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AT NIGHT-TIME.

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

Have you ever stood and listened to the night wind in the trees,
And heard the pounding echo of the distant moon-lit seas,
While the chirping of the cricket lulls the tired and weary brain
While the screech owl makes a shudder with its weird, uncanny strain?

Have you ever seen the corn-fields when the moon has risen high,
And the stars are dim and scanty in the yellow tinted sky,
When the tassels wave gently and the rustling stalks stand green
To lend a solemn beauty to the richly shaded scene?

Have you ever seen the river, which the breeze has shyly brushed,
Where the craft lie slowly rocking, when the sounds of day are hushed,
Where the range-lights shine unflickering like to planets fallen low
To dot the placid waters with a cold, unearthly glow?

Have you ever stretched for sleep beneath the open, silent sky
And shivered when a black bat winged its faltering flight near by,
So like a demon that might swoop to choke the bated breath,
To loose the soul and fold the heart in its dark shroud of death?

Have you ever heeded to the song the splashing swells proclaim,
So like the whispered promises that maiden lips might frame,
When the moon has set and from the dark there comes the murmured love
While the stars are hanging brightly in the lifeless miles above?

Or have you pondered of the worlds these very stars may be,
And felt the thrill of joy that God has made your people free?
Or have you traced the ages back to even Israel's flight?
To know the stars that Abraham saw smile down on you to-night?
Oh, men of earth, stand forth and know that God is God to-night!

Is Stevenson Serious?

By EVERETT F. WARRINGTON, '07.

"Now we know that life is only a stage to play the fool upon so long as the past amuses us."—New Arabian Nights.

IS Robert Louis Stevenson serious? To this question certain of Stevenson's critics, among whom Mr. Archer is very conspicuous, have given a negative answer. Mr. Archer and others find him too gay, too volatile; he fails to impress them with the fact that he believes in the seriousness and the solemnity of life. A few of Stevenson's essays as well as some lines and paragraphs here and there in his more extensive productions, seem to justify this adverse criticism. We fail to perceive any purpose that he might have had in executing some of his shorter literary works; and in his longer works there are many references to insignificant events which are conducive by no means to an elevating influence. For instance, he is ever and anon referring to his habit of smoking. He cannot relate his adventures in "Antwerp Docks" without explaining how "the cigarette went off in a splash and a bubble of small breaking water." It would seem, to use a popular expression, that at times he endeavors to manufacture "tin gods" out of wine, brandy, champagne and other alcoholic beverages and to place them in his books for public worship. Such allusions as these, while they meet with

no approbation from the sober inclined among men, meet with the hearty condemnation of those who advocate total abstinence and who are accustomed to define the cigarette as one of those things with fire at one end and a fool at the other.

Another charge made against Stevenson, is his neglect of women and the fireside. His attention is surely not devoted to praising the virtues of womankind. Among the few instances in which he has spoken of the feminine sex, in some he has spoken in such a way as to suggest almost the idea of the ludicrous. He once drew a comparison between the appearance of his donkey when subjected to the cruelty of the lash, and that of a lady whom he once knew in depressing circumstances. "Once," he says, telling the story of a journey in which he was compelled to beat his beast of burden, the donkey, with a heavy whip, "when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance, who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased the horror of my cruelty." We must admit that Stevenson cared little for staying home. It was a source of lamentation to him that his was an evil age for the gypsy inclined among men. "He who sits square on a three legged stool, he it is who has the wealth and the glory."

"It is better far," writes the author, "during the holidays, to be the son of a travelling merchant, than son and heir to the greatest cotton spinner in creation." As soon as a man grew tired of one place, Stevenson believed that he should get out; and the sooner, the better, for himself and all concerned.

On the other hand, Stevenson lays great stress upon happiness and amusements. He says, "Be happy," and this is his cardinal doctrine. There are times when he seems to say, "Do not work," "Do not be so busy," "Amuse yourself." "For will anyone dare to tell me that business is more entertaining than fooling among boats? He must never have seen a boat, or never have seen an office, who says so. And for certain, the one is a great deal better for the health. There should be nothing so much a man's business as amusements." It is this boyish, irresponsible tone in his works that has led some of his critics to declare that Robert Louis Stevenson is trivial, that he is not serious, not worth while.

But those who know Stevenson well, know that this criticism is unjust. Although he was no stoic, and although he is persistently urging us to laugh and "forget it," yet beneath his levity and humor, runs a serious strain.

Indeed, Stevenson's character was essentially religious. Take for an example his account of an interview with a Moravian. The Moravian, whom he met in the "Valley of the Laru," addressed him thus: "Connaissez vous

le Seigneur?" "I asked him what he meant; but he only repeated the question with more emphasis and a look in his eyes indicating hope and interest. 'Ah,' said I, pointing upwards, 'I understand you now. Yes I know Him; He is the best of acquaintances.'" It is a striking evidence of his conscientiousness, of his religious seriousness that Stevenson relates how, having traveled a day's journey and slept at night in the open air with the moss for his pillow and the blue sky for his quilt, he left some francs upon the sod to pay nature for his lodging, hoping that they would be picked up by some needy peasant.

Being deeply moral, as he is, why has Stevenson masqueraded under the trivialities, examples of which we have mentioned in the opening paragraph of this essay? The author has already replied for himself. While in the Hyeres, he wrote to his father in regard to a projected piece of work, perhaps "Virginibus Puerisque." "It is a most difficult work," he writes. "A touch from the parson will drive off those I hope to influence, a touch of overstrained laxity, besides disgusting like a grimace, may do harm." A moral teacher, he choose to work thru art, so as to make it seem that he did not teach. From him, we learn that life is a thing to be lived and not to be brooded over. He is the literary athlete. If he was a fond lover of lightness, he has remembered to subordinate this to a solemn aim. You cannot say of him that he went to college to play football.

Every reader of Stevenson must be impressed with the fact that he looked upon life as a journey to something beyond. "Inland Voyages" and "Travels with a Donkey," embody this belief and present it more clearly than any other of his works. "What I want to give, what I try for, is God's moral," Stevenson said; and every reader of these two productions, can testify to his effort to fulfill his desire. In his note to Sidney Calvin to whom he addressed his "Travels with a Donkey," he writes, "But we are all travellers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world,—all, too, travellers with a donkey, and the best we find in our travels is an honest friend." This same reflection makes itself plain even more beautifully in "Inland Voyages." We refer to the place where Stevenson and his companions have embarked in their canoes and are floating with the tide down the river not far from the hamlet of Origny. The young ladies

of the hamlet, the "graces," as he calls them, having come down to the bank to see them off, are following the departing canoeists along the shore. The foremost of the three graces growing tired of the chase jumps upon a tree stump. "'Come back again,' she cried, and all the others echoed her and the hills about Origny repeated the words, 'Come back.' But the river had us round an angle in a twinkling and we were alone with the green trees and running water."

"Come back! There is no coming back, young ladies on the impetuous stream of life."

"The merchant bows unto the seaman's star."

The ploughman from the sun his season takes."

"And we must all set our pocket watches by the clock of fate. There is a headlong, forthright tide that bears away man with his fancies like straw, and runs fast in time and space."

Dr. Ross.

A Story In Two Parts

PART I

By JOSEPH H. PERKINS, '07

"WHO," asked a man of the proprietor as he motioned toward a man who had just entered, "is that, and why do so many of your old customers and waiters look toward him with expectation—almost with wonderment?"

"That," replied the proprietor, "is Dr. Ross, the once famous surgeon whom public opinion caused to give up his practice."

"How was that?"

"Well, sir, it was this way. Several years ago the doctor had a large prac-

tice among the swell people of the city and, indeed, was a surgeon of national reputation. But, like many noted people, he pursued a secret vice. His was that of gambling. Frequently he came here then, sometimes losing, sometimes winning and always, so far as one could judge from his facial expression, coldly indifferent to the result of his playing. Once, it must have been five years ago, he successfully performed an operation on a man high in the political world. The main operation, itself, was a success, but if the man was to improve, to survive, a second operation had to be made within a certain time. The night after the first operation the doctor came here, played the wheel recklessly, it seemed to me, and lost. Then, he did something unheard of for him. He ordered up drink after drink and if when sober he was quiet and unsociable he was even more talkative and sociable when drunk.

"He politely but persistently got me into a corner; in the manner of the intoxicated, showed me how I was as good as he was and he as good as I was; and then, encouraged only by a "yes" or a "no," told me all his family affairs. He told me that his father, a man of means, had been too stingy to send him to school. And that his mother, about whom he spoke most endearingly, had, by sewing and the like, aided him to secure an education. It was she who inspired and encouraged him to make the best of his college life and to aim high. It was she who

inspired within him the Christian ideals, which, away from her, in the set at college with which chance associated him, he lost. In order to keep up the pace set by his new associates—in order to see life, as he innocently or foolishly termed it, the money earned during the vacation by him and that sent to him by his noble mother, were not sufficient and so, seeing a chance to win, he took up cards. And he generally held a winning hand. From the means the cards soon developed into the end and he became a habitual gambler.

His father, a stiff-back churchman, whose life was not governed by the rules he expected everyone else to obey, heard of his son's card playing and refused him entrance to his house and the opportunity to see his mother.

He never saw his mother again; for she was of the old fashioned class of wives, who, to the question, will you obey? answer, I will, and conscientiously keep the promise, and would not disobey her husband and meet her son secretly. For all that he had become corrupt in morals and had become cynical in regards to many of the teachings of his mother, he still had a desire to win a place in his profession. He thought that he owed his mother at least this much—the attempt to win success.

"The night he came here was several years after his father had prohibited him to return home. In that time he had become famous as a surgeon. On that night, after playing the wheel and

losing, he came over to one of the tables, picked up a paper that was lying there and read of his mother's death which had occurred a few days before. This news and the fact that he had lost much money, drove him in d spair to the cup. He drank recklessly ; told me all this which I have told you and then—well, we cared for him that night—for we all liked him. The next morning, while trying to recall all that had happened he was told that his patient was dead. This carelessness—this failure to perform the second operation had caused the death of the man and soon resulted in the doctor's being ostracised by everyone. For in their eye, if not in that of the law, he was a murderer. Soon he disappeared, no one knew where. Sometimes he comes out of hiding to this place, plays and then vanishes again."

The man referred to was of a commanding appearance, tall and well built. His forehead was high ; his eyebrows were black and heavy ; his eyes, cold and gray, were intelligent and piercing ; his mustache and Vandyke beard black and well kept ; and the whole expression of his face, so markedly intelligent, was that of a cold, unemotional, self-confident cynic.

* * * * *

Slowly, the wheel flew around, gradually slowed up and then came to a standstill. He had lost all—lost the result of two months' work and miserly saving. The lines of his face became a little harsher—a little firmer set ; but, otherwise, there was naught to show

that he was perturbed by any disappointment. In the vernacular of the crowd, he was "dying game." And, indeed, he did not feel helpless or desperate in the face of what, no matter how well he hid it from the public, was a disappointment. For he had discovered a system—a system of playing which if properly carried out would "break the bank;" and he had absolute faith in this system. Sometime he would come, and go away with money. That was what he wanted ; money and the ease and leisure it could afford him.

True, he loved the game of chance, loved its alluring and fickle air of possibility ; but, like all chronic worshippers of Chance, he believed himself strong willed enough to break the spell when once the gold was in his grasp. That then was his object : to gain money, to live as he willed, to take down his "shingle."

For, to him, there was no longer any satisfaction, any pleasure in the doing of his work. The goal, to which, in the enthusiasm of his youth, he had aspired, had come intoxicatingly near only to recede into the ne vermore, just when he would have clasped it. Obviously, his great talent and knowledge could not again successfully combat with public opinion—could not regain for him the confidence of his contemporaries, without which he could not attain to the highest position in his profession. Having come so near to being the one among many, there could be no gratification, no

pleasure in being the one among few.

Thus it was that it mattered not to him that the poor people of the tenements, among whom he worked, said, with the voice of the superstitious, who see only the supernatural in that which they cannot understand:

"He is the great doctor—the wonderful doctor. But his heart!—he has no heart. He never smiles; he never frowns: he never pities us in our misery. But he cures us—he cures us, sir, and we pay. He makes us pay. It is better to pay him than to owe the other doctor and pay the priest."

He did not care for their praise. Their money was all he wanted; and if in return, perchance, he cured their weary bodies, his success was due mainly to habits formed in the days of youth when ambition was his vital incentive.

He felt no obligations to society. It mattered not to him that its members were sick or maimed or that they died. With the passing of his ambitions and with the death of his mother, the few finer emotions which had existed within him had disappeared, leaving him self-centered, selfish and almost cruelly indifferent to the welfare of his fellow-men. His code of ethics was not that of the people: he held that the talent bestowed upon him was his to use or to bury.

For the gold with which to bury it he had just begged of Fortune; and Fortune had refused to smile. This time he could not follow his habit, forget his disappointment in the exhilarating

sparkle of the wine. Every cent of his money went with the turn of the wheel. So, very coolly and indifferently he gazed over the assembled crowd and then passed out into the night.

It had been raining off and on all day, and now and then his walk homeward was interrupted by little showers. Finally, upon arriving in an obscure and unattractive section of the city, where he was practically hidden from the world that was once his, he entered a large, none too attractive, brick building. This building was decorated with two signs: "Rooms to rent" and "Walter Williams, M. D."

In the entryway he was accosted by a poorly clad, little girl. She had walked far thru the rain; her clothes were wet and she shivered, pitifully.

"Please, doctor, mother's sick; and won't you come." The child sobbed "I—I don't want her—to die."

"Have you brought the money?" gruffly asked the doctor.

The child bravely fought back the tears, swallowed a lump which had risen in her throat, hesitated, and then spoke timidly:

"I—mother—she has been sick so long—"

"I understand," interrupted the doctor, harshly. "I'm busy now, you'd better run on," and he started up the stairs.

In her despair, the girl would have sprung at him, but, realizing her weakness, she turned and went out into the street.

Unaffected, the man climbed to the

fourth floor, and, upon arriving at the top of the stairs, noted that the door of a heretofore unoccupied room was slightly ajar.

Curiously—for sometimes curiosity mastered him—he turned and looked in the room. Immediately his cold, gray eyes took on a covetous expression. Within the room, he saw an attenuated old man, with his back to the door, seated before a table counting greenbacks:

“Fifty—fifty one—fifty two—” Then he buckled. “Fifty three—fifty four—”

So intently interested was the old man that he had not heard the footsteps in the hall.

“Fool,” mumbled the doctor. He drew himself together with a shrug, entered his room, lit a lamp and sat down on the bed, his chin propped thoughtfully in the palms of his hands.

For a time his thoughts ran wild. On the other side of the wall there was money—money—money and he was strong and the old man was weak. But he was not a slave to impulse; his cold, logical mind soon came under the control of his strong will power. Quickly his thoughts rushed on.

He needed the money. With it he felt certain he could win more, for this evening he had observed things that showed convincingly that his system was the correct one. All he lacked was the necessary capital and here it was, within his reach. The thrust of a knife, a few precautionary measures and the money would be his. He quickly and coolly reasoned that the

old man was of no service to society; had had all that he possibly could have of what is good and best in life; and, if put out of the way now, would escape the misery of much probable sickness. After reasoning thus, he shrugged his shoulders irritably and broke the line of thought with the expression:

“Bosh! Am I a woman?” It was in this manner that he always broke off moralizing and sentimentalizing.

It took him but a few minutes to decide upon a plan of action. His trained mind grasped everything, even the little details.

He takes off his shoes, strips to the waist, and swiftly ties about him a rubber apron. Then, going to an instrument case, he carefully selects several knives. From under a couch he brings forth two large sacks and looks them over searchingly. From a medicine case he takes a bottle of carbolic acid. After opening the drafts of the stove, upon which he cooked his meals, he goes to a window and several flashes of lightning serve to show him that the fire escape is in working order. Upon noticing the thunder and lightning he smiles and thinks: “How melodramatic this is!”

Then, leaving the selected articles on a chair near the door, he nervously goes out into the hall. The occupants of the house are laborers and it is not probable that they are awake at this late hour; but, as a precaution, he stands still, listening for a few minutes. Then, in his stocking feet, he moves toward the door of the next room—good!

the old man, with his back to him, is recounting his money :

"Ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—"

With a cat-like movement, the doctor steps behind the man. There is the gleam of steel, a muffled groan, the candle is upset and all is darkness.

* * * * *

With a knife he quickly denudes the man of all clothing. He will burn them in the stove in his room.

* * * * *

An expert surgeon, he has the body all dismembered with the exception of the head. What is this on the neck? It is a locket and chain.

"So the old chap was a sentimental-ist," and, laughing cynically, he rammed the trinket in his hip pocket.

* * * * *

He has not yet seen the face of his victim and strange to say feels no desire to see it. He holds the head in his left hand and is in the act of pouring the acid upon it in order to disfigure it beyond recognition, when there is a long, bright flash of lightning—

"God!" he gasps.

The head falls from his hand to the floor. The man springs back and stands motionless—cowering in the dark. Beads of perspiration come on his forehead; his mind runs wild; the blood freezes in his veins; his body is colder than the one in the sacks: In the flash of the lightning he has seen the face of his own father.

* * * * *

The noise made by some one passing the door arouses him. He must do

something—yes, he must act—it would be foolish not to carry out his plan. But he had not the strength or, for that matter, the necessary courage. His cool, methodical, unemotional mind and the steady hand have now failed him for the first time.

* * * * *

The whiskey has strengthened him. In order to find the head he strikes a match, and there before him it lies on the floor, its glassy eyes, reflecting the grotesque light of the match. Quickly he blows out the match, but too late!—he has seen. And again a chill runs thru him.

With a great effort—for it seem as if a great force is holding him back—he moves forward, his hand extended, until he touches the head. He hesitates a moment. Then, with a great effort, he lifts it; makes several attempts to pour upon it the acid but fails. He virtually drops it into the sack containing the limbs.

* * * * *

There are two distinct splashes; and the swift current, caused by the recent storm, carries its burden on and on to the sea.

* * * * *

After hearing the splash of the last sack, he felt a little relieved. It occurred to him that with the money hidden away in his room he could now carry out his "system." But he felt none of the old enthusiasm, only a great weariness of body and mind.

He turned and started for home, a

few hundred yards from the river, chancing to look up toward his window, he saw that his room, which he had left dark, was now lighted up. He stopped suddenly; and for the first time the question as to his safety arose in his mind. Had he left some telltale clew? Thinking he saw someone in his room, and without answering the question, "was he safe?" he turned and

like a wild man dashed thru the darkness. Without reason, and without knowing whither he went, he ran on and on along the river bank, until, exhausted, he layed down behind some boxes on a wharf. His mind soon passed from a state of chaos to one of nothingness, and then he slept.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

America's Philosopher's Stone.

By HOWARD H. PROUSE, '09.

THE advantages for education that America offers her poor are as great a blessing to her as they are to the poor themselves. Many are the men, who have struggled against all obstacles, and, thru high ambitions, have grasped the opportunities offered by the schools of this country. It is this class of educated men that shine forth for America, while the wealthy seek luxury and ease. Their glory shames the success of the rich financier, or those who have rolled in wealth during their school lives.

Lost in oblivion, the poor boy must struggle with his whole strength even to reach the advantages that a college would render him. He must spend his early morning and after school hours in physical and mental labor, and the mid-night oil burns while he studies. But he appreciates the oppor-

tunities for study, because they are sweetened by the trouble to gain them. All holidays and vacations must be given over to toil for money. Since there is no time for dances and matinees, and no money for wines and luxurious food, he loses, with the pleasure of these, their weakening and evil effects. When he enters into athletic sports, he goes with his whole energy, for he must economize time. In fact, he learns to accomplish all that he does with a hearty zeal, realizing how much he must do in a short while. And if he is the right sort, as he usually is, the hard work will brighten his disposition.

Years ago there was a young fellow in Ohio, of no high birth, who longed for an education. His home was a log cabin, his father was dead, and his mother could scarcely keep the wolf from the door. He had spent the early

part of his boyhood as a canal boy, and never did spirited youth yearn for a seafaring life more than he at that time. But his mother and a neighboring preacher influenced him to change his ideas. Then he discovered that what he wanted and really needed, was an education. Toward this end he commenced to strive, and his desire for an education overcame all difficulties. He had read a great many books, besides studying a little in the common school branches, and was able to undertake the responsibility of preparing himself for college. With much manual labour his physical powers were strengthened, while he spent as much time as he could spare in studying. By the time he had money enough to pay for a college course, he was ready to enter the junior class. The fellows in that class received him heartily, when they discovered his worth. In athletics, in studies and in debate he was a leader. The professors liked him, and when he was graduated, he received the highest honors of his class. It is unnecessary to follow his career farther than to say that he became a great general in our Civil War, and some years later was heard of as James A. Garfield, President of the United States.

With no rare origin to inspire him, no money to rely upon and no father to relieve him of the household burdens, Garfield was merely a bright, energetic, American youth, destitute of aid. His brightness and energy were his entire dependence for success. But these are enough for any American;

they were enough for our forefathers, when they were determined to have liberty. He began to climb, and as he toiled, he learned to take fortune as it came, to grasp every opportunity for advancement, and numberless other invaluable lessons. He became popular among men, because he had learned things that they never thought of. He knew how to endure, he could meet all obstacles with a cheerful face, and he was better trained for athletics and studying than most fellows. All these things college men admire, and he had acquired them all through his struggle for an education. But Garfield was no better than thousands of other American boys, some of whom, poor like himself, had won as great a success as he. But strange to say, many of the others, who had money and fathers and numberless opportunities, failed to reach the top of the ladder. Perhaps their money led them into idleness, and their fathers pampered, or discouraged them, and the many opportunities soon caused them to wait for others. If so, we might then say that a poor boy is fortunate in his poverty, if he realizes the necessity of an education and his ability to get it.

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.

College Song

*Come ye forth all ye sons to greet her To your Al-ma Ma-ter sing.
True her blue as the stars of hea-ven Puri-ty and worth her gold*

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "The Banner of Truth". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody line with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are written in cursive between the two staves.

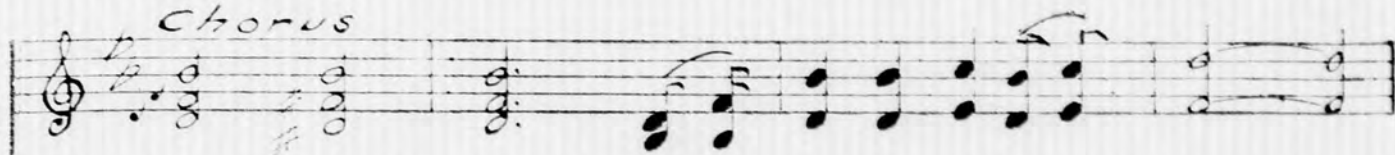
Let our song rise to tell her glories Let each voice with glad-ness ring
They stand forth a banner emblem-atic Truth and lion-or they un-fold.

Of her fame let us ne'er tire sing-ing, let her vic-tories be told
 Raise this flag to the star-ry hea-vens All when they her folds be-hold

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Blue and Gold". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written between the staves.

We can well be proud of dear old Del-a-ware so cheer the blue and gold
 Off will come all hats and then just once a-gain we'll cheer the blue and gold

Chorus





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Editorial.

CRITICISM CRITICISED.

Recently a mother, accompanied by her son, a boy of seven, came to a man of some artistic ability and showing him a drawing, said with pride: "Don't you think this is good?" The youth, shy and embarrassed, stood nearby. The man took the drawing, looked at it critically, noted its crude, awkward lines, but, also, its faithfulness to proportion, and said, with some enthusiasm: "Yes, it is fine. He is quite an artist." And he did not wink.

He had recognized in the drawing the work of a keen eye, and he knew that practice and time would take the kinks out of the lines and that Life might give to the boy the temperament of the artist. By speaking thus he knew that he would encourage the boy, which indeed he did.

This little incident served to attract our attention to the manner in which the majority of people criticise the work of literary aspirants, who have reached the twenties and are in a condition of indecision in regards to their vocation.

If the truth was only known, it would undoubtedly be shown that to friends, serving as critics, are due the miserable and pitiable failures of many

lives. For in no other profession does the goal of ambition seem so near as in that of literature. The average college student possesses a control of his language, upon the proficiency of which control depends his view of the goal. Sometimes it seems so near that were he to stretch out his hand he could grasp it. There is a great, overpowering fascination about a literary life; and, in many cases all that is necessary is a little encouragement and, throwing everything else aside, the youth strives to become a Longfellow, a Macauley, or a F. Hopkinson Smith.

Sometime the aspirant timidly attempts to write a poem, or an essay, or a story. With even more timidity, he shows his production to a friend, and the friend almost invariably says, as did the man in the preceding incident: "It is fine. We will be proud of you some day." Altho he may have great confidence in this friend's literary taste and knowledge, he will generally seek the critical judgment of other friends, who, nine times out of ten, will say pleasantly and encouragingly: "It is fine. You are quite an artist." And the aspirant to literary fame is encouraged, and generally does think "Yes, I must have some talent." More praise, in turn, strengthens his confidence in his ability, until the literary fever grasps him. And when once the grasp is firm nothing will free it except death, and sometimes mediocre success.

The man may have talent but it is more than probable that he has but little. He may be greatly attracted by literary work itself, but it is more probable that he is only dazzled by the possible success to be gained thru it. All that is needed is a little encouragement—a favorable criticism—to make him give up whatever career he may have in view, and "take up literature." This encouragement unfortunately is too often given unwisely by his friends. Time, less kind but more just in its criticism, has proven the foolishness of this praise or encouragement, by showing that many persons thus praised and thus encouraged, have not had the talent necessary to the winning of success. In every community, there is to be found a life wrecked and ruined by untounded praise.

Either of two things generally prompts friends to praise (they very rarely criticise) so thoughtlessly and rashly.

One, and perhaps, the minor one, is a desire to encourage. They criticise the youth of twenty in the same manner that the artist criticises the boy of seven. They seem to overlook the fact that while, with the boy praise is wise and almost necessary, with the young man the time has come for fair and honest criticism. The latter should be criticised, not praised and flattered.

If his temperament, imagination, inventive power, etc. are not those of the poet, or the author, or the essayist, he should not be permitted to linger under the delusion that they are. Or, if he possesses several important and promising traits of a writer, in the praise of them, the imperfections of his work,

providing they possibly can be remedied, should not remain unnoticed or unspoken of. For in the mental intoxication caused by a little success, he may, and probably will overlook them; and it is the duty of friends to point them out to him.

The other thing—the thing which most often biases criticism and turns it into praise or flattery—is a dislike—a fear of inflicting pain. They merely praise, fearing to criticise lest they hurt their friend's feelings. But, after all is considered, are they really kind when they say: "It is fine. You are quite an artist."? Would it not be far kinder—a greater manifestation of true friendship if they would speak the truth? Surely, the truth as given by them now, would be received with less pain—less disappointment than the truth as, in the future, it will be given by Time.

What the REVIEW asks in behalf of the students, who write for its pages, is not mere praise and flattery, but, preferably, a combination of both constructive and destructive criticism. Let this criticism be based upon careful forethought and truth, and in the end it will prove to be the greatest manifestation of kindness and true friendship.

Finally, altho they should not be too easily discouraged by a little adverse criticism, the students, who have tried to do literary work and have met with repeated discouragement and failure on almost every side, should discontinue their efforts for a while at least. They should, in the words of Goethe: "Submit to what is unavoidable, vanish the impossible from the mind and look around for some new object of interest in life." And to the students, who, in the same line of work, have met with praise, encouragement and success, the following words by Maeterlick may serve to incite some self analysis, which, in turn, may serve to dispel some delusions, pleasant but detrimental to the winning of great success: "He who is truly strong, will examine with eager care, the praise and advantages that his actions have won for him; and will silently reject whatever oversteps a certain line that he has drawn in his own consciousness. And the stronger he is, the more nearly will this line approach the one that has already been drawn by the secret truth that lies at the bottom of all things."



THE TALK OF A PESSIMIST? YES—PERHAPS.

As it were better, youth
Should strive thru acts uncouth
Toward making than repose
On aught found made!—Browning.

After over a year of experience in endeavoring to secure some proof that the majority of the Latin Scientific, Classical and General Science students, *are*

trying to, or can create, from the great mass of things which they are compelled to memorize, anything approximating an original idea, or expressive of their own personality, we are inclined to believe that the following sentence from "The Masquerader" is an accurate description of many of these students:

"— who existed because he was alive, and worked because he must."

Perhaps to you this sounds a little bitter—a little over-drawn. If so, perhaps you have had no opportunity to see what intellectual qualities and what talents are possessed by the majority of the present students who expect to be lawyers, journalists, preachers and teachers. You have observed their work in the class room; but, so proficient have some become in the game of bluff and some in the power of memorizing, that you cannot, from your observations there, say who can and who cannot do anything other than recite, in the learned manner of a talking machine, someone else's theories concerning—what not? and the doings from the time of the illustrious life cell, from which Darwin claims we have evolved, to an age before—what to them is evidently an uninteresting and unnoteworthy present. You have conversed with some but you have not come in close contact with the majority of these students. And even if you have, you know but little, for it is a noticeable and lamentable fact that the conversation between the students of this college is as trivial as that heard in the ball-room, and as gossipy as that heard at a camp meeting. In fine, unless you have been in a position in which you have had some claim upon the aid of these students and some reason for coming in frequent contact with them, you cannot pass a fair judgment upon the applicability of the preceding quotation. However, if you happen to be one of these students, you can apply it to yourself; and if you are not the one man in ten, and do not soon *wake up and grasp* some of the many opportunities offered at this college, you will have the pleasure of realizing that the afore mentioned quotation could consistently grace your tombstone. Once you have been made to realize this—that there are opportunities at Delaware for work, outside of the curriculum, to be done on your own initiative—that there are better ways to show that you are a college man, than those of exhibiting high marks, winning your "D" and wearing your hat cocked up in front, the REVIEW of the future will contain articles "proof positive" of your ability to apply your knowledge and of the true utility of your course of study.



OFF WITH THE OLD AND ON WITH THE NEW.

Believing that to work without progress is to fail, the present editor "discontinues his editorial relations" with the REVIEW. This lack of progress has been due to a greatly limited amount of time and ability, which, in the future, a new editor-in-chief will give to these pages.

Before throwing away the scissors and the paste-pot, however, the editor wishes to express his sincerest thanks to Dr. Sypherd, the value of whose candid and clear-cut criticism can be shown only by a "before-and-after-taking" comparison; to the business manager, Paul H. Keppel, '07, the great wizard of finance that is not frenzied, whose diligent and successful search for advertisements has made both our recent increase in the number of pages and the appearance of cuts possible; to the associate editors who have worked faithfully and well; and to the few brave students, who, fearing not the ambition-killing "We-regret-that-your-contribution-is-not-available-for-our-uses," have contributed to these pages. Finally, as a last will and testament, the present editor bequeathes his best wishes and his stock of students' soothing "I-will-write-something-for-you-after-awhiles" to the new editors, under whose editorship the REVIEW is expected to take on new life and become a better representative of the College.

Athletics.

Edited by LESTER E. VOSS, '07.

BASKET BALL.

DELAWARE 55—U. OF PA. MEDICALS 9.

Delaware played the third game of the season against the U. of Pa. Medicals on December 12, and scored the third straight victory with a score of 55-9. The game was a complete walk-over for the Delaware team, the Medicals not being able at any time to stop the fine shooting of the Delaware forwards, nor, owing to the defense work of the Delaware men, could they succeed in running up their own score.

The line up was as follows:

DELAWARE.		U. OF P. MED'S.
Shaffer, (capt.)	Forward	Davis
Newman	Forward	Osman
Robin } Ward }	Centre	Speer
McGarvey } Wyatt }	Defense	Jacoby, (capt.)
Voss	Defense	Stukle

Field Goals—Shaffer 11, Newman 10, McGarvey 4, Robin 2, Speer 3, Osman 1. Foul Goals—Osman 1, Newman 1. Referee—Tiffany. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

YALE 25—DELAWARE 11.

On December 19 the largest crowd ever known to attend a basket ball game at Delaware, attended the game played against the strong team from Yale.

As there was some delay in starting the game a preliminary game was played by the scrub team against the Wilmington High School, but was devoid of any interest, being so much one-sided. The scrub team easily ran away with the High School boys and played them off their feet, beating them by a score of 36-6. These six points were due more to accident than to the play-

ing of the High School boys. The line up :

DEL. SCRUB.		W. H. S.
Baldwin }	Forward	Butz, (c)
Ruth }		
Armstrong }	Forward	Knopt
Kongold }		
Eliason	Centre	Simpson
Papperman, (c.) }	Guard	Nye
Bell }		
Cann }	Guard	Kyle
Josephs }		

The Varsity game began at 9.45 and from start to finish was the fastest game ever seen on the floor, both teams playing an excellent game. The result was undecided until the whistle blew at the close of the game. One of the features of the game was the long shooting by the Yale men. They scored nearly all their points by these long shots, some of them from the centre of the floor. Clifford excelled in shooting.

No special praise can be given to any one man on the Delaware team. Every man played a perfect game, and as usual the whole team played as one body. The line up :

YALE.	DELAWARE.	
Kinney	Forward	Shaffer, (c.)
Clifford	Forward	Newman
Murphy	Centre	Robin
Wren	Defense	Voss
Noyes, (capt.)	Defense	{ McGarvey Wyatt

Field Goals—Clifford 6, Kinney 5, McGarvey 2, Shaffer 1, Newman 1, Murphy 1. Foul Goals—Newman 2, Robins 1, Noyes 1. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

SWARTHMORE 32—DELAWARE 14.

On January 10 the team went to Swarthmore. The game started at 8 p. m., and to those who are fond of witnessing a rough house game it was all that could be desired. In the first half it was soon plainly evident that the Delaware team outclassed their opponents at all points, and had they been given a fair show would easily have come off with another victory to their list. Delaware scored the first point in the game after six minutes of play and kept with her opponents until after the first of the second half, when the score was 13-11 in Delaware's favor. At this point the referee caused a considerable change in the game by throwing all regular rules to the wind and using a set of his own. It was due largely, we feel, to his decisions that the game ended with the score as it was, 32-14, instead of a victory for Delaware. The line up :

DELAWARE.		SWARTHMORE.
Shaffer, (c.)	Forward	Heed
Newman }	Forward	Clements
Robin }		
Robin }	Centre	Griffin
Eliason }		
Voss	Defense	{ Swain Booth
McGarvey	Defense	Dill

Field Goals—Shaffer 4, Robin 1, McGarvey 1, Heed 3, Clements 3, Griffin 5, Swain 3, Dill 1. Foul Goals—Shaffer 2, Clements 2. Time of halves—Twenty minutes. Referee—Manager Henri, of Swarthmore.

DELAWARE 35—MEDICO CHI II.

January 15 was the date of another victory for Delaware. Medico Chi was defeated easily by the score 35-11, in a game lacking any special interest.

The schedule for the remainder of the season as arranged by Manager Shaffer so far is as follows :

January 17, Millersville, at Millersville, Pa.

January 18, Bucknell, at Lewisburg, Pa.

January 19, Penna. State, at State College, Pa.

January 22, Inter Class games, second series.

January 26, Swarthmore, at Newark.

February 5, Philadelphia Dental College, at Newark.

February 19, Muhlenburg College, at Newark.

February 22, Albright College, at Meyerstown, Pa.

February 23, Lebanon Valley College, at Annville, Pa.

February 26, open.

February 28, open.

March 1, Rutgers, at New Brunswick, N. J.

March 2, Stevens, at Hoboken.

March 7, Tome, at Newark.

March 14, Lebanon Valley, at Newark.

Besides these games selected some of the other games pending are with Gettysburg, Mt. St. Mary's College, George Washington University, and University of Virginia.

TRACK.

As soon as the Christmas holidays were over, Voss, Captain of the Track team, called out the candidates to begin training. He found the prospects for a winning team this year very promising. All of last year's men have returned except Cramer, '06.

BASE BALL.

Manager Stine has added to his schedule published last month a western trip, on which will be played the following games :

June 5, St. Vincent College, at Bratly, Pa.

June 6, Pittsburg College, at Pittsburg, Pa.

June 7-8, University of West Virginia, at Morgantown, W. Va.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Edited by GUSTAVE A. PAPPERMAN, '09.

[In the absence of Papperman, '09, this column was edited by Messick, '07.]

The receipt of exchanges for this month has been lighter than usual and we note that many of our regular numbers are absent from our table. Tho somewhat excusable for the break, in the hurry to get off on Xmas vacations, it should be the zealous duty of every Ex-man to attend first to his business and seek pleasure afterwards. We are gratified to notice that several of our Xmas numbers are better than the regular issue, and among the foremost of these we are glad to mention the "Fordham Monthly." Evidently the literary spirit has not been dulled by

the attention of the students to other duties, as in many other colleges, our own included, and we are glad to give a word of praise to the editors of this worthy paper. It contains several bits of verse, some of which are creditable indeed, and possessing sentiments worthy of the great Festal day.

The prose productions, "Christmas at Bethlehem," "Master and Ship" and "Dramatic Poetry," show careful thought and preparation. The first selection, tho simple in description, is in detail, and the writer not only has the picture of Bethlehem clearly in his mind, but he presents it in an attractive and vivid manner, and we are prone to feel with him the sacredness of a Xmas Day and a Xmas service in that far away town of our Savior's birth.

"Master and Ship" is also creditable and interesting, yet it has less literary merit. We are not interested in the production as a literary effort, but only as it concerns the "Nellie Floyd" and her captain. At any rate the writer has brought out in a forcible manner,

the constancy of Capt. Matheson.

The last selection, which we will notice, is "Dramatic Poetry." This is a more scholarly effort and shows much more thought and preparation than the others. Very clearly and distinctly the writer defines dramatic poetry, its limits and office, and then follows with a brief history of its development. This production is well worthy of reading, not only for entertainment but for the great amount of information compiled in so brief a space. More treatises like this would make our college magazines much more useful and would tend to raise them above their present standing.

"The Song of the Soul of Things" in the "College Student" is quite an attractive and novel poem, and is worthy of favorable comment.

"The Perkiomente" is one of the most attractive of our exchanges. It is neatly gotten up and its contents are interesting and clear-cut.

"To Dixie," in the "Washington Collegian," is interesting and gratifying to those of the Southland.

Locals.

Edited By LAURENCE E. CAIN, '07.

Mr. H. V. Slack, one of the National Secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., visited the College in December.

Dr. Albert Robin has completed his series of lectures on "The Pitfalls of Youth." He came under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and the Association

wishes to take this means of extending to him its sincere thanks.

Hon. Henry C. Conrad, the well-know Wilmingtonian, on December 18th, delivered the first of a series of lectures, which will be given under the auspices of the Current Topics Club.

The subject of the lecture was "A Delaware Family with a Great Record." It was a biographical sketch of the family since the time that the ancestor lived at the English Court. In a very interesting manner, the speaker told that there were more Rodneys than Cæsar, the signer of the Declaration, who have played very important parts in State and National politics.

Dr. Harold de Wolf Fuller, of Harvard University, will deliver three lectures on Shakespeare, in the College Oratory, February 6th, 7th and 8th—Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock, and Friday afternoon at 3.15. Dr. Fuller is one of the foremost of the younger Shakespearean scholars in America, and his addresses will undoubtedly be of great interest to the students and their friends. These lectures will be given under the auspices of the English Department of the College and will be open to the public.

Mr. Messersmith, principal of the Newark schools, has delivered some very interesting and instructive lectures before the senior and junior classes in history.

The second lecture of the series before the Current Topics Club was delivered by Mr. Wolcott, of Wilmington. In the beginning he thoroughly proved that the subject he had chosen was one of current interest and economic importance, and before he had completed he put forth one of the strongest arguments possible in favor of temperance or prohibition.

Dr. Harter was in Dover, January 14,

to attend a meeting of the State Board of Education, of Delaware.

Warrington, translating the Latin : Grammatici Certant : "Gram-Grammaticians strive." Peal of laughter.

As there were always so many New Year's resolutions made we would like to publish some few, that might be well to follow. Resolved :

That, during the evenings, I will not confine myself too closely to my room.
R. Jones.

That I will make less noise in the dormitories this year. "Texas."

(We are sorry to say this has been broken already.)

That I will break every—rule, for freshmen.
Bice.

That I will forget all girls until commencement time.
Rossell.

That I will beat my predecessors at running the boarding club.
G. Francis.

That I will settle down to hard work.
C. Shaffer.

That, hereafter, I will study my bridge engineering before class time.
Prof. F. H. R.

That I will continue to give fatherly advice.
Messick.

That I will cut my correspondence down to fifteen letters a week.
Perkins.

That I will not break more than ten test tubes, two wash bottles and a desiccator per week.
Singles.

That I will cease to disturb people with my songs.
Wingett.

That I will not spend too much time
in Chesapeake City. Ellison.

That I will discontinue my regular
visits to Philadelphia. Messick.

That I will not forget to assign a
lesson for each recitation that comes
immediately after a vacation.

Prof. Conover.

That I will have a lemon to every-
one who tries to get off anything funny.
Palmer.

That I will quit discussing politics
with the Republicans. Singles.

That I will not study so hard this
year as last. McFarlin.

That I will reduce the number of
my New York trips to one per month.
Blake.

That I will not tell any more gun-
ning yarns in French class.
J. Smith.

That I will not have any consider-
ation for people's feelings. The local
columns must be filled

The Local Editor.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Edited by KARL HERRMANN, '07

Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Cann, A. B.,
1842, died December 27, at the home
of his daughter, Mrs. E. C. McSherry,
in Frederick, Md.

Mr. Cann was the oldest alumni of
Delaware College. He was born in
Glasgow, Del.; entered Delaware Col-
lege in 1838; graduated in 1842; re-
ceived the degree of A. M. in 1845
and of L. L. D. in 1896. He was

President of the Frederick Female
Seminary from 1865 to 1873, when he
became principal of the school of Lack-
awana. In 1903, he returned to Fred-
erick and retired from active work.
He was 87 years old and considered a
"man of eminent mental qualifica-
tions."

Charles W. Bush, A. B., '03, of
Brasenose College, Oxford University,
paid his friends in Newark a short
visit. Mr. Bush expects to graduate
in June. He also says that the recent
reports of interviews with Dr. Osler
are to a great extent false.

Theodore R. Wolf, '01, of Cleve-
land, Ohio, recently spent several days
in Newark.

James M. Conner, '03, and Mrs.
Conner, spent their Xmas holidays in
visiting friends around Newark.

George L. Lovett, '06, is now a
teacher in a school at Atlantic High-
lands, N. J.

The following men have recently
visited the College: George Henry, '97;
Leo Pie, '05; Paul Pie, '06; W. S.
Kennedy, '05; Ralph Bawler, '05; Wm.
V. Derby, '06; Joseph Edwards, '06;
Arthur Hauber, '06; O. P. Hewes, '06
and A. C. Ward, '06.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NOTES

Edited by AYRES J. STOCKLY, '08.

The New York State College of
Agriculture, at Cornell University, has
received a gift of \$30,000, for the
foundation of six agricultural scholar-
ships. Tuition in the college is free

to students from New York State, and the scholarships will be a substantial help toward living expenses.

Professor L. B. Judson, professor of Horticulture in the University of Idaho, has been appointed assistant professor of Horticulture in Cornell University, to take charge of subtropical hortology with some related courses.

The eighth annual conference of the Association of American Universities was held in Phillips Brooks house,

Harvard University, November 23rd and 24th. The following universities are members of the association: California, Catholic, Chicago, Clark, Columbia, Cornell, Delaware, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Jr., Michigan, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Virginia, Wisconsin, and Yale.

The fifth annual meeting of the Association of Colleges, in New England, was held in New Haven, on Monday and Tuesday, October 29th and 30th.

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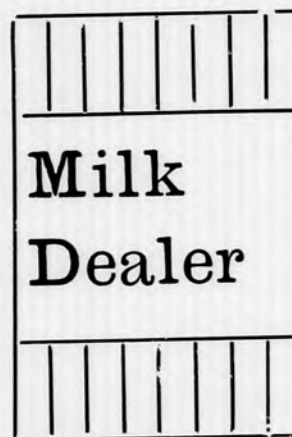
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