

Of course, being very young and quite without experience, they don't as yet know what form their future home shall take. But they are drawing up plans of their own, and no matter how these shall develop, they will bear very little resemblance to the palaces and the pawnshops that were so characteristic of the age that turned Messieurs Creuzot and Krupp into multi-millionaires.

They will have fewer ecclesiastic establishments, but a great many more squash-courts, and while there will be a lack of picturesque gables, the attics will no longer be filled with quantities and quantities of discarded opinions and outworn prejudices.

All this sounds a little like a blurb for a literary colony in southern California or a development scheme in Florida.

Of course I don't mean it that way.

The world has not suddenly become populated with intellectual heroes and

spiritual pioneers. The average child of to-day is very much like the average child of the thirteenth century A. D. or B. C. But it has one enormous advantage over its predecessors—it seems to be born with a clearly developed sense of the realities of life and with a fine nose for all current varieties of fraud and hypocrisy. It is, of course, possible that our educators and our dominies shall invent a series of plausible shams which will temporarily lame the power of vision of the patients and will lower their resistance against the insidious microbe of *Streptococcus Bunk*. But I have my doubts.

"Banana-oil" and "applesauce" and "boloney" may prove to be more vigorous antidotes than any one had ever dared to expect.

They may even cure our world of its oldest and most malign form of illness—a respect for the past based upon the unsubstantiated say-so of our parents.

As the Professor Sees the Game

BY AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN A WESTERN UNIVERSITY



AME time!

How do I, a mere assistant professor, a joy-killer, a bird conducting a recitation on Saturday afternoon, a purveyor of mathematics, a person with a desire to shove unnatural mathematical processes down the throats of real, honest-to-goodness he-men students—how can such a grub as I tell it is game time?

I can tell by the look in their eyes.

If I, with my mouth full of figures, should suddenly topple over in a fit and pass to the Great Beyond, those students would shed no tears. That is the look in their eyes. They are disgusted, are those young men, with me, with mathematics, with the programme which has insisted that they be so engaged at such a time as this. The game begins at 2.30; until 1.20 they shall be with me, unless fits intervene. To some, persons uninspired in

the presence of a great event, the day might seem singularly drab, a brooding, bitter November day. But the perpendicular face of the new stadium, which can be seen through the classroom windows, is topped and aflutter with pennants, and the whole world of men and automobiles seems to swarm in its direction. Of these things my class is conscious, and my class is very unhappy. Out of this general depression there stand forth two exceptions—Treadwell and Stinger.

Treadwell is big, equable in temper, likable. Treadwell is varsity end, and he must be dressed and on that field by 2.15. But is he downhearted? Not that you could notice. He and Stinger alone watch me write upon the board. Apparently they alone listen as I prattle about the hieroglyphics. Apparently, I say. For, as a matter of fact, Treadwell isn't listening at all. Determinedly and conscientiously Treadwell keeps his eyes fixed

on my chalk, but it is quite impossible for Treadwell to keep his mind off that football field, where in a very short time he will be careering to the applause of the assembled thousands. There is in Treadwell a great strain of honesty, of decency. It wasn't gained at the university, nor developed on the football field. It was simply born in him. So in class Treadwell always keeps his eyes on the board. But Treadwell is no student, though he is no fool. He has no more real interest in mathematics than I have in the man in the moon. He desires to be a college graduate, preferably an engineer, and for some reason, concerning which Treadwell is not quite clear, Mathematics rears its scaly back between him and his ambition. Very well. Treadwell neither whines nor sneers. His job is to get a diploma. The diploma he will get, through his affability, his size, his good looks, and his just sufficient mental effort. Even I, classroom representative of the scaly one, profess a liking for Treadwell. I had him as a freshman in analytics, and I passed him then because of his size, affability, etc., as much as for any knowledge of the subject. I admire him now, so uncompromisingly eying the symbols of integration when the world without is so full of pen-nants, whisking autos, and girls.

To end the unholy farce of teaching at such a time I announce, at 1.05, that class is dismissed.

There is a large gasp of astonishment. It is promptly followed by a press at the classroom door, and then, like a cork from a champagne bottle, that class is gone.

Excepting Stinger.

"Going to see the game, Prof?" he asks.

"I think I will. Are you?"

"Nix."

Here Stinger is quite positive. Stinger is wiry rather than strong, and has a long nose and thin lips. His eyes are keen, and not at all innocent. Never does he grow familiar with me in the presence of other students, but always does he when we are alone. For Stinger has by far the best mind of that class, he knows he has the best mind, and he knows I know it.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"I think I'll go down-town and look 'em over," he answers with a grin.

"You'd better go to the game," I advise, and I am sincere.

Stinger makes a face. I understand. In the past Stinger has given me his opinion of athletics, laughing—and slyly sneering—as he did so. So acute were his remarks then, so unbiassed by sentiment or—to give the devil his due—by ill-feeling, that I was positively shocked. For, while truth is precious and I am supposed to teach it, yet I suffer, as do ninety-nine out of a hundred adults, from the haunting fear that young persons will see too much of it.

Briefly, Stinger pooh-poohed college athletics.

"Don't you think it develops college spirit?" I had asked.

"Spirit for what?" he had retorted. "Spirit for study?"

I shifted my attack.

"You ought to go to more games," I had insisted.

"Why?" he asked. He was very fond of that "Why?"

"Why, hang it, Stinger," I had exclaimed, "it's colorful! There's plenty of action, there's the university band, and there are thousands of pretty girls!"

"But out there the girls don't look at me," he had retorted. "And I don't get any kick out of watching Treadwell and the team run around the field."

Thinking of that remark afterward, I concluded that here Stinger struck nearer the truth than perhaps he had intended. Stinger craved applause. But imaginative he was and analytical—I have said he had an unusually fine mind—as well as young; so that the applause that came his way by reflection, that moiety of applause due every student of an institution whose teams win, that overflow of applause, if you please, which the team can not take care of, Stinger did not want. And thus this young man, who might have been a very successful football coach, but could never be a first-rate football player, went gallivanting down-town and out of the influence of that institution of learning which on Saturday afternoons packed itself into the stadium. I could not persuade the young man to do otherwise.

When I arrived at the stadium the beginning of the game was not far off. I obtained a modest seat, a cheap seat, at

the far end of the stadium behind a goal line. The stadium seats sixty thousand; I figured there would be some vacancies here. I was right, and here throughout the game I was able to sit, to smoke, to cogitate, and to keep my hat upon my head.

An intercollegiate football game is worth seeing. Whatever may be one's opinion of the propriety of the affair, or of the game itself as a Saturday relaxation from the usual terrific intellectual strain of the student body, or of the price of tickets, the thing is worth seeing. A gathering of half a hundred thousand human beings is never negligible, and when that gathering is very largely one of youth in a bubble of anticipation, its spirit is surprisingly catching and tonic. There are to the affair noteworthy trimmings. The cheer leaders, bedizened and supple, with their vivid genuflections, able to draw from the crowd mighty cadences that sound something like "Rip, snort, zip boom ba-a-a!" The university band, a hundred strong, crashing forth frequently and harmoniously, and always with plenty of pep. And the pennants and colors and horns and megaphones and gaily dressed ladies—as the columnist of the university daily once said, "the latest styles of Paris gracing the Coliseum of Rome."

It is when the preliminaries are being staged, with the teams trotting through a few signals and the ordered blasts of the multitude booming like waves of the deep sea on a rock-bound coast, that I like to observe that shining individual, the football coach. Lucky, lucky man. Blessed with power sufficient to relegate the dubs among his pupils to fields of endeavor for which they are most eminently fitted. But, as the professor realizes, the coach's path is not all bestrewn with roses. For the coach must, with great consistency, win. A professor, if he be a man of some learning, of reasonable industry, of decent character, may retain his job even if he is no howling success as a teacher of his subject. A coach, though he work like a devil and have the character of a god, is not wanted if he cannot teach his pupils to win. The university is tolerant of a poor teacher of anything but football. It would take a bold individual to suggest

that the university should be tolerant of poor teaching in football rather than in anything else.

The whistle blows, the game is on, the ball soars into the heavens, the crashing as the opposing forwards collide is very audible and significant indeed. The team which is playing ours is from a small school, said to enroll only a few hundred students, but it is a very famous team. The school has no stadium of its own, but the ability of its team to fill other stadia is universally admitted. Thus on one Saturday this team will be in New Orleans, the next week in Minneapolis, the next in New York, the next in Des Moines, and so on. For me the visitors hold something of the fascination of a theatrical troupe, one of those rare organizations that not only travel but can also be depended upon to fill the house when they care to stop. They have drawn a hundred-thousand-dollar gate to-day. What a wonderful existence is that of these young fellows! Young, athletic, continually on the wing, and playing games on Saturdays! Will they, in after life, experience times to compare with this? Will they, when the college days are over, settle down to the grind of lesser men which alone gives any assurance of later approaching to the present heights? Or will they, quite hopeless of ever again attaining to the public popularity and public prints, from college on dangle at the fringes of the athletic world, advising schoolboys at play, forever more interested in games than in life, growing thick around the neck and thighs—the perfect pictures of men who have shot their bolts? Oh, that such an existence as their present one might continue forever!

The game has settled down to an affair of exceedingly hard work and small gains. The teams are evenly matched. If one were blindfolded one could visualize the situation. From the sudden mighty silences one would know that the crowd was utterly tense upon the efforts of our eleven sweating boys, who vainly try to push the pigskin oval through the devoted vitals of their opponents; as one would know at the sudden roars, the unified exhausts of fifty thousand humans under high pressure, that our men were thrusting back the little school at least a yard or two.

Treadwell is playing well. There is no particular affability about the big boy now. Football, like war, offers no particular encouragement to affability. So far Treadwell has knocked down a forward pass, has turned in several plays directed his way, has charged and blocked as well as the thing can be done. A very good end is Treadwell, a man upon whom the coach may rely to give all he has to win. I think Treadwell is determined upon two things: to get his diploma in engineering and to play his position at end in a way that will please his coach. But of course the two ambitions call for different methods of accomplishment. In football a man must be determined, always alert, concentrated upon the subject, utterly devoted.

I wonder, while I watch Treadwell and his mates fall upon these visitors who resist them, just what is the connection between this sort of thing and higher education. Does a college environment stimulate these youths to labor so? Or does football urge them on through college? Do they fulfil scholastic requirements for the sake of football, or do they play football the better to meet scholastic requirements? Has the game attained to its present proportions because it educates or because it entertains? To these fifty thousand people, which is the element predominant at this moment—the school or the circus? Is this stadium the centre of university life or an adjunct? Which is cart, which horse, here? I admit I am no less puzzled when I remember that Treadwell is down there on the field and Stinger is not, when as a matter of fact if the positions were reversed Stinger might be kept out of mischief down-town and Treadwell might be studying a bit more those subjects an engineer is supposed to know. In the crowd of fifty thousand there cannot be more than six thousand men students, for that is the maximum number in school; and I ask myself how do the six thousand benefit by what is here spread before them. Most of them seem to be dressed in their Sunday best, and all of them rise frequently to give voice to the feelings that convulse them. Is there great good in this? It is said to be good to stand in the open and roar, nor does the wearing of one's holiday apparel neces-

sarily nullify the effect. But Treadwell's physique wasn't developed by an hour's vocal exercise once a week. Unquestionably, physical exercise is desirable for students, and all teachers believe in it, whether or not they take any themselves; but just how will the game going on below correct the deficiencies of spindle-legged spectators? Undoubtedly, the bulging calves of the athletes arouse some envy in those who view them, and even some shame among spectators whose supports are thin, but what do such unfortunate spectators do about it? At sight of the game is a languid young man, who has had trouble pulling on his shoes and walking to classes in the morning, suddenly stimulated to dumb-bells and the wrestling mat? After all, is not the correction of students' physical deficiencies, as a matter of the greatest importance, a matter for the university itself to oversee and insist upon? And if such is the case, what has the staging of an athletic contest before fifty thousand people, more than half of them utter strangers to the university, to do with it?

The first half is up, and a desperate affair it was, keeping those who beheld it very tense, and at times very uncomfortable. Score, 0 to 0. Both teams are bundled off the field in blankets, and the spectators relax and stretch and argue, and the hundred-piece band suddenly bursts into jazz. But while the spectators are being somewhat soothed by the musical hot stuff, the two rival teams, closeted with their respective coaches, are hearing sounds far from soothing. We spectators know not just what the coaches say, but we can imagine. Our young men must hear themselves described in defeat as spineless, useless, utterly repulsive cadavers. For when, fifteen minutes later, we see them reappear upon the field they come spouting flames. When the whistle blows and the ball is kicked off once more they rush at their eleven opponents, who have been similarly worked upon and worked up. Whereupon we are treated to visible proof that when irresistible force meets irresistible force dull thuds result, without much gain for any one.

Throughout the third quarter the battle rages. The visitors from the little school are demons. When we have the

ball they are mountains in the way; when they have it they move forward like landslides. Yet they can no more score on us than we on them. Throughout the quarter the ball gets no nearer than thirty yards to either goal. No spectator of such a struggle could be indifferent to it, and in watching it the crowd forgets to cheer, the band to play, and the somewhat officious officials to assess penalties. So the quarter goes.

At the beginning of the fourth and final quarter three men in the jerseys of our school run upon the field. They are fresh backs to replace the two halves and the full worn out by the preceding three quarters. At the substitution the visitors look rather blank and glum. Theirs is a small school, good substitutes are scarce; they will finish the game with the men who began it. The crowd yells approval of our substitution. I ask myself—sotto voce, of course: Is this substitution of men on our part proper ethics? Is this true sportsmanship? Before I can reach any conclusion the battle is on; and I defy any living man situated as I am to consider ethics while it is on.

The three new backs turn the tide. The game begins to swing definitely in our favor. The ball remains in the opponents' territory, and gradually, very gradually, approaches the goal they defend. But the visitors are far from being defeated even now, and it is very evident that, despite our three fresh men, the nearer the ball approaches goal the harder the job to push it on. With only five minutes more to play, the ball is still twenty-five yards away from the goal-line, and the outcome very doubtful, when an unexpected play decides the issue.

The ball is put in play at about the twenty-five-yard line, and nearer the side-line where sit our substitutes than the other. Treadwell runs over to this side-line, and the visitors are on the watch for a forward pass to be thrown to him. But when the ball is snapped Treadwell immediately charges the man opposite him, bowls him over, and falls, himself. The play is very fast and brilliantly executed, and already there is one of our men where Treadwell so recently was. The ball is shot to this man, he gets it, and goes careering down the field.

Now occurs something which, I believe, is seen clearly by only Treadwell and me. For some distance the man with the ball runs along the side-line, and once, only once, very lightly, very quickly, he steps over the side-line—as I see it. I am in the seats at the end of the field; if the side-line were continued it would pass between my legs. And it happened that I had been staring with a sort of horrible presentiment at the runner's shoes as he danced along the side-line. And I had seen his fatal misstep. And as he continued on, my eyes remained upon the fatal spot, as if the print of his shoe were burned in the sod there. And of all the fifty thousand pairs of eyes gazing down, only one other pair besides mine, I believe, watched those shoes as I did. The other pair was Treadwell's.

The runner was between Treadwell and me. Treadwell, coming to his feet after bowling over his man, was on his hands and knees straddling the side-line when the runner stepped over. And his eyes, like mine, remained fixed upon the spot. For some moments Treadwell's mouth hung open, he remained on his hands and knees, the most undecided football player I had ever seen. And all this while the man with the ball was squirming, twisting, pirouetting, advancing. Though neither Treadwell nor I moved our eyes from a certain damned spot that would not out, we could tell from fifty thousand voices that a touchdown had been scored.

Immediately the captain of the opposing team protested that the runner had stepped out. The captain's players gathered about to protest with him. Immediately our captain contradicted any such protest, and our players gave support to our captain. The spectators took up the argument, and from that stadium rose the rumble of discontent. Yet, I am convinced that the vast mass of those shouting and insistent spectators, those protesting and contradicting players, had not seen the runner's twinkling feet. And the officials, who had not seen, yet were experienced and honest men, decided promptly and finally without having seen, because they knew that to seek impartial evidence and get it under such circumstances was an unheard-of and useless effort. Has an intercollegiate football

match, outside of the literature and poetry of the game, ever been decided in such a torn and troubled moment as this by some player stepping forward and saying: "Yes, Mr. Referee, I saw our man step out of bounds. Our touchdown was illegal. Though what I am telling will cost us the game and the championship, I can not cheat, I can not take an unfair advantage." And did his fellow players step up to congratulate him afterward? Perhaps so. But I have seen many football games, and I have seen a number of disputes arise on the field of play; and in such cases I have never seen the officials decide with other than full knowledge that they would be damned if they did and damned if they didn't.

That touchdown being allowed, the game was ours.

I remain at my seat watching the exodus of the fifty thousand from the stadium. For many minutes the crowd continues to swarm out, a jubilant swarm. We have won, a famous team is beaten, a championship is in sight. Outside, motors roar, horns toot—sweet pæans of victory. But of it all that which remains most significant to me is the blanketed figure of Tom Treadwell moving off the field with his comrades to their quarters. For Treadwell walks with bowed head, not as a victor should, but with the dejected and thoughtful look of one who has lost.

As I walk home I ask myself if for failing to tell the truth regarding that touchdown any one can blame Treadwell—and me. Sidestepping direct response to that query, I then inquire why it is that we two—if Treadwell saw as I did—failed to show true sportsmanship when the opportunity presented itself. And the best I can say for Treadwell and myself is this: that that in which he and I have just been participating, he as a player, I as a spectator, was not a game. It was a battle. It was an economic and financial struggle, and at bottom as heartless and unsentimental and unsportsmanlike as struggles of that sort usually are. For this stadium will be packed next Saturday and

the Saturday after. But had we not won, had Treadwell and I told the truth, the stadium would not have been filled on the next two occasions. Had Treadwell and I spoken out it would have cost some one a hundred thousand dollars. We remained silent. In my estimation the train of circumstances connecting young Treadwell and poor me with that hundred thousand exists with a perfectly hellish clearness. A hundred thousand and more is at stake; to win the stake the games must be won; to win the games an intelligent, thoroughly competent, highly paid coach is obtained; to win is this coach's business, it is his bread and butter; his competency and success are measured by the degree of his own desire and determination and necessity to win that is transmitted to his pupils; and thus are the student body, the community in which the school is located, the American public, treated weekly to exhibitions and influences as glamorous, as inciting, and as ethical as bull-fights.

"Oh, yes," exclaims a small voice, "but isn't a winning football team the best advertising in the world? Don't these victories advertise the university? And you grubbing bookworms with it?" To which I, exhausted by this mental flagellation, wearily reply: "Why in the name of seven devils does higher education have to be advertised!"

This is mere spleen, of course, the exclamation of one who is rapidly losing his bearings. I admit it. I admit it the more readily, thinking of Stinger. I began by saying that Stinger might have done better at the game and Treadwell away from it. I am not now so sure. Seeing Treadwell's departing and dolorous figure, the figure of a Treadwell for once in his life intensely thinking, I am left doubtful. Had Stinger witnessed the fatal misstep over the side-line, with the game won despite it, he would have laughed. The cynicism of Stinger, already too pronounced in a man of his age, would have been in no wise lessened by the incident.

The Passing of the Country Store

BY WILL ROSE

Author of "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party," etc.



AM looking back to the other end of the past thirty years and thinking of one of America's great institutions, the country store.

McKinley was running for the presidency in 1896. Bryan had thrilled the people with his crucifixion of silver upon a cross of gold. Providence, always playing the game of history as men play chess, was a few years later to shift Roosevelt into the vice-presidency. These men were the great figures of that time, I have been told. But memory brings back to me the small world of the boy in a country town. A genuine constructionist of 1896 was the country merchant.

Not the least of these was my father. "I now have the second largest country store in the county," he told me one day, with the frank pride he would not have indulged in talking with his equals.

In the dank, stone-covered cellar of this great establishment I sought the terrors of blackness and odors which suggested the mysteries of far-away countries of the world. A dozen great barrels of molasses, syrups, turpentines, and oils created visions of ferocious men and ship-holds. Thousands of eggs accepted by barter struggled for survival against time and the huge rats which were captured in wire cages, drowned in the creek of the large barns, and buried in manure piles outside the horse-stables. This cellar was the storage-place for the many crocks of dairy butter turned in by the farmers in lieu of cash, and for the big wood-covered cheeses. Stocks of ropes, empty boxes and "bar'ls" and crates, excelsior, hams hanging from the rafters, and occasionally a rat or a cat, too long dead without decent or any other kind of acknowledged burial, made this cellar into a delicious adventure for a seven-year-old youngster

with reinforcements or at least a trusty air-rifle.

Above ground, the country store was more wholesome but less interesting. Five long straight counters back of which were countless shelves, clear to the ceiling, filled with merchandise, followed the sides and one end of the store. And, in addition, a narrow but long horseshoe counter occupied the centre of the floor space. Departments were complete; jewelry and collar-buttons and collars, yard-goods and wearing-apparel, household furnishings, drugs, hardware and canned goods, groceries and candy, boots and shoes. The horseshoe counter was devoted to toys and notions and it seems to me that I also remember a show-case filled with old-fashioned razors, knives, shaving-soaps and toilet articles.

The second floor of the store was the last going up, and except for the display of rugs, carpets, oilcloth, and wall-paper, it was given over to surplus stock. This second floor extended beyond the main floor in the rear and connected with the haymows of the horse-barn to form an overhead feed-room, an arrangement which permitted wagons to drive under the room and load or unload by means of a hand-operated elevator which was very attractive and dangerous for small boys.

Since a great deal of the buying was in carload lots, more storage room was necessary and this was provided by additions to the barns, one of them so large that a two-horse lumber-wagon could drive into it and turn around without backing. This addition was usually devoted to a carload of flour in barrels, a fact which I particularly remember because of the expertness of our younger set in standing on one of these barrels and rolling it with foot-power from one end of the barn to the other.

A large horse-shed, a cat family, circling