

COLLEGE FRESHMAN



Looking over the registrar's list

IF YOU have a son or daughter or a nephew or niece entering college this month, or you yourself are entering, you should be intensely interested in the college definition of the word "freshman."

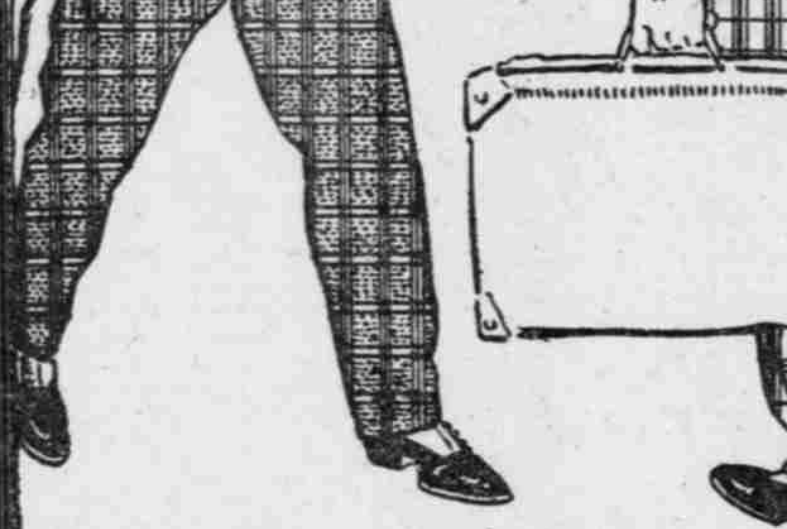
Rushing, forsooth, is the art of favorably impressing a freshman by a shower of attentions with some special Greek letter fraternity, the probable object being to ask him later on to join the fraternity. At the same time, it operates to acquaint the members of the fraternity with the freshman and to enable them to form their opinions of him against the day when they may be called upon to vote on the question of formally extending an invitation to him to become a fraternity brother.

A Greek letter fraternity, by the way, is an organization for college students somewhat on the lines of the Masonic and similar bodies. It has chapters in different colleges; these chapters are all accountable to a supreme governing body, and in some fraternities with large chapter rolls the country is divided into districts, the chapters in each district being looked after by a central office, which works under the direction of the general governing body. With one or two exceptions, a Greek letter fraternity is a secret body; its initiation and its prescribed form of initiation, and its expressed and fundamental purpose is the promotion of friendships in college that will last through life. There is nothing Greek about it except the name, always a combination of two or more of the letters of the Greek alphabet—thus, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Upsilon, Kappa Sigma, Delta Tau Delta, among the fraternities, and Kappa Kappa Gamma, Kappa Alpha Theta and Alpha Phi among the women's societies, or, as they are commonly called, the "girls' frats."

Rushing Due to Rivalry.
Rushing is a direct result of the intense rivalry for members existing among the various chapters of several fraternities at any given college. The membership of every chapter is depleted at the end of each succeeding college year by the graduation of seniors and the dropping out of others; those students not already members have been weighed in the respective balances of the chapters and found wanting; hence chapters are recruited from among the freshmen of the ensuing year.

This work of recruiting—rushing, if you please—is done systematically, for example, a college located at a short distance from a city and where the large body of the students live in dormitories or houses on the campus a few days before the date set for the formal opening of the new term, two or more of the members of a fraternity will arrive at the college, look over the registrar's list of new students, jot down the names of those that attract their interest—names that have been associated with the college since its founding, perhaps—and ask any questions about their careers of the registrar or any of the professors who happen to be about. After that, they proceed to look up any early birds that may have dropped in and to make themselves agreeable, showing the newcomers the college, explaining the points of interest, and actively assisting them in becoming located in their new quarters.

As the meantime the new freshmen arrive in ever-increasing numbers, the other members of the "frat" show up, and as the new men get off the train they are



Meeting arrivals at the train

these are in the process of being winnowed, a dozen of a "frat" members from the city just happen to drop out to college for a day in the interest of their alma mater. Incidentally, of course, the freshmen meet the "grades" at "frat" headquarters, are warmly greeted by the latter and are told confidentially by the head of the dormitory that they are to be taken to the chapter's headquarters—a house, or a suite of rooms furnished in approved college-boy style in some public buildings of the town—he begins to realize dimly what all the fuss is about—that he was sadly mistaken when he secretly attributed it to his innate ability to please generally and mightily. He certainly does grasp the situation, in part at least, when a day or so later he finds himself an honored guest in the headquarters of a fraternity, but if he is discreet he will hold his tongue and keep his head and let further light come to him gradually and as the young men about him will. Above everything else, an upper classman hates a freshman who appears to know it all or is inquisitive; many a freshman has spoiled his chances of becoming a fraternity man by showing the upper classman of these qualities at the beginning of his college career.

A Game That Has No Let Up.
Day and night the rushing keeps up; there is no let up. Just about the time the freshman gets buried in his lessons of the morning, some one knocks on his door and in walks an upper classman who is affability itself for the better part of the evening, and before bidding the best good-night offers to take him the following afternoon to the practice game of football with the university team of the city and point out the famous athletes and introduce him to some of them.
At first, the net is cast for every freshman that may be studied any potential "frat" material; he is permitted to escape. Gradually, however, as the rushing progresses, this or that freshman is dropped for good and sufficient reasons, and those remaining are concentrated on those remaining under observation. Perhaps white



They sat the long hours through

bodies of young men that he will afterward find uncongenial in many respects. Pledge day gives him an opportunity to collect his scattered thoughts after the first desperate onslaught of the rushers; to study more or less calmly the situation; to size up the different groups of students clamoring about him, and to determine with which group he would be most congenial as a brother in college and out of it, if given the opportunity.

The Girls Again.
The girls' "frats" are not a whit less slow to take advantage of the arrival of pledge day to speak their curbed thoughts of weeks. Like the boys, the girls resort to all sorts of devices to extend their invitations the first moment they can do so in all honor. Last year, in order to be able to ask a popular freshman to become one of their number, the members of a well-known society appointed a squire to make a social call on the young woman in question on the evening before pledge day, to stay there until after the clock finished striking midnight, and then to make her little speech. The messenger, accompanied by an escort, industriously talked the long hour into the past and otherwise carried out her instructions to the end. Then the freshman, who had been longing for bed since 10 o'clock, burst out:
"Why, the idea, to think I'd join a miserable old fraternity that would keep me up all night!"

How Freshmen Are Pledged.
The moment pledge day arrives, no time is lost in extending the coveted invitations. "Frat" men do not wait till the rising sun is painting the East to extend the invitations. As soon as the clock strikes midnight, they burst into the rooms of the men they want, roust them then and there and endeavor to pledge them to their respective "frats."
This work of pledging is not done in a helter-skelter sort of way. Certain "frat" men are told off to seek out cer-

tain freshmen in dormitory, boarding-house or home, and a few minutes before midnight find these messengers patiently waiting at their posts for the ushering in of pledge day. If not infrequently happens that three or four men, representing as many fraternities, will invade a freshman's room at the same time and put him in the rather awkward dilemma of sending all except one away sick at heart.

Through a Nevada Desert in Automobiles

Principal Means of Travel Between Goldfield and New Mining District of Bullfrog.

BULLFROG, Nev., Aug. 20.—(Special Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.)—Come to the Nevada desert, if you want some really up-to-date automobileing. Every time you start from Tonopah or Goldfield to reach Bullfrog in a machine, you will have a part in an endurance test, such as can never be found in any other part of the country. The distance from the original mining camp of Tonopah to Goldfield, the newer settlement, is about 27 miles, and from Goldfield to Bullfrog, the latest of the great mining districts that Nevada is now offering to the world, it is 70 miles or more, and there is nothing but desolate desert between the points. There are old-fashioned stages of the Deadwood style that traverse these desert distances, but the 20th century way of traveling is by auto, over roads that have been especially constructed for the traffic. When you go to buy your ticket, you get an immediate realization of the fact that prices are high when you are motoring about in a newly-prospected mining country.

From Tonopah to Goldfield, the fare is \$6 and it takes you only a little more than an hour to traverse the distance. Each auto carries from four to seven passengers, and the man who drives the machine over the desert gets \$6, or the amount of a stage fare, for each trip that he makes. From Goldfield to Bullfrog, the fare is \$25, and the auto will not send out a load of less than four passengers. If you want to travel single, you can have the machine at an expenditure of the full \$20, but otherwise you must wait until enough passengers have been gathered to make the necessary complement. Most of the Goldfield-Bullfrog trips are made by night, and they take anywhere from six to a dozen hours, according to the ability of the chauffeur and the stability of his machine. If your luck good or bad, you will always

Return of Sherlock Holmes

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state of affairs without betraying one who certainly deserved little enough consideration at his hands. He took the more obnoxious view, however, and preserved her secret."
"And that was why she shrieked and fainted when she saw the coronet," cried Mr. Holder. "Oh, my God! what a blind fool I have been! And his asking to be allowed to go out for five minutes! The dear fellow wanted to see if the missing piece were at the scene of the struggle. How cruelly I have misjudged him!"
"When I arrived at the house," continued Holmes, "I at once went very carefully round it to observe if there were any traces in the snow which might help me. I knew that none had fallen since the evening before, and also that there had been a strong frost to preserve impressions. I passed along the tradesman's path, but found it all trampled down and indistinguishable. Just beyond it, however, at the far side of the kitchen door, a woman had stood and talked with a man whose round impressions on one side showed that he had a wooden leg. I could even tell that he had been disturbed for the woman had run back swiftly to the door, as was shown by the deep toe and light heel marks, while Wooden-leg had waited a little, and then had gone away. I thought, at the time that this might be the maid and her sweetheart, of whom you had already spoken to me, and inquiry showed it was so. I passed round the garden without seeing anything more than random tracks, which I took to be the police; but when I got into the stable lane a very long and complex story was written in the snow in front of me."
"There was a double line of tracks of a booted man, and a second double line which I saw with delight belonged to a man with naked feet. I was at once convinced from what you told me that the latter was your son. The first had walked both ways, but the other had walked in places over the depression of the boot. It was obvious that he had passed after the other. I followed them up, and found that they led to the hall window, and

had discovered him, he might still flatter himself that he was safe, for the lad could not say a word without compromising his own family."
"Well, your own good sense will suggest what measures I took next. I went in the shape of a loader to Sir George's house, manager to pick up an acquaintance with his valet, learned that his master had cut his head in the night before, and, finally, at the house of six of his cast-off shoes. With these I journeyed down to St.atham, and saw that I was exactly fitted the tracks."
"I saw an ill-dressed vagabond in the lane yesterday evening," said Mr. Holder. "Precisely. It was I. I found that I had my man, so I came home and changed my clothes. It was a delicate part of the prosecution must be avoided to avert scandal, and I knew that so astute a villain would see that our hands were tied in the matter. I went and saw him. At first, of course, he denied everything. But when I gave him every particular that had occurred, he tried to bluster, and took down a hip-pocket from the wall. I know that man, however, and I clapped a pistol to his head before he could strike. Then he became a little more reasonable. I told him that we would give him a price for the stone he held—£1000 apiece. That brought out the first signs of grief that he had shown. 'Why, dash it all!' said he, 'I've let them go at six hundred for the three.' I soon managed to get the address of the receiver who had them, on promising him that there would be no prosecution. Off I set to him, and after much chaffering I got out stones at £1000 apiece. Then I looked in upon your son, told him that my bid was right, and eventually got to my bed about 2 o'clock, after what I may call a really hard day's work."
"A day which has saved England from a great public scandal," said the banker, rising. "Sir, I cannot find words to thank you, but you shall not find me ungrateful for what you have done. Your skill has indeed exceeded all that I have heard of. And now I must fly to my dear boy to apologize to him for the wrong which I have done him. As to what you tell me of poor Mary, it goes to my very heart. Not even your skill can inform me where she is now."
"I think that we may safely say," returned Holmes, "that she is wherever Sir George Burwell is. It is equally certain, too, that whatever her sins are, they will soon receive a more than sufficient punishment."

of the State of Nevada. North and south from Tonopah to Las Vegas, more than 200 miles, the deserts had been traveled by trains of burros, stages and automobiles, carrying thousands of men and women of various professions and callings. Commenting upon the marvelous advancement, ex-United States Senator Stewart, who is not only one of Bullfrog's leading citizens, but who is its present historian, said: "We have built substantial towns and communities; we have developed great mineral-producing areas, and where once a year ago the Indian alone knew the far end of the lonely trail, and the deserts in all their vastness and desolation held fast the secrets of centuries, the white man has come to seek out and find and mine a land long thought inaccessible to anything but material for stories of an uninhabitable wild West. The achievements of a year in Bullfrog, the farthest isolated mining camp of importance in Nevada, have caused the mining world to marvel. Not only in the opening of ore deposits, but in the launching of big enterprises in advance of the development of the mines has the mining world found reasons for directing attention Bullfrog way. There has been nothing slow in this district. The community has moved, and moved ahead. Phenomenal has been its development in every sense. Capital has shown its confidence in an emphatic manner. Business men have not been slow to grasp the fact that one of the greatest mining camps ever known is in its infancy here." G. G. RICE.

Sheriff Herrick and Speeches.
The late Horatio G. Herrick, of Lawrence, for many years High Sheriff of Essex County, always took a keen interest in the Lawrence schools, and was for a long time chairman of the school committee. Visiting the Saunders school soon after the death of Garfield, Sheriff Herrick spoke to the pupils of the life of the late distinguished statesman, and thus asked, graciously:
"Now, one of you tell me what a statesman is?"
A little hand went up, and a little girl replied:
"A statesman is a man who makes speeches."
"Hardly that," answered Mr. Herrick, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman."
The little hand again went up, and the answer came, triumphantly:
"A statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"—Boston Herald.