

THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

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No. 7.

THE ATHEIST.

The Atheist wandered into the grassy field—

He had talked with men, and the men had found him wise;

He had argued long, he had scoffed at Paradise;

The Human had sought his heart and found it sealed.

"There is no God," he had said, and laughed in scorn,

"Tis folly, the creed you preach, and hymns you sing,

That one could command the course of everything,

And say, "This man shall die," or, "T'is be born."

He had loved. They said, "Is love not of heavenly birth?"

But he sneered and said, "The body knows joy and pain,

And love is simply the mingling of the twain;

Then why shall we raise it higher than the earth?"

He had sailed on the sea when the lightening snapped o'erhead,

"O, sure there's a God," they said. He made reply,

"Tis only organic workings of the sky,

With which your God is falsely credited."

A tidal wave once carried his home away.

"Is there no God?" they asked triumphantly.

"A great volcanic action of all the sea

Has stirred the deep," he said, "why should I pray?"

At night he would toss in the clasp of visional sleep:

He saw a light so bright that its every ray

Entered his soul and he could not turn away—

And there, in the flood, were flocks of milk-white sheep.

He must closer look—the great light ordered it so—

By the sheep was a shepherd beckoning with his staff;

But the Atheist spoke with a fearful, shuddering laugh,

"Who are you that bid me come when I would go?"

The shepherd motioned him still, and the Atheist crept
 Out from the dark and over the path of light—
 The sheep pressed back or scurried away in fright—
 And liquid gold were the tears of dread he wept.

"Why do you call?" he shrieked, and his voice rang shrill,
 As he followed the ceaseless beck of the shepherd's rod;
 And the shepherd said, "To tell you that I am God,
 And these are my flocks that hark to their master's will."

Then would the Atheist wake and icy his blood—
 But he smiled at the silly dream and the fear he'd known,
 And the hateful chill that had cut him to the bone;
 He laughed in scorn as he thought of the golden flood.

The Atheist wandered into the grassy field,
 And sat him down in the shade of a leaning tree.
 He harked to the idle droning of a bee—
 He watched a hawk, in the air, as it soared and wheeled.

And then he musingly plucked a lowly weed—
 He studied its tiny roots beneath the green;
 Here life and the sustenance of life were seen
 And spoke that which even the Atheist must heed.

He saw its shoots that sucked of the nourishing clay,
 He watched it wither and die for want of its earth,
 Then wondered who made this thing and ordained its birth,
 Who said, "This thing be born," or "fade away."

He grasped a bunch of the weeds from out the sod,
 And held it high in the golden summer light—
 He heard the hawk's low cry in its reeling flight—
 Then, bowed, the Atheist said, "There is a God."

H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR., '08.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

The prayer is said—the dirge is sung; from the Atlantic to the Pacific; these United States slain by the hand
 from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the bells have tolled the his praise; the race for whose elevation

his life was so consecrated has bewailed his death with filial gratitude. In distant lands men bow their heads. The courts of kings are draped in mourning. It is an unequal tribute, not to a ruler of a royal house or to the lord of an historic house, but to a plain citizen, raised by his fellowmen to the highest of earthly positions, and whose bearings there amid mortal peril were so manly and composed that respect for the magistrate has been lost in admiration for the man.

Wm. McKinley's life was as pure as a child's; brave as any of the world's heroes. He was the son of Wm. McKinley, Sr., and Mary Allison, both of whom were of Scotch-covenantec descent. As a child, young McKinley indulged in those pastimes which other boys enjoyed, but, left alone, he preferred books. For four years he attended the school at Niles, Ohio, but it soon became apparent to his father that the advantages there were not sufficient for his son, so he moved to Poland. There William attended the Poland Union Seminary, until he was seventeen years of age. He was proficient in mathematics, but his specialty was the languages. He had a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek and undertook by himself to learn Hebrew. After he finished the course at Poland Seminary, he entered Alleghany College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania, in the Junior class, but on account of a breakdown in his health, was required during his first year to return home, obtaining a position as teacher of a

county school and as clerk in the post-office at Poland. It was during his first year of teaching that the civil war broke out and McKinley enlisted as a private in Company E, 23rd Ohio Volunteers. During this war he served with distinction, and advanced from one rank to another, until at the close he was brevet-major. This record attracted attention towards him. He was advised to accept a commission in the army; but at the suggestion of his father, he returned home and entered the law office of Judge Glidden, of Youngstown. By the efforts of his mother and sister he entered Albany law school, from which he graduated, and was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1867. He formed a partnership with Judge Belden, and from that time on, his reputation as an able lawyer and a shrewd and skillful pleader grew.

At the age of thirty-three he entered Congress, and thus began his remarkably successful public career. He recognized the fact that to be successful he must have one aim; so he devoted himself to the tariff. Step by step he worked his way into the confidence of his fellow-representatives, who looked to him as a leader with a definite purpose, and the power to express it in logical thought. When he took the floor, he commanded the attention of friend and foe.

At the Republican National Convention in 1888, McKinley gained the admiration of his fellowmen. When everything seemed to be pointing towards him as the presidential nominee,

The shepherd motioned him still, and the Atheist crept
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H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR., '08.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

The prayer is said—the dirge is sung; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the bells have tolled the funeral song of a third president these United States slain by the hand of an assassin. Congress has spoken his praise, the race for whose eleva-

His life was so consecrated has bewailed his death with filial gratitude. In distant lands men bow their heads. The courts of kings are draped in mourning. It is an unequal tribute, not to a ruler of a royal house or to the lord of an historic house, but to a plain citizen, raised by his fellowmen to the highest of earthly positions, and whose hearings there amid mortal peril were so manly and composed that respect for the magistrate has been lost in admiration for the man.

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common school and as clerk in the post office at Poland. It was during his first year of teaching that the civil war broke out and McKinley enlisted as a private in Company B, 54th Ohio Vol. Infantry. During this war he served with distinction and advanced from one rank to another until at the close he was lieutenant. His bravery attracted attention towards him. He was advised to accept a commission in the army, but at the suggestion of his father, he returned home and entered the law office of Judge Eldred, of Youngstown. By the efforts of his mother and sister, he entered Alleghany law school, from which he graduated, and was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1867. He formed a partnership with Judge Eldred and from that time on, his reputation as an able lawyer and a shrewd and skillful pleader grew.

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press it in logical thought. When he took the floor, he commanded the attention of friend and foe.

At the Republican National Convention in 1888, McKinley's admiration of his fellow-countrymen for everything seemed to be directed towards him as the president.

he interrupted the roll call by stepping upon a chair and exclaiming, "I am here as the chosen representative of my state. I cannot with honor and fidelity to John Sherman, who has entrusted me with his cause and with his confidence; I cannot with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I do not request—I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me, shall cast a ballot for me." This showed McKinley in his true spirit, and the world loved him the more; so that in 1896 on the first roll-call he was nominated for the presidency by 661½ votes, and was later elected by the people.

His administration is familiar to us. Hawaii has been annexed; Porto Rico and the vast archipelago of the east are ours. Cuba is free. The Monroe Doctrine has become an international fixture. So prosperous was his first term, that in 1900 he was re-elected. He hoped now to reap the benefit of his former term, and with this high expectation went to Buffalo where on Friday, September 6th, he was shot by an assassin.

The world will never forget this event. Nothing in the glorious life we saw gradually waning was more admirable and exemplary than its close. The gentle humanity of his words, "Don't let them hurt him," when he saw his assailant in danger of vengeance; his chivalrous care that the news should be broken to his wife

gently; the fine courtesy with which he apologized for the damage his death would bring to the great exhibition; and the heroic resignation of his final words, "It is God's way. His will not ours, be done,"—all these are instinctive expressions of a nature so lofty and so pure that pride in its nobility at once softened the nation's sense of loss.

We cannot call back the dead; but the dead may inspire us to live to a higher purpose. The assassination of President McKinley brings to our attention a man who has demonstrated that it is possible to live a christian life under all circumstances. Shall we say he dies too soon whose life so serves his fellowmen? From the Great Lakes to the Capitol and from the Capitol to that town in Ohio, we see an endless procession of sympathizing citizens mourning sincerely the untimely death of their beloved chieftain, and, as the mortal remains vanish from sight forever, we hear the words of heavenly cheer: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

W. C. D., JR., '08.

THE END OF IT ALL.

THE mind of the mother, tired and troubled, was relieved a little, for the two little ones lying in the straw in one corner of the cold, desolate unfurnished room had, after a day of misery in the throes of hunger, at last gone to sleep. But from the life taking pangs of hunger, which had

tormented them during the long day, even sleep evidently could not rescue them; for now and then they cried out pitifully in their sleep and their weak attenuated little bodies moved restlessly as if they were in great mental unrest. Hunger had stimulated, weirded and vivified their dreams, in which, perhaps, there figured prominently big and ferocious dogs. They feared dogs more than anything else in the world.

Each cry from the little ones tore deep down into the heart of the mother, who, unable to sleep, reclined nearby. At each motion or sound she looked at the little ones and several times she made sure that they were well covered with the straw.

The night was cold—bitter cold. The mother's worn haggard face was the picture of despair, until suddenly she thought of a possible means of securing food for her little ones—altho, nearly famished, true to the mother spirit, she never thought of herself. All day long she had searched diligently and hopefully in the garbage boxes, in the nearby alleys; several times, even daring to enter private yards. But her search had been in vain. Empty handed and broken hearted she had returned to the cold dreary room—the only place she and her's could call home.

As she sat there thinking, almost in despair, she recalled having seen a chicken hanging from a nail below a window, easily reached from the roof of the back porch of a house not far

away. Throughout her poverty she had never begged let alone stolen. But she could not let the little ones starve. So, fully resolved, she arose, looked toward the bed of straw and then walked slowly out into the night.

The snow covered ground, the full moon, the clear, cold night air—all helped to make an ideal winter's night; but she noticed nothing—not even the cold. The hour was late. She met no one on the street but a policeman, who eyed her suspiciously but did not stop her. When she arrived at the entrance of the alley she turned and then, noting that he was not looking, she darted in.

So weak was she that the little walk made it necessary for her to stop and rest until she had gained sufficient strength with which to continue her journey. When she arrived at the fence at the rear of the house she stopped and listened. She could hear nothing but a great noise which was being made by several cats in a nearby yard. She looked up to the rear window—yes, the chicken was still there. For a moment her heart failed her. But, when she thought of the starving little ones, new strength arose within her—she would be a thief for them.

From a box she managed to get upon the top of the fence, from which with a great effort she climbed upon the porch roof. Then she heard a noise. A window before her arose. She saw the bright gleam of a revolver in the moonlight. There was a loud

report, and with one last despairing cry she fell off the roof to the ground. The next morning the people found lying in the blood stained snow the thin frozen body of a cat.

BYRON'S "STANZA'S FOR MUSIC."

"Then the mortal coldness of the soul
Like death itself comes down.
It cannot feel for others woes,
It does not dream its own."

These are the words that give us the key to the author's thoughts when he composed the stanzas. Byron as a youth had inherited some peculiarities of disposition and, especially on account of the treatment he received from his mother, these grew in him more and more; as a result, his manhood was given up to debauchery and excess.

At the death of an old school friend, the Duke of Dorset, he wished to mourn but, at that time, he could not possibly give vent to his feelings through tears. The final result was an outburst of song after soliloquizing on some of Gray's Latin verses which he quoted at the beginning of the original and which I will attempt to translate: "O fountain of tears, springing from the tender soul of those who inspire the sacred bards, four times happy is he who perceives yon pious nymph gnawing at his soul." The blessedness experienced in the possession of that fountain of tears is what Byron just at that time so deeply deplored the lack of. In such a state of mind he wrote the verses we are about to consider.

In starting out, our author muses

over the joys that accompany and precede our birth and how these fade away so quickly, even before youth itself is past.

He next proceeds to set forth his own life as one of the few that did not lose its joy but survived the wreck of happiness and hence was "Driven o'er shoals of guilt and oceans of excess." Furthermore he says of such misfortunates:

"The magnet of their course is gone
Or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail
Shall never stretch again."

The third stanza, of which a part was quoted at the beginning, is the description of the period of his life in which this poem was written. He was sorely grieved over the death of his friend, but could not weep for, said he:

"That heavy chill has frozen
O'er the fountain of our tears,
And tho the eye may sparkle still
'Tis where the ice appears"

Following on in the next stanza he proceeds to tell how the mirth of old age is only superficial and is not genuine, but like the ivy leaves wreathed around the ruined turret, "All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath."

Lastly, full vent was given to his feelings, and as Wordsworth says:

"It is not now as it hath been of yore,
Turn wheresoe'er I may
The things which I have seen,
I now can see no more."

Byron writes:

"Oh could I feel as I have felt
Or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept,
O'er many a vanished scene."

It is at this point that he like Gray perceived the sweetness in being able to weep and he ends by saying :

"As springs in deserts found seem sweet
All brackish tho they be,
So midst the withered waste of life
Those tears would flow to me."

This whole poem is exceedingly subjective. And perhaps in no other of his works does Byron present his own life in a more concise and truthful manner.

Some critics seemed to be puzzled to understand how any man given up to such debauchery and excesses could write such noble stanzas.

L. E., '07.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Oratorical contest took place in the College Oratory on Friday evening, March 9. The following were the subjects and orators: "America," by Joseph E. Newman, '08; "The Confederate Flag," by D. Ewell Atkinson, '08; "William McKinley," by Wm. C. Draper, Jr., '08. The judges: Rev. John McElmoyle, of Elkton; W. S. Prichett, of Wilmington, and George S. Messersmith, Principal of the Newark schools, awarded the first prize to W. C. Draper, Jr., and the second prize to J. E. Newman. The College Orchestra furnished the music.

Joseph McVey, '04, instructor in English, at Temple College in Philadelphia, is taking a graduate course at U. P.

DELAWARE AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

The third annual debate between Maryland Agricultural College and Delaware, which took place in the College Oratory, on Friday evening, March 23, resulted in a decided victory for Delaware. Since it was the third of a series and each college had won one, this debate was looked forward to with no little interest. Delaware's representatives: Everett Warrington, '07, and Samuel Hamilton, '09, certainly did not disappoint their enthusiastic fellow-students for their arguments, forcefully presented, were clear cut, logical and convincing.

The question discussed: Resolved, "That Labor Unionism has exerted a beneficent influence on the industrial development of the United States," was upheld by T. F. Zerkel and M. H. Adams, of the Maryland Institution.

The debate was opened by T. F. Zerkel for the affirmative, and S. L. Hamilton for the negative. After a short intermission they were followed by H. M. Adams for the affirmative and E. W. Warrington for the negative.

After a five minute rebuttal on each side the judges, Henry C. Conrad, Esq., Charles Earl, Esq., and Robert H. Richards, Esq., retired and soon returned and reported a unanimous decision in favor of Delaware.

Music was furnished by the College Orchestra, which under the direction of E. W. Harkness, '06, has already gained a fine reputation.

LIKE ONE I HEARD.

Bright Things Over Which People Have Laughed.

Why He Cried.

The little boy came out of the room in which his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-papa hit h-h-his finger with the h-h-hammer," answered Tommy.

"Well, you should not cry at a thing like that," said his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I-I did," sobbed Tommy.—Mag. of Fun.



Back To Nature.

The following sign hangs on the door of a Boston dealer in second-hand clothing, who is long in advertising if short in the rules of English composition: "Isadore Levy having cast off clothing of all description, invites your close inspection."—Short Stories.



The home of Joseph Jefferson, at Buzzard's Bay, was not far from the Wareham road. Some years ago, when certain ladies affected the bloomer costume when riding the bicycle, Jefferson came upon a lady in such a garb who had evidently mistaken her road. As Mr. Jefferson approached she asked:

"Will you kindly tell me if this is the way to Wareham.

"Well, said Mr. Jefferson," "I'm sure I don't know; it's the first time I've ever seen any."—Boston Herald.

He Knew It Would Be Seen.

A teacher was trying to explain to her class the points of the compass. She said: "On your right is south, to your left is north, and in front of you is east. Now, Jimmie, what is behind you?"

The boy thought a few minutes, then puckered up his mouth and bawled, "I told ma that you'd see that patch on my pants."—Mag. of Fun.



A young man, in the city for the first time, through the influence of a friend managed to secure a position as a motorman on a trolley car. He was taken out to a short line in the country where the mechanism of the car was explained to him and where he soon learned how to manage the car. He felt very proud as he started out on his first trip. As he passed the first corner going at full speed a man waved to him and he very innocently waved back and said to himself: "These people do be sociable."

On the next corner several men waved to him, and as before he waved back but did not stop the car. Several ladies waved to him at the next corner, but with a cordial "Howdy!" and a tip of his hat the car sped on. Thus it came to pass that he returned to the farm.—Exchange.

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EDITORIAL

TODAY, TOMORROW AND THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.

The toys of a child are not harmless things with which he merely amuses himself. They are educators; and undoubtedly they play an important part in the moulding of the child's character and future. Of course, the child does not recognize this fact: his only object—if it may be called an object—is to gain pleasure. His mind slowly evolves and the character of his toys change accordingly. Naturally he forms likes and dislikes and the toys that no longer please him are laid aside. In time, influenced by play-things and environment, he develops a great liking for a particular line of work and, if properly trained and counseled, he will have comparatively no trouble in selecting a congenial vocation. But therein lies the cause of the misplacing of many lives; for many youths are poorly advised. They blindly believe the frequently foolishly quoted "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," or rather, another version, "A dollar in the present is worth two in the future." Like the Georgia cracker and the Negro, they live only for the present—"There is no future." Sometime—maybe when it is too late, if they do not become mere mental and physical machines, they will recognize their great mistake. Perhaps it is well that many do not think after the "tide" has fallen; for nothing but an incurable discontent would result.

As the toys are to the child so the classical studies are to the college man. For, like the toys, the studies are soon thrown aside and almost completely forgotten. But, if properly undertaken, they serve their end—serve to develop the character, the mind and the aesthetic nature of the man.

Here naturally arise the questions: What shall these studies be?—what shall be their character? and who shall select them? Up to and including the sophomore year the studies prescribed, with perhaps a few exceptions, are essential as a foundation for the pursuance of any particular branch of study. During these two years, if the student possesses any of those qualities which in

the future might serve to differentiate him from a machine, he will discover an aptitude for a certain line of work—his character—his personality is developing. But in the past, and, to a certain extent, in the present the College authorities have evidently prohibited the developing of an individual character. The College has been something like a work shop in which pieces of wood of different shapes and possessing individual characteristics such as knots, etc., are placed in a machine and turned out as far as possible in the same general form. "In one end Messrs. Freshman and *it will not be our fault* if you do not come out the other end looking as much alike as two peas."

Long ago the majority of colleges recognized the fact that the average junior, after careful self analysis, has discovered his talent or ten talents—there may be only a trace—and that he should be given some opportunity to select studies which would be best suited to his personal requirements. And recently, as the result of a petition, the College authorities have granted to the Classical, Latin Scientific and General Science students permission to elect from a given list of studies a course of study for their senior year. Truly, the present Junior class is fortunate; many of its members may now so map out their next year's course that it will lead directly to the end they have in view. They need no longer conform to a common mould.

But, for all this, with the introduction of this system a perhaps unforeseen trouble has arisen and it is not due to the elective system so much as it is to the present state of mind to which the students have been educated and to the present system of grading—a system whose beneficent influence may be questioned. Several prizes, an honorary fraternity, and a thereby aroused rivalry between individuals serve to encourage the student to strive for the highest possible mark. Surrounded by these incentives his sphere of vision is so reduced that the greatest light before him is a high mark. He studies for half the night in order that in the morrows examination he may receive a 9.35 instead of a possible 9.12. Thus throughout the year he crams—crams—crams—never thinks, in the full sense of the word; never puts into practical application that which he is learning—to do so would require time, and time spent in memorizing means a higher mark. Furthermore he recognizes that one is not marked, as a general thing, for thinking and doing but for memorizing.

After completing a four years college course, if he be a Classical student, deprive him of his memory of past deeds, etc., and what remains? Could he not well be compared to a phonograph record with the surface scraped off, possessing no power to reproduce—to originate?

It is this class of students that will not profit by the elective system so long as the present system of grading exists. Why? Because if not otherwise advised by a person in whom they have full confidence, they will select a course consisting of studies requiring the least preparation and taught by professors

who are famed for giving high marks. This is not a mere theory, containing a germ of possibility; such a state of affairs already exists. You may judge for yourself from the following remarks made in all seriousness by a Junior not long ago: "I should very much like to take up chemistry next year; but Dr. Wolf gives such low marks that my average standing would be lowered too much." There you have the trouble in a nut shell; and as we stated before, it is due more to the present manner of grading than to the elective system.

There is yet time to show these students their mistake and although this little attempt to do so may not greatly influence them, perhaps it will serve to attract to this subject the attention of those persons more influential and more capable of advising.

To those students whose ambitions reach only to the morrow and who evidently forget that there is a day after tomorrow we tell, by way of illustration, the story of two boys:

The first a bright boy, but whose thoughts were not of the future, applied for work at a foundry. He was told that if he would do "odd jobs" in the shop—be a laborer—they would give him six dollars, with a possibility of a future raise to ten dollars per week. If, on the other hand, he desired to become a moulder—to learn the business, he must serve as an apprentice for four years receiving only three dollars a week for the first two years and five dollars a week for the next two years. To this youth six dollars a week was a fortune. So, true to the "a-bird-in-the-bush—" theory, he accepted the position as a laborer, realizing his ambition every pay-day.

The second youth, more thoughtful and well advised, accepted a position as an apprentice. Years passed, and the former was receiving ten dollars a week and his position may at any time be taken by some machine, but the latter, acting as foreman of the shop, was drawing a salary of thirty dollars a week. Why? Because the little sacrifice of a few petty pleasures of the present in order that he might possibly gain greater ones in the future.

Thus like the first youth, whose vision included nothing more distant than the nearest pay day, these students strive day and night, subordinating their personality—character—talents—in order that they may gain—what?—a mere bable—the play thing of a child—a mark.

They evidently forget that they are no longer children and that they are preparing for their life work. They forget that there is a time—a day after tomorrow—a future in which they will be called upon to make good with the world, which does not ask "What do you know?" but "What can you do?" They forget that one must crawl before one can walk, that one must walk before one can run and that if they would do all three they must begin now—now while they have youth to aid them. They forget that the world wants *men*, in the fullest sense of the word, and not *mirrors*.

LOCALS.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08, Editor.

Several fire extinguishers have been placed in the College buildings.

A dancing class has been formed in Newark by Miss McCafferty. Several students are attending.

Parish, after practicing on the cornet: "Don't bring those girls down here: My lips are not in good condition."

All copy for the May Review must be in by Tuesday, May 1.

Hauber: "Shut your mouth, Shaffer, the photographer wants to take your picture."

Prof. Short has been appointed football coach for next fall.

Dr. Wolf: "Shaffer, what is the chief iron ore?"

Shaffer: "Pig iron, Doctor."

Cain (arousing from a stupor in which he had fallen during the oratorical contest). "Who's playing the organ?"

Altho he made many attempts, J. Smith did not get off a joke this month.

Karl Herrmann, having completed two years work in one, has been admitted into the Junior Class.

Dr. Wolf has been elected to occupy the position vacated by Prof. Ford.

Recently a certain Freshman encouraged by several Sophomores and thinking himself the arch conspirator in a plot to test the new fire extin-

guishers, got together some paper at one end of a long hall, set it on fire and very dramatically called "Fire! Fire!" Instantly two fellows, each carrying a bucket of water, came on the scene, and "Freshie's" laugh was quickly changed into a gurgle.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

W. E. HARKNESS, JR., '06, Editor.

On Sunday evening, March 11, the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by Mr. Arthur A. Wilmot, of Wilmington, Del., who spoke of the importance of keeping before us a great ideal, such as we find in the life and purpose of Paul the Apostle.

After Chapel, Tuesday morning, March 13, the student body had the pleasure of listening to the report of Mr. Cain, our delegate lately returned from Nashville. Altho necessarily brief, his remarks were full of interest, and his manner of speaking showed that he had received an inspiration of zeal and fervor from the week spent at the convention, with its atmosphere of religious activity and Christian fellowship. He is much pleased with his trip, and thinks that these conventions present rare opportunities which should not be allowed to be lost by any student who can attend them.

A most interesting meeting of the Association was held on Sunday evening, March 25, when we were favored by the presence of two ministers, of the Gospel, Rev. C. E. Atkins and Rev. Wilbur F. Corkran. Mr. Atkins, who

has been stationed at the Methodist Church of this town, and who will leave in a few days to take up a new charge in a distant field, chose as the theme of his farewell address to the Y. M. C. A.: "How to make the best of life." Dr. Corkran, who is to succeed Mr. Atkins in the pastorate of the Newark M. E. Church, was then introduced, and expressed his willingness and desire to do anything he could in the interest of our Association.

Mr. Atkins has aided us frequently in our devotional services, for which we are grateful, and hope that Dr. Corkran will soon become acquainted with all our members and will find it as convenient to speak before us at our meetings.

Convention Of The Student Volunteer Movement.

At Nashville, Tenn., on February 28, the Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement opened, and on the next day there was gathered in the old Sam Jones Tabernacle the greatest assemblage of its kind ever heard of before. It was composed of both men and women.

On beholding these four thousand one hundred and eighty-eight representatives, from seven hundred institutions of learning in America, if one had asked himself for what purpose is this great movement, he would only have had to look above the large platform in order to understand. There was the motto in prominent letters: "The evangelization of the world in this

generation." And it was not put there by those who doubted the possibility of its being accomplished.

There was something of interest at each session, and indeed all seemed to be deeply interested. At each session there was a full attendance long before the opening of the services. Many visitors had to be turned from the doors.

Never was such a large meeting conducted with better order or more dignity. The chairman, Mr. John R. Mott, introduced the speakers, and in doing so he surrounded them with so much interest that no one could resist being attentive. The seriousness—not that kind which is unendurable but that which causes people to think—was such as to call for the admiration. After each dismissal of a session there was a moment of silent prayer over all the auditorium and nothing was more conducive to self examination.

All the music seemed to be inspiring and those hymns which have lasted for generations were sung with a glorifying air and surely their power had never been greater than it was then.

The speakers were from the seven parts of the earth; eminent divines and public men of Europe and America, as well as missionaries from every country. In every address there was the same searching appeal for missionary workers. The wholesome spiritual air that was breathed in those meetings will never be forgotten. And, altogether, aside from that spiritual upliftment, the person least interested in this great movement would be bene-

fitted at least from an educational point of view.

As an orator who is especially well-known among American students, I would mention Mr. Robert E. Spear, who gave such a masterly address on the "Inadequacy of the non-Christian religions to meet the needs of men."

Finally, on Sunday evening, March 4, the convention ended with an imposing service, each of the young volunteers, who expect to take up foreign work this year, told where they were to go and why they took up the work.

Indeed every part of every session impressed on the attendants of the conference man's duty toward his brethren. As a proof of the material interest that was taken, I will mention that \$85,000 was pledged to be given annually for the next four years to support the missionary cause. More than this, many offered the service of their lives to hasten the realization of the motto.

May the interest taken in this grand move spread to our midst and cause us to feel a deep interest at least in our associates, and may that monster Selfishness be driven out and supplanted by pure Christian ideals.

L. E. CAIN.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

CHARLES P. MESSICK, '07. Editor.

An exchange column would be an improvement to the Washington Collegian. It is never fair to be criticised by others and have no means by which we may justify ourselves. The maga-

zine is attractive enough in appearance, but its contents rather incline toward mediocrity. We think, however, that this could be largely remedied by the co-operation of the student body, since by careful observation we find that it is, for the most part, left to the female department to furnish the material while the male element takes to itself what credit may result. For shame, gentlemen, wake up and help the ladies.

"The Nation's Martyr," in The Collegium Forense, is well worthy of the attention of everyone interested in American history. The enthusiastic young orator strives to show, and with just reason, that John Brown, like many others who have fallen as martyrs in a just cause, was not prompted by selfish interests or a diseased imagination but that, a witness to the great injustice to the black man, he saw what seemed to him to be his duty and the only solution of the problem, and dared perform it. It would be well were we to study carefully the real conditions of our country's past, lest we judge too hastily those who seem to have betrayed their trust. Let us, at any rate, be generous and in by-gones at least, "Let mercy season justice."

She : Yes, I just love dogs !

He : Then I wish I were a dog,

She : Never mind, you'll grow.

Howard Lampoon.

While we are not able properly to appreciate the German productions in the M. H. Aerolith, it is always a wel-

come visitor. "The Fall of Jerusalem," in the March issue is interesting and instructive. All the departments are well taken care of.

The special number of "The Targum" is a very creditable effort and far above the average issue. We would venture that if "The Targum" would aim to give a little more than local news, it would be more interesting and instructive to others.

We hardly agree with "Western Maryland" that the exchange column is the place to settle old athletic scores. While they may have some grounds for making such sweeping statements and asking such embarrassing questions, we would inquire: What has that to do with the exchange department? While we make no charges (as we are not concerned in the matter) the old saying: "The truth is what hurts" is still working, you know, and outsiders are very likely to get a bad impression of the man who "squeals." Furthermore it is rather discouraging to we poor sinners to read the light remarks on the death of a priest and that too from those who, in the future, are to point us to the "straight and narrow way," and to whom we must look for religious guidance and brotherly kindness. Be sure, gentlemen, that this article in your otherwise excellent paper has neither enhanced its literary value nor increased the respect for you in the outside world.

We notice with pleasure that we have received many favorable comments in the columns of our exchanges

for which the present management may well feel grateful. But it is not enough for us to stop here. Let every student feel that his interest is bound up in our REVIEW, and that he rises or falls as it does. Therefore let every one contribute his best efforts to make ensuing numbers better than any that have preceded them.

A Little Mixed.

The chairman of the committee was addressing a meeting at a teacher's institute.

"My friends, the schoolwork is the bullhouse of civilization; I mean—oh—"

The chairman here becomes slightly chilled.

"The bullhouse is the schoolwork of civ——"

An invisible snicker began to make itself felt.

"The workhouse is the bulschool of——"

He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolbull is the housework——"

An audible snicker spread itself over the faces of the audience.

"The scowschool——"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers.

He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth, and made a fresh effort.

"The schoolhouse, my friends——"

A sigh of relief went up. Oh-h! Now he has his feet under him again. He gazed suavely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.

"Is the bulwork."

And that was all.—London Tit-Bits.

DE ALUMNIS.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '08, Editor.

Martin Thorpe, died March 12, '06, near Harrington, Del.

Horace Greeley Eastburn, '95, and Miss Jean Lillian Arnott were married in Wilmington on Feb. 10, 1906.

J. S. M. Niel, '81, of the "Helena Independant," paid his friends in Newark a visit while on his return from Washington, where he was looking after a bill which provides for the damming of the Missouri river near Helena, Montana.

Harry L. Maier, '01, was recently seen in Wilmington by Dr. Harter who says that he is looking very well.

Edward R. Martin, '91, is going to Alaska where he will aid in the survey of the boundry between Alaska and British Columbia.

Forman Cossaborn, '01, special is supervising principal of the Atlantic Highlands High School in New Jersey.

We regret to report that James T. Davis, '03, who until recently was with the Hawkins Co., real estate brokers in Wilmington, is now in Denver, Col., under treatment for his health.

Wm. S. Hamilton, Ex. '03, has recently been made assistant chemist at the Balducci Steel Co., New Castle, Del.

Stanley Frazier, '04, has just recovered from a serious attack of the grip and is again at work.

Edward James, Ex. '04, alias Jessie

James was heard from recently and gives glowing accounts of student life at Yale where he is taking a course.

William Lawton, Jr., '04, has, since Oct. '05, been assistant to chief draftsman in the C. & O. R. R. Co., construction engineer's office.

Clennen R. Folk, '04, who has been engaged in filtration and sewage disposal work, at Zanesville, Ohio, is now at Pittsburg.

William Kennady, '05, was at his home for a short vacation and returned to General Electric Co., of Schenectady, March 29.

Herbert M. Jones, Ex. '05, was recently made First Lieutenant of the National Guards at Dover.

At the Kappa Alpha house a "family reunion" was held on March 24, at which the following were present: Joseph Brewster, '98, J. Lucian Green, J. Stuart Groves, '04, Ralph Bowler, '05, Frank B. Evans, '05, Linfred Cooper, '05, Samuel Marshall, '05, and H. Mottou Stevens, Ex. '06, recently from Hayti.

Open Letters.

The Review invites letters from the members of the Faculty, Alumni and Student-body. Letters of not more than 500 words, bearing the writer's name, and free from offensive personalities will be published. The writer's views need not necessarily coincide with those of the Review.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

L. E. CAIN, '07, Editor.

The Association of American Universities held its seventh annual conference in San Francisco, March 14.

There is a strong move on foot to raise the salaries of the professors at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Oberlin people expect to be able to soon complete the half a million fund they began to raise at the beginning of the present scholastic year. The sources of the donation are widely spread.

Harvard is going to establish a department of education.

The authorities at Swarthmore are now assured of their \$100,000 to erect a Carnegie Library.

A one million dollar fund has been secured to endow the preceptorial system at Princeton Universities.

Harvard, Yale and Princeton have entered into a very laudable agreement concerning rules governing athletics.

Some endowments are: Edwing Gilbert, \$60,000 to Connecticut Agricultural College; Andrew Carnegie, \$75,000 to Amherst with the usual provision that an equal sum be raised from other sources; Robert Wilcox Sayles \$50,000 to Harvard; legacy of Mrs. J. Thompson Swan valued at \$300,000 to Princeton; Mrs. W. S. Bullard, \$50,000 to medical department of Harvard; Mrs. A. A. Anderson, \$100,000 to Barnard College; Andrew Carnegie, \$2,000,000 to the Carnegie Technical schools at Pittsburgh.

PENNSYLVANIA'S RELAY RACES,

FRANKLIN FIELD APRIL 28th.

Pennsylvania's Relay Race Carnival will once more open the scholastic and collegiate outdoor season in a blaze of glory. To make this assured, good weather on April 28th, is the only thing necessary, for the entries are of even a higher class than in previous years if that were possible. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago, Michigan, Dartmouth, Swarthmore, Lehigh, Lafayette, Virginia, and a host of other college teams have entered, making this meet the greatest gathering of collegiate runners ever seen on any track. The schools have also entered in great numbers. All the big schools of the country will be on hand. Lawrenceville, Mercersburg, Hill, the High Schools of Phila., New York, Washington, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Buffalo, Baltimore and literally scores of others will send in their best runners. Last year over 1000 athletes were actually seen in competition on Franklin Field, over 200 college and school teams being present. This year's entries promise to be even larger.

The championship events have been on the sensational order for several years and with all the big school and college teams entered they should be so again.

The Relay Management will again give the schools a special rate and permit them to buy their tickets in blocks so that they may sit together for the purposes of rooting. These tickets

may be obtained by having the Principal of the school correspond with J. L. Fry, Franklin Field, Univ. of Penna., Phila., Pa. Colleges can also get blocks of seats by applying to the same person. Last year, the best seats went so quickly that some of the schools who were late in applying got the poorest or were unable to get any seats in the special sections at all.

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ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

President Cramer called the society to order on Thursday, March 12. J. P. McCaskey, '08, read a paper: "Tan Castu Filter-plant." Geo. Francis, '07, read an article on "The Ice-boat, John Weaver," and also a newspaper clipping on street paving in Wilmington, and P. H. Keppel, '07, read an article on "Concrete Piling." After the reading of these articles a general discussion was held.

On March 22, at a meeting called to order by President Cramer, matters of interest to the society were discussed and a paper, "Electricity on Frozen Pipes," was read by H. Ridgeley, '07.

At the meeting on March 29, a paper on "Irrigation" by P. Rossell, '07. In this paper, aided by sketches, he described the construction of canals, dams and sluice and spill ways made in the western part of the U. S.



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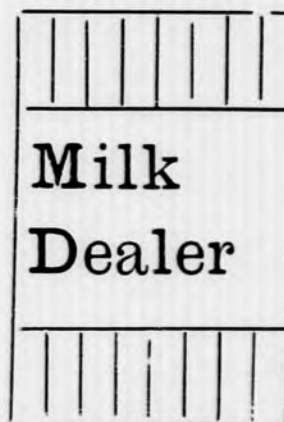
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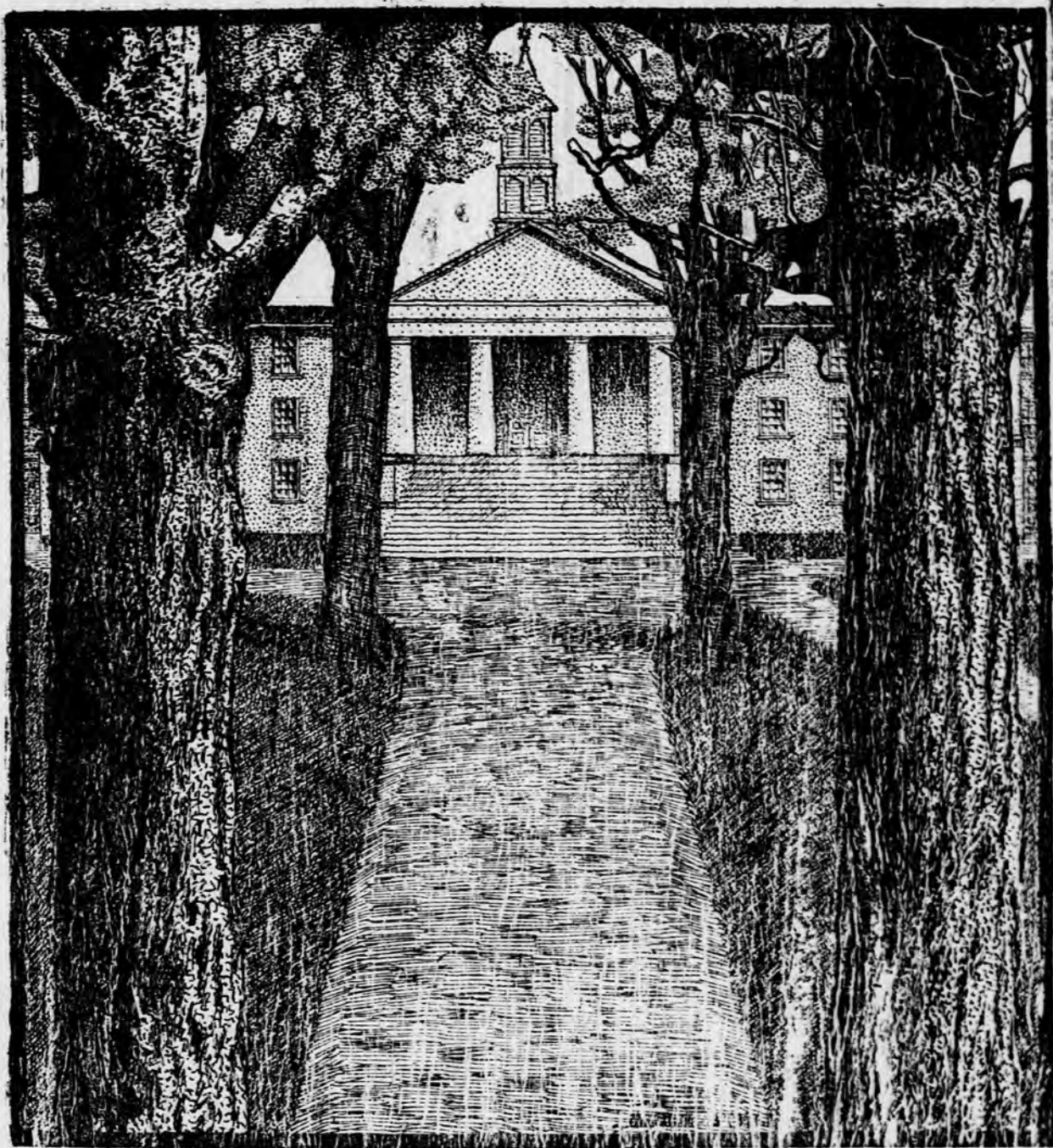
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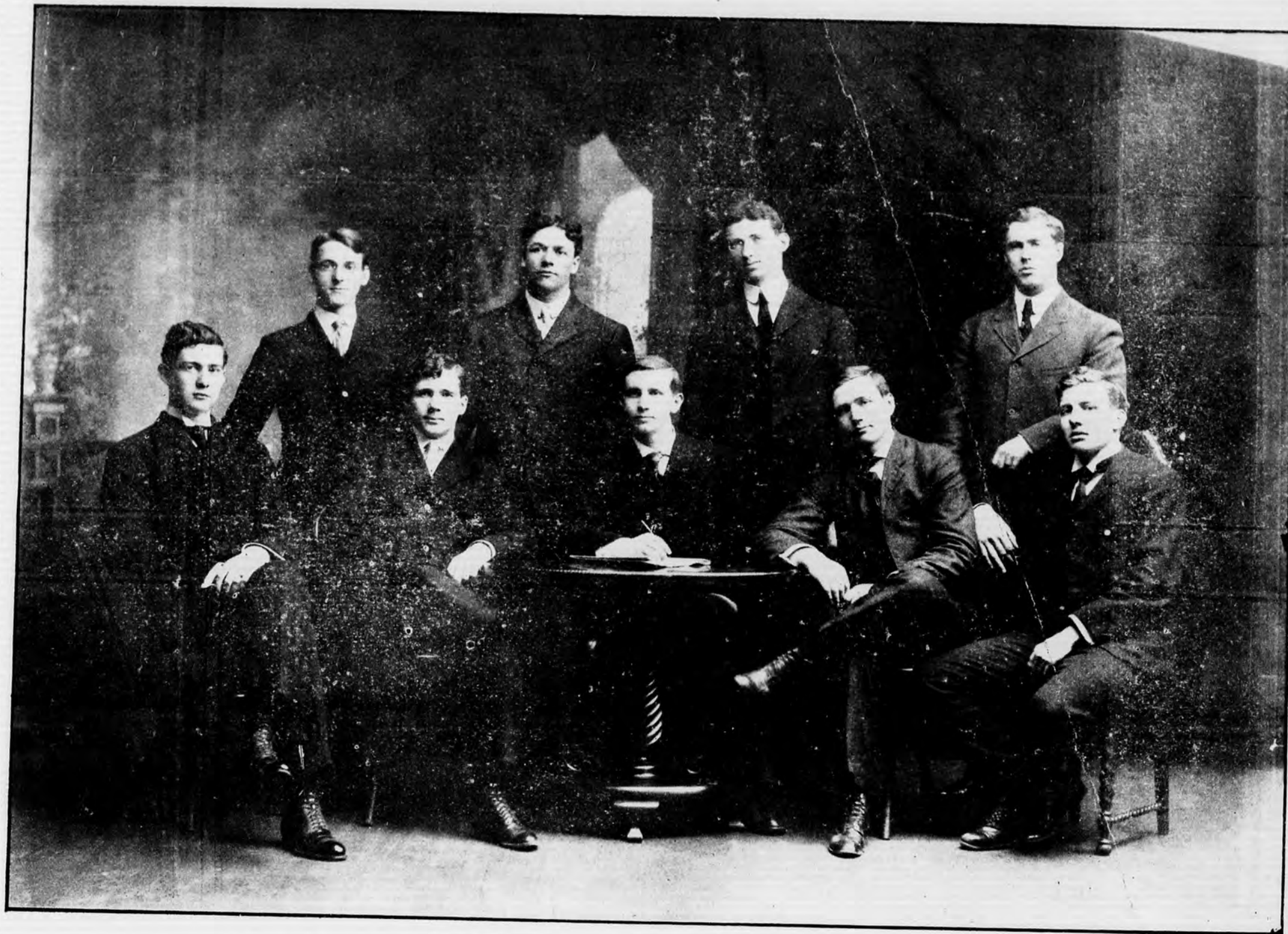
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