



THE
ILLINOIS
MAGAZINE

October, 1917

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GEORGE

UNGER



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Student Representative
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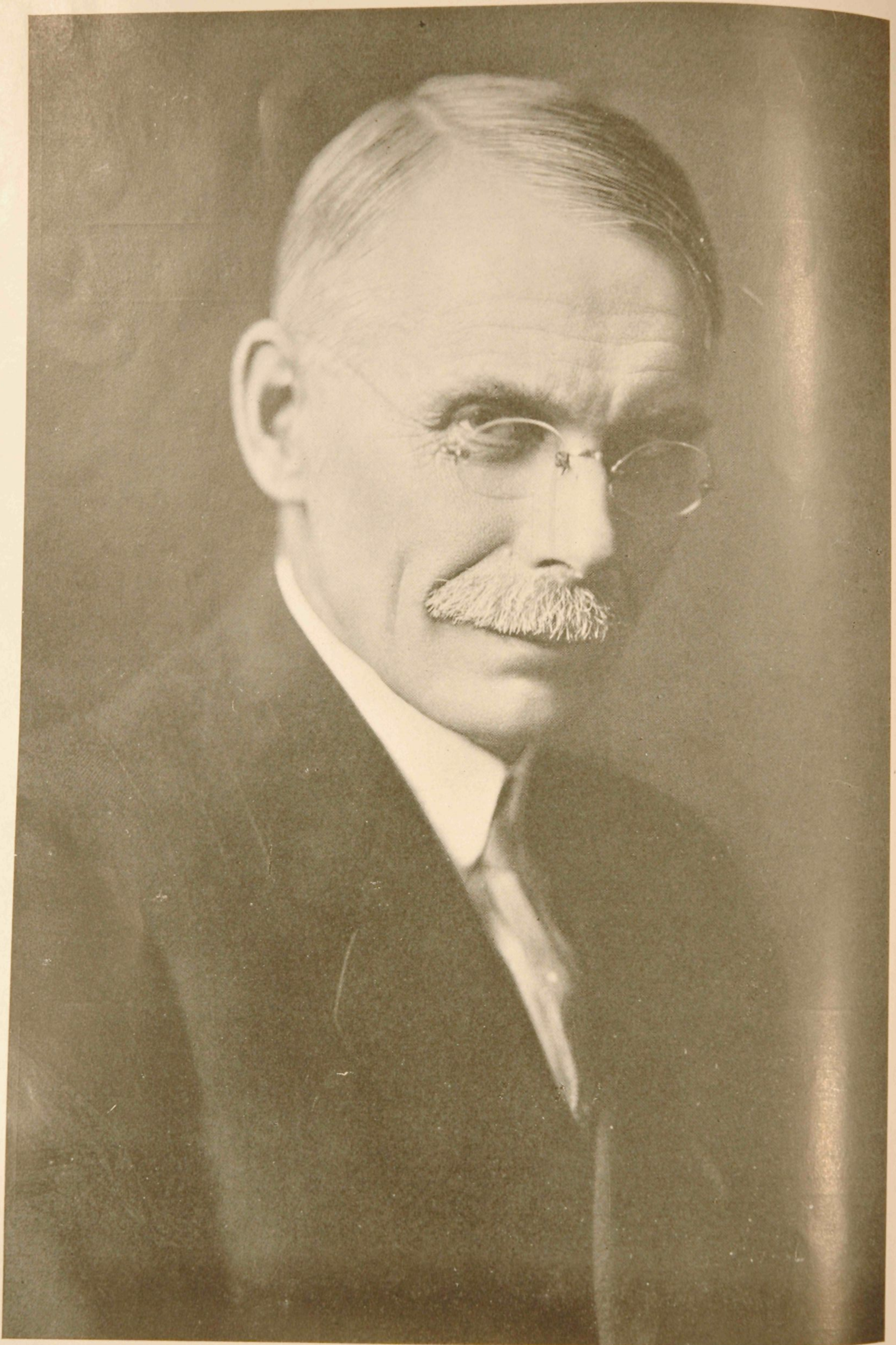


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The Dean of Men

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The Illinois Magazine

Volume 9

OCTOBER, 1917

Number 1

THE SLACKER

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men

THEY were standing at the station waiting for the train that was to carry the soldiers away to the training camp—the boy a little stiff and self-conscious in his new uniform, the mother eager, proud, her hands clenched tight in an attempt to be calm and to conceal the pain of parting. The train pulled in, and the time for separation arrived.

“Don’t be a slacker, Jim,” the mother said as she kissed the boy good-bye, “Do your best; I’d rather you’d be killed than be a slacker.”

During all these months of war and preparation for war I have been trying to understand just what it means to be a slacker. Is it only in war that men are slackers when they shrink back from duty and danger, and sacrifice, and responsibility? Surely not.

“Do you think I shall be looked upon as a slacker?” a junior asked me, “if I come back to college and finish my course? I am not old enough for the draft, and I am not sure that I could get in to the army if I were drafted”.

As I talked the matter over with him, it

seemed to me that his not going to college would more surely prove him a slacker than his going. He saw very clearly that his duty was to finish his education; the more obviously heroic thing to him was to don a uniform. What he feared was public criticism, though he knew that with a completed education he could best serve his country.

The slacker, as I see him, is a man who shirks an obligation; who is afraid of danger, and privation, and hard work; who refuses to respond to duty; who has a task assigned to him and who is satisfied to do it indifferently—or even to allow it to go undone. He is not confined to the army; he is found in every walk of life in college and out of it, in every community and in every profession. He is the immediate cause of policemen and proctors, and all other individuals and devices for checking up on the man who sees his duty and yet lacks the courage or the energy to do it.

There never was a time in the history of this country, there never was a time in the life of colleges when the slacker was of less use and less likely to be tenderly handled. This is no time for the loafer and

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the shirker no matter what line he is carrying or in what sort of business he is trying to operate.

The freshman entering college is probably doing the wisest possible thing under the present trying national condition, for he is training his mind, he is developing his resourcefulness, he is fitting himself to do more difficult things and to do them more easily; if he takes advantage of the opportunities offered him, he is becoming a more useful and a better citizen. He is not needed in the war. Even should he go in, his youth and his inexperience unfit him to do as strenuous and as effective service as his older brother. He can afford to wait until he is called and during the interval to prepare himself more effectively. It is true this waiting and this preparation are often for him the most difficult task, but that should not deter him even

if the course that he chooses bring him into criticism.

One can not evade the fact, however, that under the present circumstances when hundreds of thousands of our young men in training camps and across the water are enduring hardships and making sacrifices, and many of them giving up their lives for the sake of a great principle, the young man who remains in college is under a peculiar obligation. He should be willing to make the same sacrifices to train his mind as the soldier is undergoing when he submits to discipline to train his body. He has one of the greatest opportunities of his life to show the fighting spirit. If he loafes, if he wastes his time and money in foolish pleasures or in dissipations, if he is satisfied to do anything less than his best while his friends are fighting in the trenches, he is the worst sort of slacker.

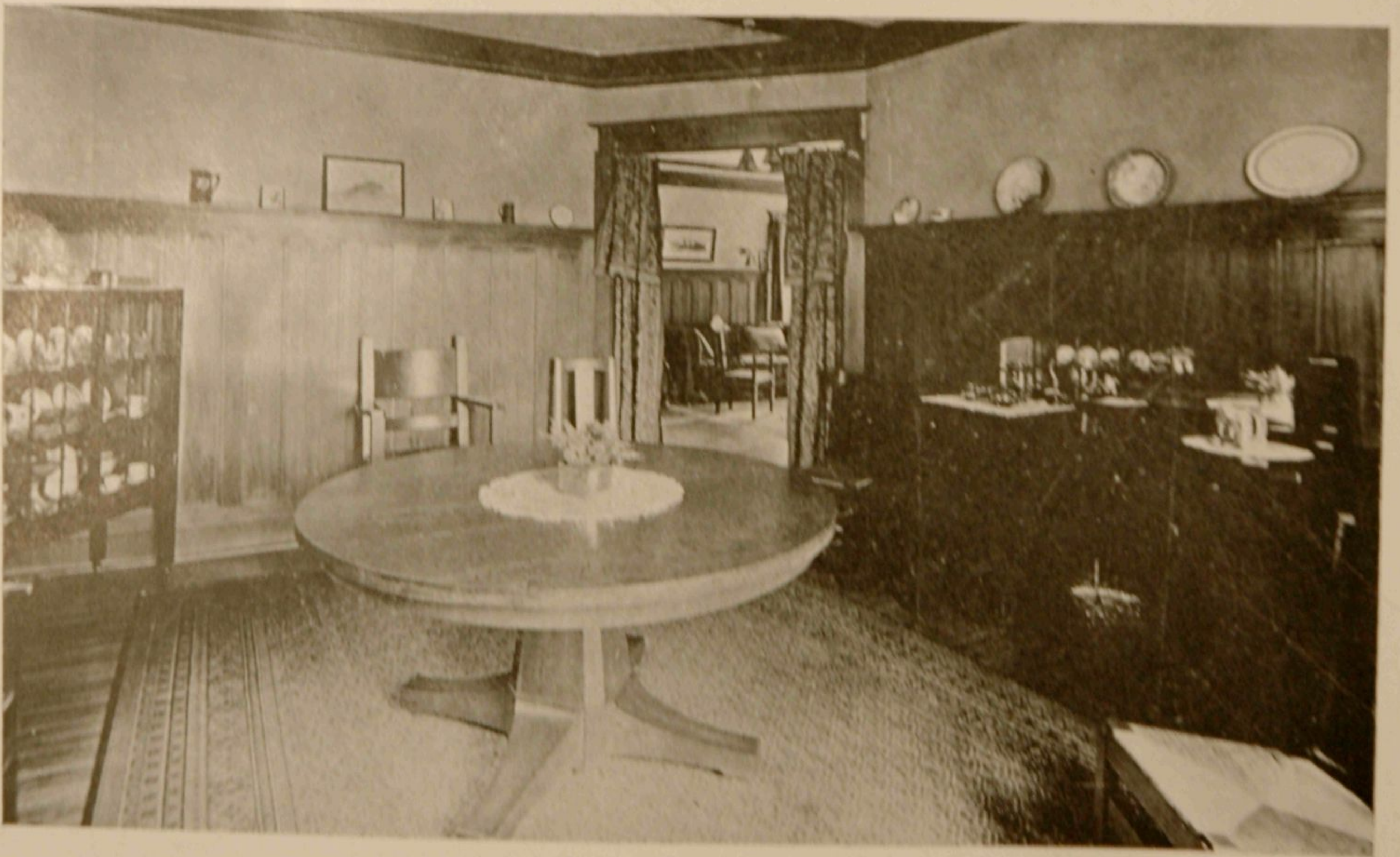
THE MOLE

Day after day, year after year, he came
 To dig among these musty books. It seemed
 His eyes could bear no stronger light than streamed
 Dust—dimmed through painted windows. Passion's flame
 Burned not his shrunken soul; he could not claim
 Companionship with men. He never dreamed;
 He only dug in books. And this he deemed
 Worth while to learn how Shakespeare spelled his name.
 And all the while some truant in a wood
 Thrilled with the song of Rosalind; and one,
 No scholar, stood where Romeo once stood;
 And for an idler in the evening dells
 Titania and Puck a romance spun,
 And Touchstone tinkled merrily his bells.

*The First of
A New Series of Photographs
of Faculty Homes*



*The Home of Professor George A. Goodenough
605 South Lincoln Avenue
Urbana*

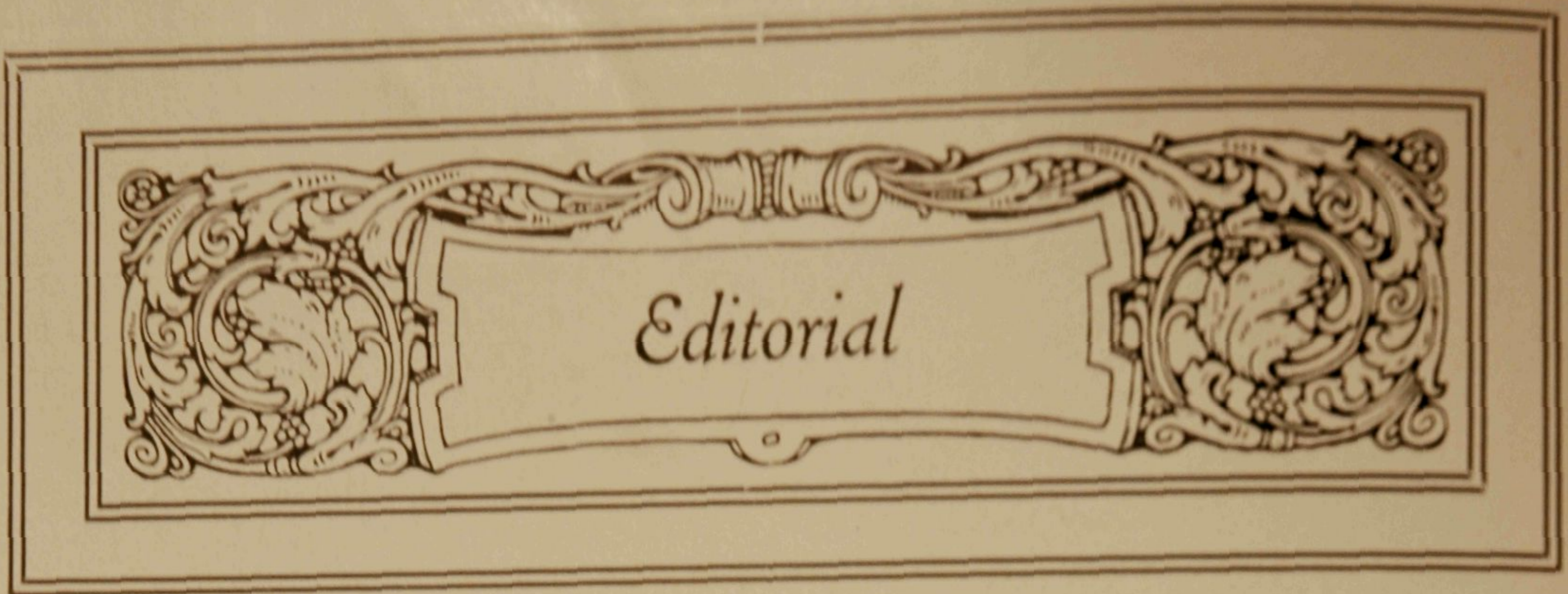




Home is sometimes defined as a place of refuge from the outside world. Home is a place of rest and it is even a place wherein to afford hospitality to others. This is Professor Goodenough's home.

It was designed by Professor Newton Wells, an artist who can carve, etch, paint, and in fact do anything that tends to beautify or tends to please admirers of things that are beautiful. Professor Wells is in the department of Architecture. As a architect the designer submits plans of very singular character. There is a spirit of originality and independence with which his creations are saturated—even to the material—the interior wood-work in this example being red gum.

The accompanying photographs serve as a complete description of the character of the exterior, living room, dining room and Professor Goodenough's study which is on the second floor.



There is an entirely new publication staff trying to make a magazine that is truly an ILLINOIS MAGAZINE—a magazine intended for the students of the University of Illinois. With this as its ideal the staff endeavors to publish only material of vital interest to the readers—material created by the students in the University—and material of such a character that other universities may judge our intellectual calibre from our likes and dislikes. In other words, the magazine represents the University.

Our football team represents the university too, to some extent and for the last few years Illinois has been proud of its team. Many of us have been proud in saying, "Yes, I am studying at the University of Illinois.— Yes, indeed! wonderful school!— Very large!— Equipment perfect!— Strong faculty! Yes, the football season is starting—wonderful coach!— We always turn out good teams. There is lots of pep among the rooters, too— A very loyal bunch— What do we call it? —O! we call it Illinois Loyalty".

And the staff asks of the students of the University of Illinois, "Do you consider the campus literary magazine worthy of a little Illinois loyalty". Illinois is famous as a school and well-known for athletics. A good literary magazine completes the cycle. The staff is ambitious but must have your support in order to carry out its plans. Nothing can be accomplished, therefore, without plenty of material to choose from for publication and a large circulation.

JOLTS

The greatest discoveries are made in emergencies. The freshman has his greatest inspirations in that moment of pencil-chewing desperation just an hour before his theme on "A Child's Theology" is due. The business man invents his most original plan when he is pushed to the wall by competitor. "We are forced to sell this entire line of goods"—that humble confession of incompetence, has more than once resulted in business reform and competency.

The reason that failure so often means success is that it forces an invoice. The bankrupt has to take stock of his assets and liabilities. The measures he adopts in the time of commercial, mental or moral collapse are often those he should have adopted at the height of his successes.

Modern living takes place between layers of shock-absorbers. The advertisements in magazines, filled as they are with recommendations of every possible physical comfort, are typical of intellectual conditions prevalent in America. Nowadays men must have electric vibrators, "to give health, power, and vigor," patent arches to support their insteps, cream to protect their faces, rubber heels to save their bodies from jolts.

But jolts are sometimes necessary. The terrific jolt of a world war is forcing the nations to make careful invoice of every citizen, law and resource, they possess. Many of the steps being taken by governments now would have meant untold strength years ago. War measures are often the right remedies for the maladies of peace.

America has been jolted into making her inventory. She has unearthed many weaknesses—labor problems buried by political leaders, covered over by the drift of the deciduous years. Men who were never before interested in governmental questions are alert now, eager to aid in the simplifications which mean efficiency. Before the war, prosperity had supplied them with shock absorbers—rubberized conditions that prevented them from realizing that Congress was slow, that the I. W. W. was bubbling over with anarchy, that trusts were hungry giants, that Uncle Sam lacked an army and navy.

On the other hand, America has gained confidence in unrealized powers. The men who are executing the tremendous tasks of the federal government possess today the sympathy and good-will of the majority of citizens, regardless of political bias. Patriotism and loyalty are no longer dimmed by commercialism and a sense of sentimentality. Unified thinking has resulted from the chaos—may still flourish if men continue to be wise after the war. America needed a jolt to make her realize that her duty lay in "making the world safe for democracy."

Behind the tune—

Through the din of street-noise, a singing violin! . . . The scarred, brown player People clinging to the music like bits of steel to a magnet. . . . A voice imprisoned behind a commonplace tune telling of all corners of the earth.

One was a city where yellow men leer across masses of fantastic toys, orange, green and red; where grinning gods smell sandalwood burning and the bunks are crowded in dim opium dens. One a great workshop blazing with the bloody red of furnaces, where iron runs in glowing rivers, and naked shoulders gleam with the trickling sweat. One was a dingy play-

house with stained walls and smoke-hung ceiling, with white-limbed wraiths writhing in dance across the glare of foot-lights. One a blackened hall at the top of broken stairways, filled with the babble of foreign language; crowded with gesticulating people, dominated by a creature with blazing eyes and a voice full of passion; one a narrow street, ugly and evil, with sly lamps flickering still in early morning, where foot-steps are echoes, voices are whispers and men are but grey, scarred faces, peering from windows. . . .

And somebody who had listened to the voice said to a woman, "I never heard it before."

And the woman said, "Why, it's nothing but Dvorak's 'Humoresque'!"

Between the lines—

From out of the first printed page, a girl's hand reaching—more pages and the shadowed eyes of a nun look forth . . . Now black-typed words blur into green meadows dotted with sheep under slumbrous skies. Again, the sorrowful ache of humanness steals from the lines like an evanescent perfume.

But the reader who read type and type alone, exclaimed:

"It hasn't any plot!" and brushed "Marie-Claire" aside.

Within the silence—

Stillness.

Out of it the small voice of Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, "Do you believe in fairies?"

The feel of youth in one man's heart gave joyous answer to the appeal. He learned forward— The other man laughed sardonically.

"Believe," he analyzed, "in *fairies!*"

He thought he walked out on the ordinary floor of a theatre-pit. He didn't. He stamped on the "rainbow gleams of his childish dreams" all the way.

Too many men are diseased with the malady of Ponce de Leon—not illiteracy but literalness. If he had "believed because it was impossible" instead of searching because he thought it possible, he would have found the fountain of youth. Imagination is the vital quality of youngness. A man who is hopelessly literal is hopelessly old. Art keeps men young because it is composed of suggestions which appeal to the imagination. Analysis kills the subtleties which limit the perfect whole.

The true essence of beauty is never tangible. Too much finger-placing, the guilt of critics, has led the public to believe that all art can be treated like an ordinary commodity. They would bottle the fountain of youth.

How seldom do men realize that the greatest tribute a work of art can call forth is not money or praise, but response to that suggestion which lies always *behind the tune, between the lines, within the silence!*