

The Delaware College Review

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THE GAME, THE CHANCE AND THE GIRL

THE last problem in calculus done, I closed the book with a bang and took a few turns around the room to see if my legs were still able to perform their duty. Then I sat down in my cozy corner for a few minutes meditation before going to bed. On the morrow I could go to class and look each professor right in the eye, for I was prepared in all my subjects, a none too frequent occurrence. Several important things were to occur tomorrow. Our base ball team was to play Williams. Each had a good team, and this game would decide the championship of Middle Atlantic colleges. A great number of old "grads" would be back and there was to be a dance in the "Gym" in the evening. Was I going to the dance? I didn't know. I had written and asked Ethel Roberts to come. She said that in the same mail she received an invitation from Collins, the Williams pitcher, of whom her letters had been full, to come to the dance. The only way she saw out of the difficulty was to go with the man whose team won. She was coming to the game and be a neutral spectator, not wearing the colors of either college. O, yes, that was fair enough, but it kept a fellow a good bit on edge. My, I had practiced for this game! Most of my spare time since receiving that letter had been spent out on the field trying to improve my hitting ability. My fielding and base running were the things that kept me on the team. I didn't want Collins to strike me out before her. I got up and walked around the room to quiet myself. Suddenly my eye fell on an old tobacco jar, in the form of an Indian head, which my father had given me, when I came to college. It had rendered him a great service just before he was married. What that service was he did not say, but he said that the jar had been given to him by an Indian magician. I didn't believe much in magic, but had somehow always been attached to the jar, and, besides, it looked well on my table. Now was a time when it could render me a great service, if it were magic.

"Say, old fellow," I said, addressing the jar; "if you have any magic, bring it out strong tomorrow, so that we can beat Williams."

After awhile I felt a good bit quieter, and soon went to bed. In the morning it was bright and clear, with not a cloud in the sky. I wondered when Ethel would arrive, but she had not sent me word, so I was at sea. As she had friends in the town, I did not bother. I certainly did surprise some of the professors with my recitations that morning. When I handed in my calculus problems, the professor looked at me as if he thought the world was coming to an end.

After dinner I was sitting in my Morris chair reading the paper, when some one came down the hall singing a coon song in a clear tenor voice. The door opened and a big, well-built fellow stepped in. His clear blue eyes flashed, his cheeks were as rosy as a girl's; on his head was my newest cap.

"Don't you think your cap looks better on me than it does on you?" he

asked, as he came over and sat on the edge of the chair. "Yes, I do," he said, before I had time to answer. "That blue one looks well on you, but this one is a little too sporty for you. But for a man of my style, it certainly is becoming."

I gave him a push that set him in a heap on the floor. He picked himself up and stretched himself out on the cosy corner.

"Say, Tom, going to give me a dance with your girl?" he asked.

"Haven't any girl, yet," I answered sadly.

"Why, I saw her coming up the campus with some big fellow. I thought it her brother, but by your tone I guess I was wrong."

"If you want to beat him up, I'll get the rest of the crowd and we'll start in. By the size of him it wouldn't be any soft snap."

"I don't know; he doesn't play football. So I think he can't be much of a man."

"Well, I must be going. Better come over whether you get a girl or not. You can get plenty of dances. You want to go right after those Williams fellows. Remember what we did to them in football."

In a few minutes I went down to the campus where the visitors were beginning to congregate. I strolled around, meeting a great many persons I knew. At last, I saw her. She was walking beside a great big fellow, who looked like a giant to me.

"Hello, Tom," she said; "why so glum? Has the team taken a slump, or has your best pitcher been stolen. Meet my friend, Mr. Collins, Mr. Nelson."

Collins gave me a chilly bow, totally ignoring my outstretched hand.

Ethel noticed the coolness and tried to overcome it with her chatter, as we strolled about over the campus. Although she wore no visible colors of either college, I noticed that she carried a crimson parasol. Crimson was our color; while yellow was Williams' color. We walked about for some time, and Ethel, seeing her attempts at conversation failing, became a little flustered. I noticed this and excused myself. "Good luck," she called to me, as I walked away, and waved the crimson parasol.

My heart gave a bound. Did she really wish me good luck? There was a merry twinkle in her eyes and I was a little doubtful. Any way she had a crimson parasol and that was some encouragement. Well, rather.

I walked over to the "Gym" and sat down on a bench. I didn't feel in a very sociable frame of mind, but it was too early to dress. After a few moments "Jimmie" Arnold, our big catcher, came in.

"Hello," he called, and threw himself on the bench beside me. "It's too early to dress, and that crowd out there would get my nerve if I stayed out in it much longer. Say, didn't I see a friend of yours with that Williams pitcher?"

"If you looked around very much, you did," I replied.

"They say he's good. You don't want to let him fan you."

"Well, if trying would do the trick, I'd get a home run every time up."

"That's the spirit."

Just then a "bunch" came in, and we all started to get dressed. It was very quiet while we were getting ready. There was very little talking. A sort of lull before the storm. "Bill" Howell, our coach, came in and looked us over, giving a new shoe-string to one, fixing a bandage for another and keeping up a continual line of talk. At last all were dressed and we gathered round him.

"Fellows," he said, "you all know why we are here. Bates has, no doubt, had many good teams in the past, but she has never had a team which has gone thus far in the season without a defeat. Today you fellows have the chance to make a name for your college and for yourselves. The place is full of old grads, come back to see their team trounce Williams and win the championship. Win this game, and the college is yours. You fellows all know the game and can play it. Go out there with a determination to win. Fight until the last man is out. You will be up against a fast team, but you are just as fast; so keep after them. If you see a chance that looks good, take it and, above all use your heads. If you get on to a signal try and block it. Now go out and warm up. Arnold and Marks work the pitchers and the rest of you toss them about."

He threw out half a dozen balls, and we went out and tossed them about. Already the stands were a mass of color. Soon after we came out, our crowd, headed by a band, marched on the field and took their seats. Then they got in a few cheers—one for Williams, then three long ones for Bates, and the team. I looked over the stands for a crimson parasol, and soon spied it well up in the stand. Her father, an old Bates man, was sitting beside her. Well, she could not cheer for Williams if she did not for Bates. We watched the Williams team as they warmed up; they did look fast. Then we took our team on the diamond. It did feel good to gather in a fast one and whip it over to first and imagine that Collins had hit the ball. When we were thoroughly warmed up, the umpire announced the batteries. Harry Kirk, our pitcher, walked out to the box. After he had tossed a few over the plate and "Jimmie" had tried his arm out to me at second, the umpire called, "Play ball!"

A Williams man stepped up to the plate. I felt mighty nervous and, as Kirk wound up, I got up on my toes and watched the ball carefully. Bang, it went into Jimmie's glove. I started forward and then relaxed myself and called out something to Kirk. Again he wound up and I concentrated my gaze on the batter. He stepped forward and brought his bat around. Crack! and the ball was bounding along about ten feet to my right. I sprang forward, picked it up, and whipped it to first.

"Out," called the umpire.

I heard a loud cheer, with my name at the end, that braced me and I lost all my nervousness. Kirk struck the second man out, and the third one hit a high fly into the left fielder's hands. Our three men went out in order. So it went until the last of the third inning. Wilson, the right fielder, was the first man up. While he was going up to the plate, Howell called me over to him.

"Bunt one at the pitcher," he said. "He doesn't seem to be very quick. If you get on the base, watch the signals of the coaches, and then run fast and take advantage of everything."

Wilson went out on strikes and said, as he passed me: "Watch his in-shoot." I stepped up to the plate, my left foot a few inches from the edge of it. Collins looked at me with a sort of a smile. He drew back his arm and I saw the ball coming for the outside corner of the plate. I kept my eyes on it and was ready for anything. About six feet from me it broke and came in toward me. Just what I wanted. I held the bat loosely and close to my body. Punk! the ball struck it and I was speeding toward first. The first baseman was leaning forward to receive the throw. Gathering myself I made a terrific spring and my foot touched the bag; just after I stepped off the bag to slow up, I heard the ball strike the baseman's glove.

I got back to the base and kept my eye on Collins, as I crept away from the base. He threw over and tried to catch me, but was too late. Collins got a strike on Kirk, who was talking continually. Suddenly I heard him say, "Watch his foot—careful now."

That was my signal. I crept away from the base, keeping my eye on Collins. As soon as he took his eyes off me, I made a dash for second. The second baseman was taking the throw and was on the outside of the bag waiting for it. I threw myself to the left and thrust out my left foot and touched the bag. The baseman made an effort to reach me, but could not; so I was safe. Kirk struck out, and "Jimmie" Arnold came to the plate. The second ball he met with a sharp crack. At the sound I raced toward third. The coacher signalled me to go home. I rounded third and strained every nerve as I made for the home plate. As the catcher was not waiting intently for the ball, I did not slide. As my foot touched the plate, the crowd gave a terrific cheer. I turned and saw "Jimmie" on second. The next two men were easy outs. We took our places in the field with more confidence and a determination to get some more runs very soon. Things went on until the first of the seventh with neither side scoring. The first Williams man up in the seventh went out on strikes. The second man hit an easy one at me. I had it gauged perfectly, but, for some strange reason, it bounded out of my glove. I dashed after it, picked it up, and hurled it toward first. It went far to left of the baseman, and he ran after it, while the Williams man made second with ease. The next man up hit a long fly to right field, and Wilson, the old reliable, dropped it. When the ball was returned, the first man had scored and the batter was on second. The following man made a clean single and the man from second was declared safe at home after a close decision. There was very near a riot when that man was declared safe. The game was delayed for about ten minutes. Collins was next to bat. He had a smile on his face as he stepped up to the plate. Crack! he hit the ball toward short stop. Reed picked it up and tossed it to me. I steadied myself an instant and then whipped it to first.

"Side out," called the umpire. It was a most welcome sound to my ears.

Wilson and I were both in for a lecture from the coach. He could make a fellow feel like a doughnut with the rim bitten off, but it made us determined to make no more errors. After his first blow-off, he cooled down and begged us to be careful. We could do nothing with Collins, and Williams could score no more. So it came to the last of the ninth inning, with the score two to one in favor of Williams. As we came in from the field, the manager called out "Shellings at bat, Wilson on deck, Nelson in the hold."

The fellows, with bared heads, were singing the Alma Mater, and its full, rich strains made me feel that if my life would change the game in our favor, I would give it.

The coach came over to where Wilson and I were sitting.

"Now, it's up to you fellows to win this game. It was through you that it was lost. I am going to let you bat in your turn, instead of putting in some of the substitutes, as every one wants. I think you fellows can do it. Now show me. Nelson, run over in the gym and souse your head in cold water. It will steady you."

As I ran over to the gym, I thought of the tobacco jar. If it would only help me now. When I put my head in the cold water, a cloud passed before my eyes and I saw the figure of an East Indian before me.

"My son," he said, "you are in a very trying position; so I have come to your aid. When you get up to bat, do not strike at the first two balls pitched. The third one will start as if to hit you, but will change and pass over the plate. Gauge it carefully and meet it with all your strength. What follows rests upon you. Good-bye."

I stood up and rubbed my head with a towel, wondering whether I had been dreaming or no. Then I remembered what my father had said. Well, it was a chance, and I would take it.

Shelling had been put out, and Wilson was just stepping up to the plate. Collins got two strikes on him. Then crack! and the ball was bounding between short stop and third base. Both men tried for it, but neither reached it. The left fielder stopped it, but Wilson was on first.

"Wilson's made good," said Howell. "Come on, show me something. Hit it a mile."

I stepped up to the plate, determined to wait for the third ball, and then? Collins wound up and sent the ball toward the outside of the plate. It looked good, and I could scarcely keep myself from striking it. Just before it got to me it shot out. I could not have reached it with a pole. The next ball came directly at my head, and I dodged it with the greatest difficulty.

"That's it. Wait for them. He will walk you," called Howell.

Should I take his advice and try and get my base on balls? That would put two men on bases, but it would not win the game. It would only shift the responsibility to the next man. No, I would hit at this next ball, come what may. I poised myself, and worked my bat up and down to relieve my muscles. Collins wound up and delivered the ball. It came like a bullet, straight for my ribs. All my will power was needed to keep me from springing back out of harm's way. I grasped my bat tightly, and kept my eye on the ball. Suddenly it turned in its course and came directly toward the plate. I met it. Crack! I was speeding toward first. The coacher signalled me to go on. Neither the second baseman nor short stop was covering the bag, so I kept on. At third the coacher was waving his arms, yelling and pointing toward home. My legs began to tire and my breath came in short gasps. As I rounded third, I saw our whole team lined up in back of the plate waving for me to come. I tried to move my legs faster, but could not, each stride seemed to be shorter than the preceding. The catcher was crouching on the left and watching something intently. As I threw myself to the right, I heard the ball strike his glove. I stretched out my leg and touched the plate, an instant after the catcher pounced upon me.

"Safe," called the umpire.

Howell picked me up and led me over to the bench.

"You showed me," he said. "I thought you could do it, but a home run was beyond my dreams. It certainly was a beauty."

The other fellows crowded around and shook hands with me. Our crowd was making a great racket, but Collins tightened up, and the next two men went out. As soon as the last man was out, the fellows made a rush for the team. They put us on their shoulders and carried up around the field. Each man on the team was cheered, then three long ones for "Bill" Howell. At last, I was free again. I spied a crimson parasol and made my way toward it. She saw me coming and smiled a welcome.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "accept my congratulations. That was dandy."

She extended her little hand and looked into my eyes. Maybe I held her hand a little longer than was necessary; anyhow, her father broke in.

"Tommy, my boy," he cried, "that was noble and well done."

While he was working my right arm like a pump handle, he was slapping me on the back with his left. Yes, they came right through my base ball shirt, for he was a big man. At last he let me go.

"Come around at eight," said Ethel, as I was leaving.

Promptly at eight o'clock I was at her house. A maid showed me into the parlor.

"Down in a minute," called a voice from above.

It was considerably more than a minute, but at last she came down stairs. She was a dream. The white silk which she wore set off her rich cream-like complexion. Her cheeks were a dull red like the sun kissed side of a ripened peach. Her lips were full and rosy. They were parted in a smile which revealed her pearly little teeth. Her large blue eyes were flashing and glowing. Her light hair was piled up in a profuse mass. I was awakened from my reverie by her voice.

"Come, Tom," she said. "Please hold my cloak. Don't be a boor, even if you are a hero."

I sprang forward, muttering an apology. As we walked down the street, Ethel chatted about the game. She seemed to have noticed every play. But never once in her walk did she mention the name of Collins. I didn't either. The dance was fun. There was a pretty big crowd, but all didn't dance. The floor was fine. The music was pretty good. But the girl. Oh, my. She was a dream. Beautiful, and gay as a lark. No, I didn't keep all of the dances myself; I gave a few of them away. At last it was over, and we left the gym. I intended to take Ethel to task about keeping me in suspense about the dance so long. But she kept up such a chatter that we reached the house before I had a chance to ask. While she was taking off her cloak, I asked her.

She turned and looked at me in surprise.

"Did you really think that I would have gone to a Bates dance with a Williams man after Bates had been defeated by Williams. Why, my father would have disowned me. You see, Tom, your letters had been so full of that Miss Raymon whom you met at Easter that I must get back at you somehow. I can't bear Collins, anyhow, he's a perfect boor. Thinks every girl is dead in love with him. Why, Tommy, boy, there never can be any other."

I made a dash for her, but my arms closed on empty air, as she ran up the stairs.

"Come down a minute," I said.

"Not tonight. Good-bye," she cried, and tossed me a kiss.

CRAWFORD C. KIDD.

TOM SWANN

I THINK it must have been about the middle of the winter term, when we began to suspect that there was a thief about the college. It was during my Sophomore year at Delaware College, and it was from the fact that the custom of having a 'varsity even at the college was inaugurated during that year that I can place the things so well. I remember the fellows were at work at the weights in the gymnasium, one day, when the well worn subject was again brought up. After practice, too, we went to our room and had another discussion of the subject. All the fellows were there—Hardy, Smith, Browne, Roberts, Mahlon, and all the rest of the candidates for the crew. Tom Swann, my chum and room-mate, was sitting in the window-seat; Hardy, Smith and Brown were lounging in various comfortable attitudes on the bed; Roberts and Mahlon were on the cozy-corner and the rest of us were scattered about the open fire-place. We had somehow come upon the topic of circumstantial evidence. Tom declared a disbelief in the whole matter—he hadn't lost anything and it was impossible for a train of evidence to be complete enough to convince an intelligent man, without leading him to the true conclusion.

Just as Brown was about to say something, I saw Tom start forward and look out at the window near which he was sitting.

"What is it, Tom?" said I. He straightened up, gave me a queer sort of a look and turned to the others again.

"Oh, nothing," said he; "I thought I saw one of the fellows, but I was mistaken."

And then we began to talk about the new boat house. It was a fine one, with first-class equipment, but somehow or other the boys had failed with their payment. One graduate had promised a hundred and seventy-five dollars, but he died suddenly, and being unable to collect the amount promised by him, we were in a hole. However, after the boys had gone, Tom turned to me and said:

"See here, Jim; you know French?"

"Of course," said I, for every one knew French. You see, French was one of the fellows who lived in the lower part of the State. He was a tall, gaunt, boy, with a lot of red hair which was seldom brushed, clothes which looked the same, and a pair of shifty blue eyes which seemed never willing to look you squarely in the eye. Altogether, he was a fellow who was anything but popular in the college. A great number of the boys, like Tom, patronized him to a certain extent, because he was our class mate, and we thought he was to be pitied.

"Well," said Tom, hesitatingly, "I don't like to accuse an innocent man, nor to hit a man who is down. Nobody likes French. He's a hang-dog kind of a fellow, but"—

"Well," said I, "out with it."

"The fact is," blurted out Tom, "that just now(when the boys were here, French went alone under the window. He was alone, and he took out a watch in a sneaking sort of way—a handsome gold watch, too. He looked at it, rubbed it with his hands, turned it over and examined it again. Just then the fellows made a noise, and he gave a start, and looking up, saw me. He grew as red as a beet, and hurried to put the watch out of sight. What do you make

of that?"

"Why, Tom," said I, "I thought I wouldn't mention it, as yet, to anyone, but I caught him doing the same thing on the stairs, this morning."

So Tom and I decided to keep a sharp eye on French, and so we would have done, but Tom was taken suddenly ill that night. None seemed to know what ailed him, but, whatever it was it certainly made him very ill. Part of the time he was out of his head, raving about his lessons, his place on the crew, and more than anything else, about our debt on the boat house. But he finally came around all right. His illness, however, left him as weak as a kitten, and he would often hold out his thin arms and say:

"Look at that, Jim. Not much out-look for the crew. A girl might be ashamed of such an arm."

Brown, the stroke, had been elected captain in Tom's place, and he ordered us out for our first trip early in April. I was so happy, that I never once thought of poor old Tom, until I caught him one day with a strange look in his eyes. Then I realized what a debt I was not to think how it pained Tom to be shut up in the house while we were out on the river in our new boat. So after that I avoided the subject of the boat, and consequently of the boat-house.

But one afternoon I made a strange discovery. As we took the boat out, I noticed that one of the boards of the planking, which ran alongside of the well was loose. I said nothing about it, but delayed as long as possible over my rub-down. Finally, the boys departed, and I was left free to make investigations. This I did in a hurry and found what I half expected and half dreaded—the watches, silver candle-sticks, studs, and the fifty odd dollars, which had been stolen from the college.

I left the things as I found them, and decided to wait until night to complete my investigations. In the meantime, Tom had been doing some detective work himself. Hardy and Mahlon had been robbed of ten and fifteen dollars, respectively, and Smith had lost a very valuable watch. These incidents had inspired Tom to do some thinking, and he had immediately hunted for French. He came upon the fellow as he was coming out of a pawn-shop. French had on a new ulster. On going into the shop and plying some adroit questions, Tom had succeeded in finding out that French had just purchased the overcoat and given ten dollars for it. Of course, this convinced Tom that the fellow was the thief for whom we were hunting, and he was in favor of having him arrested immediately. However, I managed to persuade Tom to keep quiet about the matter, for a couple of days. I told him I had some good clues that I wanted to follow up, and he agreed to wait. However, I told him nothing of my discovery.

It was about eleven o'clock when I started that night, for I had to wait until Tom was asleep, so that he shouldn't know anything about it. I had a key to the boat house, and carried with me a dark lantern, which had aided Tom and me in a good many of our Sophomore pranks. I had to wait some time. The town clock struck twelve, and I was beginning to grow sleepy, when suddenly I heard a step on the grass outside. On it came and on, straight for the boat house. I heard it come up the platform, and then a key grated in the lock, the door opened, and in he came. I turned the slide of my lantern, shielding it carefully, and there, sure enough, was the thief. On he came till he reached the loosened plank; then he took a hatchet from a beam, drove out the plank with a great deal of noise, and there, kneeling with his back toward

me, he began to put something in the hole.

This was the minute to take him. I drew the slide of my lantern out and turned a broad beam of yellow light full upon him. He didn't seem to mind the light at all, but after finishing his work he straightened up and turned toward me. Then it was that I saw who he was. Frank? No. How had I been fooled so long? It was not French at all. It was Tom Swann!

It was Tom, sure enough, with his eyes wide open and looking nowhere at all. When he had gone, I collected all the plunder and followed him. When I reached college, Tom was in bed, and I didn't disturb him. The next day I said nothing. Tom went to bed about nine o'clock and slept like a baby until eleven. Then, on hearing a stir in his room, I went in and found him dressing as fast as he could.

"What are you doing, Tom?" said I.

"Dressing."

"Where are you going?"

"Into Carlton's room to get some money for the boat house. I have almost enough now."

"Oh, the boat house is all right."

"Do you mean it?" said Tom. "Who paid for it?"

"Don't you mind," said I; "but go to bed."

This he did without another word. The next morning I restored the property to the boys and made them promise to keep the matter quiet, until we left college. For, though the fault was not Tom's, still I thought it best to have it kept quiet. In about a week, I went to see a doctor about Tom. He suggested an ocean voyage, and Tom sailed within a month for a two year's cruise.

And about French? Oh, you see, it was all circumstantial evidence in his case. The watch was a poor cheap thing, which he had bought somewhere at a bargain. He had acted so queerly about it because he had never owned one before, and was afraid the boys would tease him if they saw him looking at it too much. The overcoat, too, he bought honestly and not with Mahlon's money, as we had supposed. He never found out how nearly he had escaped arrest, and I suppose it was just as well that he did not.



REVIEW

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AN ELECTION

The REVIEW Editorial Board, on March 2d last, held a meeting for the purpose of electing a new Editor-in-Chief and Assistant for the ensuing year, to fill the positions left vacant by the resignations of Mr. W. S. Corkran and Mr. Egmont Horn. Mr. Charles T. McChesney was elected to fill the former position and Mr. John V. Ennis the latter.

As Stevenson has said, "A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, and surely these men of 'Delaware' who now retire from active editorial duties have meant execution. Mr. Corkran, in the capacity of Editor-in-Chief, has served the REVIEW faithfully and well. His editorials have been earnest and straightforward—often comprising difficult appeals to the student-body and Alumni of 'Delaware' for co-operative, active or material support in various matters. He has, furthermore, cheerfully aided his associate editors upon all occasions, and he goes forth into the world of endeavor with their hearty good wishes for success. To Mr. Egmont Horn, Assistant Editor-in-Chief, the REVIEW is also indebted for numerous literary contributions, including admirable stories and essays. His efforts bear the stamp of originality and have, one and all, received favorable mention in the exchange columns of contemporary periodicals.

OF INNOVATIONS

With the current number of the REVIEW we disclaim the ancient axiom, "Be not the first by whom the new is tried, etc.", and establish a page of military notes. We feel that it is altogether fitting and proper that such a column should be started, in view of the rapid advances that our Military Department has made in the last few years, and of its daily increasing importance. Mr. Crawford C. Kidd has been appointed (pro tem.) to take charge of the column, and we trust that this new feature may meet with the approval of our Commandant and be of interest to our readers.

Other innovations are as follows: Mr. R. C. Levis has been appointed (pro tem.) as Editor of the De Alumnis column, to fill the position left vacant by the present Editor-in-Chief. Mr. J. G. Lewis and Mr. G. P. Millington have been appointed (pro tem.) to act as Local Editors in the places left vacant by the present Assistant Editor-in-Chief and his associate, Mr. P. Grunstein.

NEEDED LEGISLATION

A committee has recently been appointed to revise the school laws of the State of Delaware. We do not know just how much the work of this committee is intended to cover, but whatever revision is made, there should be some attention given to the higher education of Delaware girls. The lack of such a provision has for many years been a glaring defect in the educational system of Delaware. Under present conditions we believe that the most practical and economical solution to this problem would be the establishment of an institution for girls affiliated with Delaware College. Such an institution would be entirely separate from "Delaware", except that it would have the same president and board of trustees. Some expense in management would be saved, and in addition the college would receive a part of the national aid now given to Delaware College. This aid, insufficient as it is for the needs of our present college, would have to be supplemented by State appropriations. The recent appropriation of ten thousand dollars for Delaware Colleges shows that our Legislature is indeed interested in the education of our young people. We firmly believe that if such an institution should be established and the necessity and value of its work made clear to our legislature, that the necessary funds for its support would be appropriated.

Another essential in the building up of Delaware's educational system is the co-operation of the newspapers of our State. An editorial recently appeared in one of our State newspapers, charging Delaware College with negligence in regard to agricultural work and advocating that that institution, through our State Legislature, be compelled to do her duty. That this editor was misinformed concerning the agricultural work at "Delaware" is clearly evident. The efficient theoretical courses, the extensive experimental work on the farm, and the lectures given by the agricultural professors at the college and all over the State, show the great importance that is being attached to this work. No department of the college receives more attention at present than does that of Agriculture. With utter disregard of these facts, and on the strength of a mere false rumor, this editor has used the whole influence of his paper to prejudice his readers against Delaware College. Such blunders either thoughtless or malicious, serve the same purpose in retarding the work of our only college and the general educational work of the State.

The efficient work of Delaware College, in spite of such opposition, in both the agricultural and other departments, is shown by the lives and position of its graduates. With the support and co-operation of the people of our State a similar institution in connection with the present college can be established for girls. Until this or some like provision is made for the training of our girls, the educational system of Delaware will be sadly deficient.

CRITICIZED CRITICISM

Mr. Richard T. Crane, the multi-millionaire manufacturer of Chicago, has recently published a book upon the fallacies of higher education. He proclaims that the vast sums of money spent annually upon collegiate training represents one of the most gigantic swindles of the age. Mr. Crane professes to have made a thorough investigation into the current methods for "training the youth of the land" and declares them to be impractical, expensive and non-efficient. He tells of "costly experiments" that he has made with student labor in his shops and of their utter lack of practical utility and energy. "Of what practical good to a boy of this age," he says, "is an ability to translate Latin, talk volubly concerning hyperboloids, clipsis and catenaries. "Furthermore," says he, "the instructors themselves are underpaid and they impart a class of knowledge that is of no practical value, besides creating a false impression in the minds of the students as to their true worth in society.

At first sight it would appear that Mr. Crane does the cause of higher education a great injustice. His book, being phrased by so prominently successful a business man as himself, will doubtless cause no little comment. But the biased and unfair statements to which he has given utterance, will be discovered and refuted; and the college man will realize more seriously, perhaps, in the future, that his examination as to efficiency and worth, truly begins with his "Commencement."

ATHLETICISM AND CRIBBING

A few evenings ago I listened to a timely address by a distinguished educator, the Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Prof. Edgar F. Smith. The two topics on which he dwelt are of such vital importance to college men that I have felt it imperative on me to give them, so far as my memory will serve me. There are two crying evils in college life. The first goes by the name of "Athleticism." It has entered the college to tempt collegians to resort to unfair methods to win games, thus engendering bad feeling between rival institutions of learning, and to limit athletics to a few. Prof. Smith believes that the chief cause of athleticism is the interference of the Alumni with the play of college boys. The remedy is for the Alumni to be content to watch the game from the bleachers instead of invading the field to direct the play. This language is significant, coming as it does from such a prominent educator. It means that the present system of athletics in colleges is wrong, and calls for a radical reformation. Prof. Smith is not in favor of the elaborate eligibility rules, to interpret which it is necessary to summon the legal fraternity. They have a tendency to make hypocrites and deceivers of men, who may have a laudable ambition to spend their summer vacation in playing

base ball on a semi-professional team.

The second evil in college life is "Cribbing." Prof. Smith used as an illustration a case that came under his own observation. A student in his Senior year confessed to the Vice-Provost that he had cheated in the entrance examination, and again in Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years. Struck with remorse, he asked what he should do. The advice of the Vice-Provost was to begin all over again, from Freshman year; for it would be better for him to lose those three years and go through college squarely and fairly, than to pass out of college a cribber to the end of his days. Such a man, say, in the engineering department, might be entrusted with the responsibility of building a large bridge, and his superficial knowledge lead him to commit a blunder, involving the lives of hundreds of human lives. The remedy for cribbing is in the hands of the Alumni. Many of them are the heads of great contracting firms. When they employ a college graduate, who in a moment of confidence and to show his smartness, boasts how he outwitted his professors both in class and examinations, let them make an example of the cribber by giving him his discharge. Let him be given to understand on the spot that the firm will have none but honest men in its employ. The news will be carried back to the college, will bring the cribber to sober reflection and conversion, and reduce cribbing to a minimum. Permit me to add that the students' honor system ought not to be overlooked as a remedy for the evil of cheating. It has worked well in some of our large institutions, notably Princeton and Cornell. It has been tried on a limited scale in Delaware College, and with satisfactory results, as more than one student will testify.

WM. J. ROWAN.

March 15th, 1910.

OPEN LETTER

It was with much regret that we read in the last issue of the REVIEW the editorial entitled "How Many Delaware Visitors (Varsities) Are There?" an editorial which, while it may have been (and no doubt was) actuated by a desire to protect the interests of the college, certainly in its wording, overstepped the bounds of common courtesy. We cannot but approve of the spirit which prompted the article, as no one was more incensed than we to learn of the unauthorized use of the word "Delaware" in the reports of our game with the Cecil County High School. We have to admit that on two occasions, after engaging in contests with the Elkton School, the word "Delaware" has appeared in "glowing" newspaper accounts, apparently with our sanction. The first time this occurred we were heartily sorry, angered, ashamed; in fact, totally dismayed at the blunder which we had not foreseen, and at once notified the careless reporter that we would not tolerate such stupidity, cautioned the High School against authorizing such reports, and also explained the mistake fully to the Faculty Athletic Committee. We are in a position to know that the heading of the report of the last game, as sent to the newspapers, read as follows:—"Maryland Club of Delaware College Triumphs Over Elkton High School." Newspaper authorities (outside of Elkton) in their crusade against long headings, modified the sentence to read—"Delaware Triumphs Over Elkton High."

We are at a loss to know why we are responsible for this unfortunate occurrence; neither can we understand why we have been made the object of such a merciless attack by "someone." In the use of the terms "sewing-circle" "kindergarten" and so forth, in reference to our athletic contests, "Someone" (not the editor-in-chief) evidently does not know that the "so-called" Maryland Club of Delaware College is fully recognized and sanctioned by the Faculty of Delaware College, and that the same Faculty also approves of and encourages athletic relations with the high schools of Cecil county. As to the references to "cold water" and the limit that some Maryland Club member was trying to vaunt his athletic prowess, they are unworthy of a reply. The only two members of the Maryland Club team who have any basket ball aspirations, are already Varsity men and do not need the advertisement implied.

Our object in replying to what we cannot help considering an editorial insult, is not to "get back" at anyone, but simply to explain to the Faculty and friends of the college our position in the matter. As stockholders and supporters of the REVIEW, we would like to have this explanation given, in its pages. We consider both the editorial and the offense which caused it as unfortunate affairs, and are particularly desirous that the staff-member who passed verdict upon us without considering either our evidence or our personal feelings, shall read this reply, obtain some enlightenment from it and make us some sort of reparation in the next issue.

Athletics

W. A. REYNOLDS, '12

BASKET BALL

The basket ball season is over, and Delaware has gloriously upheld her end on the court. The Blue and Gold did some wonderful work this season, and was, indeed, a marked improvement over last year's team. This progress is due to but one fact: namely, the services and hard work of Coach McAvoy. The regular practice and steady training of the fellows was insisted upon by the Coach, and this fact alone went a long way toward bringing the team up to the standard that it attained. The team was also backed more heartily by the student body this year than it was last; consequently, a very peculiar and yet likely incident happened to the five. They won every game at home and lost every game on foreign floors. So it looks as though it must be something to a player to have a crowd of fellow students straining every nerve to help him keep up his spirit and do his best for his Alma Mater.

The team played twelve games, fifty per cent of which were in the Delaware Gymnasium. The Blue and Gold scored 38 more points than all of its opponents. Houston held the season's record for individual work in this department, getting 117 points to his credit, and incidentally making the highest number of points in one game that has ever been made by a single person in the State of Delaware. In the Lebanon Valley game he scored 26 field goals, netting him 52 points. The remainder of the 366 points scored by the Blue and Gold this season were made as follows:—Hagner, 82; Marshall, 35; Haley, 34; Taylor, 34; Edgar, 18; Sawin, 14; Eliason, 12; Harvey, 12; Patterson, 3.

The second team has also done faithful work, and to them should be accorded some praise and thanks for helping to keep the 'Varsity in shape for their contests.

BASE BALL

Last week the coach called the base ball candidates out on the field to start a two weeks' course of preparation for the trip in the South. Upwards of thirty candidates answered the call, and although a slight snow flurry now and then has interrupted the practice, the men are sticking to it whenever the weather-man permits; consequently, nothing but success is being looked forward to for the base ball nine.

TENTH GAME

DELAWARE, 80; LEBANON VALLEY, 6.

The game scheduled with Georgetown University for Saturday, February 10th, was cancelled by Georgetown, and Manager Edgar succeeded in getting Lebanon Valley to fill the vacancy. The game was rather a farce from the true sportsman's standpoint, and really the only feature of the game was the wonderful individual scoring of Houston. The little forward made 26 field goals, aggregating 52 points. The line-up:

Delaware.	Lebanon Valley.
Harvey Forward	Hider
Houston Forward	Ludlow
Sawin Center	Boyer
Marshall, Capt. Guard	Ferat
Patterson Guard	Rutherford, Capt.

Goals from field—Harvey 6, Houston 26, Patterson 4, Marshall 2, Boyer 1. Goals from fouls—Marshall 2, Sawin 2, Rutherford 4. Referee—Coach McAvoy. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Immediately preceding the 'Varsity-Lebanon Valley game, the Scrub team and Belmont Trade School fought a tie. At the end of the two 20 minute halves the score stood 8 to 8, and at the end of an extra two minutes the score remained unchanged; consequently the game was called off at a tie. Line-up:

Scrubs.	Belmont Trade School.
Lewis, Capt. Forward	Donovan, Capt.
Bacon Forward	Smith
Foster Center	Walsh
Ayerst Guard	Lemon
Sawdon Guard	Darrell

Goals from field—Smith 3, Donovan 1, Lewis 2, Bacon 1, Ayerst 1. No foul goals. Referee—Asst. Manager Willey.

On Friday evening, February 18, before one of the largest crowds of the season, the annual Faculty-Senior basket ball game was played in the college gymnasium. The game was one of the most interesting that has been played this season. The players kept the audience in a roar of laughter from start to finish. The Faculty upheld their honors by winning over the Seniors, 18 to 22.

The line-up:—

Faculty.		Seniors.	
McVey	Forward	Bice	
McCue	Forward	Watts	
Short	Center	Lyndall	
Egbert	Guard	Obier, Bratton	
Tiffany	Guard	Hudson	

Egbert played the star game for the Faculty, while Bice and Hudson starred for the Seniors.

Goals from field—Bice 3, Lyndall, Hudson 2, McVey, Tiffany, Egbert 5. Goals from fouls—Tiffany 2. Time-keeper—Haley, '12. Referee—McAvoy. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.

ELEVENTH GAME

LEHIGH, 54; DELAWARE, 15.

On Wednesday evening, February 23rd, the Blue and Gold quintet journeyed to South Bethlehem, Pa., and was easily defeated by the Lehigh five by the overwhelming score of 54 to 15. The pace cut out by the home team was fast and Delaware never seemed to have found the stride. The Cadets were simply outplayed from start to finish, as the score will readily indicate. Line-up:

Delaware.		Lehigh.	
Houston	Forward	Merkel	
Sawin	Forward	Lawson	
Haley	Center	Muthart	
Marshall	Guard	Cook	
Harvey	Guard	Butler	

Goals from field—Muthart 13, Lawson 3, Merkie 3, Robert 3, Cook 2, Butler, Houston 5, Sawin, Haley. Goals from offense—Merkel 2, Cook 2, Houston. Referee—Davies, Lehigh. Timekeepers—Edgar, Delaware; Ewing, Lehigh. Time of halves—20 minutes. Substitute—Robert for Merkel.

The Villanova-Delaware game, scheduled at Newark on February 26th, was canceled by the former team, and Manager Edgar was unable to get any other team to fill the vacancy.

TWELFTH GAME

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL, 21; DELAWARE, 13.

On Thursday, March 3rd, the Blue and Gold quintet played the Franklin and Marshall five on the latter's court in Lancaster, Pa. This game proved to be the last of the season, for the boys from the Diamond State, and sad, but true, the Sons of the Keystone State were victorious by the score of 21 to 13. Shaub starred for F. and M. while Houston was the bright light of "Old Delaware." The line-up:

Franklin and Marshall.		Delaware.	
Shaub	Forward	Houston	
Bredenbaugh	Forward	Sawin	
Smith	Center	Haley	
Werner	Guard	Marshall	
Leinbach	Guard	Taylor	

Field goals—Shaub, Bredenbaugh 4, Houston 3, Haley, Marshall. Foul goals—Shaub 3, Marshall 3. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Knight. Timekeeper—McAvoy.

The game with Susquehanna University on the evening following the Franklin and Marshall game had to be cancelled by Delaware as the Blue and Gold team missed railroad connections.

CAPTAIN HOUSTON

After the Franklin and Marshall game, which ended the basket ball season for the Blue and Gold, the members of the team had a meeting and unanimously elected Lisbon A. ("Powder") Houston, captain for the season of 1910-11. The result of the election has certainly met the hearty approval of the student body. Houston played a good, fast and record-scoring game all year, and is by all means the man to pilot the five next season. The retiring officers, Mr. Haley and Mr. Edgar, were ardent workers for the quintet's success, and deserve a great deal of credit. May the efforts of captain-elect Houston and the new manager be crowned with the same successful returns.

Agricultural Notes

Prof. Hayward addressed Farmers' Institutes in Sussex county, March 15th to 17th.

The class in Animal Husbandry has been taking some practical lessons in shearing sheep at the College Farm.

Dr. Cook was at Viola on the 17th of March, conducting some experiments and plant diseases.

Prof. Grantham spoke at a joint meeting of the Capital and Fruitland Granges at Dover, on March 3rd.

The class in Forestry was recently given a lesson in determining the kinds of trees. The trees around town were used for these determinations.

Dr. Dawson addressed the Newark Grange on March 21st. His subject was "The Care and Health of Farm Animals."

The mule recently purchased by the College Farm is being used as a subject for lectures to the class in Veterinary Science.

Professors Hayward, Grantham and McCue addressed Granges and Institutes at Centreville, Mermald, Newport, and Tallyville, the first of the month.

The address on "God's World and How to Live in It," delivered by "Joe" Wing, at the College during Farmers' Week, and now being distributed by the College, is well worth reading by every student.

Prof. McCue was at Washington recently, consulting the Weather Bureau experts concerning the peach tree experiments now being carried on at the Delaware Station.

Dr. Cook recently delivered an address before the Natural History Society of Delaware. His topic was "A Trip Through Cuba."

Dr. Dawson addressed the Agricultural Club on March 7th. His subject

was "The Value of Animal Experimentation." This address was, in a way, a reply to the Anti-Vivisectionists. He showed that innumerable lives and domestic animals have been saved by the use of the knowledge gained by experimenting on smaller and valueless animals.

The Agricultural Club seems to be one of the most progressive organizations in the college. Its meetings are unusually well attended, and frequently there are visitors from among the Faculty and the townsfolk. This interest is not caused simply by its being a new organization, but because it is connected with a live subject—Agriculture.

Locals

Edited by J. G. LEWIS, '12, and G. P. MILLINGTON, '12

During the past month we have become the proud possessors of something long needed and also long talked of. This new addition is a Delaware telephone, which has been installed in the Dormitories. The old adage, "It never rains but it pours", seems certainly to have been working over-time recently. Last month we were presented with the information that hot water might be had in the Gymnasium; this month we are informed that we are to be accommodated with a 'phone; therefore, why should we not expect the fire-escapes, which are so much desired? Several of the "inmates" of the Dormitories are complaining that the ropes which they have had tied to their bed posts since the beginning of the year, are sadly in need of repair. It is certainly not the most pleasant of feelings to go to bed with the knowledge that, if anything should happen and a fire should be started in the Dormitories, all escape would be cut off, and the only chance would be to risk a high dive from the window. Being a poor comforter, it is not conducive to a good night's rest.

A feeble murmur, faint though it seemed, was audibly heard by a number of the "studes" just at mid-year examinations. The murmur was in the form of a suggestion to the effect that the Alma Mater be revised into a version as near to "Pony Boy" as would be practicable.

On Monday, February 21, the Freshmen held their banquet in Wilmington. The class followed the custom of most of the preceding classes, and went first to Dockstader's Theatre and then to the Clayton House, where the banquet proper was held. Everything was arranged in good order, even to the four fat "coppers" who sat on the steps in front of the Clayton House. The toasts were responded to in very good form and as a whole the affair was a success and was enjoyed by all those who took part. The officers of the class were informed that the Sophomores had inside information as to the date of the banquet; hence the "coppers".

"Texas" Bacon and Bill Bratton are getting into the habit of giving an imitation of Sherlock Holmes and his friend, Doctor Watson. "Texas" is almost life-like, when he gets dressed up in that new overcoat.

Several complaints have been made as to the proximity of our new 'phone to Bennie Ward's room. Never mind, Bennie, you could hear the news by a more circuitous method.

Mr. McVey—"Groff, what is a mixed noun?"

Groff—hesitates awhile, thinks he understands Joll's undertone, and then says—"Well er—it's one that is part masculine and part feminine."

We have noticed "Shorty" and George James busy on the Dormitory floors of late. The preparation used is a sort of disinfectant grease which not only lays the dust but kills the germs as well. It has certainly been an improvement thus far on the old method of scrubbing once a week, and besides, it makes the halls and stairways look fifty per cent cleaner.

Spring is approaching and with it comes that same old tired feeling and do-it-tomorrow spirit. We must all get a good lead on Mister Spring Fever this year, and see which is the best-winded. In the same connection let us beg to remind the Freshmen that the Robins and angle-worms must not be allowed to populate the green sward too densely. Also let us beg to suggest that the top step of the Dormitories is a most hallowed spot and therefore very unbecoming to Freshmen. One of those cute little green-buttoned caps is far more appropriate than some of the head-gear we have noticed this winter.

Sawdon, '13—"I understand Reynolds was dazed by the shock of his accident."

Beck, '13—"Well, he had better be careful. You know seven daze make one weak."

The following memorandum was found in the Gymnasium. The owner may have same by calling at the Review Room, at 4:15 a. m., on Saturday, March 26, and proving property, and the fact that he is a good Irishman and of the Catholic faith. The memorandum:—One quart sauer kraut, three pounds coffee, Lober's phone, one-half dozen Limberger cheese, one pound pig's knuckles, one pound sausage.

Bacon, '10—"Weggenman, don't smoke; remember the Chicago fire."

Weggenman, '10—"Texas, don't spit; remember the Johnstown flood."

Tinney and Armstrong, the God Dust Twins, went into a shoe store the other day. They were strolling down the ladies' department, when Armstrong fell over a stool, and both men instantly became entangled. The floor-walker rushed to their assistance and said: "Wouldn't you like a seat on the gentleman's side?"

"No," said Tinney; "I am perfectly comfortable on his back, thank you."

Kirby, '11, is taking an extensive course in French Literature. He has quite a few assistants, too.

We had a most welcome fumigation in the Recitation Hall during the early part of this month. The air was certainly close, the cause probably being due to the large number of would-be imitators of the Antiquated Chestnuts.

The following soliloquy may be familiar to some of our acquaintances:—"Well, I think I'll be in good standing soon. I only have eight flunks now, and I can get those seventy-eight hours in shop made up by the end of this week. Then, if I can bluff that Freshman Algebra and Descriptive, and if Prof. ——— doesn't see those six problems, I had wrong in that re-exam, in Ch—and etc., etc. Funny how some fellows misconstrue that adage—"While there's life there's hope." The REVIEW Board has decided to award prizes for the three best guesses as to the identity of the above hopeful. Lest the problem be too hard, we offer this hint—he is a member of the Junior class.

Lyndall, '10—"Say, Shaw, that fellow Rice must be pretty strong."

Shaw—"Why, Jack?"

Lyndall—"Well, you know, he lives at Holly Oak on the Delaware river. They keep a row boat out there and the other day Ed. went out in the boat and pulled up the river."

Fair Lady—"What is this college spirit you fellows talk so much about? Is it wine or cider?"

Ayerst, '12—"Well, we do generally manage to get that loving spirit by 'side her."

Knopf, '12, seems to be very fond of drawing the faculty. Mr. McVey, and Mr. Sturges, with Profs. Smith and Short are a good record for a week's work or one's weak work, either. We wonder if Professor Lawrence Smith would have felt overly pleased if he had seen Knopf's conception of him fishing on the banks of a stream in short pants.

Doctor Rowan and Coach W. J. McAvoy, both members of the Faculty and of the Alumni Association of Lafayette, recently attended a banquet at the Walton Hotel.

Dr. Cook, in Sanitary Science—"Is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"

Lowe, '10, a member of the boarding club—"Yes, Doctor, 'hash."

At a recent basket ball game Stewart approached Weggenman and said, "I've bought Referee — and a couple of friends. Can we pass?"

"A Referee with a couple of friends," gasped Weggenman; "sure"!

The College Band certainly has the brass to come out to drill in tan shoes and with a thirty-five cent growth of whiskers. Would that I were a fluter?

One of the residents of Newark was running excitedly down the street the other day. He bumped into one of his acquaintances somewhere between the postoffice and the Washington House.

"Say, old man, what's your hurry?" exclaimed the acquaintance. "Wait a moment, and we'll go have a drink."

"Can't old chappie, I'm chaste."

And sure enough, in a moment more Jack Chalmers appeared on the scene.

Notes of the Ship of State—Admiral McCafferty has issued an order to the effect that after June 15th the members of his battalion will go on sympathetic strike.

Rear Admiral Knopf made a whistle out of wood. The whistle was to be used in giving the signals in the extended order drill by the crew of Mac's ship of State. However, it wood'n work.

A certain member of the Class of 1912 is going in business for himself. He has quite a large sign-board and wants the fellows about college to hand in their applications for advertising space before the end of this week. We understand that the Freshman class is going to apply for space on which to hang a big "13". We sincerely hope this enterprising Soph. will not see the day when he will be obliged to add a "14" to his collection.

A new company has been formed from the Class of 1911. The company meets in Mechanical Hall at 7.30 p. m., on Tuesday and Thursday nights. We

are informed that the organization is only temporary and will be disbanded after Easter if the Inspection is satisfactory. However, only those who received less than the fatal number of demerits will be mustered out. The officers are—Captain, T. Sturgess, Jr.; First Lieutenant, L. A. Hodgson; Second Lieutenant, Heisler; Non-Coms.—Vandegrift, First Sergeant; Leonard, Quartermaster; Paterson and Morrow, Sergeants; Scott, Frazer and Davis, Corporals. The Company will henceforth be known as Company "E".

Spit! Spit! Bang! Where's Raughley? Nowhere, to be seen. The machine stopped with a jerk and Otto and Adolph began to search for Raughley. Did they find him? Oh, yes. He was standing on a near-by hill, trying to recover from the awful fright the sputtering of the machine had given him.

De Alumnis

Edited by R. C. LEVIS, '12

Mrs. Lewis C. Vandegrift, widow of Lewis C. Vandegrift, '75, died at her home in Wilmington, on March 6th. Mrs. Vandegrift was widely known in social and philanthropic circles. She was a director of the West End Reading Room, and of the Consumers' League, and a charter member and former president of the New Century Club of Wilmington. Her funeral was held at her late residence, No. 1506 Broome street, March 9th. Among those present were the following prominent Alumni: Edward N. Vallandigham, '73, of Boston; John Ross Martin, '76, of Washington; Chancellor Charles M. Curtis, '77, of Wilmington.

J. H. Ward, '79, is practicing medicine at Harrington, Del. He has a practice as extensive as that of any physician in that part of the State.

W. P. Constable, '03, is practicing law in Baltimore. He recently married Miss Hyla Webb, of that city.

J. H. Frazer, '03, is a member of the firm of Yount & Frazer, Contractors. Mr. Frazer has charge of the building of a new railroad from Cochamba to Potosi, Bolivia. He expects to complete the railroad inside of two years.

O. C. Short, '04, has given up his position in Sayre, Pa., and accepted a professorship in one of the High Schools in Trenton, N. J.

Word comes from Ocean City, N. J., to the effect that C. M. Prouse, '04, exercised his prerogative recently in subduing one of his insubordinate pupils. We hope that Mr. Prouse will have no trouble with his pupils in the future.

W. E. Cosgrove, '05, has secured a position with the Virginia Iron & Steel Co., of Roanoke, Virginia.

H. W. Lyndall, '05, will return next month to Haiti, West Indies, to assist in the construction of a new railway.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fader, '06, returned from their wedding trip on March 5th. The couple received a warm reception on their arrival at the B. & O. station. They expect to reside in Newark.

W. V. Cullen, '07, is assistant manager of the Texas, Portland Cement

Co., San Antonio, Texas.

J. C. Smith, Second Lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps, is now stationed on board the U. S. Rhode Island, which is now at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

J. C. Aker, '08, has accepted a position with the Louisville & Nashville R. R. Co. Mr. Aker's position was secured for him by Professor Robinson. He will reside in Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

J. F. Baldwin, '08, left for Lynn, Mass., on March 9th. He secured a position with the Lynn branch of the General Electric Co.

W. M. Francis, '08, left on the 22nd of February for a month's sojourn at Panama and the West India Islands.

Clifford McIntire, '09, is assistant to W. J. Laird, resident engineer for the E. I. duPont Powder Co., at Carney Point, N. J.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Edited by H. T. ENNIS, '12

Sunday, February 27th, being a day of prayer for students, was observed at "Delaware". The Rev. Mr. Alderson, pastor of the Newark Methodist Church, was the speaker. In the course of his address Mr. Alderson showed very clearly the necessity and the importance of the college man's living a Christian life, if he desired the highest development, and that this life and hence the development was most easily attained through the medium of prayer. The meeting was well attended by the students.

A business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was called by President Garrison, Thursday evening, March 10. The report of the treasurer was accepted and various other matters of business were disposed of. The treasurer was given the privilege of appointing an assistant to aid him in collecting the dues and straightening the finances of the Association.

"Did He Die and Live Again?" was the subject of a lecture by the Hon. L. Irving Handy in the College Oratory, Thursday evening, March 3. Seldom do the students of Delaware College and the people of Newark have the opportunity of listening to such a lecture from such a source as the one last Thursday evening. Mr. Handy is a practicing lawyer and is well-known throughout Delaware, having represented his State in Congress.

He first proved conclusively that Christ did die and from this fact arrived at three conclusions, i. e.: That Jesus arose, or His apostles were deceived, or they lied. Mr. Handy proved his position chiefly by the process of "Reductio ad Absurdum". Besides the college students there were many prominent people of the town in attendance.

Watch the bulletin board for the announcement of the next speaker.

Exchanges

EDITED BY T. F. WATTS, '10

"The Tome" this month contains three good stories. The first one, "The President's Tunnel," shows the influence of the modern tendency to "fight the trusts", by weaving its plot around the prosecution of a great cereal trust. The story runs along something like this. Two very young lawyers who are engaged in the case against the trust, while at a dance, are summoned by the night watchman at the corporation's plant, who informs them that he has secured some very important evidence in regard to the president of the concern. Guided by the watchman, he proceeded to the president's office where a springing wall reveals a secret tunnel. By following this tunnel they at last discover the president, who displays all the traits and characteristics of a wild man. Here the story ends very abruptly. Offering no explanation for the queer conduct of the head of the combination. What was the significance of the tunnel and was the inference to be drawn from it, that the president had been squandering the company's money and chose that means of secreting himself from the eyes of the public? And, furthermore, was this the evidence the young lawyer desired? The author might have been more explicit on these points, which detracted very much from the merit of the story. A noticeable inconsistent statement was that, when the guide entered the office of the president on the night of New Year's eve, the room was filled with clerks, all busily working. A condition, while not absolutely impossible, was most improbable, to say the least. The action of the story was very rapid and very good.

"Vengeance," was also interesting. A little variety is offered in the scene, which deals with the far-off Philippines. There was no well defined plot, in fact, we might say there was no plot at all, though really there was no absolute need of any. The author proceeded without delay to the point which he had in view, not wasting time on unnecessary details. The best point in its favor, we should say, was the closeness with which it held to the one scene, neither digressing nor accumulating unnecessary details, but in a simple, straightforward manner weaving an interesting story around the chosen incident.

There was just a slight similarity between "Vengeance" and "The First Lesson." To begin with the scene was in some respects similar. The Maine woods and the Jungle of the Philippines, of course differ greatly when considered minutely, but from a superficial standpoint they are somewhat alike. The ending was tragical in both—that is, we raise Hamlin's misfortune to the dignity of a tragedy which, of course, it was to him. But here the similarity ends. The manner of treatment was entirely different, and the scene in the latter story changed several times. We felt quite sorry for poor Hamlin at the ending, but what's the use. "Didn't he show the white feather early in the game?"

The prize for the most comic story, which we have read this year, we would award without further hesitancy to "From a Hatrack to a Twinkling Star" in "The Mountaineer." For an all around laughable piece of English it is the best which has come out way this year. The author, choosing a very commonplace and ancient theme for his story, by the infusion of a number of exceedingly funny situation, turned out a very satisfactory article. And it was quite

original, too. The use of fire-crackers as a means of winning a horse race is something we have never heard nor thought of before. But still, with all his "outside" help, poor old "Hatrack" in disguise, was in danger of losing the race, when very fortunately the tire of a nearby automobile blew off, reminding him of how he used to run off when hitched to the milk wagon of his former owner. Of course, the rest was easy. Hatrack won and Toby Bones was on the road to another fortune. Just one little question though. Why, not have used an "eight powder" in the first place, and dispensed with the automobile tire?

The duties and purposes of the exchange column is rightly supposed to comment on the contents of the different exchanges. While we do not wish to appear delinquent or in any manner shirking our duty in regards to the literary contents of the magazines, there is a little matter upon which we wish to comment. As we said before, the exchange column is supposed to have an object in view and not to be a place for the discussion of all questions in general. The question upon which we wish to comment does not deal with the literary sides of the exchanges but still it relates to them; therefore, the exchange column is the only means we have of giving expression to our views which we hope will accomplish the purpose sought after. For the past two months we have noticed, indeed, might say, have been convinced by the fact that quite a number of our exchanges have deemed it necessary either to write or stamp "Please Exchange" upon the copy, which they sent to us. On the first appearance of such notices, we were inclined to pass over the matter, but when each succeeding number continued to bear the same inscription, our patience, to say the least, was taxed to the utmost. Just why some of our exchanges should think it necessary to inscribe the above-mentioned notice upon our copy, we have not been able to fathom out. If the fault occurred only once it would be entirely excusable, but magazines are liable at any time to go astray in the mails and never reach their destination. But when each succeeding copy bears the same inscription we are inclined to believe that the fault lies not at our door, nor at the hands of the mail service, but at the institution for which the exchange was intended. In several instances, upon the receipt of the first inscribed copy, we took particular care that a copy of our paper was mailed to the institution which evidently did not receive our last issue. But the result was still the same. The fact of course places the blame between one of two parties. We are inclined to think that the trouble lay "at home", for in a number of cases we found an acknowledgment of our paper in their exchange column. Magazines with which we have personal recollection of exchanging for the last twelve months have appeared every month bearing the unwelcome inscription. Possibly the trouble may be caused by our interpretation of "Please Exchange." The way we understand it is, that it should be used only until an acknowledgment is received from the institution with which you desire to exchange. The receipt of our paper, following an invitation to exchange, means that we will continue to do so without further request as long as the exchange is mutual. We sincerely hope that a number of our exchanges will heed this in the future. If the trouble is caused by our translation of "Please Exchange", we will sincerely apologize, though we are positive that in nearly all the cases, that this is not the reason.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—The Mountaineer, The Fordham Monthly, The Georgetown College Journal, The Haver-

fordian, The Mercerian, The Mercury, The Muhlenberg, The Targum, The Breeze, The Tome, The D'youville Magazine, The Niagara Index, The Western Maryland College Monthly, The Washington Collegian, The St. John's Collegian, The Karnix, The Comet, The Perkiomenite, The Iris, The Owl, The Old Penn Weekly, The Brown and White, The Ursinus Weekly, The Academy Bulletin and the Ides.

Doings of the Ancient, Free and Accepted Order of Antiquated Chestnuts

Since our last appearance two members of our noble organization, "Queenie" Millington and "Camphor" Lewis, have been called to higher duty in the field of literature, that of editing the Local Notes of the REVIEW. Although these two members have the Locals to take care of, it is to be understood that they will also act in the same capacity in the A. F. A. O. A. C. as in the days gone by. It is also to be understood that there will be no vacancies in this organization by reason of the promotion of "Camphor" and his side-partner "Queenie" to the Review Board, and that the toads of "West Point" Whittingham, alias "Muscular Feet", can never hope to become members unless a marked improvement is noticed soon, said improvement to be not less than ten-fold.

NEWS NOTES.

Prof. Short—"Darlington, how do you take the cross section of a river?"

Darlington—"With cross-section paper."

The above bright reply would have cost most fellows their lives, but Darlington is still known as "Assistant Professor."

Prof. Smith—"Knopf, where is the man-hole in a Galloway boiler?"

Knopf—"It's in the middle (y-e-e-s). Around the side (y-e-e-s) near the end (yes-s-s-s) up on top (y-e-es) near the bottom (yes-s-s-s) to the right." (Isn't that so?)

We regret to say that we have noticed a certain marked frigidity displayed by one of the members of the Faculty since our last month's installment. My, but some people are hurt by cold facts! Especially when they are not used to hearing the truth do they become so. We assure said members of the Faculty that no harm was meant and hope their peevishness will soon wear off.

The members of this society have had a meeting and have at last decided on their officers for the ensuing century, or so. You will find them at the bottom of the page, it being too much trouble to write them twice. Longfellow has been made honorary president by reason of his patriotic poem, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree." It might be interesting to note right here that the above is the title of our Alma Mater.

Rumors are out to the effect that Rice's father thinks Ed. is taking a night course in loving, instead of Civil Engineering.

The Editors of this column have decided to inaugurate the practice of having short stories every month. We hope the ones you see this month will

prove satisfactory.

Prof. Van G. Smith has won over Rossell, '12. Wonder if Prof. Short misses Stump?

Sawin, one of the F. S. & H. Auxiliary, went to New York with the basket ball team. He was assigned to room number 23, and on going to his room to go to bed, found that it was the smallest in the hotel, the door being set lengthwise instead of across the door-way. Sawin was obliged to crawl through sideways, and when he got through he began to look around. The room was actually so small that the furniture was painted on the walls, the gas-jet among the rest. Sawin had to go outside to get undressed, and when he did manage to get in bed he had to get up again and rub the gas-jet out, in order to prevent its keeping him awake. The bed was as wide as a pillow, and as long as a bolster, and was fitted out with a saddle. Sawin put his feet in the stirrups and went to sleep, but he was soon troubled by a dream. Attix, in the next room, heard him say:

"They won't talk to me."

Attix yelled out—"Who won't talk to you?"

"The girls," was the answer.

Despite his evident sad frame of mind and general debility, after spending such a rocky night, "Dick" Taylor was man enough to make him get up the next morning and look for the fire in the stone-quarry. Sad, sad tale. We hope all our readers will appreciate just how Sawin felt, and will show their sympathy by donations of any description (cabbage, onions, or garlic preferred). We wish to get rid of his dead smells.

LITERARY GEMS.

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

He was a stout, red-faced, excited citizen in the uniform of a first lieutenant. He had led them into the thinnest of the fray, where the powder and bullets were the thickest (just behind the ammunition wagon.) Halting his men for an instant, he addressed them:—

"You see, men," said he, "I am a very brave fighter, and I am afraid if I go into this battle I will receive all the glory. Besides, I have a very sore knee from eating too much salmon; therefore, I will urge you on from behind. Now, men, you are to depend on me, your brave chieftain. When I cease giving commands you are to cease firing, and you will know that the battle is won."

With that, he crouched in the shelter of a blade of grass the thickness of his finger, and began bawling out orders. His men rushed to the charge and all would have gone well (notice the amateur author of this uses that primitive form of climax) but—(see?) the brave leader's foot slipped from beneath, and he fell on his stomach and rocked himself to sleep before he could regain his feet.

Editor's note: Send postage stamps with all manuscripts after this, as we generally reject them. A word to the wise—make your stories more cheerful.

Millington—"Have you seen Ura?"

Attix—"Ura who?"

"Ura rummy."

Attix tries to sting Rice, with the following result:

Attix—"Say, Rice, have you seen Ura?"

Rice—"Ura who?"

Attix—"I'ma rummy."

With this, we kiss our hands to you in a farewell Amen. So be it.

ABRAHAM(?) LONGFELLOW, Honorary President.

"CAMPHOR" LEWIS and

"QUEENIE" MILLINGTON, Vice-Presidents ex-officio.

"STALLER" KNOPE, Chief Scribe.

"SWEENEY" RICE, Chief Liar.

N. B.—Don't fail to see our Prosperity Number next month. Pictures of all the pool-rooms, barber-shops and skating-rinks will be produced.

The Freshman Banquet

On Monday evening, February 21, after having held many secret meetings, the Freshman Class completely outwitted their old rivals, the Sophomores, and held a delightful banquet at the Clayton House, in Wilmington. The selection of Monday evening as a time to hold this function proved strategic, as many of Delaware's students had left college to observe Washington's Birthday, and, therefore, suspected nothing of the celebration. True to their vows, also, the Freshmen remained mute to all of the usual questionings concerning the banquet.

The class first attended the Garrick Theatre. Here manager Dockstader had thoughtfully suspended a large Delaware pennant from the main curtain, which remained in full sight of the audience throughout the entire performance and served to impress the object of the meeting upon the minds of all. The Garrick Orchestra also rendered the Alma Mater before the curtain had risen for the first act.

After the "show" the class marched to the Clayton House and proceeded with the banquet in the private dining-hall. As the few Sophomores that were scattered around town did not attempt "to start something", there was no trouble during the evening. President F. G. Brown acted as toast-master, and after a brief address, called upon the following men to respond to toasts: Mr. Joseph McVey delivered a few chosen remarks to the class; R. G. Hill, Faculty; C. S. Lenderman, Class Spirit; G. N. Groff, Athletics; Houchin, Class Officers; Walker, Class of 1817. The affair ended with a good old Delaware yell.

Inter-Collegiate Notes

A. B. EASTMAN, '11

An inter-collegiate aeronautic meet has been arranged to take place next June. As yet, the aviation field upon which the contest will be held has not been named. The Aero Club of Columbia University a short time ago, issued a general challenge, and it was accepted by Harvard, Amherst, and the Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania. Yale may possibly enter, also. It is probable that before long an inter-collegiate aeronautical association will be formed. Interested collegians hold that aeroplane flying will soon be put on the same footing as other college sports.

Governor Hughes, of New York, will deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at the Harvard commencement exercises, on June 30. Dr. Henry VanDyke, Professor of English at Princeton, will read a poem. The exercises will be held in the Sanders Theatre.

Syracuse will meet Annapolis in an eight-oared race on the Severn River, May 21, 1910.

The trustees of Columbia University have announced their plan for an expenditure of \$3,000,000 for the improvement of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The plan contemplates the removal of the college from its present site, to Morningside Heights, where the other departments of the University are located.

The University of Pennsylvania Club of New York City, which has maintained club rooms at 124 West Forty-seventh street for a number of years, has decided to give up its headquarters and confine itself to an annual dinner. Notwithstanding a membership of more than 200, the rooms were little used, owing to the wide distribution of the members. For this reason a new departure was deemed advisable.

A newspaper laboratory is one of the new features of the course in journalism at the University of Wisconsin this year. It is equipped with seven standard, with desks, on which the students are required to write their stories. Several thousand well written news stories of all styles are kept on hand to serve as models. Reference books, descriptive matter, and illustrations of type-setting and type-casting machines, printing presses and stereotyping outfits also form part of the laboratory equipment.

Pennsylvania's relay races will be held as usual the last Saturday in April, the date this year being April 30. In addition to the group races, the one, two, and the four mile championship, the one mile Freshman championship, and special events for 100 yards, 120 yard hurdles, high jump, broad jump, shot put, hammer, discus, and pole vault will be given. Both the East and West will be represented in the relay championships and in the special events.

The sum of \$100,000 has been given to the University of Pennsylvania for a chair in the Medical Department which has not yet been designated. The sum was secured through the influence of a medical alumnus.

Military Notes

Edited by C. C. KIDD, '11

Captain P. D. Lochridge of the General Staff, has been detailed to inspect the cadets. As yet no definite time has been appointed, but it is thought that it will be in the latter part of April. Captain Lochridge will inspect the military departments of the colleges along the Atlantic Coast from Florida to Maine. If the inspection does come in the latter part of April, the cadets will make the best showing that they have ever made. In previous years the inspection has visited us just after the Easter vacation, and one can forget an awful lot in ten days. Now that the weather is good, we are out on the drill field and the

cadets are getting that snap and rythm of movement which characterizes a well-drilled battalion.

The Rifle Team has been on the range in the gymnasium nearly every day. They have had several shoots with other colleges and have made excellent scores. Now they are concentrating all their attention upon the inter-collegiate shoot which takes place early in the spring. Last year they finished fifth, but this year prospects point to an even better standing.

Three weeks ago we defeated the University of Pennsylvania in an inter-collegiate shoot by over fifty points. The scores are as follows:

Delaware College.				University of Pennsylvania.			
	Standing	Prone	Tl		Standing	Prone	Tl
Pr. Vandergrift	47	45	92	Smith	45	46	91
Corp. Reynolds	46	50	96	Seegar	45	44	89
Corp. Carswell	44	49	93	Emhardt	44	44	88
Sar. Eastman	46	40	86	Scott, D.	44	42	86
Cor. Gwilliam	44	47	91	Kesevetter	41	45	86
Lieut. Schaeffer	46	49	95	Scott, R.	41	45	86
Maj. Corkran	46	48	94	Barnes	43	42	85
Cor. Ayerst	44	46	90	Stubbes	45	40	85
Sarg. Heisler	48	47	95	Rhodes	41	43	84
Corp Sloan	46	46	92	Keisler	39	43	82
			924				862

On February 16, with Nevada:

Corporal Gwilliam	165
Lieutenant Shaeffer	165
Corporal Ayerst	166
Sergeant Patterson	157
Private Vandergrift	166
Sergeant Eastman	158
Sergeant Heisler	154
Carswell, R. M.	167
Corporal Carswell S. R.	151
Corporal Reynolds	164

Total 1613

March 3, with Columbia:

Corporal Gwilliam	150
Corporal Sloan	172
Corporal Reynolds	162
Lieutenant Shaeffer	141
Major Corkran	176
Corporal Carswell	145
Sergeant Eastman	146
Sergeant Heisler	160
Private Vandergrift	163
Sergeant Handy	154

Total 1560

On February 24, with Idaho:

Corporal Gwilliam	156
Corporal Sloan	168
Corporal Reynolds	172
Lieutenant Shaeffer	146
Major Corkran	171
Corporal Carswell	152
Sergeant Heisler	157
Sergeant Eastman	146
Private Vandergrift	162
Sergeant Patterson	158

Total 1588

March 10, with Washington:

Major Corkran	170
Private Vandergrift	165
Sergeant Patterson	161
Corporal Gwilliam	156
Corporal Reynolds	161
Sergeant Eastman	151
Lieutenant Schaeffer	162
Sergeant Handy	140
Sergeant Taylor	157
Sergeant Heisler	175

Total 1598

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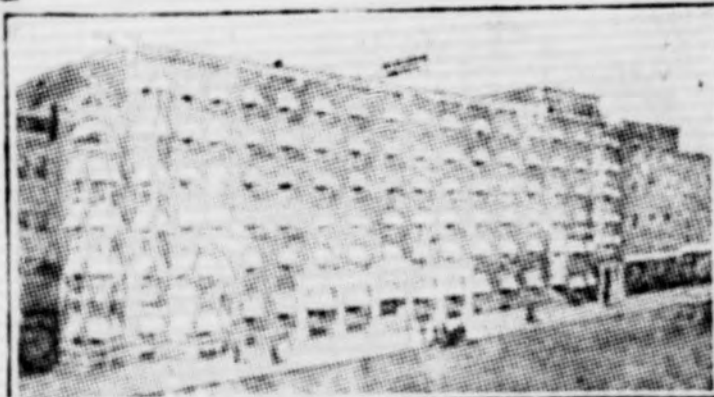
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CONTENTS

Student Directory	
The Struggle of Liberty, by Peritz Wainer, '11	1-3
Will O' the Wisp (a Story) by C. T. McChesney, '11	3-5
The Call for Trained Agriculturalists by R. G. Hill, '13	5-6
How to Make Camp Flap Jacks, A. S. Houchin, '13	6-7
Editorials	8-10
Literary Work	10-11
Athletics	11-17
Agricultural Notes	17-18
Locals	18-21
1911 Notes	21
1913 Notes	21-22
De Alumnis	22
Exchanges	22-24
Doings of the Ancient Free and Accepted Order of Antiquated Chestnuts	24-25
Inter-Collegiate Notes	25-26
Military Notes	26-28
Advertisements	29-38

1-3

3-5

5-6

6-7

8-10

10-11

11-17

17-18

18-21

-21

21-22

22

22-24

24-25

25-26

26-28

9-38

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