THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, SEPTEMBER 10, 1905.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN'S SPECIALLY SELECTED FICTION

## INTRODUCING THACHER . By Edwin Oviatt

copyright, 1905, by S. S. McClure Co.) EN years ago the Rush was a thing to be remembered. You were herded the mob, and was hustled by a Senior up shoulder high and then sink as

by the Beniors with a lot of other ellows 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 wore the Sophomores, whom you were to pun-ish A low rail fence separated the Lot the Sonhomores, whom you were to punish. A low rail fence separated the Lot from High street; this you "took" and hung on to. If, with 300 of your fellows, you got through the evening without disocating 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 less interesting.

Most of the Freshman who come and there are several hundred of arrive in town at least three days before college opens. This gives them a to become acquainted with one and to learn early in the term some of the things that it might be innvenient to have to learn later. There for instance, an innocent-looking fence unning around the north end of the cams, with a firm round rail on top, and tials cut in big jagged marks all over It is wissest to acquaint one's self as carly as possible with the fact that this is not Freshman property. There are other things also that one learns sooner later in the course of the first month Yale, which it would be useless to nar-

rate here, as advice is always superfluous. Thincher, "Nineteen Hundred and ----," as a big fellow, with an intelligent face, 20 pounds of well-distributed weight, and smile. When he came to New Haven rom some out-of-the-way town in Ohio the first thing that he did was to find place, where he struck a barroast beef three times a day and a quart and a half of milk for supper. Then he took three final exams, and rushed Greek distory so hard that he had to tell someody about it. As he knew no one, he old it to the first men he met. These happened to be Atkinson and Phillips, who came from St. James together, and regarded themselves as "the leading element in the class." They looked on Thacher with high-bred suspicion. They thought him "fresh." They also made him "fresh." him feel these things when they left him. They were good fellows in their way, but all superior beings are heartless, and the impression they left on Thacher produced

lonesomenens that cut like a pain. Most men who come to a big college from a small town have this to meet as the first of their Freshman triais. Thacher wanted to be liked-he had a capacity for it-and he told himself that if he could do something that was worth doing he might make the acquaintance of these men and be introduced in the class. He envied the fellows he saw walking arms-over-shoulders along the campus. Then he met Elkins, a small person with a turned-up nose, whom he had seen in Greek history, and in a feeling of friend-liness that all these things had brought out, asked him to sit on the Fence. Elkins came from a big preparatory school, and knew Atkinson and Phillips and a lot of other men, but he was little, and admired bignoss; he liked the clear, pleas-ant eyes and firm mouth of the Westand rather understood, in a way,

their mouths and eyeglasses on their noses on the Senior Pence, and more men nonses on the Senior Fence, and more men junior Fence, and a crowd of fellows on Durfee steps, while a noisy, surging mob of Freshmen blocked the entrance is Aulunal Hall, where examinations were going on. Somebody on the Junior Fence saw the two Freshmen and grinned Some.

eight or ten Soph ters on his cap, walked over to the Soph- ence for the Freshman class. An hour

to a place in the front rank of the Fres-man class, where he grabbed an arm either side of him and fell into step. in the front rank of the Fresh-

"Yea-a-a!" This was great. "Yea-a-a! Nineteen hundred and ---!" It rolled up York street like a tidal wave. that singular curb-to-curb twostep that is a peculiarity of Yale processions. People were sticking their heads out of windows. flags were being waved by young ladies from front doorsteps; old graduates mounted fences and smiled indulgently.

Some one was making a speech from the steps of Osborn Hall. The band was quiet, and a muffled "Sh-sh!" went through the crowd. Nobody heard what the orator was saying, but somebody who knew things told a man next to Thacher that It was the football captain. Then eve body tipteed and had to be lifted up Then everysee the face of the greatest man at Yale. He was a medium-sized fellow, with an athletic build and a business-like face, and he was suying things. All that Thacher heard was that the Freshmen ought to behave themselves and uphold ought to behave themselves and upnote the honor of their class, which seemed paradoxical. Then the men in front-they were Seniors-laughed and yelled. "Good speech! Brave!" and the men in the back-they were Freshmen-yelled "Yes-a-a!" That was all they knew how to well.

to yell. Then the band played, torches flared again, long columns of bare-headed dancing men with red fire and roman candles untwined like the lengths of a phosphor. escent serpent, and in an incred dy short time Thacher found himself in the outer ring of a dense crowd of men on the Grammar School lot. In the middle of this a number of well-dressed chaps with "Ys" on their sweaters or mysterious gold pins on their yests were pushing the prowd back with their torches, until the front rank sat down on the grass in a circle and lit their pipes, and the rest of the men piled in in rings at their backs. Then the band struck up and the captains of the university teams started their performance by calling out for the first

"Lightweight championship)

A long young man with a cane got up from the ground and led the Sophomores in a class cheer. He was jeered and ap plauded and sat down again. "Shake 'em up, Freshmen!" yelled somebody

"Long - cheer - for - Nineteen - hundred and-1 shouted a youth with a white flannel suit. He was a Senior, and waved a bulldog pipe. The "Brek-ek-ek! was lost, because the Freshmen didn't know it, but they came in strong on the "Whoorup! Whoorup! Hollabaloo! Yale! "Whoorup! Whoorup! Hollabaloo! Yale! Yale! Yale! Rah! Rah! Rah! Nineteen hundred and ---!" and received long ap-

Suddenly a small, wiry fellow, amid a roar of approval from the upper classmen sprang into the arena from the Sopho more side, and was stripped to the walst by his friends. It was Kellogg, the var-'Freshman!" yeliad everybody. events your class doon not decide be forehand who is to go in, so long waits result. Then there was a commotion in

Freshman ranks, and presently a stu youth with short legs and a turned-up There were groups of men with pipes in heir mouths and eyeglasses on their oses on the Senior Pence, and more men tulating. Somebody pulled off his coat

body on Durfee steps also saw them and whispered to the crowd. torches. Everybody closed in and bent over everybody else's back, and the band Then something happened. A knot of played, and the coachers put the two t or ten Sophomores, led by a broad-ildered, square-jawed man with let-abead and win." It was a great experifore and they had been a h

white bodies of the wrestlers shoet less. He felt ashamed, 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, some-body!" gasped a little Freshman, rushalong in front of the crowd. We've just got to have somebody fix em!" The Sophomores heard this with jeers.

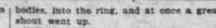
It was a situation that is slways trag-c. Out there in the ring the seconds of three chances was slipping away from the Freshmen, and there was no heavy-weight in sight. There were hurrled con-sultations all along the Freshman ranks. Several men were suggested, and the crowd yelled out their names each time with generous imparilality. 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 Sound at that moment to help

his class. He felt an arm on his shoulder with a grip like a vise. "Here, you big Freshman, you're the man I want." He looked slowly down, and met the sturdy blue eyes of a man with glasses, who wore a ars crossed in and a blue cap with two cars crossed in the front-piece. He followed this man in a dated sort of a way, and found himself in the midst of a group of calm, the looking sort of chaps, some of whom he recognized by their pictures in the papers.

of them

went down heavily. "Try it again," said the Senior grimly. "Try it again," said the Senior grimly. "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 be thought it was incombudge, though he thought it was impo-lite to refuse a Senior whant he wanted. Then he shook him off as a dog does water

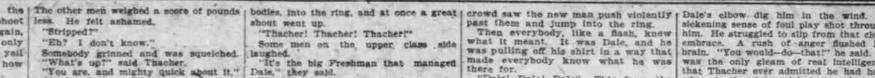
"That's better." said the Senior. "Do that out there." Then he told him a few things. A shout went up from the other side of the ring with the Sophomore nu-Then a surging merals at the end of it. rush of men swung back from the center, the band played, and the inner row set-tled down again for the final and da-cisive bout. Men were shouting from all sides, with appealing, tearful shouts. Fel-lows who had started to go to their rooms began to push back into the ring again. Where the Frenhman class stood there was excited talking. Over on the Sopho-



"What's up?" said Thacher. "You are, and mighty quick about it," and the Senior. "It's serious business now for your class. You're going in against the Sophomore heavyweight." "It" said Thacher blankly. "I can't wrestle." He felt a big arm around his waist and a leg around his thigh. He went down heavity. a man with eyeglasses and a torch, and he felt somebody rubbing and pounding his big chest and back and arms and Thacher, who had humiliated him at the Fence, and give him a lesson be-fore the whole college, and incidentally bathing them in some soft, southing stuff that made him glow all over. He won, dered what they would say at home if square himself. The big fellow looked splendid as he stood erect, his broad shoulders squared in the torchlight, his they could see him now, with the foot-ball captain babying him as if he were great arm muscles standing out like whipcord. The dramatic tenseness of some prize dog at a bench show. Then a

tall, tired looking fellow with a limp and a bruised eye camp up and shook his hand. It was Atherton, and Thacher looked at him with pity. "It's up to you, Thacher, old boy," he was saying, almost with sobs. Thacher opened his eyes with a friendly sort of surprise. Atherton was a big man in the class. "I'll do what I can," he said,

Over in the Sophomore camp thing unusual was going on. Th The blg man who had taken off his sweater was having some sort of dispute with another man, who wore his coat turned inside out, and who had broad shoulwhere and by their was excited taiking. Over on the Sopho-fectures in the papers. "How much do you weigh?" said one "How much do you weigh?" said one "Two hundred pounds," said Thacher.



"Dals! Dale! Dals" This from the ophomore side.

pipes from their mouths and leaned for-

ward, rocking. It is a beautiful sight to see two spien-

did youths stripped to their walsts, pitted against each other in such sport as this. Their pink skins look white in the torch-

light, their firm muscles bulge, their broad backs bend to the struggle, their every move shows attention, alertness, keen-

brained vigliance. Outside of the arena is a tense, throbbing multitude, among whom two classes breathe with the two

muscles buiging like cables. "Well taken, Thacher!" called out the senior with the eyeglasses. He was bend-

ing forward with his fingers on the

Thacher's strength seemed to astonish the Sophomore, who had evidently expect-ed an easy victory over the inexperienced

Freshman. Every way he bent Thacher followed, now swiftly, now slowly, so that

Dale's big arms strained with the attack.

For three minutes they rocked back and

A wild you of triumph rang from the Sophon ore ranks, while the Freshmen Sp aned and were slient. A fellow in a sweater pulled Thacher to his feet, and husted him to the sidelines, where he was

rubbed efgorously and tied up in a bian-kat. Thacher felt dizty. Somebody sponged off his face and neck, and the

coach told him some excellent things in short, snappy sentences that stuck in his brain. Around him crowded his class-

und.

Thacher's neck.

"Good catch, Dale?"

ing fall, he had twisted one leg in the right place and wrenched, so Thacher felt his blood rise to his brain, hot and rushing, as he knew what was before him. It was this that when they struck the ground it was Dale's shoulder Dale had waited for, hoped for and for which he had planned the abduction of Billy Strong-to meet the Freshman Thacher felt himself suffocated in the

The

Sophomore's grasp, with his hot breath on his check. Referees were crowding in, holding their torches high above their heads. Above all he heard his dear class shouting

embrace. A rush of anger he said. It brain, "You would-do-that!" he said. It

was the only gleam of real intelligence that Thacher ever admitted he had had, when, in that last quick turn and crash-

"Finish him! Finish him! Oh. that throw!

It shot through his blood like electric ity. The man at his side gave one su den, violent jerk, but Thacher, rolling over with every muscle tense, jammed his arms straight out on the grass. He heard his class roar, and it sounded like a thunderclap. The man under him was-twisting over again. He jammed his arms out harder, till Dale's shoulders were flat on the sod. The referee ran up with his whistle between his lips. Then Thacher noticed something. The

arm that he was shoving down so merci-lessly lay limp and pathetic in his grasp though with the other Dals was tryin hard to rise. A hot sense of brutal, piti-less triumph filled Thacher's brain like a flood tide. He was on the verse of the first great victory of his life. In a me ment he would be the hero of his class and perhaps what he had so longed for would be brought and hid at his feet. One more jerk and jam and that limp figure would be outstretched like a felled

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 breath iessly.

"No. mr." said Thacher calmly, it wa not a fair throw. 'The man's arm is broken

A great yell was going up from 300 Freshmen throats while Thacher stood there, blank and trembling, while men were running 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 quietly at Thucher's elde

noble fellows in the ring. The heart of an entire class is behind each one. It is one of the finest things in college life. "What's the decision?" should a crowd of men, pressing up to the referee. The Suddenly those two crouching bodies shot forward like arrows and clinched, latter looked at Thacher, and then said swaying from side to side like a pendu-lum; their muscular backs swelling and bending symmetrically, their thick white

"No throw. The bout is a tie."

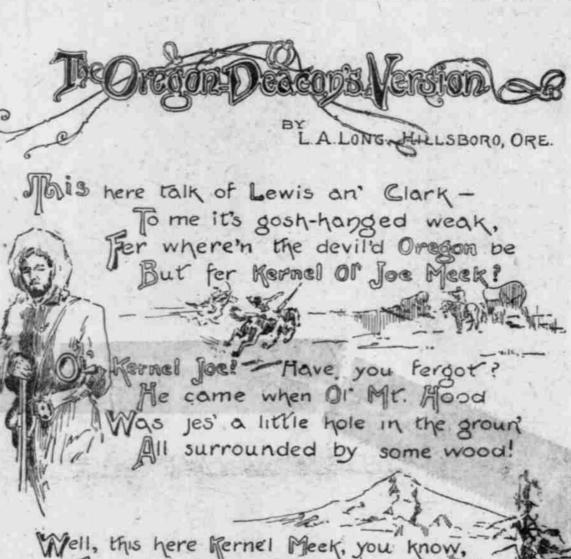
Then he swallowed something in his throat and walked away. It was 10 o'clock that night when Thauher had heard for the fortieth time that no man but a fool would give his class away like that, mixed with tearful eventuations expostulations from Elkins and state-ments from Phillips and Atkinson that Thacher had cleared himself all right and his class, when the door was pushed op and a medium-sized man with a busin like face stepped itno the room with two

other men at his heels. "You will please accept my compli-ments, Mr. Thacher," said this gentleman For three minutes they rocked back and forth, and then with a splendid thigh twist that took every ounce of power in his big frame Dale spun Thacher half around, and together the two men went to the ground, the Freshman under, A second later and Dale had Thacher's shoulders squared heavily in the sed, while the referee sprang from the side-lines, blowing his whistle. "Theown!" he said, feeling under Thacher's neck. holding out his hand to the Freshman heavyweight. "We don't praise men here at Yale very much like this, but the whole college appreciates what you did. 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 populiar about the collar

When he had gone Atkinson and Phil lips looked out of the window for some minutes and then shook Thacher's hand slowly, but with a glimmer of understanding in their aristocratic brains. Then El. kins threw his arm around his shoulders and hugged him, and that made Thacher feel better than anything else that had happened that night.

## New Seal for the Philippine Islands



whipcord. The dramatic tenseness of the moment impressed itself on the the crowd, so that a great silence fell. Men strained every muscle to get a view of the arena. Seniors with numerals on their caps were rushing around and holding excited consulta-

tions. Thacher's coach, with short breath, was explaining to him ten de-fenses at once. A big Senior went over and spoke to Dale sharply; the referes went up to him and began to emphasize something, as if he were telling Elkins' buildug to he quiet. "Sat on Dale, did he? Well" Men took up this cry from the Soph-more side with axuitation. The

football captain was the only man who "Ready Freshman?"

"Ready, Sophomore?" The two big fellows dropped to all-fours like the tick of a clock. Men strained and pushed and shoved forward in the circle, while the men in the front row took their

denly by the collar, arms and legs and mass of 25 individuals. Now they had in precipitated him into the roadway. an instant become a compact, singleas Lawrance, and scores of men running from every direction. "Bat on Date, did he?" men were shout-

ing to each other. "That's the freshest thing I ever heard of."

It was fresh, no mistake about R. Date was a 'varsity guard. Date twisted and turned and swore and jabbed his elbows turned and swore a Into Thatcher's side, but the Freshman sat on, and incidentally rubbed Dale's head into the ground to emphasize things. Somebody yelled, "Kill the Freshman and a rush started in upon the two men. Then a medium-sized Senior shoved his

man." he said.

Thatcher obeyed, swallowing something that rose in his throat and nearly filled his eyes with tears. He felt disgraced for life. He didn't answer the hundred

Freshman classes there was no record of anything fresher. That was the opinion "Great! You've got him, Eikins! Jab his all over college, and it produced a short, knee! Sock him! Shove! pithy editorial in the Daily News that left no doubt as to the traditions of the Fance. Somebody, however, heard that Dale, who was a bully, though a corking guard, had said something to the Fresh , the great turnuit of cheers from the Freshman class, that had just discovered the great turnuit of the source of the sourc grand, had said something to the Fresh-man that no man with self-respect will stand; and when that got abroad the fellows understood it, and the football captain said something to Dale that made that individual madder than ever, and that put an idea into his head. But of that creasently.

denly by the collar, arms and legs and precipitated him into the roadway. Thacher followed, though it took more men to do it. He landed hard, lost his hat and tore his coatsleeve. When El-kins, brutsed and frightened, started to rise the big Sophomore caught him by the shoulder and threw him down again, which was unnecessary. Indignation and rage aurged into Thacher's throat. He jumped to his feel taokled the big Soph-omore and sat down on him. Instantly there was an uproar that brough heads to windows all along Durfee and as far windows all along Durfee and as far Lawrance, and scores of men running knocking the ashes from their pipes. "First throw for Sophomore," said the refered

A stinging yell went up from the Sophomore ranks. Around Thacher the slience

man hugging him tight about the waist. "Freshman! Yea-a-a! Elkins!"

Over the dense mass of men stretched and a rush started in upon the two men. Then a medium-sized Senior showed his way quictly into the crowd, took Thatcher by the coliar and yanked him to his feet. "Now go and get your dinner, Fresh-man." he said.

tail Senior, who was patting him on the shoulder, while another Senior-joy of joys-a football man, was dragging a rough towel down his back. Thacher el-howed through and said, "Elkins, you howed through and said, "Elkins, you win that next throw." That was rather for life. He didn't answer the hundred bowed through and "That was rather him, inquiring what the row was about. It was just his luck to start his college course like that. Even when Elkins make the Freshman nervous. Elkins asked him timidly whether he was hurt he didn't answer. He was hurt smiled at all this. He felt shaky in the knees. Gut there in the flaring torch-If it wasn't the freshest thing in six light the Sophomore was already taking

"Freshman wins the throw and bout," said the referee.

that presently. There is only one thing to do, if you are a Freshman, when 5 o'clock comes on the night before college opens, and you hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet in York street, and the distant ringing mel-ody of "Freshman, wake!" and that is to grab your hat and start for the stair-case. Thacher did this, with 300 other Freshase. Thacher did this, with 200 other Fresh- In three minutes you felt like groaning, Thacher did this, with 300 other Fresh-men from as many entryways and board-ing-bouses. On York street you could see a confused black mass trailing off for blocks behind, upper classmen in the lead with torches fiaming, and then an in-

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

From Dixie, came out West in' trapped aroun' fer a year or so, Then settled down fer a rest-

But did he rest? You don't know Joe! Bis heart was allus right-An he went over to Champoed To put up a mighty fight!

Sohn 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! 

2-1-1-

GEO.E BINGHAM

An; after chewin' 'roun' some time fernel Ol' Joe said, "Damn The son-of-a-gun fer Jonny Bull, Im fer yer of 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!

like to see a man tote fair Or I'll box him "up to a peak" Fer where'n the deviled Oregon be But fer Kernel OP Joe Meek!

mates, patting him on the back, encour-Little Elkins, and this was what Thacher win. remembered, put his stub-nose close to Thacher's and told him to go in and win. Thacher's and told him to got in and win. The imploring eyes of the little fellow haunted Thacher. He could still see that white face in the dust by the Sophomore fence, with a big brute of a Sophomore swearing at him. This cleared his brain again and set his veins tingling. "How many falls do I have?" Thacher asked the referee.

"Two out of three," said the Senior. "Then I'll do htm-three-times." said Thacher slowly. The Senior smiled from his elevated position in life, and twice glanced curiously at the firm, hard mouth of the Freshman. Even when he stepped into the ring he turned and looked at him again. "He'll do," he said to himself, and made a mental memorandum. When Thacher threw off his blanket and

trotted out into the ring again he knew what he was going to do. He met Dale's eyes fearlessly, searchingly. He wanted a fair fight. If he had that he feit he could win. There was a red spot in the corner of Dale's eye that his coach had told him to look out for These men. corner of Dale's eye that his coach had told him to look out for. There was a hay sneer on Dale's face, too, that made his gorge rise. A sense of tingling shame swept over him at the fellow's builying. He took his measure as the Sophomore crouched before him, Big, handsome, statuesque, with broad, stooping shoulders that Thacher admired. A minute of cau-lious study on both sides, and the crowil leaned forward breathleasty as the two leaned forward breathleasly as the two big men clinched. Then, like a flash, Thacher took the aggressive so suddenly Inacter took the aggressive so suddenly that before Dais had time to know what had happened he was flat on his back, with a wild, thrilling yell of 300 Fresh-men singing in his ears. It was a simple trick that he had succumbed to. He knew that a moment later when he tried to roll over and get to his feet. over and get to his feet. "Fair throw!" yelled the referee, and

"Fair throw!" yelled the referee, and the timekcepers anapped their watches and threw up-their hands in delight. It had taken just 20 seconds. A shout went up from the Freshmen that could have been heard ten blocks, and men rushed to where Thacher sat, surprised and panting, with the football captain rubbing his arms. Thacher wondered if they would be mak-ing that fuss again over him five minutes later. Over there in a corner sat a very angry-looking Sophomore with big, bare shoulders, who was waving his rubbers away and glaring at him. But Thacher grinned amiably when Elkins jabbed him in the back and said. "Cheer up, you've got him!" That was like Elkins. He got him!" That was like Elkins. He didn't know anything about it. Thacher also heard mes say. "Sat on Date, did be? Well?" as if it was not so surprising that he had. That was different from the way they first said it.

the way they first said it. Men were yelling all around him, "Win it, Thach', win it?" He liked the friend-liness of the words. Other men were yell-ing to Dale, "Do him up, old man. For the sake of the class, do-that Freshman up?" That was unpleasant, and it made Dale's lip curi, which Thacher didn't like either. Then he forgot these things in watching Daie's eyes, as the coach had told him to do. They went round and round for two

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.-Several years ago French E. Chadwick discovered 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 for the Customs Service of the Treasury. Even the flag of the Presi-dent had to be altered. The experts who were consulted in these cuses about the same time devised a new coat-of-arms for Porto Rico and a new seal, which



of the United States. In the last few months, however, Porto Rico has aban-doned 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 offi-cial 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 devic

On July 3, 1966, the Philippine Govern-ment enacted a statute establishing a great seal, to be placed on all commis-sions, official 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 Is-lands, of the design hereinafter described told him to do. They went round and round for two minutes, like cata, until men outside who couldn't be supposed to know the tence drama that was going ou in that ring, said "Shake it up, you fellows!" Still they swung in that narrowing cirole, fin-gers extended, knees bent, mouths shut, syss alert: Dale beautifully scientific in his faints, with a dangerous smile on his like: Thacher purrying, clamsy, throb-

bing. "They're in!" Date shot forward like a catapult, grip-ping Thacher's waist. The two men knelt at the impact, then sprang into the sir, kneeled, twisted, turned. "Down in from!" On alcone of down in from the works and surrounding the whole a double marginal circle within which shall appear the works. "Course "Down in front! Oh, please sit down!" But every man was on his feet, mouth open to shout, hat ready to throw in air, eyes glued on those two twinting Titan figures. Then suddenly Thacher felt Dale's leg glide around behint him, and