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I from H. Book

A truest witness 5 '71
and my good friend.

L. A. Davis 42

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ON THE BANKS OF THE BONEYARD

ILLINOIS TALES OF EVENTS

FROM THE EARLY DAYS OF

THE ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY

TO THE ADVENT OF

DR. THOMAS JONATHAN BURRILL

AS ACTING PRESIDENT

BY

CHARLES ALBERT KILER '92



PUBLISHED BY THE ILLINI UNION BOOKSTORE FOR
THE FIFTIETH REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1892

MAY 31, 1942

PREFACE

Most of these incidents happened during my four years as a student at the University of Illinois. In what little I have digressed from the period 1888-1892, I have gone into earlier days to paint the background for happenings in my time. So much has to be said about student unrest, class fights, literary societies, military rebellions, the faculty, and the three presidents, much of which has heretofore not been told in print, that tales of events following my time must be omitted. Some of them, however, are related in Part Two.

C. A. KILER

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ON THE BANKS OF
THE BONEYARD

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

I Join a Literary Society and Do Some Organizing

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, British novelist, once said that the only truths in the written histories are the dates. He insists that the details are written by biased minds, or taken from old records which were written by partisans; that the novelist comes closer to telling the truth when he dresses up the characters in the costumes of the times depicted and places them in the atmosphere of the period. I have seen some history made in my time, have been a party in a modest way in the making of some of it, and think there is much to be said for Zangwill's viewpoint.

Class spirit manifested itself at Illinois back in the days of the Illinois Industrial University. Old-timers like E. N. Porterfield '72, Senator Henry M. Dunlap '75, and Frank I. Mann '76 have told me of tricks played on each other and on the faculty by the boys of those far-off days. Our much-respected friends, Professor Arthur N. Talbot and Charles H. Dennis, both '81, and Judge Henry L. McCune '83, have told me their versions of the military row and the class fight that developed over the tree planted by '81 which was tarred and feathered by the villains of '82 and '83. They were "he-men" in those days. Boys who have since become men of great distinction sat up nights guarding the tree with shotguns. The successor of this tree is now a stately elm standing close to the new Union Building.

Unrest developed among the students, which finally led to the changing of the name of the University, to the establishment of elective courses of studies, to reestablishing fraternities, to the development of athletics, and in general to the building of a great University.

The bill introduced into the Legislature of Illinois to change the name of the University was written and sponsored largely by Judson F. Going '83, a prominent lawyer in Chicago. There was a clause in it permitting fraternities on the campus, but this had to be eliminated to get the bill passed. Very few members of fraternities were

in the Legislature, and most of the faculty and students knew little about them. The first one on the campus didn't perform as nicely as it should, and there were fraternities at other institutions which didn't do anything to raise the standards of the student bodies. Dr. Gregory, the first regent of the University, was strongly opposed to fraternities. There was only one during his regime—Delta Tau Delta, established in '71. Gregory was a strong advocate of the student government in force at that time. The Delts, under the leadership of James R. Mann, were a thorn in his flesh. They managed to hold on until '76 despite the strongest kind of opposition. Dr. Gregory called the Delts and fraternities in general, "undemocratic, anachronistic, silly, and conducive to dissipation." In addition to this, he didn't like them! But when the fight got under way to have our trustees elected by the people, instead of having them appointed by the governor, the Governor of Illinois, John M. Hamilton, and the Speaker of the House, Judge Loren C. Collins, both of whom happened to be Sigma Chis, were of course interested in having fraternities restored at Illinois.

When I entered the University in the Fall of '88, I signed a pledge card agreeing that I would not join a secret society while I was a student there. I knew very little about college fraternities. When the Alpha Iota of Sigma Chi boys came over from Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington, and signed AI after their names on a hotel register, I thought they were modestly admitting that they were pretty smart boys. If a fellow said he was feeling AI, I naturally thought he was feeling good. Then there was an AI sauce, but the letters didn't register with me at all so far as Greek was concerned; but since I had signed a pledge that I wouldn't join a fraternity, my curiosity was aroused and of course I was ready to break that pledge at the first chance.

There had been talk about fraternities in the Spring of '81, and as no objections were raised, Sigma Chi came in (May 31) with seven leading students as charter members. This number was soon extended to fifteen. But imagine their surprise when they got back in the Fall—they were ordered to disband and give up their charter! So said Regent Peabody, acting under instructions from the Board of Trustees. I have always felt that one powerful member of the Board had much to do with this order. Poor Dr. Peabody got the blame for it, but I venture to say that Mr. Emory Cobb of Kankakee was also back of it.

The formal notice to disband came on September 13, 1881, just three and one-half months after the chapter was installed. The boys had to go through the motions of disbanding; they sold their furniture and gave up their rooms. Then began the hazardous and unsatisfactory existence as a *sub rosa* organization, which was continued under the phony and euphonious names of "Bivalves" and the "Ten Tautological Tautogs." They met occasionally with the Sigma Chis from Northwestern, Wabash, and Wesleyan. It was a hard life, however, so the fraternity was abandoned during the University year of '85-'86.

I think it safe to say that the social life of the students up to 1891 was confined almost wholly to the literary societies. There were two for the men, Adelpic and Philomathean. Adelpic was in the west end of the top floor of old Uni Hall, and Philomathean in the east. The girls with their Alethenai Society were in between. It was a long hard climb up to the top floor, but we thought nothing of it and could go up two steps at a time when in a hurry. The programs at the Friday night meetings attracted not only students and faculty but the townspeople as well. Generally the halls were filled every Friday night. Music of all kinds, orations, essays, recitations, book reviews, and debates constituted the programs. Musical talent from the two towns supplemented that in the University, and also gave an outlet to musicians who wanted to utilize their accomplishments. Without a doubt these societies did much to develop talent among the members. I have heard many an alumnus say that he got as much good from his membership in them as he got from class work in his particular field of study. I am not familiar with the classes of today in what is called "Speech," but I venture to say that our ancient literary societies, without the benefit of instructors, served a purpose equally as valuable as the modern curriculum affords. We learned how to get up on our feet and express ourselves. The present methods of instruction can do no more. The debates between the two men's societies always attracted a crowd. When it became known that a certain gifted student was to be on the program, his followers were sure to attend. Men who were afraid to try to make a public statement at the time they joined a literary society, soon found they could be real speakers. I can't remember a man in my society who did not overcome his timidity after one year's membership. The passing of these societies was a distinct loss in student life.

My first meeting with James Whitcomb Riley came about in a peculiar way. Soon after entering the University in the fall of '88, I joined the Adelphic Literary Society, and at the very first session I attended, my brethren disclosed the unpleasant fact that the Society was in debt. Worse yet, the sheriff was going to take our piano because we owed a Champaign store three hundred dollars on it. As a matter of fact there had never been a dollar paid on it, and the Society had used it for two years. And how can a first-class Literary Society carry on without a piano?

I lived in Urbana. The Courthouse was located there, so when the boys asked if I knew the sheriff, I swelled up and told them he was an old friend of mine. They at once made me chairman of the Finance Committee, with instructions to call on the sheriff and enter into any kind of negotiation that would allow us to keep the piano. Aged nineteen, scared to death, I called on the sheriff and asked him if he would go with me to our society hall and see for himself that the piano was being well cared for. Then I would proceed to raise the money.

He agreed to this proposition. We went to University Hall and started to walk up the six flights of stairs. At the half-way point, the sheriff was out of breath and had to rest. Then an idea began to dawn. I hurried the poor old man up to the top floor at such a rate that he dropped into the first chair and was ready to listen to most any proposition I saw fit to make. He readily agreed to give me the rest of the year to raise the money.

The Redpath Lyceum Bureau furnished our lecturers and entertainers in those days. When I asked them what they had to offer, a special delivery letter came back stating that James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye had been scheduled to lecture in Bloomington two weeks hence, but the date had been canceled and we could have them if we wanted them. A contract to the amount of several hundred dollars was enclosed. I called the members of my finance committee together and put the proposition up to them. Without hesitation they authorized me to sign the contract, for each one of them was just as rich as I was, and we couldn't lose because we had nothing to lose. It became imperative that we build an organization in a hurry to get the publicity necessary to fill the old Walker Opera House in such a short time.

We placed handbills all over Champaign County—every source of publicity was opened to us—even the Clergymen graciously an-

nounced the approaching entertainment for us, and when the great night came the opera house was full. One of Riley's biographers refers to a telegram from the poet in which he tells of this sell-out in Champaign.

Under the contract Riley and Nye were to be on the stage ready for the show at eight o'clock, but when that hour arrived they had not shown up. I doubt if anyone ever was as nervous as I was at that moment; I ran to the Doane House and Ed Jones, the night clerk, said they had left an hour before, accompanied by Colonel Niles. Oh, Oh, and several more of them. The Colonel owned the hotel, had been private secretary to Governor Richard Yates, the great Civil War Governor of Illinois, and was an entertainer *de luxe*. I started down the line and found them in the second tavern I entered. With their feet on the rail and their arms on the bar they were toasting each other and saying nice things about the whole cock-eyed world. Calling their attention to the time, I led the parade to the opera house only to find the stage door locked. I then took them down the center aisle, introduced Mr. Riley, and the show was on.

A great actor, the Hoosier poet had the audience laughing and weeping in turn. No one could recite his poems like the author himself. I have heard many actors read Riley's poems but not a single one as good as James Whitcomb Riley could read them. Bill Nye got a laugh at once by stating that the audience had kept Mr. Riley working until he was tired "and now, by gum, I am going to keep on telling my stories until you all get tired!" The passing of more than half a century may cause me to think of this entertainment as the greatest thing of its kind, but I doubt if I can over-do in words the pleasure, tears, and laughter produced by these two great men. The Adelpic Literary Society was rich beyond all dreams; we not only paid for the piano but surprised all of our other creditors by paying them. If my memory is correct the success of this enterprise led to the formation of the Phil-Adelpic Lecture Course, which in '96 became the Star Lecture Course.

In the meantime considerable dissatisfaction existed among the students because there was no place to sit down when watching an athletic contest and no place for the athletes to change their clothes or bathe after a game. The Athletic Association passed the hat around to raise money, and also put on a minstrel show for the same

purpose. The show was well attended and much good talent was discovered among the boys, but when the grand stand, built at the north end of Illinois Field, was finished, the contractor wanted his money and the funds were short \$350; John Chester was chairman of the committee in charge of building the grand stand and when the contractor got ready to file a mechanics lien, John took him over to Acting President Burrill. The contractor still insisted that he must have his money or else—he said the new boys coming in next year might not recognize the debt; Dr. Burrill couldn't talk him out of his determination to file that lien, so the dear old doctor paid the \$350 and the Trustees reimbursed him at their next meeting. After a few years of useful and honorable existence the grand stand was burned—probably as a bit of Halloween fun.

From the *Champaign Gazette* of January 30, 1891, comes the following account of the athletes and athletics of our time:

Students of the University of Illinois have for years been advancing in athletics. A good baseball team has always been the boast of the institution. Recently however, lawn tennis and football have become deservedly popular. Champaign* has its own chartered athletic association. An annual field day is held near the close of the spring term. In 1889 was formed the Illinois Intercollegiate Athletic Association embracing Champaign and six other of the leading colleges in the state. The annual field day is held in conjunction with the intercollegiate oratorical contest. Champaign has the honor of taking the championship cup at the field days held since the organization of the association, being especially successful in baseball and general athletics.

Champaign holds her own with any of the western colleges, and her records compare favorably with those of the eastern colleges; although nature has never bestowed good weather on the annual field day, thus spoiling our chance to break records. Among the best records on our books are the following: Mile run—time 5.11; standing broad jump without weights, from toe to heel, distance nine feet, ten inches; go as you please kick, height eight feet six inches; putting shot 16 pounds, distance 33 feet five inches; throwing hammer 16 pounds, distance field day record, 86 feet, special record, 100 feet six inches; throwing baseball, Gunn '92 field day record, 347 feet four inches; special record, 360 feet; one-half mile run, Cody '91, 2.15; hop, step and jump, Bates 40 feet 9½ inches; hitch and kick, Clark 8 feet one-half inch; high jump, Morehouse '92, six feet eight inches. [I think this last record is a mistake.]

*In my time it was common practice to refer to colleges by the names of the cities in which they were located—thus our University was referred to in this *Gazette* story as "Champaign;" Michigan was called "Ann Arbor;" Wisconsin was called "Madison;" and so on.

More from the *Gazette*:

Lawn tennis, though of recent date at the University, is very popular, and many students are becoming proficient in this new sport, among whom are Bouton '91, Gunn '92, Steinwedell '93, and Smith '93. Lawn tennis will never become as popular in Champaign as baseball or football. It can not awaken enthusiasm except among those playing the game, but it will be in favor among those not desiring violent exercise such as they would get in baseball and football.

Like lawn tennis, football has been late in getting a place in athletics at Champaign and there seems to be no good reason why the boys have not before taken to it, for there has always been an abundance of good material from which to form an eleven. Within the past five years several unsuccessful attempts have been made to form a team, but there seemed to be no one to work it up properly until last fall, when Champaign's first football team was organized.

To Scott Williams '94, is due the honor of forming, managing, and captaining the first team. While not a brilliant player in his position as quarterback, Williams deserves great credit for his persistent and successful efforts to bring football into favor at the University of Illinois. While the career of the team has been brief, it shows possibilities for the coming season. Football seemed to leap into popularity here, and the enthusiasts are already calculating the probabilities for the fall term.

The rush line is heavy, averaging close to 185 pounds, and is followed by two speedy and nery halfbacks in Pillsbury '92 and Slater '94, the latter as game a man in his position as any college man that wears the canvas in the west. Slater just exactly fills Edgar Allen Poe's dream of a perfect halfback.

Huff '92, center rush, and Bowey '93, end rush, are also superior men in their positions. The team, losing but three men. Shattuck, E. Clarke, and F. Clarke '91, will go into active practice under the direction of a "coach" at the opening of the fall term and will be ready to meet all comers when the season opens.

BASEBALL AHEAD OF EVERYTHING

But the true American game of baseball reigns supreme at the University of Illinois. Enthusiasts hope they will not be considered vain in making a claim for the college championship of the state. However, as soon as the playing season opens, the team will be ready to convince any doubters as to its right to the championship.

The present team has won every time it has played, taking games from Knox College of Galesburg, Illinois College of Jacksonville, in the intercollegiate contest held at Bloomington. Early in the spring teams are organized and a schedule of games played for the class cup. The class of '92, since its advent in the University, has been too strong for the other teams. The class games are organized for bringing into practice, and thus into notice of the authorities, new talent for the main team.

Under the efficient management and captaincy of George Huff '92, the team will without doubt show up in splendid form. In speaking of Huff it may be said that Champaign has never had a better all around player. Though weighing when in form about 225 pounds, he is unexcelled as an outfielder, and in his favorite position as first baseman plays exceptionally well.

The pitching department consists of Frederickson '94 and Bouton '91, with Cross '92 as backstop. Bouton has excellent head work combined with good control of the ball. Frederickson, sixteen years of age and standing six feet one inch in height, is considered a very promising pitcher, having fair speed, good control of the ball, and never gets rattled when things are going badly. An effort will be made to arrange games with Monmouth, Galesburg, Northwestern, and Lake Forest; and possibly with Ann Arbor and Greencastle, Ind., for the coming season.

OUR STUDENTS UNDER DISADVANTAGE

The advancement of athletics in the University is due to the earnest and persistent efforts of the students themselves, having received little encouragement and no assistance from the faculty. Champaign has been handicapped heretofore on the account of a lack of a good gymnasium, and what is equally as essential, a competent instructor. It is true the new Military building has been fitted up as a gymnasium and an instructor secured, but what is needed is a modern college gymnasium with competent instructors under the control and direction of the alumni and the University Athletic Association.

The Big Bust-over at Monmouth October 1, 2, and 3, 1891

The meeting of the Illinois Intercollegiate Athletic and Oratorical Association at Monmouth in the first three days of October, Anno Domini 1891, was one never to be forgotten by those who attended.

Our newly-organized Athletic Association was gaining membership with an initiation fee of fifty cents and annual dues of the same amount. Our athletic teams were better than ever before and rarin' to go. Compared to the present organizations, of course, we were a primitive bunch, but two hundred students had joined the association, and the following officers were putting life and energy into the organization:

President—Charles W. Cross.

Vice-President—Robert H. Forbes.

Secretary—Newton M. Harris.

Treasurer—James D. Phillips.

Directors—Albert W. Merrifield, George P. Behrensmeyer, and Ralph W. Hart.

Eighty-five students boarded the special train at ten o'clock in the morning, and when we reached Bloomington at noon, a hungry bunch raided the depot lunchroom, grabbed all the food in sight, and I regret to report many of them failed to pay for what they bought, thus causing the Athletic Association much embarrassment as well as having to pay a bill which was probably much larger than would have been charged had the boys paid for what they bought.

I guess such escapades as this is what led to lining customers up and making them pay for food before it is consumed, as is the practice today.

When our train reached Peoria the boys from Jacksonville thought they should have their colors on the engine taking us to Monmouth, but certain capable men in our party thought there should be no colors but our own on that engine and an argument that lasted the entire way to Monmouth was enjoyed by all who witnessed it. Our stalwarts won the argument, however, and rode on the cow-catcher of the engine all the way. We reached Monmouth at ten o'clock that night. Our train was late but kindly people met us and escorted us to the Y. M. C. A. where we were allotted rooms in good homes. Some of our boys hunted around town most of the night looking for rooms, ended up in hotels, and created some disturbance which caused us to have the special attention of the police on the days that followed.

The University orator was W. R. Chambers, and while he failed to win at Monmouth, he nevertheless reflected credit on our University.

The football team was managed by A. W. Gates '92, who also played center rush; I can't account for the absence of George Huff, who had been playing this position most acceptably. Other players were "Army" Armstrong, Jim Cook, James "Burleigh" Needham, Ralph Hart, Harley King, the great halfback, Fred Slater, Jim Steele, "Birdie" Arms, Art Bush, and Scott Williams. Our coach was Bob Lackey, who had been a halfback at Purdue. As I remember this team, Roy Wright played halfback at Monmouth, though he also at times played baseball. He was a fleet, dodging halfback.

The baseball team consisted of Charlie Cross, catcher; George Frederickson, pitcher, who could pitch day after day most capably,

and rates as one of the all-time great pitchers in Illinois history; Charlie Gunn, Billie Roysden, Tommy Jasper, Newt Harris, Roy Warfield, George Atherton, and Bert Merrifield, who was also one of the greatest sprinters in our history. This group comprises one of the best teams we ever had, but here again, George Huff was missed. In tennis Frank Carnahan was our only contestant.

The track team consisted of Glenn Hobbs, pole vaulter *de luxe*; Con Kimball, high kicker and jumper; Chris Toerring, mile runner, who didn't win his event in the intercollegiate contest, but who showed the police a clean pair of heels that night and broke all records in getting out of Monmouth; George Behrensmeyer, weight thrower; and Zeke Aranda, bicycle rider. Jimmy Phillips was the manager.

The athletic teams won the state championship for "Champaign" as the newspapers of that far-off period consistently called us. Our victories naturally put a lot of enthusiasm into our crowd, and as I have already said, the police, regular and special, were watching us very carefully, and when a couple of boys were settling an argument with their fists a special policeman wearing gum boots grabbed an innocent bystander, Chris Toerring by name, our mile runner, and started toward the city bastille with poor Chris.

The Champaign crowd followed; others joined in the parade and the colored policeman and his gum boots got quite a heckling. Word was passed among our boys that Chris was to be rescued; we couldn't stand idly by and witness such a crime as would be perpetrated in the name of the law, were Chris Toerring to be locked up in the calaboose. Just what was to be done, no one knew and very much to the surprise of all who knew the innocent Chris, he took matters into his own hands. When this gum-booted majesty of the law reached into his pocket for the key to unlock the jail, Chris let go with both fists, and was forthwith aided and abetted by George Behrensmeyer and others.

Chris Toerring got the jump on the policeman and the way he departed down the main street of Monmouth would have won any old foot race. The colored policeman kicked off his gum boots to get into good running form, but when Chris ducked down a side street, that policeman was gaining on him. It must have been that heaven was protecting the innocent Chris; his sharp eyes spotted a mortar box buried in the ground of this side street, but the officer of the law

was so intent on capturing the escaping criminal that he failed to see the mortar box, into which he fell with a splash that threw the heavy mortar all over the street. This was really quite lamentable but somehow our boys couldn't see it that way, and the poor colored man, who was a hod carrier by trade, got better acquainted with certain properties of mortar in that fateful moment than he had acquired in all his years carrying hod. Chris Toerring kept right on going toward Champaign until he overtook a freight train, which he boarded. When he reached Peoria he wired that he was safely out of the trouble and would we please bring his suitcase when we came home.

Our group left Monmouth showing great hilarity because of the athletic victories, but the trip home was without incident—except for the fact that the boys who had failed to pay for their lunches at Bloomington on the way to Monmouth, pretended to be asleep when we reached that city on the way home.

Arriving at Champaign late at night we found the University Band together with another band playing marches, students shooting Roman candles, even dignified professors showing great joy and joining in the parade which marched from the Big 4 depot in Champaign to the University district at an hour way after midnight.

The following autumn the Intercollegiate Association met with us and after another great athletic victory, Illinois withdrew from membership and since then has met competition worthier of its abilities.

It was a number of years after we joined the Illinois Intercollegiate Oratorical and Athletic Association before we began to think of a suitable college yell; then someone suggested a contest out of which we might get a yell, and C. P. Van Gundy '88 won \$5 for piecing together this one:

Rah who Rah, Sis Boom Ah, Hip zoo Rah zoo,
Jimmy blow your bazoo, Ip Sidi I Ki, U. of I.

C H A M P A I G N

That's the yell in all its pristine glory; do you think it was worth \$5? Inter-city jealousy was very pronounced in those far-off days, but even in that far-off time we did not hesitate to tell the world we were from Champaign.

During the winter of '90-'91 students who were dissatisfied with the status of our athletic competitors, such as Blackburn College,

Western Inter-Collegiate

FIELD DAY,

—TO BE HELD AT THE—

Athletic Association Park

—OF THE—

University of Illinois.

—AT—

Champaign, Friday, May 13, 1892.

Wesleyan, Illinois, Monmouth, and Knox, had a meeting and decided to try for a new organization. The Illinois Intercollegiate Oratorical and Athletic Association had been all right in its day, but we yearned for games with larger and more important institutions; so a committee was appointed to attend a conference with Northwestern and Lake Forest Universities at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago. As I remember it this committee consisted of Professor J. D. Crawford, Frank D. Arms, and myself, and out of the conference came invitations to a number of midwestern universities and colleges to a meet to be held here at Illinois on May 13, 1892.

The following institutions accepted the invitation and agreed to send athletes and delegates, viz: Northwestern, Lake Forest, Washington, Purdue, Illinois College, Iowa College, Rose Polytechnic, and the College of Christian Brothers.

Our games committee consisted of F. D. Arms, J. D. Phillips, and the writer; J. D. Phillips was Official Scorer, and was assisted by W. T. Butler and Bud Holston; F. D. Arms was Marshal; Ralph Hart, Chief of Police; and Con Kilgour, the Bugler. We had an Official Photographer in the person of F. M. Needham, while Charlie Shattuck and Bert Johnston were the Inspectors. The Judges and Timekeepers were chosen from our Faculty in order to insure outside competitors a square deal, for those were the days when it was easy to start a fight.

In the 50-, 100-, and 220-yard races we entered Bert Merrifield, Harry McCaskrin, Lawson Scott, and Fred Weedman. Merrifield was a great sprinter, and won all of the dashes.

Other events and entries were:

Pole Vault—Charlie Gunn, Glenn Hobbs, and E. J. Lake.

Mile Run—Robert H. Forbes and W. G. Miller.

Hammer Throw—Army Armstrong, Fouts, and McMains.

Two-mile Safety Bicycle Race—G. W. Mitchell.

Hop, Skip and Jump—Charlie Gunn.

440-yard Dash—Miller, Coffeen, McLane, and Lewis.

Putting 16-lb. Shot—Armstrong, Fouts, and McMains.

Running Broad Jump—Behrensmeyer and Weedman.

120-yard Hurdles—Amos Clark, who afterwards held some world records, and who remains in our athletic history as one of our greatest athletes.

Half-mile Race—Forbes, Coffeen, Miller, and McCaskrin.

On the night of Friday, May 13, 1892, in Adelphic Hall at the University of Illinois, the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association came into being, and without question it was the forerunner of the Big Ten of today.

Since this meeting of the delegates marks the beginning of an historic period in western university athletics, I quote from the *Illini* the following account of its proceedings:

The delegates and friends came together in Adelphic Hall on Friday evening, and were called to order promptly at 8:30 o'clock by Frank D. Arms. Charles A. Kiler was made temporary chairman, and Mr. Dickie, N. W. U., was made secretary. After briefly stating the object of the meeting, the chairman called for the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. Mr. Metcalfe offered the constitution and by-laws of the Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, and these were adopted with a few important changes. While this was being done, a nominating committee, consisting of one delegate from each institution represented, was apportioning the offices among the several colleges. They unanimously gave to this University the Presidency, and named Frank D. Arms as the man to fill it—a just and fitting compliment to Mr. Arms and the University. The other officers are to be apportioned by the associations of the colleges to whom the offices have been allotted thus: Northwestern, vice-president; Purdue, secretary and treasurer; executive committee, Washington University; Rose Polytechnic; Iowa College; and Illinois College. This last committee is to determine the place for the next meeting. The report of the committee in charge of this present meeting showed a deficit of \$37.53, which was a remarkably good showing considering the weather. Our local association will make this good.

Many of the athletic events mentioned in this story have long since been discarded; about half of the men active in forming an Athletic Association more representative of western college athletics than we had enjoyed before this time have passed away, but those who are left will no doubt enjoy this reminder of the first step toward better competition for our athletic teams.

We played our first baseball game with Michigan April 22, 1891; it was a cold, rainy day and in the present age no game would have been played. Michigan was a well-organized, up-to-date baseball team. They had a professional coach, played first-class baseball, and gave us a good trimming. They came again in the spring of '92 and our boys held them to a score of 6 to 5; as a matter of fact we should have won the game, but again the weather was bad and Illinois made too many errors, but we beat all other competitors in

both '91 and '92, and were on our way to bigger and better things, not alone for athletics, but for everything else as well.

In this school year of '91-'92 another organization of importance came into existence. Michigan had a daily newspaper—we had a weekly. The fact that we were far behind the pace set at Ann Arbor was not pleasant, and as editor of the *Illini* I corresponded with Ralph Stone, editor of the *Michigan Daily*, about organizing a Western College Press Association, feeling sure we could pick up a lot of useful information about the conduct and management of a college newspaper. Ralph Stone got behind this idea in a big way; we had a meeting at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago attended by editors and business managers of practically all the western college papers, and the organization created then is still in existence.

The organization of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association as well as the Western College Press Association came at a period when we were striving for better things; we were turning toward closer relations with the larger western universities. We commenced to feel that we could hold our own in competition with any of them. As a matter of fact no one in authority had urged us to be ambitious and to strive for bigger things. Up to the years '91-'92 we lacked a leadership to get us into competition with institutions of our own calibre.

Most of us were boys and girls from the farms and small towns of Illinois; we looked like we had been born between two rows of corn, and I fear we acted like it also. One of our college humorists writing for a Bogus publication said: "When we dress for a party we put bear's grease on our hair, peppermint on our handkerchiefs, and 'taller' on our boots." The first man I ever saw wearing an evening dress suit was Henry L. McCune '83 when he attended the '92 Senior Ball; the rest of us put on our "other" suit—I mean the one we wore on Sundays. I had the idea that it was smart to wear shoes a size too small for my feet; instead of buying shoes to fit, we "broke 'em in." Even some of our professors wore box-toed boots too small for their ample feet and walked like they had corns; such a thing as a chiropodist was unheard of and feet were ruined because of the Cinderella myth!

It is true that as seniors some of us stepped out and agreed to wear stove-pipe hats, gates-ajar collars, Ascot ties, Prince Albert coats with grey, striped trousers, and long, pointed-toed shoes too

narrow for our feet. I still have that stove-pipe hat and I get it out once in a while to amuse my young friends—I think I still have that Ascot tie also. Most of the men wore mustaches, sideburns, and other facial adornment. We got our hair cut once a month “in the new of the moon” because it was said the moon would keep hair from growing so fast. Picture a senior dressed in the uniform described above, falling off the back end of a new electric street car as it swung with great speed around the corner of Green and Goodwin streets in Urbana on a muddy Sunday morning in June of '92, and you will have my perfect alibi for missing the Baccalaureate sermon preached by Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio.

CHAPTER TWO

The Advent of Dr. Peabody and Some Historic Class Fights

THE NAME "Illinois Industrial University" was a terrible mistake. It sounded like a court order was necessary to get a student sentenced to a term in the institution; parents with incorrigible children wrote they would like to place them here so they could be corrected of inherited traits. Both widows and widowers left with children thought the Industrial University was exactly the place for them, and there were preachers—God bless their narrow souls—who called our institution a "hotbed of infidelity and iniquity," notwithstanding the fact that each and every student had to attend chapel exercises every morning at 9:45 whether he wanted to or not. There was the celebrated case of Foster North who refused to go to chapel and was thrown out of the University. He took his case into the courts and lost it but later the University offered to reinstate him only to be refused this courtesy.

I was born in Urbana just about the time the University was opened for students. The driest summer on record came in 1871 and we had a big fire in Urbana in October at the same time of the great Chicago fire. I insist that I can remember this fire, but my family and friends insist that I can't. They admit with reluctance that I was a very bright baby but say it simply can't be possible for a two-year-old to remember anything. Of course they're wrong. In connection with the Chicago fire, there is a fact of historical interest in that it was the only time the University Regiment has been called upon to serve the state of Illinois. E. N. Porterfield '72, a member of the first class graduated, and the oldest living graduate reports this incident as follows: "I think that the male students were a part of the state militia at that time; I don't remember the name of the man who taught us the manual of arms, but Colonel Snyder was our commanding officer. Our uniforms were a cadet grey with a coat fashioned like an infantryman's. We made a good appearance on parade. In October, 1871, six companies of us were called to help guard Chicago during the great fire. One half of my

company slept in the Burlington station, and the other half, to which I belonged, was lucky enough to be quartered in a Presbyterian church on 22nd street; we slept in luxury on the cushions in the pews of the church, while our pals slept sitting on hard seats in the railroad station, or lying on the still harder stone floor. We had Enfield rifles with bayonets, and our business was to help guard the city at night to prevent looting and the starting of more fires. We slept during the day, and were on duty for one week when General Sheridan came from Omaha with the regulars to relieve us. It was quite an experience for us boys who were not far out of the teen age—in fact I was only 19; I entered college in 1868 and graduated in '72." As Mr. Porterfield is probably the only man living who served in this incident, I am happy to present this first hand report of the service the University Regiment rendered at the Chicago fire.

Unrest and dissatisfaction developed among the students quite early in the history of the University. I have already alluded to trouble in Dr. Gregory's regime over student government and fraternities, but with the first military rebellion in 1880 the student body began to resent and fight against nonsensical restrictions. The faculty passed a rule that no student should be eligible for a commission as an officer in the regiment "unless he was conspicuous in scholarship and gentlemanly bearing. He must have a unanimous faculty vote, and appointments must not exceed five a year." This ruling created such a disturbance among the students that it had to be rescinded, but the trouble it created, plus all of his others—added another weight of woe to Dr. Gregory. Farmers through their organizations said they thought ours was to be their University; engineers thought it was to be theirs; the regent had added a Domestic Science department—the first in the country; also had started a class in calisthenics for the girls—again pioneering in a new field; he was building up the department of Literature and Art also, but the opposition of farmers, engineers, students, preachers, and others was too much for him, and no one conversant with the facts blamed Dr. Gregory for resigning.

Then we got for president, Dr. Selim H. Peabody, who had been a professor of physics—and a very good one too. Most of his experience before coming to the University had been as a teacher and high school superintendent; also he was an editor for a short time,

and while Gregory was a dreamer of great dreams for the University, Peabody was a teacher in a narrow sense; with precise traits of mind, a mathematician and a physicist, he boasted that he could teach any subject already being taught by others in any department in the University—an all-around educator, and not at all the type of executive needed at this trying period of our history.

Instead of using his learning and fine traits of character in quieting disturbances among the students, Dr. Peabody joined with those of the faculty and trustees whose minds were like his, and the result was one continual round of trouble. Starting in a minor way, these troubles developed until they ended in the second military rebellion which was his undoing. The story of this second military rebellion is told in another chapter.

Up to a few years before I entered the University in the fall of '88, the twin cities were lighted with kerosene street lamps, then came gas, and finally electric arc lights. Students who could afford to pay \$5 a week for room and board lived a mile away from the University in either Champaign or Urbana, while those who lived for \$3 a week or less stayed closer to the campus. There was a bob-tailed horse car that took fares from Champaign to Urbana for a dime, and half way, to the University, for a nickel. Only the faculty and well-to-do students used the horse car, however, and some of us walked the mile home for our mid-day meal. We thought nothing of walking from Urbana to Champaign over a two-board sidewalk where there was one, and over the terra firma where there wasn't. The front wheels of bicycles stood nearly six feet high with a little wheel about one foot high at the rear, but in my sophomore year Frank Arms and Zeke Aranda bought "safeties" much like we have today. In the wintertime we carried our lunches to school and the boys had a room assigned to them in which to eat, which was some distance from the girls' room. It was good that this was so, because there were battles in the boys' room wherein I learned that a hard-boiled egg is a deadly weapon when thrown with accuracy from a short distance; likewise a piece of pie is a messy thing when well directed. The walls of that lunchroom were marked with food of all kinds that had missed its objective. Mind you, I'm telling stories that happened in the late '80's and the low '90's—a lifetime before the movies and vaudevillians got to throwing pies to make us laugh.

Another item of interest which was an annual affair was that of throwing the University cannon into the Boneyard; why the University failed to watch its one and only antiquated cannon on Halloween, I don't know. For at least a dozen years in succession this stunt was pulled without opposition. Nothing could hurt that cannon anyway, as it was beyond further damage; of course it served its purpose in the efforts of the military commandant to teach artillery tactics. Sarcastic editorials and items in the *Illini* during my term as editor must have helped to quell this boyish prank; also that other one of ancient vintage, viz.—stealing outhouses and loading them on Illinois Central coal cars. Such pleasant pastimes died out along with dueling and the funny antics of King Dodo.

Now I want to tell the stories of a few historic class fights; on the campus today as we approach the Illini Union Building from the northwest are two elm trees with markers telling that they were planted by '76 and '77, and at the southeast corner of the Union stands an unusually beautiful elm which was moved and placed at this point by the University. It represents the members of the class of '81 who fought, bled, and died to keep that tree alive and in the ground. The first tree they planted was "tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail" like the fellow with the hard heart; another planting was dug up by underclassmen, and then the he-men of '81 got organized, hid themselves in the bushes armed with shot-guns, and the result is the unusually beautiful elm representing their class today, henceforth, and forever, Amen!

I realize that this is another digression from my story which I have tried to limit to the four years from '88 to '92, but in order to account for later happenings among the students I want to give this background. Please remember that the University provided no means whereby the boys could "blow off steam;" the spirit of youth and of mischief thus manifested itself in class fights, the first of which centered around the planting of class trees. In order to get a fair picture of this period in our history—for these fights continued up to President Draper's regime—I asked my good friend, Judge Henry L. McCune '83, of Kansas City, to give me his recollection of a typical tree fight. I knew he was an active participant in one of the best of them, and this is what the judge said:

In those days it was the custom for a graduating class to plant a tree on the University premises with appropriate ceremonies, with the

idea that the descendants of the members of the class would assemble under the shade of the tree in future years and dwell on the lives and achievements of their ancestors. It had also been the custom for members of other classes to attempt to destroy this tree and thwart the desire of those who planted the tree to leave such a testimonial. However, as I recall it, there was no malice about it, it was simply a test of wits and vigilance.

At this point I am somewhat confused about the incident in question. My recollection is that it was the class of 1882 (the senior class at that time) which planted this tree, and it was my class of '83 which figured somewhat in the events that happened. Perhaps you can straighten this out. The senior class contained many men of valor and the underclassmen had made no attempt to destroy the senior tree which had been planted on the northwest corner of the campus near old University Hall. It was a measly little sapling about an inch and a half in diameter, but it was surrounded by large evergreen trees whose branches grew close to the ground and afforded fine shelter for those who wished to guard the tree from those who might have designs on it. In June of that year, after the examinations had been completed, the Literary Societies on a certain night were conducting their closing exercises and most of the students were attending these meetings. Richard E. Dorsey and I, instead of attending the Society meeting, went to Champaign. As we walked home towards Urbana, it occurred to one of us that it would be an auspicious time to pull up this class tree, because we assumed that those who would ordinarily guard it were attending the Society meeting. We went over and laid violent hand upon this tree, when much to our surprise some husky seniors came tumbling out from under the evergreen trees and began shooting at us. Moved by a common instinct, we fled toward Champaign instead of going in the direction of our homes. I was a pretty good runner and I think that fear gave me extra speed, because they did not catch me, but Dorsey was not disposed to unnecessary physical exertion, so he promptly fell on the ground. When the seniors caught him, he asserted that he had been wounded and could not go any farther. Upon further inquiry, he stated that his shoes were full of blood and insisted they carry him home, about five blocks, but upon examination they found neither blood nor wounds.

To shorten the narrative, Dorsey was called before the faculty, and in some way my name was mentioned as being present. The hearing which involved both of us terminated with a sentence of suspension from the University. It did not seem to be such a serious thing, because examinations were over, school had ended, it was time to go home for vacation, and the order of suspension did not state for how long. But Dorsey went home and never came back. I considered the matter during the summer vacation, and so did my father, and decided that as there was no length of time for which I was suspended, that I would just go back to the University in the fall and see what happened. If I am right

about my dates, this was in 1882 instead of 1881, and after I had been elected editor-in-chief of the *Illini* and our brother William A. Heath had been elected business manager. I returned to school in the fall, said nothing about the suspension, took up my duties as editor of the *Illini* and waited to see what would happen. Nothing happened and I went on through my course and graduated after being chosen valedictorian of my class. Dorsey died after that, and only last week I was introduced to a nephew of his who is now engaged in the coal business in Kansas City.

The next day after the seniors had taken shots at Dorsey and myself, our friends decided they were going to pull up that tree, as it seemed to be getting to be a serious matter. At that time Harry Bringhurst and I, together with two other boys, occupied a cottage in the yard of Mr. Burt, who kept a boarding house for students. We took our meals in the Burt house, but occupied this little cottage in the yard, where the four of us lived. Burt had a son, Frank, who was in college part of the time, but didn't work at it very hard. It was decided that Burt, Bringhurst, and several other boys would make a raid on the tree that night. Dorsey and I were to stay out of this expedition. Along toward midnight the "army" assembled at our house, each man with a shotgun, and at the appointed hour made a raid on the University grounds. Bringhurst with his hatchet proceeded to chop down the tree and Frank Burt stood over him with a shotgun to protect him. The seniors rolled out from under the trees and there was a battle. Frank Burt received about 105 bird-shots, but didn't flinch and stood his ground until Harry had chopped down the tree, then they separated and started home. An examination of Burt's *corpus delicti* showed that he was pretty well loaded with bird-shot, for he had been hit both fore and aft. We didn't wish to call a doctor, so we went to work on him with pen knives and as the shots were not very deep, we extracted about a hundred, but we did not get them all, and years afterward when Frank Burt was the head of the Police Department at Wichita, he proudly exhibited several shots still in his face, which were never extracted so far as I know. Harry Bringhurst afterward became City Marshal of Seattle. Harry loved a fire, and I understand he was very efficient in putting one out.

As the only man who was incapacitated in this battle was Frank Burt, and as he was not in college at that particular time, all of the men who were involved were able to attend class the next morning, and I do not know how much nor what details of the incident were made public. I do not know that any account of the affair has even been put in writing, but as both Bringhurst and Burt are dead and the seniors who slept under the trees and guarded the tree were not known by name, I can see no harm at this time in giving you these facts.

Class fights may well be included among the social activities of the students. What else was there for us to do? A volume could be written on this phase of student life, for I'm telling you that

when, in my time, the Freshman class had its annual "Sociable," it became the bounden duty of the Sophomores and Juniors, as well as a few sporting Seniors, to gang up on the poor Frosh and spoil that Sociable. Then when the Sophomores were about ready to put into print their class annual, *The Sophograph*, demoniacal Freshmen, conceited Juniors, and sporting Seniors united in stealing the material, destroying plates, cartoons, and everything else that had been prepared with such great care. *Bogus Sophographs* are now highly prized possessions of those lucky enough to have them. Then came the Junior Exhibition and boy, how we all landed on that affair. When the Seniors got up on the platform to render their Senior Orations, all the other classes joined in giving each and every one of them a first-class ribbing. I have already told about the fight that '81 put up to protect the sacred tree which they planted to immortalize their class, and have stated that a book could be filled with stories of historic class fights, but I think that a brief statement of the experiences of my own class—the great class of '92, the 20th class to be graduated, celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America—should be enough to illustrate this part of student activity.

Our Freshman Sociable was planned with great care and with as much secrecy as possible, but of course it became known over the campus that it was to be held on a certain October night at the Columbian Hotel in Urbana. This party was quite an affair as we were to sit down at a banquet, followed by toasts and speeches, and then a dance. The other classes always made it a point to kidnap or in some way put out of business those who were the speakers; I had been chosen toastmaster of the banquet and therefore knew I was a marked man, so great caution was exercised in making my plans. I was to take Miss Belle Van Vleck, who roomed at Gamble's, which was on the spot where Faulkner's Drug Store now stands. Remaining hidden from midafternoon until evening at my aunt's home two blocks away from my girl's, I ventured forth at dusk and when I got to University Avenue, looked east to where my girl lived, I saw hostile heads sticking out from behind every tree in the block! This meant trouble in a big way, so I ran to the alley which was unpaved and muddy, came to Gamble's back yard and found a locked barn, a woodshed, and a hog pen covering the rear of that property. Dressed in my best suit of clothes, with patent leather

shoes too tight for my feet, I had no choice but to vault over the fence into the hog pen. Of course I lit on a sleeping hog who was just as surprised as I was—but no dirtier than I became after rolling over in that pen; picking myself up I performed another vault and ran through a grape arbor, reaching the kitchen door just as Dick Chester and Jerry Bouton came around the corner of the house with murder in their eyes. Consternation is the word that describes my sudden appearance in that kitchen; Mrs. Gamble dropped a plate she was wiping, a colored woman screamed but had sense enough to slam and lock the kitchen door and I was safe for the time being. My girl appeared on the scene accompanied by two seniors, Wesley Briggs, leader of the band in which I played, and the late Professor N. A. Weston, editor of the *Illini* and holder of the record in the hammer throw, which record stood unequalled for half a century. Weston was six feet four in height, well built, quite active, and a very handy man to have around at this crucial moment. Besides being entirely able to take care of himself and several other people in a fight, he was a mortal enemy of the two boys who were laying for me.

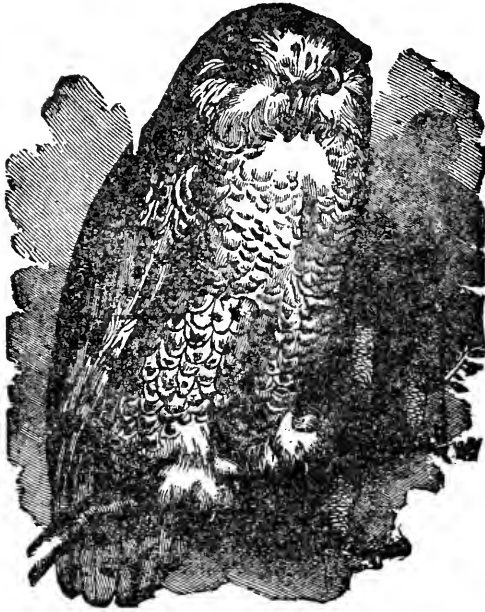
All I could ask my friends to do was to help clean up my clothes and to get my girl and me out to the waiting carriage; the hasty scrubbing I got took off some of the hop-pen silt but by no means removed the smell. Then Messrs. Briggs and Weston took their senior canes which had leaden heads, and escorted Belle and me out to the carriage. When the door to that vehicle was opened we were shocked and surprised to find that the cushions had been saturated with the potent and very efficient tear producer called "Eye Water," a product of the chemical laboratory that opens the tear ducts in the eyes and causes weeping as well as distress. I have always blamed John Chester for this stunt. He says his father, who owned the carriage, also blamed him, but he swears he had nothing to do with that dastardly crime. Well, the only means of transportation left to Belle and me was to hoof it or take a street car. It was a two-mile walk but we considered it seriously because we knew that any street car we might take would be bombarded all the way to Urbana. Briggs and Weston agreed that they would get us to the street car at the Doane House but that was as far as they would go; we reached the car all right because of the efficient body guards, and rejoiced when we saw two friends on board, Mrs. Julian and Mrs.

Williamson, both from Urbana. These ladies had been to a church dinner in Champaign and in their baskets had butcher knives which had been freshly sharpened so they could be used to carve hams. Flourishing these knives the ladies dared the ever-present Sophomores to start something, which they promptly did, but instead of coming in the car to be carved up like a ham, the boys threw more of that terrible "Eye Water" into the car, most of which splashed on Belle and me. The conductor on that bob-tailed mule car was a he-man and he promptly socked Dick and Jerry on their jaws with his terrible right and over they went, but they picked themselves up and chased the car all the way to Urbana. At the halfway house Billy Butler and Maggie Philbrick boarded the car, looking very much like I had looked when I left the hog pen. Their carriage had been saturated also, but they had stayed in it halfway to Urbana when they had to give up; getting out of the carriage Billy put up a fight in which he came out second best. His new suit was a wreck, his eyes were blacked, his head was bloody but unbowed, and he was thirsting for another go at the Philistines who had fallen upon him. When the car reached the hotel, Billy's friends were waiting for him and it was easy to see that he had done much damage to them. As we ran the gauntlet of Sophomores waiting for us, one of Billy's friends turned a peck measure full of flour over his head. I'll tell the world that those Sophomores were a playful bunch.

When we finally got in the hotel and were washed free of our dirt, and the bruises had been treated with soothing balms, the banquet was on, and a good time was had by all. But we eased our tortured souls by laying plans for getting out a *Bogus Sophograph* wherein we could tell the world what we thought of the class of '91, and figured out ways and means for busting up the Junior Ex of the class of '90.

Thus you see the vicious circle was kept alive and fostered because of the very natural desire for vengeance. I still have a copy of the *Bogus Sophograph* that a group of my friends published with my aid as Editor. After writing stinging articles in which we painted the class of '91 in their true colors, we put so much feeling into our hymns of hate that we couldn't find a first-class printer who would set up the type—but hate like love will always find a way, and by stealthy raids on butcher shops and grocery stores we secured paper enough to print one hundred copies, and a friend, who had a printing press in his home, set up the type and printed our lurid

THE SOPHOGRAPH.



CLASS OF '91.
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

—•••—
“Itis apis potanda bigone.”

—•—
“Fools are our theme, let satire be our song.”

—•••—
ISSUED BY SOPHOMORE CLASS U. OF I.

PRICE PER COPY FIVE CENTS - - - - SIX FOR A QUARTER.

DUNO HILL GAS (PRINT.)

stories. Then with the stuff printed came the problem of getting it bound. We went to Cecil Bacon's house, found an old faded calico gown his sister would never miss, tore it into strips, punched holes in the paper with an instrument used to make paper wads for the muzzle loading shotguns of that day, bound our *Bogus Sophographs*, and distributed half of them among student boarding houses. At chapel exercises on that grand and glorious morning there was a brisk demand for copies of our publication; we were offered nickels, then dimes, then quarters, all of which we refused to accept, but when the folks began to appreciate the value of our magazine and offered a half a dollar for one, we released half of them and held off for one dollar apiece for the rest. Opportunities such as that come only once in a lifetime, so we made the most of it. Not content with the success of our *Bogus*, some of the boys raided the room of the editor of the real *Sophograph* and came away with all of the stories, poems, articles, pictures, and what have you that were to have graced the pages of that magazine. Vengeance on the Juniors was never adequately secured because their "Ex" came too soon after our fight against the Sophomores, and the Juniors had been rather a friendly group anyway.

The following year, when the class of '93 was planning its Sociable, our class asked permission to join them and, in our weak and feeble way, to protect them against the depredations of the worst bunch of goons that ever attended Illinois—that wild and woolly bunch in '91. Sometimes I think our altruistic efforts were a mistake, for whenever '92 planned a party those trouble makers in '91 commenced to see red. We heard they intended to destroy our joint party, so '93 agreed with us that it would be wise to have our party in Danville. Arrangements were made to have the dinner at the Aetna House and the dance in a near-by hall, but the best laid plans of all the geniuses in our two classes failed to have the police, the sheriff's office, and the state militia ordered out to guard us. We had thought of everything but calling on the majesty of the law. Our banquet was peaceful, the toasts were largely boasts of how we had put it over on '91, but when we adjourned to the dance hall where we had expected to find an orchestra composed of men, women, and children waiting to lead us into entrancing movements of the dance, we found something worse than the hounds of Baskerville; that rowdy bunch of '91ers had got into the hall ahead of us and filled

it with "Eye Water" and not content with this criminal and unchristian act, they had dug down to the gas mains, attached hoses to them, and had blown the gas back toward the gas house, so there were no lights at all in buildings lighted by this means. The combination dancing party of '92 and '93 developed into a condemnation party in which we really turned our best invective upon that ornery bunch in '91. The trip back to Champaign was interesting and instructive because plans were laid to get even in a big way when '91 had its Junior Ex, and the story of our combined Sociable in Danville was thus immortalized by the class poet of '93:

And the stories weird and wonderful,
That circulated freely everywhere
Of Freshman matinee and other things
Besieged the ears of willing listeners.
The Senior gay, the Junior, and the prep
All took great interest in our behalf.

Each had suggestions wise to offer us,
All free of charge. The schemes and plans put on foot
To capture and detain some boys and girls
Failed signally for want of good support.
Our preparations were completed when
The Sophs most humbly asked to join our feast.

This wish evinced a judgment rare as wise,
And forthwith all was planned to have it so.
With '92 and '93 combined
We did not fear the stratagem of foes.
To Danville, on a river called Vermilion
Some thirty miles away, we made a trip
And put up at a second-rate hotel.

We danced and sang and played at wicked games
Until the host appeared and led the way
Into a banquet hall ablaze with light.
Seated in groups around the festive board
We ate and drank and listened to the toasts
By Hewitt, Carrick, and yet fairer names.

When appetite was more than satisfied
Some went to trip the light fantastic toe,
While others not so skilled were left behind
To pass away the time with other sports.
The merriment had only just begun
When friendly Juniors quietly stole in
And threw some chemicals upon the stairs.

But little thought or care was given to this
For it did not disturb at all our fun.
And merry were the moments as they flew,
Until the well known "All Aboard" was played.
We reached the station in Champaign in time
To see the sun break out upon the morn.

I don't remember who this poet was, but he certainly made light of the depredations of '91, and refused to acknowledge that they accomplished anything by all the efforts put forth in Danville. This is the only time I have ever heard the class of '91 referred to by anyone of that period as "friendly." Efficient, active, able, devilish, victorious, all of these words—and some which we can not print might be used, but never "friendly."

You see I have never claimed superiority for my class over '91; the best we can claim is a draw. It is little wonder to me that '91 is still one of the best organized classes and one of the groups that has attained individual success throughout the years since graduation. Among them are some of my best friends of today—men and women whom I hold in high esteem.

One of our best campaigners suggested that we lay low, find out the names of all of the enemy who would be on the program, kidnap them, and lock them up in the cold and dreary stalls at the Fairgrounds, which at that time was located in the University District.

The north end of these grounds was John Street, the south boundary was Armory Avenue, the west, First Street, and the east end was Fourth Street. Except for the Fair which was held each year in August, these grounds were idle. The horse stalls were cold and dreary, and we chortled with glee as we visualized John and Dick Chester, John Powell, and Tommy Haworth, Jay Harris, Charlie Vail, and all the others concerning whom we were just then singing our hymns of hate, locked up in these dirty and frigid horse stalls, while their relatives and friends waited in vain for them to appear on the chapel platform and do their stuff. But that class of '91 always was the luckiest bunch of bruisers ever assembled, and I will leave you to decide who came out ahead in the fight that eventuated.

I was assigned to the committee whose job it was to capture Tommy Haworth, the class orator. With me were Robert Forbes

and George Pasfield. Tommy roomed on Fourth Street between University Avenue and Clark Street. There were no pavements in those far-off days, but nevertheless we hired a carriage in which to convey him to the Fairgrounds after the capture; Tommy was a short stocky man, a good orator, and we thought a committee of three Sophomores full of venomous hate should be able to handle him easily. Going up a narrow stairway to Tommy's room we encountered his roommate, John Christie, who was a classmate of ours, and we hurried him downstairs. Stepping into Tommy's room we advised him to put on his coat and hat and come along peacefully. He could see that we meant business and that we outnumbered him three to one. But what did that little tomcat do but pick up a heavy soap dish and fire it at my head; a fortunate duck saved my head and maybe my life, for Tommy had put all of his heart and soul into that heave, and when I ducked it struck Robert Forbes on his manly chest. Being strong and husky all he did was to grunt and to go after Tommy; but Tommy had other ideas—he raised a window and jumped out of the second story of that house. Landing on the frozen earth he ran east toward the East Side schoolhouse very much to the glee of the children; they stopped playing and yelled, "Hey, a scrap; a scrap." Forbes overtook Tommy and brought him down with a flying tackle; he was yelling for help and when Pasfield put his gloved hand over Tommy's mouth, that worthy young orator bit him; I got several kicks on the shins, Forbes had been hit in the chest with a heavy soap dish, and when our carriage came bumping over the unpaved and frozen ruts we found that all the neighbors who had come out to see the fight were on Tommy's side. It was just after the noon meal had been served and one lady, with a desire to help the underdog, threw a dish pan of hot water on us. The crowd increased to alarming proportions, and our committee decided to seize the opportunity to escape—that is, if Tommy would let us go. I still think some good little man like Tommy Haworth will lick Joe Louis and become the champion of the world. He went back to his room, changed his clothes, then went over to his Junior Ex and his oration.

John Powell was another star number on that program and a committee called on him, clothed his wrists with a pair of handcuffs, and was taking him to the Fairgrounds when Lieutenant Hoppin,

Commandant of the Battalion, came along accompanied by a student captain and a citizen with a ball bat, so another committee was likewise frustrated.

A street car was thrown off the track and ten people hurt; as I remember that accident cost Helen Butterfield a broken leg. Well, our efforts to lock up the people on the Junior Ex program went wrong, but the benzyl bromide which was taken into the chapel in small glass vials tied against the heels of our shoes, gave the performers as well as the audience something to think about. Our poet tells the story in classic words and I think it worthy of reproduction.

Writing in blank verse our '92 poet gives a graphic recital of all the woes we had suffered from the boisterous brethren of '91, the last indignity being the theft of the material for our *Sophograph*, the class annual. Telling of the quiet search we had conducted without avail, he thus discourses:

But at length the class found that an insult had been put upon them,
That their papers were gone—hooked by an unprincipled supe of the
Juniors

And that class had approved of the act, then sternly prepared we for
battle.

Not in haste did we rush, but calmly, with premeditation and forethought
We turned to our task and prepared for the conflict,

Just as a knight of the ring when proffered an insult or challenge
Pauses to glare at his foe with grim and indignant demeanor

Then slowly with blood in his eye, removes from his person the
broadcloth

And eyeing his prey with a scowl, rolls stealthily upwards his wristbands,
Lays naked his brawny neck and wades fiercely into the conflict.

So went the Sophs to war, with coolness and sternness of purpose.

Paused to size up '91, to get on to their fears and their weakness,

To remove all scruples, all love, all feelings of kinship and friendship

All but a thirst for revenge and a vow to demolish the Juniors;

Then got we to work with a will. Some raided the lab after midnight

And made from the spoils of their raid an abundance of good
ammunition

While a guard of stout fellows without, lay waiting to waylay the
watchman.

The others in organized squads, and each squad with a trustworthy
leader,

A hack, and some bracelets of steel, lay low for the jubilant Junior.

Who as yet unsuspecting of ill, their opponents continued to torment

With questions regarding their loss; while the Sophs, who were
robbed of their papers,

Though outwardly smiling and gay, their hearts glowed as fiercely
 within them
 As fires deeply set in the earth, melt the foundations of mountains,
 Where under a landscape all smiles, lurk earthquakes and dire desolation
 So smoldered the hate of the Soph, concealed by a smiling exterior;
 But the Junior went ignorantly on unconscious of coming disaster,
 While the Sophomore gritted his teeth and waited impatiently for Friday,
 Held mystical meetings at night and darkly discussed many projects
 For kidnapping Juniors by stealth or by force, for blacking their eyes
 and their faces;
 For hiring some fellow to faint and panic create in the chapel.
 While scouts coming constantly in and spies from the camp of the
 foemen
 And Juniors who sold their birthright for a mess of Sophomore pottage,
 All kept us informed of the plans, the fears, and the hopes of their
 classmates.
 Ah truly, there's honor among thieves if we with the Juniors compare
 them.

At length in the heat of the fight came a pamphlet, a tan-colored *Bogus*;
 The Juniors bought copies in haste and read nearly halfway through
 them
 Before they learned they had been sold, too, as well as the *Bogus*,
 While the Sophomores smiled a sweet smile and continued collecting the
 silver.
 Oh the Junior looked sad, from his face the smile of security faded,
 A look of uneasiness sat on his pallid and woe-begone visage.
 "Now why did we not hurry up and publish our *Bogus* before them?"

While fear at his heart knocked harsh like the night-born raven
 Which scared Mr. Poe in the dark with its weirdly spoke prophecy
 "Never!"
 Alas, nevermore now can you get ahead of the Sophomores; never,
 Without the consent of the Sophs can you venture to the exhibition,
 For behold they are organized well and grimly the morrow are waiting,
 They wait but the morrow to rise in their might and demolish the Juniors.

Then the faculty took us in hand and they gave us abundance of taffy,
 Inviting us all to march in and fill the front seats in the chapel.
 "Oh yes," we replied, "we'll be there, we will all march together to chapel
 And if some of the Juniors should dare to quote from those papers
 they've stolen,
 We'll storm the stage where they sit and wipe up the floor with their
 persons;
 We'll mix them so well with the mud that you'll have to collect them on
 filters
 As diatoms sometimes are caught by filtering the slime of the Boneyard."

At length with the dawning of day came the anxiously awaited
tomorrow;

In fact it was come before dawn, for tomorrow gets up rather early.
They dragged along until noon but with noon came the terrible tidings
That a gang of stout Sophs had been seen on a road leading out of the
city

With a star of the Juniors in tow or more correctly in handcuffs,
Who nobly battled in vain as the gang made tall time for the timber.

The poem continues with stories already told of the release from capture of the Juniors, and of the overturning of the street car, and of the Sophs and the people marching into the chapel while we all suffered from the fumes of the "Eye Water." The poem describes the devastation created by the fumes and telling of the laughter caused by the venerable old gentleman in the front row who took off his overcoat and placed it over a register thinking that was where the fumes were coming from. It finally ends in despair, expressing the fear that the day would never come when Sophomores and Juniors could ever live together in peace. This fear is happily passed; we may yet live to see the day when even the savages of Europe will find a way to live in peace. God hasten such a day!

CHAPTER THREE

Escapades, the Faculty, and Progress Under Dr. Burrill

ANOTHER dress reform movement for women got under way about 1890. One of the leaders was Mae Wright Sewall of Indianapolis, a well-known writer and lecturer of that period. She was invited to talk to the young women at the University of Illinois on the evils of their styles in dresses, and talked so convincingly about the horrors of the corset, the tight-waisted dresses, the high heels on shoes, the heavy hats, the big sleeves, etc., that the girls agreed with her that they would be deformed for life unless they adopted the uniform she recommended. This consisted of no hat at all, no corset, nor any other tight fitting garment, and a loose sailor suit of heavy material, with low-heel shoes. Now those among us who can remember the days of the big picture hats pinned on to a huge bunch of hair, the high-neck dresses fitted over wasp-like waists, the long skirts that trailed in the dust of the unpaved streets, the bustles, and the high shoes laced up above the ankles, will agree that the uniform suggested by Mrs. Sewall was a decided contrast. It was so different that it was funny, and one of our band boys by the name of Arnold Beuthein, whose sense of humor was overdeveloped, discovered thirty-five or forty girls hiding back of the bookstacks in the Library, all dressed alike in the sailor uniform. These girls were waiting to march into chapel in a body, as no one of them had the nerve to appear alone. Arnold rushed down to the band, which was about to play the march for the parade into the chapel, told the band boys about his discovery, and suggested that the dress reform costume was such as to cause a sickening feeling something like one has when he faints. When the girls appeared at the door every man in the band dropped his instrument and fainted. George Huff kicked his bass drum across the platform, with the cymbals clanking at every turn, and the girls marched in with the eyes of the student body and the faculty focussed upon them.

Were they mad? I'll say they were, and they took their vengeance out on a perfectly innocent member of the band; a young man

who was not smart enough to think up an incident of this kind in such short order.

That dress reform movement lasted exactly one-half day. The girls all went home at noon and came back dressed like the women of the period—entirely willing to risk all the damage which Mrs. Mae Wright Sewall had predicted would follow such dressing. But the seeds sown by Mrs. Sewall and other reformers of that day have borne fruit, and women are today dressed far more sensibly—in fact they have progressed much farther toward common sense in clothing than the men.

This story is being typed in a temperature of ninety-five degrees, Fahrenheit; I see girls going by with bare legs, no stockings or socks of any kind; very short skirts or no skirts at all; above the shorts are loose fitting waists cut very low in the neck. The girls aren't abashed at showing large bare portions of their anatomy, and why should they be? Mae Wright Sewall dreamed of comfortable health-giving clothes for women, and I wish she could have lived to see the lovely girls of today who dress for comfort in hot weather. She might tremble to see these same girls with toeless slippers and bare legs in the wintertime, but she could take comfort in the thought that they wear fur coats!

When I left Urbana to become a book agent in the last week of May of 1889, a committee of students had just been refused the privilege of dedicating the new Armory, now the Gym Annex, with a dancing party. This refusal was a great disappointment because the new Armory was one of the very first large buildings in the country to be constructed without any columns supporting the roof. Professor N. C. Ricker of the Department of Architecture had designed a roof supported with steel girders such as are used to support suspension bridges, and it was an ideal place for a dance. The same answer had been given to this request that was handed out to other requests for dances on University property: "There is an unwritten law in Illinois that there shall be no dancing on State property." That answer was always most unfortunate because the students knew very well that it wasn't true; a number of students had been to assembly balls in the state house at Springfield, as well as in the big state armory, also in Springfield. Of course in '89 we must all remember that many people still thought it very wicked to dance or play cards, and there were faculty men as well as trustees of the University who still felt that way, but the students

thought it would be much more honorable to say that a refusal to a petition for a dance was based on this prejudice rather than on an excuse which had no foundation in fact. Every time we were denied a dance on the grounds that "There is an unwritten law" we got sore because we knew this statement to be a fabrication, and we resented being treated as children. The students who were remaining over for Commencement quietly went ahead with preparations to give the new Armory a proper dedication; lumber yards were visited at night and ramps were made from the loot, so that an open window let the orchestra and the dancers into the building. It was then discovered that the electricity was not yet hitched on to the city power; did this deter the belles of the ball? It did not because empty beer bottles with candles in them placed around window ledges furnished plenty of light. Like Napoleon's soldiers at Waterloo the students sang, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined; likewise to hell with the faculty and trustees who don't believe in dancing." I wasn't there to see the tragic end of this dance, but eye witnesses furnished graphic descriptions. Along about midnight when the joy was just getting a good start at being unconfined, the big and heavy east doors to the Armory were swung open and in walked Dr. Peabody! Great guns and Jehosaphat; his entrance was entirely unexpected by the dancers, but some students with more foresight than the rest had anticipated such an eventuality, and had stationed themselves in a dark corner near the big door with a fire hose, had already arranged for fire pressure, and I regret to report turned a powerful stream of water on poor Dr. Peabody, hitting him amid-ship and washing him out of the building. Eager hands reached for the beer bottles, strong lungs blew out the candles, and the merry dancers faded away in the dark singing "P-e-a-b-o-d-y, Peabody is his name." When the University opened the following September two well-known students failed to return to their scholastic duties at Illinois.

Thus was the Armory dedicated according to plan!

If this outburst of animosity had ended with the dance and the desecration of Dr. Peabody's sterling figure, it would have been tragic enough, but I have said many times that there were goons and ruffians in our University, and on June 11, 1889, there appeared on the campus a *Bogus Program*, nauseating in character, editorially anonymous, insulting and degrading in description of those whose characters it sought to ruin. Time softens the contempt right-

minded students had for the perpetrators of this outrage, but thank God I don't know their names. Justice demands we remember that in 1889 the people of Champaign-Urbana meant to be fair-minded but, of course, judged by present standards, their views were narrow. Suspicions were easily aroused and false impressions obtained from seeing a man and a woman enjoying each other's company in a buggy ride, dinner in a public place, or attendance at theaters, concerts, or what not. If a man and a woman were often seen together and didn't get married, they most certainly got talked about, but I can't account for the character assassinations projected in this *Bogus Program*. The front page of the program is its mildest part and is all I dare publish:

A NEW FARRAGO:
INCLUDING
DOC'S
FEMALE MASTODON MINSTREL SHOW
AND
STARTLING REVELATIONS
OF THE
CORRUPTION
EXISTING AT OUR UNIVERSITY

PUBLISHED BY
FACULTY ADMIRATION COMPANY
June 11, 1889

I suffered as much from the narrow and backward viewpoints of some of the faculty and Board of Trustees as any other student, was as much aroused by their lack of understanding of young people as anyone else, joined in the movement that brought relief to our tortured souls, but I was never in any movement tending to degrade those engaged in it, and through all the years of more than the half century that has passed since these untoward events happened, have never found myself able to condone or forgive the perpetrators of such filth as described above.

Another phase of student activity, coming largely because the boys had nothing to do but study and recite and eat pie in between these two jobs, was the Color Rush. There were no coke-and-smoke joints in our day; the most popular place to meet and discuss our grievances was where we could find the best raisin pie. After one of these pie orgies in October of '91, a Freshman by the name of Eddie Quinn had the nerve to walk into the University Library with his class colors pinned on his coat. Eddie was a red-headed Irishman who never ran away from a fight, and in this case it looked like he was out hunting for one. I was there but have never been able to understand why there were so many Freshmen in the Library at that moment unless Eddie had asked them to be there; Sophomores upset their chairs in the haste with which they jumped up and started for Eddie and his Freshman colors. A much beloved professor tried to shoo the boys out of the sacred confines of the Library, and while he succeeded because of able assistance, his person was badly damaged and his clothing torn to shreds. As the crowd pushed through the west doorway of the Library, Rob Burnham was knocked down the stairway. By some manner of means the fight got down to the floor below where the fighters were wedged in so tight that our great and good friend George Huff was pushed up on top of the heads of those jammed in about him. George was another man who never ran away from a fight, and finding himself up in the air he grabbed the chandelier just above him, and when it broke up close to the ceiling all of George's two hundred and fifty pounds plus the chandelier landed on the heads of those below him. Gas was pouring from the open pipe, and I can still see dear old Janitor Baker whittling a plug with which to stop the flow of gas. The color rush stopped, broken heads were held under cold water faucets, clothing was made as presentable as possible, a number of

promising young men got fired, and went right out into the cruel world to become distinct successes in business and professional life. Thus endeth the first color rush at Illinois. *Resquicat im pace.*

There were twenty-seven men and three ladies on the faculty. I have a picture in front of me and there are but two of the men who have clean-shaven faces; the others have full beards, sideburns, mustaches, and all sorts of facial adornment. We had not yet emerged from the whisker era; in fact it hung on for another ten years or more. If you want to get a sure laugh just throw a picture of a man of the '80's or '90's on the screen today. I was told that the best mustachios grew on upper lips that had never been shaved and of course I wanted one of the best, so I let 'er grow for years without even trimming the darn thing. Mustache cups were in common use on dining tables just as shaving mugs adorned the racks in the barber shops. We men were "things of beauty," but I won't use the rest of that quotation for I can't see how anyone can call a full beard "a joy forever."

Among the members of the faculty brought on by Dr. Peabody was the Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, James H. Brownlee. Born in Kansas, he had served in a Kansas regiment, fighting guerillas for the term of his service in the Civil War. Well over six feet tall, always clad in a Prince Albert coat and box-toed boots, Professor Brownlee was a commanding figure who put over his lessons in a big way. His students agree that Brownlee was a great teacher, and when asked for the source of a quotation, or where to find a certain poem or story, his answer was quick and correct. George Huff was one of Brownlee's favorite students, not because of any ability as a writer of English in themes of any character, but because the professor recognized he was teaching a personality. Problems in chemistry and mathematics were easy for George, but when it came to writing an oration he was sunk and besides he was too busy. Once when Professor Brownlee gave us an assignment to hand in original orations, George hired Mickey Quinn to write one for him for a fee of one dollar. When the oration was finished Mickey collected his fee and George handed in the oration without reading it. The next time the class met, the Professor said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am proud and happy to announce that we have a genius among us. Never have I had the pleasure of reading a more eloquent oration than one that was

handed to me at our last meeting. It shows genius in its conception, a great knowledge of English in the choice of words, and as a matter of fact it is an inspired oration." As the Professor spoke George Huff was slumping lower and lower in his seat and Mickey Quinn was edging closer and closer to the door. Then the Professor rose to his full height and with great elocutionary effect read Webster's reply to Hayne—one of the oratorical masterpieces. When the class was dismissed Mickey went downstairs three steps at a time with George right after him; Mickey missed classes for a few days after this episode.

Another member of the faculty with a striking personality was Col. Edward Snyder, Professor of German. Like Brownlee, he was a tall, well-built man with a distinct military bearing; brusque and businesslike in manner and with a decided guttural remnant of his native German in his speech. He had served in the Civil War, had been Commandant of the University Regiment, and was in every way an outstanding personality; but he was kindly and sympathetic with students. He made loans to students who would otherwise have had to leave school in their senior years and, together with his wife, left his comfortable fortune to the University when he died. One of my classmates and best friends, Frank G. Carnahan, had a terrible time getting interested enough in the German language to pay any attention toward mastering it. At the very beginning of our Freshman year, Frank was asked to pronounce the simple sentence, "Ich habe nicht." He had been too busy with other things to study his lesson, and had paid no attention to pronunciation and this is what he said: "Itch habby nitscht." Professor Snyder grabbed his head and groaned: "My God, my God!"

Dr. Burrill was one of the most famous scientists of his time, but you would have to learn this fact from an outside source; modest and unassuming he was always looking for new fields to conquer in his studies of the diseases of plants and trees. Like most of the rest of our faculty, he wore a beard with which he let nature take its course. He never took the street car when he went to Urbana or Champaign and, when I was fortunate enough to walk with him, wore me down with his speed. I took a course in Microscopy under Burrill just to listen to the words of wisdom he would give in his lectures; but of course I acquired a lot of information about the use of the microscope, the preparation of slides, and how to slice off thin sections of whatever I wanted to examine.

Burrill had been a soldier in the Civil War, and though he disclaimed any knowledge of current events, proved that he knew more than most anyone else when he became acting president of the University. His funeral oration over the body of Senator M. W. Mathews was a classic; sometimes he talked for an hour after his speech was through; at such times it might be said he lacked terminal facilities. I remember one hot day in June at one of the first alumni dinners—perhaps the very first—Dr. Burrill consumed two hours responding to the toast “Our University.” He was followed by the aged and crippled Professor Taft, Lorado’s father, who rose and said: “Ladies and Gentlemen, I won’t detain you long owing to what might be called the inclemency of the weather. When I was a schoolboy in a class in public speaking, I was taught these three rules for public speaking: first, have something to say; second, say it so you can be heard; third, when you get through, sit down!” He glared at Dr. Burrill, said “I thank you,” and sat down.

I took a course in Animal Husbandry under Professor Morrow because he was such a kindly and gifted man. He would always apologize when he used big or Latin words: “I much prefer to use the common terms, and I didn’t invent these big words.” My course was Literature and Science but I stepped out of it quite a ways; I can still tell a Poland China hog from a Berkshire, a Clydesdale from a Belgian horse, and a Shropshire from a Rambouillet sheep, and believe it or not, I can tell a Hereford from a Jersey cow. Professor Morrow’s name goes into history as the man who established the Morrow Plots—the world’s oldest experimental field in soil fertilization. The north end of this tract of land has never been fertilized and now produces about sixteen bushels of nubbins of corn a year, while the south end, fertilized scientifically, produces close to ninety bushels. In between these two extremes are plots representing what can be obtained from various types of fertilization—from the careless farmer to the very best. The British economist, Stead, figured that the Morrow Plot is the most valuable tract of land in the world. When the north end of that plot, which is never fertilized except by fallen corn stocks, is denuded of its humus, we will know how long it takes to reduce fertile black soil to sand, and then maybe some scientist will prove that the great deserts were once fertile lands.

Professor S. W. Shattuck, Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment in the Civil War, business agent of the University, a quiet, dignified professor of mathematics, was another outstanding personality on our faculty. If he ever had a student who was dumber in mathematics than yours truly, he was too polite to admit it, but I could commit the formulas to memory if I couldn't apply them, and Professor Shattuck passed me in the exams because he said he was sure I tried, which proves that he had an understanding mind.

In architecture we had Professor N. Clifford Ricker, one of our own graduates of the early '70's. If I were looking for a model of a typical bookworm, Professor Ricker would be it. He read books on his way to and from the University. His text book, "History of Architecture," is still used around the world. He had very little to say, was liked by all of his students, and built up an extensive library for the Department of Architecture, to which he contributed translations of some fifty volumes of important foreign books on architecture.

I also studied chemistry way beyond what was required in my course; the man who was head of the department in my first year was a nonentity whose name I have forgotten, but I remember Bedros Tartarian, a good teacher and a fine man. Then came Professor Palmer who was a noted chemist and a hard worker.

I studied physics under Professor S. W. Stratton, one of our own alumni. He was a great physicist and a successful teacher. From here he went to Chicago University, then to Washington as head of the Bureau of Standards, then to Massachusetts Institute of Technology as President.

Peter Roos, head of the Art Department, had a sense of humor, and I enjoyed a year's work with him.

Nathaniel Butler of the English Department was a doctor of divinity as well as a student of English. Learned in Greek and Latin and I think also in Hebrew, he was a scholarly gentleman who left us to go to Chicago University when it opened for the second time. He made the study of Old English and the classics a pleasure and it was a shame to let him get away from us.

Professor James D. Crawford was always interesting in history; he had been an athlete in his college days and helped in the organization of athletics here at Illinois, and in the formation of the Western Collegiate Athletic Association. He was also Librarian for

a number of years. I enjoyed working with "Jimmie" Crawford and think he possessed a good understanding of student problems.

I had Professor Rolfe in geology and physiology. Our faculty had to work to earn their small salaries in the '80's and '90's and Rolfe was far from lazy. There was no such thing as sabbatical leaves of absence and Professor Rolfe expected work from his students and got it. I regret very much that I had no work under Dr. Stephen A. Forbes or Professor Arthur N. Talbot; both were great men, loved by their students, inspired teachers, and ranked among our all-time great faculty men. Teachers of their calibre don't come along more than once in a lifetime.

Altogether, it can be said that the faculty in my time was a most excellent one. We had good teachers, great men pioneering in research and securing results of tremendous importance with equipment not always of the best.

Most of our faculty had the love and respect of the student body, but somehow or other Regent Peabody failed to win the confidence of the students. Personally I got along well with him and regretted very much the indignities some of the students displayed toward him. There was very little fun in our drab lives, and no place at all to work out either the surplus enthusiasm of youth or the growing animosities of those who didn't like the regent.

Here are the words of a song expressing a sentiment altogether too prevalent in those days:

There is an old doctor who lives in this town,
Peabody is his name.

He owns a few boys whom he likes to keep down,
Peabody is his name.

PEABODY, PEABODY, PEABODY,
Peabody is his name.

As I have said before, unwise and even foolish restrictions were placed on the student body. If the regent and the faculty didn't believe in dancing or card playing, they might at least have remembered that there was a decided difference of opinion about such entertainment, and might have given the students the benefit of this difference.

Of course we could have dances in down-town halls, but to give as a reason for refusal to allow dancing on University property the statement, "There is an unwritten law in Illinois prohibiting dancing

on State property," was going too far—and besides it was entirely untrue. There were students who lived in Springfield who had danced on state property, so we knew someone was ribbing us.

I remember a visit paid to the University by a group of girls from the Illinois Female Seminary of Jacksonville, an institution sponsored by the Methodist church, and one of the girls thought it was a shame we couldn't have a dance; now I ask you if it would be courteous to disappoint a group of good-looking girls; of course it wouldn't, so we took them up to the Adelphic Literary Society Hall, cleared out a floor space, wheeled a piano into the clearing, and were having a grand time dancing the waltz, schottisch, polka, etc., when the door opened and in walked Professor I. O. Baker on his way up into the tower to wind the clock! To say that the professor was properly shocked is putting it very mild, but he wasn't feeling any worse at that terrible moment than were the boys who could be punished for this monstrous violation of the rules. The dance stopped; we all ran down those long steps and out into God's sunshine feeling guilty of having committed an awful crime. The girls went back to the Illinois Female College thinking surely they would be punished, while we boys braced ourselves to face whatever chastisement the authorities might give us. They weren't so bad as we thought they would be because we appealed to the gallantry of the faculty committee that heard our story; I think we were warned never to do such a heinous thing again, and of course we promised to be good!

But the straw that broke the camel's back, or maybe I'd better say that the straws which added up broke the camel's back, came when Billie Miller '92 was reduced from first lieutenant to a place as private in his military company, for failure to maintain an average eighty-five per cent in five studies. This incident led to a riot that upset the old order and was the real start toward making our alma mater a great University. It is therefore fitting that it be given a place in University history. There was a rule which read that no man could hold a military commission if his grades fell below eighty-five per cent in five studies, but this rule had never been enforced and when Billie was made the victim of a rule that heretofore had been regarded as obsolete, the entire class in military science went on a strike in which most of the student body joined.

The humiliation of Billie Miller was so manifestly unjust, and coming as it did on top of many other unfortunate events, it is easy to see why the student body and most citizens of the community rose up and joined the strikers. An indignation meeting was called and Swannell's hall was filled to overflowing with an irate bunch of people. An indictment had been prepared by a rising young lawyer who disliked Regent Peabody, and it is a fact that the student leaders of the strike were not in favor of putting our complaints in this form, but we were awed and overwhelmed by the force and learning of this young lawyer and meekly submitted to the legal phraseology—the "sais and aforesais" which were distasteful but despite them I must admit that our complaints were all properly outlined, however the effect of the document was somewhat dampened by a clause charging Regent Peabody "with the grossest kind of impartiality." After the indictment had been read, a number of fiery speeches were made and it was unanimously agreed that we should present to the trustees of the University, our long list of complaints against Dr. Peabody and the faculty.

In the meantime it must be mentioned that a law had been passed by the state legislature calling for the election of trustees by a vote of the people, and as a number of alumni had been elected, we were assured of an understanding and sympathetic board. Another straw blown our way toward more liberality for students, was the famous decision of the Indiana supreme court permitting the return of fraternities to Purdue University. This helped us because the troubles at Purdue paralleled those at Illinois.

The trustees gave us an early hearing and the students and military class were represented by Charles H. "Whiskers" Shamel and myself. Shamel and I were naturally very nervous, but so was Dr. Peabody. The regent admitted all of our allegations, and made much of the charge that he was "guilty of the grossest kind of impartiality:" since our charges were admitted by the regent, we rested our case without argument and when the trustees rendered their unique decision, we felt sure there was nothing to worry about. The trustees decided that everything was all right; the regent and faculty were all right, and the students were all right, but they restored Billie Miller's commission, which was most reassuring.

Now comes the story of events that invariably accompany a revolution. Poor old Dr. Peabody was the goat and on him were

heaped insults and indignities which he didn't deserve, for I have always thought that some of the trustees and faculty were the powers that forced harsh and unjust rulings upon the students. Chapel exercises were held at 9:45 every morning and they became a bedlam of hisses and cat calls. Someone cut the webbing under the regent's big chair and he went on through the seat when he sat down at one chapel service. Another time when he tried to open the Bible it was wired shut; the poor man then started to repeat the twenty-third psalm and got it all wrong. The committee of students who had directed the strike soon learned that it is easier to start a revolution than it is to control it, and ever since that time I have been able to understand the terrible excesses of crime and torture that invariably follow a revolution. The student radicals turned themselves into goons and ruffians, and I can't find words strong enough to express the revulsion that was felt by every right-minded student. These terrible events continued until the end of the school year and then the trustees failed to re-elect Dr. Peabody. He left the University to become head of the department of Liberal Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and served with great distinction in that position.

The trustees tried to make dear old Dr. T. J. Burrill, who had long been vice-president, the president, but he wouldn't accept the appointment but did agree to serve until a president could be found. This was June of 1891. Now let's see what followed this change in administration.

Regent Peabody, in his last trip to Springfield for the biennium of '89-'91, had secured from the legislature the sum of \$68,650, which was the largest amount secured up to that time.

Dr. Burrill, a scientist, knew little and cared less for matters of finance, so he called on alumni, faculty, and students, to go to the legislature for the biennium of '91-'93 and to ask for twice what the University had secured in the last period. We were fortunate in having very able representation in the person of Senator M. W. Mathews and Representative T. B. Carson, both of Urbana. All working together we got \$135,200; for '93-'95 we got \$295,700. With the advent of President A. S. Draper in '94 money commenced to come in a big way, for he got \$427,000 covering the '95-'97 period. I must add that by this time Senator H. M. Dunlap '75 represented our district with great distinction.

I secured these figures from the University comptroller, the ever-reliable Lloyd Morey, and he smiled as he told me that it now takes \$275,000 to run his department for two years.

Attendance figures went from 469 in '89 to 855 in '95, and then began a steady climb until the University of Illinois now has one of the largest student bodies in the country.

The physical plant at the University of course had to increase with the attendance and appropriations and we have today one of the best equipped institutions to be found anywhere. Furthermore, notwithstanding our lack of lakes and ravines, of rivers and hills, the campus compares in beauty with any other in the land.

Dr. Burrill didn't believe in fraternities but he "tolerated" them, and President Draper recognized in them a distinct place in student life, gave them his whole-hearted support, and today every national fraternity of any consequence is on our campus and most of them are better housed than those at any other institution I have visited. Guests from other parts of the country are amazed at the number and quality of our fraternity houses; these are constantly being improved. Thousands of dollars are spent every summer restoring the buildings, adding new furniture, and keeping up to date these valuable houses; it is safe to say that our students live as well as those of any other student body in the country. The University demands certain standards of excellence of the rooming and boarding houses, thus aiming for the best kind of living conditions. For sheer beauty of building and furnishings, our new Union Building has no equal in the country. Realizing that I am taking in a lot of territory, I want you alumni to come to the University and check my statements.

With the change in administration from Peabody to Burrill, fraternities began to return to the campus; Kappa Sigma was granted a charter early in May of '91, and Sigma Chi was restored to its place in University life at about the same time. Then they came in quick succession. With Dr. Burrill's advent also came elective courses of study, liberal ideas in our athletic policies; where we had been held down to local competition with small colleges in Illinois, we have already told you how we expanded, helped to organize the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association which soon grew into the Big Ten, and it can not be denied that we have long occupied an honorable position among American universities.

The events described in this story take us from the Illinois Industrial University to the granting of degrees under Dr. Peabody's regime and then to the real beginning of the University of Illinois under Dr. Burrill; it deals largely with my own experiences and those involving my class and the class of '91. Should it be that descriptions differ from others you have read or heard, please recall what Israel Zangwill had to say, "The only things true in history are the dates;" and remember that I am neither historian nor novelist, just an old-timer trying to tell the stories of his days in college.

ILLINOIS TALES

PART TWO

I find it difficult to read long stories. It seems to me that any man who has experiences to relate or stories to tell, who is gifted with a vivid imagination, should be able to tell them within limits so reasonable that the reader or listener can stay awake. Brevity is the soul of wit today the same as it always has been, but good friends have advised me to add a second part to my tales—so here goes.

TALE ONE

Alley L and the University Hotel

THE MOTTO of my class in the University was "This One Thing I Do." I never had any ambition in life except to take care of my immediate family. That assignment was given to me by my father a few hours before his death, and though I was only seven and a half years old at the time, it made such a lasting impression that it became the ruling passion of my life.

It is true that I have done some things for my community, my state, my country, and various organizations to which I belong; there has never been a time in my life since my father died when I didn't have a job. A dollar a week was a lot of money in my childhood, but I earned it and gave it to my mother. After a fair start as a newspaper reporter, I took the first job that came along offering bigger pay because money was so much needed by my family.

My old friend Frank H. Clark of the class of '90, a mechanical engineer and head man for D. L. Barnes, consulting engineer, found me on Madison street in Chicago early in the fall of '92 and said he had a job he thought I would like and one that I could do. The pay was much bigger than what I was earning at the time, so I went with Frank for an interview with Mr. Barnes, who, among many other affairs, was chief engineer for the Alley L Railroad—the elevated system which at that time was being rushed to completion, so it could haul people to the World's Fair.

Mr. Barnes confided to me the fact that altogether too much hard coal was being consumed on the road which at that time extended from Congress street to Forty-second. The coal, which was dumped into the tenders of the locomotives at 39th street, was weighed at the mines before bringing it to the Alley L yards where it was elevated and dumped into the tenders. Mr. Barnes wanted me to determine why the Alley L was consuming twice as much coal as was consumed in New York under similar service. He agreed that it would take some time to make a careful investigation. Findings must be carefully verified because the loss was heavy, and everyone connected with any part in handling the coal was under suspicion. I was to be careful in picking my helpers because the trainmen

would know something was going on and would naturally be suspicious and resentful.

Time recorders were put on the trains to account for speed between stops and every item entering into the test was carefully placed into being. I asked my classmate and friend, Frank Carnahan, to work shifts with me—and they were twelve-hour shifts at that—twelve long hours at a time up on the structure and in the coal yards at 39th street. We worked for several weeks on that cold coal job turning in daily reports to Mr. Barnes's office, but the same amount of hard coal kept going into the engine tenders.

One night while I was working on a night shift in very cold weather, the man who handled the dump cart, Mike Fogarty by name, went over to Wabash avenue to get a bucket of beer. He had just left the structure when a burly engineer by the name of Van Tassel jumped up in front of me and wanted to know "What t'ell are you college boys doin' on this railroad?" Nearly all of our engineers were from the New York system, and Van Tassel was a leader among them; likewise he was big and strong, had a nasty disposition, and was drunk.

My friend Mike was away after the beer, I was badly scared and no match for Van Tassel, so I asked Van to sit down and I would tell him all about it. Stalling for time until Mike got back with that bucket of beer, I kept Van entertained with the sad sweet story of the lives of the poor college boys working on that cold structure, trying to find out why more coal was consumed in Chicago than under similar conditions in New York. In the meantime Mike had returned and Van had consumed half of our beer on top of the liquor already in him.

Then he let out a roar that was wonderful to hear because it had an element of friendliness and humor in it. When he got control of himself and could talk, he said: "Any damn fool locomotive engineer on this structure could have told you where coal is going." Boy, oh boy, I sat with bated breath hoping Van wouldn't die laughing until he finished his story. "You have a lot of corn-fed firemen working for you. They should have stayed on the farm and handled pitchforks instead of coal shovels. What do they know about firing hard coal? They never saw any until you put them up here. Just about the time this coal gets hot, they dump it out and throw in more with the result that our steam pressure is always low. That's where all of your coal is going."

So endeth the coal story, and a lot of young college boys were out of jobs all of a sudden. Our records turned out to be of great service however, and Frank Clark kept me busy with other investigations until about February, when my old friends, W. L. Abbott '84, W. H. Stockham '85, and George N. Morgan '84, approached me with a proposition that was going to make us all rich.

The World's Fair which was to have been held in '92 had to go over for a year because it wasn't ready. Neither the buildings nor grounds were ready for the big show, nor was the city of Chicago ready. My trio of friends were successful young business men, Abbott an engineer, Stockham a manufacturer, and Morgan a lawyer, with whom I had studied and worked between jobs. They suggested that they would back me in a hotel venture. They held out glowing dreams of the lack of hotels in down-town Chicago. Rooms were so scarce that visitors would pay almost any price for them. Ten to fifteen dollars a day would be easy to get, and money would be so plentiful it would come a runnin' up hill to get into our coffers.

It didn't take much to convince me; I believed everything they told me, and we closed a lease for three buildings, each three stories high and all alike. The location was on Congress street just west of the Auditorium Annex, now called the Congress Hotel, which was being finished while we were remodeling our three old buildings and making them into a hotel. They were the dirtiest buildings I ever saw; the tenants ahead of us were a bunch of Armenian Rug Dealers, and after viewing the dirt left by these gents, I had some sympathy for the Turks in their efforts to clean up the Armenians.

Our buildings had to be cleaned, wired for electricity, closets had to be built into rooms, plumbing modernized, everything decorated and furnished—and we had about six weeks to get the job done, for our lease was from March 15, for one year, with an option to purchase within that period. Artisans were all employed in Chicago, the whole city was working feverishly getting ready for the Fair. I don't know how it was done, but we opened for business on March 15 confidently expecting people to come in droves begging to be "taken in"—double exposure—at \$10 to \$15 a day per each! Well, our dreams bursted like bubbles; the people didn't come, and aside from the wonderful friends in Champaign-Urbana, we had very few registrations in April. I cut the rates for the friends from home, and welcomed a British M. P. by the name of Fred G. Byles

from Bradford and Percy Alden from London—two English newspaper men who came early to get the atmosphere of Chicago and to send home reports about the Fair. They came April 26, and were two very fine men, who got a big kick out of everything in Chicago, and were much intrigued by conversations with the Illinois baseball team which had come up for a couple of games with the new University of Chicago team, which was coached by Amos Alonzo Stagg. When the baseball team went back to Champaign, a lot of hotel towels, soap and soap dishes were missed. The two English newspaper men were decidedly interested in this episode and were happy when most of the loot was returned and the rest paid for by the manager of the team.

Our furnishings may best be described as "fearful and wonderful." I shopped around for the cheapest goods on the market. We put showy leather furniture and gorgeous rugs in the lounging rooms, but the bedroom suites cost \$15 for the bed, dresser, and washstand. Of the springs, mattresses, pillows, and bed clothes the less said, the better. Nearly everyone who stayed with us on their first visit to the Fair, came to us on the second and third visits. I asked them why they were good enough to come back, for no one knew better than I did, that our hotel did not measure up to other down-town hotels in accommodations and furnishings. In every case the people replied that they liked the location, the atmosphere, and the staff—for all of which I was deeply grateful.

Jim Cook '93, alternated with my brother, Bill Kiler '97, as day and night clerks, an Irish woman by the name of Nellie was the head chambermaid, and a unique and mysterious character by the name of Thomas was head of the janitors and man of all work.

The song about "Nellie being a lady" didn't apply to our Nellie. She came properly recommended but one day we saw her leaving the house all dressed up and carrying a traveling bag which obviously was not hers. Jim Cook stopped her and learned she had not only taken the bag from one of our guests but had it filled with the choicest bits left in the rooms by the people who were down at the Fair. The next head chambermaid bore another name, and was a real lady.

Mr. W. H. Colvin, the coffee man, who owned the buildings, made it a condition precedent in our lease that we employ Thomas as head man among our workers. There never was a finer character than Thomas. It was easy to see that he had a good education,

and that he deserved better things in life than his position could give him. It wasn't until close to the end of the Fair, when I developed a terrible cold and fever, that it became known that Thomas was a doctor of medicine. While he was taking care of me he broke down and told me his story. There was nothing new in it—the same old tale of wine, women, and song—then dope, and now a heroic fight to shake off the habits that had ruined him. Thomas was a good man; he won his fight, and after the Fair went to a little town in Iowa, practiced his profession with an old doctor who was trying to retire, and was doing well when I last heard from him.

A little Italian boy by the name of Frank lived in the basement with Thomas; a good-looking child of the streets who shined shoes, sold newspapers, fought off other boys who tried to muscle-in on his location, and became a great favorite with our guests. Thomas kept him clean. The boy would develop violent attachments for certain ladies who were kind to him, and would bring in armloads of roses and other lovely flowers for them. Of course he couldn't pay for such extravagances but wouldn't tell where he got them, and all I could do was to wait until he got caught. This happened more than once, but in each case settlements were arranged out of court with the florists. The poor boy couldn't be cured of this desire to purloin flowers for his friends. I don't know what finally became of him.

We were not prospering in April and the early part of May, though of course we had some business. Canadians came in goodly numbers and a couple of German scientists stayed several weeks. A nephew of Harriet Beecher Stowe by the name of W. H. A. Parks lived with us and had a job with the Massachusetts exhibits. He was quite apt to let one know that he was a nephew of Uncle Tom's Cabin, but was a kindly man and very friendly with the Germans and the Canadians. Through W. C. Ells, a graduate of Illinois and a mining engineer in Mexico, we had a number of Mexican guests in early May—but we were still losing money. Our pay roll and rent had to be met. The rent was \$666.67 a month, and the help was about the same. We also had to pay for electricity and gas. My worries were plenty.

Then I saw in the papers that the Kentucky Press Association was coming to Chicago on a special train. Their secretary, who had charge of all the arrangements, was R. E. Morningstar of Bowling

Green. I remembered that a fine young man of that name was once the champion roller skater of the country, and had given an exhibition in Busey's Hall in Urbana. Acting on this hunch, I went with a committee of the Chicago Press Association to meet the Kentuckians in Indianapolis, only to learn that Bob Morningstar had arranged their headquarters at the Palmer House. Being desperate, I offered them rates much lower in price—and by gosh it worked. They filled up our little hotel, enjoyed our hospitality, went home and wrote us up in their papers, and from that time on to the very end of the Fair our house was full of people from all over the south. With their patronage we paid our bills—without them we would have been a sweet-smelling flop. On such matters as this hangs the fate of many a business.

On our register were the names of leading citizens from every city of any consequence in Kentucky and Tennessee, together with many from interesting little towns and farms bearing great names. Nothing succeeds like success; with the people from the south came others from everywhere. Berkeley Balch from New York came often and sent many fine friends; W. C. Ells and H. L. Enbody sent many Mexicans; Fred G. Byles, Percy Alden, George Davies, Evan Daniels, and O. E. Howell from England wrote us up with many kindly words, and we had a steady stream of English people.

Read these names and wonder with me how they happened to come to our poorly furnished hotel, and like it well enough to write nice things about it—Peter Kirkevaag of Norway, R. A. Bonhomme of Yeddo, Japan, Dr. Carl von Bergen from Sweden, Eugene de Mitkiewitz, Ceylon, Frank Grierkin from Alaska, and D. Zernoff from Moscow, with a large party of singers and dancers who performed most beautifully at the spectacular show called "America," which was playing all season at the Auditorium theatre just across the street from us. Of course there were many others, and I really believe it must be true that they liked the atmosphere of our place—for we didn't have much else to offer.

The Sigma Chi convention was held at our hotel on July 20-21, 1893, and was an outstanding event in the lives of all participants. A. A. Sharp came a month ahead fearing he might miss something. Other early arrivals were Fred Scheuch, Jr., Guy Cramer, Wirt Howe, Lucius Tyler, Frank Crozier, A. C. Wright, E. Madison Allen, E. W. London, George Ade, and Will Heath. These names

are only a few; I wish I could name them all. The Chicago Sigs through their committee of which I was one, had arranged elaborate entertainment at the Fair, at the play, "America," and over the city. We chartered the steamer *Whaleback* to take the boys to the Fair as well as for a moonlight excursion on Lake Michigan. The orchestra played Charles K. Harris's new song "After the Ball." I can still hear George Ade's fine baritone rising above weaker voices. Did we see the Midway—I'll say we did, and the Midway concessionaires remember our visits with mingled feelings.

Being young and enthusiastic I cashed checks freely—one for \$300 written on the back of an official size envelope, and to the everlasting honor of our boys, all of those checks were good. A flag containing our new coat of arms, designed by Henry Vinton, was adopted at this convention, and that night we attended the play at the Auditorium. Among the feature attractions at the show was a family of famous acrobats—the Schaefer Family from Germany. Their finale was a pyramid built with all the family standing on the shoulders of the parents. The youngest child was a little five-year-old girl who was tossed up to the top of this pyramid. On this evening she had been given the new Sigma Chi flag, which she unfurled and gracefully waved toward the boxes occupied by our crowd. This gesture brought the house down. One of the most enthusiastic Sigma Chis in the world was Charlie Alling of Chicago. Before the tumult and the shouting had quieted down, Charlie came to me and asked that I invite the Schaefer family, and all those having leading roles in the show, to come in the café and have refreshments on him when the show was over. I hunted up Milward Adams, the manager of the theatre, and had him extend the invitation to the actors. I thought there might be 12 to 15 who could be called leaders, but when, after a long wait in the café, the actors arrived, it looked as if the entire cast had been included. The great singer Louise Beudet came with somebody's Sig pin on her ample breast. The Russian toe dancers from some Royal Theatre in St. Petersburg tried to look quite royal. When Brother Alling asked Herr Schaefer what he would have for himself and family, Schaefer replied that he never permitted his family to drink anything but Champagne—Louis Roderais Carte Blanche. This put an idea in the head of the others and where dear old Charlie had expected they would order beer, the liquid consumed cost \$6 a quart! I

don't remember the size of the check, but feel sure that the rest of us didn't let Brother Alling get stuck for it. That's what we got for not specifying that the party was to be a Dutch lunch.

Of course we had all of the experiences that come to a hotel during a great World's Fair. There was the poor fellow from my home county who blew out the gas and lost his life. There was the Swede lumberjack from Wisconsin who came in with a week old ticket to "America" and wanted us to give him a room for it. I asked where he got that ticket and recognized from his description the saloon where such stunts were pulled. When we went to that place, the poor Swede didn't need the police help which I had provided. He picked a man up from a table and threw him into a corner while the rest of the gang beat it for the exits.

A young couple with four children bought one room and all slept in it. When they left the chambermaids found bedbugs galore. Early one morning one of the maids heard a lady crying, and with her pass key went in the room to see what was the matter. The poor lady said her husband had been out all the time since they came and that her fur coat and other valuables had been stolen out of the room. We begged her to keep quiet until the husband came in, and in the meantime I telephoned my good friend Sergeant Briscoe at the Harrison street police station, acquainting him with what we knew. There are certain earmarks about every case of this kind which are easy to recognize by trained observers. When this man came in and told the boys with great eloquence how much his loss was from the goods stolen out of his room, we introduced him to a couple of plain clothes men who bluntly asked him for the pawn tickets! It didn't take them long to get a complete story out of this man. He went to the pawn shops with them, got the goods he had pawned, and then to Al Hankins's gambling joint where the money had been spent. What happened there I don't remember, but the poor boob who had fallen into the hands of men who gamble for profit, wired home for money and neither he nor his wife got to see the Fair.

Late in the autumn of '93 came the Bread Riots on the Lake Front—they were part of what is called in the text books "The Pullman Strike." Carter Harrison, the elder, was Mayor of Chicago. We saw him in action several times and retain profound admiration for him as an able administrator, and a two-fisted fighting man. He

had a bad situation on his hands, since the Governor of Illinois, John Peter Altgeld, had refused to call out the state militia to help maintain order. However, the President of the United States was Grover Cleveland, who was made of sterner stuff. When Mayor Harrison asked him for help, the soldiers came down from Fort Sheridan and restored order in a comparatively short time.

We had been hearing from our southern visitors about a prominent man who was coming to the Fair. He was a banker, owned a coal mine, was very courteous when sober but inclined to have his own way all the time when in his cups. When he arrived we found him a well-dressed, quiet-spoken man whom we liked at once. He handed me \$1500 which he asked me to put away until he needed it. This was a lot of money to keep in our safe, but we took it and put it in an envelope. He sealed it and wrote his name across the sealed portion. After he had been with us a few days he came in after midnight accompanied by the vilest-looking cab driver in Chicago and demanded his money. Jim Cook was on duty and told him the money was in my room, that I had been asleep for several hours and the money could not be had until morning. Then our customer commenced to live up to the reports we had about how bad he would act when he couldn't have his way. He made the boys call me, thus attracting the attention of many other guests. I got up, saw the situation at once, and told him how sorry I was that the money was locked up where I couldn't get it until morning. By this time our friend was in a rage and reached into his pistol pocket for his gun. I didn't realize what was going on but Jim Cook did. Jim was quarterback on our football team and quite an active young man. He jumped over the counter, lit upon our friend, and threw him out of the front door before the cabby could get into action; then Jimmy socked that cabby just once and out he went on top of the little man. He followed it up by taking our guest in his arms, carrying him to his room, and putting him in bed, with the door locked on the outside.

We heard no more from him until about noon the next day, when he called up asking for a doctor. We sent for our doctor from the Auditorium Hotel, who attended to the marks on our friend, and in a short while down our guest came, dressed in fine clothes and with a number of patches of court plaster on his face. "Mr. Kiler," he said, "I want to apologize for my unseemly conduct

last night and to thank you all for saving my money for me. I want to invite all of you who can come, to be my guests at dinner tonight at the Auditorium Hotel." That was some dinner. We were all glad that I knew the kind of champagne to order—I learned it the night of Charlie Alling's party for the actors.

There was to be a big Halloween celebration at the Fair, which was to write finis on that most beautiful of all World's Fairs. Paying guests were becoming few and far between, but I had a bunch of friends who came around and helped me kill time. We were sitting around the fireplace one cold October day when in came Olin McCormack, Captain of the Guards on the Midway Plaisance. Olin was looking for a gang which was tough enough to go to the Midway on Halloween and bust up the Turkish village. He said those Turks had been a source of trouble to the Guards all through the Fair and if we could get organized and tear that village to pieces he would see that there was neither a guard nor a policeman anywhere within the call of the Turks.

This looked like trouble of a character for which I had no liking, but my friends around the fireplace thought it was exactly what the doctor ordered for a noble ending of the Midway shows. I think that Burr McIntosh and Sam Durand might have been the leaders, though my memory may be at fault. At any rate an impressive organization was formed and took off in great glee, looking forward to closing the Fair in a fitting and proper manner.

All through the formation of this enterprise I had the feeling it was no place for me; the only time I was any good in a fight was when I could use my "nigger shooter" and then run away, but my friends were big and strong—all of them had been athletes in college, so I was talked into going along. We approached the Turkish village with joy in our souls and a song on our lips—I think it was that well-known hymn "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." Someone upset the stand in which there was a Turkish ticket seller, we brushed aside the man at the entrance, and rushed right into the show. If you remember that place, it had a tent tied up to the ceiling of a circular room, then gracefully draped around it. I think I was the very last conspirator to enter the room. The battle had begun; chairs were already filling the atmosphere. Something hit me on the head, and when I came to, gore was running down my face. I kept one hand on the wall while I feverishly hunted for an

exit. On the way around I came across a curved Turkish sword and a fan that revolved on a handle both of which I purloined. Finally I came to some ropes and pulled on one only to find that it let loose about half of the tent which contained a ton or more of World's Fair dust, and that added everything but beauty to my appearance. By this time it was every man for himself and there were no police to help us. When I reached an exit I took advantage of it with all possible speed and started east for the Illinois Central station. Hearing footsteps behind me, I turned and beheld two large, athletic-looking Turks who were without question bent on my extermination. I knew the keeper of the Midway Animal Show and threw myself on his mercy, begging him to put me in the cage with his man-eating lions. He raised the lid of a strongbox in which he moved his animals around, and I disappeared inside just as those demon Turks arrived. They demanded to know where that man with a bloody head had gone. My friend stalled a while and then said he had seen someone go through his cages very fast—so fast that he had lost track of him. That animal keeper was an upstanding man, with a nasty looking club in his hand, and those Turkish gentlemen had to believe him. When he let me out of that odoriferous cage, I thanked him and asked what I could do for him, and darn his picture, he said: "I always have yearned for one of them Turkish swords." So the only souvenir I have of that adventure is a fan that swings on the handle.

I got down to the hotel on one of the Illinois Central freight trains with seats cross-wise of the box cars, and waited for my friends to show up. They finally all drifted in—the worst-whipped bunch of Halloweeners who ever started out looking for trouble.

In conclusion all I have to say is that the Allies had better give the Turks anything and everything they want to get their help in this present war. Whichever side those birds take will win the conflict!

The last names on our register were R. H. Stanhope of Toronto and P. L. Boynton of Pittsburgh. These gentlemen, together with my friends who had helped me clean up the Turks, also joined in the obsequies of the University Hotel. Both the lease on the building as well as the furniture were sold to men who never used them.

And that's the story of our hotel.

TALE TWO

I Become a Book Agent, Travel Extensively, and Tell You All About It

THE BOOK AGENT ERA was at its height during my college days. Many boys at the University of Illinois, as well as at other universities, made money enough to pay their way by this kind of work. As I was one of them, I like to tell of my experiences during the vacation period between the freshman and sophomore years, in which I travelled from Hannibal, Missouri, to the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania.

I sold vegetables on commission, fired a furnace with hard coal, milked a cow that could put more vigor and spirit into the swish of her tail than the mate of a sailing vessel could put in the swish of a cat-o'-nine tails, and in addition I was assistant librarian in the Urbana Public Library. This combination of efforts got me through the Urbana High School as well as my freshman year in the University.

Along toward the end of the freshman year a gentlemanly agent representing a Library Association called on me, and wanted me to take a job travelling over the country selling memberships to the people. These memberships gave the buyers the blessed privilege of purchasing books at wholesale prices. There were two memberships, selling for \$10 and \$12. With the \$10 one went a cloth-bound volume of Tennyson's poems; with the \$12 one, a beautiful leather-bound volume. When I say beautiful I mean just exactly that. This book with its lovely embellished binding of English morocco leather was alone well worth the money, to say nothing of the golden opportunity to purchase books and magazines at wholesale prices, and thus acquire a worth-while library.

The company was liberal in its terms to agents—forty per cent of the gross sales amounting to less than \$100 a week, and fifty per cent commission where the sales exceeded that sum. All we had to do to secure this wonderful chance to get rich as agents was to journey to Chicago at our own expense, live there one week while being taught the art of approach to a customer, and acquire the

graphic description of the premium volume of Lord Tennyson's poems together with the golden opportunity each and every purchaser was given to buy his books at wholesale. All of this we must commit to memory. The agent told of men and women who had made as much as \$200 a week at that business.

Now I was getting tired of milking that darn cow which was marking me with scars from the swish of her tail. Selling vegetables on commission was also losing its charm, and my sister, Reka, could take the job of assistant librarian for the summer, so why shouldn't I take a chance at this golden opportunity? I had money enough in the bank to take care of my family and finance my education in the art of salesmanship, so I signed a contract, and when school was out, packed my bag, and took an Illinois Central train for Chicago.

The agent for the National Library Association had suggested the Waverly Hotel as a good cheap place to stay. The only thing I knew about it was that it had been the headquarters for the anarchists who had met in it and plotted the Haymarket riot, but as I could get a room for seventy-five cents a day, I registered there. Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to say there were things in that room worse than anarchists; after a few hours in bed I would have welcomed anarchists with their whiskers and bombs. It was my introduction to that scavenger of the bedroom, the *cimex lectularius*, commonly called the bedbug. Seventy-five cents for that bed! I stayed there one night and then went out on the west side to a rooming house. Years afterwards, when I was chasing items for the *Inter Ocean*, someone told me that I had introduced a colony of the *cimex lectularius* into that more or less respectable rooming house, thus causing the landlady much woe and very great expense.

After committing to memory the speech telling of golden opportunities to be derived by joining the National Library Association, I was sent to Hannibal, Missouri, the birthplace of Mark Twain, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and Samuel L. Clemens. They were the only people I knew in Hannibal. After half a day, however, I learned that the best salesman ever to work for the National Library Association, one J. P. Grier, had been in Hannibal a month ahead of me and had worked the town dry. After graduating from Northwestern Law School, J. P. Grier became a successful lawyer in Chicago. He had left a good name in Hannibal,

however, and really established my Library Association and its products.

Before starting to work in earnest I took my pen in hand and told the Library Association in my best style of invective what I thought of them. Sending me into a town where the great J. P. Grier had been! They answered me in a kindly apologetic vein telling me to keep all the money I had taken in and then to move across the river to Barry, Illinois. I was to work all the towns in Pike County.

Meanwhile I had got acquainted with a boy of my age in Hannibal. His father was an undertaker, and the boy had to spend a lot of time sitting around the shop waiting for someone to die, then he would call his father. Having very little to do I spent most of my time with this boy, and his father gave me valuable tips about people who might be interested in my line. Among these prospects was a gentleman lazier than Puddin'head Wilson. He owned a lumberyard. He refused to fall for my most eloquent passages. When I talked economy, explaining to him how much money he could save buying books and magazines, he knocked me cold by saying, "My dear boy, I wouldn't turn my hand over for a dollar." The first man I ever met who didn't give a darn for a dollar, he lingers in my memory through the fifty-two years that have passed since that summer in Hannibal. My boy friend took me over to the Island in the Mississippi, immortalized by the adventures of Tom Sawyer. I let my imagination run riot while exploring the cave and was looking for Indian Joe at every bend.

But the adventure *de luxe* connected with Hannibal was a night trip out into the country along a river road to bring in the body of a poor man—so poor the county had to bury him. My friend's father didn't care to make the trip, so he sent his son. The boy came around to my boarding house and asked me if I didn't want to take a ride out into the country. Of course I did—but that kid didn't say a word about what he was being sent out into the country to get. Had I known what was ahead of me I would have had an engagement with a girl or a customer. Was that night dark, and the road bumpy! I'll tell the world that I was full of fright and regret long before we reached the house of the dead man. It looked like the Grapes of Wrath, and when I had to help place that dead body in the back part of the spring wagon, I was sure we would

meet the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse on the way back to Hannibal. That undertaker boy was a bit shaky himself, though he refused to admit it. I requested speed on the way back to town for there were ghosts lurking back of every tree; eerie spirits were chasing us; there was no one on the road, and no houses or barns or any other blessed sanctuary to which I might escape. The boy friend held the reins on that team of Indian ponies and I applied the whip. All of a sudden we came to a bend in the road which brought the Father of Waters in sight, but we were going too fast; we got out of the road, the wagon hit a rock, jumped at least ten feet in the air, and landed with such a terrific bump that we lost our passenger in the rear. Gosh; my gosh, and a whole lot of goshes! A scared team of ponies, a pair of boys scared worse than the ponies, a narrow river road, and a dead man lying somewhere back of us where it was darker than Dante's *Inferno*. The road was too narrow to turn the wagon around; the ponies were too excited to be turned around; in the argument that ensued I couldn't see why I should leave the wagon to go on the treasure hunt which might be as much as a quarter of a mile back of us. I kept thinking, "Suppose someone would drive along the road and run over the dead man." That would be worse than the Grapes of Wrath and Tobacco Road put together. Finally we tied the ponies to a tree and walked back until we found the body. We got it back into the wagon, and into Hannibal at the witching hour of midnight. I never took another trip out into the country with the undertaker boy.

After a week's work in Hannibal I had \$65 with which to move over into Pike County, Illinois. The town of Barry was a complete flop as I remember it. Can't remember anyone I met there except a windy lawyer who swelled up to the bursting point over a case he had before a justice of the peace. Then I moved into Pittsfield, a lovely town full of charming people—but one of the first things I learned was that the great J. P. Grier had also worked that town ahead of me. Once more I sent the Library Association a choice assortment of language. I must have had something in those days of my youth, for again I was told to do the best I could and to keep all the money I took in. Scott Wike, the Congressman from that district, bought one of my twelve dollar memberships; Jeff Orr and Harry Higbee, leading lawyers, were kind to me and bought the best I had to sell. So did Judge Mathews and an interesting lawyer

by the name of Yates, who loved to quote Shakespeare. Jeff Orr had just recovered from a long sick spell, and when I told Mr. Yates that Mr. Orr was one of my customers he dramatically exclaimed, "Richard is himself again!" Pittsfield was good to me and I moved over to Griggsville with regret, but I sold some memberships in that town, and remember Dr. Stoner who had a boy at an eastern school, and argued that \$3 a day was too much to pay any working man. When I delivered the copies of Tennyson's poems in Pittsfield and Griggsville and made my collections, I had done much better than in Hannibal, and kept all I took in.

Then I spent a day at my home in Urbana—and was I glad to get there. Homesickness had almost thrown me for a loss while I was away, but a few hours with my family set the world in order again. I went to Chicago, called on my company, and was given a ticket to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. They didn't give me a berth in a sleeper, so I sat up all night in the hottest day coach imaginable, and was sick and disgusted when I reached Harrisburg. Train sickness had me down all the way east. When that train was going around Horseshoe Bend, death would have been a blessed relief. But I located a good clean place to live, and soon felt better. The boarders were kindly and interested in me to such extent that I felt new encouragement.

My company made a big point of the sales value of having big names at the head of the list. I had been taught to go after the most important people in the city. The boarders all said that General Beaver, the Governor of Pennsylvania, was the most popular man in Harrisburg as well as in the entire state. Next to the Governor stood the Bishop of Harrisburg.

I went over to the state house to call on the Governor. The private secretary sized me up as an undesirable citizen and persisted in asking embarrassing questions. The door to the Governor's office was wide open and just as I feared I was losing my argument with the private secretary, a commanding voice boomed, "Jerry, who is that boy who wants to see me?" I beat the important secretary to the door of the office, and the kindly though commanding voice said, "Come on in and tell me your story." The instant I laid eyes on the Governor I knew we would get along. He had lost one leg, had a pair of old-fashioned crutches, was in his shirt sleeves, whiskers all over his face, and rather long hair. I noticed at once that he chewed

fine-cut tobacco. My father had served as a soldier in the Civil War, and most of the men I knew back home wore hair and whiskers like the Governor's, and also chewed fine-cut tobacco.

Inspired by General Beaver's kindness I told my story. He wasted no time in giving me an order and placing his name at the head of the list. My friends at the boarding house agreed this was a great start. A newspaper man said he knew the Governor would help me, if I could get in to see him, but he didn't think I could get by the secretary. He didn't realize how a youngster's nerve is developed after he has had a few front doors slammed on him.

Then came the call on the Catholic Bishop. I was somewhat perturbed over the idea. I was not a Catholic and had been told that priests would be rough on a young Protestant. I tried to think up a method of approach different from that used on the Governor, and pushed the bell at the episcopal residence with fear and trepidation. Imagine my surprise when a scholarly, kindly man in a black cassock came to the door and, without asking my mission, invited me into his library. He gave me a drink of ice water and remarked that it was very hot to be walking around Harrisburg. After these pleasant formalities he asked what he could do for me, and I was so completely disarmed by the courtesies shown to me that the speech I had committed to memory left me. But I finally managed to say that I had never before seen a library in a residence with bookshelves clear up to the ceiling all filled with handsomely bound books, and therefore it seemed useless for me to talk to him about the golden opportunity I had to offer. Nevertheless I could put him in a position to buy books at wholesale and at the same time present him with a handsomely bound volume of Tennyson's poems. All I asked in return for this great favor was his signature just underneath Governor Beaver's.

The Bishop replied that he could not accept a gratuity from a boy trying to pay his way through college. At the same time he was always buying books, so he was happy to take a \$10 membership. I thanked him and told him that I never had been treated so kindly anywhere as I had been in Harrisburg. He laughed and said he felt sure I was not the kind of a book agent as the one who had been in Harrisburg a few weeks before selling copies of a work on "Early Christian Martyrs." This man called on a lawyer named Johnson

and was dismissed with the statement, "I never buy books for the house. Mrs. Johnson attends to that." Then the agent went out to Johnson's house and told Mrs. Johnson he had a work on "Early Christian Martyrs" which her husband wanted but he wouldn't buy it because buying books was her business. Mrs. Johnson said O.K. and paid him \$5 for a copy. Then the agent went back to the law office and told Mr. Johnson that his wife had no money but wanted that book badly as she could use it in her Sunday School teaching, and Johnson bought one for another \$5 cash. When he got home and had taken off his shoes and coat for slippers and house jacket, he said, "By the way, my dear, I bought that book for you;" she asked, "What book?" "Why the one about the 'Early Christian Martyrs'." Mrs. Johnson nearly fainted as she told him she had also bought one. Just then the train-hack passed on its way to the depot and sitting in one corner was the book agent. Johnson rushed to the door but realized he had on his slippers. A friend was passing so he asked him to "Go to the depot and hold that nice-looking black-haired man in the corner of the hack until I get there." The friend hurried to the depot just as the train pulled in, accosted the book agent and said, "Mr. Johnson asks for me to hold you until he gets here." The book agent queried, "Johnson—do you mean Lawyer Johnson—oh dear, I sold him a book and forgot to deliver it to him; would you mind taking it?" Of course the friend was willing to oblige and cheerfully paid \$5 for the book. When Mr. Johnson arrived, the train was pulling out and he had another copy of the book about the "Early Christian Martyrs!" I assured the Bishop that I was not that kind of an agent, and started in on a most prosperous run of luck in Harrisburg.

Those two names of the Governor and the Bishop opened many a door to me. I have never forgotten their kindnesses.

Among the interesting people at my boarding house was the superintendent of the gigantic steel mills in suburban Steelton. He saw at once the advantage that members of my Library Association had over other people in buying books and getting their magazines at wholesale rates. He not only bought a membership but took me over to the mills and introduced me to leading employees who lined up at the superintendent's desk to sign my subscription book. Prosperity was mine in a great big way.

After making my deliveries in Harrisburg and Steelton, I started down the Cumberland Valley to Mechanicsburg. The conductor on the Cumberland Valley Railroad knew everybody on his train and was most courteous; well-dressed too, for his blue uniform was made like a Prince Albert coat, resplendent with brass buttons; there was gold lace on his cap, his linen was immaculate, and he wore box-toed boots.

I had been advised to go to the home of Mrs. George Bobb in Mechanicsburg, and have been happy ever since in the recollections of that charming home. There were a few other boarders besides myself. Mr. Bobb was Mayor of the town, and in addition to the delicious food and kindly interest in me, Mrs. Bobb was the only housekeeper I have ever known who had a special dish on the table where a hearty eater could put chicken bones. She expected her boarders to eat several pieces of fried chicken, as well as several roasting ears of corn, and by golly she had a dish where one could put the remains.

There was a Soldiers and Sailors Reunion at Gettysburg, and Mr. Bobb invited me to go down with him. The kindly Mr. Bobb piloted me over the battlefield pointing out spots where he had seen his friends mowed down. His descriptions were vivid and full of heroics, and of course some of them were terribly gruesome. The Marine Band from Washington was stationed over on Little Round Top across the valley from the town, and in the evening I heard for the first time the beautiful strains of "Little Annie Rooney." Please remember this was the summer of 1889 when "Annie Rooney" was a brand new song. We spent the night in the little brick hotel in front of which, according to a great poet, stood "Old John Brown of Gettysburg with his long rifle and picked the rebels off." I was tired and nervous and even the soothing strains of beautiful "Annie Rooney" failed to cool my fevered brow. That night, after a fitful sleep, I woke up to find a ghost dancing around the walls of my room. It seemed very real for a few minutes, but calm reason finally returned and I discovered that it was the reflection through a key-hole of an electric light bulb swaying in the wind out in the hall.

The trip over the battlefield was an education worth-while to me. I returned to the sale of memberships in my Library Association feeling sure that war was such an awful thing it could never happen

again—and now look at this cock-eyed world. There are hundreds of battlefields scattered over it today where the carnage has been more horrible than several Gettysburgs!

From Mechanicsburg I moved to Carlisle and there I met an episcopalian clergyman who had once lived in my home community. He asked many questions about folks at home which alleviated my homesick soul. Then I met Captain Pratt, superintendent of the Indian School, who had known and admired my boyhood friend, Carlos Montezuma, who at that time was doctoring the Nez Perces Indians on their reservation in the northwest.

After being graduated from the University of Illinois in '84, Carlos Montezuma had attended Rush Medical College in Chicago, and as a young doctor was assigned to the big job of stopping some kind of an epidemic among the Indians in Oregon. He made good in a big way in this work, and lived among those people until he was called to Chicago in 1893 to preside at the World's Congress of Religions on American Indian day. Let me get out of my college years long enough to say that I had a message from Montie asking me to meet him at the Northwestern station on his return to Chicago. He had grown heavy living among the Indians and had worn Indian clothes. When he got out his civilized clothing to return east he had become altogether too big for it—but he wore it anyway. His shoes were full of feet, his hat too small, his hair too long, and no part of his suit could be buttoned, but his joy at reaching Chicago was unmistakable.

I was running a hotel on Congress Street just across from the Opera House entrance to the Auditorium Theater, and suggested we go there and leave his telescope bag. This we did. I suggested we call on my barber and have his hair cut, then buy some clothes. No sir; he had read of the great new Auditorium Hotel and he must eat his dinner there. Acceding to his wish, I took him to the main dining room of the Auditorium Hotel, and maybe you think his appearance didn't cause the folks to stare. When the meal was over all eyes were on us as we walked up Michigan Avenue to a clothing store. With his hair cut, new clothes and shoes, Montie was a fine figure. He presided with great dignity through the period of the consideration of Indian Religions at the World's Fair, and then settled down to the practice of his profession in Chicago. Today he lies buried among his own people in an Indian graveyard

about thirty miles north of Phoenix, Arizona. Montie was an outstanding figure among our alumni and deserves a more complete description of his life and work than I can give here.

Now to get back to Carlisle again—I must say it was a charming city, and I was quite successful there. Many incidents worth recording happened, and I met some wonderful people. A. B. Sharpe, Esq., an unusually entertaining man and a leading lawyer, told me about a family of three maiden ladies living in an old stone mansion. Every year on June 15 they put slip covers on their upholstered furniture, closed their house, and moved to one they owned at Atlantic City. On September 15 they closed the house in Atlantic City and moved back to Carlisle—as regular in their movements as the swallows of Capistrano. Strong Presbyterians, they loved to entertain visiting clergymen. Their guest room contained an old-fashioned four-poster bed with draperies hanging all around it, and as the bed set up high, four steps ran along one side. Once upon a time a visiting guest had got into his nightie, mounted the steps, and dived headlong into the bed. Much to his consternation, and to the chagrin of his hostesses, the family cat had taken possession of that bed and had a nest of kittens in it. The visiting preacher lit on top of the cat with her family, and according to Mr. Sharpe, the poor man ate his meals off the mantel for some time afterward. The dear old lawyer laughed heartily as he told this story, so I hope it is still good.

Isn't it strange what lingers in our memories throughout more than a half century? There must have been matters of importance to me that happened in Carlisle, but Captain Pratt's interest in Carlos Montezuma, and Mr. Sharpe's story of the cat and the clergyman remain in my memory, while more important events are forgotten.

At Shippensburg, I met Mr. Hahn whose daughter lived in Champaign—Mrs. J. B. Harris. In the later years of his life Mr. Hahn came to Champaign to live—a very fine old gentleman. Then I met Dr. Zug, a young physician who wanted to take me bear hunting in the Cumberland Mountains. In Chambersburg I met a lot of people by the name of Maxwell, and found that they were related to friends at home of that name—in fact the Champaign Maxwells came from Chambersburg. The negroes had a "Big Monday" celebration which was a sight to see, as well as wonderful to hear. It was a religious celebration. I remember quite well the

vivid portrayal of the sufferings their race had endured throughout the age of slavery.

In this city I brought my summer's work to an end and went back home a richer and wiser young man. Pennsylvania had been very good to me. I have never forgotten the wonderful people I met in all the towns from Harrisburg down the Cumberland Valley to Chambersburg, the people who had made it certain I could support my family and finish my college education.

The success I had enjoyed as a book agent led two of my friends to try the same kind of work the following summer, but they came back with a sad and doleful twinkle in their eyes. They had been sent up into Michigan by the company, had met with no success, and got back to Chicago with a lean and hungry look on their faces. By rare good luck they met George Huff on State Street, who invited them to go with him to his home in Englewood for supper. Did they accept? I'll say they did. They both told me afterwards that never in all the world had such a banquet been served! One of these friends has met with great success in the business world; has been a guest at many fine dinners, but no food ever tasted as good to his starved palate as the supper he had that August day in 1890.

Book agents sometimes had doors slammed in their faces; at other times the doors opened and evil-minded dogs jumped out. The successful agents were those who needed money and were ready to take whatever happened to them in order to get it.

By the way, what has become of the book agent? The nearest approach to him that calls on me today is the student selling subscriptions to magazines.

But the real book agent was quite a boy in his day.

TALE THREE

He Saw the Game— The End of the Big Betting

THE LAST GAME of the year is always a classic to football followers. It makes no difference in what section of the country one may be, there is sure to be a game of football played the week before Thanksgiving, upon the outcome of which, the partisans think, depends the fate of nations. High schools, colleges, and great universities arrange schedules with an idea toward having the last game of the season settle a championship—if a championship is not involved, there is generally a life-time grudge to be settled, and ardent followers of each team must see this game.

Such a game used to be held each year between the Universities of Ohio and Illinois; I must say that nothing but pure sportsmanship and a desire to win actuates the teams and followers so far as the game is concerned, but there have been years when the Big Ten Championship has rested on the outcome of this contest. The most thrilling finish I have ever seen in a half century of watching occurred at Columbus when these teams met in 1919.

That was "Chick" Harley's senior year, and he had never played in a losing game in the four years covering his career at Ohio. Illinois had been undefeated that year also, and the final game would settle the Big Ten Championship.

The nervous tension that pervades a campus before such a game had the students, alumni, and followers of both teams within its grasp. There were rumors of much betting. Fraternities were betting all the money they had saved up with which to buy lots and start the construction of new houses. Each side was full of confidence, and therefore a bet became a good investment—there would be twice as much money to put into that new fraternity house if the brothers could get their savings placed in an even money bet, and rumor had it that some of the sisters were also ready and willing to risk money on an outcome that appeared to be such a sure thing.

As the game was being played in Columbus, the students at Illinois had to ride all of Friday night on special trains to reach the scene of the conflict. To the hundreds of students whose fond parents sent monthly allowances of a size to permit such an excursion, the trip was easy, but there were hundreds of others whose only chance to see that game depended upon the spirit of adventure.

Profiting by the experiences of the past, I got aboard the train and in bed before the noisy brethren commenced the parades that pass through the Pullman coaches all night long; but there was a hump in the mattress that kept me awake. I might as well have sung all the songs beginning with "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and on through "Sweet Ad-o-line" to "I Want a Pal Just Like the Gal That Married Dear Old Dad." Finally this hump began to move, and being cold sober, I knew it was not a snake—a little investigating revealed the body of a husky youth parked under my berth.

Of course there was no sleep for me with this squirming hulk beneath me, so I leaned over the edge of the berth and ordered the young man out. You'd be surprised how quickly he got out of that little place and into the berth with me, saying: "Gee, I never was so glad to get out of a place in my life! There was a smoking cigarette stub in the cuspidor, and I nearly choked to death."

His name might have been Johnnie Jones, and in the wild scramble for a taxicab when we reached Columbus, Johnnie secured one of the first to get away. Three old friends of mine were coming on the Chicago train, and Johnnie went with me to meet them, taking charge of their baggage and getting cabs with ease and dispatch. The Deshler Hotel was full to overflowing and had no room for us, but Johnnie found one of his student pals who had come over the day before in order to place his bets, and ushered us up to a suite of rooms that had been assigned to this rich friend. At breakfast Johnnie blandly admitted that he had no money, but by this time we were so interested in this intrepid youth that his big day was assured.

What a two-fisted, good-natured "go-getter" that boy was! After breakfast one of my friends suggested that we get a taxi and take a ride around Columbus; though taxis were difficult to get, Johnnie had one in a few minutes, and the way he collaborated with the driver to steer us around Columbus was amazing, for he had never seen the town until that morning. When he thought we had

seen enough of the city, he directed the driver to take us out to the Columbus Country Club, and then brought us back to the Athletic Club which was close to our hotel.

We had an early lunch at a table that had been ordered in advance by the thoughtful Johnnie, and in the fight for taxicabs after lunch he succeeded in getting one up to the hotel for us because he used his feet, fists, and vocabulary with deadly effect upon those who tried to take that taxi away from him. On the way out to the stadium he asked for our tickets, presented them at the gate and walked right in with us, finding a seat on a step in our box.

What a game of football we saw that bleak November day! Those two great teams fought back and forth until Ohio finally scored a touchdown by means of an uncanny run by the great "Chick" Harley right through the whole Illinois team. In the third quarter, "Dutch" Sternaman of Illinois ran down the east side of the field for a touchdown, but Ralph Fletcher failed to kick goal as Harley had done, and the score stood 7 to 6 in favor of Ohio.

Only a minute was left to play when Ralph Fletcher of Illinois brought the ball back to the twenty-two yard line. The time left was desperately short.

We could hear the newsboys yelling that they had papers for sale giving a full account of the game which Ohio had won 7 to 6.

Then to our surprise "Bobby" Fletcher, Illinois quarterback, took his position to try for a goal from the field.

Bobby was pretty well winded because of his splendid work in helping his brother Ralph bring the ball up to within kicking distance, so Zuppke sent a substitute into the game, to give him a little rest; once more he lined up to kick, and another substitute was sent in.

He knew that his coach was giving him a chance to calm down before attempting that kick, and I can still see his white teeth gleaming as he turned and smiled his thanks to Zup—then with his head down and his eyes on the ball, he sent it squarely between Ohio's goal posts, and the score was 9 to 7 in favor of Illinois—and only twenty seconds left to play!

By the time the kick-off had been made and one futile play had been run off by Ohio, the gun sounded and the game belonged to Illinois.

For a few minutes there was a sickening calm on the Ohio side of the stadium, and much excited yelling on the Illinois side—but

strong men couldn't stand all of that nervous tension without reactions of various kinds taking place. One of my friends rested his head in his hands and exclaimed: "My God, what a dramatic finish!" I saw an officer from Chanute Field at Rantoul, Illinois, punch an Ohio man in the jaw in resentment for an insult to our team and the whole state of Illinois. I saw an Illinois doctor who was sick in his stomach making a mess of things.

You may talk about the great days when the Poe boys were winning games for Princeton back in the '90's; of Chicago's win by 2 to 0 over Michigan in 1905; of Princeton coming from behind and beating Chicago 21 to 18 in the last few minutes of play in 1922; or of Northwestern's win over Minnesota in the last quarter by a score of 32 to 14 in 1931—it matters not to me what great finishes you may have seen in any athletic contest anywhere at any time, I'll still believe that I saw the most thrilling finish, and experienced the most dramatic moment of them all when Illinois won that game at Columbus in 1919.

We got out of the stadium only because Johnnie Jones kept his head and his sturdy strength. He secured a taxi and took our perspiring and wilted party back to the rooms of his rich chum "Torch" Mathews. Finally "Torch" came to his rooms and Johnnie handed him a telegram which he had picked up from the floor; all "Torch" said when he read it was "Confound the luck, there's two thousand dollars more I might have had." Then he emptied his pockets and threw great handfuls of money into the middle of his bed—when his fur overcoat was emptied, all the other pockets yielded equally as well and a fortune rested in the middle of that bed. On the bedspread "Torch" and Johnnie were smoothing out and counting the money with which certain fraternities had fondly hoped to buy lots on which to build new houses—money which proud fathers had sent to spendthrift sons to pay for coonskin overcoats—worse yet, money which enthusiastic youth had borrowed to bet on a team that couldn't lose!

Needless to say that boy Johnnie had a big day. He had not spent a cent of his own, and he made the trip back to Champaign in a stateroom with his friend "Torch." Where is the man who dares to say that the spirit of adventure is dead?

The betting on this game became a college scandal; it placed our universities in a class with the ordinary run of gamblers, and cheap-

ened the sport commonly accepted as the greatest of all university sports. I am proud and happy to record the fact that under the leadership of our own great Director of Athletics, George Huff, '92, a movement was started that has practically eliminated betting on Illinois games. At any rate it can be said that whatever betting is done is kept under cover, and little, if any at all, is done by students.

TALE FOUR

Some Thoughts on Picking a College President

FOOTBALL COACHES who talk about "a punt, a pass, and a prayer" as well as their constant fear that they may not have selected the best man for left halfback, right end, or what not, know nothing of the anxiety that grips a committee whose job it is to pick a new president for dear old Alma Mater.

There is no position in all of the high places to which men must be chosen, that calls for so much time, study, and careful investigation of the candidates as is given by every conscientious committee which has the responsibility of picking a new university president. Sometimes such a committee works hard for months; individual members of the committee travel from coast to coast interviewing men whose names command respect, and when the selection is made disappointment and dissatisfaction begin to register before the first year has passed. This results from the fact that a man may be a success in one institution in one part of this big country, and not meet with the same success in another institution in another section.

Advancing the merits of good men for the high position of president of a university calls for a technique unlike that of any other position within the gift of men. When a man wants to be a candidate for President of the United States, or for the Senate, or for Congress, he has his friends go out among the committeemen from the precincts up through the county, state, and nation. These friends can determine pretty definitely how public sentiment stands for their man. If he can get proper support, if he can be built up by publicity and propaganda, they bring him out for whatever the office may be.

But such tactics are sure death to a man who wants to be a university president because the people supporting any institution of learning want its president to be a free and independent soul. He must be a strong man capable of making his own decisions; he must

be a man of action, unafraid of cliques or factions within or without his institution; he must command respect so that he can have a dignified discipline among his faculty and students for only thus will he secure the support necessary to promote the best interests of his university.

The job calls for rugged individualism tempered by the good sense that prompts a man to ask the advice and the help of his colleagues, his trustees, and the people of his state. If his institution is a state university supported by public funds, he must have the ability to approach the legislature with a program and a budget that is almost obviously for the best interests of all concerned. The legislature is always a cross section of a state just as Congress is of the nation. There are representatives of the hilly sections as well as those of the fertile valleys; there are the small-townners, the medium-size townsmen, and the people of the big cities. There are broad-minded men with a desire to be fair, and there are the narrow minds with a desire to destroy. There are understanding souls and mean souls. There are fanatics and liberals—but with it all, they generally represent very well the people who elect them, and a good college president is a man who can get along with all of this heterogeneous assemblage. You can see that he must be fair, fearless, and resourceful.

Like the story of the man who goes out west to get rich and comes home to find a gold mine or an oil well on the old farm which he gave away, committees appointed to pick a new president for a university begin by looking everywhere but at home. This is perfectly natural for was it not said a long time ago that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and please remember that every person on this committee is actuated by one desire, and that is to get the best man in the country for president. So investigations must be made of the many men all over the land whose names have been brought to the committee by alumni and friends of the university.

These investigations reveal much that is intensely interesting. It is easy to see that there are institutions of learning where practical politics has worked to the detriment of the faculty. The alumni of state universities can't be too careful in their efforts to keep the selection of trustees out of the hands of the state central committees of the two leading parties. It is obvious that these central committees will name men and women for trustees who are entitled to

political reward, rather than folks who are unselfishly willing to serve without any idea except to further the best interests of the university. Even alumni who are "in" politics feel that university trustees must be selected from outside the realm of practical politics. A man with an ax to grind; a man whose son or relative has been dismissed from college for some reason; a man who has made a big campaign contribution and wants his reward—all of these are poor material for trustees. No matter how meritorious the individual may be, the taint of politics is upon him. Investigating committees find that institutions upon which politics had laid its hand have trouble keeping their outstanding scholars, and that the great names among scholars do not care to join faculties in such institutions. When a president is chosen for such a university, the political method of selection is naturally used, whereas in a university kept free of politics, a faculty committee, an alumni committee, and a trustee committee work long and faithfully to get the one man in the country who comes the closest to meeting all of the requirements needed by the head of a great institution of learning.

Out of the many names submitted the selection is made by a process of elimination until a name comes to the front that is acceptable to the entire committee. Then everybody wonders why that man wasn't picked in the first instance.

Another interesting thing the investigating mind discovers is that many a good man is handicapped by his family. It is impossible to satisfy all the elements within the constituency of a great university, and there are many places where mere man should tread with fear and trepidation. The chief argument advanced by the Catholic church for the celibacy of the priesthood is that woman, God bless her, introduces the danger of spreading certain items of talk which really should be kept closely at home. Whether this matter enters into the discussion of the selection of a college president, I am not prepared to say, but it serves to illustrate the fact that the wife of a president must be a very discreet lady. She must win and keep the friendship and the respect of the faculty wives as well as the townspeople and the numerous visitors from over the broad land. A wife who has the charm that wins people is a tremendous asset to a university president, and if he has children who are inclined to be too worldly, he had better send them to college in Siam or Madagascar.

It is imperative that the new university president has the confidence and respect of the rest of the college world. He must stand high in scholastic and scientific circles, not alone in his own country but abroad as well. No matter how well known a man may be in public life, no matter how many high positions he may have held in the affairs of men, this investigating committee will not decide on a man unless he has the O K of men who constitute the university world. That is why so many men who have worked hard to make their own departments outstanding are the ones chosen to be president of their own or some other university. Witness the selection of Conant at Harvard, Dodd at Princeton, and Willard at Illinois, among those recently chosen.

University faculties are polled to find outstanding men, and the opinion of scholars and scientists is eagerly sought by the committees who have assumed this tremendous task of getting the best man for this all important position. A man who has brought his own department up to a commanding position among similar departments in the university world, must be something more than a scholar. He is an executive of a high order or he would not be able to hold men already on his staff and to attract others to his department. For after all, the faculty is the backbone and sinew of any great university. Students from all over the world are attracted by a well known name in scientific or scholastic work. High school principals recommend universities because of the standing of the faculty.

For all of these reasons I feel sure that most committees charged with the responsibility of choosing a new president for dear old Alma Mater, will ultimately select a man who is quietly but vigorously making a success of his own department—whatever that department may be.

TALE FIVE

Historical Sketch of the University Band

AFTER a disaster on the football field, when our light-weight, fine-looking team, composed entirely of University students, has been pushed around, sat upon, and thrown out of bounds by a team of big bruisers, we all find solace in the thought that "anyway, we have the best college band in the world." Our band can play marches, overtures, and selections from the operas, and can provide entertainment *de luxe* with great music and unusual marching, all of which removes the sting of defeat when we get beaten, and adds greatly to our joy when we win.

To get at the earliest history of the band as well as student life at the beginning of our University, I wrote to Mr. E. N. Porterfield, the oldest living graduate, and a member of the first class, '72. Here is a paragraph of his answer: "Yes, we had a band, in which I played E flat alto, and later I played the tuba. The University furnished silver instruments for the band. Many of the horns went over the shoulder, and they were made that way for drilling purposes. At that time all men students had to drill, and I joined the band to get out of so much drilling. The band had a good German teacher, but I have forgotten his name. My roommate, Henry Robbins, was the leader of the band. He taught me how to write and transpose music. I played in the band the last two years I attended the University, and during that time we learned forty pieces of music, and we could play for all occasions."

Since Mr. Porterfield's last two years in the University were '70-'71 and '71-'72, this statement of his takes us back to his junior year for the first year of an organized band. Henry M. Dunlap '75 told me that at the beginning of the University there was a fife and drum corps which played the tunes used in the Civil War to help the brigade in marching. Since this fits into the picture of the earliest days, we can believe there has been a band of some kind from the very beginning, and that a brass band was organized in the school year of '70-'71. In that year I. W. Colberg, of Urbana, gave lessons to the band members each week, and it is recorded

that he was paid \$4 a lesson. Colberg must have been the German teacher referred to by Mr. Porterfield, and without doubt he was the teacher and Henry E. Robbins was the first leader.

Then came Henry M. Dunlap '75, J. A. McLane '78, C. H. Cobb '80, John B. Roberts '83, H. B. Braucher '85, Grant Gregory '87, C. Wesley Briggs '89, William E. Sandford '92, Glenn M. Hobbs '91, Charles A. Elder '93, R. V. Sharpe '93, William L. Steele '96, John T. Atkinson '96, again William L. Steele '96, then head of the School of Music, Walter Howe Jones, and last but by no means least, the great leader and organizer who happily is still with us, Colonel Albert Austin Harding.

Senator Henry M. Dunlap '75 proudly told me many times that he was the leader of the band during his period in college, that he played the military calls for assembling the students for drill and chapel, and that his instrument was the E-flat cornet. It was through his leadership that Frank I. Mann '75 became a member of the band and played the solo alto. These two gentlemen lived to see the band develop into the great present day organization, and never failed to attend band concerts and all other University functions where the band performed. To Senator Dunlap was awarded the first "I" gold band medal, and I am the proud recipient of the second award. I can remember back to the days of the leadership of Grant Gregory '87, who was not only a good leader of the band but a college orator and literary society leader as well.

Then came C. Wesley Briggs '89, who was leader during his last two years in college, as was Grant Gregory before him. The college careers of these two men run parallel, as Briggs was also an orator—in fact he represented our University in the oratorical contest when the Illinois Oratorical and Athletic Association met here in 1889. He didn't win, but you should have heard him give an imitation of the oratorical flights, as well as the enunciation and pronunciation of the fellow who did. This bird pronounced the word heart—"he-art," and how any group of judges could give him first prize was one of the wonders of my day. My first year in the band was Briggs's last year as leader.

He died many years ago, but Grant Gregory, who was his predecessor, lives in Provincetown, Mass., and has been kind enough to send the following letter and account of his connection with the band. I am happy to have the statements published herewith from

former leaders of the band because each throws some new light on the band in the various periods of its existence, thus adding a personal touch which makes a human interest story—entirely aside from the historical value of the letters. Mr. Gregory's letter and the statement of his leadership follow:

296 A Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass.
Dec. 4, 1941.

Mr. C. A. KILER,
Champaign, Ill.

My dear Mr. Kiler:

I comply with your request for information about the University of Illinois band in my leadership in the 1880's. There is not much to tell. We had a photo of the band, but I cannot find it. If it exists it is in a box stored in an inaccessible attic over a studio that formerly was rented by my artist son-in-law, Ross Moffet.

Something of the fine achievements of the band in the last fifty years has drifted to me now and then, and I have naturally rejoiced at it, as I have in the splendid growth and usefulness of the University itself. When a man now tells strangers he is an alumnus of the University of Illinois he does not have to add explanations.

Wishing you success in your history of the band I am

Yours cordially,

GRANT GREGORY

STATEMENT OF GRANT GREGORY '87 ANENT HIS LEADERSHIP
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS BAND

I was leader of the University of Illinois band in the seasons 1885-86 and 1886-87—my junior and senior years. My recollections of the band have dimmed somewhat in fifty-five years, but I can say that in the 1880's the band was decidedly primitive, and would have made no hit with John Philip Sousa. I led with a B-flat cornet; Ed. Goldschmitt played the baritone horn; Stebbins, our smallest man, performed shrilly on the piccolo, our smallest instrument; Wesley Briggs, who died long ago, handled a clarinet with skill (and succeeded me as leader); and Phil Steel massacred his lips on an E-flat cornet. The names of our tall drum major and those who played the bass and snare drums, the tuba, the trombone, and three or four alto and tenor horns escape me, although I can easily recall their faces.

The only boys in the organization who could make any pretense to be called musicians were Goldschmitt, who was a rather accomplished violinist and had married the University's teacher of the piano, and Briggs, whose mother had made him toil over the piano. I had had a few lessons on the violin and the piano and enough instruction on the alto horn to be admitted to the band when Braucher, my predecessor, was leader. Besides the cornet, violin, and piano (on which I pounded

chords for improvised stagg groups singing "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" and other songs much liked in college circles), I played the double bass fiddle for dances and raised my voice with the aforementioned ditties.

My most difficult task as leader was tuning the instruments. When I was sure (if I ever was) that the rumbling tuba harmonized with the whistling piccolo I swelled with pride. Our music was of the simplest—mostly marches. An easy arrangement of the "Mikado," then new in America, "Pinafore," and some of DeKoven's compositions we wore to a frazzle at our concerts. My honorarium for leading and taking care of the music was \$5 a month, as I recall it, but it looked as big to an 1887 man as does \$5 a week to a student of the 1940's. Our military duties consisted of keeping the battalion in step and sounding off on dress parade.

Most of the band members in those days were farm boys without musical training, who yearned to make music, or to escape drill. When there was a vacancy in the band the leader toiled with an applicant long enough to have him play satisfactorily the "ta ta" of the "ump ta ta" on the alto horn—from which, if he improved, he was promoted to the tenor.

All the players enjoyed their jobs and I had no difficulty in the matter of discipline—except once. The band was prowling around Champaign near midnight on a serenading tour. As we crept beneath the trees of the west side park toward the house of a popular coed, we were startled by round, white objects that whizzed past our ears. I was wearing my senior silk hat, newly acquired and highly prized. For fear of an accident to this precious headgear I ordered the tuba player, a large chap, to walk behind me as a human screen. Thinking my hat was a magnet for the white missiles, he hastily moved away from me. All became calm when we learned that the ammunition was white onions and not venerable eggs. Not once did my senior symbol become a bull's eye, and I was glad to ignore the insubordination.

From college I went to the frontier in western Kansas. There, in Ludell, I organized a brass band, with instruments bought by enterprising business men. Soon afterward I drifted to Kansas City, where I nearly went on the road with a circus band, but happily found newspaper work instead. In my city room I kept up my practice on the cornet till I heard the neighbors were threatening to have me arrested as being too noisy. I promptly sold the instrument and today can scarcely make a sound on a horn. I have been content to join the multitude of people in America who listen to good music and let those who can produce it.

I have always been delighted to hear of the success of the band and bands that succeeded us primitives. I suppose that the piccolo and tuba players now do their own getting together before creating sweet sounds that drift along the reaches of the Boneyard.

Then came the man who really put the band on the map; William E. Sandford was his name, and his class was '92. Up to his time the band rarely attempted to play anything but quicksteps and marches. Sandford not only improved the quality of this kind of music but also improved the marching and general appearance, and gradually raised the standard of the music, introducing overtures. He played the baritone horn, and you should have heard him play "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" with variations. Under his regime the band played "Poet and Peasant"—"Pilgrims Chorus from Tannhauser," and I seem to remember Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," as well as a "Funeral March" by Beethoven.

So far as I can learn, Will Sandford was one of the first—if not the very first—college band leader in the country to attempt anything in his programs except marches and topical tunes. A master of his instrument, nothing in band music was too difficult for him, and he kept us poor players, who had joined the band simply to get out of military drill, long hours working on ambitious musical numbers, the result of which was the first concert band—probably the first time in college history when a band of our character put on a concert, and entertained an opera house full of people, for an entire evening with something besides the light marches that might be expected from a college band. Will Sandford wrote a most entertaining article for the *Illinois Alumni Magazine* in 1940, and as it tells of his experiences with the band better than anyone else can tell it—also bringing in historical sketches that the rest of us have forgotten, I am giving it to you in full. Here it is. Mr. Sandford speaking:

In the fall of 1887 I was enrolled as a "prep" in the University. I was sixteen—just about coming on the stage of life. Now, after many years, and perhaps with the exit from the stage not so far away, I have been given the privilege of noting some memories of the days when I was a part of the University band.

Wesley Briggs was leader when I joined, and to him I owe many thanks for developing me as a soloist. He played the E-flat clarinet in the band, and was also an accomplished pianist. Early in my University days he drilled me on many solos, accompanying me on the piano.

To this development I owe my appointment as "leader" when Briggs graduated in 1889.

So at the early age of eighteen I was given the opportunity of further developing the band. Whether I succeeded or not is a matter of history.

Briggs' band numbered about ten, as my memory recalls. Obviously it could handle only light marches.

There were fewer than 400 students at that time, so the band really absorbed a fair percentage of the attendance. Material came mostly from country towns, few of which could boast of very fine bands. Today nearly every high school has an excellent band, some of whose members eventually attend college and supply well-prepared material. The "leader" of the University bands is now "conductor," devotes all his time to the band and is likely paid a very comfortable salary. In my day the "leader" was selected from the student body and received \$45 a year (\$15 for each term).

In comparing the University of those early days with the University of today, the band compares very favorably with the band of today. I am proud to state that the band of which I was the leader from 1888 to nearly the close of 1891 played an important part in steadily increasing development.

I was fortunate in having some very good players during those days. Glenn Hobbs, with his incomparable ability as a cornetist, gave me a big lift. So did John Bassett, who was my boyhood chum. His remarkable ability as a snare drummer added a lot of tone and zest. And, by the way, George Huff played the bass drum, and as he did everything well, he was an excellent performer on the big drum and cymbals.

I should mention all the boys, but space is denied me. However, I wish to pay special tribute to my bosom friend Charles A. Kiler, who was one of the altos.

I remember when Briggs' band accompanied a delegation to DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, to encourage our orator, Schaefer, in the inter-state oratorical contest. Previously John Finley had won it. This time, however, we lost. We entered Greencastle with much *eclat*, but we left town playing a dirge, much to the amusement of DePauw.

On this occasion I saw General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur" and of Civil War fame, who lived at Crawfordsville.

The band was often the butt of practical jokers. One day when we assembled prior to chapel, our instruments were missing. There was no marching music that day. The instruments were found later hanging on trees in the janitor's garden, which occupied a site where the chemistry laboratory now stands.

Another time the mouthpieces were missing, but we armed against a repetition of this by purchasing extra ones. However the "varmints" who delighted in crippling the band removed tuning slides from the horns on another occasion, thus disabling the instruments.

After this depredation I don't recall a similar raid, and I suspect the guilty ones graduated in 1888.

When I first joined the band the instruments were, in most cases, a sight to behold—badly battered up and of ancient breed. Some of the

horns had rotary valves, rarely seen today, and it took a lot of my time to keep them in workable condition. Finally I approached Dr. Peabody with a plea for some new instruments, and my request was granted.

By 1889 and 1890 the band had developed very satisfactorily, and we were playing all the standard marches of the day, were more careful about watching expressions, and had even mastered "Poet and Peasant Overture," which was indeed an accomplishment. The spirit of the band had taken on force. Altogether I believe we had the best college band extant.

I cannot pass up this opportunity to relate an incident or two which illustrate the character of Dr. Selim H. Peabody, then head of the University. He was of a distinctly reserved, rather stern and dignified make-up. However, he called me into his office one day, whistled and hummed an air (I believe he even approached a dance step), and asked me if I knew what it was. He had just returned from Europe, and had heard the tune repeatedly. It was "Funiculi-Funicula."

When Charles Elder joined us I wanted an E-flat clarinet for him. I again stated my needs to Dr. Peabody. While in Chicago the next week he got one. Elder took great care of the instrument, wrapping it in paper after each performance. Dr. Peabody noticed this, and one day he handed me a fine leather case. He remarked that he had bought the clarinet and case from his own purse, but that I should say nothing. I didn't keep that secret.

During 1889 I was successful in getting permission to alter our uniforms. I desired blue but was compelled to adhere to the conventional cadet grey. However, we substituted white trimming for the black and our caps were trimmed with silver braid. My own uniform was made resplendent by silver chevrons on black background with an embroidered bugle in the center. This adorned my left sleeve. The improvement in uniforms increased the already fine spirit of the band and improved the appearance as well.

With much regret, and only after long deliberation, I left the University and my beloved band at the close of the winter term in 1891. I wanted to specialize in pharmaceutical chemistry, which was listed in the Illinois catalogue but was never taught. I went to the University of Michigan in the fall of '91 and graduated there in '92. There was no band at U. of M., but I played in the Ann Arbor city band which was hired by the University when needed.

When I left the University of Illinois, I recommended Glenn Hobbs as my successor. He was appointed and carried on until he graduated. Hobbs afterwards organized the first band at the University of Chicago.

Upon graduating at U. of M. I received an offer from Illinois to return as assistant in chemistry. I gave up an equally good chance to join Parke Davis & Company in Detroit. The lure of Illinois drew me on, and I am pleased to say that the band invited me to play with them on occasions. They also arranged for me to go with them to the Columbian Exposition where they played twice daily at the Illinois

building. We were billeted on the top floor for sleeping quarters. Try and get much sleep amidst a lively bunch of lads like that!

I continued as instructor until the close of 1896. During that period I played in all the bands except the one under Will Steele.

I do not recall what year it was that I first met Maud Kimball. I think it was 1889. That gracious lady and excellent musician added worlds to my musical career. I want to take advantage of this opportunity to express my undying thanks for her support in solos in which she accompanied me and for the spirit she added to music in the University.

I'll never forget one evening when she invited me to the chapel to spend an hour or two with Kittie Baker Wadsworth and herself. Mrs. Wadsworth was here on a visit. Her wonderful soprano voice cannot be forgotten nor the equally fine mezzo-soprano of Miss Kimball. That evening was resplendent with such music as one rarely hears. I have always felt distinctly proud of this invitation. I endeavored to add a share on my euphonium, accompanied by Miss Kimball.

I have not been allowed space enough to enumerate many incidents during those years—needless to say the preparation for this article has revived many happy events, and has brought in review many familiar faces. I think we would all love to live those days over again.

In closing I salute the University of Illinois band.

W. E. SANDFORD '92

Mr. Sandford's letter brings up many events of interest as well as outstanding performers in the band and of the newly created Music Department. We assembled in the halls every morning at 9:30. The men stood in military formation while the roll of each company was called. The girls assembled in the library on the second floor. When the company rolls were called, each sergeant reported to his captain, a bugle sounded, and the student body marched into the chapel, which was on the first floor, for a 15-minute devotional service. The band played, the choir sang, the regent read scripture, prayed, and made announcements. If trustees or distinguished visitors were present, they were introduced and spoke briefly. Alexander MacLean of Macomb, long time a trustee and one of the few earliest trustees to be gifted with a sense of humor, was a great favorite with the students of my day. He could tell stories to illustrate the lessons he was putting over, and I am sure he is well remembered by all who were in college in the '80's.

Miss Maud Kimball was head of the music school and leader of the choir, and Kittie Baker Wadsworth, the gifted soprano mentioned by Mr. Sandford, was the daughter of dear old Janitor Baker,

who was at one time a teacher of elocution. She married J. G. Wadsworth '82, who became prominent in Iowa banking circles.

Glenn M. Hobbs '91 succeeded Sandford as leader of the band. Glenn was an unusually good cornetist, and frequently played solos at chapel and at Literary Society meetings, accompanied on the piano by Miss Kimball. I may say also that Charlie Elder with his clarinet, Will Sandford with his euphonium, and once in a while some other band member also played solos, but the men whose names I have mentioned were our outstanding soloists in my day. Glenn Hobbs has given great service to the University in his work as secretary of the class of '91, and he wrote the words to the beautiful song the present band boys sing to the inspiring tune from "Finlandia" by the great Finnish composer Sibelius.

Charlie Elder was a skillful performer with his E-flat clarinet, and he added much to the band during his term as leader. Then came R. V. Sharpe '93, a cornetist, who was the leader of the band when it played at the World's Columbian Exposition. He was followed by Will Steele '96, who also showed that he possessed the elements of leadership; the spirit of the band was excellent—as a matter of fact I don't remember a time when the band was not a loyal and pleasant organization.

John T. Atkinson was an invalid when he became leader and while he worked when he should have been resting, the real work fell on the ever reliable Will Steele, who took over the leadership again in his senior year. Because Steele was one of the prominent men in band history, I asked him for a story of his time in the band; here are his recollections:

My introduction to the "University of Illinois Military Band" was in the fall of 1892. I humbly approached H. R. Rowe at his daily post in the old hat room. In answer to his questions, I told him I was a member of the Illinois Watch Company Band of Springfield, Louis Lehman, conductor. Rowe asked, "What kind of stuff did you play?"

What a poor thing is fame! "Well," I replied, "William Tell Overture among other things." I could see this created a sensation, and I knew that I was launched.

Charlie Elder '93 had led the band during the previous year, and had promoted the succession to R. W. Sharpe, also of '93, who led the band until the end of the school year in June. Sharpe directed the band at the concerts that we gave at the Illinois Building at the World's Columbian Exposition. Yours truly took over for the year '93-'94. My successor was the late John T. Atkinson, who may have become ill during his incumbency; at any rate, while he was ailing I had charge

of the band, and again assumed the leadership during my senior year. This was also Walter Howe Jones's first year as head of the Music Department of the University. I had picked out the good old "William Tell Overture" for our Commencement number, and Walter Howe was worried about it. I told him to lay off until we had rehearsed it some more. When he finally heard us go through with it he said: "It's all right, Willie, go ahead." I think Walter Howe Jones had charge from then on until Harding.

And in this thought Brother Steele is entirely correct.

Now cometh the days of Walter Howe Jones, who not only led the band but also the Glee Club and the Music Department of the University. Walter Howe's instrument was the piano, of which he was a master. He was a composer of good ability, and some of his songs are still sung by students who don't know who wrote them. The Romans had a phrase for this—"Sic transit gloria mundi"—and while the names of men may be forgotten the worth-while things that they did still live.

Then we come to the modern band; the band of today; the band of Colonel Albert Austin Harding; pronounced by great band leaders as the greatest college band in the world. I have often expressed the wish that every department in the University was as vital and coherent an organization as the University band. Harding's personality and ability as an organizer puts the life and energy into the band that has brought it up to an eminence where it can truthfully be pronounced the best of them all. From this point on to the end of my story I can quote from the numerous and deserved tributes to the band and its leader—for everything that I might say has already been better said by experts. In the *Illi* of November 12, 1925, we find the following historical sketch:

In 1902 A. A. Harding, now director of the bands, entered the University. He became interested in the band, and in 1905 was made the student leader of the organization, which consisted of 30 pieces at that time. From this small nucleus the band began to grow and attract attention. Soon, because of its importance to the University, a department of the band was created. It continued a steady growth reaching 160 in 1915 and 215 in 1918. However, in 1919, because of the war, there was no increase in membership. In 1920 there were four divisions: the Concert Band, the First and Second Regimental Bands, and the Fife and Drum Corps, altogether numbering 250 members. At the present time the enlistment in the band is limited to 300 men, who are selected by competition each semester.

Our band possesses what is said to be the finest collection of band music in the United States. The collection consists of some 3000 pieces

made up in England, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, to which must be added the compositions written and printed in this country. In 1918 the band owned only \$10,000 worth of equipment, but this has been greatly increased since then. Many of the instruments, which are too expensive for the members to purchase, are owned by the band. The first annual concert was given in 1890, and there has been one given each year since then. The concert band goes on a tour annually, stopping at important cities where concerts are given, and on its return to the campus, the final concert of the year takes place. The idea of twilight concerts was first conceived by Director Harding in 1908, and since then has been copied by college bands all over the country.

The following biographical sketch of Colonel Harding reads so well, that I use it in full:

HARDING IN 35th YEAR AS DIRECTOR

By MERLE BRUNINGA '42

March 13, 1940

*Leader began horn-tooting in old barn;
Harding played fife in Paris, Illinois, Drum Corps;
Fullback on Grid team*

Builder of the "World's Greatest College Band," A. A. Harding, director of the University of Illinois band for 35 years, has come a long way since he first tooted a cheap brass cornet in the old barn of his grandparents.

Beginning his official musical career as a 10-year-old fife player in a Paris, Illinois, fife and drum corps, the great bandmaster-to-be played at a Republican political rally in 1890.

As a high school student Mr. Harding played the piccolo, and when he was a senior he became director of the Paris high school band.

Captain of his high school football team, Mr. Harding was as much at home on the gridiron as on the band platform. He weighed 135 pounds, and played hurdling fullback. Although he was a trifle light for the Illinois regulars, he played on the freshman varsity when he came to the campus.

Acting on the spur of the moment, the Illini bandleader dropped his bandwork in 1902 to enroll in the University College of Engineering, aiming for a degree in sanitary engineering. He was a classmate of M. L. Enger, present dean of the College of Engineering.

"Harding wasn't meant to be an engineer," Mr. Enger recalled, "for he spent practically all of his time with the band, even then."

Dependent on his own resources, the musical engineer worked his way by playing for dances at \$5 a job, big money in those days. Harding played in the Knights of Pythias band, the local community band, and in surrounding towns.

In 1905, however, the music in Harding's blood won out when the University offered him the directorship of the Illinois bands. A senior in engineering, the youthful Harding accepted.

Having taught himself to play nearly all the instruments in the band, Harding would put down his cornet when the band played "Stars and Stripes Forever" and pick up his piccolo to swell the shrill obbligato on the final chorus.

Under the guidance of Harding the University band has developed into an organization of professional calibre made up of individuals of amateur standing.

"I have always believed that a university band should be something more than a group of musicians ballyhooing around town or just marching as a militant unit; that it should be a band developed in keeping with the dignity of the university," the bandmaster declared.

Saying that the band always reflects the prestige of a university, Mr. Harding explained that he has attempted to bring the Illinois band to the same level as a symphony orchestra, and make it as pleasant to listen to as a symphony indoors.

Believing that through a band the greatest music appreciation can be developed, Harding maintains that if persons will sit through heavy music in order to hear the lighter music they love, they will develop a taste for the heavier numbers.

"That is the main reason I have always introduced some of the numbers from popular musical comedies as encores," he explained.

On Feb. 20, 1880, Mr. Harding was born in Georgetown, Ill. Following the death of his mother in his early childhood, he went to live with his maternal grandparents in Paris. Ten years later, Harding went to live with his paternal grandparents.

Harding was married to Margaret Rogers, a former Paris school-mate, on commencement day in 1913. The Hardings now live at 710 South Elm Street, Champaign. Their daughter, Jane Austin Harding, is attending school in Chicago.

Through Mr. Harding's fast friendship with John Philip Sousa, the "March King" left his entire personal library of music and original manuscripts to the Illinois bands.

Past president of the American Bandmasters' Association, Harding is the only college bandmaster to have held that position. He is also honorary president of the Illinois Bandmasters' Association, and has been awarded two honorary degrees of philosophy for his work, one from Davidson college, Davidson, N. C., and the other from Phillips university, Enid, Okla.

Harding first met John Philip Sousa at a dinner given by President James of our University in 1906, when the great composer and bandmaster was here with his band. From this meeting grew the friendship that ended only with Sousa's death, and which without doubt was the reason Sousa left all of his library of band music to our band.

As a compliment to Colonel Harding, the American Bandmasters' Association met here in 1938, and at that time Miss Frances Myers,

the able University reporter for the *Champaign News-Gazette*, interviewed the leading bandsmen and composers of our country, who were in attendance. What they had to say follows:

WHAT MAKES U. I. BAND GREAT?
DIRECTOR, GOOD PLAYERS, SAY LEADERS

March 27, 1938. By FRAN MYERS
News-Gazette University Editor

"What makes a band great?"

Long the University of Illinois band has been extolled as the "greatest university band." John Philip Sousa once said this of the band, and it's still true today.

But why?

Noted bandmasters the nation over explain the reasons.

"To be great, a band must have first, good players, and second, a good director," Edwin Franko Goldman, famous conductor of the Goldman band of New York City, who has just composed his 83d march, explained when approached on this subject.

"No band," he warned, "is better than its conductor."

"Prof. Harding has set a high standard here and I'm sure he has maintained it. He is a fine musician and a great organizer. He set a goal and reached it. He made up his mind he wanted a band of great proportion and players who could play."

Director Goldman added: "The University of Illinois band attracts the better high school players. They aspire to make it. The band is made up of evenly balanced players in all sections. In most of our bands the second, third, and fourth parts do not play as well as the first parts. In the University band, all parts play equally well.

"This is the finest university band in the world. There is no university band that can compare with it. And very few professional bands can compare with it.

"To give the marvelous concerts this band played—referring to the two last week—the University bandsmen have to be able to play their instruments."

Karl L. King, Ft. Dodge, Ia., newly elected president, American Bandmasters' Association, composer of many marches for the Illini band, takes the story on:

"It's the man, Harding, who has made the University band great," Director King stated. "He has been the father of the school band movement in the United States. His band has been the training school for most of the other school band heads."

Director King, who ran away from a job in a newspaper composing room to play baritone in a circus—he played 10 years with Sells-Floto and Buffalo Bill, and Barnum and Bailey—pointed to Prof. Harding's work as head of the school band clinics.

The center of the entire school band movement is here at the University of Illinois. Harding's influence reaches out in every direction. Nothing can happen in the band music world without crossing the path of Professor Harding and the University of Illinois.

I've written marches such as the "Purple Pageant" for Northwestern, "Wisconsin's Pride," and now one for Wayne University, but every one is for a director who formerly was with Harding and the University of Illinois. Every time you reach out, you cross Professor Harding's path.

So it is the man who makes the University band great.

Dr. C. S. Putnam, director, University of North Dakota band, Fargo, declared the University band crowds the laurels of any organized band today. He pointed to several professional bands as fine organizations, but explained their members do not have the pep and go of the University band.

Some of the bands haven't the youth coupled with the thorough music knowledge, such as the University of Illinois band. That's the reason this is the most wonderful student band.

Frank Simon, famed conductor of the Armco band, Middletown, Ohio, declared: "Fine musicians make a band great." He added, however, that a conductor is a "big factor."

"And even after a band has fine musicians, it still is no better than its conductor," Director Simon stated. "It is a conductor with a personality, with dynamic characteristics, and exacting qualities. A conductor must be able to express himself. These qualities you have in Mr. Harding. More than that, he is an organizer and a business man—a rare combination.

"Mr. Harding has built a movement here that will endure for all time."

Harry L. Alford, Chicago, who has written marches for the Illini band and done much paraphrasing, all exclusively for the Illinois band, pointed to just three factors which make the University band great.

"Mr. Harding, the complete ensemble, and the way they play together," Mr. Alford stated.

And while the personnel of the University band changes from year to year, Professor Harding is able to train the new members who come into the band to play up to his standard and help retain the title of the "greatest University band" for the University of Illinois.



TITLE PAGE OF THE 1892 *Sophograph*



GOVERNOR GREEN BRINGS A SMILE TO COLONEL HARDING'S FACE AS HE PRESENTS THE COLONEL'S COMMISSION

President Cleary of the Trustees in the left background



CONCERT BAND OF 1940



CONCERT BAND OF 1890

Top Row: Kerrick, Kincaid, Bart, Clark, Kiler

Bottom Row: Rowe, Elder, Snider, Sandford, Huff, Bassett, Plank, Beutheim, Hobbs, Sharp

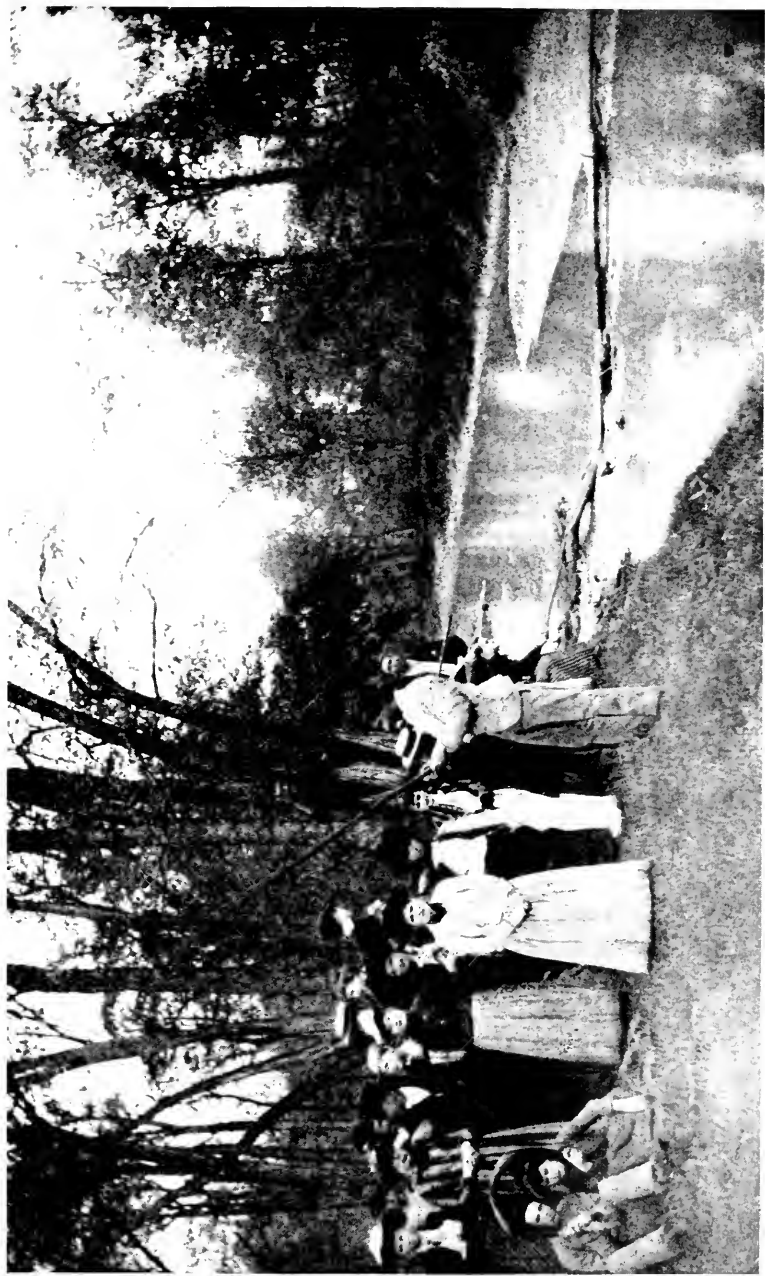


A TYPICAL BOARDING HOUSE CLUB OF 1888



THE FACULTY OF 1888

Twenty-five men with stylish facial adornment, and two who couldn't
make whiskers grow



FRESHMAN PICNIC OF THE CLASS OF 1892 WAS HELD ON THE BANKS OF THE SANGAMON IN OCTOBER, 1892



A MILITARY COMPANY OF THE LATE 1880'S—SIXTEEN MEN AND A CAPTAIN



THE BASEBALL TEAM, SPRING OF 1891

Top: Carnahan, Harris, Quinn, Jasper, Merrifield. Center: Gunn, Atherton, Huff. Bottom: Bouton, Cross, Frederickson.



TENNIS COSTUMES OF 1888—SOME OF THEM QUITE DARING. WITNESS THE SHORT PANTS!



THE GLEE CLUB OF 1890.—PROF. S. W. PARR, DIRECTOR

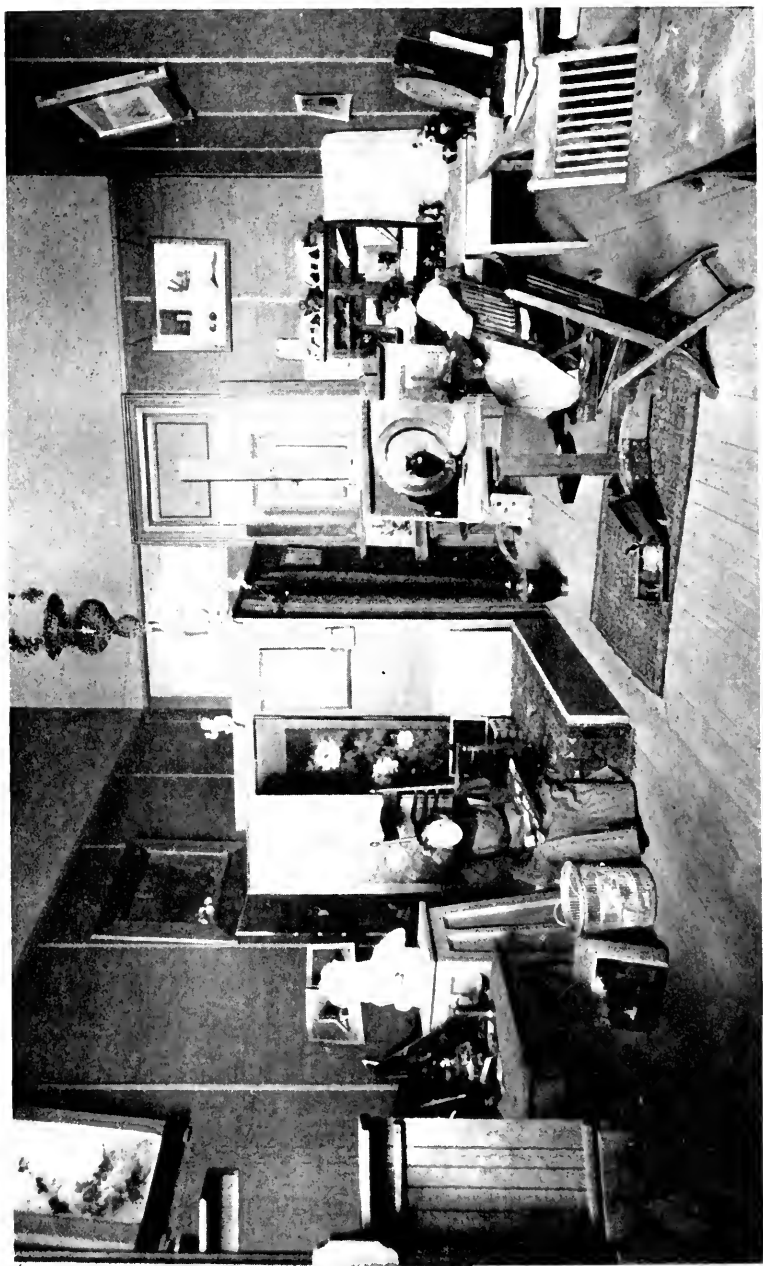


PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL—1888

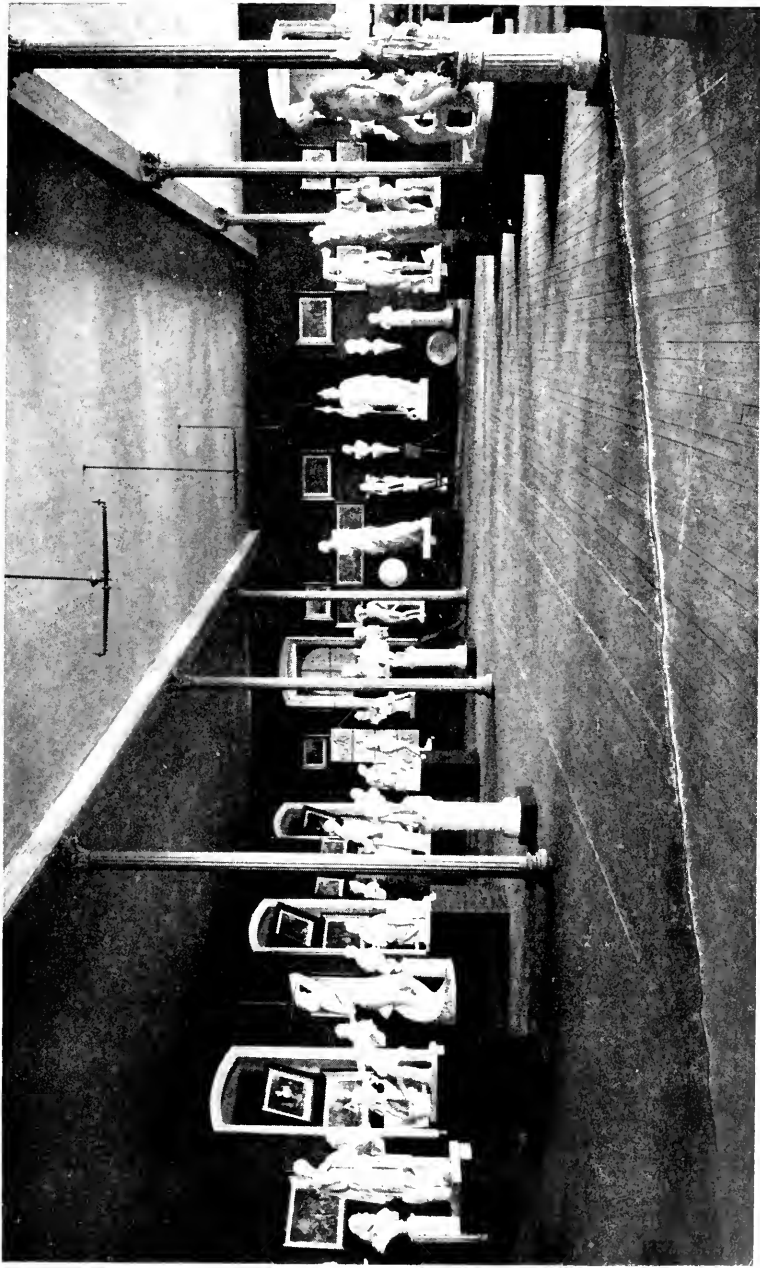


ALTHEIM HALL—MEETING PLACE OF THE GIRLS LITERARY SOCIETY

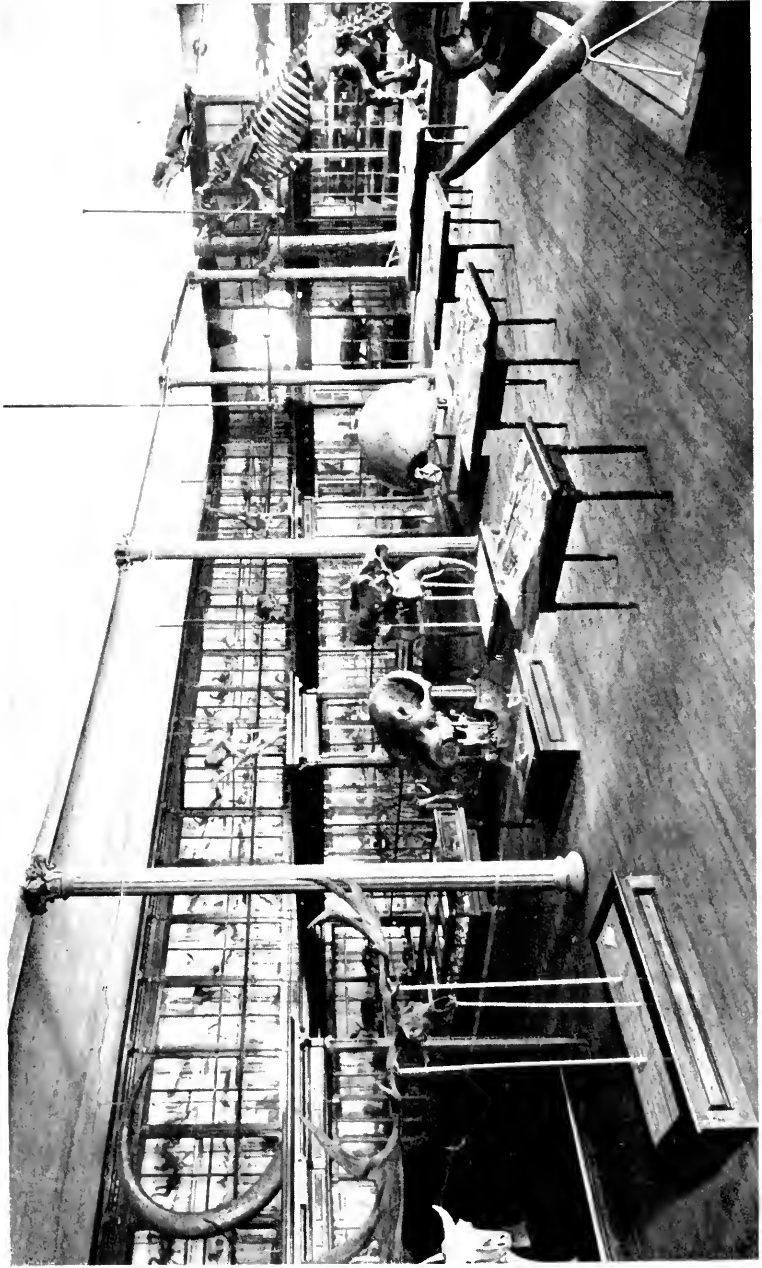
Professor Snyder's Bust on the Wall



STUDIO B, PAINTING AND SCULPTURE—1888 TO 1892



ART GALLERY — 1888 TO 1892



THE MUSEUM IN THE MAIN BUILDING—1888 TO 1892

There was also the skeleton of a whale in the Drill Hall



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