, because he had discovered that when he asked questions of this sort he always felt stifled—even humiliated—when the reply came, although the reply was never anything but friendly and patient. At noon he caught several glimpses through the swinging kitchen door of figures outlandishly masqueraded, and then he couldn't help but ask. "Hobo band," he was told. "They must meet at one. Some of 'em can't get dressed until after dinner, and there are fourteen seniors in the house. That's why we serve earlier than usual today."

There was something wrong with the plumbing at the house where he made beds, and he spent the rest of the afternoon helping the landlady fix it. They worked in the back; at two o'clock they heard a steady beating of raspingly disharmonized band music and a lot of shouting. His landlady bustled away, leaving him for five minutes to hold some heavy piping in such a way that his muscles were strained and sore as a result.

"Hobo band," said his landlady when she returned. "Land sakes, but it's awful the way some of them fellows were dressed up. It's too late to see them now, or I'd hold the pipe so you could go out in front for a spell."

The plumbing was in very bad shape, and he was fifteen minutes late that evening at the fraternity house. His mind was made up on one point: he was going to take in the mass meeting at seven-thirty in

the Auditorium that evening. In his haste he broke two monogramed chapter dishes and nearly lost his job. He got to the mass meeting about ten minutes before it was over. He stood in the back with the overflow crowd, and strained his ears and his toes in the effort to hear and see the man whose statements were creating so much enthusiasm. Then he went to the economics seminar to do some "required" reading.

He came to work the next morning with his old trousers wrapped in a newspaper. The class scrap was slated for ten in the morning. Usually he was through with his work at nine. He felt excited and elated, for he could see nothing in the way of his being in the scrap. But he had reckoned without the sixty extra sets of dishes resultant upon the arrival of that many alumni. The south campus was filled by a mass of straggling people when he reached it. The freshman class—his class—was being reorganized by a set of officious individuals into a single file line. This line, ragged, faces ash-scrubbed, weary and joyous, pranced and wound ecstatically, chanting,

"We won!
We won!
We won, by golly,
We won!"

The band joined it—a motley, jubilant band—and played that gay, irresponsible, intoxicating tune the words of which are:

"Cheer, cheer!
The gang's all here!
So what the hell do we care—
What the hell do we care!
Cheer, cheer!
The gang's all here!
So what the hell do we care now!"

The scrap was over.

There were a few fellows whom he knew in the line. They shouted to him.

"'Attaboy! Fall in!"

"They didn't muss *you* up!"

"They did, too! Scraped all the ashes off his face!"

These passed on. He sneaked away in the crowd, not daring to chance any more comment on his unspoiled appearance. He felt very choky.

The Minnesota game started at two o'clock, and at two o'clock he was in his room stretched face downward on the bed. He lived in Urbana, a half block from Illinois field. The thrill of the big game had been in the air all during the previous week; it had been impossible to escape it. The magnetism of the situation had grown with every successive hour; now the atmosphere was alive with the trembling suspense of it all.

His body strangely tired, his face flushed, his eyes wide—a trifle too wide—open, he lay as the first tremendous roar of sound belched from the stands. Followed Illinois Loyalty—Illinois Loyalty as he had never heard it before—blared by the band and sung by thirteen thousand throats in solid volumes of melody that pulsated with a rhythm which was a prayer and a cheer.

Came two and a half hours of roars and songs and yells, no two of which were alike. There were spasmodic, breathless roars; prolonged, hysterical roars; and other kinds. There were the yells, all of them: che-hee; osky-wow-wow; the

siren; hulabaloo; seven and nine—for Illinois; for the team; for different individuals. There were a few times when it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose among the thousands there, when it seemed as if the strain had been too great for their collective nerves; at these times a delirious, concentrated screeching resulted. And there were other kinds of times—times of stupendous lulls; times when a normal chattering went on; times when one kind of a roar was scarce begun but another, like an overpowering wave, engulfed it and swept it along and away.

Through it all the freshman lay very still on the bed in his room one half a block from the game. He was a highly sensitized instrument for the reception of sound waves, and though his body did not move, his nerves tingled and jangled fearfully with every successive tumult from the field. At about five he fell asleep, worn out emotionally, but confident that Illinois had won—no losing team could have inspired the sounds he had heard that afternoon. Just before he drowsed off, a pleasant thought came to him: there would be a big celebration that evening—bonfires, snake dances, music, cheering, singing; that at least would be left to him—no one could cheat him of that. At the fraternity house that evening he learned the score. Six to six. Ties are not celebrated.

That night, in his room, he wrote a letter home.

"Dear mother," it began, "please don't be foolish. I do not need any money . . . . . I'm making plenty of change on the side—handling laundry accounts and selling different things to the fellows. (This was a lie.)

"Homecoming . . . . is just over . . . . I had a glorious time. It began with the senior hobo band. You should have seen the costumes—the funniest . . . . I followed them all the way to the football field, where I saw the senior-soph game. . . . . and the mass meeting—I had a front seat.

"Mother, college football is thrilling. You can't imagine. I thought I would go crazy there in the stands, the game was so tense . . . . It is a shame we didn't win.

"I'll write you at greater length during the week. I'm rather tired now, as it is midnight and I have seen the Mask and Bauble Dramatic Club's Home-Coming play . . . . I had earned a little extra money last week, so I thought I'd blow it in. . . . . College is certainly fine. . . . Love to all. . . ."

CLASSROOM HYPOCRISY

A MAN once came to college, it may have been this one, it may have been any one of a hundred others, and deep in his heart he had a certain ideal of what college was and what it stood for. To him it represented a place where men worked, and struggled and thought that they might discover what was honest, and just and true, in short he labored under the idea that it was the embodiment of ambition, truth and achievement. He worked diligently the first semester, he not only knew his lessons, he mastered them. He had not discovered the easy methods whereby one can subordinate school work to more vital requirements, he was not "on to the ropes". He was so green that he made the fatal error of working for good marks, but he was not blind, fortunately or unfortunately, so he began to look about him and observe how this classmate or that got his work. He compared notes and he discovered many things, some of which must have surprised him a good deal, for he began to think about them, a most dangerous process.

He noticed in class that the recitation often seemed to be guided by the cue given in the question rather than anything that corresponded to it in the assignment. Perhaps it was an English course and the instructor would ask some such question as this, "Didn't you think that this passage was very impressive?", and a glib, oily-tongued person would stir himself or herself long enough to echo, "Oh, I was very much impressed with it, in fact I thought it was the most impressive passage in the lesson", and then lapse into a comatose state for the remainder of the recitation. These were the truth seekers that he found. He soon noticed that as he became known as a good student, certain ones in the class began to seek him out. The evening before a quiz he would be burdened with half a dozen dinner invitations, always with the suave suggestion that, "you bring your notebook and we'll study afterwards." He began to think within himself and consider, and many new and interesting conclusions resulted from the effort. He saw that he might pose as a truth seeker without actually seeking the truth, and he saw that no pose was much easier than to act. Unconsciously he allowed himself to fall into these slipshod, easy ways. It was more easy to be an "intellectual tramp" and get a "mental handout" than to earn his own salt by hard nerveracking labor. Others, men apparently as good as himself, did it, why shouldn't he? Then why should it matter as long as the marks were good? With such arguments it was easy to quiet the restless and at times insistent little voice that would cheep, at times.

This is an experience that is the common heritage of each of us when after a struggle we see that our good intentions have failed because we are weak in some one particular, because we are not strong enough to resist.

The fault, however, in this case is in part the instructor's. He may be lax in holding the man up to the mark, and may not be interested in his teaching. Often he comes into class as some superior creature who endowed with the sum and substance of all knowledge in this particular field has come out of his own benignity to parcel it out among those who sit at his feet. "May ye feel full well that ye are indeed fortunate to be allowed to linger with me. I am up here, you are down there; there is no common ground on which we can meet." A man, whose business was education and who had received his doctor's degree at Columbia in that subject, once told me that in a survey he made of the classes in this school he found, from a pedagogical point of view, the best teaching being done by a young graduate student. He was interested in his class. Too often men high in their field teach as a sort of side issue. They appear before their classes much as a professional ball player of note appears in vaudeville, interesting but out of place.

Be that as it may, in last analysis the blame rests with the student. Something is lacking in his moral make-up, his code of ethics is not as robust as it should be, and he follows the prevailing popular practice, or what he can do with the least effort. Although he may not realize it, he has lost something, he shrivels up a bit. He does nothing wrong, as we ordinarily use the term; he does not crib or lie or steal; he simply procrastinates, and sponges and dallies. He becomes more dependent on others or on circumstance, than on his own initiative. He learns to adapt himself to the situation easily; chameleon-like he changes color with the prevailing sentiment, blown about this way and that like a straw in the wind. So he shuffles through his college course, hanging on someone's coat tails, dragged along until at last he passes out to be carried through the world by the tricks rather than by anything fundamental he might have learned. He is "on to the ropes", in fact the ropes have pulled him through, but his soul has been pretty badly shriveled and bruised and disfigured in the process. He gets by, however at a dear cost. His mind has been warped; he is alert, to be sure, but it is the keenness of the scavenger, and not the trained sense of the bird dog.

A recent editorial in the *Independent* entitled "Thoughts On the Beginning of College" contains an analogy that is helpful. In brief it says that at this season hundreds of men are entering college and of these some are trying for football teams. Only those who are the best will be on the teams, but in college many will romp through without any display of intelligence or ability. On the field coach and players are working for one thing: to turn out the best possible team, a team of the fittest. The slow ones, the incapable will be elimi-

nated, but they will keep on trying and the coach will bend a part of his energies to help them to become better football players. Couldn't this spirit of mutual helpfulness, of co-operation for a definite end, bring like results in the classroom? It might, but would not the clarion call of the driving Zupp sound rather out of place in Calc. or Chem. 134 or Philosophy 2?

A CLEANER, HEALTHIER DISTRICT

FOREWORD: With this issue the Illinois Magazine launches a campaign for a cleaner, healthier University District. Our attention was first called to the condition by a progressive merchant of the Twin Cities. Our next month's issue will contain pictures of some of the more offensive places, and the identity of the owners will not be withheld.

UNLESS one's attention is particularly directed to the rubbish on the corner, or to the ash pile in the alley, in the district in which he lives, he does not notice it. If, however, he walks in a strange part of town, these sights, familiar in his own

locality, strike more forcibly upon his attention. So it is with the visitor to our University, and to the town people living outside of the student district. As they drive down Daniel street the beauty of Lovers' Lane is lost by the sight of the empty tin cans at the side of the house at ———. The beautiful lawn farther down the street loses its charm and attraction because of the waste paper, ashes, and garbage which greet the eye. To be sure it is at the back door, but this door can frequently be seen from both streets.

When our photographer and this Twin City merchant went scouting, the difficulty was not in finding, but in choosing material. Starting at Wright street a tour was made between there and Third, including Daniel and Green. Boarding houses and fraternities were the worst offenders, but conditions everywhere were very bad.

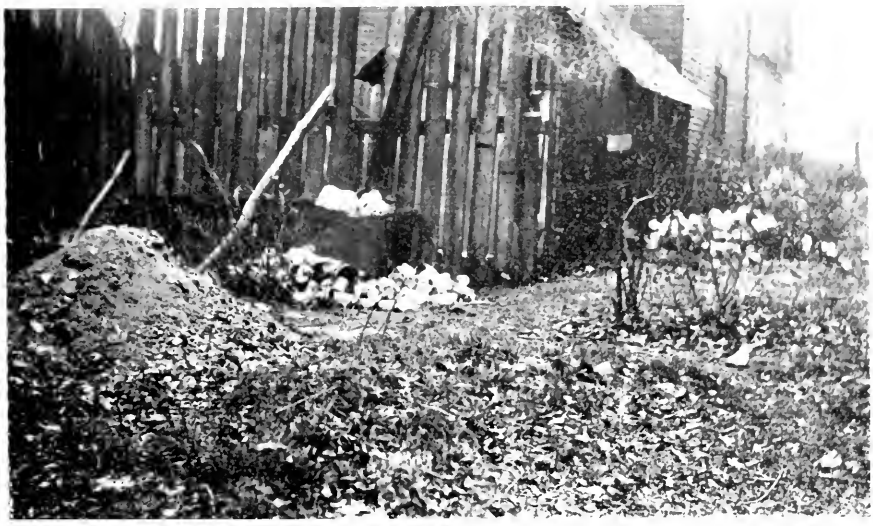
Besides being unsightly, this condition is a menace to the health of the community. Health reports show that one of the largest breeding places of germs is the empty tin can. Local physicians say that the unsanitary conditions of our

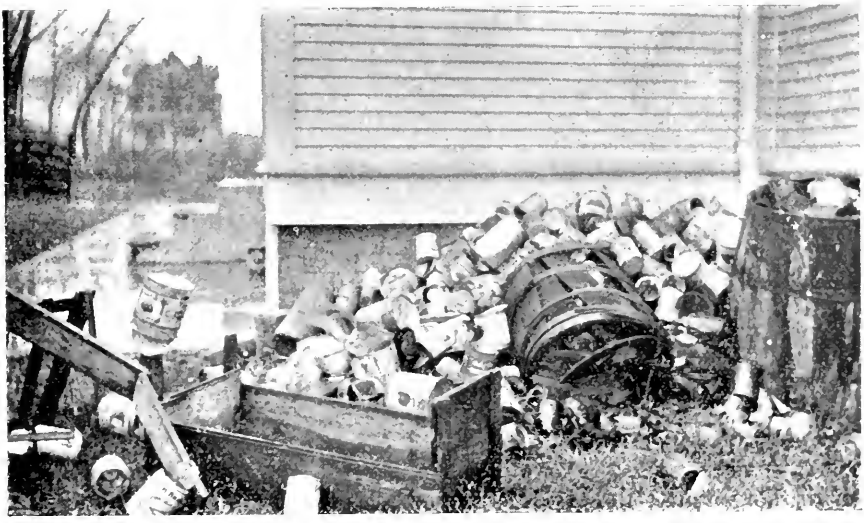
back yards are largely responsible for the yearly scourges of disease which visit the University community. Why should those, best tu-

tored by experience with these diseases, daily be of assistance to an epidemic in spreading and getting beyond control of our health authorities?

An excellent solution has been found by some of our Green street merchants who have provided themselves with a large pen as a receptacle for all such refuse. These may be had at cost of from two to fifteen dollars, depending on the size. Then pay a man fifty cents for hauling it away each week.

With the hearty cooperation of merchants and student body alike, and a little thought and care, we can have a district that will be healthy and one hundred per cent more beautiful.





THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

J. Kenneth Barber, '16 . . . . . Editor in Chief
Robert A. Burton, Jr., '17 . . . . . Business Manager

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COLLEGE LOYALTY

Despite many exigencies designed to further it, the old Illinois spirit is declining. It has steadily declined as the deplored rah-rah habit has been eradicated.

Unquenchable spirit upon the football field has many elements of the rah-rah type. You can not impress upon a man that college is a solemn and serious business and have him forget your teaching under the spell of a football game. The wild spirit which causes a man to shout his head off at an off-tackle play requires a sort of abandon, an element of recklessness, an element of uncurbed activity during the other one hundred and sixty-three hours that go to make up a week.

The decline of Illinois spirit is at least partly due to the various influences tending to emphasize the serious side of college life. Perhaps the tendency is for the better. The student has been known as a care-free, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow for many centuries. If his freedom is to be curbed, if he is to be made to understand that rah-rah activities are inconsistent with university life; if he, the college student of the future, is to be the individual with the shell-rimmed glasses who puzzles over his economics, then most assuredly he is going to view college athletics as a diverting pastime but nothing to become excited about.

Maybe that is what a college student should be; we do not know. But if the student is to be continually impressed with his duty to the state that educates him, he is likely to lose inteerst in the football team, an institution in which the state upon which he is a pensioner has no interest. You might get him excited at a debate with Illinois Wesleyan, but he is bound to become a poorer rooter at the game with Chicago. Illinois is certainly tending in such a direction; one need only to talk with the graduate to have this proved. If this is a desirable process, far be it from us to hinder its progress, but just as surely as it does progress, the old Illinois spirit will further decline. *Requiescat in pace.*

LOAFING

The reason upperclassmen can spend considerable time loafing is because they have it to spend. They have proven that they have time for their studies and at the same time for student activities. They have more time at their disposal than the average student. Maybe they could employ it more profitably, but the very mental and physical organization which made possible their collegiate success also puts forth a claim for occasional complete relaxation.

An underclassman has a hundred minor ways of letting go of his surplus energies which the upperclassman must deny himself or has outgrown. He has both P. T. and Military to break the tenure of college. He who frequents the Arcade a great deal during his first two years is apt to be numbered among the missing during the last half of the career of his class. He has the inclination to spend time in idling without the energy which makes loafing justifiable as a recreation.

WHILE ON YOUR VACATION

Mr. Student, be on your guard during the next few festal days of vacation. You are going to be scrutinized; more than all that, you are going to be microscopically analyzed and authoritatively criticized. The press of America has been investigating and heralding to the world your faults, your good points—you seem to have remarkably few—and your character in general.

This issue of the Illinois Magazine contains a digest showing the more important lines along which this crusade has been undertaken and developed. Suffice it to say that every exponent of thought in the press of America has had something to say concerning the college student.

The people of America at large have been told that they are educating you. They have been led to believe that they are keeping you on a pension. You thought this was a voluntary offering. You thought that they were so glad to have a few thousand educated men that they were giving you this. But apparently you thought wrong. They have an interest in you. You are investment in which they hold many shares.

Naturally they will want to see what sort of investment they are interested in.

At all events be careful. Before you step out on the front porch to smoke a cigarette look to see if the neighbors are watching. If the family minister or the hardware man tries to lead you into a conversation, be wary; he is trying to test your intellectual ability. You are not educating yourself, your father is not educating you; Mrs. Jones, and Giovanni Sapato and the iceman and the owner of the street railway system in your home town are educating you.

SUMMER BASEBALL

Summer baseball is dead.

FOR years we have waited to see this cryptic paragraph that would proclaim to the world that the issue was settled. This famous type of lead has been placed over the stories telling of the death of many men, since the agitation started, and still we are waiting to read the obituary of the troublesome problem of summer baseball.

Summer baseball consists of playing the national game during the summer time by college students for a cash remuneration. In reality such a deed is professionalism according to present standards. But the proposition is hopelessly at variance with human nature. It states that hundreds of live American youths, the pick of college ball players, must remain idle during the greatest part of the playing season unless they can discover a position at first base upon some church league nine.

The deviations to circumvent this rule have been ingenious in the extreme. Athletes have been given the easiest sort of jobs in various companies in order that their services might be available for the company team. An Irish manager of a semi-professional club once matched half dollars with a college player that the latter might get a just return for his time. The peculiar part of the incident was that they always decided who was matching after the coins were exposed.

Practically every conference college at one time or another has felt the sting of the rule. Minnesota has been deprived of her captain for two straight seasons because of that worthy's indulging in summer baseball. Pickering and Solon were two of the greatest stars Minnesota ever produced, yet repetition in semi-professional ball during the summer debarred them from the football field in the fall. A few seasons ago Minnesota lost Capron, a drop kicker who ranked with Eckersall and Seiler in fame, because of repetition in baseball in the south during the summer months. Capron later became catcher for the New York Giants for part of a season.

It is no wonder that Minnesota turned out en masse to vote at the recent election; they have had occasion to feel the effects of the rule during the past few seasons.

Illinois has lost but few foot ball men this way, but on several occasions her baseball team has barely escaped ruin as a result of men being discovered playing in violation of the ruling. One year four men were disqualified just at the beginning of the Southern trip. These included the catcher and the available supply of pitchers, as well as an infielder. The most famous case known at Illinois is that of Jimmy Breton, late of the Chicago White Sox.

One summer Jimmy could no longer stand the call of the dia-

mond, as sport writers would say, and played ball with the Aurora team in the W.-I. League. His choice of stamping grounds was at least unwise, considering the number of college men in the vicinity. He played under the name of Bender and became so famous that, according to tradition, "G" Huff was sent out to look over Bender as big league material.

Around Aurora they still tell a story of the meeting of Bender and "G". After casually talking with Breton for nearly two hours in a downtown hotel, during which time neither mentioned the subject of Jimmy's official status as third baseman of the local team, "G" is reputed to have looked at his watch and casually remarked:

"Well, Jimmy, you had better hurry into your suit or you will be late for the afternoon's game."

There at least ended the college baseball career of the greatest third baseman Illinois has ever produced and one of the best ever developed in the conference.

The men who have been caught have been many. In the majority of the cases the men were not blamed. Regret that they were caught and dissatisfaction with the ruling were the most common expressions on the campus.

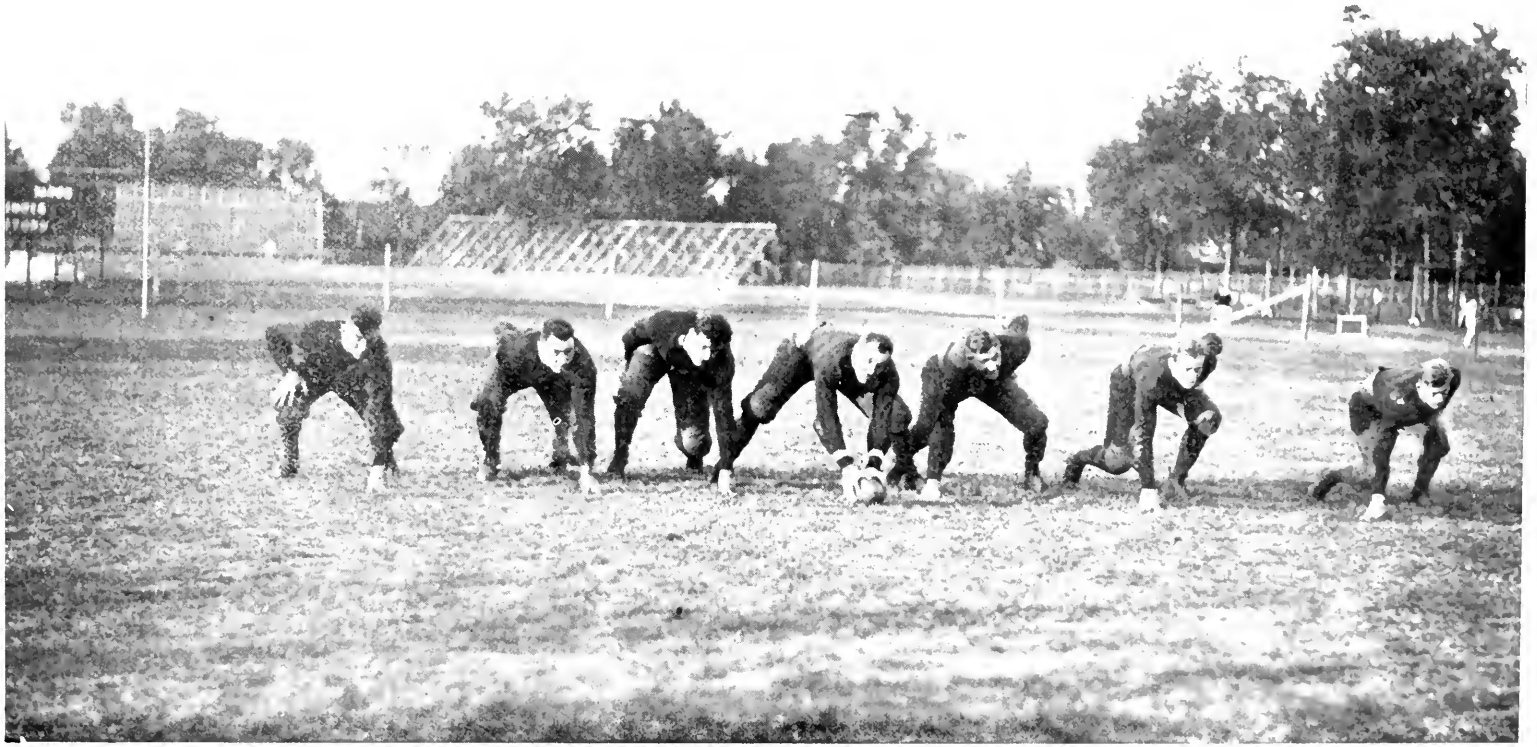
The men who have escaped have been a legion. Up until a few years ago the practice was practically universal among college baseball men. The most famous case of a man who got away with it was Eddie Collins, second baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics and now with the White Sox. Eddie is reported to have played under an assumed name with the Athletics for two summers, while during the college year he was quarterback on the Columbia football team and second baseman of the college nine. When the story was made public nobody censured Collins, rather he was commended with his cleverness in "getting away with it."

We fervently hope that the issue is dead. But we will refuse to be convinced that summer baseball ruling has been abolished until we see the burial permit. Several times in the past it has appeared that the last sad rites were being pronounced for the ruling, but in some unexpected manner it has been suddenly resurrected.

Illinois has long led the fight to allow athletes to play ball during the summer months. The athletic authorities have refused to protest men of other universities for so doing, even though it would be to their advantage. Chicago, famed for her desire for purity and exponent of sportsmanship as examplified in last year's Chicago-Illinois game and their rooting for Bart, has been the leader of the opposition.

The question comes up again at the next meeting of the conference representatives. The students of the universities are certainly against it. The referendum vote apparently sees a clear majority of the conference schools pledged to end the discussion. Our only prayer is that the ruling, which has never been more than an incentive to deceit, has reached the end of its rope.

THE SQUAD WHICH PRODUCED



OUR LINE

WILLIAM AND RAW EXPERIENCE

S. R.

WILLIAM JONES, Junior, had an imagination of capacity. It roamed with unscrupulous audacity; it could put two and two together and get a million. Therefore, at twenty, aided and abetted by a profound experience of fifteen-cent magazines and fifty-cent eleventh edition of best sellers, William had already writhed through the soul-searing passions of strong men; he had felt the call of the wild, wild blood in China, the Sahara, and Omaha; he had sensitively swayed to the dawn of womanly love in the unsullied heart of a maiden young and pure; he had dined with chorus ladies in Montmartre; in short, he had run the literary gamut of emotions and experiences. Expressed in fancy, he was a seasoned man of the world. In actual experience, he was as raw as blubber.

William had pronounced views on all questions. Especially on that of the new woman. A cousin of his, who eventually graduated from Vassar, once beat him at tennis. Consequently he abhorred the athletic girl, whom he always pictured as wearing an inferior freckled sweater and a superior freckled smile, swinging a tennis racket with a scrawny ochre arm, and striding, not walking. William had in his mind's eye an accurate blue-print of the girl he could love. She was to be wholesome, yet dainty; big-eyed, trusting, and romantic,—a girl to whom he could say: "I love you, little darling." She would never laugh at him, but would nestle closer, trembling, and, with eyelashes fluttering, murmur the same as the wood-lark: "Forever, my hero."

The wheels on the buggy belonging to the Six Lakes Farm started creakily. William Jones, Junior, was seated in the buggy; a young lady sat on the faded seat cushion by his side. . . . It was vacation time. The daughter of Farmer Todburn, and a graduate of the fudge course in the U. of X., was Effie. She was also wholesome, yet dainty; big-eyed, trusting, and romantic. . . .

William's face looked grave with the burden of emotion his heart carried. He glanced at Effie, and almost ran the horse into a hedge. (The horse is always sprightly at this stage of the game—it was only eight in the evening.)

"Let me take the reins," said Effie—no, not capably—just sweetly and languidly. "I'm used to driving old Olie, and, besides, it will be so much easier for us to talk now."

"Ah— h—" said William in a hushed voice, "such a glorious night. . . . I simply cannot realize that a week ago I was dictating letters in a clacking, nerve-racking of-

fice—" She was hanging on his every word; her eyes innocently adored him—

"—And when I think of going back, after all this beauty— I wish I could stay here forever!"

"So do I, . . ." breathed Effie.

William's arm gently rustled along the back of the seat until his fingers very lightly touched Effie's shoulder. Effie suddenly leaned forward—only to wind the reins about the whip. Then she settled back, just a fragrant inch closer to William.

William had read about just such situations. He acted on established and proved precedent.

"Of course, you doubtless realize, Effie," he quoted easily, "that the life we city men live has many tendencies to create divergences from what a pure sweet girl, away from the turmoil and struggle of big business, away from the luring fascinations of cafes and theatres, would set as the standard for a man. The dragnets of frenzied finance have made me party to several unsavory deals which I would not care to tell you of—" his memory failed him here, but he resourcefully composed and continued: "I have all but fallen into the clutches of the myriad hands which the Gay White Way is ever and anon stretching out to— er— the victim—but, despite this—I mean—ah, well, what would you think of a fellow like that?"

Why did not the horse run away? There were the reins, helplessly tangled about the whip. It was a ramshackle buggy: why did not a wheel cave in in this moment of base desertion by his favorite author?

But what was this? Effie, too, had read books. When it came to delving in the higher realms of literary endeavor, she was something of an artiste herself.

"Why, no, I don't think so," she replied, dreamily. "Of course, there are many considerations to be duly weighed in the matter; there are questions of opinion, and then there is environment to be regarded. We women can hardly appreciate, I suppose, the lure of real life in congested centers. Still, it must be fascinating to be a man."

William stared at her, his mouth wide open. She continued, serenely unconscious, and spoke in softly modulated accents of men, women, and love.

Here was William's ideal. Here was the simple trusting maiden of his dreams. Here was a girl talking romance as William had always thought it—a flesh and blood fulfillment, bewitchingly serious. Did William make a grab for this treasure?

He did not. Carefully and daintily he withdrew his hand to where it belonged. Suddenly leaning forward, he unwound the lines, took the whip, and flicked old Olie's flanks. Olie responded as well as he could, and, with a crunching lurch, the Six Lakes Farm buggy interrupted Effie's exquisite vaporings.

"J' ever hear of Georgie Cohan?" William demanded in tones loud and unrefined. "Y' don't know what y' missed! He's the boy, believe me! Why, when he talks a song—and the SONGS he writes!

Listen here: 'Liafe's aw faw-ny prahpisishin aefter aw-w-l—' I forget the rest, but it's SOME song! Say, you should have seen the fun we had at the football game where our high school beat a college freshman team two years ago —and the debates— D' ever go to a skating rink?— Say, I did five foot two in the high jump last spring!—"

In this strain did William promulgate until their antediluvian conveyance reached Six Lakes Farm again. For William had been cured, all in one swift operation. Effie was charming, but she did not charm.

He helped her out of the buggy. Enchantingly tempting she was as she said "Good-night",—but William did not see; he was already climbing back into the buggy.

Disillusioned and cynical, an unaccustomed cigarette dangling affectedly from a morose lip, William came out into the cheerful sunlight the next morning. Everybody was chatting with pleasant expectation about the coming hay-ride. They were to start after breakfast, and return about midnight. A munificent hamper would provide delightfully varied and wholesome edibles: all sorts of breads, sliced thin and buttered to melt in the mouth; pink boiled ham and brown fried chicken; ten kinds of jam, goody cakes and flaky pies, and eight rotund watermelons.

William escaped. There was now no attraction in a hay-ride for him. He took his oils and an easel along. There were some susceptible woodlands in the immediate vicinity, and now was a good time to make a daub at them. He sadly rigged up the easel in a little clearing on a stumpy hillside, and painted. Noon came, William ate, and then continued painting.

As he was intently applying a purple shadow to the under side of a tree he heard the crackle of footsteps in the thin underbrush behind him, and turned round. A tall girl was coming up the hill towards him. She wore a white middy blouse, and held a tennis racket in her hand. William turned back to his art, irritated. The delicacy of his next stroke was frustrated by the brush, which broke loose and crudely tore into space reserved for sky. The steps came closer.

"Staying at the Six Lakes Farm?" William looked up into a freckled, boyish face.

"Why— a— yes," said William, nervously.

"Y' see, I just arrived, and Mrs. Todburn said every one was relegated to a lot of joy in a bunch of moving hay except one young man. I asked her where you were, because I want some one to play tennis with."

William looked surreptitiously at her arms. Yes—they were scrawny. Well, perhaps not that, but muscular. Not like Effie's.

"I—I haven't got a racket."

"That's all right. I've an extra one in my room. Lucky I took it with,— it's my room mate's at Wellesley. It'll take just about five minutes to get it. Unless you'd rather sit here and paint pictures. You don't seem to be doing that sky very well."

Whatever artistic inspiration William may have had was destroyed by now. He folded his easel resignedly. He mildly plodded the quarter-mile to the farm behind her, same as a cow follows a milkmaid home.

They played two sets of tennis and William lost both. Dossy Smith—that was her name, not Dotty—was full of masculine slang and ungirlish ways. Compared to the piquant Effie she was as a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich is or are to an ice cream soda and a box of maple kisses. She grated on William at first, but by the time he lost his second game, he thought her ways attractively unaffected. Her slang was quaint without offense. Her manner was direct and without pose. These conclusions came to William suddenly, but convincingly.

They rested in friendly fashion on the wide piazza of the farm house, not speaking much, but enjoying the peace of their surroundings. The sun pulsated hotly and was softly received in the undulating hills, which, in the near distance, were vaguely divided into large patches of russet brown and cool green. The pleasant monotony of the scene was broken here and there by the flash of a white house top, or a far away gleam of the road.

From behind the hills came a guttural, ominous rumbling. In its wake a sudden darkness billowed into the sky. A chill gust swept the scene, and then the heavens turned over and tons of cold rain were poured into the shivering earth. The lightning streaked fearfully.

There came a sudden cessation. Miraculously the storm vanished, and it was night. The golden moon mellowed the glistening, sweet-smelling country-side. Millions of stars slowly appeared, and the atmosphere was throbbing with romance.

"SOME scenery. . . . It certainly feels good to live . . ." said William, softly.

"I wonder when she dishes out the supper," said Dossy.

"Notice the hills over there? . . . They look like blue velvet and braided gold. . . ."

"It's certainly time. The little old hour glass ought to be glimmerin' on the half-past by now."

"How can you talk of eating at a time like this? Doesn't the sheer loveliness of nature—"

"Sure it does. It's fine scenery, all right—"

"I knew it! I knew there was something tender in your heart. . ." William unostentatiously took her hand. "Why, your eyes show it. They're blue, aren't they? They're lovely, too. Do you know, there's something about you—" William's arm slipped around her waist.

Simultaneously she abruptly arose, leaving his arm encircling nothing.

After that William Jones, Junior, took a fresh start. Does he read life in the fifty-cent eleventh editions of the six best sellers? He does not.

A DAY AT THE DESK

A WISE man once said, in speaking of a certain city corner, that everybody in the world passed that corner at least once in his temporal existence. With local application the same is true of the office in the Administration Building which is numbered 152. Should the number seem unfamiliar, 152 is where Dean Thomas Arkle Clark spends from eight to ten hours of the twenty-four. During four years everybody on the campus passes through that office at least once—rich man, poor man, beggar man, and cribber; and the man at the desk has the best opportunity in the world to get a look at the Petite Revue of campus activities.

But the "Follies" as enacted in the Dean's office, though one cannot see the whole play from outside the door, are not all comedies; sometimes one sees a real tragedy—the part of the play that comes after the curtain falls and the lights are dimmed.

Freshmen furnish the man at the desk with most of his laughs, just as they keep the whole campus supplied with comedy for the first three or four weeks of their stay here. While the Dean is arbitrating between a freshman who has been plucked and pledged and his landlady who has refused to release him from his contract so that he can move to the chapter house, the man at the desk in the outer office keeps the other visitors at bay while the skirmish goes on, or gently but firmly shows another freshman the way to register in the University without taking Rhetoric 1 and Personal Hygiene at one and the same hour.

But this article is to be the story of a day at the desk; so that means begin at 8 o'clock when the office door opens to admit a wise frosh who does not want to wait thirty perfectly good minutes while the man ahead "talks it over" in the inner office.

On this particular day the first visitor was a freshman. He opened the door—which has a most ominous squeak—and entered.

"Is the Dean in?"

"Yes. Will you sit down?"

The frosh sat, but being no respecter of persons, he kept the little green speck in the most logical place of which its owner could conceive—right on the top of a well-cultivated pompadour.

If one is driving the cows or walking down Michigan avenue on a particularly windy day, the Dean maintains that the place of the hat is on the head; but when one is contemplating the oak woodwork in 152, Dean Clark declares both in the privacy of his sanctum and from neighboring housetops that caps should be placed in pockets or twirled upon a convenient thumb.

He emerged from the office and

saw the frosh and his cap. He rubbed his hands with a grin.

"Are you Mr. Clark?" asked the freshman.

"I am," answered the Dean, advancing to meet the man, who may have come from Wilkins' Store or Oak Park, either one. He plucked the little speck from his visitor's head. "What's this?" he asked, very solemnly. The freshman grinned, but he had learned his lesson.

When the lieutenant-governor of a neighboring state bustled pompously into the office directly after lunch of the same day and wore his hat into the august presence of the Dean and his gas-log fire, there was a reason for wondering what would happen. The visitor emerged not as he had come but with his hat in his hand and his cigar gone out from lack of attention. Profiting by his experience, if the freshman ever becomes a lieutenant-governor, he will not even wear a silk hat on his gubernatorial cranium when he makes a social call.

After the lieutenant-governor, two arch-enemies came into the office—to arbitrate, perhaps, but the man at the desk is never supposed to know. They went in to see Dean Clark. They had been opponents politically, socially, and every other way since they had been in college. One had blackballed the other in a professional fraternity; the other had kept the one from the most coveted office to be gained by dabbling in campus politics. When they came out from that conference, they seemed to be better friends. So far as I know, they are yet; but the man at the desk can never know exactly what has transpired within.

The questions that are asked are peculiar enough to cause a part of the day, at least, to be interesting. One sophomore who has since become prominent came in one day and engaged the desk man in conversation.

"I saw a picture in the *Illio* Roast Section called 'Tommy in His Roughneck Days'. I wondered if you had an album with that kind of pictures in it. I'll just bet Tommy has some good ones hidden around here. Do you mind if I go in and look?"

Some of the visitors pass by the desk with a confident grin, certain that their "line" will get by. The next caller was just such a man, and he strolled past the desk with a supercilious smile at the line of waiting boys, some of whom looked anxious. Perhaps he was on the carpet and felt that there could be no case made against him. That over-confident visitor did not stay long; when he emerged, the smile was gone, the loquacious "line" was not forthcoming, and his hands were in his pockets and his eyes were looking at nothing but the floor.

Then there is the freshman, so homesick that he feels that he cannot stay another minute. One can tell a homesick freshman just as quickly as one can tell whose "line" will not get by with the powers that be. In the first few weeks of school freshmen of high and low degree visit 152. The well-dressed fellow from a Chicago suburb, and the boy with the queer looking suit purchased in some impossible general

store; but the poor fellow who is frightened and homesick is the most forlorn visitor who comes. Very likely, as he sits on the bench awaiting his turn to talk with the Dean, he does not know more than five people in the two towns. All his friends from home are fraternity men or fraternity men in the making. Sensitively, he believes that that ends their friendship. At the desk one sees them pass in dejectedly, hopelessly, to emerge with something almost like gusto fifteen minutes later, with spring in the step and smiles on the lips. The crisis is passed in some adroit way.

So they come; some with smiles of confidence which turn to looks of defeat; some with lugubrious faces which are smiling later on. "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." You never can tell.

Almost every day comes the flunker who is bringing father to discuss with the Dean the problem of why Harold does not make a brilliant student in Rhetoric 1 or Library Science 12. Father approaches with much eclat, as stout elderly men are likely to approach when they wear white vests; Harold's steps are like those of a pallbearer at a lodge funeral, and he glares at father and glowers at the brown curtains which prevent the man at the desk from watching the traffic on Wright street. Father folds his hands across his capacious stomach while Harold fidgets on the long bench which holds visitors, just as if his soul belonged to the old clothes man. The buzzer buzzes, and in they go. Well, perhaps Harold is thinking, one must propitiate Moloch. When they return past the desk man's chair, Harold looks relieved and father does not seem so much disgusted with Harold as most fathers are with delinquent offspring.

About ten o'clock that morning the telephone rang. Someone at Burnham hospital was calling. Bill Wilson, freshman and only son, had died that morning after an illness of three days. He had been in school only four weeks. That afternoon his father and mother came in to see the Dean. Bill Wilson's mother was pale and frightened at the strangeness of it all and the overwhelming thing that had happened; his father, one of those huge-framed central Illinois farmers, with big hands that had worked hard, and a face grown red from many winter winds, actually seemed to lean upon the little person at his side, who was calm and tearless, as strong women are likely to be at such moments.

"I shall *ring* for the next visitor," said the Dean, as he silently gripped the great paw of the farmer. Then the door closed on them.

But then, fortunately, that sort of thing happens seldom; the amusing things come more often.

"I want to see Mr. Tommy Arkle, if you please," announced a freshman as the door swung behind him.

"I don't quite get you," said the guardian of the door.

"Mr. Arkle—Mr. Tommy Arkle, is he in?"

"You mean Dean Clark," said the clerk, by way of helping him out with a suggestion.

"Oh, no," declared the frosh,

"not Dean Clark. Don't you know who Mr. Arkle is?"

Then the man at the desk took the guileless one by the arm and ushered him into the inner office, where the freshman discovered Dean Clark holding the job that really belonged to Mr. Thomas Arkle.

The freshman looked neither right nor left when he went out.

Every day, of course, is not like this one; and perhaps you may doubt that all this happened in one day. Yet every hour spent near the door behind which the Dean holds his audiences brings a series of adventures with an infinite variety of comedy and an occasional tragedy enacted sometimes when the discipline committee meets during finals and a senior who has missed his diploma through that meeting leaves the office, knowing that he has to explain to the folks at home.

There is a whole lot of fun sitting at the desk, but it is not always fun for everybody. To those in the campus world it is not great sport to pass the desk in the outer office as he goes through 152 at least once in his four years. Nor is it always fun for the man beyond the door when the Dean says, "I'll *ring* for the next man."

A campus philosopher who had grown eloquent over a chocolate stir in Bradley's Arcade once said that the whole world is built on the fifty-fifty plan—just as much of one thing as another. But the proportion of laughs and sniffles runs twenty-five to seventy-five; depending on the way you look at things. At least that is the way things run in 152 Administration Building.

The Book Shelf

THE "MENTAL PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM"

When John Hay was a young man and Mary Mapes Dodge had not progressed so far in the field of letters, it was the custom, says the *Bookman*, to keep mental photograph albums in which one told all sorts of intimate things in answer to very pointed questions, such as "What is your favorite color?" or "What are the sweetest words in the world?" This fashion, think some, went out with framed mottoes, crochet tidies, and brussels carpets. But we still like "mental photograph albums," though most of us are not preparing them nowadays. New books of anonymous origin and pungent contents appear on the market with amazing frequency, retailing the intimate things of someone's life.

Me, A Tale of Remembrance (Century, $1.30), is of that type—the kind of book in which the actual story of a life is revealed in fiction-like guise. Jean Webster writes the introduction and tells the history of the book's creation; it is the work of some four weeks—a stupendous task, writing a book in a little less or a little more than a month. There is no doubt that the author is, as Miss Webster tells us, a successful writer, for *Me* would argue her an accomplished story-teller.

A girl of temperamental and undependable parentage goes forth before her 'teens are passed to tackle the world. She is alone and guileless to a startling degree. She works on a paper in the West Indies, comes very near falling into the toils of a designing Richmond physician, goes to Chicago on money sent her by a well-wisher with whom she promptly falls in love, finds this lover figuring in a very exclusive scandal, tries to jump in Lake Michigan, and starts to New York on her career.

Novels where the heroine is disillusioned and does not find another illusion before the last page is reached are few enough, but in our "mental photograph album" the stories are true, the editors assure us, and things are not necessarily happy in the end.

The latest novel from Mary Roberts Rinehart's pen is *K* (Houghton Mifflin, $1.35 net), a tale with somewhat different theme and treatment from the usual Rinehart story. K. LeMoyne is a fam-

ous surgeon, who disguises his identity for reasons which become known later. Sidney Page is studying to become a nurse, and K comes to her mother's home to be a "roomer." There is also Joe, who is in love with Sidney, and Dr. Max Wilson, to whom Sidney becomes engaged. Her work as nurse in the hospital, where all sorts and conditions of men and women come, makes Sidney realize that the world is in part, at least, ugly and harsh. She finds that correctly tailored young men are not always the best husbands; this she finds before it is too late, and then she——————

Carlotta Harrison is a made-to-order villainess who rather dumfounds one by glibly discussing Nietzsche and then poisoning a perfectly innocent man in order to spite the heroine who has won the love of Dr. Max Wilson, though just how this will right matters is not very obvious. If a woman has the nerve to read the crusty old misogynist, then she could poison a man without compunction, you say. Yes, but she would do a more artistic job than Carlotta Harrison did, and she would be successful. That would, of course, spoil a romance and reflect terribly on the author for allowing such a thing to happen.

Notwithstanding the curious literary anatomy of Carlotta Harrison, *K* is a very readable book, although it is not the kind of volume to keep one awake with an overplus of desire to see what the denouement will be.

A commissary of a certain national fraternity of local significance was once talking to a fellow who had been sent to the chapter house by the Y. M. C. A., to wash dishes. With, no doubt, a feeling of self-satisfaction he told the fellow from the employment bureau that he admired a fellow who worked his way through college and that no matter where or when he saw the worker he would always speak to him just as if he were not scouring crockery. Remarkable exhibition of *noblesse oblige!*

But this type of man, fortunately, is scarce on most college campuses. There is real democracy in many college periodicals. In *Through College on Nothing a Year* (Scribner's, $1.00), the praise given to undergraduate democracy is high, and it makes one feel good to read it, coming, as it does, from a man who has worked.

Generally speaking, there seems to be nothing spectacular in working his way through school. The men who do it are prosaic souls, most of us think, and do little else. Christian Gauss has recorded the adventures of a Princeton student who worked his way with no monthly remittance from home to help things along. This is the story of a remarkable success.

The boy of whom Gauss writes was born in the slums of a nearby city. He had been arrested at the age of six, was a cigarette fiend at nine, and had spent a year on a "wop" gang before he entered high school. He washed dishes at the Princeton commons to begin with, and in the end he was one of the prominent men on the campus.

Through College on Nothing a Year is worth the attention of every college man, undergraduate and alumnus.

Ye Campus Gossip

Reserved for

See Next Month

A clipping from *Life* says, "*Life* is, WITH ONE EXCEPTION, the only free and independent journal in America. It is not controlled by trust, creed, *advertiser*, political party, millionaire or anybody or anything except its own conscience."

We thank *Life* for its recognition, and congratulate it on its being in a class with us in this respect. *Life* shows much discretion in omitting *The Siren*.

We acknowledge receipt of *The Siren* and notice some advertising (we took the cream of it), a few imitations of Buck Ramsey's art, some clever verse, and the need of humor.

It has been rumored that Gardnie Rogers has at last succeeded Judson in the esteem of Gladys Lovewell.

We were wondering how they did it, when a girl, recently a visitor at the Phi Gamma Delta House, informed us that she was told they received a prize from the National Organization for being the best chapter in the fraternity. We ask——.

For the benefit of our contributors we wish it definitely understood that only undergraduate happenings are accepted. Please refrain from contributing items concerning Bee, Shoie, Julia, Highball and other prominent alumni.

They say Ann Voss *is in love*. And to a Deke athlete at that!

We were amused at the criticism of our sheet in Fortnightly Notes. Were you?

We are wondering if the stay-overs had a good time at the Beta House Dance?

We'll forgive anybody anything now—.

The "inseparable Bobs" have petitioned for admission to the Stephenson League.

We were told Chink Weems sent a freshman to bring Dot down to the Arcade to meet him.

It is better to be victimized occasionally than to go through life filled with suspicion.

Better buy your lot first before you ask any girl to share it with you. Eh, Lonie?

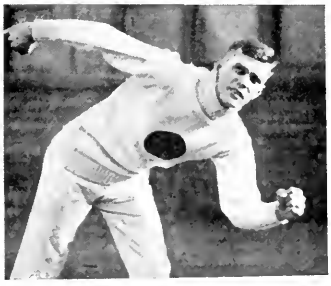
We'd like to borrow the heading "Assists, Assaults, and Ali-Bi's" from The Fra. May we, Brother Elbert Hubbard?

Alice Chesley and Pat McCall are entered in a Popularity Contest now on at the Princess Theatre.

It is up to some *unusual* sorority girl to win the $5 prize in the Prettiest Room Contest.

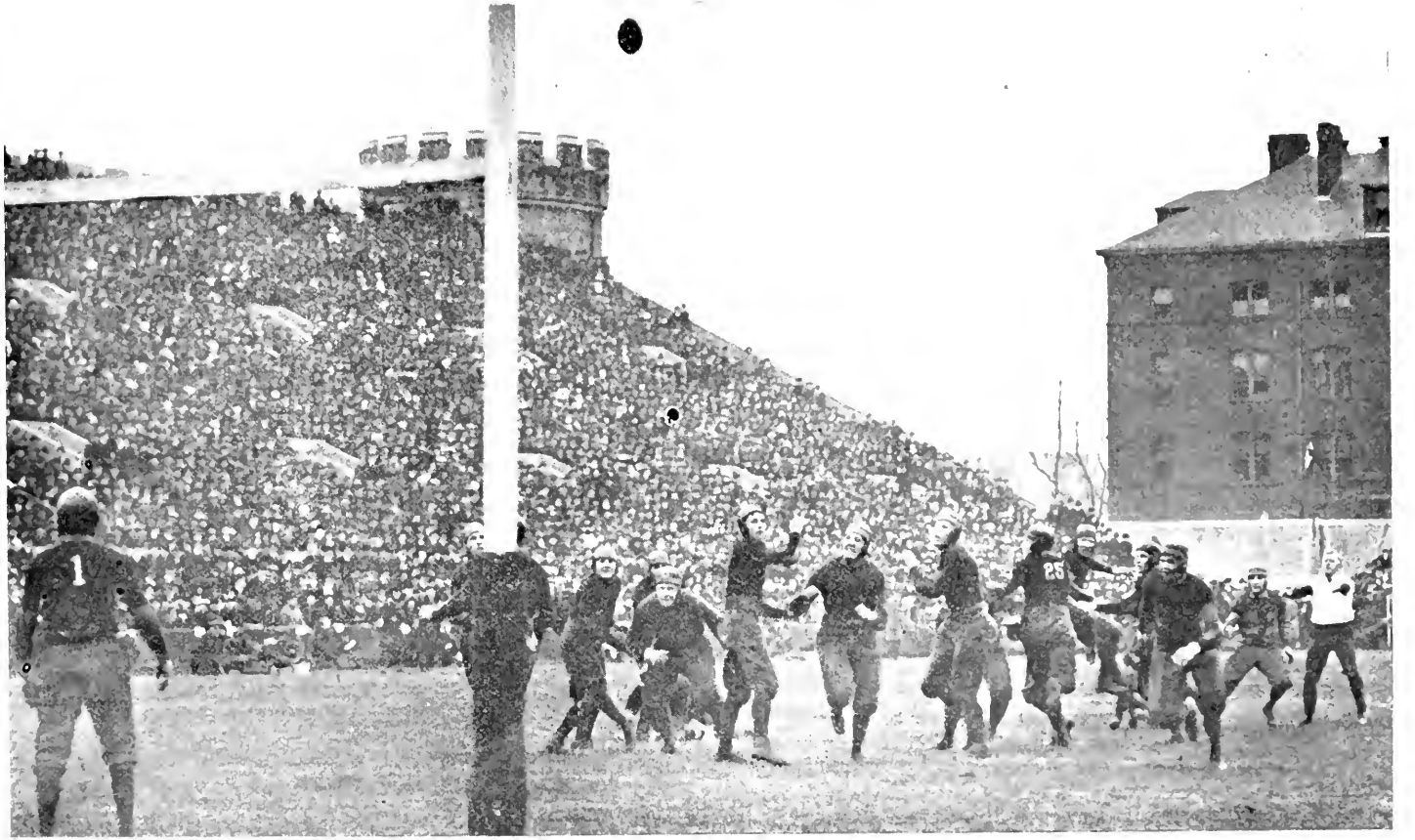
HALSTROM'S TOUCHDOWN

Here Is How We Marooned Chicago



RUSSELL PUNTING OUT OF DANGER FROM TWO-FOOT LINE

ATTEMPTED PLACE KICK



MACOMBER'S GOAL FROM PLACEMENT

The *Illinois Magazine*

will give a CASH
PRIZE of

FIVE DOLLARS

to the girl now enrolled in the University who submits on or before January 30, 1916, the photograph of her room, which in the opinion of the judges is most practically and artistically arranged.

An article of not more than 150 words should be submitted describing the room and expense involved in furnishing it.

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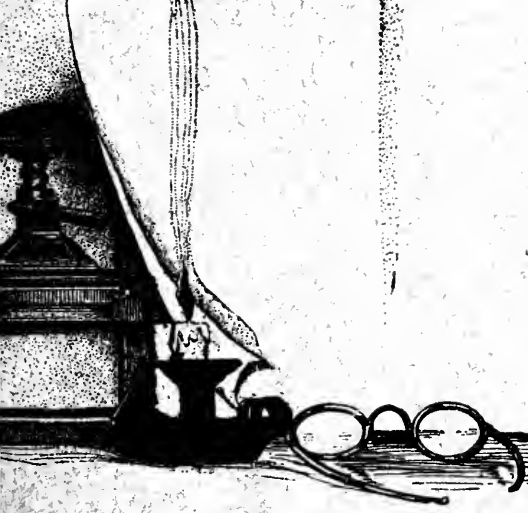
The Illinois Magazine



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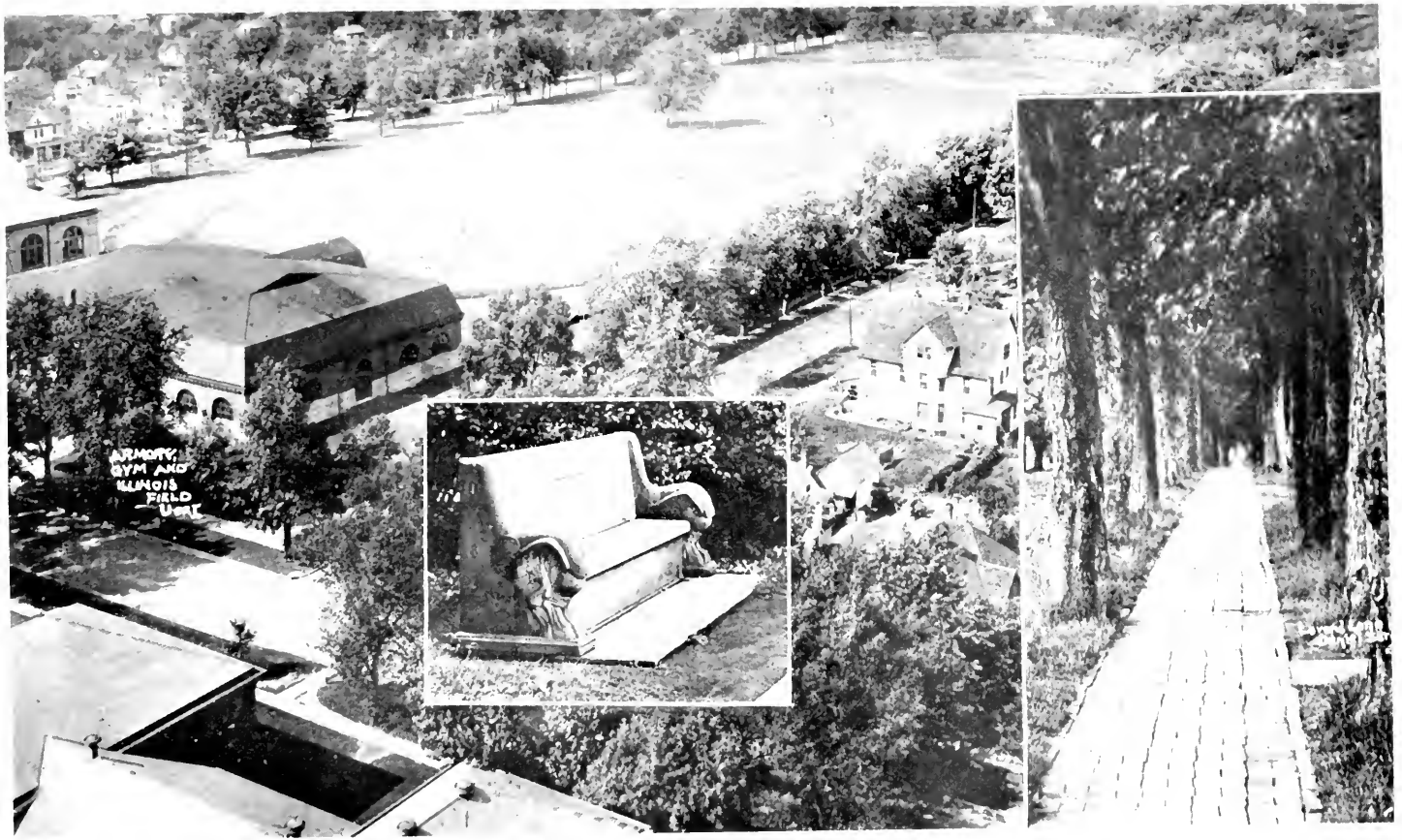
ARMORY, GYM AND ILLINOIS FIELD USAT

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

VOL. VII MARCH, 1916 NO. 3

TRADITIONS

"Tradition—the delivery of opinions, doctrines, practices, rites and customs from father to son or from ancestors to posterity . . . . Traditions may be good or bad; true or false."—Webster.

A FEW years ago a large eastern school made a radical change in policy which tended to vitally affect the question of dicipline in the school. The headmaster was asked how he expected to reconcile the student body to this change, and how he expected to accomplish dicipline to any satisfactory extent. He replied:

"The traditions of the school are my only salvation. The character of the school may change; the personnel of the student body and of the faculty does change; but the traditions go on forever. They are as permanent as the hills which surround us and as sacred as the very walls of the institution. Not rules, not faculty supervision, but traditions will make the continuance of the integrity of the school possible."

Most traditions spring from insignificant affairs. Time molds them into form, but when once established they become the most sacred treasures of a family, a country, or a college. And so they are handed down from father to son, from ancestors to posterity, from senior to freshman. But traditions may be good or bad; true or false.

At Williamstown, Massachusetts, they tell the story of some Williams College students who were returning from a walk one day when a thunder storm came up suddenly. The students took refuge under a haystack and waited for the shower to pass. Now these students were of the more serious type, and their talk was concerned with things worth while. While the storm was raging they were discussing foreign missions, and it is said that this great movement which has had such far reaching effects had its conception on that day. The "Haystack Monument" was later erected on the spot as a memorial to those who began the development of foreign missions on anything like its present scale, and today the monument and the story go to form one of the most sacred traditions at Williams.

It is in the small eastern colleges

that one finds most of the more famous traditions. Princeton, Yale and Harvard are full of them; Amherst, Dartmouth, Virginia, Pennsylvania, all have their traditions dating back to the early days of our republic, and firmly established as they are, they become co-existent with the institution itself. Princeton's "senior singing", the ringing of the bell in the tower of old Nassau Hall which for over a century and a half has sounded its curfew bidding students get them to their rooms, are customs which linger with the graduate long after he has forgotten his calculus and his Pliny.

The importance of the role which these traditions play in the college administration is almost inestimable. Princeton and "honor system" are almost synonymous, yet this system owes its success to the traditions which surround it and the undergraduate attitude toward it. It has failed in so many other places because these essentials are lacking. A Princeton man would no more see the honor system violated than would an Illinois man stand calmy by and hear G. Huff called a poor sportsman.

Whether long years are necessary in the thorough establishment of a tradition depends entirely upon circumstances. It is conceivable that a tradition based on something worth while, and expressed in a sensible and sincere form, might grow up in two or three years. Our own Homecoming is not much older and still it bids fair to become permanent. On the other hand it is doubtful whether such an uncalled-for exhibition as the Senior Hobo Band, even though continued for generations, can ever assume the character of a sound tradition. It would seem, then, that something more than age is necessary for a real tradition. This is because some are good and some are bad; some are true and some are false.

There are two very striking things about Illinois traditions. The first is that there aren't any—or none worth bragging about—and the second is that nobody seems to care. Now and then something happens which might tend to become the foundation for a tradition. Someone takes it up, but before it gets its second wind somebordy else comes along with a bucket of cold water, and it's gone. Very often the cry is against "rah-rah" stuff, or a tendency toward that so called "college" atmosphere of the musical comedy type. This is all well and good, but at the same time we can't apply the acid test to all of these things and hope to get very far.

Traditions cannot be manufactured for the occasion. We have tried that in the case of the freshman cap burning. This custom may live, but unless the spirit which goes with it changes, it can never become a true tradition. The student Council tried to plead class loyalty this year to get the '19 men to wear their green caps, and now they admit that it didn't work and that freshmen will not wear their caps. There is no tradition that says they must.

Time after time we see the teams go away and unless someone—usually the *Illini*—starts something, no one thinks of going to the train

to see them off. One thing noticeable, however, is that when somebody does start the agitation the student body is quick to respond, but they respond only as individuals without any unifying element. The writer has seen a thousand or more students turn out to meet the team returning from a trip. The train rolls into the station, there may be a feeble cheer or two, and then everyone stands and watches without knowing just what he should do. In other places tradition tells the students what to do. Perhaps it is to pull the team up the hill in a "tally-ho" and then call for speeches; perhaps it is to call for a speech from the men before they leave the station; but here we only stand and wait for something to happen. Usually nothing ever happens. We haven't any such tradition.

It has been charged that Illinois students don't know how to celebrate. About every two years, so past experience tells us, excitement reaches a high pitch, an athletic victory brings it to a breaking point, and disgraceful consequences have followed. The mob, for such it has become, rushes down town, a free show is called for and refused, damage is done, the city papers get hold of it, and a nasty mess follows with, perhaps, an expulsion or two. This shows college spirit at its worst, and it shows what a crowd of thirty-five hundred perfectly healthy young men are apt to do when not regulated by any well founded traditions. But it is easily conceivable how this same spirit might have been vented by a bon-fire in the celebration urn, followed by a snake dance, speeches, and singing. That is, it is conceivable if these things were traditional.

The class rush seems to be doomed forever. It is not the purpose here to say whether the class rush was good or bad. The fact remains however that it was a tradition, and with its passing we lose one of the very few real traditions connected with the University. For that reason it does seem a shame to destroy it altogether and provide nothing in its stead. Illinois is already too nearly barren of such things, and a class rush of some form might have been instrumental in finding an excuse for something more sound.

Illinois has the material for lots of traditions. Old University Hall ought to be surrounded with them. The two towns offer material in the places where Lincoln used to visit; the Jake Stahl tree on Illinois Field might be made the shrine for all returning Illini; but somehow no one has ever developed these phases of the college life and the undergraduate is deprived of these little associations which would tend in after life to bind him closer to his alma mater.

But he is just as well off, you say. Maybe so, but ask the Yale man of the traditions of New Haven and hear that thrill in his voice, see that sparkle in his eye as he tells you of "Tap Day." And see if the Lafayette man's life isn't a little broader from having known "Ole Joe" Hardy who climbed college hill every morning for over fifty years to teach an eight o'clock class in mathematics, and wasn't late

once, they say. It was this same Joe who characterized a testimonial dinner given in his honor after fifty years of service as "all foolishness," and refused to go to New York city to attend it because he had a class the next morning.

And when one reads the discussions of cribbing, the honor system, cheering the visiting teams, singing "Loyalty" in theatres, or tipping the hat to professors, he cannot help but wonder how much easier the solution of these problems would be if their answer could be found in well founded, well rounded traditions that had stood the age test and come down from ancestors to posterity, senior to freshman as genuine Illinois traditions, characterizing the University, and coexistent with the very name.

AS THE SEASON PROGRESSES

Ray L. Grantz.

ILLINOIS lost some basketball games. Queerly, this seems to be what the coaches think will be a turning point in Illinois athletics, and one which will really place them on a more footed basis. Of late there has been a marked tendency on the part of the general student body to rather overestimate the ability of its athletic representatives, a tendency which was naturally obvious but which has worked evil. There has arisen a type of self satisfied cocksureness which has made many enemies among other schools,and which has made the work of the coaches much harder. The attitude has been prevalent among students to go to the athletic contest merely because it's the thing to do, and perhaps to see Illinois put up a classy exhibition, the element of doubt as to the possible outcome and the desire to go because the athletic prowess of the University of Illinois is at stake never entering in to their plans, or even their thoughts.

Now that it has been proven that Illinois, with her regular team on the floor can be beaten, it is to be hoped that the students will attend contests in the future to help the Orange and Blue to a victory, not merely to see a victory.

At the present time, the University community is perhaps taken up more completely with athletics than at any other time of the year. Basketball is in full swing, Spring football has commenced, the baseball squad has already been cut, Gill's track men are working daily in preparation for approaching meets as are Ed Manley's swimmers, the gymnastic and wrestling season is at its full height, and all in all, every athlete in school is actively engaged in his particular line of endeavor.

Prospects for a successful year look extremely bright. The defeats of the basketball team are among the best things that could have happened. Jones says the men are really working now, and realize that a second consecutive championship can be won only by sheer hard work. With the men working hard, with a goal for which

to strive and with Ralph Jones to help attain that goal, a successful windup to the season is assured, and the chances for the top rung of the ladder are still bright.

Despite the apparent psychological depression which seems to exist among track enthusiasts, due no doubt to successive winnings, Coach Gill and Capt. Mason are doing nobly in their efforts to stir up "pep", and from all indications their endeavors are not going to be in vain. Capt. Mason has been busy devising methods for bringing out hitherto unheard of material, and the near future will witness contests between various class teams which Coach Gill feels sure will bring out men who have latent track ability but who have not considered themselves of sufficient calibre to warrant an attempt at the varsity. The varsity suffered heavily from graduation but with the new material which Gill expects to

RAY WOODS

RALF WOODS

uncover, and the regulars as a nucleus around which to build, Illinois should this year regain her lost laurels and again occupy the enviable position she once held as possessing the premier track team in the West.

"G" Huff and baseball have now become nearly synonymous, as have "G" Huff and baseball championships, so no one is worrying very much about the team which will represent Illinois during the coming season. With nearly a regular varsity back in school, with the strongest pitching staff of recent years and with an exceptional bunch of Sophomores fighting for positions, "G" will no doubt be able to mould a nine which will hold its own with the best, and keep Illinois in the niche she has occupied for so many years.

Despite snow and winter winds,

Mike Mason

Zuppke is wrapped up in Spring football practice, and has already put many well formulated rules of action into being, rules which he intends to be a potent factor in next year's campaign. Over seventy candidates are out in uniform. The freshmen and greener material are

being coached by the members of the varsity, and from the enthusiasm displayed, the fight for a chance to play under Zuppke is going to prove harder than ever before.

The swimming team suffered from eligibility rules, but is slowly regaining its feet, and as the season progresses, the chances for a sufficient development to warrant consideration in the annual Conference meet, seem brighter and brighter. Coaches Fargo and Evans of the gymnastic and wrestling teams have the largest bunch of material which ever turned out for the indoor teams from which to choose their men, and from the exhibitions rendered so far, Illinois seems to have a good chance of winning honors in the Conference meet which will be held at Minneapolis on April the eighth.

In short, things are looking rather rosy for Illinois.

Capt. King

A TRUSTY

PAULINE ADAMS.

THE tensity of the court room did not slacken a second as the tall, imposing, black clothed figure of the judge took his place to pronounce the verdict. The silence gripped the spectators and was terrifying. Now came the verdict, pronounced in a clear, strong voice by the judge. It was "Guilty" and the people knew that this signified life imprisonment for the man on the prisoner's bench. To the man himself it meant far more, this verdict was only the beginning. It meant the giving up of the boy. This was why his big, bent body straightened for a fraction of a minute, and then relaxed in a muddled heap. The trial was over for the townpeople and for the lawyers but the thing was just begun for the man who was doomed by the one word "Guilty" to spend the rest of his days inside of the cold darkness of the strong, iron barred prison on the summit of the hill.

"What will the old gang down at "Slogan's" say when they hear that old Tim Flagan is sent up? They'll jes feel like a-breaking in thet jail an' a-getting me out. Maybe they'll say I shud 'a run too, an I wuz crazy to get trapped, but God, I was jes 'cornered. They shuda knowed I wus too green at the game fer a big kill. I wus jes trapped. I didn't have a chance, an' here I am."

At once the old time loyalty for the gang asserted itself and blotted out all feelings that it was their fault or that they would scorn his bad luck. They were too set by each other, was the gang; it was just his turn, and he would make the best of it. Recollections of the whole thing came back to him like a blow. The scramble, the sharp, pistol report, then as the smoke cleared away the stiff body of Bill O'Doole on the floor and the blue coats crowding in about *him*—the only one of the gang who didn't make a clean get-a-way. Then back came thoughts of the boy.

He could see the little shoe shop and the little curly head by his side. His hand went through the motion of hair stroking now. Tim really felt the soft crop of curly hair beneath his fingers but of course there was only the empty space there—only empty space. He knew that the gang would take care of the boy someway but what would the boy think of his father? The boy had never known that his father was a liar, thief and a sneak; always since his mother's death had he carefully shielded this fact. And this was not half of it, the gang were no fellows for the boy to be with, not his boy. He stiffened at the thought as though a knife had been run through him. It felt exactly like a knife—a sudden, fierce, violent stab.

Two weary years passed, dragged themselves to a tiresome end. Tim longed to be in the world outside. It was such a pleasant world; his

world before he got in with the gang. If he could be a trusty life might be more bearable. Trusties were not compelled to wear wide stripped suits which proclaimed to the world outside "I am a sinner." They were allowed to learn trades, in fact they were almost allowed to live. This was Tim's ambition. He worked hard to accomplish it. He fought to gain his end.

One day in the stone pile Tim saw a huge rounded mound of stones start to tremble; he yelled to the man just below, leaped to his side and altho he himself was injured, saved the man from instant death. As a reward Warden Jordan made him a "trusty" and allowed him to see the boy. Tim's poor heart was full. To be able to see the boy, more than that, to have the boy see him looking like he would remember his father, not in the wide striped suit. His cup of happiness was full to overflowing. The great day came and with its dawn the boy, grown to the full dignity of his ten years, a pale, pinched face but the same golden curls toping the meagre frame. Tim, unworthy as he felt, drew the slender body to his big bulky one. The words wouldn't come, the one great good in Tim's nature welled up serving to choke the words that lay at his heart—his love for the boy. In his thin, worn palm the boy held a tight, dirty wad of paper which he held toward his father saying as he did so.

"Dad it's cold now but they don't think I need any fire because the sun when it shines is on my side of the room," and then added naively, "When will you be back Daddy?" Tim grasped frantically at the dirty paper. It seemed like a whole year added to his life to get news from the outside. When the time presented itself he cautiously read it an illegible scrawl.

"The kid's a nusance. He tris to kep us from doin thins jes lik you did. Let us no what to do wit him Jim will be by the gate tomoro when the horses com out. We ell help you ef you git out."

That was all—that was enough, his boy wasn't wanted but the gang would help him, tomorrow was his day in the warden's barn. The possibilities of it all struck him dumb but he was a "trusty"; this fact troubled him. It is a strange but startling fact that we are governed not so much by real convictions as by the ghosts of dead convictions. What has been done can be done again, came the dead-conviction ghost to Tim.

"Men have escaped from prisons and they haven't been caught either; look at old Bill Dugan; he's been leading a new life an' no one has knowed thet he———what a thing that would be."

The next day his eyes roved, his body jerked, he couldn't keep his mind on his work, he was waiting for the big hour to come for he had it all figured out. He had been working in the barn all day, a thing "trusties" were seldom allowed to do. The gang must a-knowed that he was working in the barn. The horses were being harnessed to the coach right now, and the order had just come in to call for Mrs. Jordan at a party. What a chance,

Tim thought, he could slip in the carriage when the coachman wasn't looking, crouch in the bottom of the carriage—Bill was right, it would be easy enough to get out just once outside the gates, the gang would help him and then the boy.

"If ever the boy's needin' a father, he's a-needin' of him now," he muttered.

His pulses leaped, his heart beat quickened, his chance would never come again he knew, for he might never be allowed in the stable again. All of these thoughts crowded themselves in quick succession into his brain. The coachman was gone, he hopped in, he crouched low; the coachman rushed in, jumped on his box and they were off down the drive. The wild tumult in the soul of the man, crouched low in the bottom of the carriage never stopped. The carriage gave a sudden stop, the guards who guarded each side of the big, barred gate were unlatching the gate to let the carriage pass on out into the pleasant world outside. One instant and he could be outside where help and the boy were waiting for him—a new life. Behind, in the dark, dank wall of the prison lay labor, untiring, continuous labor, a life of daily routine.

He leaped up, spontaneously, reacting as if a bomb had suddenly been placed under him. He grabbed the coachman.

"I guess I must 'a gone to sleep," he stuttered to the startled coachman. Half walking, half staggering he reached a near bench. He was inside the prison gate, this was all he knew.

Sitting a big crumpled mass of a man, he murmured over and over to himself: "I'm a 'trusty'; I'm a 'trusty.' Warden Jordan trusts me. I'm a 'trusty'."

The man of the world is indeed fortunate. He makes New Year's resolutions only once a year. He must undergo the feeling of inebriacy when said resolutions go to smash only once in the course of 365 days. With the college student the situation is infinitely worse he must undergo the process semi-annually. There is however, the mitigating circumstance that he is let down easy, he seldom discovers how completely the good ship has been wrecked until the ordeal of finals again rolls around.

It is a part of the natural order of things that men will turn over new leaves at certain points of time which is distinctly a starting point, we suppose it is also inevitable that said new leaves will largely fly back and reveal the old blotted and bestained page, but still we have a feeling that it might be a fine thing if a few of the many and varied early semester resolutions were not buried in the same tomb as countless thousands of their predecessors.

MEDICAL SUPERVISION AT WISCONSIN

C. R. Bardeen, '93, Dean of the Medical, School, University of Wisconsin.

THE immediate incentive to the establishment of medical supervision of student health at Wisconsin was an epidemic of typhoid fever which occured five years ago, and during which some forty students were taken ill and several died. It was believed that more efficient medical supervision might have prevented the spread of the disease to so large a number of students. The faculty of the medical school accordingly were asked to organize a system of medical supervision.

Wisconsin offers merely the first two years of the medical course. A new department of clinical medicine was established in the medical school in 1910, for the purpose of having direct charge of the medical supervision of the student health, for research and for teaching such clinical work as properly comes within the first two years of the medical course. The professor of clinical medicine was made medical advisor of the students. It was planned at first that he should work in co-operation with the private practitioners in Madison in keeping record of student illness and seeing that prompt attention was given. This plan did not prove practical owing to the impossibility of getting satisfactory co-operation. It therefore became necessary to enlarge the staff and to give treatment not only for minor conditions but also for most medical cases. The staff now consists of five physicians (one a woman) who give medical advice and treatment, two physicians who do laboratory and x-ray work, four nurses and several clerks. Most of the work is done at the "Clinic." This is a building with waiting rooms, offices, laboratories and x-ray rooms for the diagnosis and treatment of office cases. The regular office hours are in the afternoon. Appointments may be made in advance if desired. The mornings are reserved for the study of cases requiring special observation and for outside calls and visits at the hospital and infirmary. About one hundred and fifty students seek medical advice each day at the clinic during the winter months. Nearly a third of the students in attendance seek advice each month, and over eighty per cent. of the students at some time during the year.

Next door to the Clinic there is a large dwelling house used as an infirmary in which during the winter months there are usually from fifteen to twenty patients. Students with the milder infections and contagious diseases, "grip", measles, mumps, and the like, are cared for here. Three nurses are in charge. For surgical cases and the severer medical cases there are special student wards at the Madison General Hospital, and use is also made of the City Contagious Hospital for the severer contagious diseases.

The work of the medical advisor embraces several lines, medical examination of new students, sending

of recommendations to scholastic officers and the department of physical education, careful supervision of those whose general health is such as to require special oversight, diagnosis and treatment of cases of acute illness, reference of cases requiring the care of specialists, issuing of excuses for absence because of illness, notification to parents whose children are seriously ill or need special attention, prompt isolation of cases of contagious disease and the taking of various measures to prevent its spread, improvement of the hygiene of the rooming-houses, boarding-houses and class-rooms where possible, and scientific study of various problems which arise in connection with the work.

Each student at the time of matriculating at the university is given a careful medical and physical examination and a record is made of his family and past medical history, together with the objective findings of his present condition. As the result of these examinations the students are divided into four groups, A, B, C, and D. Class A includes those in first-class physical condition; those in Class B have home defects which may make advisable some restrictions as to scholastic or athlete activities; those in Class C have more serious defects which require special attention from the standpoint of studies or physical training; and those in Class D require frequent medical advice in order to keep in condition to do satisfactory work in college. A few are advised not to enter college and others are advised to withdraw after observation has shown that the individual cannot meet the demands of college life even in a modified form. Last fall over 2,000 students were examined during the first month of the college year.

After entering college students are encouraged to seek medical advice freely. The members of the medical staff endeavor to take a sympathic interest in each individual and in a way supply the oversight which the boy or girl would get at home from their parents and family physician. The prompt reporting of even trivial conditions is of advantage both from the standpoint of the individual student and from that of the student community. If the condition really amounts to nothing, the student can be told so and relieved of any anxiety. Morbid worry about one's physical condition is decreased instead of increased by the habit of prompt reporting. If the student needs treatment, this can be begun at an unusually early period.

Desire to form habits which will lead to the greatest physical and mental efficiency is leading an increasing number of students to seek advice concerning personal and public hygiene. The majority of students are idealists who desire to develop the best that is in them. A quiet talk with a physician familiar with problems of health from the standpoint of the student is often worth more than attending a course of lectures on hygiene. This is especially true of questions of sex hygiene.

Constitutional defects of one kind or another are to be found in the

majority of young adults. When these are discovered at the time of the student's entrance into the university, advice is given him as to methods of overcoming his defects or at least living as healthy a life as possible in spite of them.

No special fees are charged for medical advice, the expenses being met by the "incidental fees" paid by all students. A charge is made for hospital and infirmary care and x-ray plates.

The scientific aspects of the work are among the most important. An unusual opportunity is offered to study the morbidity of a large group of young individuals both in relation to their present environment and to the conditions preceding their entrance into the university. Of special value is the opportunity of studying disease earlier in its incipiency than is usually offered the physician. The limited outside consultation service makes it possible to study the later developments of pathological conditions begun in youth, and the commencement of conditions which produce defects visible in students when they enter college. Thus a broad background is offered for a specialized study of the conditions of health and disease in the student community.

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J. Kenneth Barber, '10 . . . . . Editor in Chief
Robert A. Burton, Jr., '17 . . . . . Business Manager

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LEARNING HUMAN NATURE

Occasionally we hear the theory advanced that the man who is spending little time with his books and much with his fellows is gaining an invaluable knowledge of human nature. Admittedly he is, but of who? He is learning the desires and aspirations of a certain group of men with whom he habitually consorts. He knows their tastes in ties and shirts and cigarettes, their favorite topics of conversation, their little eccentricities of speech and action. In fact, he is liable to get to know them so very well that he has forgotten everybody else. He has acquired a knowledge of the nature of men who are to be scattered over the continent and with whom he may conduct a desultory correspondence for a year or two, but he has warped his outlook on humanity at large.

We live with human nature all our lives. We are at a university only 10 per cent of a normal lifetime. It is all very well to learn to

know human nature but when there are more valuable mediums of learning at hand it behooves us to grant them some attention. A little knowledge has long been reputed a dangerous thing, but when circumscribed by the particularized knowledge of human nature, we are prone to feel it a waste of time and money spent upon a college education.

WHAT HAPPENED?

Although exact statistics are not yet available, there seems to be a general impression about the campus that grades have taken more or less of a slump. There seems to be more talk of flunks and specials than is common even in this season of the year. If the condition is due to a general stiffening of requirements it is not particularly significant, except that it is hard on the industrious man who plods along at a margin. It may temporarily discommode the man who habitually gets 70 because of preference. It will probably force him to take a special, but he will quickly adjust himself to new conditions. Perhaps the qualities of discernment which always enabled him to know enough to be above water were sufficiently keen that he had foreseen the change and regulated his work accordingly.

But the man who formerly had to work to keep his grades up to the required standard is naturally stuck for so much more work next semester. Mayhap when he had acquired that 70 he had at least that much knowledge that would stick while the 90 man who got there by bluff, or properly regulated cramming or even discreditable methods is apt to lose his knowledge with a speed commensurate with that by which it was gained.

But that is neither here nor there as regards what happened, or why. If the fall in grades was due to a stiffening of requirements we can find plenty of alternatives. It may have been due to the revived interest in dancing, or the ravages of the grip, or the fact that this is Leap Year, or the European war, or the approach of the Eddy campaign, or the fact that the moon shown one less day in December than usual.

But we have a private theory or two. To be explicit: one of them is that we are growing too fast. We have a sneaking feeling that the increase in students has lead to bigger classes and its concomitant evils. Every year we note one or more men of more or less national repute withdrawn from the instructional corps to take charge of administrative offices. There is no remedy for this if we are to grow, but it must necessarily hamper us. Another theory which we admit is more or less cribbed is that the wholesale introduction of research men as instructors is open to investigation. At any rate we feel than when 400 students fail in a course out of 1,300 enrolled, someone is apt to be to blame

besides the students. The fact that this occured in the Chemistry department where research assistants are probably most generally employed makes us even more dubious of the proposition. If the fall in grades was due to a stiffening of standards, then it is up to the student to make the best of a good proposition. If not, it would seem that an investigation might be in order.

FIELD ARTILLERY TRAINING AT THE UNIVERSITY

By Bruce W. Benedict, Captain Battery F, I. N. G.

If it were not inhuman it might be said that the great tragedy now smothering Europe in hate and horror was serving a useful purpose by educating America in a needful lesson. I am not prepared to argue the question of war in its various aspects of good and evil, yet I feel that the present conflict has brought home a realization of some very important truths which the nation has allowed a long period of peace with the world to obscure. Love of country and desire for a continuation of life in a commonwealth such as this should impel us to pause and decide upon the wisdom of continued evasion of these truths in the light of the tragic occurrences of the past year and a half.

In the "splendid isolation" of our forefathers when Europe was thirty days sail across the seas we have remained content in the assurance that we are safe from acts of aggression unmindful of the fact that the barrier of distance in this age is only a myth. We have but to read of the games of strategy traced out by the efficient and restless experts of a neighboring power to realize that neither the Atlantic nor the Pacific are considered as insurmountable obstacles by a possible foe. The sneers of Bernhardi on the torpid helplessness of this country may wound our vanity but we cannot challenge them. An uninterrupted peace of one hundred years between the British Empire and the United States celebrated in December 1914 marks an epoc in the relations of nations which it is hoped in the interests of humanity will continue, but recent events have shown the futility of such a wish when almost over night civilized nations throw aside the conventions of peace and plunge into a struggle characterized by the extremes of viciousness. It is possible of course to dwell in peace by refusal to protect against abridgment of sovereign rights, but such a peace is not acceptable to a strong people. The justice of the demands of the United States on the European powers for the opportunity of conducting its legitimate affairs on the high seas is recognized by existing law but that fact does not win it the privilege of doing so. The reason why is plain and also humililating.

Pacificism is idealism and un-

fortunately at this time a dream instead of a reality; militarism a yoke of insufferable bondage not to be thought of; preparedness an expression of sane statesmanship for the preservation of the integrity of the nation. Preparedness is an indefinite term capable of broad interpretation and I do not feel in any sense competent to venture upon its technical definition, yet I am sure it means more in the line of defense than we possess at the present time. Just how much is for the experts to determine. It is my belief, however, that every able bodied American has some relation to the plan. A large standing army and a large navy on the scale of the European powers is not an acceptable program to the American people and adequate facilities for defense must be secured in other ways. The plan proposed by President Wilson may as may not be wise but apparently it does not meet with the approval of the military men. The latter though strongly committed to a greatly augmented military establishment do not propose to secure immunity from aggression by a large professional army alone. Its plans include reserve forces of trained civilians who would be available in case of war. Any plan regardless of the source must include reserves of trained civilians.

It matters little what the final outcome of the approaching struggle in Congress on the preparedness question may be the burden of defense will fall ultimately just where it should fall, on the able bodied "man at home." Our own history is ample proof that this is true and if memory is hazy in respect to the

past turn to European history of yesterday and today. The time has come in my opinion when every true American should ask himself what relation he bears to the question of defense and what service he is prepared to render his country should the necessity arise. A long period of peace marred by no sabre rattling cravings for plundering other and weaker nations has rendered American people largely impotent toward preparedness but have we any assurance that continued indifference to this great question is wise or patriotic? Fantastic theories about the horde of farmers with shot guns repeating the gallant tactics of our forefathers at Lexington are criminal in these days of high explosives and modern arsenals. No longer can a nation expect to successfully resist without the equipment of tastical skill, forces and equipment possessed by an enemy. Patriotism and unpreparedness on one side have little chance against preparedness and efficiency on the other.

Americans must accept as a matter or course the outbursts of the militarists and the cloudy utterances of the extreme pacifists and pay no attention to either but follow a process of logical reasoning through to sound conclusions. These will vary in individuals in many particulars but in one respect they should be indentical namely: personal responsibility in the matter of defense. Who of the able bodied has a consistent excuse for shirking this responsibility? Regardless of whether a crisis arises or not the nation prepared to defend its sovereignity has pursued a wise and certainly a safe course. Self interest if broader matines carry no appeal should lead every able bodied American to consider what service he is especially capable of rendering his country in time of need, and then systematically perfect his performance of that service, and lastly offer his services when the opportunity presents itself.

Methods of warfare have changed since the war of the Revolution. Then, hastily improvised armies might be successful in certain operations but under modern conditions such would accomplish nothing. The idea, prevalent among large numbers of people that an effective army can be trained in a few days or even weeks is grotesque. The affairs of life that are worth while require decades for training and preparation. To assume that the science of war can be learned over night or suddenly acquired in a moment of emergency shows a lack of knowledge which we lack for only in the superfical. Preparation today will bear fruit in five, ten and fifteen years hence. These lines can be reduced but only at the expense of efficiency. Gradually this fact begins to appear in its true perspective to the masses of thinking people who display a constantly growing desire to begin the work of preparation. Everywhere we see a quickening of interest regarding preparedness and personal responsibility in national defense. All branches of the defensive service are receiving their share of attention but especially that of the field artillery. The present war is largely

responsible for this as it has thrown into strong relief the growing importance of this implement of warfare. Battles are now won and lost depending upon the balance of artillery and supply of ammunition. It is one form of murder to send infantry without adequate artillery support against an enemy entrenched and with ample artillery.

The United States has six regiments of regular field artillery, less than it had at the end of the Civil war. A larger number of guns than this were captured from the Serbians at one clip in the recent invasion, and these were only a portion of the artillery possessed by a very small power. Considering the service that would be required of artillery in case of invasion we might just as well not have a single gun as the few possessed now. Not that each gun would fail in giving a good account of itself, but the fence on the mountain side cannot stop the avalanche.

Effective artillery fire discipline is secured only through years of training as it is one of the most complicated forms of the military service. It embraces problems in mathematics, in mechanics, in chemistry, in transportation, in explosives, beside those common to all army units in respect to men and animals. Officers of superior technical and administrative skill, and the highest type of men are required for artillery service. This fact has much to do with the purpose of the war department to establish national guard batteries in the large universities. College men are picked men and with such ranks to recruit from a superior battery

personnel is assured. Men trained for three years in a college battery are potential officers for reserve batteries to be employed in case of war, and development of a force of officers is the underlying reason for encouraging the formation of national guard batteries in Universities. In this locality there are batteries at Purdue and University of Minnesota.

Battery F as it is officially designated was inspected and mustered in on November 0, 1915, in the armory by the war department. Eighty-three students and alumni were sworn in as enlisted men and five members of the faculty as officers. The personel is limited strictly to faculty as commissioned officers and to students of the university as non-commissioned officers and privates. The full quota of the battery on peace footing is 133 men. Drills are held once each week on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the armory, with special drills at other times as expediency demands.

The west end of the armory has been assigned to the battery. A large room of expanded metal is to be constructed in the south-west corner for lockers and storage for the material. The guns, caissons and limbers occupy the north-west corner of the armory. Ten horses are purchased at this time for the battery for delivery in the near future. Stables for them will be provided somewhere on the campus, perhaps in the old Horticultural building. Two stablemen are alloted by the state to care for the horses. A custodian to care for the large quantities of equipment is furnished by the government. The armory makes an ideal place for dismounted drill, and the drill grounds to the south likewise forms an excellent field for mounted drill. Battery F is very fortunate in having a superior environment.

The equipment furnished by the government is the same as supplied to the regular army. It is new and of the latest model in pattern. In all there are several carloads of equipment having a value of approximately $125,000. Shipments are still arriving daily which indicates early delivery of the entire assignment. Among the ordnance stores furnished are four 3-inch field guns which are similar in design and construction to the famous French 75 milimeter gun. Accompanying the guns are eight ammunition caissons and twelve limbers, store wagons and limber and two cart wagons. There are thirty-two sets of harness, the same number of saddles, saddle blankets and a large and varied assortment of tents, camping equipment, field kitchens, etc.

The personal equipment furnished each man includes the regulation clothing supplied to the regulars, and all the necessary field and mess equipment. The side arm is one regulation 45 calibre revolver, one of which is assigned to each man.

There are field telephones, signal corps, and special detail equipment, range finders, telescopes and every device needed to control the fire of field artillery in action.

Enlistment is for a period of three years but men leaving the university are dropped from the roll

by consent of the Adjutant General. Drills are not held during vacations as the battery year corresponds to the University year. Members of the cadet battalion who enlist in the battery are excused from further requirements in military and credit is given for battery work if the same has been satisfactorily performed.

Attendance at the Joint Artillery Camp near Sparta, Wis., is required each year. Ten days are spent at camp for instruction in artillery practice under the regular field artillery. The location of the camp in the rugged sand hills of western Wisconsin is ideal. A fine climate, pure water, excellent drainage and thorough sanitation combine to make the camp a healthful and pleasant place for spending the instructial period. Usually two batteries of regular field artillery are quartered at the camp and instruction is given simultaneously to three batteries of the national guard. The horses and equipment of the regulars are used for drill purposes. The instruction given is very minute and complete. Every detail is covered from pitching a tent to firing with shrapnel on the range. Lectures on care of horses, harness, field manoeuvers, gunnery, sanitation, first aid, etc., are given by army experts. This feature of the camp training is of extreme value to any man.

The battery will engage in field manoeuvers over the wildest type of terrain and attack an imitation enemy of canvas and wood displayed over the hills in strategic positions. A practice march with a

bivouac at night several miles from the camp is one of the interesting features. Men return from camp tanned, healthy, happy, and better soldiers.

Battery F is the third battery in the 2nd battalion of Illinois. The two batteries, D and E, are located

in Chicago and composed almost entirely of college men. In respect to personal this battalion is rather unusual and I feel that Battery F is fortunate in having a place beside two high grade organizations. The Major of the Batallion is Chas. R. Vincent, a Yale graduate and remembered as captain and full back of the team. Lieutenant L. R. Dougherty, a West Pointer, is inspector-instructor of this district. Colonel F. . Dickson, Adjutant General of Illinois is very much interested in the success of Battery F which assures it of his active support. President James and the Board of Trustees have shown their approval of the plan by giving the battery a place in the University organization and providing it with desirable quarters. That Battery F was assigned to the University instead of to one of the competing cities within the state is due to the untiring efforts of Major F. D. Webster. The plan of establishing batteries of the national guard at university centers is comparatively new but it has proved to be sound. The college organizations have "made good" and Battery F judging by the generous response of high class men and their enthusiasm and earnestness will not prove an exception to the rule.

"OLD SEVENTEEN"

By H. F. Harrington.

OF course all of us fellows at the Christy Club knew his real name. It was Robert Jennings Dawson, a fine old-fashioned gallop of pretty syllables. His father sold nut-coal and crystal ice—according to the season—in a spry little village that clung like death to the sides of a rusty railroad track. But we never used any of his big-boy handles; he was just "Old Seventeen" from the moment he became a college celebrity.

To look at him anybody would know he was made for the track team or something athletic. He wasn't one of these tiddle-de-wink youths who eat Nabiscos at thimble parties. He was tall and lithe and handsome, not at all the sort of freshman you read about in hot-pepper football stories. He had the appetite of a zoological garden, too, and held the champion long-distance record for tall sleeping. We called him "Daw" before he made left guard on the basketball team, and we continued to call him that until one night he journeyed afar with the team to Hiram and ruined a budding reputation by allowing a long-legged farmer boy to score seventeen baskets on him. That was ignominy with a vengeance. When "Daw" got home to the club—where the news had preceeded him—we greeted him with a rollicking stave or two of "Seventeen baskets baked in a pie," to an accompaniment of rattling knives and crockery. He flushed up beet-red and mumbled something about dodging posts and slipping on polished "gym" floors and the like; but we bawled the chorus louder and louder until he got roaring mad and went downtown to play pool. His absence gave us time to pry the metal letters from our stained-oak mission clock and to nail the mystic symbols "17" on his door. After that we forgot "Daw" and called him just plain "Old Seventeen." And in time he got used to it, or pretended he had.

"Old Seventeen" was never much of a student. Books weren't in it with dainty co-eds, who liked nothing better than wear his yellow chrysantheums at football games and to trifle with oyster cocktails after a comic-opera gambol. When he went to class it was usually after the roll had been called and even then he wasn't sure he had brought the right books. The pluggers warned him, but he only looked at them quizzically and changed the subject. Examinations came and then Christmas vacation. Most of us had fared pretty well—all but "Old Seventeen." The sword of Damocles had fallen; he was "on probation" with nine hours flunked. His father wanted him to go into the coal business; but he came back to school in a serge suit, cheeks pinker than ever, and greeted us with a warming smile. He wanted to do better; but he couldn't. His mind was a sieve and facts slipped through over night. And so the weeks sped by, mid-terms were an-

nounced and then one evening at supper came a letter. It was addressed to Robert J. Dawson and the handwriting on the envelope looked like the Dean's, and we knew what it meant.

"Old Seventeen" opened it with twitching fingers. A moment later he looked up from the page, his lips quivering.

"It's all over," he said at last. "I'm leaving school."

We didn't ask questions, but after "Old Seventeen" had gone to his home we rolled it all over under our tongues.

"Any old donk could see it coming," began "Dutch" Fisher, blowing cart-wheels of not very fragrant smoke. "Any guy who flunks midterms and cuts classes can't expect to butt into a Hall of Fame. Hang it all, I've been telling him for weeks—."

"We've all been jawing him," put in "Slim" Hoover. "Might just as well talk to a cash register. It's good-night and pleasant dreams for 'Old Seventeen.'"

We looked at each other through a mist of smoke, thinking.

"He'll skip tomorrow, I reckon. He's all cut up," ruminated Tommy, the orator....."Why couldn't they wait till spring vacation, anyhow?"

Nobody ventured an answer. We had interceded in "Old Seventeen's" behalf time and time again, for we liked him, but now, well, who can cherish a hope when the Dean frowns?

"He'll leave sure," drawled "Lizzie" Crane. Then suddenly, like an inspiration, "But he won't go without a farewell reception, eh bunch?"

We greeted the remark with a rocking acclaim, and thirty minutes later had appointed committees to celebrate "Old Seventeen's" departure.

The next evening we waylaid him, took him to a moving picture show and then back to the Christy Club and into the dining room. The table had been converted into a banquet board, set off by seventeen gleaming candles. "Daw" looked at the waiting chairs and then back at us, wondereyed.

"What's this about?" he began, puzzled.

"Gentlemen, be seated," piped "Lizzie" the toastmaster. "This is a feast, a farewell reception, not a question-box."

And so we all sat down to ham sandwiches, baked beans, potato salad, and other light delicacies. And all the time "Old Seventeen" wore that strange look of mystification and hurt surprise.

And then presently the toastmaster arose, but before he could utter a word "Pinky" Harrison let out an "Enthusiasm for 'Old Seventeen!'" a demand speedily taken up by the rest of us in high chorus.

We waited. "Old Seventeen" arose slowly, strawberry-pink and nervous.

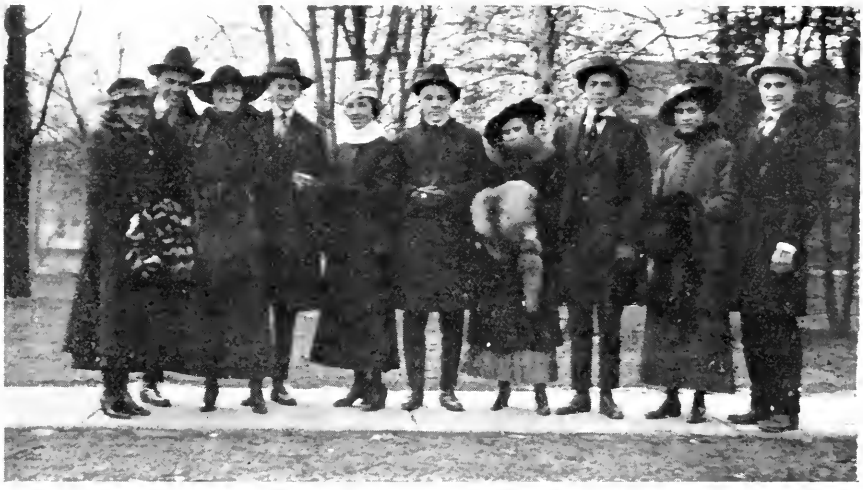
"This .... is .... deucedly .... nice," he began, sparring for words. "I haven't done a bloomin' thing worth while. I've fizzled and I'm sorry—but—this, *this* makes it all the worse," and "Old Seventeen" gulped. "I haven't been fair with you fellows. It isn't the faculty—it's a girl. I thought, I dreamed maybe—that—but there's no hope

—for me. She says I'm a loafer, worthless trifler. But—but—I'm not, *I'm not*. I'm going to tackle a job and I'm going to make a man of myself."

We looked at each sheepishly, the truth slowly dawning upon us.

"If you don't mind," continued "Old Seventeen," a smile glimmering on his face, "we'll forget all about my college career. I'm going back home to work in the coal office tomorrow. Would you mind drinking a toast, not to 'Old Seventeen,' but to 'Sweet Seventeen'?"

And so we drank, not to the man, but to the girl.



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The Book Shelf

EVERY time a faculty man issues a book for the public to digest his work need not be a ponderous tone, a treatise in the indirect question prior to the first Punic War or a discussion of the menus of cave men, whatever such creatures may be. In the last year college professors have been attacking problems of more general interest, and the solution of such problems, most of us are inclined to think, matters more to the country at large than the findings of a candidate for the doctorate who has been investigating the number of Anglo-Saxon words in *Areopagitica*.

The dean of women at the University of Wisconsin has written of her duties, Christian Gauss of Princeton University has told the adventures of a boy who worked his way through college, and the latest book which attempts to solve the problem of the undergraduate himself rather than the problems of the seminar of doubtful function is Thomas Arkle Clark's *The Fraternity and the College*, (Collegiate Press). The author, as dean of men at this University, tells what he knows of the fraternity, taking one phase of undergraduate life rather than surveying the whole field. Consequently, the volume will not be of such universal interest as Christian Gauss' book which tells of the student who worked his way, because everyone knows something of students who have financed their own college careers; explaining is necessary. *The Fraternity and the College*, however, assumes that the reader knows the general college situation well. One must be intimate with the inner workings of an academic community to understand without difficulty what Dean Clark is questioning or upholding, otherwise the volume would be almost unintelligible.

The new book contains a variety of short articles on fraternity affairs, some of which have appeared before in fraternity publications. He tells why he thinks the fraternity is here to stay; why the fraternity man is usually a leader while in college; why extra-fraternity organizations are generally bad; why undergraduates in college activities manage to keep their scholastic standing above the average.

The Fraternity and the College is strictly candid, and the writer brings up apt examples from his own experience to illustrate his points. This is no record of happenings indirectly told, such as Christian Gauss has given us. There is in Dean Clark's book, however, quite as much of "me" as there is of "thee."

To the college man in general, to the fraternity man in particular, this little volume of two hundred pages will prove interesting and in many cases instructive.

The first man who wrote a story about the horrors of Wall Street was, in all probability, a well-meaning individual who held the good of the nation and of young men of speculative tendencies in a warm corner of his heart. It was unfortunate that that first novel succeeded, because the public has since been deluged with such stories, some interesting and most of them not worth the half day it takes to read them; and as for the later authors—why, from the incidents which they select for elaboration, one does not know exactly what they have next thir harts.

Owen Johnson's latest book tells all about Wall street, hothouse women, and correctly tailored young men who speculate. He dwells long upon the seamy side for no very obvious reason, unless it is to cater to a certain class of readers. Far inferior to those tales of college days and college men are Johnson's last book *Making Money*. (Frederick A. Stokes & Company). One is inclined to believe the author's circle of readers must be changing.

A youth known as Bojo, a young man just out of college, desires to go into business in Wall street. Against his father's will he speculates on "tips" secured by his fiancee, the daughter of a millionaire of no small importance; and he is also aided by his fiancee's father. He goes through all the torture of losing, though he eventually finds that he has succeeded. Bojo leaves the street; but because she sees that he will never become a man of wealth, at least not for many years, the fiancee marries another man. Bojo is accepted by the sister of his former love, and all ends happily. The only character in the story who remains in one's memory is Patsy, an excellent sketch; although she probably never lived, she is likeable and skillfully drawn none the less. Her particular abhorrences are comings out and men who spend their afternoons at *the dansant* and their evenings dining and exchanging small talk. After she marries Bojo she proves to be a veritable helpmeet.

Troubadours who carry the twelfth century substitute for ukeleles, a few nightingales, ladies who grow pale in milrod's black tower, and the like generally come together in a book of colored illustrations and romantic contents. Mary Johnston has recently brought forth a volume called *The Fortunes of Garin*, (Houghton-Mifflin & Company), in which she tells of a young hero who is a jongleur as well as a

knight, a lovely though not a pulchritudinous lady, and a red-haired villain with a scar across his face. The scene is laid in Provence in the time of Richard the Lion Heart, who passes vaguely across the background of the tale.

Notwitstanding that we have very nearly had a plethora of romances of the Crusades, Garin is interesting and has a charm quite his own. There is little about the book to cause weariness because we have seen so many knights before who have aided ladies in distress. Mary Johnston likes to write of things fardistant, even as Maurice Hewlett does; but her story, *The Fortunes of Garin*, moves faster, and there is less atmosphere and poetic haze to hinder the movement of the narrative than one finds in Hewlett's book.

Her scenery is not so gorgeous, but at the same time it is less ponderous and does not interfere with the show. But Miss Johnstone's book has no historic events, which must be kept in mind if one essays romance. This is a "period" story, but there is only one character with whom history dealt before Miss Johnston's hero and heroine took their places in the Provencal sun.

Garin defends a shepherdess from the attack of a red-haired knight of high connections and whose desire for vengeance makes it necessary for Garin to join the Crusades bound for the Holy Land. Yes, the shepherdess was a high-born lady, and she marries her rescuer in the last chapter.

Ye Campus Gossip

We wonder? With seven men writing the book, four composing lyrics and four more busy on the elusive syncopating ragtime, we wonder how many seats there will be left for the public at the Student Union Opera, after the authors and the cast have satisfied their friends.

In the annals of the Urbana High School we find record of Sigma Sigma or social stars. Ken Brown, Pat Glover, Perry Anderson, Fergie and others of our parlar brothers comprise its membership.

With a plentiful supply of comps, they are still trying.

By the way, has anybody discovered the sub-rosa editor of the 1917 *Illio?* We wonder who is going to be the goat?

Speaking of heights of life's little irritations, we sympathize with the Phi Psi freshman who had hoped to pass Rhetoric L because Slooey Chapman was a brother-to-be. But sad to state, Bee couldn't observe the connection. Also, how about the Kappa Sig 19er that our business manager failed to get by?

We wonder what it cost Bart to have that touching little ballad, "When you know you're not forgotten by the girl you got for nothin'", dedicated to him. We hear a rumor that states that Bart was at the Orph three times a day for the three days that the show ran.

Speaking of striking appearances, Lorraine's new check suit hits one full in the face.

What would have happened to the *Illini* and Scout column if the greatest of monthly publications had come out on time!

No matter how good a liar a man may be, he is bad.

It is worth the price of admission to sit in back of Dot and Chink in Poly Sci. 3.

A dollar is a pretty large sum to get on a seven jewel Ingersoll when you're broke in Danville. How'd you do it, Frost?

The first letter came to the Pi Phis the day after the Alpha Delt delegates left town. From the total the first week quite a few must have swallowed the line—which all goes to show the speed of our coeds.

The question has been raised as to whether Sally of Illinois got the most enjoyment out of kidding them along or boasting about it afterwards.

After Dutch Schlueter's threats to annihilate the *Illini* as well as the Scout for using his girl's name (we wanted to say Helen, but we didn't have the nerve), Red Arber had better carry a concealed weapon.

Gladys Holton has announced that she is a star musical comedy actress and that she wishes the Student Opera was for girls.

It looks like the Boston Store to see all of those spring hats breezing around the campus.

Some philosopher said self-admiration is the kind that never gets cold feet. We bet he was thinking of the Henry George Club.

The Illinois Magazine

APRIL 1916

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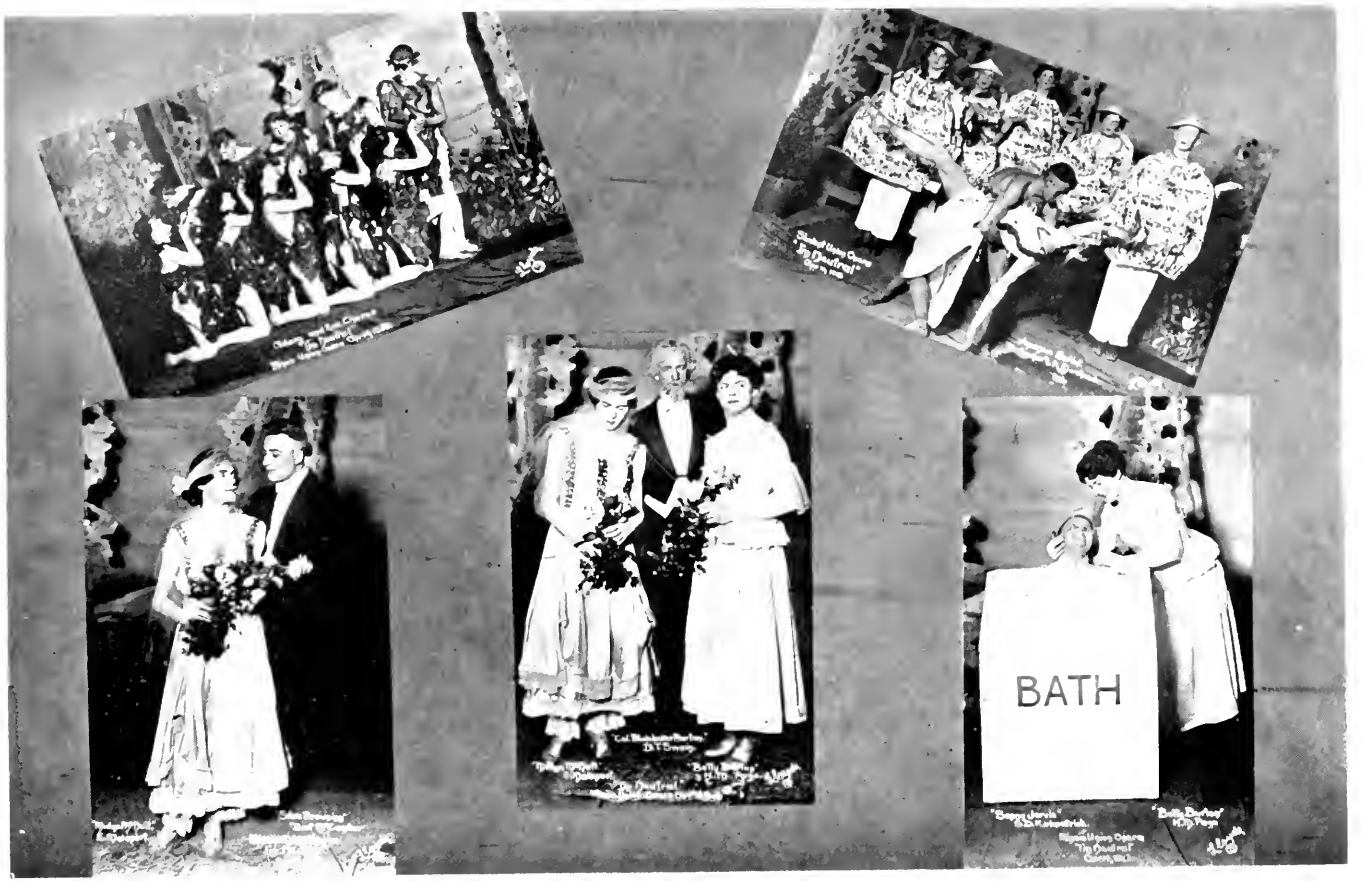
BATH

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

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AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT SPOT LIGHTS

A BEAUTIFULLY dressed young lady, *sans* a wig, leaned against a painted tree and smoked a cigaret moodily. A group of chorus girls, in a matter-of-fact way, were going through the stages between taking their ladies' unmentionables off and putting their men's trousers on. A dainty little feature dancer, adjusting a pair of Boston garters, was swearing in guttural, man tones. A bronzed Japanese was gazing dubiously at his stained arms and wondering if he would ever be white again. The forehanded ones were coming from their dressing rooms clad in street attire, but with pink and white of makeup still on their faces and eardrops still glistening in their ears. The negro comedian, in his shirt sleeves, his hands showing white, was venting his wrath because the Victrola had been squarely in front of the fountain. The comedy men looked as funny as a church as they tugged at their outlandish ties. The stage hands were packing scenery, pushing the actors, who were too tired to resent, off trunks and garden terraces. Everyone was tired and sore and disgusted.

"It went rotten . . . it didn't get across . . . what the deuce was the matter with those lights in the Japanese ballent scene?" . . . They may have used different words, but that is the substance of the cast's conversation. "We didn't have the pep. Nothing went right. Our jokes were like a second cousin's funeral. Here comes Herb; now we catch hell." But they didn't.

"The show was good!" was Stothart's first remark. "You kept the audience from twenty minutes after nine until after twelve; they were sleepy and tired and over-critical. A first night audience always is. But a college audience is the worst in the world. The show was good tonight; it was a first-class rehearsal, but it's going to be great the next times."

And thus the coach, the man who had driven, driven, driven the cast, cheered itup.—put the fighting spirit back in the men who knew they had let the show slip away from them.

And all in all and considering, Herb Stothart was right. The long siege of waiting for the curtain had gotten on the nerves of both actors and audience. The moment of enthusiasm which would have carried the whole show off with a blaze of glory had passed before the stage was finally set for the first act. You can't expect a man to be anything other than humanly jaded when he has been lying around in make-up and corsets from half-past four until past nine o'clock.

The show was a Winter Garden

production; it lacked plot and excelled in variety; and in the otality of it all the director alone had the Winter Garden point of view. The lines were good, the comedy was clever, but it lacked the punch that would carry it across the footlights and arouse an audience.

and of the producer. The faults of the first evening were none of theirs but those of bad management and human nature.

SPOT LIGHTS

Bumps Graven, with his prize-fighter's torso and his melodious

There are elements in the show deserving success. The unfortunate general mix-up of the first performance should be eliminated in the next two performances. Be that as it may, we still have the feeling that much should be said in praise of the men who took part

voice, the most melodious in the show, by the way, was right there; and Bumps was traveling with a headache all evening.

"Pat" Page was a stunning woman. Some shoulders. Some neck.

Malapert left nothing further to be desired as a woman. He had the walk and the talk and the contralto, tender, melting notes of his voice were the real love note.

Bart—well, he was the same old Mayco-o-ohmber—regular Majestic material. A little less pep than usual, perhaps, but nobody worried about the Saturday performances. He was a comedy scream as the Hawaiian girl—the funniest thing of the evening.

The most elaborate and incongruous stunt of the whole performance was Keo-San, the Hawaiian love song, written in United States and sung in typical Spanish style. Despite its magnitude and glamour, it failed to get the hand that the little Hawaiians did when they appeared with their sweet little plunkety-plunk instruments.

Sid Kirkpatrick done noble. Never obtrusive, yet always adequate, he fitted pleasantly into his part and his part was a distinct asset to the show.

Swaim was a regular colonel. Why didn't they let him sing a little more? That bouy has a good voice and comedy instinct.

The disadvantages under which the actors labored were almost entirely of a nature that could have been eliminated. Apparently the manager was bent on making himself the most unpopular man on the campus, and we are prone to feel that he succeeded. Pardon our omission of his name, but we have advertising rates.

As we lock the forms we hear that the Saturday performances were real class. All we have to say is Horray! the show deserved it.

WINE, WOMAN, AND CABARET

S. Dix Harwood

SYLVESTER PEABODY, proprietor of Tuttleville's Red Front grocery, *bon vivant*, gilded roué, and everything that is French and seemingly naughty, was going away. He was not, however, leaving the ancestral Peabody home and the scenes of his innocuous life forever; he was merely taking his annual trip to Chicago, where he went each March to spend a few days in riotous living and to spend a few good dollars of the Tuttlevillians, secured through the legitimate channels of commerce in the commonwealth of his birth, childhood, and previous life. For four consecutive days yearly he remained in the city, making a continuous whirl of theatres, restaurants, cabarets. No one in Tuttleville dreamed that Sylvester Peabody, of considerable avoirdupois, yellow hair, and sanctimonious visage even went to Chicago for any other reason than to buy goods for the Red Front grocery. But that one trip each year was the adventure of Sylvester's otherwise straight-laced life—Sylvester, who passed the plate at Tuttleville's most exclusive church fifty-two Sundays out of every year.

When he arrived in the city Sylvester went immediately about the business of buying canned goods, chinaware, and cookies, enough to supply his patrons for the year to come, and for three nights he lived the life riotous. Up and down the streets of Sardanapolis went Sylvester, safely convoyed by a salesman for the wholesale house. With such thoroughness did the attache guide his customer that few cabarets and few theatres were missed in the giddy riot of those three nights.

But on the last evening of his stay Sylvester sallied forth alone to see a play, to dine de luxe, and to indulge himself in unrestrained revelry where he knew that he would not be discussed over every back fence next morning with a concurrent falling off of trade. The play went off in an uneventful sort of way, and Sylvester picked up his best hat and sallied forth for his last midnight supper before returning to the orthodox life of Tuttleville. The café in which he proposed to spend his last evening of freedom was not of the glittering kind where waiters demand tips which are large enough to buy a Sunday meal at the Grand Palace in Tuttleville; but the kind of place where they serve a nine-course dinner with wine, woman, and cabaret for the reasonable sum of seventy-five cents, and the food guaranteed not to be the kind served at home.

Sylvester was wandering aimlessly about the streets when he stumbled across the restaurant which bore the inviting name of the Café Provençal, and a sign warned all comers that the proprietor served vaudeville with his meals. A flight of marble steps led downstairs, but

unmindful of any warning Sylvester followed those steps into the café.

As he entered he was taken in hand by a waiter who was about as genuinely Provençal as was the proprietor's wine. He led Sylvester to a seat near where an angular maiden with an utter disregard for melody was bellowing forth a rag, while the patrons who were not consuming mein host's free wine with their tables d'hote were dancing between the tables. Sylvester glanced about him as he sat down to drink in his first glimpse of Bohemia. The tables were crowded and dancers were everywhere swaying and careening this way and that in an effort to live up to the atmosphere. Some of them looked as respectable as did Sylvester himself, and as innocuous.

Near at hand sat another table of the same size as Sylvester's. It had a single occupant who looked very much frightened and pale beneath the rouge which had been rather hastily smeared upon her face. Now and then she stared over her shoulder furtively and resolutely drank of the wine before her, although it caused her to make a wry face. Now and then she would put her handkerchief to her face with a gasp of fright. Sylvester watched her with lively interest, but the waiter was bringing him the first of the nine courses; so he devoted his attention to the plates before him.

Again the music of the Café Provençal began; the tuneless piano, the violins, and the angular girl all started off together upon a waltz. It must have stirred the blood in Sylvester's lethargic anatomy, for he had scarcely consumed a dozen mouthfuls when he arose from the table and was crossing the room with purpose in his eye; moving across the open space cleared for the dancers toward the painted woman with the gorgeous rings and jewels who sat playing with the stem of her wine glass and glancing now and then at the door with fear in her otherwise harmless eyes. Sylvester stood before her, leaning on the table with one pudgy hand to give his act the savor of nonchalance.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," stammered Sylvester, mopping his head with his free hand in which he held his handkerchief. Sylvester was not genuinely metropolitan yet; he bowed very obsequiously to the painted woman, and he gave up his seat to feminine passengers when aboard crowded street cars.

She looked over her shoulder apprehensively and then turned her inartistically rouged face to Sylvester. "I'd love to," she whispered, in a voice scarcely audible and hardly the kind one expects to hear except in dreams. "Oh, I'd love to, sir, but I don't whether I'd dare." The last word ended in a gasp as she turned about to gaze at the stream of people entering the restaurant.

"Come on," urged Sylvester, with fine unconcern, "I'll see that you're not hurt for it." For a pillar in the church he had a voice full of persuasiveness. The piano was still playing the waltz of delirious tenderness with the assistance of the violins and the girl of angles who was making something

of a nasal hash of it.

"I will," decided the painted lady, suddenly. They did not talk as they danced, for the girl kept looking toward the door and Sylvester had to count one, two, three to keep in time. The partner of Sylvester danced fairly well, and Sylvester, though a bit rusty from not having danced since he planted his wild oats, managed well enough; they brought in no new steps, much to Sylvester's relief. The waltz ended, Sylvester led her gallantly to his own table.

"My guest," he said grandly, and she murmured thanks. She insisted on facing the door. "Do you come here often?" he said, in order to start a conversation.

"Yes, I do," she murmured, "but you must excuse me tonight. I am afraid—of a man who may come in at any time, and that is why I watch the door."

"Husband?" asked Sylvester, grinning facetiously.

"Er, no, not exactly; nor fiance, either. But I'm afraid just the same."

"Mystery," grinned Sylvester again, inwardly delighted.

She answered him with a smile. "Yes." Then, "But let's change the subject. I've never seen you here before."

"I usually eat nearest place I'm to," Sylvester stammered; "nearest the theatre. Like the theatre?"

"Like it?" she gasped, "Love it! I'm on the stage myself. Understudy to Bobby Canzzo in *Carmen* and *Lucia*. Popular prices but good, you know."

Not being acquainted with either of the aforesaid ladies, Sylvester could not judge critically, but merely raised his eyebrows interrogatively and asked if the writers got royalties and if they were big ones. "I'm playing in stock this winter," he said, "but we'll be on the road beginning tomorrow. Hate to leave this little old burg and the lights, I can tell you."

She looked at him admiringly. "Yes, I suppose you men find it terribly dull in the country."

"They're playing again," interrupted Sylvester, "shall we dance?"

"God, no!" she almost screamed. "Not for worlds would I let him see me dancing! He—he would—"

"There, there." Sylvester was patting her hand beneath the tablecloth. The wine seemed to be going to his head. The pianist had broken off suddenly and had begun a new and different attack upon the piano while a long-haired virtuoso, in appearance not unlike the waiters, began singing.

"*Finiculi, Funicula*," she whispered to Sylvester, who still held her hand. Suddenly she stiffened. "He's coming! I must go! Oh, I must fly." She sprang up and started for the rear entrance of the café. She ran straight through the center of a party just entering the dining-room, dodging this way and that. Behind her, as fast as his legs would carry him, came Sylvester, panting, but hot on the trail, never once looking over his shoulder to see who was in pursuit. She went up the stair to the street two steps at a time. Once she stumbled. Sylvester caught her as she started to fall. Once in the street she looked at him as she gasped for her breath. She held her breast

with her two hands. Sylvester frantically called to a passing taxicab. The driver stopped. He fairly pushed his feminine companion in and then followed her.

"Anywhere," he shouted, and groaned inwardly, for he suddenly remembered that he had left his best overcoat and hat at the Café Provençal, whither he would never be able to go again after this ungraceful escapade.

Down one street and up another they sped, the driver speeding till the lights looked like streaks to the two passengers within. The woman clung to the seat in what passed for abject fear. Sylvester stood on the seat and stared down the street as they sped along to see if they were being followed. Every limousine and taxicab that came up behind them had a malignant look, it seemed. Sylvester was trembling as he kept watch. The chauffeur glued his eyes on the roads ahead. The downtown streets began to give way to boulevards. Once a policeman yelled at them, but they paid no attention. The boulevards began to give place to the suburbs. Street lights were farther apart and the woman sat back in the dark more mysterious than she had been throughout the evening. Finally they found themselves on a country road. In the east there was a muddy streak of white that presaged the coming of day.

"I must go home," she said, with a certain degree of composure. She told him the address, and he directed the chauffeur.

"You need a protector," Sylvester said, taking hold of her unresisting hand.

"I know it," she sighed. "Oh, I know it. But I'm in chains, sir; I can't escape." Then more earnestly, "Your kindness and gallantry tonight have probably saved my life."

Sylvester put his arm around her, and in that moment throwing discretion secured by a long Tuttlevillian training to the four winds, he held his face close to hers. They sat there but a moment, and then she drew away. A moment later the taxi stopped. She would not let him help her out.

"Just one thing," said Sylvester, breaking the long silence, "your name." She shook her head. Then where do you live?" She handed him a rose from the draggled bouquet she wore."

"Try not to forget me, my champion," she whispered, "and how you saved my life when the man who sang *Funiculi, Funicula* had bidden us all to be gay. Try not to forget me, my hero."

"Never," declared Sylvester. Before he realized it she was gone, and a minute later he was riding back to his hotel with a rose the only outward visible sign of the inward spiritual upheaval he had undergone in those few hours. For the first time of which he remembered, Sylvester Peabody, bearer of the grandest old name in Tuttleville, was sighing and pressing a faded rose to his heart. And it was all because of a badly wronged woman whom he had encountered in a restaurant.

Next day Sylvester returned to Tuttleville, appearing as he rode along late that afternoon to have drunk too heavily at the Café Prov-

encal the night before. Perhaps it was the incipient second childhood making its appearance at two and forty. He was unaccountably lonesome when he reached his room in the Grand Palace hotel, where he stayed because of his single state, and the room was dark and smelled stuffy. He put the faded rose in his dictionary to preserve it forever, and took up the life Tuttlevillian just where he had left off by appearing at church next morning to pass the communion cups. Things went along according to program at the Red Front with Sylvester till one morning two months later the telephone bell rang insistently. It was a feminine friend of his youth at the other end who had long since been gathered into the folds of matrimony.

"I'm giving a party tonight, Sylvester," she said, "and I want you to come. It's a dinner party, Sylvester."

"What's the occasion?" he asked, for people do not have dinner parties at Tuttleville without some provocation; either pride or spite figures in it. This time it was pride.

"It's a school friend," said Myrtle, "one I met when I was at St. Thomas' being finished. She's been teaching school for the last fifteen years up near Chicago. I'm going to give her a real swell affair for her and you're to bring her."

"I don't see how I can," protested Sylvester; "it's Saturday night and the books have to be balanced and all that sort of thing—I—I—"

"Oh, yes you will," she corrected sternly. "Since you came back from your Chicago trip you don't want to go any place. But you're comin' tonight, Sylvester. You'll come." The receiver clicked the signal that Sylvester was dismissed. He knew he would go. He sighed with resignation and sold butter and eggs for the rest of the day to the good housewives of Tuttleville.

At six o'clock he started for Myrtle's home, clad in his best suit and a hat substituted for the one lost on that memorable night at the Café Provençal. There was no one on the porch when he went up the very correct cement walk to the house. The guests had gone inside, but through the windows, opened to let in the soft air of the June evening, it was evident that Myrtle was entertaining a tremendous crowd in honor of the friend of her schooldays. Loud peals of laughter came from the house, notifying Sylvester that all the choicest wits of the community were therein assembled to entertain the guests with their antiquated quips. It was safe to say that the evening would not be fraught with happenings of the blood-quickening sort. Sylvester yawned in a blasé sort of way. His thoughts were at the Café Provençal.

When he had been ushered into the presence of the other guests, they greeted him with broad grins of welcome and Myrtle, the hostess, beamed upon him with satisfaction as she brought forth her guest to be introduced to the most desirable unmarried male in those parts. Her guest stood right behind her, but since Sylvester was not particularly interested, he paid little attention to the school teacher from near Chicago.

"Miss Simpson," said Myrtle, "this is Mr. Peabody. You know you have heard a lot about him."

The guest held out her hand. Sylvester took it and then looked at the woman. At the same moment she was staring straight at him. They gasped. It was the woman of the Café Provençal.

"I'm glad to see you, and to know you, Mr. Peabody," she murmured. Her breath was coming rather quickly. She seemed surprised and agitated. He looked at her again. Yes, it was the woman of the Café Provençal; there was no mistake, but her cheeks were not painted now, and her lips were innocent of rouge. Her hair was combed back from her face primly enough to have pleased any board of education.

"I'm glad to meet you—again," stammered Sylvester. He looked about hurriedly to see if anyone had heard him insert that word "again."

"Oh," screamed Myrtle, joyously, "you awful things never to tell me that you knew each other. You know you've met before."

"It's a mistake," interrupted Miss Simpson with a blush. "I—I think—I never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Peabody. You have me mixed with someone, haven't you?"

Sylvester said that he had, and then there came the call for dinner which relieved the tensity of the situation. At the table Sylvester sat next the guest of honor, Miss Simpson. They talked about Shakespeare and the Montessori method. Only once was there any embarrassment during the meal, and that was when Myrtle spoke of Sylvester's annual visit to Chicago. He reddened to the roots of his sparse blonde hair, and Miss Simpson dropped her fork on the floor.

After dinner was over and darkness had come he took her by the arm. "Come out on the porch," he whispered. She followed him timidly. It was a June night, and the honeysuckle on the porch made the air heavy with its perfume. Underneath his breath Sylvester was talking to himself. "Why did she say I saved her life? Why did she run that way? Why did she deny that she had ever seen me before? Was it a double life?"

When there came a lull inside where the guests were playing some sedate Tuttleville game with guffaws and enjoyment, Sylvester turned to the silent figure standing beside him in the dusk. Inside Myrtle had just inserted a new record on the phonograph.

"I thought you said you were an actress," he said, finally. Miss Simpson was silent for what seemed an interminable length of time.

"No, you are mistaken, Mr. Peabody. I've taught ancient history ever since I graduated from boarding school. But didn't you say you were an actor—that night?"

"I run the Tuttlevile Red Front grocery." There was pride in Sylvester's voice. They were silent for a little while.

Finally she turned to him. "Mr. Peabody, forgive me if I have deceived you. Every year I go to Chicago for four days to forget I am a school teacher. I love it! the

lights and all after being perfectly proper for a whole year."

"Oh," ventured Sylvester.

"I love it!" she repeated. "One has to be so proper in a girls' boarding school."

"But you said I saved your life," accused Sylvester.

"Oh, you did! You see I keep watching the door to see if someone whom I knew came in. It is always well to be careful. And it was the principal of the boarding school. If he had seen me drinking the—the wine and dancing, oh, what should I have done?"

"Oh," said Sylvester. Inside Myrtle had wound the phonograph again and was putting in a new record, and the guests were shrieking as they played parchesi. The record was *Funiculi, Funicula*. "I've still got the rose," he added.

"Have you?" she looked away.

"Yes. Do you think we could go to the Café Provençal together every year?" She did not object at all when he kissed her.

WHAT ARE OUR STUDENTS TALKING ABOUT?

SAMPSON RAPHAELSON

"I am trying to find out what college students are talking about," I said to Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men. "In order to mass my facts methodically, I ask that you name in one, two, three order the subjects or classification of subjects that your experience has shown college students talk about most."

Without hesitation the Dean said: "Athletics first; movies second; and girls third. Do you want a fourth? Well, I'd say courses—not the subject matter, but criticism of instructors and their methods. The criticism is never favorable, because if a student likes an instructor it does not occur to him to mention that fact."

"How about serious, probing conversation?" I asked. "Do you meet with that much in the undergraduate body when it has its own choice in conversation?"

"Rarely, if ever," said the Dean.

It seemed strange at the time that a man of the Dean's wide experience and keen insight should come to such conclusions about a community of nearly five thousand students. However, I had planned to see a variety of representative persons in the community, and I went along with the belief that before my investigations were over I should have a more creditable balance in favor of the student, the backbone of tomorrow's nation.

Next I went to see Miss A. N.

Wilson, secretary of the Y. W. C. A. "For the girls, I should put personalities first," said she. "It is personality that makes them go to the movies and to religious meetings. They are influenced entirely too much by personality, and they do too little independent thinking. I should put courses second—not subject matter of courses; just general surface gossip about them—and preparedness, the War, and kindred topics third. These national and international matters are not discussed thoroughly—merely on the surface. In regard to college men, I should put personal gossip first; athletics second; and general local issues third. I don't think any of our students have enough selective power. They are so hopelessly lost in the maze of possibilities for learning that the University offers that, in general, they are graduated before they get a chance to differentiate between values."

For the next few days I did not see anyone for the purpose of getting statistics, but brought up the question casually wherever I could do so in the company of students. One fellow, a fairly decent chap, a good athlete and a good enough student to be Phi Beta Kappa material in his junior year, said sex—usually vulgarly—and personalities were spoken of most. Five "rounders" and three "grinds" held about the same opinion. One co-ed put personal gossip first, athletics second, and courses—*not* subject matter—third. Seven others, representing types ranging from the clothes- and dance-mad society girl to the highly intelligent, capable administrator, failed to introduce another topic; the only difference lay in the rating given to these same subjects.

I next went to Dr. F. W. Scott of the English department. He said: "Movies first, athletics second, and criticism—either adverse or favorable—of courses third."

Thinking that persons with a different view point in life than those I had seen might have more respect for the college student's conversational proclivities, I went to Looie next. Looie dispenses cigarets and cigars across the counter of the most popularly-frequented tobacco shop and pool room in the community. It took Looie several minutes before he could classify in accordance with my request. He finally evolved: courses first—not subject matter; athletics second; topics of local interest third.

Mr. Kandy, who runs a student barber shop, said: "Athletics first; society and girls second; courses third."

"Just how do they discuss athletics?" I asked. "Do they try to reason out why such and such a thing was done in a certain way? Do they try to explain how a certain man came to such a degree of efficiency? Or is the conversation just casual?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean," said Mr. Kandy; "but here's how they usually talk—and sometimes it goes on for hours at a time. Somebody says: 'Peach of game, wasn't it?' And another fellow says: 'Wasn't it, though?' And the first fellow says: 'That sure was some hit Jack made.' The other fellow says: 'You bet.' It goes on for hours like that some-

times. They seem to say the same thing over all the time."

At the table that evening I was somewhat surprised to find a serious discussion had arisen. "Here," I said to myself, "is where I find a specific illustration in refutation of the conclusion these people are trying to force upon me."

The boys began to talk about the war and about the possibilities and probabilities if the United States should interfere. For five minutes the conversation took a beautiful and logical course. One of the fellows was saying: "The United States wouldn't *have* to send an army or a navy across the sea. It could help remarkably well by opening up its economic resources."

"Pass the cream," said the one who had started the conversation and who had maintained it well until now. "Sure—you're right. I quit. Who are you taking to the opera?"

No one renewed the topic.

Mr. K. C. Babcock, whom I saw the next day, is dean of the college of Liberal Arts. He was president of the University of Arizona and worked for the Federal government as a member of the committee on university ratings; during the course of these labors he originated the "Babcock rating", a useful method.

"I should place personal gossip first," said he; "amusements and sports second; local college issues third; and a surface discussion of popular public questions fourth. It has been my regret to observe that nearly all undergraduate discussion is superficial; there is rarely an attempt to get at the bottom of things. In this way we are different from the English and German universities, where young men of twenty to twenty-four years of age seriously and whole-mindedly study and discuss the larger problems of life—especially political and ethical problems."

Mr. Robert ("Bob") Zuppke, coach of the consistently successful Conference football team—winner of three championships in a row—said: "I should place the personality of instructors and the interest they can create in their subjects, first. When traveling with the football team I find that if I start any ethical or philosophical discussion they are interested, and they will discuss it. It must be made as personal as possible, however. The discussion is never long sustained. I believe that they can be led by those who understand the problems of their age toward the development of sustained thought. Their limitations are due to lack of experience and to youth. They are not much interested in political subjects—their community interest is small—undeveloped; they have no interest in the abstract. Everything must have a personal association."

Professor B. H. Bode, head of the department of Philosophy and an exponent of the art of being a good fellow without wasting much time in unprofitable company, said:

"Athletics first; personalities and general local gossip second; courses third. I find the average undergraduate is utterly lacking in background; there is a pitiful limitation of the variety of subjects you can talk with him on with anything approaching intelligence. He usually

has no information; he rarely shows interest. I believe these conditions are due to two causes. One is that the students of our middle western universities come from homes which do not average as high as they should for literary—in the broader sense—atmosphere. The other is that there is lack of iron in our whole school system. The majority of our undergraduates leaves college without having learnt to think. They should have learnt this in the primary grades and in high school. For the average man who at the age of twenty-two hasn't learnt to think there is little hope of ever learning how. In Germany they put you through the mill. When you are graduated from 'gymnasium' there, you have learnt really how to study and how to think."

I saw several other persons: Mr. B. E. Spalding, owner of the campus drug store; the young woman who has charge of the music counter at a campus supply store; Mr. D. E. Harris, proprietor of the campus confectionery and ice cream soda shop; "Matt", the gym locker boy. They all bewildered me with a shower of "amusements, athletics, girls, courses". None admitted ever hearing a sustained, analytic, serious conversation.

Now, what's the answer?

Is our educational system at fault? Or is this a poor, second-hand sort of a nation mentally?

Both might seem true at first thought. But here are a few facts in the light of which the situation may assume a different aspect. The European countries, with their stern and thorough educational system, automatically rule out the ordinary individual. As a result, they have a distinct and a comparatively small educated class. This class is without doubt thoroughly and efficiently educated. But the mass of those outside of this class are, if not in total darkness, at least in almost impenetrable penumbra.

What would be the counterpart of this class in the United States has, because of our less iron-clad high school and university system, a fairly good basis for intelligence. From the viewpoint of the nation, therefore, our educational system is highly desirable because it educates as many people as much as possible.

Those students whom Professor Bode talks about who come from middle western homes more or less deficient in culture—under a system such as they have in Germany or in England, would never come to college. Everyone agrees that the fundamental remedy for all the social, political, and industrial evils of today is the education of the people so that we should have maximum intelligence in the electorate—that electorate which theoretically is supposed to govern itself.

It may be brought up in opposition that Germany has better government than this country. This cannot be discussed here because it involves the comparison of the values of imperialism as against democracy. The fact to be faced is that our country is governed on the assumption that democracy is the ideal form and that it is agreed that democracy can only function

efficiently when the electorate is universally intelligent.

From the standpoint of the progress of learning our system cannot be viewed as inferior. If an individual has the germ of intellectual ability, our college system will bring it out. Then that individual will take graduate courses. It is in the graduate world that the real progress in the sciences and arts are made. And the graduate schools in this country present an atmosphere entirely different from that of the undergraduate schools.

It is much more difficult to get any degree after the bachelor's in our universities than it is in any European university excepting those in France. (France has such a rigorous system that anyone getting his doctor's degree there in less than ten years is of extraordinary mental calibre.) Therefore it cannot be said that the system of education in this country is such as to impede the progress of learning which will be of genuine worth.

ON LOOKING INTO THE 1917 ILLIO

By a Staff Enthusiast

"Number, please?"

"1541."

"Hello?"

"Hello, is Juddy there?"

"Hello, Juddy! Say, when is that complete copy of the Illio going to come from the binders so we can O. K. it?"

"It will be in by express to-morrow morning, so you better come over about ten o'clock."

This little bit of interesting conversation was what I overheard on picking up the Bell telephone receiver. The next morning at eleven thirty I was at the Illinois Central Station ready to pose as the Business manager himself. No trouble at all. I obtained the book, but I had to pay express charges of thirty-seven cents. Mere trifle for a wonderful year book like the one that greeted me when I ripped off some corrugated paper.

I am not going to keep all the good news to myself, so follow me closely and I'll let you in on the advance dope. Right here I want to state that the cover of the 1917 Illio is the handsomest and richest ever seen at Illinois. It is made of a dark brown sheep-skin leather on which is stamped the scene of the

Library tower, with foliage and the building in their natural colors. The title, "The 1917 Illio", is raised in blank stamping. The D. J. Molloy Company, prominent leather manufacturers in Chicago, I think would say, "This cover is the handsomest that we have ever turned out for any college annual."

The first few pages are mighty impressive, containing the title and dedication pages made from color plates taken from oil paintings which two of the Arch profs, Burger and Hekking, created. There are three more reproductions of oil paintings, which head the classes, organization, and athletic sections, the latter two being furnished by professional artists at considerable expense, I guess, but adding greatly to the quality of the book. Many other color illustrations are scattered through the book, several of which were contributed by Po Field, '15. I'll bet that he didn't do it for nothing, but just the same they sure look good.

An entirely new scene section comes next; twenty-four full page sepia prints sure gave me a new idea of our campus, and I could hardly realize that it would ever look so good on paper. I hated to pay my dollar at the first of the year for my senior picture, but it sure was worth it. The senior section has ten of us on a page in a blue and gray panel which is wholly original. There are 828 seniors in all, but a lot of these are connected with the schools of Dentistry and Medicine of the University of Illinois in Chicago.

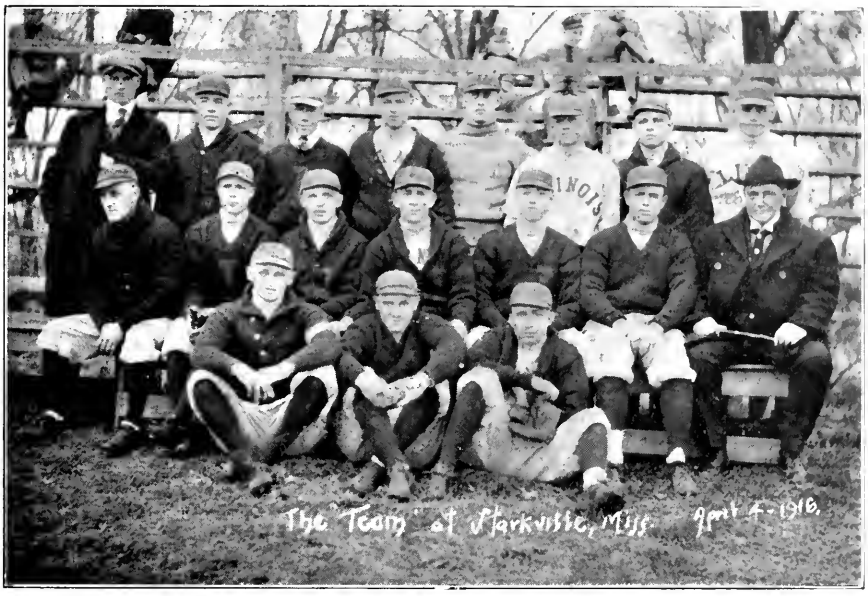
I didn't think that Ring Lardner would really write a story for the Illio, as they said, but he did, for a fact. He charges a jitney a word for his stories in the Saturday Evening Post, and his story in the Illio about Homecoming is just as clever. "Our Own Ring Lardner" follows with a write-up of Interscholastic in the same style, and it's mighty good reading—which is more than I can say about write-ups in similar books. Milt Silver's articles about the Athletic Seasons are fine, and his "incidentals" about the track team's California trip make it seem as if they had returned only yesterday.

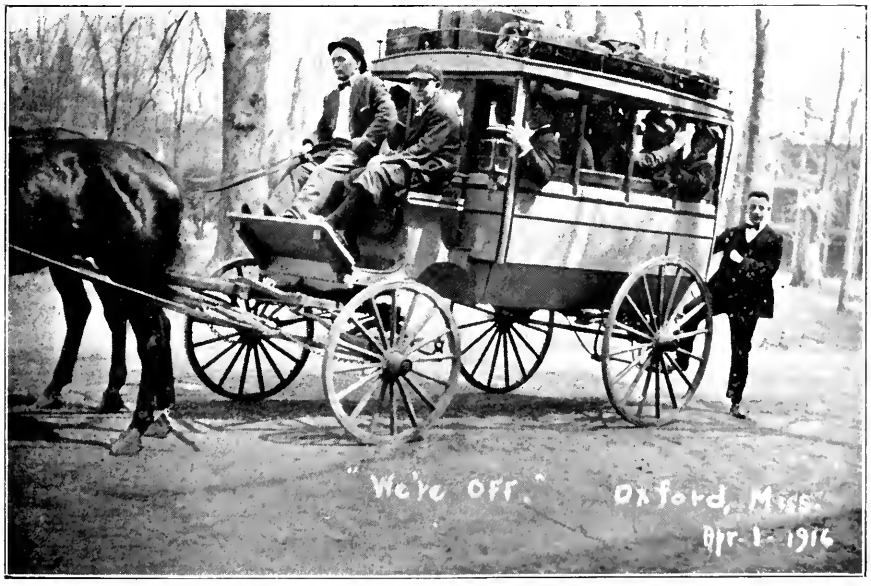
The Fraternity and Sorority sections contain the group and house pictures as they were run last year, and each organization has a cut of its pin in addition. The brothers and sisters look all dressed up just as if every day was a house party for them. We know better, tho'.

I wish that you could look through all the Roast Section with me. They got me and got me good, but as long as I saw it first, I don't care much. I think that Roast Editor saw everything that happened during the whole school year, and more than that, he got a picture of everything. Just think, there are fifty-five pages of nothing but Roasts, and they are good ones, too. Besides this, there are roasts on every other page of the advertising section. In these there are some pretty hot roasts. I guess that the Editor thought everybody would see them back there.

After I turned over the last page I wondered how it was possible for any university to put out a year book of 654 pages for the small charge of two seventy-five.

DOWN SOUTH WITH THE TEAM


The "Team" at Starkville, Miss. April 4-1916.


"We're Off." Oxford, Miss.
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THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING

In the early part of the nineteenth century the United States passed through a political stage known as the "Era of Good Feeling". Apparently the university is having a similar experience. During the present college year but one lone contest has developed among the important student elections. Whatever the cause that prompted such a display of amity, its final effect can hardly be for the best. The officer who passed into office without a dissenting vote is the one most likely to consider the office a gratuity rather than a responsibilty. He loses the stimulus of contest, he is likely to feel that since no opposition developed no one is particularly interested in discovering whether he fulfills his obligations or not.

The Illinois Union and the Student Council are still in the embryonic stage at this university. Neither has the backing of a strong tradition in its favor; both are at a stage when they must make good if they are to continue their existence. To date, the activities of both have been commendable. But so much that each must do is never known to the student body at large. A great deal of their work must be done in obscurity. No single act of these organizations ever brought them before the public more than did a good hot contest for the respective presidencies.

It was on such occasion that the Union and the Council, their accom-

plishments and their field of activities were most discussed by the students. A candidate for one of these positions at least had to formulate some sort of a platform, he at least had to think over the possibilities in order to have some ground for asking the men of the university for their political support. And if he never arrived at anything startling the thinking at least got him in a habit that would be more or less valuable when he undertook his duties the following year.

As it is with the Union and the Council, just so is it with the classes. The semester elections are about the only proof except for emblems and class athletics, that classes are really existent outside of the registrar's office. As well they provided a fair amount of funds, always a desirable thing in the activities of a class. If class elections have ceased to be contested because the class has unanimously decided that a certain man is the man for the job, the situation is better, but if this unanimity is the work of political adjustment and coalition, it is a bad situation, at best. Except for the Standard Oil and similar monopolies there are very few things about that can withstand the prosperity which comes of no competition. The developments of our own "Era of Good Feeling", which is generally accounted from the point of view of the nation the worst that the United States ever passed through, should be a warning parallel to our present stage of quiescent politics.

SUNDAY CLOSING

The University of Illinois, by statute of the state, is inviolably separated from the church. Still we must admit that out of motives which we can not construe otherwise than as religious, the student is debarred from use of the recreation grounds of the university upon Sunday.

The situation is largely at war with itself. It does not make for increased church attendance and it does deprive the student of a good deal of healthy exercise and wholesome recreation. Unfortunately, a large number of us are not religious; maybe we would be better off if we were, but that is beside the question. There are many more of us whose religion would not prevent us from a game of golf or a set of tennis on Sunday afternoon. As it is we must while away the afternoon as best we may, provided we do not choose to seek the solace offered by the company of the co-ed.

For the student in the college of Liberal Arts and Sciences the situation is not so bad. He generally has considerable spare time on his hands during the week. So has the Ag if he is lucky in his choice of courses, but many of our brethren in the college of Engineering are employed in college from Monday morning until Saturday noon. For a number of students the only opportunity for recreation during the hours between sunrise and sunset is upon Saturday afternoon or Sunday. The tennis courts and baseball ground are then so congested that they offer little opportunity for exercise and recreation. On Sunday we must look upon

the idle fields with longing eyes but trespass not thereon except to stroll about or attend a young peoples' meeting on the golf links.

Maybe we should have sufficient deference to the accepted religious standard to be so content, but unfortunately we have not. At any rate while chapel is prohibited by law the university recreation grounds are closed on Sunday. A restriction is imposed upon the students in a state university distinctly out of keeping with the statute which separates church and state in Illinois. These are restrictions distinctly out of keeping with American religious or irreligious liberty. The students of the university have just contributed $10,000 to the fund of religion. As a return favor from religion we venture to suggest that our Blue Laws be abolished.

ORIGINALITY

In the spring, the whole material world furnishes the human with examples of new life, freshness, and growth. After the first stages of spring fever are passed we would suggest originality as a delightful experiment for the average student. At present almost everyone around the university will admit, that very little of the quality so called is in evidence. Just where to place the blame for such a situation is a bit difficult. Certainly a university, should offer the greatest of opportunities for self-expression and originality of thought among its students. Unfortunately the great majority of the university system tends rather to repress such manifestations. This is a season of the year fairly teeming with written work. Every one is writing a term paper, from the freshman in History to the senior, who is generally writing three or four. The average term paper proceeds along the same line as did its predecessors in 1910 and 1890 and 1880, and we would almost venture to state that an essay on the campaign of 1862 written in 1868 would still pass in the present day and age.

The system is partially to blame but the student is more so. It is much easier to be told than it is to study, and it is much easier to study than it is to think, and generally more profitable, from the standpoint of grades. The student who does have opinions on a theory is generally discreet enough not to air his opinions in class. In some cases such a procedure would be suicidal. But the student of today, if he is to impress the world, must have ideas. He can get to a certain point on the knowledge of his instructors, but the world has received the message of the majority of the well-known men about the university. It expects to pay the college man for what he himself can produce. And there is but one way by which ideas can be evolved, and that is by thinking.

Spring is closely at hand. The world is breaking into new life. The student is bound to benefit thereby, bound to have new inspiration. But along with the process of getting the accumulated cigarette smoke out of his lungs, it would be a fine precedent for the student to start thinking.

WHY IS AN ILLINOIS UNION?

MILTON G. SILVER

FIFTEEN junior and senior officers of the Illinois Union started out one evening last fall to sell Union memberships at 25 cents each. After about two hours' work they returned, tired and disgusted.

"This sure is some job," one of the junior councilmen told me. "I've been laughed at, cursed at, kidded and insulted. These boys certainly do believe in holding on to their two-bit pieces."

The campaign for the sale of these Union memberships was kept up for about a week, at the end of which time, according to unofficial figures, some twelve hundred memberships had been sold and the Union's funds increased by $300. This means that about one-third of the student body had showed enough interest in the Union project to lend it at least nominal support. Or it may mean that there are about 1,200 suckers in the University. That all depends on the way you look at it.

Such a project as the Illinois Union is certainly worthy of the support of every student—that is if he understands what it is all about. I have thought that if all the answers to the question, "Why should *I* join the Union?" were compiled, and copies distributed among the student body, those students that had joined would feel that twenty-five cents was too little a sum to pay to such a worthy cause; those that hadn't joined would probably, out of self-respect, make a grand rush for the treasurer and beg him to take their money. But again, we have another point to consider: if all the objections that were offered against joining were compiled and made public, I think there would be a bigger demand for "quarterbacks" or "quarters-back" than any football season ever saw.

Since such compilations will never be made, officers of the Union are not expecting stampedes frim either of the above causes. They are not expecting anything, in fact; they are merely going on about their task and hoping—hoping for the best. The difference between "expect" and "hope" as here used should be carefully distinguished. Probably you have heard of the student who, when asked to make such distinction, replied that he hoped to pass, but he expected to flunk. The Illinois Union hopes to get a building, a clubhouse, or better, a home, but it probably expects to be disappointed many times before this is accomplished. But all this is beside the point in determining an answer to our question, "Why is an Illinois Union?" This article is aimed at both the "why-I-shoulds" and the "why-I-shouldn'ts". If you joined the Union last fall, perhaps after reading you may have a sense of self-satisfaction; if you didn't

join, perhaps your conscience will hurt you so that you will turn to the "Ye Campus Gossip" which graces the pages of this issue, and therein seek solace.

"I've joined the Illinois Union for three years now," a senior told me last fall. "I have never got anything out of it yet, and I'm going to quit being the goat."

"Never got anything out of it?" I asked. "Why, look!" and I showed him one of the pretty little receipts that we had been instructed to give out. "Here it is right here: 'Mr. Blank is a member of the Illinois Union for the year 1915-1916, and is entitled to all the privileges thereof'."

"Privileges thereof, bah!" said my disgusted friend. "The only privilege that it has given me is the right to vote in the Union elections; to vote for somebody who isn't going to do a thing except come around the next fall and ask me for two-bits for the privilege of voting for somebody else who will do the same thing, and so on ad infinitum."

The humor and the logic of his reply so struck me that I hastened to depart as I had come.

The student body as a whole doesn't know what the Union is doing. Perhaps it is just as well that it doesn't, or the task of selling Union memberships might be even harder. Very little advancement is made from year to year; the task is a difficult one; but still men are going on with that task, hoping from year to year that something will soon happen. "Lessing tells us somewhere in some of his essays that that which we do not see growing, we find after a time grown, and perhaps this will be the case with the Illinois Union building," says President James. That is a consoling thought, but even so, it isn't going to help much in interesting students in the Illinois Union.

Turning to an old copy of the Illinois Magazine I find that at the junior smoker given by the class of 1909 Professor Breckenridge, now professor of mechanical engineering at Yale, as one of the speakers suggested that there should be some place on the campus where students might gather for the purpose of holding smokers and similar social functions, or for no other reason than to enjoy the good-fellowship to be had there. Acting upon this suggestion, the members of the class began to make inquiries as to what could be done in this regard. It was found that at several other institutions there existed organizations of the student body known as unions. A committee was appointed the following fall, and after investigating the aims and purposes of these organizations, decided that something similar would be of great benefit to Illinois. Later in the year a constitution was drafted and approved by the Council of Administration, and on March 3, 1909, Lion Gardiner, president of the senior class, called a mass-meeting of the students, at which the present constitution was accepted and the Illinois Union came into existence.

Since that time the Union has had a checkered career. It has served as a combined student council and senate, has managed class scraps, smokers, dances, Homecomings, and elected cheer-leaders. All the time

it has been working with the ultimate object in view of securing a union building. A year ago it was decided that the Union had too many side-shows, and the Student Council was created to manage such affairs as the scrap, elections, and smokers. The Union retained the Homecoming, the student opera, and the dances, but these things were all part of the general scheme to procure funds to erect a union building. Two years ago the Union had on hand something like $3500, a large part of which was raised by notes subscribed by the alumni who graduated in the years 1910-11. It was thought wise to secure some good investment for these funds, and the property at 619 Wright street was purchased at a cost of $10,000. It has never been intended that this building should be used as a Union home, but as an investment it has proved quite satisfactory.

The Union has just one purpose —"to promote Illinois spirit by all possible means, more especially by the erection and maintenance of a Union building." And by accomplishing this purpose it expects to make possible the working out of its motto: "The union of hearts, the union of hands, and the union of Illinois men forever", all of which sounds very beautiful.

Back in 1911 it was intended that the Union building when erected should include:

1. A large living room or parlor where students, faculty, and visiting alumni may meet at any time and be made to feel perfectly at home.

2. A home for the *Daily Illini* and all other University publications.

3. A suitable place for the meetings of University organizations, such as the literary societies, etc.

4. A large assembly room for the meetings, college theatricals, class smokers, etc.

5. A library and reading room in which will be found the leading magazines, college publications and daily papers of the larger cities.

6. A trophy room in which will be placed all the trophies won in Illinois athletics.

7. Bed rooms and a dormitory for distinguished guests and alumni.

After passing through an experimental period these plans have been modified more or less, but the Union building as now conceived will contain essentially the same features. President W. K. McCracken refers to the building as "a carefully supervised place where students may find outlet for their natural proclivities, and obtain recreation and amusement under wholesome and beneficial conditions. . . . The University has grown to such an extent that without dormitories or large public club rooms the average student is compelled either to go down town for recreation or stay at home during his leisure hours. There is absolutely no place where students may congregate, where fraternity and non-fraternity men may meet, where a community interest, or rather a University interest may be fostered. The students feel greatly the need of a central clubhouse in which all may meet on a common ground, and in which a spirit of true democracy may be developed."

A common meeting and mixing place for students, then, seems to be the central idea in having a union

building. A place is desired where you and I may go, where we can meet our friends, where we can sit down and feel at home, where we can hold our committee meetings, where we can read the papers, where we can play a game of billiards—or above all, just mix. "Perhaps the greatest want in man's life is the desire for the companionship of others; the natural craving for friendship, the deep-seated desire to live, not merely exist. We can look anywhere and see this life's axiom exemplified: in the home, the fraternity, the church—everywhere."

"But didn't you ever think it true that University men do a little too much mixing already?" a member of the faculty suggested to me recently. "It seems to me that if they spent a little more time over their books, and a little less in the Arcade and other mixing places, they would get more out of their courses. And yet you want some place where they can mix even more."

He waited for my answer, and I happened to think that I had three meetings of various sorts scheduled for that very night between 7 and 8 o'clock. Wonder if that wasn't enough mixing for one day, and if I wouldn't be developing a little more personality of my own, instead of acquiring that of others, if I should spend a little more time at my desk? I put the same question to a senior, and he "smoled a smile" as he pushed back his coat and showed me an array of fraternity pins.

"I guess I have belonged to about everything a human could belong to," he told me. "I've got a lot out of the organizations, to be sure. I've got a lot of pins, for instance. I have made many friends, and learned much from these friends, for I have attended the organization meetings religiously. But somehow or other I'm not satisfied. I've met the same old gang at meetings, generally it was a more or less exclusive lot, and I'm leaving here in June never having talked to hundreds of my own classmates. I've never met them, and I couldn't have met them if I had wanted to, unless I had gone in for politics. I have had enough mixing, all right, but it hasn't been of the right sort. The men in the organizations to which I belong spent most of the time hunting for excuses for existence, or planning when the next dance will be, or trying to pick out men in the University worthy of the honors that have been conferred on us. We need a Union building where everybody can meet; where we can rub elbows with the fellow from Urbana and the one from Champaign; where every man is on an equal basis. This would tend to develop the University as a unit; not as a mass of unorganized smaller units, each one trying to come through in the survival of the fittest."

But we have the Y. M. C. A., you suggest; why couldn't men go there for their courses in mixing? Very good in theory, but very poor in fact. Show the average student anything with "Christian" attached, and he is going to fight shy immediately. There are not very many students who feel at home in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A. At Wisconsin it was discovered that Association hall was not popular as a

meeting place for students, and to get away from the feeling that everything there was religious, the student union rented one floor of the Y. M. C. A. This floor was given over entirely to student activities, was managed by a board of students, and students were encouraged to come. Still they hesitated, and it was four or five years before the floor could be run on anything like a profitable basis. Now it is self-supporting, but not fully satisfactory. "Wisconsin needs a Union building," is the slogan that the boys at Madison have adopted.

The first annual conference of the National Association of Student Unions was held at Columbus in December, 1914. At that time the various representatives made reports on activities which their unions were carrying on. It is interesting to note how many things are being done by other schools which are not done here, and which on the face seem to lead toward a better University spirit.

At Wisconsin the union gives an annual vaudeville show, eight or ten cost-price dances, three or four smokers, about the same number of mixers, and furnishes the returns from football games. The eight dances in 1913-1914 were attended by 1260 couples, but so nearly at cost price were they given that at the end of the season the dances had netted a profit of only $1.70. This is an interesting contrast to our own dancing club situation. The smokers for the men at Wisconsin are free, and light refreshments and tobacco are furnished. The all-university mixers were primarily for the purposes of getting students acquainted. The price of admission is 15 cents, and the otal attendance for the year was over 3000. The University Exposition and the Hall of Fame at Wisconsin is also a Union activity. It is held but once in each college generation —every four years. Its purpose is to show in terms concrete and visualized exactly what the University is doing, has done and can do. Each department is given space and prepares an exhibit demonstrating its work and aims. In the Hall of Fame are hung portraits of alumni who have achieved distinction in the world after graduation.

Michigan says what the Union has accomplished there is best understood by those in a position to compare student life in the University ten years ago with that of the present time. It is not so much in college spirit—there was plenty of it then as now—but there is a deeper sense of responsibility towards his fellows and toward the University on the part of the average student, and a more intelligent support of all things which tend toward the betterment of college life. Student elections are cleaner, there is a broader interest in social and civic problems, a Student Council has been established, an employment bureau maintained, and a higher plane established in many college activities.

The social affairs of the Michigan Union are many. Entertainment is furnished on Sunday afternoons, at which occasions there is music and an out-of-town speaker. The "get acquainted" feature is emphasized. There is also a monthly membership dinner, usually attend-

ed by about 200, and a weekly Saturday night dance to which 100 tickets are sold. At the close of the football season there is a football smoker to which 1800 tickets are sold at twenty-five cents each. At this event the "M" certificates are awarded. The Union promotes a pool tournament and a bridge tournament during the year; has charge of the Michigan Union Boat Club; conducts a Thursday night forum—a free, open, and informal discussion of any topic of interest to the student body; Faculty Night on Wednesday evenings; and a free union vaudeville show once a year.

The Ohio State Union building was made possible by an appropriation from the state, further increased by private subscriptions. In its dining rooms are served practically all the dinners and banquets given by University societies and by conventions visiting on the campus. Frequent "open houses" are given, at which time orchestras are stationed on two floors for dancing, the billiard room is thrown open for free use, and refreshments are served—all for the one price of admission, which is 25 cents. These open houses are usually given for the members of one or two classes or colleges at a time, as the building was unable to accommodate all who came when they were given for the whole University. A new electric score-board, which gives returns of out-of-town baseball and football games, is also a possession of the Ohio Union.

All of these institutions have problems very similar to those at Illinois. They are meeting them successfully, and the unions are proving live, powerful influences for good in the universities. Illinois needs such a power working among its students, and after seven years of trial, it seems evident that the Union will never be able to use its real power until it has its own home.

The union building is sure to come—how soon no one knows. It is endorsed by prominent members of the faculty, by prominent alumni, and certainly by at least twelve hundred students who agreed to support it "two-bits' worth". And when it does come it will be entirely through the efforts of students and alumni. We cannot expect support from the state, as Ohio got. The June meeting of the Alumni association, we hear, is to be given over to the discussion of the union building, and plans for raising money towards it. Michigan startled the college world by its million-dollar union building; just now it is about to see the completion of this fund. As Michigan men have responded and felt a greater sense of loyalty to and appreciation of their alma mater, so will Illinois men respond when the time comes. With the coming of a Union building we will become involved in a series of new questions concerning voluntary or compulsory membership, location of the building, new branches of activity for the Union, and the like. We shall not concern ourselves with these questions now. We have a great big obstacle to overcome before those things need even be considered.

In the meantime, what the students can do is to go on subscribing

that twenty-five cents a year, whether they seem to be getting anything for it or not. By so doing they will be showing that the students are really back of the proposition. They can also cut out the "knocking". Rome wasn't built in a day, and no amount of knocking is going to bring the union building a wee bit sooner. Of course, it is your privilege to try to spur on the Union officers if you think they are laying down on the job, but let your criticisms be constructive. The alumni will never support the union building campaign unless the student body is behind it to a man.

And now we come to our question again, "Why is an Illinois Union?" Have you formed an answer in your own mind, or must we answer the question for you? Well, then, here goes:

"Because it ought to be."

GALSWORTHY'S "MOB"

By S. R.

THE whole idea of *The Mob*, by John Galsworthy, and the only idea, is this:

A man is married, and as the result has a wife, a child, a brother-in-law, a father-in-law—and he has them good and plenty. These are not the mob, however. That comes in the fourth act.

Well, this man happens to be a member of Parliament in a big, first-class nation. This nation is contemplating war of expansion on an inferior country. Everybody seems rabidly in favor of this war—everybody, including our hero's marital appendages—everybody, excepting our hero himself, Mr. Stephen More.

More is afflicted with a public *and* a private conscience. He makes a big speech in Parliament against the war; and on the same night war is declared.

That is the situation. Now as to the method Galsworthy uses in order to make that hackneyed old dilemma interesting. In the first act, without even giving the servants a chance to pull any comedy, he *sics* us right on to politics and ethics. More, his wife, an editor, a bishop, and his father-in-law, who is a big gun in the War Office, are sitting at the table, not eating—talking. Their conversation sounds like quotations from editorials in *The Nation*. And from the very first, H. Sellards, who played the rôle, pulled out the tremulo stop and donned the martyr expression.

The bishop, the editor, the father-in-law, and the wife argue in turn with More not to make the speech. But, alas! their pleadings are of no avail. Our hero heeds them not. Then comes the brother-in-law, the brother-in-law's sweetheart, and

finally, his beautiful little daughter. Still nothing doing. He talks sadly, mildly, but inexorably. His words are pungently reminiscent of the printed lexicon on a magazine editorial rejection slip. He says that what they say may be all right, and it may be good advice to men even better than he, but he regrets very much that his immediate requirements cannot adapt themselves to the supplications of his dear beloved ones.

He goes out, and about ten minutes later he returns. He has been to Parliament and he has made his burning, but short, speech. It must have been very, very short indeed; unless Parliament was just around the corner.

The second act is another parade of wife appeal, father-in-law appeal, brother-in-law appeal, child appeal, and sweetheart-of-brother-in-law appeal. Only this time, instead of raising a howl about More's making one speech in Parliament, they are declaiming against his continuing with the six weeks' tour which he has been making, speeching, speeching, speeching against war, to the accompaniment of defunct vegetables.

Not one joke is cracked during this whole business. Apparently the dank, desolate veil of gloom permeated to every corner of their existences. One could imagine Stephen More, in the midst of a soliloquy, slipping on a banana peeling, falling down, and picking himself up again without stopping even a second for the relief of a cuss word but calmly continuing the monotonous, lofty intonation of his sacrifice.

In the third act—maybe it was the second act; details were not clear until the fourth—two attempts at relief are essayed, one of which is effective. The ineffective one was the more pretentious of the two. Four representatives of More's constituency are sent to remonstrate with him in regard to his speech mania. They are comically made up individuals; credit for that is due mainly to the coach. But their lines, their lines! A feeble effort by Mr. Galsworthy to introduce characterization of a light and sketchy sort was utterly overwhelmed by the sinister import and the hackneyed contents of their remarks. The other was the farewell scene between the brother-in-law's orderly (beg pardon; the dope on the brother-in-law is this; he was going to the front, as an officer, in a beautiful red coat, with an orderly) and his sweetheart—two quite common individuals, don't you know?—which was a genuinely pathetic and a genuinely funny bit.

The fourth act was the stuff. It was powerfully written and convincingly acted. It had thrills and everything else that the rest of the play tried so unsuccessfully to have. The handsome and promising young brother-in-law had been killed in battle. A last appeal was made by each of the appealers to Stephen; and these appeals were wonderfully well done. Sellards was a member of Parliament; he wasn't an actor at the university playing the part. Nellie Patterson was a woman distraught, unhappy, and finally desperate—Mrs. Stephen More. And the mob—

You see, it was this way. Popu-

lar feeling had been rising strongly against More, and on this night a mob of disheveled humanity broke into his home. This break came after a break with his wife—she had left him, because she could neither understand nor condone his brand of patriotism, and she had left him forever, taking with her their child, played exquisitely, by the way, by Miss Eunice Goebel. He also had been deserted by his constituency, by his father-in-law, by all of his friends; the servants had all quit with the exception of the customary faithful old butler. Alone in his sorrow, he was surrounded by the mob.

Harlots, barmaids, burglars, loafers, riff-raff of all sorts composed this mob. They pranced around him. They jeered at him, using such words as traitor, coward, robber, and so forth. (These may not be the exact words, but they surely are not too strong.) More stood erect, his arms folded on his breast, and faced them unflinchingly. They began mockingly to demand a speech, and Steve rose on a chair to oblige them. Instead of trying to placate them, he stood there, facing these ignorant, worthless individuals and told them incisively that they were ignorant and worthless. He told them that they were the Mob, heaven's worst desecration; that they represented vice, ignorance, and violence. Maybe he said it in different words, but that is what he told them. He told them that there were two kinds of patriotism, that of the men at the front and that which he represented; but they—the mob—had neither. It was glorious while it lasted. The mob soon overcame the attempts of some of its members at control, and dragged him from the chair.

In the melee, More was stabbed. As soon as the mob discovered it, it slunk out, leaving him on the floor in the dark room. And here came the most touching part of the play. A girl, played by Miss Kathryn Raithel, returned in the dark and held the light of a lantern over the prostrate figure. She moaned over him. "Oh-h-h-h! He's bleeding!" she gasped. "He's dead! He's dead!" A companion, a man, had joined her, and they stood a moment there. Then they, too, went. A small "bit" it was, but it was perfect.

The last act was a scene showing the grave of Stephen More. As a fitting illustration of the effectiveness of this act, an orchestra should have played "I'll Change the Tears to Laughter".

Mask and Bauble did remarkably well. Galsworthy did not.

THE HUNCHBACK

By C. E. Kimmel

DOWN the narrow street of All's-well, into the blind alley back of Saint Benedictine's, I groped my way over the uneven cobblestone flagging, splashing through puddles of rain-loosened filth, until I came once more to the door of the Hunchback whose threshold I had not crossed these seven years. The same raps at the entrance brought the same answering raps that had admitted the customer in former years. My shoulder pressed against the door—it swung back noiselessly and I entered the drug-laden atmosphere of the hut. Under my feet I felt the moist, cool, sod floor; into my nostrils came the odor of the drug; there was no sound save the crackling of my soaked, frozen coat. Before me beneath a flickering light sat the Hunchback on the same low stool with the broken rung and the gray plush seat, that he had thrown one night in former years when one of his patrons disturbed the quiet of the place.

"Back again," he said, as though I had been gone but an hour.

"To stay," I answered.

"Then Elaine is dead?" He thrust the question at me.

"What do you know of Elaine?" I questioned, surprised.

"When you left and did not come again, I inquired and heard that you had married and had given up the drug for her sake," he explained.

"Yes, she is dead. Give me the oblivion of the drug, Hunchback. Give me dreams until death, and may they soon bear me to Elaine."

He got up from his stool and moved noiselessly about his work. His body was deformed, broken, but the muscles of his arms and chest were extraordinarily large and his hands and feet could be described by only one word—immense. I shuddered as I watched. He was in appearance more ape than man. There was one detail of his makeup that always bothered me—irritated me. It was his ears, hairy and small in comparison to the bones of his skull.

He took a pipe from a rack and handed it to me. There was a scar on the bowl and a queer twist in the stem—my old pipe, as though he had saved it for me. I followed him along the hall. He lighted a lamp in one of the small rooms. There was a low cot and an old red comfort—my old room, as though he had saved it for me.

"Queer," I thought. "Why should he have kept these for me?"

"Once a customer, always a customer," he said. "A day or seven years—they always return."

By the way, it occurs to me now that he answered the question in my mind, although I am certain that I did not express it. Perhaps it was only natural for him to offer an explanation under the circumstances. He is only the hunchback keeper of an opium hut in the shadow of Saint Benedictine's church and I don't wish you to think that there is really anything

remarkable about him. Besides he has ears—hairy and small—that I do not like.

The Hunchback stood in the door of my room while I prepared to enjoy my pipe. I did not intend to talk to him of Elaine; but I began:

"We buried her today in the vaults of St. Benedictine's here by the hut," I volunteered. He was silent, listening.

"She was beautiful and good—better than all the world," I continued. Still he was silent, listening.

"And her voice when she sang there in the church was like nothing so much as an angel's," I went on. He stirred, paid no attention to me, and went out closing the door behind him. Probably he tired of me or heard another customer entering.

I rested on the cot and drew once more at my old pipe. I had been away for a long time—the pleasure did not come swiftly again. I walked to my door and opened it, intending to go out and visit with the Hunchback before I should go further with the drug.

There was no light at the end of the hall by the entrance where he usually sat. But at the other end of the short hall, I saw a light flickering as through a door, distantly. I did not care very much for the company of the Hunchback, anyway. He has ears—hairy and small—that I do not like. So I walked towards the light, led by mere curiosity as to its location.

I found myself out in the open where I could look up and see a foot of open sky between two walls—one that of the hut and the other the wall of Saint Benedictine's. The light flickered through a door in the wall of the church, open before me. I went on, still led by idle curiosity, scarcely remembering that we had placed the body of Elaine in the vaults here where she had so often sung in worship. To me Elaine lives in memory—not in the dust that lies there in the vault. So I thought not of her but only of the light that flickered there before me.

I walked noiselessly. In front of a vault newly covered with flowers the Hunchback sat on his low stool with the broken rung and the gray plush seat and the light flickered beside him. He was speaking, but in tones soft and low, such as I had never heard from his lips in the hut.

"Oh, Voice," he pleaded, "do not die. I love you, Voice. Deformed in body so that I had none to love me, yet with a soul like that of any man, I loved you, Voice, and while others possessed the body that you inhabited, I lived in the shadow of your singing place and oft crept in to let you touch my soul. Sing to me, Voice; do not die."

Then from out that vault came the voice that was like nothing so much as an angel's, clear, sweet, and pure, singing to the Hunchback.

"Elaine!" I cried as I sprang forward.

The Hunchback said not a word but swiftly and silently leaped up and with a motion more like an ape than a man, seized the stool by a leg and hurled it at me.

* * * *

I found myself in my room on

my cot with the red comfort, pipe in hand. The Hunchback was in the hall at the entrance where he usually sits on his low stool with the broken rung and the gray plush seat. The light flickered above him.

"Don't bother me with your opium dreams," he said gruffly in answer to my questions. "You'll soon get used to them again. Just at present they may seem a little strange."

I suppose he was right. It must have been the opium although I thought I had smoked very little that night. Elaine is dead and of course she could not sing. This dope has a queer effect, anyway. I live here in the hut—I have money where I can send for it and no one cares. And the dreams are restful, and soon I hope it will be a lasting dream. I wonder if it shall really bring me again to Elaine.

Sometimes, late at night, when I find the light of the Hunchback gone, led by mere curiosity I go to the other end of the hall and out into the narrow one-foot space of open air and along the wall of Saint Benedictine's. I have never found a door in that wall. Queer though, the snatches of singing that I catch. An odd hour for services or even practice. But I never stay long for I do not want the Hunchback to discover and question me. He irritates me. He has ears—hairy and small—that I do not like.

JOURNALISM AND PUBLIC SERVICE

JOURNALISM at the University of Illinois has held a place of growing importance during the last few years, advancing step by step in the acquirement of a permanent place as a separate course in the curriculum of the University. The most recent step in further establishing itself was a three-day convention held on April 6, 7 and 8. It was called the First Annual Conference of the Illinois Country Press.

This conference was held primarily as an experiment. Similar conferences are being held at other universities with marked success. After the initial conference at Illinois two weeks ago, there seems to be little doubt that such a convention will become a fixed annual affair and that it will enjoy as much popularity and success here as at Missouri, Kansas or any of the other colleges where these meetings are held.

The conference was directed and

made possible by the efforts of Dr. Frank W. Scott, head of the courses in journalism, and H. F. Harrington, his assistant. The presiding officer at all sessions was John H. Harrison, Editor of the Danville *Commercial-News* and one of the most successful newspaper men in Central Illinois. About fifty newspaper men attended the first conference. Most of these men were editors of country papers, principally weekly newspapers. Among the attendants were also several publishers of daily papers from the larger towns and cities of the state. The conference was primarily designed, however, for the benefit of the country weekly men, in an effort to give them practical aid and suggestions by which they might better their papers.

Among the speakers who appeared upon the program of the first conference were two editors who stand out as national figures in the field of American journalism. James Schermerhorn, Editor of the *Times* of Detroit spoke in the University Auditorium on Thursday night, April 6, on "Testing the Beatitudes, a Twentieth Century Adventure in Journalism". The other big figure of the conference was James Keeley, Editor of the Chicago *Herald,* who addressed an open session of the conference the following night on "The Journalism of Public Service".

James Schermerhorn proved to be one of the most delightful speakers who has addressed a University audience this year. His own pleasing personality, together with his half-humorous narration of this Twentieth Century experiment with the Detroit *Times*, was, perhaps, the most outstanding feature of the entire conference. Behind the jocular attitude with which he told his adventures, there was the working out of a principle, which should be the high ideal of every modern journalist. The story of the founding of the *Times* and its attempt at "team-work with the Beatitudes" is one of the most significant examples of clean journalism in the United States today. James Schermerhorn's address furnished a wealth of material which every visiting editor could apply to his own situation in the working out of a better condition of journalism today.

"The Journalism of Public Service" was but the reiteration of the attempted team-work with the Beatitudes, as experienced by James Keeley in his years of connection with the Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Herald.* "If a paper is to be of public service, it must do something else beside running news," says Mr. Keeley. "We are heralds of an ancient lineage, we newspaper men. Our voices defy distance and our power to help is infinite. The newspaper can make the world a better place to live in."

Newspaper men from all over the state of Illinois contributed articles to the conference and following each paper an opportunity was given for discussion. The spirit with which the editors entered into this exchange of ideas and opinions entered into the success of the conference by a very large degree. Mr. Harrison, the chairman, expressed the opinion of the delegates at large when he said that they were there

to do business, that such conferences were no longer mere social gatherings, with banquets, after-dinner speeches, and entertainments. The entire three days of the conference was marked by a practical business application to all the subjects discussed that could not but benefit in some way every newspaper man who heard it.

Many new and detailed subjects were brought before the conference, dealing with problems which every publisher has to face and about which the average country editor knows little.

A discussion of "Economy in the Back Office" brought an exchange of ideas by the delegates at the conference, which mean real monetary gain to the men who took the suggestions and will put these little economies into actual practice. It is a proverbial fact that the business end of a country newspaper presents by far the biggest problem of the country editor's existence. One remedy for much of the inefficiency in the country business office was offered by R. G. Lee, of the University of Wisconsin, who has made an intensive study of cost accounting for country papers.

"Better Community Service" was the subject of an article by R. E. Hieronymus of the University on Friday afternoon. This talk was along similar lines to the public service of journalism and the place which the newspaper may hold in the country community.

Dean Eugene Davenport created an animated discussion on co-operation between the newspaper and the farmer by his address on "Agricultural Possibilities for the Country Editor". A very definite desire was brought out on the part of editors who took part in the discussion for a better service to the farmer by the newspaper, through the service given the state by the experiment stations of the College of Agriculture in the University. The up-building of Illinois soil and the betterment of country communities through more productive farms are the problems which the newspaper of the small town must meet and attempt to overcome.

The first experiment of the University in cooperating with newspapers publishers of the state undoubtedly proved a success. There is little doubt that a second conference will be held next year, when the meeting should pass beyond the experiment stage. Among the many conventions and short courses which are held at the University annually there is perhaps no one which touches a larger field than the department of Journalism can reach through the newspaper editors of the state. Indirectly, the University can touch practically every person in the state through the newspapers. Cooperation with the editors in an endeavor to better journalism will indirectly benefit the state at large in practically every field for civic, social, and political improvement.

The Book Shelf

"Why fear Death?" remarked a true philosopher of recent times as he felt life slipping away. "It is life's greatest adventure." Mayhap he was right, but in his most recently published book Henry Kitchell Webster makes out an admirable case for life. "The Real Adventure" is the name, Rose Stanton Aldrich being the possessor. The opening chapters of the book are absorbing. The scene is Chicago; Rose Stanton is a University of Chicago co-ed; Rodney Aldrich a man about town of the Windy City and a rising lawyer. An episode on a street car, a walk in the soaking rain, and before the reader has had time to realize the charm with which Mr. Webster is writing an intellectual and most rapid courtship intervenes and ends in the marriage of the unusual Rose, the woman who knows herself not, and Rodney Aldrich, who knows her even less. With the education of Rose in her newly acquired circle, a note of cynicism enters, a horribly frank doctor being the chief contributor, his especial subject being marriage. A French visitor also adds her idea, and having given us his apparent idea on the subject, Mr. Webster turns Shakespearean and we discover Rose longing for another ideal. She wants to be at once the wife and companion of her husband, and apparently he wants her as his wife alone. Misunderstanding follows, and more of it. The birth of twins complicates the problem and Rose leaves the luxurious Chicago home for the stage. The story from here on loses the enchantment of the early chapters and becomes a study of human life, more or less good, as Rose rises from chorus girl to exclusive New York theatrical costumer, largely with the assistance of a producer who finally confesses himself an admirer, and is at least a factor in the basis on which Rose and her husband finally are reconciliated, or rather forget all about it, for one could never call them estranged.

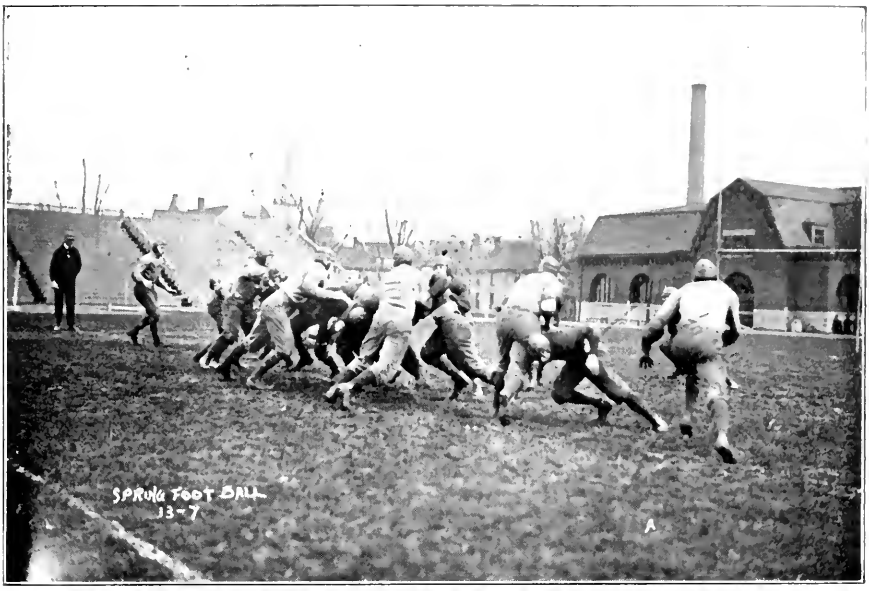
This is a story of human life, and as such one may doubt its reality, but it is an admirable picture for all that. It is the searching for an ideal, or rather the attempt to live an ideal, and as such it is a compromise. Having finished the book the reader is still doubtful as to whether Rose Stanton Aldrich was the conqueror of the world or its captive. If the last is the case, she

at least was allowed to surrender on the most favorable of terms.

There are other characters in the book who are worth while studying for their own value. Portia, the sister of Rose, is an admirable example of all that Rose is not, a feminist and a woman denied, at once. The cynical doctor is good, as is a Jimmy Wallace, journalist.

A story goes the rounds of the journalism world that the novel is an earlier production of the author that had been laid aside and drafted into use in an emergency. The tale seems probable from the point of style. The characterization and conversation are typically the production of the master hand of Webster. As well we note the great passages, noticeable in most author's early work, but the sustained power of the thing prominent in Webster's modern work seems to be lacking at times, when we feel instinctively that the author is writing and inventing as he writes in order that he may satisfactorily arrive at the conclusion. But for the disciple of Webster, and one who desires to make his acquaintance as well, here we have a delightful vision of his talent.

A book of unusual interest to the college student in America and of local interest to the University of Illinois is "America and Her Problems", by D'Estournelles De Constant. The author visited the great college communities of the United States, and returning to France published this book, which, as is usual with the French, is a glorious compilation of impressions. "It is an act of faith in America and human idealism," says the author in his preface to the American edition, and he puts a great deal of faith in the college student of America. His statement and treatment of some of the problems of America may not be the most logical, but at least the book is most interesting as a successor to the endless impressions of America that Europe has inflicted on this country. As well it is pleasant to be eulogized by one's friends, and the author makes no attempt to conceal his admiration for America. The book is not distinctly new, but we venture to state that it is one that the student knows nothing about and one well worth his while, both as a study of America and an example of the French point of view, and is coupled up with the collegiate world in almost every chapter. The title sounds forbidding, but the style and general treatment make the book more or less interesting reading.



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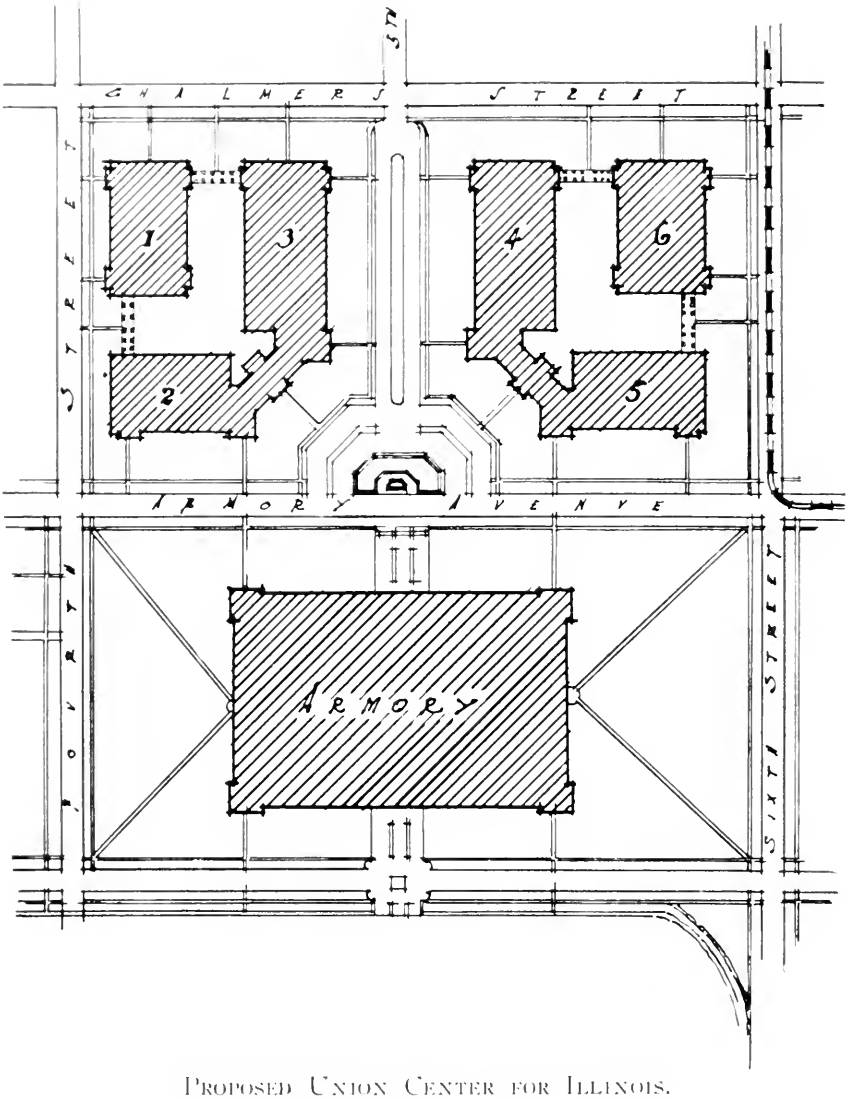

Proposed Union Center for Illinois.

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

VOL. VII MAY, 1916 NO. 5

"A UNION CENTER FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS"

JAMES M. WHITE, '90 *Supervising Architect*

IN the seven years since the Illinois Union was organized, there has been a growing appreciation of the advantages of a clearing-house to centralize organized student activities. An Illinois Union Building would accomplish this purpose.

The Union Center Idea is broader than the Union Building Plan, in that it contemplates the creation of an environment by grouping University interests, which in combination would unconsciously create an atmosphere that would tend to direct all student energies.

We talk and write about the moral phases of student life, about the need of training for leadership, about the everyday relations which should exist, and of the advantages of the mingling of men with widely different aims in life, but can we not do more to put these theories into practice?

Suppose we could bring together in one center a great enough variety of interests to assure attracting to it every student in the University. Would not a man, drawn by a single interest, soon appreciate others,—in fact, would we not have created in such a center, a school of Democracy for the attainment of results which cannot be reached by direct teaching,—a human laboratory which would have a psychological effect of inestimable value on all University men?

From 1872 to 1890 the second story of a building which occupied the site of the present Wood Shop was utilized jointly as Gymnasium and Armory. The first floor of the same building housed the shops and laboratories of the Engineering College, and the Illini composing and press room occupied the second story of one of the towers. This combination of interests brought all the men of the University together under one roof. Those were the days of compulsory attendance at Chapel, when every morning, after roll call by companies, we all marched to the Chapel in University Hall for devotional exercises.

There were less than five hundred students then, and they had ample opportunity to know each other well. Kindred spirits quickly joined forces, and because of the lack of organized student activities worthy of their steel, they started things which kept the faculty guessing, for every professor in those days was an assistant Dean of Men. Elections were real contests based on merit, because every man had his own opinion of every other man.

We are now a great body of men. The intimacy of the early days is no longer possible, but can we not restore to the student body the advantages of the close association with all classes of students which was a matter of course prior to '95? With the expansion of the student body, many organizations have been formed and we now have groups of leaders in sports, in military, in journalism, and in social activities. An Illinois Union Building with headquarters for all student organizations will bring together these men, but can it be on a large enough scale to attract all students? The older alumni will find it difficult to adjust themselves to the changed conditions resulting from our greatly increased numbers and activities, with the resultant separation of interests, but the change has occurred, and it is not possible for the students individually to resist its influences.

The competition for students' time and money has become very keen. The theaters, athletic contests, concerts, lecture courses, dances, and other social events compete with one's feeling of obligation to support numerous departmental, class, and church organizations to the frequent exclusion of study. A student center must not be an added tax on his time; it must displace some of the activities now crowding his program and it must be so attractive and furnish so much for his money that no additional arguments will be necessary to insure its popularity. Its advantages to the student must be so obvious to the faculty, to alumni, and to the public at large, that everyone will help promote it, and it must be conducted so that it will hold its attraction against all competition.

There must be a directing student organization, but also a special faculty in charge whose members will devote their chief energies to its management and devleopment, so that unconsciously every student with time to spare would turn his steps toward the Union Center.

The illustration presented here was drawn more than a year ago, and is not broad enough in scope to properly illustrate the possibilities of such a center. The buildings shown are a twin gymnasium, and a swimming pool building, connected together with the Armory by underground passages, a Commons, a Union Building, and a Band Headquarters. To these should be added Medical Advisor's offices, and ultimately the Y. M. C. A. building. A careful study of the problem would doubtless suggest adding accommodations for other interests and would also reveal the need of excluding from the

same vicinity private business enterprises which would be counter attractions of questionable influence.

The initiative in such a scheme lies with the student body, and the time is now at hand to determine the scope of the project. The requirements for a Union Building as a part of a great Center will be totally different than if planned as a unit in itself. The bigger the scheme the stronger the appeal, so let us not hesitate to launch the best that we can conceive, bearing in mind that no flight of our imagination is likely to meet the needs of even the next generation.

THE HENCEFORTH OF INTERSCHOLASTIC

By Carl Stephens, '12

INTERSCHOLASTIC may seem now to have reached perfection — meaning by Interscholastic everything happening on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and maybe Sunday in the second week of May at the University of Illinois. But Interscholastic is not perfect yet. We may expect many changes and improvements in future programs.

In the first place, the fraternity pledging of high schoolers will have a place on the program, say some Friday morning. This event will be made quite affecting with two bands, a long row of stands for the fraternities, and stained cocoa matting down which the preps march in white pants and hug the brothers of their choice. The location to be, of course, in front of the football bleachers.

More will be made of the art exhibit. The pictures will be thrown on a great screen 100 feet square in front of the football bleachers Friday night. Art critics with megaphones will take turns announcing the titles of the works, the names and ages of the artists, their schools, and the prices of the pictures, if for sale, picturesque music to be given meanwhile by a string band. The present custom is to bury the exhibit in the old chapel, where it has been seen by high schoolers who were driven into Main hall by a sudden shower.

A long-needed addition to the program will be a great mass-meeting for high-schoolers, at which addresses are to be made imploring them to come to the University of Illinois next fall. Pre-registration blanks with sharpened pencils will be passed around by the ushers. Registrar McConn and his office force will occupy seats of honor on the platform, and a neat I button will be pinned on each prep present.

In the past, too little consideration has been accorded the boys of the twin cities who painfully watched the Interscholastic meet through the fence. It will surely add interest and democracy to the program when the Athletic Association provides special announcers for the boys behind the fence. Unless every circumstance such as this is taken advantage of by the management, a healthy growth cannot be expected.

The chinks in the Interscholastic meet Saturday morning will be filled in so that something will be going on all the time. Croquet games, boxing matches, motorcycle races, pony races (academic), horse-shoe, and other manly sports will be worked in. Two dozen games of marbles could be played at once in the space now occupied by useless officials, and the west side of the score-board will be used for high kicking. The checker and chess tournament will be held under the Jake Stahl tree.

Even the urchins of the streets must realize by this time the tearful need for a better classification of the prep school athletes who take part in Interscholastic. The only just classification and the one which is surely coming, is: division one, Oak Park and University High; division two, all other schools of over 400 enrollment; division three, schools of less than 400 enrollment; division four, schools with grass tracks; division five, schools with ten-inch bells.

The events on Illinois field will be much more enjoyable when the peanut venders are made to carry a bigger variety. As it is, all a fellow is urged to buy are peanuts, chocolate bars, candy, chewing gum, crackerjack, ice cold pop, parfay, cigars, cigarettes, and ice cream cones. If a fellow wanted a new shirt, he would have to go down town after it.

And finally, we shall have much more excitement Interscholastic week. All the tag days of the year will be held on Thursday, along with the student elections, the annual Y. M. C. A. finance campaign, the Illio sale, the Phi Beta Kappa initiation, and the E. E. show. Then on the following Monday will come the big Post-Interscholastic jubiless.

FOR WHICH WE ARE DULY THANKFUL

I sat upon the senior bench,
And gazed into the infinite.
I had a quiz in rhet next hour,
And needed some
Thoughts to write.

Before there danced a cryptic sign
An intertwined 6 and a 9
I thought it augured a 96,
But I passed on the new 69.

DOUBLE-CROSSED

R. E. Denz

"Some of the girls in Chicago are awfully pretty, they say. Maybe you'll forget all about me after you've been there a while."

"They may be pretty enough, but they'll waste their time if they go after me. There won't be any gadding and flirting around for me with a girl like you a-waiting back here."

Mark Weston took out his watch and proudly surveyed a small picture of Vera Stanley in the hunting case. They had traded photographs less than a month before. He compared the miniature face in the watch with the blushing original by his side, and slipped the watch back into his pocket with a deep and satisfied sigh.

"Yep, they'll sure waste their time," he concluded, "I'm going to keep moving!"

"It'll be a little hard on me waiting for you, but that's the only way I can help, I guess," and Vera smiled bravely. "You'll be a long ways off, Mark—almost a thousand miles."

"And while I'm gone somebody'll probably come along and want to run away with you."

"There's no danger; not in this town. Nobody ever comes to Plainesville."

"But I don't want to take any chances, so I guess I'd better write every week," laughed the boy.

"Oh, you don't have to write at all if it's going to be hard on you."

"Don't be foolish, Vera; remember I leave tonight. It won't be hard on me to write—to you. Why, it would be hard—not to."

All Plainesville was at the station to wish Mark Godspeed. He and Vera merely shook hands; they had decided that would be best. But the multitude, having its suspicions, wondered and was troubled. Then, as the monstrous engine moved slowly toward the east, he caught the girl in his arms on the impulse of the moment, as he had planned for weeks, defying the Plainesvilleites who breathed one municipal sigh of relief and pleasure. Now, were Vera Stanley and Mark Weston freely and openly pledged and promised to one another for time eternally. And all the Marks and Veras of the village lamented that they had not "brung along some rice, just for the fun of it." It felt so much like a wedding.

* * * * *

"Where'll we make it Julia?"

"Almost anywhere that's cool, Mark!"

"How about the Greenwood Tavern out on Sheridan Road? There's good music and something doing there all the time."

"But we got such a late start tonight. I don't believe we can make it. It's almost dark now and the Greenwood is at least fifteen miles out. Don't you remember we didn't get in from there until after one o'clock last Friday night."

"But it's the Fourth. We've got to celebrate."

"Well, you're the one that has to get up in the morning, Mark, not little Julia," smiled the girl, nestling comfortably down in the soft seat. The man shifted into third and they were off, falling into place in the long line of cars that were pouring north from the heart of Chicago on Sheridan Road. They chose the outer drive thru Lincoln Park. The sun was down in the west, but the sky was still streaked with red and silver. A cool breeze from Lake Michigan seemed to waft them along.

It was his fourth summer in the city. He was making good, as the Plainesville *Pantagraph* had predicted. Not, however, at cartooning, which had been their forecast, but at selling insurance. He had found it more comforting to draw a salary than funny pictures. One Mr. Vickers had confronted him on the sixty-third day of his pilgrimage to bigger fields, when the dust in his mouth and brain and in the cuffs of his trousers was beginning to weight him down and discourage him. "A man with your silver tongue should be selling Consolidated Life. Get on the job!" he had said, after hearing Mark's tale of hard luck. "Hand them a new line about the old line." The third spring Mark became a district agent. His hope box was charged to overflowing. He was rich enough to take his choice between half interest and absentee partnership in a $3.00 limit hat store or a Buick roadster, and ambitions and progressive enough to choose both—with a mortgage to boot. It seemed a strange coincidence to Mark that the classy little gray motor had come into his life in May, and that Julia had entered it for the first time the next month—Julia, who was just the person to help him enjoy the car.

The boy found it difficult to keep his eyes on the oiled road in front of him as they sped northward along the lakeside. Julia was all in gray that night, from her shoestrings to her hatpins, perhaps another coincidence to Mark.

"Vera could never have looked like this," he was thinking. "It's not in her!" Julia seemed very different in many ways. She had been around and she stayed awake—Julia Lathrop was no small town stuff—and then her clothes, getting herself up all in gray, for instance; Mark liked the idea. Yes, Julia was different, a mile ahead of Vera in these ways, but in others she reminded him of the first girl. There was something about her manner and general appearance that he couldn't name. But he knew that he was strong for this part of Julia too, just as strong for it as for the new, the different element that kept him guessing. Julia was the girl for him.

"We'll make time before it gets too dark," he remarked, bearing down on the accelerator, "then we can take our time coming back."

So they burned up the straight stretches and the gray ribbons on Julia's little gray bonnet flapped wildly as the machine left a cloud of gray smoke behind in the gray dusk.

Mark knew very well why he wished to take his time on the way back. This was the last day of Julia's month-long visit in Chicago. He was saying to himself, "I will—tonight—I will." Julia also knew, and she said to herself, "He will—tonight—he will—if he doesn't lose his nerve," and she winked gaily at Polaris, who was very pale as he assumed his post at the helm of the heavens.

"If Julia throws me over," grinned Mark, "I'll take a vacation in Plainesville next August. Vera's a safe second bet. But Julia won't turn me down. I'm good for a couple of thousand next year. She's got me down for twice that much. I haven't been throwing these terrace feeds for nothing."

The feed that night included a couple of extra courses that Alphonse threw in at a nod from Mark. The Greenwood was not crowded that night. There were a few dozen Japanese lanterns scattered about, and a fountain or two. It was just light and rosy enough, and dark and cosy enough to tempt motorists a half-mile off of the main road.

"Until we met last month I hadn't pulled a single social stunt in Chicago," offered Mark. "I've been putting by for a rainy day, as my grandmother would say."

"And what would grandma say to this?" laughed the girl as Alphonse solemnly served the lobster and poured them each a glass of champagne. She glanced about her. The tables were nearly all empty.

"It must be late," she continued. "But I thought we made good time coming out."

Mark consulted his watch. "Why, it's almost nine-thirty!"

"Nine-thirty!" echoed the girl. "Oh, you're joking. Let me see." Mark hesitated, but the girl insisted teasingly.

"You're right. Well, I'm glad there's no one sitting up for us. Oh! who's this?"

She had discovered the tiny photograph of Vera. Mark had often decided to remove it from his watch to avoid just such a situation as this, but each time it had slipped his memory.

"Now you're caught, Mark, my boy," she continued. "Why, your hand is trembling, you're nervous."

Mark denied the accusation.

"It's just an old friend of mine. I never really knew her very well."

Julia examined the picture. The girl's face was pretty enough, but she looked scared. Her hair was combed straight back, and decorated with two precise little bows, one covering each ear. She wore a ridiculously high collar that seemed to choke her. Julia was unable to suppress a smile.

"Why didn't someone show the poor child how to dress? Why didn't you, if you knew her so well?"

Mark took the photograph, forcing a laugh that was perhaps a little hollow.

"I guess I didn't know any better—then. I couldn't think seriously of her now, Julia."

The girl's hand dropped to the table. Mark reached for it—and missed.

"You were in love with the girl! Why, Mark, I'm suprised—I'm surprised at your judgment."

She pushed an untouched salad from her place. Mark failed to notice this. He was looking into the depth of those laughing gray eyes.

"I was young, Julia. You're right. She isn't even pretty!"

"I suppose you are corresponding."

"Yes, that was a nuisance at first. After a while I got to putting her letters thru in half-dozen lots, that makes it easy. Honest, Julia, it all seems ridiculous now. Thank God! I got out of Plainesville in time."

"Yes, thank God!" echoed Julia.

The man and girl gave themselves up to soft music, murmuring fountains, a rural army of crickets and katydids nearby, and the majestic milky way above. Mark didn't feel like smoking. He was plenty happy enough without. Julia had been troubled at the sight of a little country girl's picture in his watch. She had whispered with her own lips that she was glad that he had not married Vera. When he left the Greenwood he turned the roadster the long way home. The girl settled contentedly down beside him. For several minutes they rode in silence.

"You wouldn't be happy if you married this country girl now, would you, Mark?" asked Julia earnestly, turning toward him.

"No, Julia, I couldn't."

"And you feel that it's all right for you to throw her over, don't you?"

"Of course. I'd never seen a real girl when I knew her."

"Oh, Mark!" cried Julia, clasping her hands and sitting bolt upright in the car. "I've been worried for a long time wondering what to do in a case just like yours, and now I know. You see, I promised a man I'd marry him once; I've changed my mind a hundred times since, and especially lately. Oh, I just couldn't marry him, Mark!"

"Then don't. It would be foolish—criminal. Forget him," advised the man, emphatically.

"You're right. It would be folly. Why, most of the time I hate him." She took a small piece of paper out of her pocketbook and tearing it to bits she tossed it into the darkness. "That was his picture." She laughed lightly. "I feel better already."

"I guess I'll try it," grinned Mark. As he spoke he slipped Vera's picture out of his watch and flipped it into the road. He was jubilant. The auto was barely moving. He turned to the girl.

"We understand each other now, don't we? Honestly, you're the first real girl I've ever met, Julia; tell me that—"

"Oh, Mark!" cried the girl, "I can't! I can't! I respect you, I admire you, but I can never be your wife. I was afraid you wouldn't see. Some day you'll know." Julia's answer was gentle but convincing.

The next week, in his usual loving letter to Vera, Mark announced his plans for August. He received a prompt reply.

"At last these three long, weary years have passed. At last I will see you again. I have always known that you would make good —that you would come to me. But

they have been long, weary years, haven't they, Mark, dear?"

"Same old sobstuff," he grinned as he tossed the note onto his desk.

* * * * *

Promptly at ten o'clock on a hot morning the first week in August, Mark was ushered into Vera's suite at the La Salle Hotel. A telegram a few days before had announced that she had changed her plans, and that she would meet Mark in Chicago. Reclining in a big leather sofa was a beautiful vision in pink. Mark could hardly believe that this was Vera. The girl was even more attractive than Julia. He was sure of it, as she rose, smiling and flushed from the excitement of the meeting. Mark stood speechless. He was excited too. And though the girl was waiting for him to take her into his arms, something held him fast.

"Why, Mark," laughed the girl, "is it as bad as all that? I know that I've changed, but I thought you'd recognize me. You see, I've traveled a little," and she smiled naively. "But I've spent at least two weeks at home every summer. Wasn't that considerate?"

"Then perhaps these three years haven't been as weary and long for you as for me."

"Maybe not," she responded, her eyes twinkling. "I guess it's about a draw."

Mark was perplexed and delighted.

"Vera," he murmured, "you're wonderful. I can hardly believe you're the same old girl."

"Perhaps I'm a different girl, but I go by the old name. Please don't ask me to bring out my identification papers, or reveal the scar on my left knee, to prove that I'm still little Vera."

"I won't," he laughed gaily as he approached her, his arms extended. "But let me hear you whisper that you're still mine."

"Oh, no, Mark."

Mark's arms dropped to his sides.

"You're ridiculous, Mark. It would be foolish—criminal—to quote your own words. Why, I'd never even seen a real man when you proposed to me. Say, you ought to know Jack!" She paused. "Don't look so stupid, say something. It's all easy enough to grasp. I'm in love with another man, and I have a line on your loyal record here in Chicago—that's all. You see, my little cousin Julia helped me out. She was your perfect, your bewitching lady in gray, for whom you tore up my picture. But I have to hurry. Jack gets in on that ten-fifty from New York."

"It was hardly fair for Julia to—to encourage me if she didn't really care!" Mark finally protested, weakly.

"Oh, that was all right. You see, her husband had met you, so he didn't mind."

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SECURING REPRESENTATION

The recently announced project of dividing the student district into precincts and selecting representatives on the student council is, to say the least, a move in the right direction. It should make for democracy in that body and should secure for its membership a really representative personnel. In the past the council has generally lived within a few blocks of each other, practically all the members coming from the fraternity district of Champaign. Thus the council was composed of men who, whatever their ability might be, had but little conception of the problems of the men who did not live in chapter houses. The fraternity men do not especially need a Union building, or a Student Council. They have worked out their own problems pretty thoroughly and govern themselves accordingly. But there is a large percentage of undergraduates in the Twin Cities to whom the Council, etc., could be of genuine aid. It is to these men that the proposed change will be the most benefit. Coming as they will from all parts of the student district, the councilmen of the future will each have a definite idea as to what his constituency may need or want.

We have more or less democracy at the University of Illinois of a certain type. If a man is willing to go out and mix with his fellows

he generally finds them more than ready to mix with him. What we need is a little bit of genuine interest in each other. The University is growing at such a wild rate that unless measures are adopted to bring all elements together, there are certain ones which will inevitably segregate out. The plan of dividing the university men into voting precincts is at least the first step toward preventing such a situation. It is most certainly a move for the best.

THE LAST LAP

Were it not for certain definite mile-posts inserted in the calendar of the University very probably some students would never remember that final examinations were coming until the instructor announced the hour for the ordeal at the last meeting of the class. Interscholastic is the last of the signs of the college year bearing the blazon "Safety First". In the two weeks which are left after the interscholastic debauch has completely ruined our capacity for work, some wonders are sure to be accomplished. More will be accomplished in these fourteen days, as regards knowledge, than has been compiled in the fourteen odd weeks that preceded them. And after all, we imagine approximately the same number of students will fall below the passing mark, even with the reduced point of departure standing at 69.

For so it goes, one year and the next. Everybody wishes that he had studied more when the time for finals rolls 'round. Everyone but the senior resolves that he will not be among those attempting to do a semester's work in two weeks in the future. And yet in all probability each and every one of these men will be among those who place their hopes in hope on the last lap. It seems rather too bad that with the opportunities offered at a university most of them are neglected. Generally, however, a man never realizes the majority of these opportunities until he is a senior and then is too busy with other things. When we think what we might have done in those four years, compared with what we did do, we regret not the fact that we were annually cramming for exams, but the time we wasted which made cramming a necessity.

SWATTING THE FRESHMAN

Rumor has it that there is a movie man in the Twin Cities constantly on the lookout for available features. We are inclined to disbelieve the story since we saw nothing of him during the late festivities of the Helmets. They certainly put on an exhibition of college life in true Siwash style. We can imagine how movie fans would chortle at the sight of some fifteen men playing sheep around the Uni Hall flower bed, or running relay races down the boneyard.

As near as we can discover Helmet is supposed to be an honor,

It must certainly be a test of a man's ability. A Helmet pledge could sit on a tack and keep smiling. Whether Helmet is justifiable or not is for the fraternities to decide. They alone are able to judge as to its ultimate effect upon a freshman. We know several of the last bunch of neophytes who were badly in need of just such treatment as was accorded them. The chief indictment against Helmet is not the initiation proceedings themselves, but the men controlling them. Freshmen are especially likely to need chastisement at this season of the year, but sophomores are not the men to administer it.

AFTER THREE YEARS

THE farewell tour of Forbes-Robertson can be viewed with at least a certain amount of light heartedness, for we can be reasonably certain that Sir Johnston will be back unless he should die in the meantime. But a last appearance on Illinois field is tragic in its finality. We know that there are no comebacks in college life. What is done you never can undo: nor do over again. And so it is that commencement interferes and ends an athlete's career, just when he is really becoming proficient in his line. The track athlete may join some athletic club, but if so, he runs as a member of that club, the fact that he once wore the orange and blue is a mere accesory to the fact that he carries the colors of the athletic club. He joins free of charge because there are rich men that idealise the athlete to the extent that they are willing to part with coin of the realm that he may bring laurels home to their organization. The baseball player may turn professional, but in that event, he is merely a rah rah man, a pleasurable object for the fans to kid and if he becomes great he is a graduate of Illinois, but his college achievements are forgotten in the light of his later performances. For the football man athletics are a bygone. It seems rather unfortunate, or fortunate perhaps, that the greatest of all college games is the exclusive property of the college, that is in its highest development.

But while in college these men have gone the limit for the accepted conception of what a man should do for his university. For the average spectator they were merely players, but while in training those men never knew what the word play meant. For them it was something more than a game, it was work, unending physical exertion, while for you it was sport.

And because he was star on two teams, we mention first Harold Pogue. Hal Pogue, the man whose name has been magic on the football field for the past three seasons and Hal for a similar length of time has been a consistent point winner in the broad jump. He graduates in Commerce this June

and says that he is through with athletics.

Not so Jack Watson, last fall's captain, all Western center for two years. Jack is in his last year in the Ag college and next year is to coach the Utah Aggies. Jack should make good and it is only a matter of time until we will find him back in the big show, coaching winners in bigger places than among the Mormons.

Potsy Clark, the quarter of the football team and the lead off man on the baseball nine, will also enter the coaching game. Potsy goes to Kansas as assistant coach and when he brings his team here next fall promises to show the fans some of the plays his former teacher, Bob Zuppke, taught him. Some of these which have been reserved for emergencies have never seen the light of day and it will be up to Zupp to teach his players some new ones as a second line of defense against the Jayhawkers.

Probably the most popular player in the conference, both at home and abroad, is Jack Bradley, the cheerful catcher and captain of the nine. Jack's pepper and good nature has been both an example and an inspiration for the Illinois team since he caught his first game as a sophomore. Jack likewise is a senior in the College of Commerce. It is well known that several big league managers have their eyes on Jack, but the crafty boy from St. Louis says, "nothing doing until June." He is taking no chances.

With Jack there are two other men on the baseball team playing their third year on the Varsity. Cherry Krebs and Arbuckle. Buck has long been known for the ground he covers in the outfield, while Cherry has taken everything that came his way at third base for three seasons.

"John Bunny" Gunkel has been the leading pitcher of Huff's squad as well for three seasons. At the present time we would state that Red is the most blase gentleman on the squad. The great Mathewson himself never displayed the easy familiarity with the pitchers' box that Red does as he adjusts his spit ball and gives the batter the sardonic grin.

An able first aid to Gunkel has been Wally Halas, likewise a pitcher in his third season. Gunkel and Halas have been an admirable team. When one of them was off form the other was in his stride, as two championships and a third a possibility testify.

When Mike Mason breaks the tape in the conference two mile intercollegiate, the career of Illinois' greatest track athlete will be ended. We are prone to believe that if Mason had a year more he would run everything from the hundred yard dash up. Growing tired of lack of competition in the two mile Mike has taken up running the mile as well, an event in which, according to Martin Delaney, he is unbeatable in America.

Another track man finishing in June is Jack Culp, lately pole vaulter and now hurler of the javelin, the successor to the hammer throw. Three years of practice in lifting himself over the bar in the neighborhood of twelve feet has made Jack a promising hurler of the ancient spear.

An in passing one should not forget Jimmy Stirton who has been plugging around the :50 mark in the quarter for three years. While Jimmy has never come through in the main event he has been a hard man to beat on the relay team. He is going better this year than ever before and should spring a surprise yet before he graduates.

The Chicago sporting pages are already advertising the 100 yard dash in the conference and looking about for material to outrun Hohman. There has been a suspicion in the minds of the dopesetters that Ho was a 9⅘ man and his work this season gives promise that he will force the conference to be run in better than even time if he is to be nosed out. As well Hohman looms up as the big contender in the 220 and everything points to a blaze of glory for the game little runner during the next month.

And thus it is that Illinois looses some of her greatest men in June. But graduation is inevitable and it is rather for us to do these men all honor while we may than to mourn their approaching loss. Ten years from now they will be mere traditions among Illinois undergraduates but the man who was here with them during their conference competition will never believe that their equals can be produced.

CONSIDER THE CO-ED

A YOUNG girl, just out of a southern boarding school, was protesting vigorously in a recent conversation at the boorish attitude of men at the University of Illinois. She assured the girl to whom she was complaining that she would write a communication to the *Daily Illini* to harrangue the ill-bred yokels. For six months she had been out of the seminary and during that time no man had been gentlemanly enough to help her on with her coat after class. It makes no difference, according to the critic, whether a man knows the co-ed; it is a matter of the most rudimentary courtesy that the men should assist, whether they are acquainted with the woman or no.

There is plenty of just ground for the complaint of any woman who comes to Illinois that the men give her scant consideration and treat her in a patronizing sort of way, but there is also a reason for the men's lack of consideration, and that is the feminine lack of consideration. A man doesn't mind holding a door open for a feminine member of the University community, providing the little act is appreciated or noticed in some way. It isn't always that one desires to be told thank you or that he demands a conventional smirk; it is just what was said above—consideration. It makes no difference where one is, it seems, the girls at Illinois are thoughtless and unappreciative of everything; it makes

no difference whether it is an invitation to the biggest dance of the year or merely the small matter of holding open a door. It certainly doesn't make for respect when two girls stand in the north door of Lincoln Hall for a profound dissertation while a man keeps a firm grip on the handle. He doesn't carry his gallantry to the point where it is oppressive, of course, if he is merely trying to be chivalrous, but it may be that he is trying to enter that door himself, and when two Illinois damsels enter into gossipy communion there, it is irritating to say the least. That is one reason why men sometimes hustle through a door first; they dare not wait. That may sound ridiculous, but perhaps you have never had classes in Lincoln Hall.

A few days ago I was standing in line at the Woman's Building cafeteria. There was an immense crowd and a line of people waiting to be served which stretched down into the lower corridor, for the day was stormy and the rain was giving a correct imitation of springtime in Champaign county. As I stood there thinking of something else and making a few plans for the afternoon's work, two girls began to edge in front of me. Much experience and a three-years' hand-to-mouth existence at cafeteries about the campus have taught me much in regard to the gentler sex. With my usual finesse and carpet knight manners, I managed to keep my place in the line without, I thought, making the whole affair seem too obvious. "It would seem," said one of the young ladies, "that gentlemen go first here." I glared in a perfectly harmless way and, like the cave man of mousterian times, I held my own. In that line one of the most assiduously fussed females on the banks of the Boneyard almost invariably manages to insert her somewhat attractive anatomy somewhere near the end of the line next the food. I find that I don't have much patience with that particular kind of the female of the species. Maybe that is the reason I have a reputation for being socially impossible among my journalistic brethren.

While we are considering the inconsiderate co-ed, it would be well to discuss the eternal feminine who flits hither and thither to the festivities that make the biggest inroad into the allowance of her escort. She judges her conquests by the number of formals she has attended, and considers it mortifying when she has to sit a week-end evening at home. Her contribution to the community is enough frappe and macaroons on open house Sundays to ward off buying the extra meal. Other than that she is about as useful about the campus as the Congressional Record.

Sometimes the names of girls in this category are mentioned with a grin by the men who know that they are being utilized, sometimes there is an open laugh, and sometimes a flippant remark and even a sneer. They accept much and offer nothing but a little carbonated conversation which, if one stays around long enough to see, becomes unutterably dull and stupid. As to helping a fellow occasionally, it

probably never enters their heads. Refusing dates would be an excellent way, that is, refusing habitual date seekers.

Perhaps these are reasons why men lack courtesy at Illinois; almost everybody believes in reciprocity, and if there is no effort made on the part of girls to meet the men on the dead level of a democracy, they will find University men the same so-called clods and boors as ever. It is one thing to be courteous; it is quite another to be imposed upon.

Once upon a time there was a girl in this University who believed that men, if treated properly, would make very good friends in other ways than as escorts to festivities of doubtful function. She was engaged in a certain campus activity which threw her with many men. It wasn't very long before the office did not know how to get along without her, and it wasn't very long either before she was one of the fellows and shared the confidences —those fellows told her some of their hopes and fears, and she did the rather extraordinary feat of keeping all the confidences. They were respectful to her, but they were never obsequious, and the only man who was ever "fresh" received in a perfectly ladylike way, a reply that sent him out of the office. Had he been a little more intelligent, he would have exhibited it by staying. They didn't always take off their hats when she came in and they didn't always help her on with her coat when she went home of evenings, and they didn't always pick up her handkerchief when she dropped it; but there isn't a co-ed in the University who has more men friends on the campus and there isn't a co-ed on the campus who has helped the fellows as she has to become more considerate and more respectful. As to the pale shellac of courtesy, there is little enough in that office, but certainly there is a lot more decency.

Consider the co-ed, my friend. Once in awhile you will find one that makes you almost believe in co-education.

AFTER THE BALL

Being an interview with a convalescent clown, taken at his by our own bedside correspondent while the clown was recovering from a complication of pneumonia, influenza, and croup, sketched in shorthand and devised for publication.

WELL, you see it was like this: the frat club needed some cups. We had been puttering along through the year with the same old mug that Bill Whitson won back in 1902 in the University chess championship on one side, and the cup with Sammy Hall's name and his birthday date engraved on it. Sammy had presented it to the chapter for some unknown reason as a token of his personal esteem. We generally told the rushees and freshmen that we kept the rest of the trophies down in the vault at Brother Ketchum's bank, ever since the robberies in the student district. This was an awful safe stall, too, because there were always robberies.

But be that as it may, this year had proved no more fruitful than any of its predecessors. We lost the inter-fraternity bowling by 11 pins, our stunt didn't get past the censors in the mid-winter exhibition, and now, with Dutch Doolittle's sprained ankle, our baseball hopes were frosted before they even cheeped. It was evident that something had to be done and done quick, in order to hold the mantelpiece in place for another year.

Considering all the forlorn facts, I got out my old pajamas and a busted straw hat, that one of the boys had intended to wear that spring, and started to get a couple of those gelatin-coated cups to peel away over our fireplace.

At last the night to pull off all the hocum came, and I had a swell idea all fixed up for the occasion. I was goin' to represent myself as being the only real, civilized, drunken Apache. I swiped a hatchet from the woodpile next door, and stuck it in the pants of my pajamas, and then I got a swell wig down town for two bits, with braids and everything, so that it made a chief of the first tribe of Royal Apaches No. 634 look like a returning peace delegate. A bottle of beer that I could swing around maudlin like, and my room mate's bed room slippers made me about as humorous lookin' as as Helmet pledge I took some water colors that one of the architects used to render stuff with, and I painted my face all brown, and then streaked it with some red and yellow and blue that I found in an old make-up box.

At last I got started out with the busted straw hat set cocky on one side of my head, the hatchet disposed of as described, the pigtails slippin' over each shoulder real savage like, and swingin' the bottle free and easy in one hand.

The boys gave me an awful big

send-off as I left the house, so that I felt encouraged a lot, as I went joggin' along jaunty down the street. All the high schoolers stepped out as I passed, and made remarks about this college life, and then told one another about the stunt they were in once away back in the Masonville high school.

I saw a few of the fellows that I knew, and I yelled at them and they yelled at me, and so I was feelin' pretty kippy by the time I got down to Wright street. It was still light, because all of us that were to act in this entertainment competition had to get there early. As I passed John I noticed that it was cloudin' up a little, but that didn't worry me much until the wind freshened up and blew kinda strong through the thin spots in my pajamas, and it seemed that a good many of the spots were far from thick. I thought of the dear old organization and ambled along. I met Jack Crabtree at the corner of Green, and he was all fixed up in an old union suit stained red so that he could be a devil in the act the Y. M. C. A. was puttin' on. He wanted to know whether I was entered in the fraternity stunt or the animal competition.

At last we got down to the field, and we saw a lot of other guys in pot hats, cracked derbys, and some in their sister's or best sorority friend's old clothes playing around back of the bleachers. Finally the people began to stream through the gates and the riot started. I mixed around with the crowd in my most democratic manner, swung the bottle around rakish like, grabbed all the girls' arms, and did all sorts of clever things. I would have enjoyed it a lot more if I had thought to put on my flannelette ones instead of the muslin.

The Pee-rade started about 8 o'clock, so I got back of the bleachers with the rest of the clowns, and formed in line for the start. The band struck up the "Chicago Association of Commerce March" that they have been playing ever since Chicago was founded, and we all started to circle the track.

For a long time I had been watching a big cloud that was forming over back of the Beta house and some of the other tall buildings, and just as we started it began to get darker and thunder and lightning a bit. Just as I was roundin' the track there by the gym armory—they had put me kinda in the back of the line—I felt a few little rain drops. I kept on swingin' the bottle and doin' that drunken Apache walk right on up in front of the east bleachers. I felt sort of shaky and self-conscious and especially conspicuous when I went through the spot light, but I thought that I would have to put up with some disagreeable things in this business.

By the time I reached the front of the place it was rainin' pretty hard and I was shiverin. Some of the boys were putting up their umbrellas and a few others were putting their raincoats on the girls, while they turned up their own coat collars.

At last the pee-rade broke up and the thing started, as messy and wet a circus as I ever care to see, or assist in. I was soaked by this time, and I could feel the goose

flesh creeping out all over my body as I shivered in the fresh gusts of wind that drove the rain against my body. I kept on dancing and yelling and doing clever things with all my might in hope that I would warm up a little. Then I tasted something funny, and when I started to wipe off the stuff, I found that it was some of the water color paint mixed with the grease streaks runnin' into my mouth.

The Ag Club was just beginning to bombard Port Arthur, or Santiago, or Vera Cruz. I forget the place, but I remember thinkin' that I didn't know before that there were that many uniforms in the brigade. Just then Lewis's delivery wagon came chargin' down the track filled with yellin' Phi Delts, and I came darn near gettin' run over.

I was pretty wet by now, and the rain was comin' faster than ever, but I was beginnin' to get used to it, and then anyway I had just seen Billy Simpson, who was actin' quite kikish tryin' to imitate a Hebrew, duck under the band platform. You see I figured that Billy was about first, with me a close second, and if I could get a lead on him by actin' foolish while the rain was goin' on I would sure cop that fireside companion. The trouble was that everyone who hadn't gone home couldn't see all the funny things I was doin' with their umbrellas droopin' and drippin' over their faces.

At last the rain slacked up, but it was considerably colder. I felt worse than I had before, and I began to have chills, so I busted right up to where the Phi Gams were stagin' their stunt about the cannibals and the pot. They had a fire, and it occurred to me that if I got close to the fire that would be sorta funny and I could get dried out a little. I was shivering like a freshman makin' a dinner speech.

That didn't pan out at all, because just as I was sneakin' up the Phi Gams kicked out the fire in their rough way and started to chase a skinny fellow representing Roosevelt. Just then Manley lighted his lake of fire for his annual stunt. I watched him jump while the band tooted a little soft music and the prep school boys yelled in their usual way.

As he came up drippin' and wet I saw my chance. I felt so darned rotten, and cold and sick, and my pajamas were all ripped in the seat where I had caught them on a nail of the Ag Club's war ship, that I didn't care much what I did anyway. The idea seemed pretty clever, so I ran and dived in.

What happened I don't know. Some of the boys say that I tripped on the side, and knocked my head on the side of the tank. All I know is that when I wakened, a nurse was sittin' right here takin' my pulse, and I felt funnier than I had out there in the rain in my pajamas.

Well, it's all over and I'm glad of it. The boys say I got the third cup, and I guess I ought to be willing to sacrifice something for the frat. I hope that they engrave my name on it, anyway.

FINDING ONE'S GAIT

S. Dix Harwood.

THE GIRL HENRY WINTERTON
HER FEMININE CONFIDANTE GARDNER ELLIS
A DOMESTIC

Scene: The library of a house. Time: Evening.

The library of the house is well-furnished and uncomfortable, as if it had been furnished after following magazine directions. Books are uniform in size and color, purchased, perhaps, to match the wall-paper. Mona Liza and Sir Galahad disport themselves on the wall. A table in the center of the room, on which lie such books as The Hungry Heart and *Poems of Passion. All available floor space is occupied by tabourets covered with embroidered doilies and teak-wood tables of innumerably different sizes. There are, of course, two busts in the room; one of Ludwig von Beethoven and the other of William Shakespeare. On an easel at one side of the room is an unfinished landscape so horrible that one shudders at the thought of its hectic consummation.*

The Girl comes into the room and with a sigh picks up Poems of Passion. She makes a manifest effort to look soulful. Then she scrutinizes the picture with pride. Finally she sits down at a little writing desk, finds herself a pen, looks at the ceiling a moment, and then begins to write. Her feminine friend enters and moves toward a seat. She is dressed less attractively than the Girl and seems somewhat older. She carefully arranges her chair in order to eliminate from the view both Sir Galahad and Mona Lisa. She places a screen between herself and the incomplete delirium on the easel.

Girl: My dear.

Friend (with almost a yawn): I'm listening, Alice.

Girl: I am writing a letter.

Friend: Indeed. . . Don't let me disturb you. I just ran in here to get away from Helen's guests a moment. I'm rather tired tonight.

Girl: Can you guess to whom I'm writing?

Friend: That would spoil it all. There is too much danger of guessing correctly. Accuracy is the greatest enemy to friendship.

Girl: To Henry Winterton.

Friend: The rather good-looking person we knew at college who never missed a sorority open house and tried to make a meal off the nabiscos?

Girl: I think you might be charitable to poor, dear Henry; I'm refusing him.

Friend: Refusing Henry Winterton? Why, my dear, he has lots of money.

Girl: Ellen! (looking soulfully

heavenward)! Don't you know that the only thing is love?

Friend: Then you aren't going to marry him?

Girl: You see, I'm—oh, did I never tell you that I'm already engaged?

Friend: Never.

Girl: You see, I'm writing a note to Henry, telling him that I just can't consider eloping with him, and that I shan't, because I love another.

Friend: Another.

Girl: Yes, I wouldn't marry Henry Winterton if I could. It isn't because he is in the coffin business and would talk about them at breakfast. Oh, I can't realize that I haven't seen you for four years! Surely I've told you all about Gardner Ellis.

Friend (with a slight start): No, you never have. Do tell me how Gardner Ellis prevents you from eloping with Henry Winterton.

Girl: I met Gardy three years ago—just after I'd taken all that sociology and ethics.

Friend: Did *you* take all that stuff seriously?

Girl: I think you're real mean! Of course I took it seriously while I remembered it. Everyone should; it's so broadening. . . We were all out at the Country Club that day I met Gardy. They were dancing and Gardy and I went out on the porch to watch the moon come up. You know how the moon comes up at the Country Club. (This very archly.)

Friend: I can imagine.

Girl: Gardy proposed to me, but I wasn't foolish enough to accept him right away. He's led such a futile life—Gardy has. He's simply done nothing since college except run an automobile and play golf. He was just useless. He didn't improve his mind or do a thing. So I sent him away to make something of himself before I married him!

Friend: As they do in books with colored illustrations.

Girl: You're a regular cynic, Ellen.

Friend: Did you reform Gardy?"

Girl: I'm coming to that. He was holding my hands—such soft, pudgy hands his were! He told me he didn'tt get up till eleven in the morning, and all he ever did to concentrate his mind was when he selected his neckties. I asked him if he knew hundreds of thousands of people (dramatically) were starving because of such an attitude—you see how well I remember my economics. Well, the upshot of it was that I told Gardy all about social settlement work and how all our women's clubs were getting so scientific in our charity. Do you know, he's gone away to a school of philanthropy and done so well. I believe he's specializing on the Jukes family.

Friend: Are you engaged to Gardy? (Somewhat tensely.)

Girl (clasping her hands and looking ecstatically skyward): And he's coming to see me tonight (after a pause)! One thing about Gardy, he is going to set a new style in society workers. He wouldn't come in to lecture to one of our clubs in such awful old

clothes as some of those young men wear.

Friend: Tea and nabiscos with scientific charity, my dear?

Girl: Well, not exactly. But you will have to admit that I made him. If it hadn't been for me, he would never have found his gait. That's altruism, you know—helping him find his gait.

Friend: Yes?

Girl: Why, don't you know?

Friend: Know that altruism is—

Girl: Yes, finding one's gait. I helped him find his, you know.

Friend (absently): Oh, yes. So you said.

Girl: (Seals letter. Touches button at desk and maid appears.) Have this sent by a messenger at once. And when Mr. Ellis calls this evening, send him in here. I shall wait. (Girl withdraws.)

Friend (with surprise): The letter to Henry is already gone?

Girl: Yes. I just wrote, "No. Always your sincere friend," and signed my name. I didn't have time to write more, for Gardy is coming! Think of that!

Friend (significantly): I am. I hope you will excuse me for a little while, my dear.

Girl: You must meet him!

Friend: (As she goes out the door, turns and smiles.) I shall.

As the Feminine Confidante goes out one door Gardner Ellis enters at another. He looks very much like a man. His most conspicuous eccentricities are a Windsor tie and a movie actor's hair-cut. His shoes are tan, and he doesn't appear in at all correct evening costume. But he doesn't wear a decollett shirt.

Girl rises eagerly, and he smiles an open, candid smile. He rushes to her with his hands outstretched. . . . She goes to meet him.

Gardner: Well, this is indeed good to see you again! But you know I've been very busy. (They sit down on the Empire sofa.)

Girl: Gardy! It's a joy to have you here again! I've looked forward to it, *dear.*

Gardner (floundering): Why—er—gee, I'm glad you looked for me again. It's been a long time since I've been to Springfield.

Girl: And you've scarcely ever written to me. But I forgive you your brief, chilly little letters, because I knew you were doing it for my sake.

Gardner (looking a bit puzzled): Yes, it was certainly you who got me to go.

Girl: That night on the veranda!

Gardner: You started me off, all right, and made it possible for me to become useful.

Girl (eagerly): To find your gait!

Gardner: Yes, and now I want to tell you that your work has been carried on, Alice. I'm engaged to the dearest girl in the world! It's just such friends as you are that have made this possible.

Girl (with a little start that he doesn't see, because he is looking soulfully at Sir Galahad): Oh, indeed! I—I am very much surprised. Who is she?

Gardner (still looking Sir Galahadward): She's beautiful in a

quiet sort of way. I met her when I went to try to make something out of myself. She belongs to the Band of Hope—you know them. We meet on corners of evenings and sing hymns of praises.

Girl (to herself): I believe I—over-embroidered it.

Gardner: We're both interested in altruism; so we're to be married. Congratulate me!

Maid (appearing at the door): Mr. Winterton is here, ma'am.

Girl: Show him up. (To herself.) What queer ties he wears!

Henry, who is a perfectly correct young person, enters. If he were to be met in the Sahara desert, he wouldn't demand a second look. He looks at Gardner Ellis from head to foot. Plainly, he is scandalized. He stands around attentively waiting for someone to drop a handkerchief so that he can pick it up, or else he rearranges a pillow for the Girl.

Girl: Ah, Henry, did you get my letter?

Lover: No, I didn't. Fact is, I didn't wait; I just came anyhow.

Girl: Can't you guess? (She holds out her arms.)

Lover (clasping her to him): My own.

Gardner (making a headlong rush for the door): Er—please excuse me.

Girl: Oh, Gardy, don't run away. You'll pardon us, I know. You see, we're just engaged. He's a dear, don't you think? (Gardner Ellis nods.) But I'm not going to elevate him. . . Mr. Winterton, this is Mr. Ellis. (Henry looks Gardner over and then bows. From this point on he ignores him.)

Lover: We're going to elope tonight.

Gardner: I congratulate you both—both you, Alice, and you, Mr. Winterton.

Girl: Thanks, Gardy.

Gardner: Don't let me keep you if you must hurry away; I'll find some of the other guests. (Gardner goes out. Almost simultaneously Ellen enters.)

Girl: Oh, Ellen, we're going to be married tonight. Miss Anderson, do you remember Mr. Winterton? (business of telling one another how delighted they are to meet once more). We're going this minute. You mustn't tell. Good-bye. (She kisses her friend.)

Friend (shaking Mr. Winterton's hand): Dear Mr. Winterton, you are truly an altruist. (The couple romantically slip out through a window. Gardy comes in and puts arm around Friend. She smiles. He leads her to a seat.)

Gardy: I told Alice of our engagement just now. She seemed surprised.

Friend: She told me she was engaged to you; so I didn't put forth any claims of my own.

Gardy: To me! Why, she introduced me to her fiance!

Friend: She told me all about the affair on the Country Club porch. She said she reformed you.

Gardy: Well, she started me in my work—that I'll admit. She talked about helping people till I thought it would be a lark. Frankly I was bored to death with doing nothing. I did play one trick on her when I told her that you were

a street evangelist. But as to being engaged to her—

Friend: Never mind. I wouldn't ask any man to give me the complete history of his other fiancees.

Gardy: You might have prevented all this confidence, seeing you were engaged to the person under consideration.

Friend: Oh, I didn't mind. Since she and Mr. Winterton are about to be married, I'm rather glad. I met him myself tonight, and after looking him over, I believe it's the best thing. She seems to have—found her gait.

The Book Shelf

OMAR KHAYYAM, HENRIK IBSEN, AND ECCLESIASTES

S. Dix Harwood.

THERE lives in the state of Missouri a teacher of sociology named Prof. Charles A. Ellwood, who believes that Americans are indeed decadent. He believes it very thoroughly and hurls perfectly genteel anathemas at those of us who no longer choose *Pride and Prejudice* for our favorite novel and who no longer look to John Milton for our theology. Of course, Mr. Ellwood did not say as much, but the implication seems none the less present in what he has been telling classes in elementary sociology at the University of Missouri. The age is decadent, according to Mr. Ellwood, and he offers as part of his evidence that people read Omar Khayyam nowadays with extraordinary attention; that Ibsen and his deleterious social preachments are in every household. Who doubts that the world is very, very bad?

It is pretty generally conceded that a man may be known as well by the books he reads as by the company he keeps, and certainly Mr. Ellwood's accusation bears

some truth, at least so far as Omar Khayyam is concerned, for there is scarcely anyone nowadays who does not know a few quatrains from the Persian poet. "Do you know Omar?" a student asked me the other day, using the same tone with which my mother used to quiz me regarding the commandments or the duty toward my neighbor. Yes, a man is known by the books he reads and the things he gets out of them. The argument with Mr. Ellwood is not as to the truth of what he says regarding people's reading but regarding the interpretation which he puts on that tendency. Does one necessarily have to be very, very decadent to read *Ghosts?*, or *A Doll's House*, or *Pillars of Society?*

Modern days have brought different tastes. Miltonic theology sometimes makes us laugh. We sit through Dhaglieff's Russian Ballet without growing scandalised, smiling at the comment which one old lady of my home town made after seeing the performance. She declared that she would have enjoyed it if they had worn more clothes; otherwise it was very pretty. Nowadays we do not believe that man's misfortune began when the first lady of the land brought forth a primitive apple and ate it after repeated lurings of a certain snake who walked around on his tail.

If *Ecclesiastes* did not appear in such a very reputable book as the Bible, it, too, might come under the disapproving eye of such men as Mr. Ellwood for encouraging the present day of decadence in America when people are accused of believing.

> "Straight from the earth's
> center to the seventh
> gate,
> I rose and on the throne
> of Saturn sate;
> Full many a knot unravelled on the way;
> But not the master knot
> of human fate."

These lines from the translation of Edward Fitz-Gerald are quoted often enough, and there are lines from *Ecclesiastes* that seem to express an equally hopeless philosophy. "All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." Someone has said that those words were the saddest ever penned, but they are not, because the writer of *Ecclesiastes* found himself a solution for the futility of things; and in the last chapter of his book answers his own misanthropic questionings very much to the satisfaction of everybody from the discerning people who are known as the church fathers to those of the present day. I include him in the list, though he is not included by Mr. Ellwood, principally because his attitude toward life is the same as the "decadent" Omar. He helps to make us spiritually uncomfortable, just as Henrik Ibsen makes us socially uncomfortable. In Victorian circles, admittedly, this is shockingly bad form, but with our other decadent tendencies we are no longer content to stare at the brussels carpets through dreary Sunday afternoons while we exchange sedate

platitudes. We pride ourselves on the repeal of reticence. This is a good beginning, and it need not mean that we are sliding down the path to destruction; it may mean that we are merely getting to such a place where we shan't object to cleaning house with our own hands.

Mr. Ellwood is right when he says that times have changed. But the dispute arises when he begins to lament over the repeal of Victorian things and to say that we are approaching a kind of spiritual Armageddon, at which battle we shall fight for our own morally run-down-at-the-heels gods.

We are not going to the dogs at all. If we are, it is not because we have such a pusillanimous set of reading matter but because we lack national pride and international ethics. But that is neither here nor there. We read Omar Khayyam because we are inclined to be sceptical and pessimistic, we read Henrik Ibsen because we are sceptical of the ordinary run of things in society and pessimistic in that we think things could not be much worse, and those of us who have re-discovered *Ecclesiastes* through the help of some student of the Bible who is unshackeled by the religious prejudice read him for much the same reason. Now if it were a crime to be sceptical of present day tendencies and pessimistic about modern institutions, Mr. Ellwood, too, would be guilty; so perhaps it isn't very bad that we admit both of these weaknesses. The real fault that would prove that the age was decadent would be if modern society went no farther than to be merely sceptical and pessimistic; if it allowed itself to be worried for a little while at the state of affairs without attempting to better them.

When Henrik Ibsen began to write social dramas a long while ago, back in the middle of the nineteenth century, people were then more scandalized than even Mr. Ellwood is now. They were not used to dealing with realities. *A Doll's House* was scandalising enough, but when *Ghosts* appeared, that was entirely too much. Feminism along in the Seventies had had some introduction, but the idea of discussing the unmentionable and of taking such a dreary outlook on society was something quite new. Yet this uncomfortable feelhas had its share in the betterment ing that came from reading Ibsen of women's position in the Scandinavian countries, and it is now quite different from what it was there forty years ago. The influence of the greatest modern dramatist has been felt in this country as well. If one calls feminism decadent, however, there is nothing else to be said for Ibsen, and there is no defense of his aid of the woman's movement. He was a pessimist certainly when he created Nora, but it was the kind of pessisism that has helped to make conditions infinitely better. *Ghosts* has lesser modern descendants in the play of Eugene Brieux, *Damaged Goods*. No one can accuse either author of writing a perfectly nice drama for a Sunday school library, if the aforesaid libraries are seeking the comfortable reading of a smug and self-satisfied society.

When Ibsen wrote his book, he scandalised Europe, but, so far as is known, nobody nowadays denies that he preached a valuable sermon, no matter how disgusting the subject matter and the example, except for people who think that because we are interested in such subjects that we are going to the dogs. When society gets less complacent, it stands a much better show of improvement. When people grow uncomfortable over Ibsen, there is chance for improvement yet.

The next factor which is driving us on to a social perdition is that eminent theologian, Omar Khayyam, whom people read because they have had a plethora of the sentimentalism in religion which we have nowadays and which appeals —and people wonder why!—to such a large percentage of women and such a small percentage of men. True, this is a sign of scepticism, but as was true in the matter of Ibsen's readers, if people feel uncomfortable and substitute something better, what is the difference?

Since individuals have been thinking less of later years about the hereafter and more about the present, more has been done to help fellow men to get on their feet when they are down, and to stay on their feet once there. This isn't, of course, the influence of Omar and his lyrical essay on the grape which has done this; it is the influence of the people who have been reading Omar as well as the Bible and who have been looking at things from the social point of view instead of the spiritual point of view. The motive behind charity today is not so much that one should be immortalised in a stained glass window and that one should go to heaven no matter how prosaic or how hectic, but it is social betterment. It may be selfish; it may be altruistic, whichever you please, but the system works much better for the most of people than any other ever worked. Is this decadence? Society has hunted up another god, a more alturistic god, though sometimes one is led not to believe so, and that in itself is good once in awhile. And instead of our being totally and hopelessly pessimistic, the idea of future comforts which our Omar-like minds refuse us, we hunt up a more concrete way of expending our energies, since it is for our own as well as for others' good. The *Rubiayast* expresses it this way.

"Ah make the most of what
we yet may spend,
Before we too into the
dust descend;
Dust unto dust and under
dust to lie,
Sans song, sans singer,
and sans end."

Ecclesiastes as a modern day prophet really doesn't need any defense, because he has always been kept amid more sanctimonious things and has passed off as such for lo these many years. But the preacher was not wholly a pessimist and a hypochondriac; he saw ahead of him a very definite purpose in which he was to reach his self-realization. He doesn't know any more than does Omar Khayyam what it is all about, but he goes ahead and does the best that he can

and before the book is over, nobody feels very badly about the world being a place where all is vanity and a striving after wind.

The old order changeth. We read new things and think new things, despite the preacher's statement that we do no such thing at all. Edward Fitz-Gerald introduced to us as a poet one who has become one of our most interesting philosophers of the popular sort. Henrik Ibsen has been said by some not to be "wholesome reading." *Ecclesiastes* has always been a kind of theological skeleton in the closet of the Church Militant, but is not in such bad repute as it was at one time.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity. And, moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed and sought out, and set in order, many proverbs."

Winters are not very much worse than they used to be or very much better; at least so we are led to believe by whatever statistics are at hand. People live about as long as they did in the time when Genesis was written, only tradition has warped things.

Cities are just as luxurious and women are just as beautiful or just as homely, as the case may be. Why be mindful forever of the Ides of March? Because one soothsayer hit the mark one time, the rest of them have been prophesying perseveringly ever since.

This vers libre,
Meaning free verse,
Is easy to write,
Because it isn't verse at all.
Walt Whitman and the Bible
Wrote in a roughly, rudely, rythmical
metere,
But Vers libre
Hasn't even that
To recommend it.
But it fills lots of space
In the Siren
And the Campus Scout,
And Dix Harwood
And Sam Raphaelson
They like it, so
It must be good.

Please

Over

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Advertisers

Twenty Years

of making suits and overcoats for University men has taught us what they want.

Styles

have changed many times, but we have changed with the styles, so have never become "old fashioned" tailors.

We Follow

so closely the mode that we continue making clothes for University men long after their graduation.

In Fact

we are today making garments for business men who became our customers when they were in College twenty years ago.

BEARDSLEY HOTEL

COMBINATION CLUB BREAKFASTS

Ass the demand seems to be improving for a lower priced meal, we have decided to institute on February 1st, combination breakfasts from 25c to 65c, and discontinue our present American Plan breakfast altogether.

BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCHEONS (Week Days)

We shall also on February 1st, discontinue our present American Plan Luncheon, and in its place serve a Business Men's Luncheon at 40c to everyone, be they guest or outsider. This opportunity we grant as there seems to be a strong demand, both locally and among the traveling public, for a cheaper noon day rate.

DINNER (Week Days)

On and after February 1st, we shall abolish the 75c rate altogether, and serve dinner to both room guests and outsiders at 50c each person. We hope this will popularize our evening meal, and incidently it will give our guests an opportunity to entertain their customers at their rate.

This change of plan in the dining room will be put to a test, and if found popular, it will be continued, particularly so if it pleases a greater number than at the present rate. In the near future we will run a modified a la carte bill, serving practically everything except delicacies, specializing particularly on steaks and chops.

Remember, we have music with our evening meal each night.

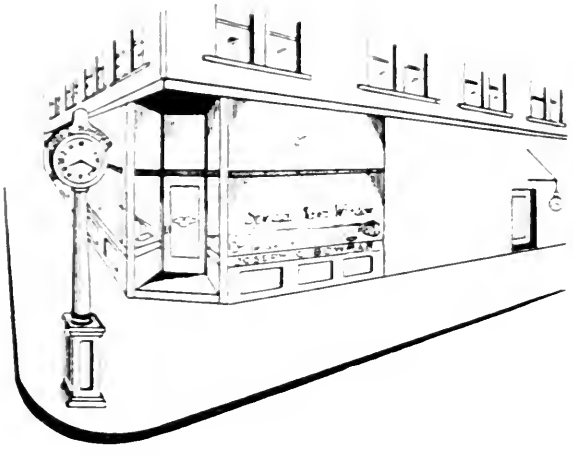
SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

Combination breakfasts will be served Sunday morning at the regular hours, but we will substitute our former American Plan Sunday dinner and Sunday evening meal instead of our new week day luncheons and dinners. Inasmuch as the Sunday and holiday meals will be more or less elaborate, the charge will be 75 cents each meal. Both of these meals will be greatly enhanced by music rendered by the Beardsley orchestra.

BEARDSLEY HOTEL CO.

The Illinois Billiard Hall

EVERYBODY KNOWS WHERE



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May we expect you in soon?

"YOUR DEPENDABLE JEWELER"

JOS. C. BOWMAN