

Delaware College Review.

VOL. XI.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 2

Delaware • College • Review.

Entered at the Newark, Del., P. O., as second-class matter.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Press Association of Delaware College.

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Published in the interests of Delaware College.

Articles solicited from the Alumni. Send us your subscription as soon as possible. Subscription \$1.00 a year. Single copies, 12 cents.

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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
NEWARK, DELAWARE.

Editorial.



WE are exceedingly pleased to note that the members of the class of '98, with few exceptions, have united with one or the other of our Literary Societies. This alone gives us a favorable

impression of our new class, for it shows that they have come here to obtain all the educational advantages which our institution offers, and also that they are well aware of how much benefit the Literary Society will be to them in attaining this end.

In some of our larger colleges there seems to be a tendency to relegate the Literary Society to a back place as a factor in college life. We certainly think this to be a very unwise action and the influence of which will be to lower the standard of the future literary attainments of the students at those places of learning. In our smaller institutions an exactly opposite state of affairs exists. Reports from these places show that greater interest is being manifested in the Literary Societies than ever before.

To enumerate here the innumerable benefits derived from the Literary Society is hardly necessary, for these have been commented upon in former issues of this paper and are, no doubt, patent to the mind of any liberal minded person.

If we may judge from our own experience, the training which one receives in the Literary Society is as valuable for the present, and will be of as much service to him in the future, as any instruction he may receive during his college course, with a possible exception in the case of those students who are preparing for special scientific work, to whom literary work would not be as important as to others; but even these students would receive a training which no other college organization could afford.

Now that the members of the class of '98 have all made their choice as to which of the two Societies they will join, let us all lay aside our petty strifes and jealousies, if any such exist, and work together in harmony to attain, to its highest perfection, the object for which our Literary Societies were organized—that of the cultivation and improvement of our mental faculties.

* * *

Do the Alumni of Delaware College show as much interest in their Alma Mater as is their duty?

This question was brought to our minds very forcibly by the evident lack of interest displayed at the meeting of the Alumni Association during Commencement Week last year. What a slim attendance there was compared with the large number who have received their diplomas from this institution and who should take pleasure in attending its Commencement Exercises!

Members of the Alumni Association, all though your connection with the college, about which such pleasant memories twine, has been severed, yet you should not be so ungrateful to the memory of those years spent within the walls of Delaware College, or to forget her to such an extent as to lose all interest in her welfare and that of the paper which she supports. Very few of you are subscribers and it is very evident to all readers of the REVIEW that we have not been overburdened with literary productions from your pens, some of which were so ready while you were at college. It is high time you were awaking from this state of lethargy which has been quite characteristic for several years, and displaying more concern in the various interests represented at Delaware College.

We shall be very glad to afford you space in these columns for airing any opinions or

criticisms which you wish to make concerning any subject which would be of interest to our students.

* * *

From a financial point of view, the REVIEW is almost wholly dependent on our advertisers for support. In return for this they expect in turn to reap a benefit. To accomplish this result it is the duty of every student and all others who are interested in the welfare of the REVIEW to patronize, as far as possible, those firms who advertise in our columns. It is an undisputed fact that the most successful merchants are those who liberally use printer's ink; and in reference to the firms who use this paper as an advertising medium, we would say that they represent the most successful and reliable business men of Newark and Wilmington.

Therefore we earnestly hope that our students will remember to patronize these men, thus insuring a continuance of their "ads" and by this means help support your college paper.

* * *

The resolution passed by the faculty which prohibited our foot-ball team from playing with any teams other than those of colleges or educational institutions, created a great deal of discussion among our students for a few days after it was passed. Many condemned it as being an unjust and uncalled for action, but upon sober second thought nearly every one has come to the conclusion that the faculty were not at fault in thus prohibiting us from playing with the teams representing the various Athletic Clubs of Wilmington and other places.

As our college does not profess to bring forth trained athletes such as represent these clubs, it does not seem to us to be the best course, for the college authorities, in justice

to the parents of the players, to allow games to be played with teams of this character.

Although this will prevent us from contesting for the championship of the State, which was stated in our Athletic department last month as being the goal toward which all should strive, yet we are sure that time will show that this action will aid in promoting the welfare of the college.

* *

In addition to our regular features we supplement this number of the REVIEW with a half-tone engraving of Delaware College Football Team. To present this engraving to our readers with no extra expense to them, has entailed an additional expenditure on our part and we trust that it may prove an attractive feature of the paper.

We are indebted to Prof. Chester who kindly photographed the team and also to our business manager who has been so instrumental in arranging our finances that we might be able to give our readers a picture of the foot-ball team.

Copies of the REVIEW at the usual rates can be obtained at Wilson's Book Store. Do not fail to secure one.

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Thinking that many of our readers would desire to preserve the history and prophecy of the class of '94 we devote our literary space to these articles this month.

●●●Literary

Prophecy of the Class of '94.

Delivered by C. T. McVey, Class Day Exercises,
June 18, 1894.

One perfect afternoon in early spring when all nature seemed in harmony, when the birds just returned from the southern climes were making glad the earth with their jubilant warbling, I took a stroll along the old Creek Road, reviewing its scenes, of which

every true Newarker will never tire. Yet it was not without a tinge of sadness, for I knew that for a short time only I would be in easy access of its shady nooks, so oft frequented by me during my collegiate course at Old Delaware. I sat on the "Old Secret Rock" and thought if it might speak, what a tale it could unfold: of how many sweet looks, of how many soft caresses, of how many gentle words, it had been the silent and impartial witness; and I thought, how in after years we would long for such pleasant associations and how my classmates, now together, would in a short time be going their several ways. Then again my thoughts wandered to the epic poem of that master poet, Virgil, and I started with "I sing of arms and the man," and continued until I reached "O! Muse relate to me," pondering over the wonderful significance contained therein. I unconsciously repeated the words, "Oh! Muse relate to me."

Giving myself over to fanciful reveries, I felt a certain dreaminess come over me, I felt the nearness of something unknown. I unconsciously lifted my eyes and, behold, there stood before me in all her refulgent splendor, a figure, a form, the grace and symmetry of which betokened ethereal abodes. At first I was startled at such beauty, for the raven locks falling over her snowy shoulders, together with her queenly grace, were indeed awe-inspiring, but the kindly look in her expressive eyes soon dispelled all fear, for I recognized in her a sylvan deity which presides over the immediate neighborhood. She looked at me and in a voice of unsurpassing sweetness, smilingly said, "O youth, fear not, consider thyself favored, I have come to teach thee of what thou knowest naught. Wouldst thou know the future? Come with me and I will show thee all."

A still deeper dreaminess seized me, I could speak to her, yet I could not see. I fancied I was sailing through the air, immaterial, yet with bodily form. For a time I was held thus, until in the distance I descried a city, full of life and animation; along its port stood

long rows of steamers; next I find myself in its streets admiring the large buildings, when suddenly, a team came dashing down the streets; there were cries of fear and shouts of anger, and soon I saw a crowd moving along, bearing a stretcher on which was placed a man, apparently dead. Some cried, "Bring a doctor, quick!" Others said, "He is beyond all aid." He was taken to a hospital, and a number of doctors were crowded around, but all of them said they could do nothing. "Bring Dr. Conaway," the crowd said, "he can save him." I repeated the name. It sounded familiar, and I asked one standing near, who the man was. "Why, have you not heard of the ability of Dr. Conaway and the research he has made in the science of surgery?" Just then I looked up, and behold there rushed in my old friend and room mate. He did not see me, but after his patient had been successfully treated, I approached him and held out my hand. At first he did not recognize me, but before I could speak he said, "McVey, I'll be durned!" I went to his office and had a long talk. He told me he was surgeon on a warship lying in port and had been very successful, and had placed before the medical world some very valuable theories; modesty forbade his going into detail.

Before our conversation was ended I felt myself taken away, and was soon within another city which I recognized as Wilmington. Passing by the Opera House I heard a great demonstration within; I entered and found a political meeting in full blast. Soon an aged sire arose and exclaimed, "Townsend for Governor." The cry was immediately taken up "Townsend for Governor, the right man in the right place." There, on the stage, as moderator of that august assemblage, sat my old beloved college chum. He welcomed me at once, and after the meeting dispersed, took me up the street. We approached an office, bearing the sign G. L. Townsend, Attorney-at-Law, States Attorney; he said, "This is my den." We went in and talked over old college days, of the times we used to sit on the hotel porch and enjoy a pipe and relate to

each other the personal experiences of how we were brought to realize more strongly than ever, the truth contained in Jerome K. Jerome's article on "Being Hard Up." He invited me to his home, and as we approached a brown-stone front, we were welcomed at the door by "my old friend, Miss ——," but it is not best to tell all one sees. I recognized in this the ideal home of which I had so often heard him speak.

The hours glided swiftly away, and I was borne aloft towards a city of ancient design. As I approached it, there appeared before me thickly settled hamlets, and battle grounds, so familiar and dear to every true American, and tombs, holding in their last sleep, heroes who died for our liberty, and whose silent vigils still protect,—by which I recognized Boston. It was evening. A vast concourse of people filed past me. I naturally fell in with the crowd, and was ushered along until I found myself in front of a vast church edifice. I asked some one if there was anything of special interest going on within; to which he replied, "Our country's eminent divine, Dr. Holt, is to preach here to-night." Little heeding, I would have passed on had not something irresistibly drawn me in, when to my surprise I beheld in the pulpit, in the midst of an eloquent sermon, "Tommy," sometimes known as the "Little Boy." Before his eloquence sat the audience spell bound, as if by magic. After he had concluded, I approached him and held out my hand. He was very glad to see me. I went to his hotel and we talked late into the night, and I learned that his success in the ministerial work had been unprecedented.

Ere long I was again floating away, on eagle wings, as it were, over hill and wooded dale, over mountains from peak to peak, until I espied a mining camp bedded in the side of a lofty mountain. Countless laborers were taking the golden ore from the hidden recesses of the earth. Naturally anxious to view the process of separating the ore, I attempted to gain entrance, but was informed that it would be granted only upon the permission of the owner, Mr. McDonald, who

was on this day making an inspection of his mines, and with whom I immediately asked for an audience. My astonishment was complete, when my old class-mate "Dick," presented himself. I was heartily welcomed, and all the technicalities of the mining art were cheerfully explained. We talked over college days, relating many incidents of the time when side by side we rode the ever faithful, time-honored pony. He told me of his success as a mining engineer, how, when once making a prospective survey, he discovered the first signs of the mountain's hidden treasure, how he had purchased it for a small sum, and his recompense had even exceeded his expectations; and that now he was a wealthy man. I congratulated him upon his success and would have accompanied him to his home, but was again taken up.

Following the winding course of the river I saw, in the distance, a huge bridge in the course of erection. Upon approaching it still closer, I was told that it was considered a master piece of engineering, and that it was under the successful direction of E. B. Wilson, whose abilities in this line were acquiring for him not a little renown; thus was he successfully carrying on the vocation to which he felt called during his course at Delaware.

Advancing further to the great metropolis of the West, we approached a massive structure, the architectural design of which was truly marvelous. Crowds came daily to view its spacious proportions and examine its intricate plan. I was told that it was designed by J. L. Zeigler, whose office was near by. Thinking it might be my old class-mate, I visited him and found that it was he, indeed. He told me of his success as a draughtsman and showed several drawings over which he had spent many hours of labor, but his masterpiece was the wonderful building which I had so much admired and which placed him among the foremost ranks of distinguished architects.

Again I was borne away and found myself in the midst of a physicist's laboratory,

around me were the most improved apparatus for scientific experiments; looking behind a desk, laden with works of modern sciences, I saw my friend E. S. Armstrong, gazing in triumph at an experiment which established the laws of perpetual motion. So much elated was he, indeed, that he could scarce talk to me, but afterward he told me that he had long since satisfied himself as to the "Theory of Existence," "The Nebular Hypothesis," "The survival of the fittest," "The Triumph of mind over matter" and *all* such minor theories, and had devoted his earnest efforts to the study of the laws of Perpetual Motion, which he attempted to explain to me in detail, but which my limited knowledge in this line rendered me unable to comprehend.

In the midst of this I was carried away, and next found myself approaching a handsome dwelling. Sitting on the porch I saw my old college friend Dr. Donaho. We talked over our happy college days, of the times when I used to listen to the melodies awakened by his magic touch float abroad from his guitar, in the still midnight air. He told me that he had, after leaving Delaware, completed a medical course at Johns Hopkins, and since that time success had attended his several efforts.

I was next borne through the air until there rose before me the massive walls of an institution of learning, which I recognized as Yale. I asked to be shown through the building and upon passing a door I heard these words. "The to die is evil, thus the Gods have decreed, if it were not so," etc. As this thought, the result of the profound reasoning of the ancient Sappho, fell upon my ears, I stood as if paralyzed. Could it be possible that some unfortunate youth was wearying his brain with that same sentence, which I had written times without number? A wild desire to see the unfortunate one seized me, and I opened the door, when behold! there sat before me in all the dignity of his official capacity, as Professor of Greek, our worthy valedictorian, DuHadway. We shook hands in honor of the many hours we had spent together in classic

research, and in order to bring to mind more vividly the remembrances of old Delaware he held before me an old, well-worn edition of Frost's Greek Primer, at the sight of which my knees began to tremble and my hair to stand on end. I told him when I had left old Delaware, and had gleefully watched the copy over which I had labored so much, devoured by the consuming flames, I had hoped never again to see another. And when the thought that this priceless acquisition to our professor's library, in discussing the defects of which, I felt I had lost my last chance of heaven, was to be reproduced before my very eyes by a member of '94, my punishment seemed greater than I could bear. I told him if he wished me to afterward remember him with an "equal mind" to hide that volume forever from my sight.

We were talking over old times when I was taken away and borne through midair until at last I was again upon old Secret Rock, with the Goddess bending over me, and thus addressing me with her sweet voice: "All I have not shown thee, but the most pleasant. Trials in life must arise, yet all shall not fall beneath their cruel stroke, and the visions which thou hast beheld, stand out as results of well spent, useful lives. Would'st thou know concerning thyself? Let me teach thee. Struggles shall attend thy path in thy chosen profession, yet when the end shalt have come, thou shalt not feel that thy life's work hath been entirely without reward. And now I leave thee, as I have often entreated others to exert every effort for establishing lives, the memories of which shall live after them, I bid you go and do likewise. I have watched over thy boyhood days, but soon thou shalt have gone beyond the pale of my authority into a cold world. And now as I leave thee, I place upon thy brow the seal of manhood." I felt her lips touch my forehead and saw her disappear.

With a start I awoke to find myself reclining upon the selfsame rock. The sun was disappearing behind the western hills, shedding abroad a golden hue, which commingling

with the surrounding verdure made a sight too beautiful for an artists' pen to describe. Was it wonderful that under such surroundings I had walked and talked with the mystic? Hastily I started toward town, going over again and again in my mind all I had dreamed, and thought if the Mystic hand of Fate would only more often draw aside the curtain of Futurity and give us merely a fleeting vision of the mysterious beyond. What I have told you, kind friends, concerning the future of my class-mates, was in this manner shown to me. How much of it be true, time alone will tell, but let me hope that even brighter, happier realizations may be to each and every one.

Thus the Muse related to me.

History of the Class of '94.

Delivered by Thomas S. Holt, Class Day Exercises,
June 18, 1894.

When first requested to write a history of the class of '94, I felt that it would be a task too heavy for me to perform, not that it would be unpleasant to again recall those scenes of triumphant victory through which we passed during our four years at college, but fully cognizant of the fact that my pen could never delineate upon paper words sufficiently expressive to portray to the minds of any audience the wonderful achievements of '94.

And also fearful lest I may not give a correct recital of all our noble deeds,—if I make any slight discrepancies in the details, I trust that you, kind friends, will overlook them, attributing them to the modesty of the historian.

I fain would have left this work for some one endowed with the power of depicting, to the very eyes of his hearer, scenes of richer hues than were ever painted upon canvas by even the hand of a master artist.

However, let me take you back to the time of our advent into the Athens of Delaware. It was on a quiet afternoon in September in the year 1890 that our arrival was awaited in this town. The militia was out in full array and was trying its utmost to keep the throng of people off the track. The train is expected

every minute, and now as it is seen approaching and as it thunders in, the soldiers are taxed almost beyond their power to keep the mob from falling neath the wheels, so wild are they with delight and ecstacy; not that it was the first class ever to arrive at Delaware College, but it was the great and only class of '94.

After having been escorted by a host of ardent admirers to this good old institution of learning; upon our entrance within the massive Doric columns of yonder building across the way, was begun a career of unrivalled excellence.

We now learned that there were already existing three classes in the college, namely, '91, '92, '93, but we declined to join any of them and straightway founded one of our own which we knew would far surpass any of her predecessors.

We had learned before entering college that there was existing at this place a certain barbarous class of people called Sophomores. We soon found (to quote an expression of Homer) that "the mind of them was not godlike" and that it was their custom to make life miserable for the new students or as they chose to term them "Freshies."

We, after duly considering the matter, resolved to fight nobly in case we were attacked by any of these miscreants, and if life must be sacrificed for the cause of freedom it would not be until after a spirited contest. But we soon realized that we were not only outnumbered, but that they were so cowardly, so devoid of the principles of manhood as to beguile some one of our number into well laid snares, and having secured their victim alone, would wreak out vengeance to their heart's content. One of our members being thus ensnared, after having taken a determined stand and fought valiantly for a time, was at last overpowered by sheer force of numbers and suspended in midair between the heavens and the earth and subjected to physical and mental tortures so excruciating that it makes the very liver boil within the breasts of every true and loyal member of the class of '94; nor

was he, crying aloud alternately for help and mercy, released from this perilous position until they, the cowardly tyrants, became paralyzed with fear lest some of the other members of '94 should hear the appeal for help and come to the rescue of their innocent victim; knowing full well that should they arrive on the scene in a body that they, the Sophs, would suffer most direful punishment in return for their ignoble act.

However, another incident transpired about this time, which showed to us that our lives were not safe in the hands of these merciless creatures.

One of our boys, soon after entering college, became so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of a fair damsel who resided at some distance from the town. All would have been well had matters rested here, but this youth became greatly enamored of this fair creature, and foolishly communicated this fact to his Sophomore room mate. Now I have before intimated the mind to them was not godlike, but wild and barbarous, neither knowing any laws. No sooner did this one receive this news than he and his fellow classmen began to devise some means of spoiling the happiness of the unoffending Freshman. Consequently, an invitation was sent requesting his presence to an evening sociable at the home of this young lady. To be sure, he, little suspecting danger, waited with impatience the arrival of the appointed evening, when he should again feast his eyes upon the beautiful form of his loved one. So when the shades of evening began to draw her veil over the earth—he, attired in "Sunday go to meetings" started on his mission of love. It so happened that his path led through a lonesome strip of woodland, but being naturally bold, and just now occupied with pleasant thoughts, boded no evil, little suspecting the conspiracy of which he was the object, when suddenly and without a moment's warning a mob of masked men with hideous yells sprang out upon their victim. Who would not have been frightened by such a wierd spectacle? Is it indeed surprising that his knees clashed together with fear, that his hair stood on end and his voice

clung to his throat, while these unearthly demons proceeded to deprive him of his valuables consisting of costly jewels and lots of hard cash and to divest him of his customary outward apparel? After this was accomplished he, released from their grasp, was ordered to run home as fast as his legs could carry him. Although now poorly protected from the biting frosts of November, their warning did not pass by unheeded and the deluded youth took a hurried flight to the solitude of his own room.

When this last outrage became known to the class of '94, we were filled with righteous indignation, and although we were "freshies" and as such were possessed of a corresponding amount of verdure, yes, although we had our hayseeds and perhaps there was yet some river-shore mud hanging to our plow-shoes and waterproof boots, yet we decreed that never again should such conduct be tolerated at the hands of the pretending Sophs.

After such a resolution, we gained more confidence in ourselves, knowing that we were now in little danger, and began to plan some little excitement to break the monotony of school life. Therefore, one day while the class in Zoology was awaiting the arrival of the professor, who was a few minutes late, one of our members, I will not mention the name, thought upon a brilliant idea. It was of placing the handle of an old sword in the glowing embers of the stove (for it was before the days of our steam heat) when he considered that it was *done* to about the proper turn, he removed it and placed it in a crack in the floor handle upwards. When the professor entered the door, noticing the nefarious instrument in front of him, he angrily seized it by the hilt to remove it. What followed may more easily be imagined than described. With a commingled cry of pain and rage he dashed it to the floor.

Even now, in looking back upon that scene, I am filled with remorse, and it shames me to further add that some of the boys, instead of being indignant with the perpetrator of the deed, were seen smiling audibly.

However, every flock must have a black sheep and ours was no exception, for it so happened that occasionally tar was found on the knob of the door opening into the classical department, much to the consternation of the members of the higher classes and also to our worthy professor.

But time passed on, a thing which it has ever done, and we found ourselves Freshies no longer, and bidding adieu to old Delaware College, we traveled to our respective homes to show our friends a thing or two.

After showing our friends a thing or two, one of which being how much sense one can lose in a few months, we returned to our Alma Mater as Sophs. Although some few had fallen out of our ranks, the vacancies were eagerly filled up by others, who having heard of the wonderful achievements of the class of '94, came knocking at our door, begging admittance into the fold. After carefully examining their recommendations and after much debate it was finally decided to take them in, and now our class numbered

—
This year we were much wiser than the preceding year, and were beginning to despise ignorance in any form.

There came to college this year a host of Freshmen who were exceedingly verdant, although they possessed an air of importance which was heartily disgusting to any one looking upon the matter from a higher standpoint, and whenever we beheld a youth who appeared too flippant we considered it our solemn duty to give his pride an humbling, to remind him of his low position in the college world.

To be sure we moderated the punishment according to the requirements of the case. Where we found a student very yielding the task imposed upon him was correspondingly light, for there were lots of easy jobs to be done, such as blacking our shoes, for understand, by this time in life we were exceedingly averse to physical labor, being desirous of cultivating only our minds. If this humiliating task did not have the effect of properly humbling the flippant youth he was con-

demned to a toss in the cannon cover, until it was supposed that the most of the pride was tossed out of him. But if this failed we had another surer remedy which has rarely ever been known to fail and which was only resorted to in cases of extreme obstinacy; it was a plunge in the bath tub with the water tempered to about 32° Fahrenheit, and it was generally found that after leaving a lad soak for five or ten minutes that his pride would be completely dissolved and that he would be safe to again run at large.

Although we despised this flippancy among the freshmen, we also looked with disapproval upon the sentimentality of the junior, and oftentimes when seated upon the steps of yonder building, dreaming of his absent love and playing sweet melodies upon his guitar, he would be brought back to the realities of life by a miniature cloud-burst from the overhanging cupola of the building.

Another important feature of this year was the arranging of a plank in our platform over which we intended to cross to the road of fame. This plank was, "Whereas, ponies have ever proved a detriment to the cause of education, be it resolved that we hereby denounce the system of pony riding, and while we may flunk honestly we will never ride through dishonestly."

My sympathetic hearers will doubtless understand that we had not the right conception of the "pony" question, and had established for ourselves a law which, if kept, would make our duties almost beyond our efforts.

And now another year is gone and we again return to our homes, but not until the boys had given up other hearts and received their own in return, which had been exchanged for safe keeping.

When in the hurried flight of time autumn again rolled around we returned to our Alma Mater as juniors. We missed many old faces about the place, and many new ones greet our return. This year, however, we are too dignified to engage in the work of hazing, but leave that for the members of '95.

Now great changes must be made. After a

year's trial we concluded that there was a plank or two in our platform which was detrimental to progress, especially the pony plank, which as you know read "be it resolved that we hereby denounce the system of pony riding, and while we may flunk honestly, we will never ride through dishonestly."

There were some things here which needed changing, for example, the clause "while we may flunk honestly" we came to understand by sad experience should read—"while we shall flunk honestly," no may about it. Also the statement "we will never ride through dishonestly" we thought sounded as if we were boasting, and this did not accord with our modesty. Both these clauses needed changing, but it was a long time before we could agree upon a substitute, but we at last decided upon one about as follows: "We commend pony riding as a healthful practice and aid to the memory and we will use as many as possible, whenever possible, wherever possible." This met with the hearty approval of all, although some through modesty were slow to concede it.

The junior year of a college student is remarkable for at least one thing, it is the time more than all others when he enters most boldly upon the broad sea of sentimentality. Some of our boys spent their last cent for musical instruments and might be seen most every evening sitting in the twilight playing sweet tunes, accompanied with songs of love, and, having selected some one from among the fair daughters of Eve, would bestow upon her his most ardent affections. How devoted he would become at times, and could often be seen sitting upon the porch of some of our townspeople, holding the hand of his fair one, whispering into her ears tender words of love. How he did mourn as commencement drew near and he knew that he must again separate himself from his lady love, but this sorrow was almost recompensed by the thought that after three brief months he would again be at her side.

Now we come to that which was the crowning point of our early aspiration, the climax

of our struggles and victories, it was the time when we returned to college as seniors, and now, more than ever, do I feel my inability to give a correct record of the closing year of the class of '94.


We returned with three less in number than when we left in the preceding June, and we were now reduced to the even ten.

As our revised platform suited us so well, we decided to leave it unchanged.

In our new positions as seniors we experienced a strange commingling of gratification and sorrow. We were sad because we must desist from those things very permissible in others, yet very improper for a senior with his dignity. Do you ask us did we have any dignity? Well, a little, how could we help it, when all the school looked up to us, and we now headed the procession from chapel and many of the boys took off their hats to us, and many other things reminded us of the dignity which must be maintained.

But laying aside frivolity and speaking in all seriousness, as we now come to the close of our senior year, although we naturally feel a certain gratification in having successfully completed our college course, yet we experience a sadness greater than we can express, in the thought that we must so soon sever ourselves from the pleasurable associations which we have experienced here, both in the college work and in the open hospitality ever extended to us by the people of this town.

Exchange.

OOT-BALL seems to be the all-absorbing topic of interest in our exchanges of the month. Each paper chronicles its many victories and defeats, the former, of course, very prominent and in a glowing style, the latter naturally more obscured. The *Lafayette* has, as usual, its full amount of foot-ball news and notes, and is quite interesting for a first issue. The *Pennsylvanian* daily looks to the interests of the university in this direction. The *Brown and White* twice a week informs the college

world of the strength and prospects of Lehigh's eleven.

We notice with pleasure the presence of the *Amherst Student* on our table for the first time. This is an excellent weekly paper, in fact, one of the best that comes to us. We hope to receive it regularly each week.

The *College Student* is full of interest, and shows marked improvement in its change to a monthly publication. "The Scholar's Mission" is a very interesting and instructive article. The mission of the scholar is portrayed very clearly, and the subject is well mastered. The writer says, "The age is calling for consecrated Christian scholars, who understand its perplexities and feel its distresses—for men who have studied man, the social man, and who know his ailments and his wants and can suggest a remedy. The age wants men who can think profoundly on the problems of humanity, and give to their thoughts a practical direction and aim. The age wants practical men—that is to say, not men without theory, who work blindly, of whom the world has too many already; but men of the highest intelligence as well as practical aptitude—men whose theories shall be supremely practical and whose practice shall be regulated always by the highest and best theory. The age, then is calling for men of thorough scholarship and Christian consecration. And its appeal comes especially to the young men of the day."

We heartily welcome the *Red and Blue*, which appears this year as a monthly magazine. We were very much pleased with its contents, which are of an excellent character. "The Humor of Mark Twain" is well written, and the character and style of his writings are well depicted. The writer regards

Mark Twain as the best of American humorists, "the only one who can be said to have possessed a lasting and strong influence upon his readers." Several fictitious stories tend to lead the mind of the reader away to lighter things, but soon we return to weightier matters in "A Study, Frederic Francois Chopin," in which the life work of this great man is clearly defined.

Athletic.

HAVERFORD VS. DELAWARE COLLEGE.

36—0.

The Delaware College foot-ball team opened the season, October 6, by playing the Haverford eleven on the grounds of the latter. Two twenty-minute halves were played, game opening at 3.10 p. m.

The game started by a kick off from the centre of the field. Haverford soon secured possession of the ball and by a series of sharp plays pushed it over the line for a touch down from which they kicked a goal. During the next few minutes Haverford scored another touch down which also netted a goal. After that Delaware braced up and played a sharp game, neither side scoring during the remainder of the first half; but Haverford kept the ball well in the Delaware boys' territory. Score—12 to 0.

Capt. Reybold opened the second half by a kick well up the field and for a while it looked as if Delaware was going to continue the sharp playing of the previous half, but she weakened about the middle of the half, and during the remainder of the game Haverford secured five touch downs, the same netted three goals. Score, 36—0. The principal features of the game were the running of Blanchard and Thomas, and the tackling of Hay and Varney for Haverford; and the tackling of Harrington, Reybold and

Bartlett for Delaware. The teams lined up as follows:

Haverford.		Delaware.
Conklin	right end	Constable
Hay	right tackle	C. O. Cooper
Hastings	right guard	E. W. Cooper
Wood	centre	Salmons
Morris	left guard	Pierce
Alsop	left tackle	Bartlett
Lippincott	left end	Mullin
Varney	quarter back	Reybold (capt)
Blanchard	left half	Wolf
Thomas	right half	Harrington, C
Webster (capt)	full back	Willis

Umpire, Steele. Referees, Bliss, Stineman and Babbet.

Never before in the history of this institution has there been such a need of systematic physical exercise. Every athletic sport has suffered thereby, and very little, if anything has been done to remedy this need.

We have a building, it is true, which goes by the name of gymnasium. It was built through the efforts of Capt. Brown in 1890, but was never fully equipped and many of the appliances which were there have been broken or lost, and have never been replaced. The room has been used almost exclusively as a drill hall and when drill is over it is securely locked and thus access to the few remaining appliances is cut off from the students. The Board could not apply money more beneficially for the college at present, than to refit the gymnasium and to secure a physical trainer. And it is to be hoped that, in the near future, we shall have the Brown building well equipped as a gymnasium and used as such.

The scrub team has organized by electing Short captain. He has his men out to practice against the first team and many of them are causing the first team men to hustle, in order to keep their positions.

C. A. SHORT.

Inter-Collegiate.

THERE are 450 freshmen at Harvard.

YALE has 675 freshmen with a total attendance of 2500.

TENNIS champion Wrenn, of Harvard, will not enter the tournaments this year.

THERE are 200 new knowledge seekers at Vassar.

WORK on the college paper of the University of Boston counts in the course of English.

\$1,500,000 worth of new dormitories have just been opened at Yale.

THE Yale Glee Club has offered a prize of \$25 for the best song, and another one of the same amount for the best words.

THE University of Chicago has twenty-one graduates of Johns Hopkins in its faculty.

PRINCETON has increased her entrance requirements, to take effect in the fall of 1895.

YALE won both singles and doubles in the recent inter-collegiate tennis tournament.

FRIENDS of both Princeton and Harvard are making a strong effort towards arranging a game of foot-ball.

HEBREW, Egyptian, Assyrian, Arabic, Syriac, and Phoenician have all been recently offered to the students at Chicago University.

VAIL, Pennsylvania's well known ex-quarter-back is coaching the University of Illinois' eleven this fall.

THE average salary of the college president is given as \$3,047; of the college professor, \$2,015; and of the instructor, \$1,470.

LELAND-STANFORD University is soon to erect several new buildings costing half a million dollars.

Locals.

GREAT minds run in the same channel, but "swelled heads" are not limited to space.

OWING TO the fact that so much of his time is taken up with special work in Bacteriology, A. S. Cooper has resigned his position as Local Editor, C. O. Cooper has been elected to fill the vacancy.

C. T. McVEY, '94, was in town last week for a few hours "on business." Mr. McVey is reading law under one of the most prominent lawyers of Atlantic City.

"FOR Sale, Apply Within." The above notice, neatly painted on a dark background, was found by the janitor concealed under the bottom shelf of a soph's wardrobe a few mornings ago. Where does it belong?

FERGUSON, '98, has left college.

AT A recent meeting of the Freshmen class the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Lewis R. Springer, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, G. C. Folk. The class has not yet adopted pin and colors.

ONE of our classie seniors, known as "our every day poet," who evidently is under Cupid's care, composed the following ode to a robust freshman, who a few days ago was lamenting because his "papa" denied him the privilege of donning the soldier's dress:

"I would I were a soldier
That with them I might stand,
With a blue cap on my caput,
And a pop gun in my hand."

THE young people of Newark enjoyed a very pleasant dance in Caskey Hall, Friday evening, October 12th.

DR. RAUB was one of the lecturers at the State Institute held at Dover.

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DECEMBER, 1894.

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De Alumnis.

Athletic.

Verse.

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