

THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW

Vol. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 5.

Lowell, Literary Man And Reformer.

By EVERETT P. WARRINGTON.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S character is very clearly revealed in his works. These naturally divide themselves into two classes—those which are the result of his love for reform, and those which are the result of his love of letters for their own sake. If we read the essays on "Keats" and "Italy," we are impressed with the artistic taste and ability of the writer; but if we read the essay on "Democracy" or "The Biglow Papers," we feel the influence of that political and reformatory spirit which was deeply imbedded in Lowell's nature. The personal remarks and the letters which he has addressed to his friends as well as what he has written for the public, are lasting monuments, testifying to his ambition to become great, not only as a literary man but also as a reformer. In his introduction to the "Pioneer," he has expressed the purpose of the paper, and we think that in doing so, he has also expressed the purpose of his life. "We would fain have our journal, in some sort at least, a journal of progress, one that should keep pace with the spirit of the age and sometimes go nearer its deeper heart. To be one exponent of a young spirit which should aim at power thru gentleness, the only means for its secure attainment, and in which freedom shall be attuned to love by a reverence for all beauty wherever it may exist, is our humble hope."

Lowell looked upon the call, which came to him, to be a political reformer, as a call to go where duty and the conditions of the

time demanded his services rather than to some other more pleasant field where his inclinations left to themselves would have led him. He assures us that he was much more happy when he worked for art alone. Sometimes he seems to have chafed at the necessity of using his pen in the national cause, "slaughtering the wrong and defending the right." Poems and stories in themselves were his delight, and he might very easily have been only a singer, had he not yielded to the moral appeal to turn his songs into sermons.

Take a hasty glance at Lowell's life and works and you will find that at one time the reformer and at another time the artist predominates. From 1845 to 1849, we find him in the Anti-Slavery ranks, wielding his pen as earnestly as any of his contemporaries in the interest of emancipation. After 1851, sixteen months are taken up with travels in Europe. During the years from 1852 to 1857, he wrote only one article on slavery, the remaining time being devoted to lecturing on poetry. From 1858 to 1865, we find him entirely taken up with questions and problems of the war for the Union. The years from 1861 to 1866 were devoted exclusively to literature. During this period he wrote his essays on criticism. By 1874 he has entered active politics; and from 1877 to 1880 he was a foreign Ambassador. These facts plainly show us the two sides of the poet's life.

The biographical essay which he has written on "Keats" is an excellent manifestation of his desire to bring that poet's career into accord with a lofty and untrammelled conception of the poetic art. Of Keats, he said, "What his temperament was we can see clearly, and also that it subordinated itself more and more to the discipline of art. Keats devoted himself exclusively to poetry. It is plain enough beforehand that those were not moral or mental graces that should attract a man like Keats. His intellect was satisfied and absorbed by his art, his books and his friends."

There is this difference between Keats and Lowell. Keats rejected all opportunities to interest himself in contemporary affairs, in order that he might devote himself to the love of beauty in the abstract; Lowell sacrificed his love of beauty in the abstract to make his influence felt in contemporary affairs. Lowell, the reformer, is presented to his best advantage in the poetry and prose of the "Biglow Papers." Here he has perhaps come very near to reaching the goal at which he aimed, that of dealing with a temporary problem in an artistic manner.

Lowell served two masters—aesthetics and reform. He has served them both and served them well. That was a whole hearted reformer who said, "Though the whole world sanction slavery, in God's name, we, we protest," and he deserves the name of artist, who wrote such verses as these :

"God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten."

"Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender."

"The Best Qualities of Stevenson."

By AYRES J. STOCKLY, '08.

NO man can know Robert Louis Stevenson without being impressed with certain good qualities which prevail in his works. Every composition has a good word from his heart, expressed in an attractive style, with a wonderful tact possessed only by men thoroughly interested in humanity. The fact that Stevenson's personality appears in every one of his discussions is notable. Because his mind was so well filled with valuable ideas, his readers reap a great benefit. Even those not interested in good literature are tempted by his attractive conversational style to read widely, and, often ; such people receive unintentionally the benefit of his good thoughts. Our author wrote not only good works but many of them. So let us value Stevenson for his numerous good messages, given in heart to heart talks, attractive because of their good style ; and the skill used in presenting them.

First, let us consider his messages. As a reader, I have yet to find an essay in which his underlying purpose has not been to express some thought which is of value to any young person. For instance, his advice to those not yet mature in years is, guard against wasting life in worrying unnecessarily ; appreciate happy surroundings, and to not grumble because everyone else is not so fortunately situated ; meditate somewhat, thus preventing good thoughts from entering your mind and passing out without leaving any impression ;

have few friends, and be sure they are good ones ; be intelligent ; be courageous, etc. All these hints towards happiness occur in the small number of his essays which I have noted. What a vast field for profitable reading are his works ! In his "Aes Triplex" he expresses an especially noble idea which he followed out in his own career. He says that in case a man, intending to accomplish a good end, is sickly, and the doctor counts his days of existence, the doomed one should not give up his project in order to live longer, and then die without any advancement of his aim. It is better, our author emphasizes, for a man to do a part of his work, even if he be cut down before its completion. Stevenson believes that all a man can do is to do his best, and when this is done, even tho it be of little importance in itself, a good example is set. A good effect of such perseverance is realized whenever a man labors with a vim, and produces valuable works. These seldom result from a writer's waiting for perfect health before a start is made.

Such advice is given in an admirable style. The reader of his essays feels that a friend is talking to him, and that this friend has some interest in the reader's success in life. The latter feeling is, however, seldom experienced before the end of an essay is reached, because Stevenson gains a reader's attention by relating a joke or something trivial, and then imparts his message most successfully, even to those not searching for valuable ideas. Our author uses this method of approach to a great extent in his essays because he writes principally for the benefit of those opposed to his way of living. Herein lies a good quality, I think. By the use of this heart to heart style, our writer, almost invariably, brings his readers, following a bad course in life, to his own way of thinking. Thus Stevenson induces many young men and women to leave a career promising failure, and to take up what should be a life of importance to the world. It must be remembered that noble men are not made by great and decisive steps, but by just such gradual changes from a wrong way of doing to a right way. I believe this means of carrying pure thoughts to evildoers, when they are young, is of vast importance in influencing mankind to a better way of living.

In Stevenson's talks, I note the smooth flow of simple words, intelligible to any reader of a newspaper. All his words are well chosen. Hence a reader of a style so easy to understand is influenced to read more, especially if he becomes interested in Steven-

son's conversation. And this is probable because nearly everyone is fond of conversation. To be sure we do not always care for light reading, as some term it, nor do all men deem it interesting to read about such trivial subjects for the sake of reaching an idea already known to them. But I must again mention the fact that Stevenson's purpose was to win the hearts of those opposed to his ideas, with the intention of advising them. With such objects in one, we cannot deny that he has chosen wisely simple words; for men, on the wrong path in life, usually, have gone astray because of their lack of knowledge, and such men are necessarily approached in language easily interpreted. Hence, I feel that another of Stevenson's best qualities is that which prompts him to use words best adapted to the minds of the readers whom he desires to benefit.

There is an old saying which best expresses my opinion of Stevenson as a persuasive writer. He can almost induce a man to believe that "the moon is made of green cheese." He uses tact in his arguments, and often upholds far more than he intends the reader to retain. But this shows wisdom, because his desired readers are most likely to be a kind who will listen to his arguments in favor of an extreme principle, and then often fail to apply the same, even in moderation. We read the arguments in his "Apology for Idlers," and, when we have just finished, we are inclined to believe that a person should always be idle, but after a moments reflection (something which the writer upholds in his essay) we realize that diligence is usually essential, but that a little time for reflection is often valuable. This advice is greatly exaggerated, and rightly so, because Stevenson realized that the custom of ordinary readers is to retain only a part of the subject matter, and he can produce his desired effect only by such exaggeration. The title is also ingenious because he selected "Apology," a word which in this connection appeals to those who oppose idleness, and arouses the curiosity of any reader, right at the beginning. By such ingenuity, Stevenson, even in the treatment of trivial subjects, makes compositions, wonderfully, fitted to convey his messages to those who have no inclination to seek their own betterment in other than such interesting conversations, and seldom then if the moral is too apparent.

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

By H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR., '08.

I linger in the woods ; the sun is low,
And o'er the distant hill-top is a glow
Upon the sky.

What once was blue—a deep, an azure blue ;
Is now transformed into a reddish blue ;
And to the eye,
A cloudlet, bathed in sunset, glorious seems
And answers all the poet's fairest dreams.

Reluctantly I turn my gaze away,
And watch the pines above me as they sway—
I hear them sigh—
Sigh as they tower in the air above ;
They seem to sing the old, old tale of love—
They seem to cry
E'en as a mother to her slumbering child,
As the caged lion for his native wild.

The shadows deepen, and the dainty flower
That, richly robed, smiled up from sylvan bower
An hour ago,
Has donned her dreamy gown of Lincoln green
And softly sleeps—the forest's modest queen—
Nor longer shows
Her gaily tinted petals or the gem
That, in the center, formed a diadem.

The sun is gone and night enfolds the hill ;
Above me sings the drowsy whip-poor-will,
And as I hark,
There is a rustle in the lordly trees—
'Tis but the whispering of the gentle breeze.
And through the dark
I hear the purling of a restless stream
That babbles like the voices of a dream.

And then the stars—those twinkling orbs of light—
Form indentations in the cloak of night ;
And very soon
There comes before my view, ascending high,
Majestically and proudly through the sky,
The rising moon.
Ah, night, how dark and yet how grand thou art !
Thou seal'st the lips of man and touch his heart.

How often do I view this glorious sight,
When light of day gives way to dusk of night
And all is still ;
When music of the lingering breeze is heard,
When leaves are rustled and the boughs are stirred—
The whip-poor-will
Sings in the swaying trees his mournful lay
And guards a sleeping world, at close of day.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

By HOWARD H. PROUSE, '09.

THE Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come is a novel written by John Fox, Jr. It is a tale of our Civil War, though beginning a few years before that period. The location of the story lies mainly in the Eastern part of Kentucky, extending from the source of the Kentucky river, in the neighborhood of Pine Mountain, to Lexington. Chad, a little shepherd boy of the mountains, is the hero, and his life is followed from his mountain career to the time when the prettiest girl in Lexington promises to be his wife.

We first see Chad setting out from the cabin, left desolate by the death of his folks, and starting over the mountains with his dog Jack, to seek refuge from the cross old man who claims to be his guardian. We hear him, on his knees, praying "God! I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to act like a man now." We follow him over the mountains to Kingdom Come Valley, where he finds a home with the Turners. His life here is made pleasant by the kindly way he is treated, and he returns their kindness with helpful labor. It does not take long for him to become established in the family; and Jack, who could not be beat as a shepherd dog, finds a warm spot in the hearts of the boys and old man Turner. Chad is sent to school with Melissa, an adopted daughter, and many hours of study and play did they spend together. Their young hearts began to beat with raptures of youthful love; it was Chad's first love, but Melissa's only love. Ah! how she loved him and lived for him! But one spring day he left with the Turner boys and the school-master to take a raft down the river to Frankfort. There he saw the outside world for the first time, and also got lost.

While the others were speeding homeward on a train, he was searching his way on foot. Then he fell in with Major Buford, whose heart he completely won, and with him he found a place to stay, until he wished to leave. While he was at the Major's place he first saw Margaret Dean, who was destined to cause his second love affair. Though a rough mountain boy, he had such a bright,

winning way, that the Major was completely in love with him. He kept him and sent him to school at Lexington, where he soon advanced beyond the other boys of his age. But someone spread the news that he was illegally born. The indignant Major denied it before everyone, but still the rumor spread. And one morning the Major could not find the boy, for he had gone back to the mountains, because he could not bear the disgrace.

Everybody was glad to see Chad come home, but no one was more delighted than Melissa. But how soon she was to cry for bitter disappointment! Chad went back to Lexington with Caleb Hazel, the school-master, to go to college. He learned more and faster than any other fellow in his class. He became a leader in athletics and a wonder to Caleb Hazel. In a few months, while on a visit to the mountains, he found that the accusations against his birth were false. And Major Buford, through suspicions of his own, by a long research found that Chad's name was Chadwick Buford, and that he was his own nephew. Therefore when Chad went back to Lexington, the Major compelled him to live at his house, and there he stayed until the war. Being freed from the unjust accusations, he was regarded with more respect by the Lexington people. Margaret, who had hitherto shunned him, would now condescend to receive his blundering attentions. But Chad soon learned to act like other boys, and the Major always gave him the best of clothes. So in a short while he began to show the gentility of his origin.

Finally the war came on, which tore asunder many hearts in Kentucky. Chad, after a long struggle, saw his plain duty to fight for the Union. But the Major, and Margaret, and all those who had been his friends were no more his friends, when he rode off to the North with Caleb Hazel. Even Melissa spurned him, when he went to the mountains to say good-bye. He performed his duty like a soldier, and bravely but sorrowfully fought against his home, his friends and all that was dear to him.

We follow him through the war, now as a private, next as a sergeant, as a captain, and before the war is over as a major. We see him and his horse Dixie dashing into danger and coming out with honors. Once he captured Dan Dean, Margaret's brother, who was a Confederate officer, but he escaped. Another time he saved the same Dan from being hung as a guerilla, by proving his innocence. So time passed, and through the whole war Chad sought to do his duty. But when the four years of hardship and sacrifice were over,

he went back to Lexington. When he learned that his uncle, the Major, was dead.

As he had no home now, he stayed at the Lexington hotel. Margaret was not long in forgiving him for his duty. So one moonlight night, while they were strolling over to see the Major's grave, she gave him the promise that he had not dared to hope for. Finally we have him, standing at the bedside of dead Melissa, and hearing a tale from her mother's lips of how she had contracted a cold in breaking up a conspiracy against his life.

Melissa was the finest character in the story; a simple little maid of the hills, whose heart was pure and true. She had lived out her whole existence in the rough and dreary mountains, for she was just an orphan girl. Her love for Chad was as sweet as the perfume of a summer rose. It did not leave when Chad left, but it strengthened and grew. It is indeed a pathetic tale of how she slipped past the sentinels in the dark, pretending that she was a sheep by ringing a little bell, and then how she broke the news of the conspiracy to a soldier under Chad's command and fled.

Chad was made for something greater than a mountaineer farmer. He had the Buford blood in his veins, and that could not endure the narrowness of a mountain life. He must push forth and do something. He was honest in all his dealings, both with himself and others. But the quality that made his path easy was his brightness. When he started to school under Caleb Hazel, that school-master was very much surprised at his quickness, as were his college professors afterwards. His ready wit and fine gentlemanly traits won the affections of the Major, and I think they also won Margaret's heart.

Margaret was worth winning too, for she was a girl of the best quality. She loved Chad, and had always liked him since that first day she saw him; his clothes were old and ragged, he had a rough fur cap on his head, and spoke with bad English. When he went to the North, she was indignant of course, but she readily forgave him. Her character, though important in the story, was shown only enough to let the reader understand that she was refined, intellectual and as true as steel.

There are other characters in the book, which are of more or less interest, and they all are created with an artist's pen. Yet none are so impressive that the reader would remember them very long. There are also few good thoughts to be retained. In fact the book is merely to be read for entertainment. Looking at it in this light, I find only one serious fault, that is; Chad advanced far too fast to be life-like. However, it is a successful novel, and it will afford a reader good entertainment.

Dr. Ross.

A Story In Three Parts

PART II

By JOSEPH H. PERKINS, '07.

WITH the coming up of the sun, he opened his eyes, looked around in a dazed manner, and then felt a great heaviness in his breast—he remembered. It occurred to him that he must move on and get a shave as soon as possible. So, feeling like a hunted animal, he walked, looking now to the right and now to the left. Upon meeting a man, the first he had met since the murder, he felt an impulse to run; but, with a great effort he passed him. Further on, with eyes straight ahead and with trembling limbs, he passed—almost touched a policeman.

Arriving at a district of the city, directly opposite to the one in which he had lived, he courageously entered a barber-shop. Later, coming out with his beard and mustache shaved off, he felt somewhat less liable to detection.

Chancing to glance across the street, he saw a sign; "Wanted, immediately, an assistant in chemical laboratory." He could nevermore take up the profession of medicine; the very thought of blood caused a chill to run thru his body and a tightening around his heart. So why not apply for the position? he thought. He could at least make his living. Going into an alley-way, he wrote a letter of recommendation, stating that Charles Jones (the name he decided to assume) was a competent chemist, and signed his real name. Then, calling together all his courage, he applied for the position, secured it and immediately set to work.

Diligently and earnestly he entered into his work, hoping that in so doing, he might forget, for the time at least. And sometimes, interested in his work, he did forget, only to be reminded of some instance of the previous night. To his fellow workmen he said little that day; he listened intently to their conversation, hoping to hear something about his crime. But he heard nothing.

Once he attempted to justify his act, bringing forward the arguments he had thought of just before the murder. But he did not succeed. Had the man he murdered been an unknown man he

might have done so, and in fact, had this been the case, his courage would not have failed him when he approached the house on the night he could not forget. Justification was made impossible by the knowledge that his victim was his father, that he had killed the man for whom his mother, the only person who he truly and unselfishly loved, had cared. The doctor had never loved or respected his father as a man but there was between them that tie which binds father and child and whose influence is not to be thrown off by any power of reasoning. He had destroyed something which his mother had loved and for that he could find no pardon.

When anyone entered the laboratory, he started, and his eyes, now always alert and never still, would glance secretly and searchingly toward the door. Noon came; but he did not stop work. He feared to go out for lunch—feared to take the chance of being seen or recognized.

The afternoon passed, as did the morning, without anything happening other than little occurrences, which showed the high nervous tension under which he existed. At six he stopped work and somewhat timidly ventured out into the street. Fortunately, he found a boarding and lodging house in the neighborhood of the laboratory.

At the close of the long dreary day, he felt a little safer—a little relieved. But, as evening fell, there arose within him an almost overpowering dread of the silently approaching night and its darkness. Immediately after supper, he retired to his room and sat down by the window. For a time he forgot his trouble as his mind was occupied with a problem he had encountered in the laboratory. But soon his line of thought was broken. From below there came to him voices of happy children at play, and from an adjoining building, the voice of a woman raised in song. All this served to recall to him his childhood, his mother, and finally, the murder. He could not forget no matter how much he tried; everything, sooner or later, brought him back to the subject of his crime.

Then, he carefully thought over everything he had done or said during that day, and felt certain that he had given no one reason to suspect him. Night came. He turned on the light; and as he did so, he involuntary glanced toward the floor as if expecting to see—what? In his mind's eye he saw the sightless eyes of his father looking at him and he shuddered. Nervously walking up and down

the room he counted, "One—two—three—four" and so on, in an endeavor to forget. But the affair of last evening with all its gruesome details was indelibly imprinted on his memory. The fear of detection, the idea that he had murdered his own father, and all the grotesque and uncanny memories of the murder made the man's thoughts undescribably horrible. In mental agony and physical exhaustion, he decided to seek protection and rest in sleep. He undressed; and as he turned out the light and watched the hot wire gradually grow dimmer and dimmer and finally go out, he thought of the passing of a life. And again there came that weighty hollow feeling in his breast. The darkness of the room oppressed and covered him. So, he quickly turned on the light; and then, with a supreme effort, turned it off again, quickly got into bed and tried to sleep. But, tired as he was, it was many hours before sleep came to him; and, even then, he was tormented by dreams which kept up the work of the thoughts that, in day time, were slowly undermining a strong mind. Sleep, even with its vivid, horrible dreams, however, was the best thing that life now held for him.

Thus did the first day—the first of many dreary days of forgetting and remembering pass. In a similar manner, with but few variations, the days went by and, added, formed the years.

Not year by year, or month by month, but day by day—almost hour by hour, he managed to pass thru ten long years. During this time, he had heard nothing of his crime and had made no inquiries regarding it. Sometimes he felt certain that he was safe—that he had foiled the hand of the law, and, for that time—always short, he felt relieved. But these feelings of safety were always destroyed in some unexpected manner: For instance, he would pick up a paper and read that some criminal, who had eluded the law for years, had been captured. And, again, the fear of detection would take hold of him firmer than ever.

During these ten years he had changed in many respects. In the past, he had been a quiet, unsociable person, who cared little for the company of his fellowmen; but, now, the great mental agony, to which he was addicted when alone, forced him to seek the society of men. In their company he could now and then forget. In conversation, he generally parried off the serious things of life and spoke of the trivial and the humorous. There was one serious subject, however, in which he always took an interest and as an authority upon which he gained no little reputation among his friends. That

was the subject of crimes—of murders, especially. He seemed to be able to discern every motive of criminals. The same motive that prompts every individual to discuss his own weakness as they are exhibited in the lives of others prompted this man to take an interest in the subject of crimes.

But for all that he sought the associations of people, he made no intimate friendships. To do so was now impossible. The fact that he possessed a secret, which he could confide to no one without impunity, cut him off forever from human fellowship. And he wanted a friend—almost childishly he craved the companionship of someone who would help him to bear his burden—of someone before whom he would not necessarily have to act. He was tired of acting; and yet, had he tried, it is doubtful if he could have found himself in the great mass of affectations and mannerisms in which he was so deeply involved.

Once, he befriended a dog, which some children were misusing, and won its confidence. Taking it to his boarding house, he soon became attached to it and took delight in its company. He would talk to it and the dog could answer with only a whine of recognition or a lap of his tongue. It could tell no secrets.

But even the pleasure of this strange companionship was soon denied him. One day, he read something in the paper about the transmigration of souls. That evening, returning to his room quite late, he was greeted enthusiastically by the dog. As the doctor affectionately patted it on the head, he chanced to look into its eyes and instantly his body became tense and cold as there pierced his brain the thought: "Suppose within the body of this dog there exists the soul of my father."

For a time he could not summon the courage to look again; and, when he did, he cried out in agony, grabbed up a chain, and would have killed the dog had not his courage failed him. In the head of the animal, he would have sworn, was the eyes of his father looking at him accusingly. To the door he then rushed, and, when he had opened it, the scared hound ran out, turned, and, in the darkness of the hall, the doctor saw again the staring eyes of his father. Trembling with fear, he closed the door with a bang and locked it. That night he feared to put out the light and did not sleep.

This is one of the many incidents which served to keep him in a horrible mental and physical condition. Ten years of fear, of sleepless nights, of the same thoughts on the same horrible subjects, of

weird dreams, and of loneliness tended to dwarf his mental powers—to limit his thoughts to a few subjects—to bring him within the pale of the vague boundry that separates the sane from the insane.

One holiday, he determined to visit the neighborhood of his crime. Recently he had become more confident of his safety and just a little proud when he thought that he had outwitted the great police force of the city. He wished to hear something of his crime. His face, now full of hollows and wrinkles, was pale and haggard and without beard or mustache; his hair had become quite white and his figure was no longer erect and stalwart. So he felt little fear of being recognized.

However, as he came in the neighborhood of the old brick apartment house his heart beat faster; his eyes nervously glanced here and there; and his step was none too firm and confident. He had just passed a crowd of children and, almost breathlessly, a policeman, when he heard someone behind him cry:

“There he goes. Catch him!”

(It was the cry of children playing.) And, without thought and without looking back, the doctor instantly dashed forward and ran and ran until, exhausted, he fell upon the pavement.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Inter-Collegiate Notes.

Edited By V. H. JONES, '09.

Andrew Carnegie recently donated the sum of \$40,000 to Yale University with which to install a swimming pool in the proposed new gymnasium.

Announcement has been made that John D. Rockefeller will endow the University of Chicago with \$3,000,000 to maintain a pension fund.

Syracuse University was recently presented with a Chemical Laboratory costing \$100,000.

A Carl Shurtz memorial professorship with an endowment of \$50,000 will soon be established at the University of Wisconsin.

January 11th was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ezra Cornell.

Founder's Day exercises at Cornell have been postponed till April 26th.

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Edited By V. H. JONES, '09.

Andrew Carnegie recently donated the sum of \$40,000 to Yale University with which to install a swimming pool in the proposed new gymnasium.

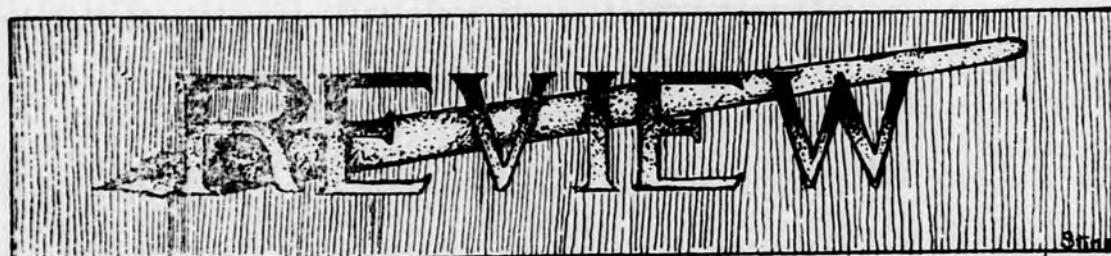
Announcement has been made that John D. Rockefeller will endow the University of Chicago with \$3,000,000 to maintain a pension fund.

Syracuse University was recently presented with a Chemical Laboratory costing \$100,000.

A Carl Shurtz memorial professorship with an endowment of \$50,000 will soon be established at the University of Wisconsin.

January 11th was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ezra Cornell.

Founder's Day exercises at Cornell have been postponed till April 26th.



Published monthly during the school year by students of Delaware College

Entered at the Newark, Delaware, postoffice, as second class matter

Subscription \$1.00 a year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be addressed to The DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW, Newark, Delaware.

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Editorial.

USUS ET CAUSA.

What is the purpose of a college paper?

Many will say that it is to amuse the readers. Others will say it is to record the various features of college life that occur daily. Still others will say that it is to show other colleges that we are still alive. And all are right. It is the aim of the Editorial Board to amuse, to chronicle, and to proclaim our existence; but, furthermore, the true aim is to honestly and unsneeringly criticise what we think ought to be criticised. The meaning of true criticism is too often confused. Someone allows the idea to get into his head that he is being ridiculed and mocked. Let us learn to distinguish. If ever the REVIEW criticises unjustly we want to know it, but as long as it draws the attention of the students in a line of reform or correction, we desire not only the well-wishes of the student-body in our work, but also its co-operation.

Every college paper should be something more than ornamental.

If it is to contain nothing more than stories and poems and essays, then it is little more than the class-room exposed. It is our idea to mingle the salt of just criticism with the general substance of the paper.

Copies of the REVIEW go to many colleges—in a way, it is representative. Let us make it decidedly so. But no publication can be truly representative unless the students of the college support it with their best work. It is discouraging for an editor to continually hear the men, who can write best, say, "I have no time just now to write—sometime, *perhaps*, I will do something for you." Despairingly we ask, "are they lazy or mentally afraid?"

Surely it is no great thing we ask. An occasional essay, story or poem would save the editors many a moment of uncertainty and anxiety. So what we ask is—Do your best and help the REVIEW.



SHOULD IT BE THUS?

A few days since several members of our two literary societies met with Dr. Sypherd to discuss the question, whether or not to hold the annual inter-society debate and the inter-collegiate debate with Maryland Agricultural College. It was decided to meet M. A. C., but the question of the inter-society debate is still unsettled. This, in itself, may not appear strange or unnatural at first thought. But let us consider! Have we ever before hesitated to say that there will be an inter-society debate? Have we ever before even asked the question? In the secrecy of our halls we chose the subject and the sides and picked our teams. Now we meet publicly and discuss the advisability of such a thing.

Surely something is wrong. And that "something" is no secret.

If an old member of Delta Phi or of Athenæan should walk up to the hall he knew in his college days, and should knock on the door, we fear the only response he would get would be the rattle of a window—groaning like the ghost of the dead past. Should he ask, "Is there no society meeting this afternoon?" the reply would be, "No, the societies do not meet this year."

The old graduate would be justly surprised and perhaps would speak of former rivalry, and former laurels won. Then were he to ask, "Why do they not meet?" there would undoubtedly be a variety of answers. One would say—"Oh, the faculty does not support us. They have introduced classes on "society" afternoons, and we cannot

get a quorum at the meetings." Another might say, "As there was no interest shown, we decided to abandon the meetings." A third would say, "The engineers never took interest in the meetings and our literary programs were failures."

The old "grad," who had been through the college-mill, and knew the tendency of students to blame the faculty, might then investigate. "Why do you have classes on society afternoons?" he would ask a member of the faculty. That faculty member would answer, "Last year we allowed the societies to have Wednesday afternoons for meetings, as usual. During the year we were told that engineers would not attend the meetings and were requested to make the attendance of members compulsory. Nevertheless, all attempts to enforce attendance failed and we found the same complaint existing. This fall the same trouble was prevalent, and we decided to utilize Wednesday afternoons for class work."

"Surely the faculty is not to blame," the "grad" would say.

And so it is, we must not blame the faculty. The trouble lies in ourselves. There was a time when the highest rivalry existed between the two societies. To be a member of either was an honor, and one to be appreciated. But the cold, practical men have ruined that old spirit.

Let us reorganize! Let us revive the interest that once was known! Let us have our inter-society debate, and entertain the former feeling of society pride!

Engineers, you are responsible in great part for the present condition of affairs. You complain that the meetings take your time and yet do not interest you. Did any of you ever exert yourselves to help those meetings along? If you cannot forget your work for an instant, why do you not introduce some feature of it into the societies? If you are broad-minded men, you cannot but feel the need of something a little different from the daily routine. So why don't you help?

But the engineers are not the only ones who are to blame. To be brief, every member is somewhat at fault. But why cannot that fault be remedied? Surely if all are determined, the societies will not die.

So, the REVIEW as the College medium urges the societies to reorganize and requests the Faculty to reconsider.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

At last Delaware seems to be waking up. At last, she begins to realize that intercourse with the leading colleges of the east is much more beneficial than close affiliation with the half-college-half-prep-school style of institution which heretofore has been her ally and opponent. The student-body appreciates the fact that it is better to be defeated by a first-class institution than to defeat a second-class one, and this year we have made the start that must carry us into the ranks of the best colleges.

To review a little past history: In the foot-ball season we proved our strength by defeating Johns Hopkins and Rutgers, besides a number of colleges of less consequence. These were the victories that inspired us. We began then to realize that we could cope successfully with the larger colleges. Of course, we are aware that as yet we cannot compete with Swarthmore and Bucknell on the gridiron, but we entertain hopes that the future may bend them before our standards. But we trust that the victories of the past season will have the force to persuade the managers of the future to arrange schedules with colleges of Delaware's calibre.

Surely the basket-ball management is doing its share to bring Delaware into touch with the best colleges. Already games have been played with Yale, Bucknell, Swarthmore, and the University of Pennsylvania Medicals. Furthermore there are games scheduled with Cornell and several other large institutions. Basket-ball, more than many other sports, permits of games with the larger colleges, and our management has taken creditable advantage of that fact.

So much for athletic relations.

A few days ago a communication was received from Rutgers College, inviting our debating team to meet hers. This is an opportunity. We have men who can debate, as was proved last year in the debate with Maryland Agricultural College, and it is only right and just that those men should represent Delaware in the College oratories as football, basketball and baseball teams, represents her on the gridiron, in the cage, or on the diamond.

If our debating teams would meet three or four colleges yearly, there would be relations established between us and those colleges that would be three-fold stronger than any bond welded by athletic contests. Of course there is all the difference in the world between the athletic and the debating contests. The former style appeals to

the muscular and materialistic sense, the latter to the intellectual and idealistic. There is something about a debate that carries us back to the times when brains made contest—not muscles. There is something almost hereditary about it—something that seems handed down from a by-gone age. Perhaps the reason of this is its absolute gentility. No matter where one goes he finds someone who delights in playing “dirty” in athletics, but the intellectual battle is so free from all malice and unclean methods, that it should appeal to the colleges of our land more than it does.

Athletics.

Edited by LESTER E. VOSS, '07.

BASKET BALL.

ON Thursday, January 17, the team left for the three games to be played in Pennsylvania on the week end trips. Neither Shaffer nor Wyatt accompanied the team on this trip, and consequently the prospects were not as bright as they might have been.

They arrived at Millersville on Thursday afternoon, and at 4.30 p. m. lined up against the team at the State Normal School there. From the beginning everything was going Delaware's way and an easy victory seemed sure until the second half, when the Millersville team, apparently more used to the very dim light (only a few oil lamps being used) than the visitors, scored enough points to put them in the lead, the score with five minutes to play being 28-25. After this neither side seemed able to score, although Delaware had two or three easy chances they failed to make any of them good, the forwards seeming not able to find the ball, and the game ended with the score still the same.

The game from the start was very fast and interesting, especially so in the first half. The line-up:

M. S. N.			DELAWARE.	
Moyes	.	Forward	.	Newman
Butz	.	Forward	.	Ward, McGarvey
Lyte	.	Centre	.	Robin
Coco	.	Defense	.	McGarvey, Robin
Zehner	.	Defense	.	Voss

Field Goals—Newman 2, Ward 3, Robin 1, McGarvey 5, Moyes 3, Butz 3, Lyte 3, Zehner 3. Foul Goals—Robin 3, Lyte 4. Referee—Cooper. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

Friday, the 18th, they went to Lewisburg to meet the fast Bucknell team. The best we can say about this game is that "we met the enemy and we were theirs." The game from the first was seen to belong to Bucknell, although they had at all times to play the best article of basket-ball that they had. The greatest advantage the Bucknell team had over that of Delaware was that of weight. They outclassed our men in this respect to a very great extent. Considering all things, although the score was very much onesided, the score not in any way showing the comparison between the teams. The game was in no manner a discredit to the losing team, our main difficulty being our inability to shoot accurately. Here was experienced most the lack of Capt. Shaffer, for it was here his shooting ability was badly needed. The most spectacular part of the game was during the last five minutes of play, the Delaware men taking a brace and by their fast play and excellent passing succeeded in keeping the ball in their possession until time was called, although they made several failures in attempts at shooting. The game ended with the score 34-4. Ward did all the scoring for Delaware and played a good game, while the work of Capt. Lose and Obrien excelled for Bucknell. The line-up:

BUCKNELL.

DELAWARE.

Lose, (capt.)	.	Forward	.	Newman
Obrien	.	Forward	.	McGarvey, Ward
Lenhart	.	Centre	.	Robin
Wagner	.	Defense	.	Papperman, McGarvey
Croop	.	Defense	.	Voss

Field Goals—Ward 2, Lose 5, Obrien 6, Lenhart 2, Wagner 1, Croop 1. Foul Goals—Lenhart 4. Referee—Turner, Williamsport. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

After the game, Edwards, '06, now a student at Bucknell, entertained the Delaware men in his room; several of the Bucknell men also being present. A very enjoyable time was spent, in which general good feeling was shown among all present, all expressing a desire that the friendly relations now existing between the two institutions should continue and lead to closer athletic relations. This is the second year that Delaware has ever competed against Bucknell, in any athletic sports, and we hope that soon relations in other sports may be established with them.

On January 26, in one of the worst rough house games ever witnessed on the floor, Swarthmore defeated Delaware by a score of 20-18 in the last minute of play, making the score a tie by two fouls and then scoring the winning goal by a very pretty shot by Swain.

The Delaware men did not play in their usual good form, but easily kept in the lead the first half, ending 24-10 in Delaware's favor. They retained this lead until nearly the close of the game, when by two foul goals and the goal shot by Swain, the score was made to 20-18, the game ending immediatly after the score was made.

Captain Shaffer and Newman played the best game for Delaware, while Captain Dill, of Swarthmore, played the game for them. Voss having been injured in practice the week before, was not in the game. The line-up:

SWARTHMORE.

DELAWARE.

Clements	.	.	Forward	.	.	Shaffer
Heed	.	.	Forward	.	.	Newman
Griffin	.	.	Centre	.	.	Robin
Swain	.	.	Defense	.	.	Baldwin
Dill	.	.	Defense	Papperman, McGarvey		

Field Goals—Shaffer 1, Newman 4, McGarvey 1, Heed 2, Griffin 2, Swain 2, Dill 1. Foul Goals—Shaffer 6. Heed 6. Referee—Tiffany, Bucknell.

The Scrub played a preliminary game, defeating the Wilmington Turgemeide team by a score of 11-9. The line-up:

WILMINGTON TURGEMEIDE.

DELAWARE SCRUB.

Bradley	.	.	Forward	.	.	Armstrong
Shields	.	.	Forward	.	.	Edgar
Melvina	.	.	Centre	.	.	Ward
Rigney	.	.	Guard	.	.	Josephs
Roakly	.	.	Guard	.	.	Papperman

February 4th the Philadelphia Dental College came down and were defeated in a very onesided game by a score of 35-3. At no point of the game did the visitors have any chance of winning, although both teams played a very slow game in the first half. The

Delaware team getting together in the last half soon put the score up where it remained. The line-up :

PHILA. DENTAL COLLEGE.

DELAWARE.

Wallanger	.	Forward	.	McGarvey
Stearn, (capt.)	.	Forward	.	Newman, Shaffer
Rittenhouse	.	Centre	.	Robin
Connell	.	Defense	.	Voss
Larkin, Willie	.	Defense	.	Wyatt, Baldwin

Field Goals—McGarvey 4, Newman 1, Shaffer 3, Baldwin 6, Wyatt 1, Stearne 1. Foul goals—Stearne 1, Shaffer 3, Robin 2. Referee—Tiffany.

Locals.

Edited By LAURENC E. CAIN, '07

Mrs. Lambert, Secretary of the "Y" work in the State of New York, gave a very interesting talk to the student-body in the Assembly Room on the morning of January 17.

Prof. Lawrence Smith, of the Modern Language department of this College, gave a very instructive lecture, January 18, before the class in European history. The subject was The Literature of France during the reign of Louis XIV.

At present all are looking forward with pleasure to the Junior Promenade. It will furnish a pleasant diversion just after the examinations are over. We wish the Junior Class much success.

In preparation for the show which is to be presented by the Mask and Wig Club, daily rehearsals are being held. And, within a short time it will present a company worthy to represent the College and student-body.

The all important question of the present. "How did you get along with your exams?"

Dr. W—— : "Well, Evans what is the use of your coming to class, when you are not prepared."

Evans : "I came to keep from getting an unexcused absence."

We are very glad to note the appearance of new Delaware College Chapel hymnals.

Taylor : Say, Cullen, when did you get so handsome.

Cullen : When I was a cab-driver.

Cullen, by the way, says he and Diffenderfer are the best looking men in college.

Among the many articles by Professors L. A. Frendenberger and W. S. Franklin, that have recently appeared in scientific journals, those on "Calculations for Diameter of Armature," "De Arsaraval Galvanometer," "Calvin Galvanometer," and "A New Type of Alternating Current Galvanometer," are of special interest to the electrical engineer. Professor Frendenberger is doing considerable important and valuable original work along this line.

Exchange Notes.

Edited By GUSTAVE A. PAPPERMAN, '09.

Sin Bayard is the leading story in the William And Mary Literary Magazine for January. The story is very interesting from beginning to end, provided you like "Injun Stories." The author has woven an exceedingly interesting plot about the heart of an Indian ; and we think the work is well done.

The next story is one in which we can all find food for thought. Friends That Never Fail, is the title and the subject is books. The writer has made the subject very interesting. Following are a few lines which will easily prove this :

"Of the pleasure which books afford us, no true estimate can be made. With them one travels into distant lands and is shown their beauties. He comes to know the great souls of all ages and they talk with him. And so, although one may be confined at home, the world is to him an open book which he may read at will."

Following this comes the idea of the friendship of books, the appreciation of books and the wealth they contain. The article concludes with the following words from "Henry Drummond" :

"Every book is a friend, whether it be biography, introducing us to some humble life made great by duty done ; or history, opening vistas into the movements and destinies of nations that have passed away ; or poetry, making music of all the common things around us, and filling the fields and the skies, and the work of the

city and the cottage with eternal meanings—whether it be these, or story books or religious books or science, no one can become the friend of even of one good book without being made wiser and better."

The Pain of Friendship contains a good moral, and A Midnight Adventure is a good ghost story.

The poetry in this magazine deserves special mention. We select "The Convalescent" as the best poem. An Old Darkey to His Mule is also a very creditable piece of work.



The Georgetown College Journal. This magazine is, to say the least, charming. We could not possibly make a mistake by saying that, of our large number of exchanges, this is one of the best that we have had the pleasure of reading. Each story, poem, and essay is certainly worthy of the space it occupies, although it is not possible for all to be of equal merit. We select the Holiday Refugees as the best story. It is very interesting from beginning to end.

The poetry is fairly good. The Magi and Rubayat of Winter Mornings deserve special mention.



The Manhattan Quarterly. It is a very interesting magazine that has come to our table lately, and we regret that we cannot comment on its merits in this issue.



The Cadet comes to us from North Carolina Military Academy. We give it a hearty welcome among our list of exchanges. The cuts are very beautiful. We are ready however to offer a little comment on this issue. An exchange column would be quite an addition. I am quite sure the column headed Exchange is not meant for a "Regular Exchange Column," such as we find in other magazines. There are also a list of stale jokes that might well be left on the shelf.



We sincerely hope that eventually, the differences which have arisen between the Washington Collegian and the Western Maryland will be satisfactorily settled.



We beg to acknowledge our regular list of exchanges, but we still note the absence of a few. We hope these will reach us at least once this year.

Alumni Notes.

Edited By KARL HERRMANN, '07.

To Mr. and Mrs. Algier Powell, belongs the honor of presenting the class of 1904 with a lusty son, who, we believe, is the first, class baby. He made his presence known on October 16, and has been named Charles.

Thomas H. Davis, Ex., '04, has recently patented an aeroplane, which is built along the lines of Dumont's latest creation; having, however, the lifting vanes instead of in two separate units, placed together, one below the other. The machine is propelled in a horizontal plane by changing the center of gravity of the load with respect to the axis of the vanes, thus giving the operator complete control of the machine without other appliances. The vanes are further so arranged that they automatically act as parachutes when the engine fails to run or the operator has reached the desired height.

Walter P. Conway, '94, returned to his home at Atlantic City, after an extended tour thru the continent. Dr. Conway is one of the foremost medical practitioners in that city.

W. H. Heal, '83, and Hugh B. Morris, '98, have been elected to the members of the Phi Kappa Phi Honorary Fraternity of Delaware College.

Watson W. Harrington, '95, who was recently made a Trustee of the College, attended the meeting held here last month.

Victor B. Woolley, '85, has written a new book on Delaware Law Practice.

Raymond DuHadway, '94, was heard from lately. He is still at Syracuse.

Lewis DuHadway, '99, is practicing law in the Philadelphia Land Title Building, at Broad and Chestnut streets.

H. M. Shepard, '95, has an interesting article on "Advertising of Trust Companies," in the Bankers' Magazine for January, 1907.

William Vaughan Derby, '06 who is with the Stevens-Duryea Automobile Company, at Chicopee Falls, Mass., recently visited

Newark on business. He reports that the above firm is preparing for the unusual demand that their car has received annually since it has been placed on the market.

Arthur Hauber, '06, is now with Kyle and Patterson Construction Company, in Pittsburg. He is at present in the drafting department of this firm.

Howard Ferguson, '04, is in the testing department of the Keystone Electrical Company in Philadelphia.

College Calendar

1907.

Second Term.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| Feb. | 22—Washington's Birthday. |
| March | 28—Thursday, Easter Vacation begins 3.30 p. m. |
| April | 8—Monday, College reopens 8.50 a. m. |
| May | 30—Thursday, Memorial Day. |
| June | 10-14—Annual Examinations. |
| June | 14—Sunday, Sermon for the Young Men's Christian Association
11 a. m. |
| June | 17—Monday, Class Day Exercises, 3 p. m.
Anniversary of the Athenaeum Literary Society, 8 p. m. |
| June | 18—Tuesday, Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 11 a. m.
Inter-Class Field and Track Meet, 2.30 p. m.
Anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society, 8 p. m. |
| June | 19—Wednesday, Commencement Exercises, 10.30 a. m.
Meeting of the Alumni Association, 2.30 p. m.
Exhibition Drill, 3.30 p. m.
Baccalaureate Sermon, 8 p. m. |

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