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# The Illini Through Half a Century

By S. Dix Harwood

THE last year of Dr. Peabody's administration was conspicuous only because the students were more brazen in their rebellion than they had ever been before. It was a particularly significant year in the history of The Illini. The little group of students who controlled the paper led the fight. The second military rebellion, sometimes called the Miller affair, was the measuring of strength between Peabody and the regent. The regent lost.

In the autumn of 1890, W. G. Miller, an officer of the battalion, was removed from his command because he failed to make an average grade of 85. Peabody had revived an old ruling which had long been unenforced—that a student officer should conform to a certain standard of scholarship. The officers of the battalion felt that this was an invasion of gross impartiality, for they said that many of them had failed to make the required average grade but had been permitted to retain their commissions. Their protest was accompanied with a threatening gesture at the morning assembly which threw the great room into confusion. The Illini staff had arranged the demonstration, but, like Frankenstein, they were astonished at the monster they had brought forth.

As the regent entered the chapel that morning and walked down the aisle to the platform, he was greeted with cat-calls and hisses. He paid no attention to the uproar. Someone started the bass drum on the aisle after him. It rolled slowly, and the cymbal banging. Erasers, anything the crowd could lay its hands on, were hurled at the much-enduring figure. When he reached the platform he tried to open the Bible which lay on the pulpit desk. The conspirators had glued it shut. He attempted to recite the Twenty-Third Psalm from memory. He was unable to proceed. The slats had been removed, and the regent went crashing to the floor amid the delighted yells of the frenzied mob. When quiet had been restored, all the officers of the battalion presented their resignations.

Next day the faculty demanded the immediate withdrawal of these resignations. Twice they interviewed the officers. After threats of expulsion, the case was dropped, with the exception of two. They were immediately expelled. The Illini staff, of which C. A. Kier was one of the leaders, called a mass meeting at Barrett's opera house, Champaign. The people and students attended and packed the auditorium to the roof. They petitioned the board of trustees to try the case and to reinstate the expelled officers.

Undoubtedly the boys who directed the rebellion and who were the leaders in making the demand had nothing but the welfare of the school at heart. Dr. Peabody opposed fraternities, dancing, and considered athletics as detrimental rather than adding to student life. It was the University of Illinois was little more than an overgrown boarding school. But as in all such attempts at a coup d'etat—for the leaders had some such wild idea in their heads—the mob could not be controlled; and the student body performed an act of cruelty never before or since in the history of the institution.

Kier, as spokesman, carried the case before the board of trustees, composed largely of alumni, and the regent was forced to sit silently and to listen to three passionate students read a hissing and not a very kind one—of his relations with the undergraduates of his University.

During the hearing, the trustees spent a whole day in debating the case. They eventually decided that the riot caused by the students was not so serious but that the faculty had acted wisely in expelling the two captains. They declared it their opinion that the instigators of the riot should be exonerated, and that the two expelled officers should be reinstated. Technically this was a victory for the faculty; actually it was a humiliation. The Illini ran a picture of a soldier and a rooster in the first issue after the resignation.

Peabody resigned in June, but before he left he received one more insult from the mob. The new armory, now the Gym Annex, had been completed, and the floor was ideal for dancing. The regent insisted, however, that there was an unwritten law that no dances should be held in buildings owned by the state of Illinois. The fact that the inaugural ball at the close of the year, a group of prominent students entered the new building, accompanied by young women and an orchestra. They carried bottles for candle-holders; and to give

warning in case the festivities were discovered, two of the party stood guard at the east door. The regent, quite naturally, got wind of it. In the meantime, the two guards had telephoned for fire insurance and uncoiled the hose ready for intruders. They saw Dr. Peabody coming. They gave warning about so that the girls might escape. They waited until the regent entered the east door. As he stood, silk hat in hand, preparing to speak, they turned on the water.

It hit him squarely and knocked him down. Pluckily he arose and attempted to fight the water, but the guards held him off until all the guests had escaped. Only the boys with the hose were recognized, and they felt that it would be indiscreet for them to return to college the following year.

Kier's year as editor of The Illini was an effective one. He had been prominent in student affairs since he entered the University and he had some journalistic ability. After Peabody's departure, The Illini began to devote more space to student activities. Fraternities were re-instated, and athletics flourished. Those events which hitherto had been permitted to occupy but little space in the paper began to assume the importance as college news which they have now.

Kier introduced an athletic department with F. G. Carnahan as editor. The makeup of the paper was poor, and the football stories usually devoted the first five hundred words to a dithyrambic description of the lovely autumn weather; but, nevertheless, Kier was publishing a newspaper, the first really positive attempt since Dennis' time. Here are the opening words of the report of the Western Intercollegiate meet:

"May 13 was a day anxiously looked toward by many western college students. Everyone connected with our university, knowing the reckless proclivities of Champaign County's weather, awaited the day with feelings that 'if it just doesn't rain the meeting will be an eminent success'."

Another event of some importance in Kier's administration was a convention of college journalists. He and Ralph Stone of the Michigan Daily called a meeting at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago of all college newspaper editors of the middle west to decide exactly what the functions of a college paper should be. The organization of the Western College Press followed. The editors decided that a college paper should reflect student opinion, that it should be the organ of the student body, and that it should confine itself strictly to university news.

During the decade from 1891 to 1901, the University of Illinois developed into a university in something more than name only. The plant expanded under Burrill and Draper, and scholarship improved. Athletics gained not only faculty toleration but also faculty respect. After the abolition of the annual class fight and the bringing of that autumnal struggle into the open by Dean Clark, a period of decorum followed, comparable to that of the present day undergraduate life.

The first football game was held in October, 1890, with Illinois Wesleyan. George Huff was a member of the first eleven, though the majority of the members were men who could not qualify for the major sport of baseball. This curious new game of football had been first exhibited to students of Illinois colleges at the annual meet of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic association the same fall. The game at first was viewed merely with curiosity, but only two years later it had surpassed baseball in popularity.

In the Intercollegiate, entries were made in oratory as well as in athletics. Such schools as Illinois college, Illinois Wesleyan, and Monmouth competed. Even in 1892, however, the University of Illinois had found that the smaller schools were no longer in her class. Illinois carried away every meet with such an overwhelming number of points that it was growing tiresome. By 1895 definite steps had been taken toward the establishment of the present Conference, though Illinois was seeking bigger games as early as 1892.

Another interesting event was the athletic field day held in the spring of the year. This was a strictly intramural affair. Aside from the legitimate events, there were three-legged races, barrel races and pie-eating contests. Local merchants offered prizes. To the winner they presented, in lieu of bay leaves, such treasures as salad bowls, buggy whips and carpet slippers.

The rules of sportsmanship had not yet presented themselves to the college mind. At every game of baseball, the spectators crowded up to the very base lines. In the football season, they stood beneath the goal posts; and if their own team were having a hard time holding the line, sympathetic

(Continued on Page Eight)



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Next day the faculty demanded the immediate withdrawal of these resignations. Twice they interviewed the officers. After threats of expulsion, the boys complied, with the exception of two. They were immediately expelled. The Illini staff, of which C. A. Kiler was one of the leaders, called a mass

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Peabody resigned in June, but before he left the campus he received one more insult from the students. The new armory, now the Gym Annex, had just been completed, and the floor was ideal for dancing. The regent insisted, however, that there was an unwritten law that no dances should be held in buildings owned by the state of Illinois, in spite of the fact that the inaugural ball at Springfield was often held in the capitol.

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**M**UCH of the success of The Daily Illini in recent years is due to the organization of the Illini Publishing company, born under the adverse contemplation and greeted with derision by the business and editorial staffs. By putting the paper on a business basis, the trustees have been able to pay the editors and managers and many members of the staff a yearly salary and to give them and all members of their staffs a share of the profits. These salaries and bonuses are not large. It is not the intention of the board ever to make them so, but they are large enough to be an incentive to steady effort.

The Illini Publishing company occupies in University life a quasi-official position; it is by no means wholly official. Like the Athletic association, it owns property and is responsible to the University through its board to the Council of Administration. It administers publications as the Athletic association administers athletics. It insures a minimum of political jangling with as much justice in the selections of editors and managers as can reasonably be expected.

As a corporation, the company has grown slowly and cautiously. It was no more than natural that it should at first be viewed with hatred and suspicion by undergraduates. It had its origin in a praise-worthy motive, but its methods looked like tyranny. The original corporation consisted of the members of the Council of Administration, two other members of the faculty, and three students, elected by the undergraduates; the board of trustees was to administer the business for the corporation. The University later thought the relationship of the Council too close, and under the terms of a re-organization which took place at the end of 1919-20, the corporation consists of four students elected by the students and three faculty members appointed by the Council. These seven members constitute both the corporation and the board of trustees. The charter permits the company to do a general printing and publishing business as well as to print and distribute The Daily Illini and such other publications as it may see fit.

When the Illini Publishing company was formed in 1911, it took over the management of the Illini and the Illio only. The plan worked so successfully that in 1916, it absorbed the Illinois Magazine, then in a most hopeless state; 1918 the Siren and the Technograph; 1920, the Enterprise; 1921, the Architectural-let and the Architectural Year Book.

For the last several years the Company has had in mind the need of developing and owning a plant of its own. The growth of The Daily Illini and of its staff made it more and more difficult to have the paper printed in a local job office a mile from the campus. But action was postponed until it should have enough business to keep such a printing plant busy. The instilling of the University Press offered the Company a chance to develop its own plant gradually by placing in the University shop such equipment as it needed to supplement that of the University. The trustees purchased a flat bed press and a linotype in 1917. In 1918, they purchased an Intertype. But in two years they found the quarters in the basement of the Administration building too cramped. The Illini was growing. Its circulation was outgrowing the capacity of the press. It was obvious that the Illini Publishing company would have to move out, since there was no

room for proper equipment in the University shop. The building on Green Street was leased and was ready for occupancy when the fall term began in 1920. With the rapid growth of the paper, the old Athlete press which has become inadequate for the Illini was kept for the magazines, and for The Daily Illini the company purchased a Duplex press with an eight-volume, eight-page capacity. Much other equipment was added, making an efficient modern printing plant.

The financial problems of the Company have grown more and more serious as the number of publications and their circulation increased. The business which had begun in a very modest way in 1911, when the total assets turned over by the Slaxey regime were worth about three dollars, had by 1916 come to be large enough to require expert advice. In that year the board of trustees appointed Mr. Lloyd Morry, Comptroller of the University, to the office of Comptroller of the Company, and he has had general supervision of the books since that time. With the growth of the business came innumerable problems, too many and too complex for the board to handle properly, and in the spring of 1919 the company created the office of Company Manager, to which it appointed V. L. Kramer, who had achieved great success as manager of The Daily Illini in the year then closing. This office brings the separate business managers into co-operative relations, assists them and supplements their experience in many ways, and gives stability, steadiness, and continuity to the business generally. Through him the various publication managements have become continuous, because he connects the frequently changing administrations with each other. He has charge of the furniture and equipment of the Company and conducts the printing and publishing plant, which is now doing a business of more than one hundred thousand dollars a year.

The growth of the business has brought the Company at the close of its first ten years to a question of policy not yet definitely settled. Under the present system it would be possible, in another decade, to erect and pay for a press building, which would be a home for all the campus publications, with adequate offices and with a printing plant adequate to all their needs. If this goal is to be established, the present scale of prices will probably be maintained for another decade, at least. If the students, who are the real owners of the publication, have no such ambitions for their publications, as they have for their athletics, the idea of a building may be given up, and a slight reduction made in the subscription prices of the various publications in order to keep the income as little above the expenses of the Company as prudence will permit.

There is obviously a limit to the amount that can be paid in salaries, and that limit is probably very near what is now being paid. The managing editor and business manager receive \$600 yearly in salary and bonuses; the assistant business managers and news editors, \$80 plus bonuses; some \$3,000 yearly is distributed among the various members of the staff. The courses in journalism have never had any control over The Daily Illini, as similar departments have over the dailies of many universities. The faculty in

(Continued on Page Seven)

One good thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you say.

—Louis Tetter.

True knowledge is to know how little can be known.

—George Sant.

A woman will flirt with any man as long as other people are looking on.

—Oscar Wilde.

One should not be too severe on English novels; they are only the relaxation of the unemployed.

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## Moral

It does no good  
To call life a bad coin  
And thump it loudly on the table—

Slip it to some one quietly

With glass fingers

Carrying the bubble

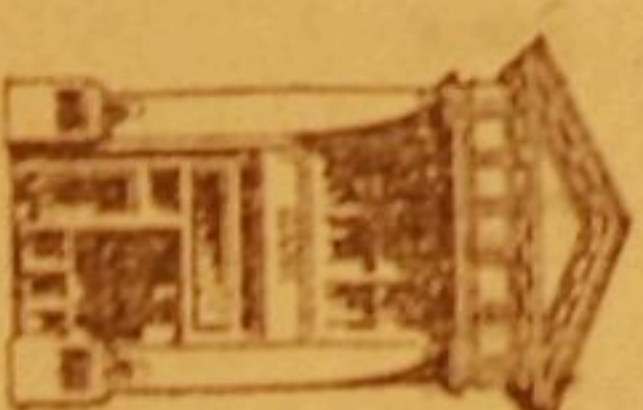
—R. Baring.

INMAN HOTEL  
Champaign's Hotel of  
Finest Equipment

PERFECT  
DINING  
SERVICE

For Comfort, Convenience  
and Economy

INMAN  
HOTEL



Your Account  
Is Welcome at  
This Bank

No charge or Red Tape in  
Opening an Account with  
us.

Service Always  
Safety First

FIRST STATE BANK

URBANA

Isn't a woman's business to be interesting—it's  
her business to be pleasant.

—Arthur Schnitzler.

Life has a meaning for those who can find it.

—Louis Tetter.

We cannot tear out a single page of our life; but  
we may throw the whole book upon the fire.

—George Sand.

The army is an excellent prison for men to whom  
the world is a fixed prison—men whose hearts and



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the board of trustees appointed Mr. Lloyd Morey, Comptroller of the University to the office of Comptroller of the Company, and he has had general supervision of the books since that time. With the growth of the business came innumerable problems, too many and too complex for the board to handle properly, and in the spring of 1919 the company created the office of Company Manager, to which it appointed V. L. Krannert, who had achieved great success as manager of The Daily Illini in the year then closing. This officer brings the separate business managers into co-operative relations, assists them and supplements their experience in many ways, and gives stability, steadiness, and continuity to the business generally. Through him the various publication managements have become continuous, because he connects the frequently changing administrations with each other. He has charge of the furniture and equipment of the Company and conducts the printing and publishing plant, which is now doing a business of more than one hundred thousand dollars a year.

The growth of the business has brought the Company at the close of its first ten years to a question of policy not yet definitely settled. Under the present system it would be possible, in another decade, to erect and pay for a press building, which would be a home for all the campus publications, with adequate offices and with a printing plant adequate to all their needs. If this goal is to be established, the present scale of prices will probably be maintained for another decade, at least. If the students, who are the real owners of the publication, have no such ambitions for their publications, as they have for their athletics, the idea of a building may be given up, and a slight



such other publications as it may see fit.

When the Illini Publishing company was formed in 1911, it took over the management of the Illini and the Illio only. The plan worked so successfully that in 1916, it absorbed the Illinois Magazine, then in a most hopeless state; 1918 the Siren and the Technograph; 1920, the Enterpriser; 1921, the Agriculturalist and the Architectural Year Book.

For the last several years the Company has had in mind the need of developing and owning a plant of its own. The growth of The Daily Illini and of its staff made it more and more difficult to have the paper printed in a local job office a mile from the campus. But action was postponed until it should have enough business to keep such a printing plant busy. The installing of the University Press offered the Company a chance to develop its own plant gradually by placing in the University shop such equipment as it needed to supplement that of the University. The trustees purchased a flat bed press and a linotype in 1917. In 1918, they purchased an Intertype. But in two years they found the quarters in the basement of the Administration building too cramped. The Illini was growing. Its circulation was outgrowing the capacity of the press. It was obvious that the Illini Publishing company would have to move out, since there was no

of policy not yet definitely settled. Under the present system it would be possible, in another decade, to erect and pay for a press building, which would be a home for all the campus publications, with adequate offices and with a printing plant adequate to all their needs. If this goal is to be established, the present scale of prices will probably be maintained for another decade, at least. If the students, who are the real owners of the publication, have no such ambitions for their publications, as they have for their athletics, the idea of a building may be given up, and a slight reduction made in the subscription prices of the various publications in order to keep the income as little above the expenses of the Company as prudence will permit.

There is obviously a limit to the amount that can be paid in salaries, and that limit is probably very near what is now being paid. The managing editor and business manager receive \$600 yearly in salary and bonuses; the assistant business managers and news editors, \$80 plus bonuses; some \$3,000 yearly is distributed among the various members of the staff.

The courses in journalism have never had any control over The Daily Illini, as similar departments have over the dailies of many universities. The faculty in

*(Continued on Page Seven)*

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One good thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you say.

—Louis Teeter.

True knowledge is to know how little can be known.

—George Sand.

It is unfortunate that I am a sculptor, a mere artist. Art has become for me a tedious decoration of my impotence. It is clear that I should have been a God. Then I could have had my way with people. To shriek at them obliquely, to curse at them through the medium of clay figures, is a preposter-

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# Illini Through Half a Century

(Continued from Page Six)

journalism has co-operated with the staff by training reporters and in an advisory capacity when advice has been sought. It would hardly be wise for the Illini ever to become the publication of the department of journalism, because it would then cease to be what it has always tried to be—a student newspaper. It would then become an official journal, a laboratory, a publication for which the University authorities would be rigidly responsible.

As an organ of undergraduate opinion, the Illini has always been back of every great movement, though seldom the originator of such movements. It has campaigned vigorously for reforms throughout its existence, generally wisely and well. It aided in suppressing rowdyism and hazing; in obtaining University colors, the chimes, the Homecoming celebration, and the Union building; in creating a finer type of sportsmanship and a higher ethical consciousness. It has always been sincere. In its most obstreperous moments it has been fighting for right and truth as its management saw them.

There have been two noticeable tendencies of these later days that exemplify this fine enthusiasm for betterment. There has been a continual striving for journalistic form, though it is carried to spectacular extremes at times; and every editor has felt that it is his moral duty to reform something. Occasionally he has a wretched time hunting up an issue, consequently making himself pretty ridiculous.

The Illini of the future should realize with increasing cleanness that they represent a community and that they are responsible to that community in a way that a privately owned public, general paper is not; that The Daily Illini is the "house organ" of the students of the University; that the editors have no right to express their extreme private convictions simply because they have a publicity medium, since that medium does not belong to them; that they should always attempt to reflect the best student opinion, to regulate it, and to realize that through them, as well as through profound scholarship and athletics, will the state judge the University of Illinois.



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# THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

Sunday Literary Section of The Daily Illini

VOLUME 14

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1924

NUMBER 7

## One African Night's Entertainment

By Virginia Paxton

TONIGHT was awfully nice for mother. It was thoughtful of you to take us, and — and — everything." Betty had her hand around Bob Douglas' arm as they ran and slid on the ice.

"Just as if I didn't like to take you around," Bob gave her arm a vigorous squeeze.

"You are a nuisance, aren't you?" Betty smiled, breathless as they ran up the steps to her rooming house.

"Just for that I'm going to invite myself in and stay for a few moments," whispered Bob, opening the door cautiously, for it was then ten-thirty.

Betty Nelson's mother had been visiting her daughter for the past few days during the vacation between semesters, and the couple had just returned from the hotel where they had taken her after the show.

Mrs. Nelson was a dignified person with a great deal of poise and conventionality in her point of view of life. Her sole worry was Betty, her only child, and even while her daughter's guest, was careful to see that Betty was keeping Woman's League rules. She was a person of infinite credulity, and sensitivities that were easily shocked. And especially did her neatly appointed mind show a thoughtful attention to details concerning her daughter.

Details and propriety in turn were abhorrent to Betty. Propriety and Mrs. Nelson would have looked askance at Bob and Betty sitting very close together on the davenport in the dark living room. Betty's black curly head was upturned on Bob's shoulder, his arms were around her, and one might venture to say that they were quite happy.

The chimes pealed eleven as Bob stood at the door again. The wind was blowing flurries of snow across the porch, and the street was covered with a crisp, white blanket.

"Well, s'pose I have to go," Bob grinned resignedly, and jammed his hat down on Betty's fluffy hair.

"S'pose you do," said Betty, making a very silly face at him from under the smashed down hat.

"Better come along with me."

"I would, if we could dance all the time," Betty went on, snatching the action to the word. Bob watched her.

"Dance," he said aloud, "let's see, where could we?"

"No place on a week night," Betty relapsed into practicality. "There isn't any place I'd dare go."

"Say!" Bob burst out in an explosive whisper. "I've an idea."

"Oh, mercy!" said Betty.

"How'd you like to drop in on a nigger dance for a while?"

"Nigger dance? Oh, I should say! But where is it?"

"Down at Assembly Hall. Jazzbo's throwing one tonight there. You know Jazzbo, don't you? Our porter at the house."

"Yes, but what's he giving it for?"

"It isn't his. He's just managing it for the club that puts these parties every month, when all the niggers from the country round get together and have a great old time. A bunch of the fellows from the house went down to the last one, and Jazzbo treated 'em royally. I've never been to one, but this is a good chance. Let's go!"

"Wouldn't that be great?" Betty's eyes twinkled, and she laughed softly. "Wouldn't we have to black our faces?"

"No, I don't think so. But you'd better go and get a dark coat and hat though, so we won't be conspicuous. And snap into it, old girl, let's get going." Bob added, while Betty took off both shoes and tipped up the stairs.

Bob mounted up and down the porch and watched the swirling snow. He took out his pipe, and slowly lit it. Then tossed the match away after lighting it, and resumed his pacing. Betty was a peach, he thought. Up to anything, full of pep. Awfully nice old, too. Wonder if she really cared for him. She said she did, but then, you never can tell about women. He straightened his tie. Betty was different, though. What if she should ever drop him. They'd been going together for four months now. Lord, what would school be without her! Empty — empty — oh, here she was.

"Hi," whispered Betty. "I'm all ready."

### PART II

Betty and Bob stopped on a corner of the dimly lit street. Outlines of the dingy buildings were

softened by the snow, and glistening crystals caught on the collar of Betty's coat. Assembly Hall was but two doors away, and yellow streams of light from the four windows facing on the street made blurred patterns on the snow.

"Oh, Bob won't it be fun?" Betty gave a little ecstatic giggle.

"That's the spirit, old girl. You haven't lost your nerve yet, have you?" Bob looked searchingly in Betty's eyes.

"Nope," Betty hesitated. "But we'd better get there right away before I do."

They started down the street toward the yellow light patterns. A rickety stairway was the only entrance to Assembly Hall, and as Bob and Betty

### Prelude

The Story-teller's voice lingered a bit on the last sentence. The circle of eager listeners relaxed after a breathless moment.

"That's a corking story!" the Enthusiast exclaimed.

"I'm not so sure," the Editor replied. "The Story-teller just read it well."

But he decided to publish it anyway. . . .

ascended it, a group of colored men standing at the top eyed them inquiringly.

"I'd like to see Jazzbo Johnson," said Bob in his best manner. The man nearest the door vanished within. Bob and Betty waited on the top step. From the hall were issuing bizarre harmonies and a thick screen of tobacco smoke. Occasional rich laughter was punctuated by the clatter of dishes and jingle of glasses.

And then Jazzbo appeared; one big grin, resplendent in frock coat and faultless shirt bosom greeted the couple.

"Mistah Douglas, well, well. Ah say howdy. An' Ahm shuah glad to see yo'all come to mah pahty. Say boy, 'sgwine to be a plumb salubrious pahty, Ahm tellin' yo'. Plumb salubrious, yo' bet." Jazzbo chuckled deep in his throat.

"That's great, Jazzbo," answered Bob. "Do you suppose you could find us a table back in a corner, where we wouldn't be noticed? We'd like to stay a while and see the fun."

"Shuah thing, Mistah Douglas. Ahm glad yo' brung yo' lady too. We'lls honoahed, this evenin'." Jazzbo grinned again.

They followed him into the scene of the festivities. The shabby hall was almost devoid of wall or ceiling decoration, but scores of floor palms were clustered among the tables. The party was arranged about an open square, and the hall was long and narrow enough to leave space at either end for dancing. The orchestra, well-known about town as the six musical maniacs, were busy contortioning themselves into double knots with their music.

Betty and Bob trailed behind Jazzbo to the far end of the hall. He strutted along, proud of his party, and quite flattered at having one of the boys bring his lady. He pulled out a chair at one of the tables for Betty, with a bow that threatened to break his back. He beamed on them again.

"Mistah Allen and Mistah Black from the house was up heah 'bout half hounsh ago," he volunteered. "They didn't stay, but jes' got refreshed. How'd yo' all like gettin'—refreshed? Ah got all kinds, and say, ch boy!"

Jazzbo rolled his eyes, and kissed his fingertips to heaven.

"Say them word Mistah Douglas, what yo' have?" Bob looked at Betty.

"How about a gin rickey, Betty? Just a little?" Betty hesitated. She put both elbows on the table and rested her chin in her hands, and looked at Bob,

"You won't tell," she decided. "Might just as well do the party up well while we're here. Don't give me very much, though."

"If you really have some good gin, Jazzbo," said Bob, "you know what you can do with it."

"Shuah thing, Mistah Douglas, two gin rickeys? Yes suh! Dey am gwine to be perfectacious. Ahm gwine to mix 'em myself."

After he left, Bob and Betty looked around. The room was packed with negroes, ranging in shade from a creamy tan to pitch black. Their noisy chatter was a continual undercurrent for the throbbing, primitive music. When they danced, they seemed motivated by the fabulous red shoes that danced the girl in the fairy tale to death. Dancing for them was an emotion, not an art. Couple after couple swooped by the tables with music-bewitched feet. Bob watched them with a mingled admiration and distaste.

"We'd better not dance. I don't think it would be wise to be noticed, do you?" Betty shook her head.

"But Bob, you'll have to hand it to them, they certainly can syncopate. Look at that nigger rocking on top of the piano. And listen to him, just listen!"

Just then Jazzbo appeared, bearing aloft two tall glasses on a small tray. He set them on the table with an expansive gesture.

"This am gran' an' splendiferous, Mistah Douglas. Jes' yo' taste it." And again he vanished in the crowd.

Bob slid Betty's glass across the table. Betty took a small sip. "Why I like it!" she said, and took a larger swallow.

Things soon took on a much more rosy glow, for both of them. The negroes were a jolly crowd, Bob decided, and the buxom southern mammy who came billowing out on the polished floor to offer a regular homemade shuffle wasn't such a bad entertainer. She had a voice that was at the same time mellow and very penetrating, and the song she sang about the long, lanky yeller gal was a good number. And besides, Jazzbo returned now and again with more gin.

Betty on the other hand, was staring at the drummer. She knew she had seen him somewhere about the campus. Where was it? Her mind was a bit confused, and she could not quite recall.

"Bob," she said, "who is that drummer? Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, he's my pal and confidante," answered Bob. Then seeing Betty look more puzzled than ever, he hastened to explain. "You know him, yourself. He waits table at the Green Gate."

The Green Gate was a tea room at which Betty took most of her meals.

"Oh, yes," Betty's memory placed him. "Bob, do you suppose he's lonesome? Let's go over and talk to him."

Being in an affable mood, Bob assented, though at the time he had a peculiar thought that the drummer was too busy to be lonesome. But then Betty wanted to talk to him, and Betty was a darn fine girl. He'd do anything in the world for Betty. And if Betty wanted to talk to the drummer why he'd go talk to the drummer too. Just for Betty. So he arose and guided Betty toward the orchestra.

The drummer was at the side of the group, seated where he was only partially in view of the crowd. His drums had been placed next to the stairway which led to a balcony surrounding the hall.

"What's his name," whispered Betty as they neared the orchestra.

"Gesh, I don't know," said Bob. "Call him George." That was funny, he thought, so he laughed. And Betty laughed, too, a high, shrill little laugh.

"Hi George," began Bob. "Pretty special music you're putting out tonight!"

"Yes suh," assented George. His brevity of speech was complemented by an insistent thumping of the drums.

"Damn right it's a good party," said Bob defiantly, sitting down on the bottom step of the balcony staircase with Betty. "Nice little cubby-hole here."

"Yes suh," said George again. "Ah can see the folks and yo' can't see nobody but me. Ah can see yo' too," he added magnanimously. Bob and Betty laughed with him. Wasn't he a witty nigger, thought Betty.

"You don't know me, do you," she said, coyly.

"Yes'm. Ah knows you. Yu'all eats at the Green Gate," vouched George with another assault on the drums.

"I was right, was—" Bob's voice trailed off as the

(Continued on Page Seven)



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By Virginia Paxton



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# Through Lorado Taft's Chicago Studio

(By VIOLA G. LANG)

**N**EAR the University of Chicago, but across the Midway, stands what, to all appearances, is an old rambling stable. Or perhaps it might be the shop of a tombstone maker, for broken plaster and marble images are scattered outside. As a matter of fact, what was a livery stable six years ago has become today a sort of glorified monument-carver's establishment. It is the studio of Lorado Taft.

Although the premises are not open to the general public, Mr. Taft is hospitable and invites anyone genuinely interested in sculpture to visit him. To a student of the University of Illinois his workshop is particularly fascinating, because he is himself a graduate of the University and non-resident professor of art. And so, when I approached the weather-beaten and shabby exterior the other day, I anticipated a treat.



**Lorado Taft** The visitor steps immediately into a lofty hall of vast dimensions, filled with gigantic models of statuary. In corners and niches, and on shelves and bases stand the magnificent creations of Taft's imagination.

The sculptor himself is a gracious host and immediately puts his visitors at ease. He leads them up a flight of stairs into his personal workroom, which must once have been a loft. It is now filled with small clay models, photographs, etchings, and bas-relief, some of the models finished; others draped with the cloth that keeps them moist.

Standing in this room Mr. Taft talks in his remarkably soft suave tones about his work.

One of his newer pet projects is to give a play for school children about the life of Donatello. One room of his studio is being arranged with copies of

all the known works of Donatello and the conditions of the old master's day are being faithfully reproduced. The object is to impress the sculptor's works upon the children's minds by direct visual sensation. It is to be a magnificently dramatic sort of education.

terest for the visual arts is a real necessity, he feels. Several models of the "Fountain of Time," now in Washington Park at the head of the Midway, are scattered throughout the studio. Mr. Taft declares that he received the inspiration for the group at a University of Illinois Alumni banquet some years



"THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"—Reproduced by Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

The model of "Alma Mater," which Taft has designed for the University, is in one corner of his shop, waiting the funds which will make it a bronze reality on the steps of the Auditorium. The model was temporarily erected there a year ago last spring, at commencement time, but was taken down for alterations. "Alma Mater" is a group of three persons: a woman in loose flowing robes, standing with arms outstretched before a deep chair, on the right of which stands a laboring man in leather apron, and on the left, a student.

Mr. Taft, who is giving the time and materials of the statue to the University, is deeply interested in promoting a Fine Arts building for the campus. So many University students cannot afford to obtain the artistic advantages of Chicago that a center of in-

ago. It was suggested by Austin Dobson's lines:  
"Time goes, you say? Ah, no.  
Alas, Time stays; we go."

There are 90 colossal figures, representing the rise and continuance of nearly every important vocation and activity in the history of man. Time, a huge mysteriously shrouded figure, stands watching the stupendous procession across a narrow pool. Youth, old age, families, churchmen, workmen, warriors, tillers of the soil, even poets, are parts of the great wave-like group.

When the caller leaves the Taft studio it is the Fountain of Time that chiefly remains as a memory and a symbol of the greatness of talent, imagination, and sympathy which make him the foremost artist of the middle west.

A New Monthly

Russian Art Exhibit

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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

Edited by JOSEPH M. WAYER

Published bi-weekly as a Sunday literary section of Daily Illini, student newspaper of the University of Illinois.

Office—Union Building Telephone—M. 4181

Try!

It is a bit hard to learn anything all by oneself. I have studied very diligently for a long time (if not with much determination) and still feel promoted and impractical. It is a general criticism of University graduates that they may be able to do anything, but somehow they don't know how to do it. I remember a student named Jones, who won't pay his bill. I think this is a serious unworldliness is fatal to students of the University. Reading without writing is almost as un-

and laudable necessity that it be completed this year, and every effort must be made to secure its pecuniary success.

The Illinois Union is standing in the offing, waiting to pounce upon the unwary alumnus as soon as his last Stadium installment is paid. A worthy union building is another excellent cause, and one which will undoubtedly be generously supported.

These considerations make the Alumni Gregory Memorial a distant, vague, and fading dream. No student now in the University will see or use it during his course and few faculty members now on the staff will remain at that far day. In other words, the prospects are gloomy.

• • •

Yet consider a moment.

The necessity for and benefits of such a building are almost too obvious. The artistic departments are scattered and relegated to attics. The department of architecture is in the College of Engineering, four flights up. The department of landscape gardening

Books I Have Read

By Robert W. Seaman

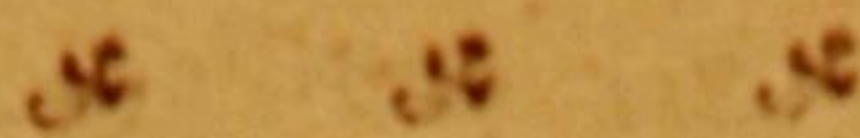
"Wilhelm Meister" by Wolfgang von Goethe.

A LARGE, very modern section of our semi-literary population knows this volume, or at least, knows its name. This because Sinclair Lewis mentioned it in his so popular "Main Street" as one of the books of value which was seldom read. Although a prominent Doctor of English informed me, in a quite certain manner that "Wilhelm Meister" is insufferably dull, and that it is not a novel, I persist in finding a certain vital interest concealed in its many pages. In the matter of its being a novel I cannot authoritatively say and do not care much, for I am not at all a student of English nor a competent



want to write. He is not distrustful of Greeks bearing gifts, nor is he disappointed when they just want to talk things over. An hospitable chap!

Thus is the way made smooth for those who want to write, and are willing to try.



## *That Fine Arts Building*

The Alumni Gregory Memorial, it was to be called, and it was to provide as appropriate and beautiful a setting for the departments of art and design, architecture, and landscape gardening as the Smith Memorial Music hall has supplied for the School of Music. It was to be located south of Lincoln hall, as a companion structure to the Music building, and as a balancing factor in the Auditorium group.

A committee was appointed by the Alumni association to consider the matter and solicit funds. The committee worked long and hard, and succeeded in securing many pledges of money payments, conditioned upon the raising of a certain sum. The Fine Arts building was almost assured.



Then came the War. Everybody's attention was turned toward war work; everybody's money was needed for relief and government loans. It was a period of fire and steel, not of paintings and sculpture and gardens. While we cursed the Huns between our teeth for destroying Rheims and Louvain we ceased to produce anything new of merit except a second floor in the Armory.

After the war was a business depression.

Then came the Stadium. A thing of beauty and of great utility, it was the obvious cause for which Illini alumni should pledge and pay their bottom dollar. Its dedication as a memorial to the Illini who fought and died in France made its appeal irresistible. There was neither money nor enthusiasm left for a home for Art. As a matter of fact there was about one alumnus who would pay for a Gregory Memorial to ten that who would pay for a Stadium.

The Stadium is probably entering the darkest period of its financial career. It is in debt and the money to complete it will be hard to get. It is a fine

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# MAGAZINE

L. WAYER

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Telephone—M. 4181

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and laudable necessity that it be completed this year, and every effort must be made to secure its pecuniary success.

Illinois Union is standing in the offing, waiting to pounce upon the unwary alumnus as soon as his last Stadium installment is paid. A worthy union building is another excellent cause, and one which will undoubtedly be generously supported.

These considerations make the Alumni Gregory Memorial a distant, vague, and fading dream. No student now in the University will see or use it during his course and few faculty members now on the staff will remain at that far day. In other words, the prospects are gloomy.

\* \* \*

Yet consider a moment.

The necessity for and benefits of such a building are almost too obvious. The artistic departments are scattered and relegated to attics. The department of architecture is in the College of Engineering, four flights up. The department of landscape gardening is in the College of Agriculture, three flights up. The department of art and design is in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, and what of it is not under the eaves of Uni Hall is in the basement of the Law barn.

Nobody cares.

The farmers of the state will pay taxes for a luxurious new agriculture building for half as many students as were registered in agriculture a few years ago. They will pay taxes for a new commerce building, and, after years of cramped conditions and in efficiency, for a new library. But they won't pay for a fine arts building. That is no cause for bitterness. It is just a fact, and must be reckoned with.

\* \* \*

The alumni can't be asked to pay for it; the taxpayers can't be asked; the discussion might as well be closed. Hold on! How did the Smith Memorial hall come to be built, at a huge cost?

It was built as one of the provisions of a will, a bequest to the University from one of its well-to-do alumni. And that is probably the only way the Fine Arts building will ever be realized. We must all sit back, realizing and not combatting our lack of appreciation for higher values, and waiting for somebody with taste and spirit to die.

It is a deplorable situation, and one not easily to be changed. Public opinion is an unwieldy instrument, and necessity is necessity. Perhaps the Class of 1935 will enjoy a campus theatre, a campus gallery and a campus studio of fine arts—perhaps.

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