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SUNSET

Gold on the burning sand ;
Shadows of rose on the ocean's breast.
Twilight upon the land ;
Darkness and rest.

Black on the reddened sky,
Scrawled in a line is the wild birds flight.
See, where the white mists fly,
Fast coming night.

Purple the hills afar.
Pale through soft billowing clouds like fleece
Glow the bright evening star.
Twilight, and peace.

R. F., '05.

THE LADY IN THE FRONT CAR

THE storm was over, but the drifting snow had caused a general confusion in all lines of traffic. My train, the last one that evening, was, of course, the only one on time, and it did not please me to see it disappear into the night and with it all expectation of attending the "Junior Prom."

However, wishing to make certain, I inquired if there was another train and, to my great surprise and gratification, was informed that an "extra" would leave in a few minutes.

The extra, which consisted of two engines, a pullman, and an ordinary coach, in which I was the only passen-

ger, started and although it frequently stopped, and when in motion went very slowly, I felt contented. For I was exceedingly anxious to attend the "Junior Prom," in order to fulfill a promise made to my sister, who took (I thought) an unnecessary interest in my love affairs. I was twenty-four years old, a Senior at College, and had never been seriously in love. Sister regarded me as a flirt, yet in reality, I did not contemplate the simple life—bachelorhood. I was very fond of the society of women and was always eager to meet a new face, hoping that I would sometime find the ideal for whom I was searching.

It was with the idea of returning

me, (so she said), that my sister brought her girl friends home from college. I had withstood the test for so long that when she offered to bet me that I would succumb in a year I was confident enough to accept, and promised to attend, as far as possible, every social function to which I was invited.

I soon noticed that the car was getting cold, and it was not long until it became necessary for me to walk up and down the aisle to keep warm.

The brakeman informed me that the steam pipe connecting the car to the next one was broken; I then asked if there was room in the pullman and was told that it was a private car, occupied by a lady and her maid. Of course I could not think of intruding, so not in the most pleasant mood I continued to walk up and down.

Soon the brakeman, who had left the car, returned, handed me a note, which was addressed to "The Man in the Rear Car," and disappeared before I could recover from my surprise. The note possessed an unmistakable air of femininity. With no little curiosity and expectation I opened it and read:

"The Lady in the Front Car requests the pleasure of your presence—two conditions, you must promise not to ascertain who she is and not to tell any one what happens this evening."

Can you imagine anything more unusual? I was cold and then here was an atmosphere of romance that made refusal impossible. So with little or no reflection I picked up my suit case and proceeded to face the unknown, or, if you will have it so, to tempt fate.

She welcomed me with an indescribable charm of manner which robbed her greeting of all forwardness; and I—well, I became embarrassed, for the first time in my life, and mumbled something unintelligible. However, she was very gracious.

"You are chattering with the cold—poor man," she said.

"In your present condition I think a cup of tea will probably be beneficial."

The maid came and took my coat and hat. Meanwhile, "The Lady in the Front Car," as she called herself, placed a small pot over a spirit lamp and prepared to make the tea. And as I watched her move gracefully to and fro I pinched myself to see if I was awake.

How shall I describe her? She was not more than twenty. Her figure was well rounded, yet slender. Her eyes—violet blue eyes, shaded by thick, slightly arched eyebrows—possessed unfathomable depths. Her hair was dark brown, and her complexion above criticism and description; altogether a remarkably beautiful woman. Yet to describe her as pretty is inadequate, for there was something about her person that signified a strong character; she was, what we call in a man, distinguished looking.

Who she was I did not know, I only knew that I was heels over head in love with her. Truly I had passed through the gates of romance and left my ideal outside.

I found my tongue and endeavored to redeem myself. The simplicity and candor of her manner soon made me

feel at ease and it was not long before it seemed as if I had known her always. Once I caught her smiling at me in a mysterious manner; as if she were concealing something.

"What do you think of me"—

"I think you are the most"—

"Now please don't. As I was saying, I detest conventionalities. And when the man told me about the broken steam pipe I could do nothing else but invite you in. I hope you will not judge me too severely."

"The king can do no wrong" I quoted, I am certain you would not permit every class of men to enter you car, so how did you know what sort of man I am?

"I—I—why, I saw you when you got on the train"—she seemed to be confused. Was it possible that she knew of me?

"Will the train ever get anywhere?" she asked impatiently.

"I hope not."

"You shall have another cup for that"—impulsively. She handed it to me.

Then rising, cup in hand, I said: "I drink this cup" to one made up of loveliness alone—"The Lady in the Front Car."

She turned and looked out into the night and, I think, her color heightened slightly. I observed her profile, outlined against the window.

"You forget sir that windows reflect. It is impolite to stare at people"—indignantly. Then I colored. Noticing my confusion she rose and said, holding her cup forward:

"To the invincible you"—

For a moment I was nonplussed. My sister had often applied the same epithet to me. Was it possible that she knew her.

Quickly regaining my composure I picked up a guitar, lying near by, and sang:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine."

Then fortunately or unfortunately the conductor entered and said we would arrive at Newark in twenty minutes, and then—the end. This thought caused my spirits to fall, but she was as gay as ever. However, on noticing my gloom, she took up the guitar and sang some simple little songs in a sweet low contralto; I forgot for the time, Newark and everything but her.

Suddenly she stopped playing—

"A penny for your thoughts" she said.

They are worth more, I replied, I was thinking of you, wondering who you are; wondering whether you are a reality or a myth. Why can't I know?

"Now please be sensible; don't spoil it all by being foolish, or I'll wish you had remained in the rear car. You should be satisfied."

No man once seeing you could be satisfied without you—I dared like a school boy. But she preferred not to notice my remark and began singing again, and once I detected her looking at me and smiling in that mysterious, tantalizing way.

Newark was near and I had not apparently risen in her favor; her manner toward me had changed but little. It is

true that some of the things she had said appeared to be a little forward but had you heard her say them you would not have considered them so.

The train stopped. "Newark!" cried the conductor. I was in the act of saying good-by in an indifferent manner, for I had decided to "die game," when we were informed that the train was going to stop there for at least an hour.

She had told me that she expected to attend a ball the next evening and she knew that I was going to the "Prom." An idea struck me—I had everything to win and nothing to lose—why not? I walked toward the door and when I reached it turned around and said in as assured a tone as I could command:

"I shall be back with a cab in twenty-five minutes. That will give you time to dress. We shall go to the dance together." Without waiting for a reply I turned and went out.

In due time I returned with the cab and—well, I had won. She awaited me, bundled up in a large coat. I helped her maid into the cab and as I placed "The Unknown" in, she whispered:

"You are bold—so bold."

I hunted up the brakeman and arranged with him to have the whistle blown, loudly, ten minutes before the train started. In return for his services I handed him a gold piece. He jingled it in his pocket with another, and "the lady gave me that for turning off the heat from your car"—he said, smiling knowingly.

I could hardly believe my senses.

Bewildered I got into the cab and in a few minutes we were at Recitation Hall, where the dance was being held.

In the car I thought her beautiful, but when I met her in the hall, after we had removed our wraps, she was the most adorable woman I had ever seen.

"Does my partner regret his choice? Am I such a fright that he stares so?" she asked.

A waltz began as we entered. And as we glided over the floor my state of happiness was raised to the n'th power. The waltz was nearly over when suddenly my expectations were dashed from plus to minus infinity by a shrill whistle. Hurriedly we left the room, got on our wraps, into the cab, and were soon at the station. As she mounted the car steps the train began to pull out. There was no time to talk. "Mr. Jack H. Rawlings—the invincible—au revoir," she said, smiling.

The train disappeared and left me, a very much mystified and surprised man. How did she come to know my name? And then she had not said good-by but au revoir. Who was she? A thousand questions passed through my mind. I chanced to look down and there lying in the snow was a very small blue slipper.

* * * * *

"Without a doubt a modern Venus"—sarcastically.

"But brother she is"——

"Beauty personified," I interrupted. "So were all the others."

"You don't appreciate my efforts, but

when you see her you"—

"Will look up a preacher I suppose. I tell you, I am getting tired of it. That girl you had here last month was the limit; think of her understanding Browning. Thank goodness, the year is up tomorrow."

"Now, Jack, you must promise to meet her at the ball this evening, and be agreeable.

"O! certainly." It was to be a masked ball, so I promised with pleasure.

"Jack, where did you say you found this slipper? O! yes, I remember now, you bought it"—she smiled and went out.

Ever since my adventure on the night of the "Prom." I had faithfully and hopefully attended every kind of social function but to no avail. "The Lady in the Front Car" was still buried in the unknown. But my sister seemed to know something about the affair on the train, judging from the way she bothered me about the slipper, but since I had promised not to mention the matter I could not question her. A month before, I had decided to make no further effort to find my Cinderella and to place my destiny in the hands of the Fates.

The masked ball was in full sway. I wore the blue slipper tied around my neck with a piece of ribbon. For a time I contented myself by looking on. My attention was attracted by six women dressed exactly alike, in blue, with large black masks, which completely hid their faces. I could discover nothing to distinguish one from

another. My curiosity was aroused, and I at once endeavored to satisfy it by asking the first one of the six I came across for a dance. She accepted and I tried to ascertain from her why they were dressed in the same way. But she would not tell me unless I would satisfy her curiosity concerning the slipper, which seemed to have aroused her interest. And of course I could not comply.

I danced with four, asked each the same question and received the same answer. There was nothing particularly interesting in these from what I could see, only that they were so inquisitive about the slipper. I was mystified.

But I was pleasantly and strangely attracted by the fifth. There was something about the way she held her head and shoulders that reminded me of some one, but who? And her eyes—blue eyes that so characterized "The Lady in the Front Car;" it hardly seemed possible that they could be duplicated, and yet I could not reconcile my companion's voice with that of my Cinderella; it was not so clear and distinct.

I confess I was fascinated by her and when, after having two dances with her, she refused to dance again unless I would tell the full story of the slipper, I weakened and accepted.

They were to unmask at twelve and I chose the dance that came immediately before; since I was to tell my story we "sat it out" in a quiet, dimly lighted alcove in the conservatory.

I told her what had happened on the

train and how I had searched for the girl, the destroyer of my ideal, and that I would, when I found her, place this slipper on her foot, in true fairy tale fashion, and marry her. I had faith in the Fates and did not consider the possibility of her refusing me. Could I expect anything now that I had broken my promise, but—what eyes.

The clock in a distant tower began to strike twelve. My companion commenced to untie her mask. I noticed that she was nervous, but at last she succeeded, and stood up. For a moment she hesitated and then—it was she. "You!" I said, and instantly she was in my arms. I could not help it.

She did not scream, as would an ordinary woman. Her eyes flashed and her whole body trembled with repressed anger. Never before had I seen a woman look so handsome as she did then. But gradually her expression changed, a new light came into her eyes; she said nothing, turned and going to a nearby window, looked out into the moonlight.

"I am not sorry; I would do it again," I said, but apparently she did not hear me. Presently she turned:

"You may take me home now"—she said, in a voice low and sweet.

As we got into the auto I asked her where she was staying, and she answered that if I would permit her to steer she would show me.

There was something about her that made me hold aloof and made conversation an impossibility. I felt rather uneasy. I called her attention to the

fact that we were traveling down the same street for the second time; she had passed our house once and when she reached the entrance gate again, to my great amazement she turned in, and stopped ten feet from the front door and then I understood.

I was too surprised to say anything. I stood ready to assist her but she was reluctant to get out and did not move but sat there in the moonlight. "I—I have—lost one of my slippers"—she said, and smiled in a manner no longer mysterious—"please lend me yours."

And, well! I had lost my bet, but I had won—something better.

J. H. P., '07.

A STRUGGLE FOR A THRONE

THE biographies of statesmen are the stories of Herculean struggles. They have an inherent desire to do and attain, which desire is not to be condemned so long as they do what is right and attain what is their due. But in too many instances they seek the gratification of this ambition at the expense of the society in which they live. The tale is a familiar one—noble purposes, generous sentiments, chivalrous courage, love of country, all either laid aside temporarily or trodden under foot, while the ambitious man madly, defiantly, fixes his eyes on his goal.

There have been famous men, and great men; but to be famous is not necessarily to be great. We have records of subjects and citizens who occupied high positions, but, disregarding the public needs, sought only their own

advancement, made everything subsidiary to their own exaltation. Much has been said, for the purpose of justifying their course, of sacrificing the means to accomplish the ends; but after all, the value of a politician's service to his country depends more upon the way in which he has obtained political preferment than the mere fact of attainment. The chemist of the middle ages conducted experiments for the philosopher's stone, and the physicians for the elixir of life. Both made valuable discoveries in science, but, in the end, were able neither to turn the baser metals into gold, nor to cure all diseases. Columbus set out upon an unexplored sea to discover a watery route to India, and in doing so enriched the world with the American continent; but the object of his search he never beheld. And so a devout patriot, who serves his country faithfully, even though he should never be rewarded for his services, at least in being elevated to a position of responsibility and affluence, promotes the interest and happiness of his nation by the means which he employs. He is truly great; for he sacrifices self for the public weal. On the other hand, an avaricious, selfish politician, unmoved by the cries of distress on every side, unmoved at the sight of his oppressed country as she pleads for justice, determined to obtain the coveted prize of office, although the sword of justice should rest in the scabbard, and the scales show a decided balance in favor of evil, renders a harmful service to his nation, though he attain the ends to which he aspired.

There have been times when national duty and pride have been entirely subordinated to personal advancement. We know that Englishmen fought at Hastings in behalf of an English king, in opposition to a foreigner, and at Runnymede, we know, they defied their own sovereign in defense of English liberties; but for what purpose did duke contend against duke, earl against earl, lord against lord, and prince against prince, in that bloody conflict, the war of the Roses?

The death of Henry the Fifth left to his infant son a throne, representing not only England, but also the tributary kingdom of France. At that time, to wear the crown of England, to wield the scepter of power over such a nation was the highest distinction an ambitious potentate might wish to obtain. Such an inheritance for one so tender in years was a dangerous plaything, for about him were crafty politicians with unlimited wealth at their disposal, powerful in armed retainers, and eager to be famous. First, because of his minority and later because of his insanity, the regal chair was practically vacant throughout his reign. A condition of affairs like this was enough to tempt the nobles of England to engage in a fierce struggle for supremacy, whose chief aim was the throne itself. The contestants faced each other at St. Albans, where began that memorable and long protracted war between the White and Red Roses. Without any apparent remorse, knights buried their swords in the bosoms of their countrymen, nor could the thirst for blood be

satiated on the field of battle. With all the cruelty of Amaziah, who ordered his ten thousand prisoners to be hurled from the top of a rock and dashed into pieces, so the rivals disposed of their captives within prison walls. One after another, arrayed in armor, they fell; one after another England's noblest sons walked to the block; one after another her men of royal blood died on gory fields. How many ambitious lives went out without realizing their aim? When at Bosworth the conflict ended, the English nation was found to have suffered almost beyond reparation, and all because her political leaders, the infuriated and jealous nobles, placed individual preferment above regard for country.

When we review that bloody scene where each played his selfish part, we shudder at the horrors committed. We are glad to cover it with a veil. And yet we little think that we too are engaged in the same kind of a struggle, though the field is changed from the military to the political arena. Selfishness still exists, and, clothed in the garb now in vogue, plays its part in the affairs of men.

In the realm of politics are those who aim at high positions, and employ such means as shake the very foundation of the Republic. What wonder is there that the term politician, like the opprobrious name of Publican, is suggestive of selfishness, chicanery and fraud? When, however, we consider that the essence of politics is to care for the common welfare, we must conclude that the unworthy bearers of such a

title, have abused their high calling. The question which moves the ignoble seeker of office to-day is not, "Does my country need my services?" not "Does the position need me?" but "Do I need the position," and "How much will it cost to get it?" Men rush into this field of activity with one hand grasping a spear and the other outstretched for a crown. They try through force to attain that honor which is the reward of earnest devotion, and the faithful performance of duty.

But true greatness is not attained by any violent effort. He is a great politician, a true politician, who sows in the spring time and is at hand at harvest to reap his crop; who offers to spend and be spent for his native land, who is willing and anxious to give the last drop of blood in his veins for the welfare of his country, who has, as it were, made himself a national demand, a thing necessary to the Republic. For such a man there is a reward, the love and esteem of his grateful countrymen. No fear of a rival haunts his vision, nor is he obliged to wear under his garments a steel armor to protect him against the assassin's knife.

"Where he wends he wends unfearing,
Every step his throne is nearing."

A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

[T was a beautiful night in August. The warm-hearted old moon, coming up from behind the wooded hill in the distance, was shedding a mellow golden light over all things, and the bosom of Mother Earth, heaving with silent life, was being fast

lulled to sleep by the murmuring music of a narrow stream, winding its weary way through green pastures and humming that mournful song which it alone can sing.

As I stood on the old bridge which spans this stream, absorbed in thought, and drinking in the cool evening air, my eyes were unconsciously following the dim outlines of a figure, moving to and fro in the gentle twilight. What could it be? Not one of the cattle, for I could see the reflection of the herd against the sky, as it wended its way homeward over the hill in the distance. No. This was something strange.

A mysterious interest impelling me, I ran noiselessly along the bank of the stream and sinking down behind a bush, some distance from the unknown, waited.

The figure was gradually approaching nearer and nearer, and at last, as it moved out from under the shade of a tall birch tree, standing on the bank of the stream, I saw that it was the figure of a woman of medium height and delicate slender figure.

"A witch?" thought I. "No, far too comely."

Witches are crooked, shriveled creatures with hooked noses and squeaky voices. Truly then, some Goddess come to earth. I could only wait to see.

Slowly walking, or rather, staggering along, she chattered ceaselessly to the flowers, sometimes stopping to caress one that especially attracted her attention. The voice was human. To be sure, it was indistinct and sounded

from the distance like the murmuring of the stream that flowed by me, but nevertheless it was human.

She moved on until directly opposite and within about two yards of me, then stopping at a bunch of may-apples and leaning over she raised a mother lark from her nest, fondled her, chattered to her awhile, kissed her and restored her to her nest, saying, "good-night, Tiny."

Ye Gods, that voice; I knew it. My heart stopped beating. The blood froze in my veins and I lay as if in a trance.

Looking up she smiled faintly and said: "You showed me that nest, didn't you?" Who was she talking to? I could see no one; but still she continued:

"In the early summer, before you went away. A foolish girl that I am! You didn't go away did you? You're right here with me now, aren't you? Of course. Come! Put your arm around me and walk with me as we used to. That's it; now I will follow wherever you go."

So saying she walked quietly towards the bank of the stream.

Why didn't someone stop her? I couldn't move. Why didn't someone scream for help? I couldn't utter a sound.

On, on, she walked clear to the middle of the stream, then, laughing a foolish little laugh, she lay down. Still I couldn't move, and as I watched the flow of the water I could see a little white figure slowly drifting on the bosom of the lazy stream, on and on, until it was washed up beside an old decayed tree.

Awaking from my trance, I walked back to the hotel as fast as possible, unnerved by what I had seen, and sought quietness in sleep; but all to no avail. I could hear nothing but the ceaseless murmuring and the foolish little laugh; I could see nothing but the slim white figure as it lay beside the tree, and the old sympathetic moon hiding her face behind a cloud as if she cared not to look on such a sight.

I lay in my bed until I could stand it no longer, and getting up dressed myself again and determined to visit the spot.

As I walked along the empty streets the silence oppressed me; everything slept, even the little girl; I alone was troubled, but oh! If I could but see her again, if I but dared to look into the white, upturned face, I felt that then I too would rest.

Starting from the old bridge I walked along the bank until I came to the next. What was the matter? Tiny and her brood were dead, the sky looked dark and threatening and the tall old trees, swaying back and forth in the angry wind were uttering sighs and screams that drove me almost to distraction.

But still I walked on to the old dead tree, and then, looking where I had seen the body of the beautiful little girl lodge I saw a gentle daisy raising its lovely head on a delicately slender stalk and on the ground encircling it—a ring.

* * * * *

If you ever happen to be on this

bridge of a summer night in August, take a little walk around the creek and possibly you will see me sitting beside my daisy and the ring and if the warm-hearted old moon happens to be peeping around a cloud, as she sometimes is, maybe she will tell you what is here omitted.

F. B. E., '05.

A DREAM.

ALL right, old man, get a good night's rest and be prepared 'to make it warm' for your opponents in the debate tomorrow evening. Remember that not only your own interests but also the interests of your Society are at stake." Having thus addressed me, my companion bade me good-night and I was once more alone. "Get a good night's rest in order that you may be prepared for the debate tomorrow evening"—did this expression mean anything for me? Had I not for weeks and weeks been preparing for this one event? Did the future of any one ever depend on one effort to the extent that mine depended on this one? No one realized more the importance—and perhaps the hopelessness—of the efforts that were to be put forth on the next evening by the debating team of which it had fallen to my lot to be a member.

Very little pleading was necessary to persuade me to retire, being more than weary from the toils and labors of the day. I undressed as quickly as possible and threw myself on the bed, when lo! I was transported instantly to a crowd of fellows standing before the doors of our College Oratory.

"Well, you are all ready, are you—," inquired a member of my Society. "Not as well prepared as I would like to be, but nevertheless I hope to say something," I replied. "Keep your nerve, and you will be all right," advisingly remarked another. In the meantime I had taken a look into the Oratory and was astonished to find it nearly filled with fashionably dressed men and women, and even young men with their girls. Could it be possible that I was to address this assembly? Surely there was some mistake. But I was dressed for the occasion, and even held in my hand the manuscript of the speech I was to deliver.

"We are ready to go up," said a fellow to me, whom I recognized as the captain of our debating team. Thereupon three of us—the debaters who represented our Society—proceeded in single file to our assigned places around a table on the left of the stage. The chairman for the evening—our respected Professor in English—was already in his place. We had been seated only a minute when three other fellows filed into the room and took their positions around a table on the opposite side of the stage. Who were they? I knew not; for I seemed to lack the ability to discern objects at any distance. I was dazed and could see only outlines. Accordingly it was not until I asked the question that I learned that the fellows about whom I was inquiring were our opponents in the debate, which was to be taken up in a few minutes.

During all this time I had not dared

to look out into the audience. Why? Was I not aware of their presence? Seemingly not. For all the benefit or hindrance they were to me they had as well not been present. Was this not strange? Very singular indeed; but it did not seem more marvelous than my very presence in this place at such a time.

Some one whispered that it was eight o'clock. Immediately our chairman arose, and having stated briefly the purpose for which we were assembled, introduced the first speaker on the affirmative (for our opponents were defending the question.) Did I say speaker; nay rather, I mean orator. For never did I hear a pleader use such earnestness and fluency as did the one now speaking. His arguments were clear cut and convincing. Did I see any points which could be refuted? No, all his statements were so guarded that it was impossible to pick flaws in them. He ended, after having delivered as eloquent a speech, setting forth as telling points as I had ever heard. Oh, I thought; if I could only create as favorable an impression as had this young Demosthenes.

The first debater for the negative made almost as good a speech as had the first on the affirmative. He refuted very few of the arguments that had been submitted, but established others which were in themselves equally as strong. After he had concluded I could hear a slight prolonged noise, which had also been heard at the end of the first speech. I concluded this was applause. To me had been assign-

ed the last speech before the rebuttals. Accordingly I had the opportunity and, as it afterward proved, the misfortune of hearing all the other speakers. All without exception delivered masterly orations, and at this time the judges were undecided as to which side had rendered the better argument. Our opponents had been remarkably successful in so presenting their arguments that they could not be refuted. The chairman announced that the debate proper would be concluded by Mr. — of the negative. There was breathless silence. All wondered what this "green Freshman" would do. My closest friends alone had confidence in me; the lukewarm ones feared for the result (and their fears were well founded;) while the less friendly ones were hoping and even praying, that I would make a distinct failure. Failure! Could there be a failure after all the other speakers had so distinguished themselves? I walked with slow and trembling step to the centre of the stage. Nothing could be either seen or heard by me. For what purpose was I standing there? Why did I not say something? Had I forgotten? Forgotten what? Did I ever know anything to forget? All these questions I asked myself in an instant. Oh, why could I not speak! Did I not hold in my hand a typewritten copy of the debate I had prepared? True, but I could not read a word of it. What was to be done? What further need of standing there? None. I quietly took my seat, with downcast eyes, too shamed to look my colleagues in the face.

What effect had my failure had on

the audience? What were the sounds arising? Did it not sound as if some monster were present, uttering its demoniacal hisses? Yes, there were hisses and shouts of anger. But oh! they were uttered by the members of my own Society. They were exceedingly angry that I had seemingly so basely betrayed them. Shouts could be heard: "You have brought to us our first defeat in an inter-Society debate. You have forfeited your membership to the Society. We will compel you to leave College." All of which were mingled with all sorts of vile epithets. Oh, reader, think of my distress of mind, my agony of soul and body. But, imagine what joy when at this juncture I awoke and found I had been having only a horrible dream.

Y. M. C. A.

L. E. CAIN, 1907.

THE members and friends of the Y. M. C. A. here were favored by having with them on Sunday afternoon, February 12, the Rev. Bondenot Seeley, Jr., pastor of East Lake Presbyterian Church, Wilmington. He gave a very interesting and beneficial talk on missions which was well attended by the students. Prof. C. A. Short, one of our instructors who takes an interest in everything that is for the betterment of the students, gave another address before them on February 19. He spoke on the relation of the Four Gospels, and those who heard him will hereafter be more able to study them understandingly. On February 26 a very helpful talk was given by the pastor of Head of Christiana Presbyterian Church, Dr. Gilfillan, who always takes an interest in the work of the Association at this institution.

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EDITORIAL

ON Friday evening, March 3rd, the annual debate took place between the Delta Phi and Athenæon Literary Societies. The subject for debate was, Resolved; "That the success of the Japanese in the present war between Russia and Japan will best serve the interests of civilization."

The Delta Phi supported the affirmative, the Athenæon the negative. The subject, which is, at this time, of all engrossing interest, was ably contested by both sides and the points were presented clearly and in an entertaining and instructive manner. The decision was rendered in favor of the Delta Phi Society, which was represented by Messrs. E. F. Warrington, E. W. Warrington and Fisher, their opponents being Messrs. Clash, Harkness and Killen. The judges were, Mr. George A. Blake, of Elkton, Md.; Professor Conover, of Delaware College, and Professor Ewing, of Port Deposit. The debate was well attended by students and townspeople, and was appreciated by all. Inter-Society debating at Delaware College is a comparatively new feature and too much interest cannot be shown in it. It should prove a tonic that will keep the

societies, which have always been, in a mild way, rivals, on their mettle, and give them an impetus during their year's work. Two prizes, of \$20 and \$15, respectively, are an added incentive for individual effort. The first prize was won, this year, by Mr. E. W. Warrington, the second by Mr. E. F. Warrington, and these gentlemen will represent the college in the debate with Maryland Agricultural College, which will take place in the near future. The Russo-Japanese question will again be the subject for debate, and with this familiar subject and with two such able representatives we are certain to make a good showing, and stand a fine chance of winning.



THE bill to appropriate \$20,000 to Delaware College for the purpose of erecting the building for a Gymnasium and Drill Hall, has, with the sum being cut down to \$15,000, passed the State House of Representatives, and is now being reconsidered by the Senate, and we have every reason to hope that we shall receive this sum. A Gymnasium is badly needed, and, though this sum will not completely cover the cost of

building and equipment, still it will be a long step in advance of our present condition, and will be very gratefully received.



A WORD of praise is due to the Junior Class for the very enjoyable and admirably managed Junior Promenade, which they gave on the evening of February 7th. In point of decoration, attendance, and general management it compared very favorably with the dances of former years, and that is speaking well for it, for Delaware College Proms have a reputation which is by no means local. Dances at Delaware College are not frequent, but when we do give one, we give a good one.



Compulsory Greek

IN England there is, at the present time, raging a controversy of no little heat and importance. It has to do with the question: Shall Greek be retained as a condition for a degree at Cambridge? Strange as it may, at first glance seem, it has assumed the proportions of a national issue. Its outcome will, in a great measure, effect the future course of liberal education. The classical party resist their opponents fiercely and claim that were Greek to be made non-compulsory at Cambridge, it would be nothing more nor less than the opening wedge for the elimination of Latin as well as Greek, and for the breaking up of the whole classical system. From their point of view a knowledge of Latin and Greek is absolutely indispensable to a liberal

education, and that universities would be lowering their standards to make it optional, for Greek is a difficult study, and the great majority of students would elect something easier in its place. They see, in the expulsion of Greek from the great universities, the practical extinction of the study in the whole country.

The anti-Greek party, on the other hand, bring forth the argument that this is an age of science, of practical study, and that, while the universities have expanded to meet modern needs and have established scientific courses, they still cling to Greek, and, in order that a scientific man may obtain his degree, make it compulsory for him to get a smattering of a subject which will be utterly useless to him in the pursuance of his career. This certainly seems inconsistent. They also point to the fact that Greek is no longer compulsory in the newer universities, and that it is fast falling into disuse in preparatory schools, and that it is to the best interests of Cambridge and Oxford that they keep up with the times.

Now this widely discussed question is of interest, not only to countries over the sea, but to our own country and our own educational institution, Delaware College. Let those who are interested in the subject look over the courses as outlined in our catalog and see if some advantageous changes might not be made. We would ask, not that the classics be made optional during the whole of the academic course, but that they be not compulsory in the Junior and Senior years. Then

a student who feels that he can benefit himself more by devoting himself to other more practical subjects can do so, and need not, as is now the case, devote six periods out of twenty to acquiring knowledge of a subject which will, in his after life, be of small benefit to him.

ATHLETICS

L. L. COOPER, '05.

ATHLETICS during the past three months have been practically dead here. The department of basket ball has never been instituted as we have no suitable place to play, so from the Thanksgiving football game until baseball practice begins in the Spring all our athletic talent sleeps. As the ice locked and snow covered fields are almost bare now, our thoughts are turned to baseball. Our prospect this year is a bright one and should everything turn out as expected we will finish the season successfully. We have a good schedule arranged, including some of the fastest teams in the East. A Southern trip will probably be taken early in April which will get the team in good shape for the remainder of the schedule.

The track team is getting into shape as fast as possible and from present indications Delaware will be well represented this year at the annual meet in Philadelphia.

EXCHANGES

E. F. WARRINGTON, '07.

IT IS with much satisfaction that we notice in a great number of our exchanges accounts of debates that have occurred between different colleges or between different societies in the same college. More interest seems to be taken in debating contests this year than last; and the questions which have been, and are to be discussed are of national as well as international importance. The college men of today will be the statesmen of tomorrow; and it is necessary that they be not only thoroughly acquainted with the great problems that arise, but also able to defend that side which they believe best for the Nation and universal welfare. Our college debating teams, we might say, are the schools where such enlightenment and such ability are attained, and it is to be hoped that this increasing interest in them will not die out, but continue to grow in the future as it has in the past.

This month's issue of "The Oracle," which appears with a new and brilliant cover, contains an article on "The Forces Transforming Japan." The author attributes the great transformation which has come about under the Mikado Government, neither to Western civilization alone nor to Eastern civilization alone, but to Eastern and Western civilization taken together. Such a conclusion is very reasonable; for if the Japanese have

deserted Western ideas and influence, they have added to them many of their own redeeming qualities which some prominent statesmen have predicted will do much to increase the value of Western civilization in the Orient.



The February issue of the "Mississippi College Magazine" contains some very interesting stories, among which "His Queen" and "In the Shadow of the Gallows" are worthy of special mention.



We welcome to our table the "Peninsula Student," which we have received for the first time during this college year. This paper has a large covering for such few contents, and is characterized by a total lack of stories, poems or other interesting material. We exchange with a great number of preparatory schools and some few high schools, and the majority of these issue magazines full of interesting and instructive productions. We hope soon to be able to place the "Peninsula Student" in that majority.



He asked a miss what was a kiss, grammatically defined.

"It's a conjunction, sir," she said, "and hence can't be declined."—Ex.



Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—Blue Mountain College Magazine.

LOCAL

T. M. GOODEN, '05.

George James has been on the sick list.

Dr. W.—"What is carbon used for?"

Hudson—"I don't know, sir."

Dr. W.—"My man, you don't know how bright you are."

Tobby (After marching four squares past the reviewing stand)—"Von doe ve see der President?"

Somebody said Kennedy smoked a real cigarette the other day.

How would Lillian Hessler sound?

Davis washes his eyes with milk every morning now—he says it will make his batting eye good. Let us hope so.

Jimmy Neill said the only people that looked good to him at the inauguration were the cowboys and the Indians. Who said Montana?

Keppel, the next time you steal a blanket-roll be sure there isn't a restaurant inside.

Fulton and Taylor must have a Mary time in Dover for they go home every week.

Lawson got mixed up at the zoo in Washington. He had a piece of beef and a bag of peanuts and gave the former to the elephant and the latter to the lion. Looks pretty bad, Pop.

Cooper—"Dr. where do you think is the best place for a young man to start out?"

Dr.—"Young man go west."

Evans and Bennett are "rushing" each other pretty hard at present.

A handsome new building was erected on the front campus last week—but has since mysteriously disappeared.

INTER-COLLEGIATE

Fire recently destroyed Science Hall, one of Virginia Polytechnic Institute's finest buildings. The loss is estimated at about \$100,000.



Yale's two big football games for next fall are announced as follows:

November 18—Princeton at New Haven, Conn.

November 25—Harvard at Cambridge, Mass.

The Yale-West Point game will probably be played November 4, and the Yale-Columbia game November 11.



R. Tait McKensie, director of athletics at the University of Pennsylvania, who has made a close study of jiu-jitsu, says: "There are many features of jiu jitsu which are abhorrent to an American sportsman, and which no fair man would stoop to. It does not possess nearly all the advantages claimed for it, especially by the schools which sprung up for its exploitation. These claims are put forth for mere commercial reasons and intelligent persons should take no stock in them. Jiu-jitsu lacks many of the strong points of wrestling and boxing and it likewise possesses many of them in common. To be effective, the jiu-jitsu expert must first secure his hold.

If he cannot do that all his tricks and science are useless. The only tricks which jiu-jitsu has added to boxing and wrestling are those of enabling its master to bring the proper pressure to bear on muscles to produce dislocation or fracture, and the use of the grips on the opponent's clothing. Jiu-jitsu to be thoroughly effective in America needs some modifications of the way it is taught in Japan."



Williams College students have decided to abolish hazing until June. If the experiment proves a success the rule will be made permanent. Their decision was reached by ballot at a meeting of all the classes recently.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

SINCE our war with Spain there has been a great deal of talk about the Philippine Islands, and truly this is a subject worthy of the consideration of every intelligent citizen.

We have heard a great many different answers to the question as to how the inhabitants of these Islands should be dealt with, but the most are so inconsistent with the laws of God and Humanity that it would not only be impossible but also very wrong to carry them out.

Some say "Reduce them to slavery;" others, "Kill them off;" and still others declare that we should have nothing to do with them, that as soon as we had freed them from Spain's terrible yoke of oppression, our part was done.

Let us, then, look for a moment at

each of these views and see wherein they all err:

First—about reducing them to slavery. "No," you will all say, "this would never do. If slavery was not right in the South, it is not right in the Philippines, and if you have any love of country do not bring up the question again. Slavery has cost America enough."

You forget that our war with Spain simply transferred the sovereignty of these islands to the United States as the result of victory, and that we have made solemn promises to these Islanders, which honorable America is bound to fulfill. No. Slavery does not settle the question. Second: about exterminating them. Surely this would never do.

Has man the right to send immortal souls into the "Land of no Return" without some good reason which he can conscientiously give to his God? Souls over which he has not even tried to shed the glorious light of Christianity? No. To talk of extermination is

an idle utterance of words not worthy of any God-fearing American citizen.

Lastly then, should we have nothing to do with these Islanders and let our promises count for naught? You will say, "America has never been guilty of such a thing." We now have put our hand to the plow, and it is too late to turn back.

The Philippine Islands are as yet unknown. The value of their mineral wealth, their large forests containing all kinds of timber, their rich valleys that invite cultivation; all these have never been estimated.

But besides all these views, there is a higher, nobler aspect. The Philippine Islands stretch out before Christendom as a harvest-field whose grain must be reaped and stored. The souls of these people must be saved. Make slaves of them if you must. Kill them if you must. But first give them Christianity. "Feed my sheep," says the greatest of all conquerors—Jesus Christ.

F. B. E., '05.



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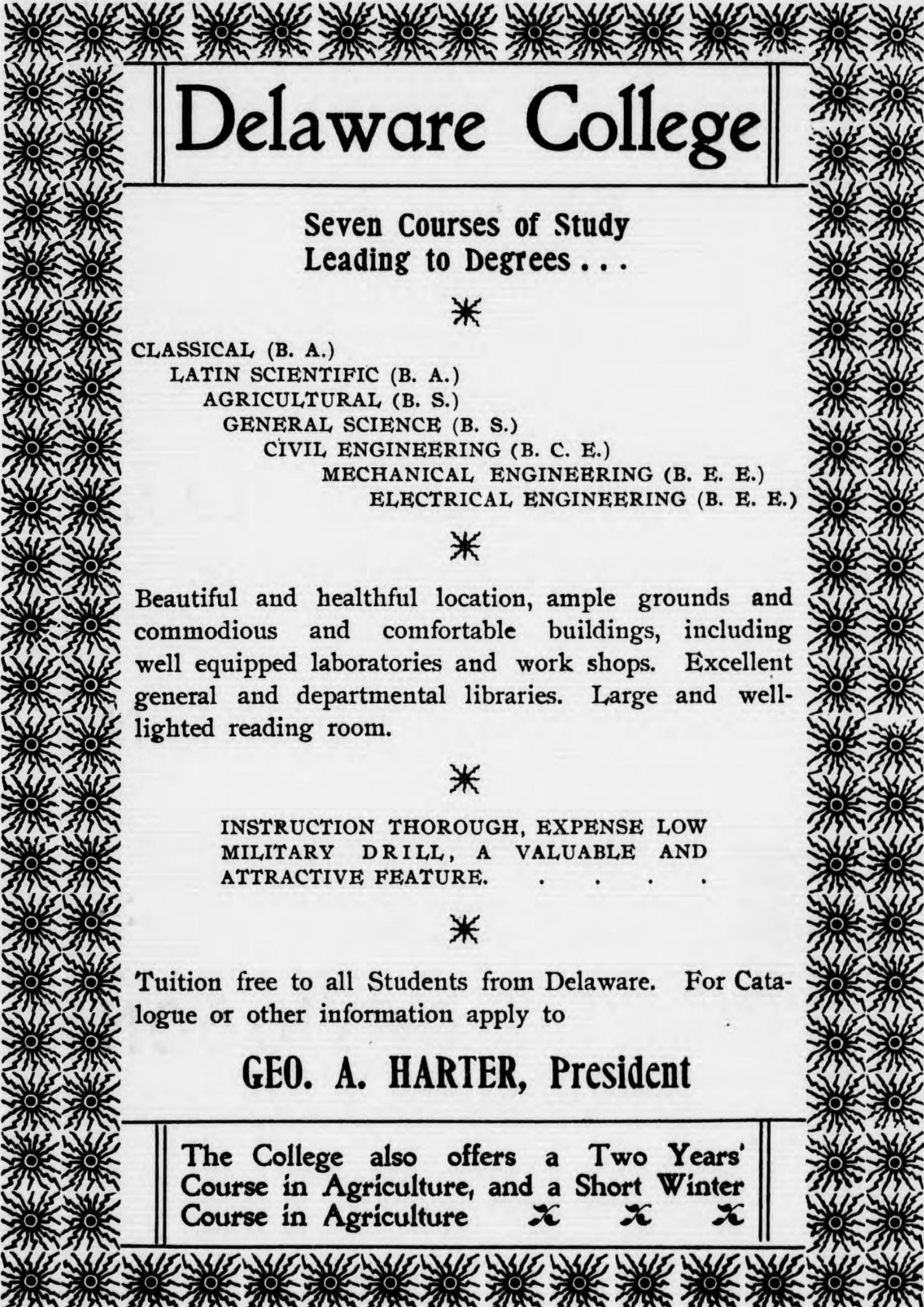
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