

# FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

## The CLASS RUSH



By Leslie W. Quirk

JUST how it began Elton never knew. He had heard whispers of the class "rush" for several days, but nobody in his crowd seemed to know much about it. Belfour, who came from his town, told him that it was the custom for the Sophomores to wait until the Freshmen were coming from gymnasium practice, and then meet them on the lower campus. A cane seemed to be the bone of contention. Elton had been at college just one week. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, at four, every man in the Freshman class was required to report at the gymnasium for practice. On the second Tuesday the Sophomores met them at the door.

Elton was among the last to leave the main floor of the gymnasium. Half-way down the steps he heard a sudden, sharply punctuated roar outside:

"U Rah! Rah!  
U Rah! Ree!  
Varsity! Varsity!  
Nineteen three!"

Elton's heart began to beat with excitement. Those were the Sophomores. And then he heard a defiant yell—weak at first, but gaining strength as lusty voices swung into the refrain:

"U Rah! Rah!  
U Rah! Roar!  
Varsity! Varsity!  
Nineteen four!"

Those were the Freshmen—that was his class. His eyes brightened. He was beginning to understand class spirit now!

Down at the door there was a little blockade. Impatient at the delay, somebody at the top of the stairs gave a mighty push, and the whole crowd swept down to the bottom—tumbling and sliding and eager, but not laughing. From outside came the Sophomore yell, drowning all else.

At last Elton came to the door, just when the tension was almost too great. As far as he could see across the lower campus were swarming groups of young men, all elbowing and closing in on a single mass of fellows, that swayed first one way and then the other.

Elton ran forward. A student in a red sweater blocked his way.

"Nineteen four?" he asked threateningly.

Elton threw back his head. "Yes, sir, I am," he said. It was the first time since he had come to the university that he had not repeated it meekly.

The fellow nodded. "So am I," he said, "and lots of these fellows around here. But we are getting pushed and jostled and walked on, just because we are not organized. You see, the Sophs know one another; we don't. Here, let's bunch ourselves."

He threw back his chest, and called out in a voice that rose above the din:

"Nineteen four this way!"

He turned to Elton. "I know you," he said. Saw you doing stunts in the gym; and I saw your muscles, too." He smiled grimly.

Elton looked up. "Oh, I say—" he began, then his curiosity got the better of him. "What does it all mean?" he asked, pointing his thumb at the struggling mass of humanity.

"It's a class rush," explained the other. "At least, that's what they call it. It's really a cane rush, a bit disorganized here in the West; and the Sophomores use it as an opportunity to walk over the Freshmen and throw them into the lake. It's the nearest thing to hazing that's allowed."

By this time there were thirty or forty students, red of cheek and short of breath, gathered around the two.

The man in the red sweater held up his hand. "Fellows," he said, "this is Elton, 1904. He's going to lead us."

There was a moment of silence, then clear and sharp came the yell:

"U Rah! Rah!  
U Rah! Roar!  
Varsity! Varsity!  
Nineteen four!"

More Freshmen came, and still more, till the crowd was a small army. Then Elton began to understand. The longing to do something for his class grew strong upon him. The fellows hoisted him high upon their shoulders. He turned to the crowd.

"All right, fellows," he said. "We want that cane. Let's get it!"

They were still tugging at it when the crowd of Freshmen came, in a solid mass, like a bullet. Somebody weakened and let go; somebody else's hold slipped. Everywhere were Freshmen—crawling under the upper-classmen, scrambling over them, shoving between them.

Elton, as leader, hit the crowd first. Back of him were two hundred sturdy fellows, bent up with excitement. He went through and over a score of astonished young men. Almost before he realized it, he had his hand on the precious cane. Then more Fresh-

men came, and pulled the Sophomores off before they understood the sudden energy. And all at once, panting and with clothes torn, Elton found himself in possession of the cane.

Some instinct told him to run. In an instant there were five hundred men after him.

Elton could run with the best of them, but there was no hope of getting away with a crowd closing in from three sides and the lake in front.

Back of the gymnasium lay the boat-house. Elton made straight for this building, circled the walk to the front, and took a quick glance at the boats along the pier. All were chained securely except one. In this a man with a heavy sweater was just leaving the pier.

There was no time for delay, no time for apologies. Straight for the boat Elton ran; when he was near it he jumped.

The man was startled—there was no question as to that. For twenty minutes he had been loafing idly about the pier, alternately arranging the cushions in his boat and smoking a bulldog pipe, as he waited impatiently for a friend. And now—

"Well," he gasped, taking his pipe from his mouth, "who are you?"

"I'm Elton—1904, you know. I've got the cane. I—"



STRAIGHT FOR THE BOAT ELTON RAN; WHEN HE WAS NEAR IT HE JUMPED.

"Oh!" The man moved his big shoulders in silent laughter. "Then the class rush is on, and you've got away with the cane."

"Not yet," said Elton, anxiously, as he fitted the oars into the locks; "they're coming."

They were—not one or a dozen, but scores and scores of them—all eager and determined. A whole row of boats was launched as quickly as they could be unlocked from the pier. Groups of stalwart fellows dropped into the seats, and a hundred muscular arms dipped the oars into the water.

Meanwhile the man in Elton's boat had shipped his oars. As he saw the pursuit, however, his face brightened, and he slipped the blades into the water. Elton noticed that there was no splash, hardly a ripple.

"You'll help me get away?" he asked.

"I'm a Junior, old man; I'll help a Freshman any day. Now row for all that's in you."

With his back to the man, Elton dipped his oars and leaned forward. He pulled steadily, with all the force of his muscles. He knew the man behind him had caught the stroke exactly. The boat leaped forward as a mad rush that cut the water sharply before it.

Elton could see the pursuers coming. There were some husky pairs and others coming, and Elton wondered if it would be possible to get away. He was cooler now, and began to wonder if it were all worth while.

Then, suddenly, back on the shore, a hundred Freshmen sent up the class yell. It caught Elton like a powerful stimulant. His heart throbbed; his eyes brightened; his muscles felt fresh and strong. He was doing it for the class. It was worth while.

The man behind him never spoke. He was simply rowing with all the power that was in him. Sometimes when Elton was a little slow in catching the stroke he could feel the boat shoot forward with a tremendous jump. His admiration for the man grew as he watched them draw away from the pursuers.

His oar slipped at last, and sent a shower of water back on the man. The fellow only grunted and said, "Steady! Steady! Steady, old man. We've just begun to fight now. They have launched the four-oar shell."

Elton had never seen a shell, but his eye caught sight of the boat back at the landing. It was slim and frail and fast. He bent to his work with renewed energy. Back of him a voice kept saying, "Steady! Steady, old man! Steady!" It quieted him and made him do his best. He knew the man outclassed him,

though he pulled with the whole strength of his young body.

At best it was an uneven race. Two men in a row-boat could not outrun four men in a racing-shell. Elton did not realize this, however, and strained and tugged at the oars till the perspiration stood out on his forehead in great drops, and trickled down the side of his nose.

He began to pant. He was not in training, and the pace was beginning to tell. He wondered who the other chap was, and whether he had to learn to row that way, or whether he had always been able to do it. He felt an insane desire to stop rowing the boat and ask the man.

The boat-house and gymnasium began to grow smaller and smaller as they receded in the distance. Elton noticed that the water was bluer the farther out they went. There were waves out here, however, that caught the boat occasionally, and tipped it so much he had to shoot his oar deeper down. It irritated him.

Then the recollection of the mad, confused rush on the campus came back to him. He thought of the improvised class yell, and it got to ringing in his ears. He kept time with the oars, and pulled and pulled, and whispered and whispered the yell over to himself. And all the time the man back of him was saying, "Steady! Steady, now! You'll get it; don't dig so deep! Steady! Steady, old man!"

But the race was too unequal. Bit by bit the lighter, faster boat crept upon them. Elton began to wonder if he would be hared, and if the torture would be great. It was worth while, anyhow; anything was worth while for a crowd of fellows like his class.

Then the boat grated on the lake bottom, and stopped abruptly.

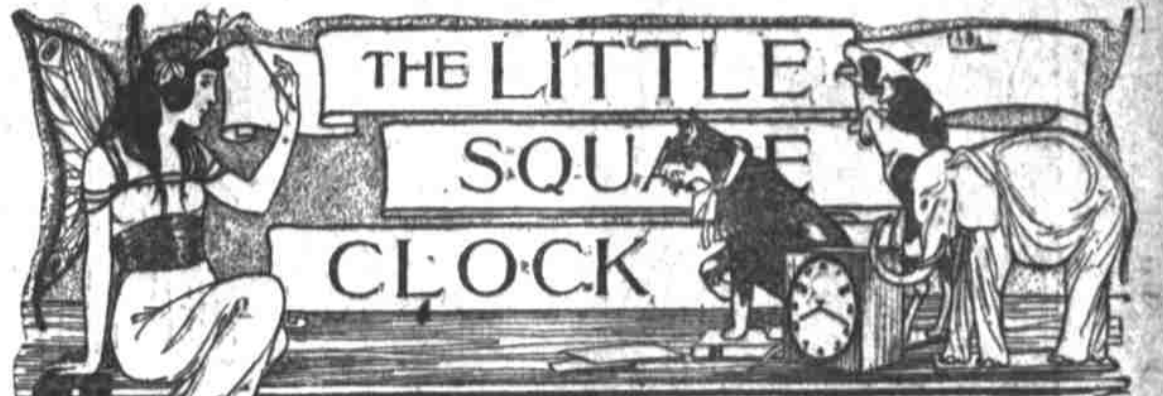
Straight across the lake, Picnic Point juts out, a long, narrow peninsula. They had been rowing for this point, and it was here that the shell overtook them. Elton wondered what the upper-classmen would do to him. He was not afraid; he was only sorry that his class could not win the coveted cane.

As a matter of fact, the Sophomores did nothing. After several boat-loads of them had come, they bundled him into a rowboat, leaving his companion to return at his leisure.

Perhaps a hundred yards from the boat-house shore, the boat stopped. Back from the water's edge, twenty deep, was a vast crowd.

"Now, Elton," came the command, "stand up and give your class yell."

Elton stood on a seat and gave it, not hurrying it, not mumbling it, but yelling it out with a pride that was in every note. He was glad to give the yell.



## THE LITTLE SQUARE CLOCK

By Agnes Lee

The china dog on the table sat,  
And the ivory elephant round and fat,  
And the crystal cat, and the little square clock—  
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!

Down came a fairy so dear and sweet,  
Golden-gowned to the tips of her feet;  
No taller she was than a light, soft quill,  
And she asked them to wish, as fairies will.

Loud rose the dog's beseeching wail:  
"I have lost my tail, I have lost my tail!  
A Fairy free, if thy power be true,  
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Up spake the elephant, spirit-sunk:  
"I have cracked my trunk, I have cracked my trunk!  
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,  
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Quoth the crystal cat: "I much rejoice!  
For I've lost my voice, oh, I've lost my voice!  
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,  
Give me a m-e-w, give me a m-e-w!"

The fairy's wand had a wondrous quirk;  
Each gift came forth and began its work.  
And then she saw—and she turned quite red—  
She'd forgotten the little square clock, that said:

"My corners have never a crick or crack,  
My hands are whole, and I have n't a lack.  
O Fairy free, dost bid me choose?  
Give, oh, give me something to lose!"

The crystal cat mew'd a silent mew;  
The dog and the elephant wondered, too.  
The fairy nodded a nod sublime,  
And flourished her wand, and gave it time.

She gave it time, since when the grace  
Of satisfaction is on its face,  
And all day long, all night, 't will sit,  
Losing and losing and losing it.

### HIS DREAM.

"One night I had a funny dream," said little Tommy Drew;  
"I dreamed that I was wide awake, and woke and found 't was true!"

Cornelia Channing Ward.

## Eleanor's Colonel.

By Annah Robinson Watson.

ELEANOR FAIRFAX was a little girl who lived in the Shenandoah Valley, one of the most beautiful parts of Virginia.

Her home was the prettiest rose-covered cottage in a small village, and here her young mother lived, with only Mammy 'Liza, the old colored nurse, to help her take care of the household.

Eleanor's father had gone off to the war with the Southern soldiers, and Mammy 'Liza's husband, Uncle Reuben, had gone, too, "to take care of young marstah," he said.

As yet, no Northern soldiers had been seen in the town, and Eleanor and her little friends often paused in their games to wonder what these soldiers were like, and whether they would ever really come.

Eleanor was the eldest of three children, and often her mother would take her in her arms and talk long and seriously.

"You must help mother," she would say tenderly—"help mother to lead the little ones right. Baby sister and little Edward will both watch you; they will do what you do, and speak as you speak. Father has gone, and mother has no one but Eleanor to help her."

"Father is a Secesh, is n't he?" said Eleanor, slowly, one day, when they were talking.

"Yes, father is a Secesh," answered the mother, smiling.

"And you are a Secesh?" continued the little questioner.

"Yes, of course; I am whatever father is."

"Then I am a Secesh, too—a great big Secesh," exclaimed the little girl, sturdily. "I'd like to be a soldier, too, like father."

"Well, a soldier must be loyal to his colors. That means he must be true and always keep his word. Even if the enemy should come and want to shoot him for it, that should make no difference to a really brave man, and he must always tell the truth, no matter what it costs."

Eleanor looked very solemn as her mother said this, and exclaimed: "I'm not a coward, mother. If the Yankees came, I would n't be afraid one bit. I'd tell them right out I was a Secesh, and I'd try to get them to let you and little sister and Edward go free, and just take me."

Tears came to the mother's eyes, though she laughed as she caught the small soldier to her breast. "Oh, there's no danger of that, darling," she said. "If the Yankees came they would n't want such a little rebel as you."

It was only the next week that the Yankees came, sure enough, and pitched their tents in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, just on the edge of the little town.

This caused great excitement, for no one knew why the soldiers had come, whether there was to be a battle, or what was to happen. Even the children shared in the general feeling of anxiety and unrest.

They had been in the habit of visiting each other freely, and of playing upon the beautiful green spaces between the houses; but now they were kept closely within doors, lest, as they thought to themselves, they should be captured by the Yankees and carried off to prison.

But several days passed by, nothing terrible happened, the soldiers had done no harm to any one, and the citizens began to feel more comfortable, and the children to return to their usual occupations and pleasures. Day by day, in their games upon the meadow, they came nearer and nearer to the Federal camp. They watched eagerly all the movements of the soldiers, and one day a half-dozen of the most daring among them decided to go nearer still. "Just to see what the 'bluecoats' look like," they said to one another.

The youngest of the tiny group was Eleanor. She looked very serious, as if her little heart was burdened with matters of great importance. She may have been thinking that the time of trial had come—

that if she saw the terrible Yankees she might tell them her father had gone to fight them, and that if they wanted anybody, they must take her, and let nothing hurt her "dear mother, baby sister, and little

Edward. Anyway, she was one of the band of children, and they approached with quick-beating hearts the Federal camp, which was only a few hundred yards distant.

As they neared the place they saw a group of soldiers out in front of the tents, and one of the number, the colonel, called out cheerily: "Come on, little people; I'm glad to see you."

At this the children looked much startled. Two of the number took fright and beat a most inglorious retreat. Only four obeyed his summons. These came somewhat reluctantly, and stood before him, silent, and with anxious eyes lifted to his face.

The colonel began to talk to them, and at last said he wanted to know whether they were rebels or Yankees—whether they were on his side or were for Jeff Davis.

The children were speechless, and turned to one another with wondering faces. But he continued: "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make a very nice present to the little girl who gives me the best answer to that question."

With a common impulse, the children drew back and began with great excitement to talk to one another.

"What's he going to do with us?" asked one.

"Maybe shoot us," answered a little girl, shivering, "unless we say we're for the Yankees."

"But that would be a story!" exclaimed Eleanor, hotly. "We're not for the Yankees, and you know it!"

"I'd rather be for the Yankees than be shot," said little Eunice Clarke, looking frightened.

At this moment the colonel called them: "Come on; I'm ready for your answers."

A group of soldiers had gathered about him, attracted by the unusual scene, and the children looked fearfully at the "bluecoats."

Eunice happened to be in front of the group.

"Well, my little girl," asked the colonel, "what are your sentiments? Whom are you for?"

"I'm for the Yankees, sir!" she said in an almost inaudible tone.

The colonel smiled and asked the next in line.

"If you won't shoot me, I'll be a Yankee for—a little while," she answered, twisting the corner of her apron.

"And you?" was asked of the next; but the child covered her face with her hands and said nothing.

Only Eleanor was left. She took a step toward the colonel. Her sunbonnet had fallen back, and her tangled brown curls were blown by the summer breeze.

"And you, my little lady, whom are you for? The Yankees?" he asked.

Eleanor lifted her brown eyes with a flash to his face, while her cheeks glowed, and her lips, though they quivered a moment, parted, as she cried, stamping her little foot:

"No, no! I'm a Secesh. I'll live a Secesh, and I'll die a Secesh. That's what I am. Now, if you want to, take me and shoot me!"

The men gave a loud cheer. "Hurrah for the little Secesh! Hurrah for the brave little Secesh!" they cried.

"Hurrah for the little heroine!" exclaimed the colonel. "That's what she is—a little trump of a girl who's not afraid to tell the truth. She's a dear, loyal little rebel!"

Then he caught her in his arms, lifted her to his shoulder, and followed by the other children, who were shamefaced and abashed, he carried her into the town, then to a shop, where, sure enough, he selected for her a beautiful gift.

"Just look!" said Eunice Clarke, with wide-open eyes. "That's what she got for telling the truth. Just look! I don't believe I'll be afraid next time."

After this the colonel took Eleanor to her own gate, and left her, saying tenderly, as he held her hand and parting: "I hope, my dear little rebel, you will always be as true as you have been to-day." Then he kissed her and went back to camp.

This one colonel had in a sense captured the entire town, and for seven days the children talked about him, until he became their favorite hero. They called him always "Eleanor's Colonel."