

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN'S SPECIALLY SELECTED FICTION

INTRODUCING THACHER

By Edwin Cviatt

Copyright, 1905, by E. S. McClure Co. EN years ago the Rush was a thing to be remembered. You were herded by the Seniors with a lot of other fellows who had just arrived in New Haven, and marched like sheep at night to the Hopkins Grammar School Lot, where you saw another crowd of men with torches. These you were told were the Sophomores, whom you were to punish. A low rail fence separated the Lot from the street, and you "took" and hung on to it. With 300 of your fellows, you got through the evening without dislocating at least one bone, you did not think that you had enjoyed the occasion. But the faculty stopped all that a half dozen years ago, and the Rush today is much less barbarous than it used to be. But then it is interesting.

each man with his coat inside out and white bodies of the wrestlers shoot up shoulder high and then sink again, while an ominous silence, broken only now and then by a short, sharp yell from one side or the other, told how the struggle was progressing. "Heavyweight Freshman! Oh, somebody!" gasped a little Freshman, rushing along in front of the crowd. "We've just got to have somebody fix it with these." The Sophomores heard this with jeers. "It was a situation that is always tragic. Out there in the ring the seconds of three chances was slipping away from the Freshmen, and there was no heavyweight in sight. There were hurried consultations all along the Freshman ranks. Several men were suggested, and the crowd yelled out their names each time with generous impartiality. Thacher, with his eyes glued on the two men, in the ring, called out with the rest, "Oh, somebody!" He could have jumped into the ring at that moment to help his class. He felt an arm on his shoulder with a grip like a vise.

The other men weighed a score of pounds less. He felt ashamed. "Stripped!" "Eh? I don't know." Somebody grinned and was squelched. "What's up?" said Thacher. "You are, and mighty quick about it," said the Senior. "It's serious business now for your class. You're going in against the Sophomore heavyweight." "I'll do what I can," said Thacher. "That's the simplest throw there is." He twisted his leg about Thacher's with the swiftness of a cat, but Thacher let out his big shoulder muscles that made him look almost deformed, and wouldn't budge, though he thought it was impossible to refuse a Senior what he wanted. Then he shook him off as a dog does water. "That's better," said the Senior. "Do that out there." Then he told him a few things. A shout went up from the other side of the ring with the Sophomore numberals at the end of it. Then a surging rush of men swung back from the center, the hand played, and the inner row settled down again for the final and decisive bout. Men were shouting from all sides, with appealing, fearful shouts. Freshmen who had started to go to their rooms began to push back into the ring again. Where the Freshman class stood there was excited talking. Over on the Sophomore side a big man was slowly peeling off his sweater. Thacher, excited, throbbing, was pushed out through an opening in the bending

Dale's elbow dug him in the wind. A sickening sense of foul play shot through him. He struggled to slip from that close embrace. A rush of anger flushed his brain. "You would like to see me," he said. "That's the only gleam of real intelligence that Thacher ever admitted he had had, when, in that last quick turn and crashing fall, he had twisted one leg in just the right place and wrenched, so that when they struck the ground it was on Dale's shoulder. Thacher felt himself suffocated in the Sophomore's grasp, with his hot breath on his cheek. Referees were crowding in, holding their torches high above their heads. Above all he heard his dear class shouting: "Finish him! Finish him! Oh, please win that throw!" It shot through his blood like electricity. The man under him gave one sudden, violent jerk, but Thacher, rolling over with every muscle tense, jammed his arms straight out on the grass. He heard the referee's voice: "The referee ran up with his whistle between his lips. Then Thacher noticed something. The arm that he was shoving down so mercifully lay limp and pathetic in his grasp, though the other arm was raised in a hard to rise. A hot sense of brutal, pitiless triumph filled Thacher's brain like a flood tide. He was on the verge of the next great victory of his life. In a moment he would be the hero of his class, and perhaps what he had so longed for would be brought and laid at his feet. One of the men in the crowd was a figure would be outstretched like a field oak. But just as the referee leaned over them, Thacher sprang back, his lips pale, but his brain steady. "A fair throw," said the referee breathlessly. "No, sir," said Thacher calmly. It was not a fair throw. The man's arm is bent. A great yell was going up from 30 Freshmen throats while Thacher stood there, blank and trembling, while men were shouting up, asking questions and expostulating. "Of course it was a throw, Thacher," they were saying. "The man's down, and he won't deny it." The referee stood quiet, and Thacher, in a moment of what's the decision? shouted a crowd of men, pressing up to the referee. The latter looked at Thacher, and then said quietly: "No throw. The bout is a tie." Then he swallowed something in his throat and walked away. It was 10 o'clock that night when Thacher, with Phillips and Atkinson, went to the room with two other men. Thacher had cleared himself all right and his class, when the door was pushed open and a medium-sized man with a businesslike face stepped into the room with two other men. "You will please accept my compliments, Mr. Thacher," said the gentleman, holding out his hand to the Freshman heavyweight. "We don't praise men here at Yale very much like this, but you did it. It was a very noble thing to do." "Oh, no," said Thacher. "But when the varsity football captain comes to your room and says things like that it makes you feel peculiar about the collar. When he had gone Atkinson and Phillips looked at Thacher for some minutes and then shook Thacher's hand slowly, but with a glimmer of understanding in their aristocratic brains. Then Elkins threw his arms around his shoulders and hugged him, and that made Thacher feel better than anything else that had happened that night.

The Oregon Deceit Version BY L.A. LONG, HILLSBORO, ORE.

This here talk of Lewis an' Clark - To me it's gosh-hanged weak, Fer wheren the devild Oregon be But fer Kernel Ol' Joe Meek? Kernel Joe! - Have you fergot? He came when Ol' Mr. Hood Was jes' a little hole in the ground! All surrounded by some wood! Well, this here Kernel Meek, you know, From Dixie, came out West An' trapped aroun' fer a year or so, Then settled down fer a rest - But did he rest? You dont know Joe! His heart was allus right - An' he went over to Champoeg To put up a mighty fight! John Bull was there with all his crew, In course, he had no map - But Kernel Joe was there also Ready to vate or to scrap! An' after chewin' roun' some time Kernel Ol' Joe said, "Damn The son-of-a-gun fer Jonny Bull Im fer yer ol' Uncle Sam!" An' with that, Frenchy votes with Joe; That speech ignited the spark That saved to us old Oregon - Darn yer Lewis an' Clark! I like to see a man tote fair - Or I'll box him "up to a peak" Fer wheren the deviled Oregon be But fer Kernel Ol' Joe Meek!

New Seal for the Philippine Islands

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Several years ago French E. Chadwick discovered that the great seal of the United States had been radically faulty for a hundred years, and forthwith the design was corrected by experts and a new die was cut for the State Department. This led to a study of the devices used by the other Federal departments, and new designs were soon made for the Army and Navy, and the United States Customs and the Treasury. Even the flag of the President had to be altered. The experts who were consulted in these cases about the same time devised a new coat-of-arms for Porto Rico and a new seal, which gave some indication that the island had passed from Spanish sovereignty to that of the United States. In the last few months, however, Porto Rico has abandoned its new seal and coat-of-arms, and returned to its former device, on which the name of the island is spelled "Puerto Rico," and this is now affixed to all official documents to legalize and authenticate them, notwithstanding the fact that in all such documents the name of the island is spelled "Porto Rico," in conformity with the laws of the United States. Almost simultaneously with this action by Porto Rico, the Insular Government of the Philippines was getting rid of its old Spanish seal and substituting a new device. On July 3, 1905, the Philippine Government enacted a statute establishing a great seal, to be placed on all commissions, orders, documents and papers, and describing it as follows: Section 1. There is being prescribed and adopted the arms and a great seal of the Government of the Philippine Islands, of the design hereinafter described: Arms: Paleways of 13 pieces, argent and gules; a chief azure; over all the arms a sword hilted or, crest: The American eagle displayed proper. Beneath a scroll with the words "Philippine Islands" inscribed thereon. Sec. 2. The great seal shall be circular in form, with the arms as described in Section 1, but without the scroll and the inscription thereon, and surrounding the whole a double marginal circle within which shall appear the words, "Government of the Philippine Islands." "United States of America," the two phrases being divided by two small five-pointed stars. The seal went into use in the Philippines on the Fourth of July.