

The Delaware College Review

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IMPERIALISM

WHAT is imperialism? This is a most important question to all the citizens of the United States at the present time.

"Imperialism is a theory of national policy in accordance with which a nation seeks to add to its territorial possessions for the purpose of trade and political influence."

We have a striking example of this great lust for conquest in the Russo-Japanese war. Russia today is involved in a costly and bloody war when she might be at this moment at peace and enjoying prosperity. Why? Because the plutocrats of Russia refuse to content themselves with developing their own resources and elevating the social condition of their half civilized people. Alas! for those people already heavily taxed, poor to the extent that they are three or four years behind in their rent, these people are to have a fresh burden placed upon them to satisfy the ambition of a few.

Russia is not alone: this spirit of imperialism has been the canker of every great nation from time immemorial. Greece, Rome and the Venetian States were worthy examples of greatness so long as they revered and obeyed the principles of liberty and equality of men. Their downfall was caused when they became empires of conquest and domination.

For almost a century Europe has endured the misery of imperialism. Within that time six great wars have been occasioned by the policy of forcible annexation of land. England, the boasted civilizer of the heathen, has many black stains on her record. As a result of the policy of one man, Lord Beaconsfield, she was almost led into a war with Russia for the sake of protecting Turkey, a country which rivals "darkest Africa" for cruelty.

Besides, an inglorious war with Afghanistan was provoked, a bloody war with the Dutch in South Africa, and a tribe of the Zulus almost annihilated in the process of civilization. And to cap all, in 1877 the Queen of England was made Empress of India, a country which has caused English Statesmen to lose more sleep than has any other colony.

Did the French laborer fully appreciate the loss of imperial blessedness, when Alsace-Lorraine were taken by Germany and an indemnity of one billion dollars was wrung from him? Who is the gainer of this policy of bloodshed and ambition.

Unfortunately this plague has spread to the United States, a country which has developed the most perfect system of democracy ever known. A country regarded with fear and hatred by European Monarchies and aristocracy.

The result of the Cuban war has started in motion a dangerous policy of conquest. The extent of this movement lies in the power of the people. In the face of all history, with honor and reverence of the wisdom of our forefathers, in the name of Christianity, the United States cannot embark in this policy of conquest and all its attending ills.

W. H. B. '04.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FRESHMAN

ON the morning of the 26th day of October, 1886, a small red-faced baby boy made his advent into this vast world. This wee mite of humanity was little aware of his future trials and tribulations. His minute imagination could not conceive the number of spankings and lectures to be administered to him by his stern papa. If such had been the case it is doubtful whether he would ever have survived the first few hours of his life. As some one has very correctly stated, "ignorance is bliss."

The name of this young gentleman proved to be George Jimfiz Hibawl and George Jimfiz Hibawl proved to be me. Now listen dear reader, and I will tell you the short but interesting story of my life.

I was at the time in which this tale begins, an innocent youngster, my sole delight and aim in life was to play with my little pink toes, or suck my thumbs, but as the days of my existence rolled by

I began to show that I was surely one of Adam's descendants, in other words, the "Old Boy" made his presence known in my hitherto spotless career. I robbed my dear father and mother of many nights of slumber by the constant use of vocal and lacrymal organs combined. If I did not fancy the appearance of my milk bottle, then bang it would go up against the side of the wall. Many were the rattles that I swallowed, or attempted to swallow, simply because they did not make enough noise to satisfy my strenuous desires. And talk about hair-raising adventures and narrow escapes, why I had them by the hundred. Anything at all from a thrilling encounter with the black tom cat, to falling out of the third story window. I have since wondered that my mother's hair did not turn gray during this tempestuous and uncertain period of my life.

Of course while all these interesting changes were taking place, I was slowly but surely developing into a future President of the United States (in the eyes of my fond and admiring parents.) My head began to have quite a covering of hair, and I even sported a few teeth. But oh! the unexpressible anguish endured by father, mother, and child during the teething period. Never will I forget those first grinders.

Well, I changed and changed and changed. Long dresses were replaced by kilts, kilts were replaced by short trousers, and then indeed I was a man in my own estimation. I started to school to a little private institution which bore the imposing name of "Bedbug Hall." My thoughts were more involved in marbles and tops than in the "rule of three" or Barnes Easy Reader for Children. I became proficient in the art of whistling, I had trouser pockets in which to put my hands, I punched boys heads, and got my head punched in return, I traded, invariably getting the worst end of the bargain. Big boys teased little boys, little boys threw bricks at the big boys, I was a little boy, I threw a brick, the brick did not hit the big boy but instead sank through the polished surface of a large store window. As a natural result the storekeeper interviewed my papa, my papa then interviewed me, and to use a vulgar expression, I received a "lamming" that I shall remember until my dying day.

When I reached the tender age of 8 years I was initiated into the mysteries of public school life, and it was not until I had solved

these mysteries, likewise percentage, diagrams, hygiene, history, etc., that I was permitted to attend an academy.

Here, my friend, starts another epoch of my seventeen years. I have donned my first long trousers, oh what bliss. I could feel my self importance bristling out in every direction. I studied Latin, I taxed my brain with Algebra, Geometry, Rhetoric, French, and various other subjects pertaining to the acquirements of knowledge, and — shall I tell it? I fell in love, my first attempt at anything in that line. My passion raged furiously for a time, and during that time I was a love-lorn, love-sick lad. But sad to relate, my ardor received a fearful blow. The object of my adoration had another beau. I was "turned down." I thought at first that I would not survive the shock, but as you see, I have lived to tell the tale.

I spent three years at the academy, and was then pronounced to be mentally able to withstand the ordeal of college entrance examinations.

It was in the "merry month of June" that I took the exams, and to use Julius Caesar's well known words "Veni, vidi, vici." On the 10th day of September, 1903, my college life began. I called myself a man, my college acquaintances called me a FRESHMAN, but I bore this insult without making any protest, whereby I displayed the small amount of common sense that I possess.

Was I hazed? No doubt about it. The Sophomores introduced me to shower baths innumerable. They wanted to hear me sing. I sang. They were anxious to know if I was a good dancer. I danced. This all goes to show what an accommodating young man I am. I know not if my kindness is appreciated.

This narrative now brings me through two terms of college life, and places me on the brink of examination week. Exams are said to be a case of the "survival of the fittest." Will I be one of the fittest? I hope so. I trust to be. I pray to be, and dear friend pray with me. My biography is ended. G. M. B. '07.

CURA PREHENDA

IN a free country, enjoying the privileges guaranteed in our ever-to-be-guarded Constitution, all topics are open, and those most important, most vital to the great divisions soon rise to pre-eminence. The tariff, a new currency system, imperialism and other

burning issues engross the public mind, but not one is so paramount as the negro problem.

Never in the history of any Nation has there been a more vexing, insistent, perilous question. Beginning for us when

"That fatal, that perfidious bark

Built i' the the eclipse and rigged with curses dark"

first beat into that Carolinian port in 1819. Gradually the numbers of slaves increased by importation and prolific propagation. Spreading over a large section of our land, becoming inextricably interwoven with our other elements in the fabric of National growth, the time came when it was found necessary to make a change. This is no place nor do I care to discuss the issues involved. As Bismark says "settled facts preclude discussion." A change was made and the South lay for years panting, fainting; almost overcome by the awful outpouring of her heart's best blood.

Many fondly thought that the dreadful internecine strife of 1861-65 had settled the issue forever; but vain hope! A condition of affairs now confronts us beside which the perplexities and anxieties of the four decades preceding 1860 were merely children's trifles: moreover, involved as we find ourselves, torn by warring emotions and interests, we have no great compromise.

And what is the condition of affairs? The negro, by successive enactments, has been freed and enfranchised: and what are the results? We find that the politicians who depended on the negro vote for their positions and very being as a politician have so debased the colored man that his ballot is merely a question of price. Therein lies the whole evil. The vote goes to the highest bidder, and consequently the ward-heelers and henchmen, of both parties, not republicans alone, work on the negro with every means at their command, by every blandishment of flattery, coaxing and cajoling him, by veiled or open threats, by liberal bribes. Hardly virtue herself could withstand such attacks, surely not the morally weak, densely ignorant African.

Far worse than any slave-trade is the traffic in votes and voters now carried on. Colored men are imported and transmitted from one State to another, having been used at the ballot box they are left to their own devices, drunk and with several ill-gotten dollars in

pocket. If this continues and spreads as it surely must unless checked, the American voter must be defeated in the very end and aim of the ballot.

But there is another and a more terrible evil. A cancer eating into the side of the social body. It is the "new crime," the manifestation of the negroe's attempt to attain to social equality.

First we find them entering white brothels where for a sum they may and do satisfy their lusts. But unhappily they do not stop at that. Mentally and morally foul and loathesome as they are, and with their bodies still more unclean, they are not satisfied with the specked fruit: they must possess the pure and wholesome, and hence we find them attacking and assaulting our women.

And what shall we do to be saved? The very number of remedies proposed is encouraging in that it shows an awakened, thinking public mind. Solitary confinement for life, emasculation, deportation, colonization, hanging and burning alive are all loudly advocated; but they are impossible, or superficial, something radical, something sweeping must be done and the only feasible plan is disfranchisement. The thing is easily practicable as may be seen in four Southern States and soon shall be seen in our beloved Maryland. The thing must be done! The Nation demands it, ere the smell of smoking flesh floats on every breeze, and the dreadful sonority of the blood hounds bay again makes tongued the slumbrous echoes of the mountain glens, ere in

"East, West, and North the shout is heard,
And torches flicker through the night;
Each valley hath its rallying word
Each hill its signal light."

Politicians may temporize to gain their own ends; Statesmen may compromise for the Nation's good, but the time has come for definite action! We must not idly sit, hugging the delusion that everything is all right, until—

"Evil things in robes of sorrow
Assail our Monarch's high estate"

and either attain their wished-for end or drag down that power which gave them their first breath of political life.

Aesop tells of a husbandman who, returning from work one

chill evening in Spring, found a snake, all benumbed, by the roadside hedge. Stricken with an unsophisticated countryman's ready pity he carried the torpid reptile home and placed it by the fireside for warmth. Leaving the house for a short time he was horrified on re-entering to find the snake, thawed out, coiled and about to strike his wife and children. Snatching a hoe, he crushed the ungrateful thing, at the same time reproaching himself for the well-meant but mistaken freedom which he had given it.

I need not point out any analogy. I reiterate we must act and act in the living present.

There is a rising sentiment in the State which would amend the Constitution or in some way deprive the negro of his vote, his chief evil, as well as his chief means of doing harm, alike to himself and to others; and it is in voicing this constantly increasing element, that like Cato of old haranguing against Carthage, I here declare, to save our women, save the suffrage, save the State—the negro must be disfranchised

H. K. '04.

THE BALTIMORE FIRE

THE United States has been visited by another terrible calamity; namely a great fire in the city of Baltimore, Maryland.

This disaster, following so closely on the heels of the Iroquois Theatre fire, makes a very black record for the months of December, 1903, and February, 1904.

The Baltimore fire started on the morning of the 8th of February, and on the night of that day, I, in company with two of my college friends took a train for the fire swept city. We reached our destination at three o'clock in the morning, and such an awe inspiring sight as that city presented is hard for tongue to tell, or pen to describe.

The southern or business section of Baltimore seemed to be one mass of seething, destructive flames. We three fellows worked our way close into the fire, so close that we were able even to extinguish a small blaze that had started in a nearby storehouse. As we watched the flames leap from building to building, and thought of the tremendous financial loss that would result, we fully realized the dreadful power of fire when it once gets headway. The

firemen, brave mortals they were, although fighting like demons, were unable to check the progress of the holocaust.

At five o'clock in the morning we left the immediate scene of the fire and made our way through the crowded streets, back to the railroad station. As we pushed along through the mass of humanity, it was a pitable sight to see poor people leaving their homes hurriedly with their few belongings carted away to safer places.

G. M. B. '07.

* * *

Here at Delaware College the fever of excitement created by the fire was intense. Three of the college instructors left on Monday morning for the scene of the disaster, and recitations in their branches were suspended for the day. The feeling of interest was contagious and it was not long before everyone in the college was anxiously watching the Baltimore & Ohio trains passing back of the college grounds; several specials, carrying fire apparatus to Baltimore, had already passed through Newark, and more were expected hourly.

However when recitations for the afternoon were over, the suspense was too great for many of the students. They realized that then was their chance of a lifetime. It is hardly likely, they thought, that another city will burn up when we are so near, and in fact they hoped none would. And so, as a result of all this, the college buildings seemed deserted in the afternoon. Very few college men remained longer in Newark than was positively necessary, and some of those who were fortunate enough to see the flames in their fury said that they had never seen such an awe-inspiring sight before, and never expected, or wished to see such a one again.

H. A. B. '07.

THE ART OF PRINTING AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

HAS the art of printing influenced the development of the English Language? In order to discuss the question intelligently it is first necessary to know the meaning of the term "art of printing" and a few facts concerning the early history of the art. Noah Webster has defined printing as "the act, art, or practice of impressing letters, characters, or figures on paper, cloth or other ma-

terials." Accordingly we must at once distinguish between at least two kinds of printing, namely, printing from blocks and from types. The operation of impressing letters and words on forms of types is known as typography.

From the earliest historic period some mode of engraving and producing impressions has been known. The Babylonians and Assyrians stamped their brick structures with impressions which in many instances show clearly that the stamp was embossed in relief and applied to the plastic clay. The Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks and Romans possessed models of inscribing characters on different materials. Towards the beginning of the thirteenth century wood was engraved in some of the countries of Western Europe to procure designs, with the aid of ink, on fabrics of linen and silk. All these ways of producing inscriptions may be included under "block printing."

There is no exact or entirely acceptable account of the invention of typography from the pen of any eye witnesses or contemporary chronicler. We do not know actually when, where, or by whom the mode of printing by types was first practiced. The claimant of earliest date is Koster, of Harlem. Many others have come forth to claim the honor of the invention, prominent among whom is John Guttenberg, who was a resident of Mentz in 1448. In Fox's book of martyrs we find the following statement as to the year of invention. "In following the course and order of years, we find this aforesaid year of our Lord 1450 to be famous and memorable for the divine and miraculous invention of printing."

1477 is recorded as the year in which printing was introduced into England. The honor for this belongs to Caxton, an Englishman, who acquired the art abroad. At the time of the introduction of typography the English language was still in a process of formation; the vocabulary was only partly formed, and the language itself consisted of various dialects characteristic of the different parts of England. The old manuscripts were wholly unlike modern books. They were long, narrow rolls of parchment on which the words were written close together, without any separation by spaces, without distinctive forms of letters. Capitols were employed for all purposes alike. There were no marks of punctuation, no divisions into

chapters and paragraphs, such as we see in modern books. What has produced this great change in the modes of recording thought? Is the building up of our extensive and complex vocabulary due simply to those elements which have contributed to the formation of languages since the origin of man? Or is it due to some recently invented element that our language has made such rapid development since the fifteenth century? Undoubtedly the invention of the "art of printing" accounts for this. The conditions to which this art is subject have been powerfully instrumental not only in bringing about material changes, such as modification in spelling and pronunciation of single words; but they have also exerted an important influence upon the more general forms of literature and even upon the character of mental action.

The results of the influence of printing upon the development of the English language may be included under two chief heads, namely, material changes and the diffusion of knowledge, each including several sub-results.

Under the former belongs all changes which have taken place, in the forms of the language as recorded upon manuscripts and in books. If we examine the older editions of printed books we find there a very irregular orthography. At a period when our language was in an unsettled condition and the press was a less flexible instrument, if the words of a manuscript did not correspond exactly to the length of a line and the difficulty could not be remedied by the insertion or omission of printer's spaces, without leaving blanks or a crowded condition of the words, the printer might add or omit a letter or two of a word, the spelling of which was not well fixed to give it the proper length. For example, in John Wycliffe's translation of the Gospel of John, xviii chapter, 2nd verse, *all* is spelled *a/* because of the want of space; while in the 21st verse of the same chapter *all* is spelled *alle* in order to give the line its proper length.

This rendered spelling very uncertain. But this is only the influence of early printing, for the habits of spelling soon became fixed. Now all printers make all manuscripts conform to the orthographical standards of the day.

"A reader that pointeth ill
A good sentence may oft spill,"

says Chaucer. This is especially true in English since that language is almost destitute of inflections. The use of commas, semicolons, et cetera is necessary to prevent obscurity in some of our long sentences. This practice of framing our written style with punctuation marks cannot but materially influence our use of language as a medium of unspoken thought. As it was with spelling among early printers so has it been with punctuation. As a letter might be added or omitted, so might a comma be dropped or introduced, a capital changed for a small letter and the reverse. Although this habit of incorrectly spelling words and of punctuating sentences to fit space no longer exists, yet material written for the press has always been controlled by what is known as "printer's reasons," and the consideration of mechanical necessity and convenience still exert an important influence upon questions of punctuation, orthography, and even expression.

Printing has also introduced a multitude of facilities for the convenient use of books, such, for example, as indexes. Few books of ancient times have come down to us even with tables of contents; for when manuscripts were copied by hand and by different persons an index prepared for one copy would not answer as a guide for a given page in another, and to write a new one for each and every copy was a task of great labor and expense. Printing, however, did away with this necessary labor and expence to such an extent that today hardly a book is published without an index and table of contents.

Again the introduction of printing has made possible the multiplication of dictionaries, and other works of an encyclopaedic nature, which were so rare among the ancients that scarcely any of them have come down to us. The multiplication of dictionaries and their improvement is a matter of especial importance to the general comprehension of English. They give us the meaning of words, their origin, derivation, and composition, which is a subject of great complexity in English because of its various sources.

Another feature of our language which printing has effected is that of pronunciation. Especially has the periodical press been instrumental in extirpating local peculiarities of dialect, and producing the great uniformity with which the English language is spoken and

written wherever it is used at all. The formation of the Romance languages is an example of the tendency where there is no connecting medium. The extensive amount of printed matter is a medium which prevents the localization of the English language.

The material changes which have been mentioned and briefly discussed are the most conspicuous, yet not the most important results of the influence of printing upon the developement of the English language. Foremost in consequence is the diffusion of knowledge.

The near coincidence in time, between the "Reformation of the Sixteenth Century" and the general diffusion of the art of printing, throughout Europe, makes it difficult to determine how far the changes, which the sixteenth century produced in the English language, are to be ascribed to the one or the other. They in fact promoted each other and their influence upon thought and language was concurrent. The Reformation made a demand upon the press, while the multiplication of books and pamphlets spread religious truths through the land. Closely connected with the Reformation was the diffusion of the knowledge of classical literature which was brought about by means of the press. The increased number and reduced price of books released the ancient writings from the confinement of the monasteries, and the private individuals of moderate means were now able to read them. This influx of Latin and Greek words greatly enlarged our vocabulary with words of foreign origin. In Chaucer's "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales" we find that the thirty-nine words in lines 200-205 contain only seven foreign words. The forty-one words in lines 300-305 of the same poem contain five foreign words. This illustrates the condition of one vocabulary prior to the introduction of printing. Now if we examine Milton's *Areopagitica* written in the seventeenth century we find that of the first three-hundred words of that book twenty-four per cent. of foreign words which are mostly of Latin or Greek origin.

Because of the economy of printing books, compared with the expense of ancient manuscripts, copies have been multiplied, and this together with the uniformity and legibility of characters made reading much easier of acquisition, so that the amount of ignorance

has been greatly reduced among the English speaking race.

Where education and learning is general a greater demand is made for reading matter. And as "necessity is the mother of invention" so is a demand for reading matter an inducement to authorship.

The final result of printing that will be mentioned in this paper is that it has made society more intensely democratic; when printing brought learning within reach of the common people, when laymen of small means were enabled to procure books then the pride of the aristocracy was to some extent humbled, and the two extremes of society were brought closer to each other.

In summing up the various influences of the art of printing, whether for good or evil, we meet a difficult task. It is almost beyond human faculties to strike an exact balance between them. But there is little doubt that the development and improvement of the English language, upon which the press had a free and almost unrestrained course, is due to the art of printing more than to any other cause.

E. W. W. '05.

DE ALUMNIS.

O. C. SHORT, 1904.

Thomas G. Baxter, B. A., '00, a student in the Princeton Theological Seminary, was a welcome visitor at the College in March and gave a very interesting and instructive talk before the Young Men's Bible Class.

Edward M. Purnell, B. S., '84, a civil engineer of Mena, Ark., recently spent a few days in Newark.

William H. McDonald, B. C. E., '94, chief engineer S. F. & T. R. R., Indian Territory, recently spent a few days in Newark visiting his relatives.

Joseph H. Frazer, B. C. E., '03, has returned to his work on the corps of engineers at Morganton, W. Va.

LOCALS.

ASHER J. MCCABE, 1904.

Willis (playing pit): "I have a corner in old rye."

Truxton (after being out calling one evening): "my mouth feels as if I had been eating a stick of chalk."

Tom Gooden (talking to a lady friend): "you've heard of Alice Roosevelt?" Friend, "yes I've hearn tell of her. Her father was governor of Delaware once, wasn't he?"

E. W. Warrington (out calling), strolling around the room looking at the pictures notices that there seems to be room for two in the chair, so he sits down on the arm of her chair but turns out to be a laplander. "Here's your hat, what is your hurry?"

Bowler (looking over the races): "Here is a horse I never heard of before, "Also Ran."

Carnagy; "ever heard the story of the dirty window? Well you couldn't see through it."

Harry Bell: "Professor, does a female cow have horns."

W—s: "Professor I don't think much of Camden, N. J.; there seems to be a saloon on every corner."

Prof. C—r; "possibly you were looking for them."

Dr. W—: (ask's Lawton a question in Mineralogy) "oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Lawton, I beg pardon, I should have known better."

Roland Cooper: "Blake, is this to be a dramedy or a comedy?"

The lowest mark known in English composition—0.3, also a term mark of 0, 0, 0, 0, ?, and 4 absences. Ask Freshman Scott about it.

Roberts introduces Soper to a person at the Y. M. C. A. convention at Cumberland, "I am pleased to meet you (Mr.) Sober."

Brewster (to fellow sharpening a razor): "say, do you think that you could sharpen my wits."

The inter-society debate will be held in the Oratory on Friday evening April 15th.

"Rocky" Davis will start a brass foundry in Laurel this summer. It is rumored that Leo Pic will be his partner.

A query; why doesn't Freshman Bond go home on Saturdays? A woman in the case.

Short (wishing to make a hit): "I suppose that you heard all of those nice things I said about you."

Girl (having heard on the quiet): "No, what are they."

Short: "Oh, well, they are all true anyway."

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EDITORIAL.

THE new constitution of which we spoke in our last issue has been adopted and by the end of another year we look for great changes to be made in our paper. The new editorial board, which will be elected next month, will have resting upon them the responsibility of building up a higher standard than the REVIEW has ever enjoyed, which will be possible under the new constitution.

* * *

AGAIN that rare and ingenious specimen of human nature who graces the pages of the *Haverfordian* with his wonderful criticisms has spoken; and if we were not acquainted with this voice of thunder it might indeed awe us into silence. But we have heard that voice before.

We always feel complimented when our paper is criticised by any of our contemporaries, whether the criticism be censure or praise, but the specimen—we hesitate to call him a man—who does this important work for the *Haverfordian* is evidently ignorant of what criticism is. Webster says that criticism is "The art of judging with propriety, the beauties and faults of a literary production." We have long since ceased to regard "the specimen's" criticisms seriously, but look upon them merely as a laughable matter. We might here reproduce his remarks as they appeared in last issue of the *Haverfordian*, but we do not care for such a composition to be printed in our paper, even in quotation marks.

Through an error or carelessness on the part of the printer, the copy of the REVIEW which went to Haverford had its cover reversed, and the critic dwells at great length upon this fact, and after

wearing out that subject he takes up his favorite topic, "locals," and makes his usual remarks about them.

The editors of the *Haverfordian* seem to take life too seriously, for they evidently deem it degrading to tell or to laugh at a joke. We can easily picture these people as a set of very long-faced individuals, moving around with precision and punctuality, with shoulders erect, head thrown back, never condescending to look upon the unclean earth which is made but for their feet to press and bearing upon their breasts a placard with this inscription: "I am a college student; therefore, dignified. Tell no jokes and wear no smile while in my presence: such unscientific trifling belongs to those who are my inferiors."

Of about thirty-five exchanges, the *Haverfordian* is the only one which devotes no space to anything that pertains to humor—except the space allowed to the critic, who, unconsciously, makes his columns the most humorous of our exchanges.

* * *

AFTER the longest and most severe winter that many of us have ever experienced, spring has at last come, as if by magic, in one night.

Already the campus is assuming a green hue; the trees, especially the maples, are putting out their blossoms which closely precede their leaves; and nature on all sides is actively preparing its summer garments. The birds have all returned from their winter homes, and from early morning until dark the campus resounds with their merriest notes.

Of all seasons of the year this is surely the one that is most worth living.

EXCHANGE.

H. W. LYNDALL, 1905.

One of the most complete and up to date exchanges which we receive is *The Manitou Messenger*. This paper reflects much credit on the students of St. Olaf College and they can well feel proud of it. We would gladly point out the *Messenger* as a very good example of what a college paper should be: first of all it is bound in a very neat and attractive cover; secondly, it is the right size; thirdly,

its contents are so divided that each department receives the proper proportion of space, and lastly there is a cut at the head of each department. The literature of this paper is usually very good. The February issue is devoted especially to science. Among the literary articles are: "The Progress of Science in Norway During the Nineteenth Century," "Radium," "Diffusion and Osmotic Pressure in Plants," and "Scientific Principles Applied to Agriculture." All of these articles are interesting and instructive; but the essay on "Diffusion and Osmotic Pressure in Plants" is the best. Again there are the editorial and exchange departments which are as good as we have seen in any of our exchanges. The exchange editor especially deserves much credit for the interesting column which he contributes to each issue.

* * *

The *Blue and Gold* for March shows a decided improvement over the former issues of that paper. One or two articles in the literary department are very good. "The Cost of Intemperance" is a strong composition and shows, without any exaggeration, what the cost of intemperance is.

* * *

Our old friend *The Courant*, from the Western University of Pennsylvania, comes to us for the first time after having been absent from our table for several months. We are glad to notice that *The Courant* has lost none of its attractiveness. "A Losing Game," is a very well written piece as is also "All's Fair in Love and War," which is a continued story. If the concluding chapters of this selection are as good as the first it will be a very interesting composition.

* * *

We notice in the March issue of *Haverfordian* that a new editorial board has assumed the responsibilities of editing that popular paper. We wish the new editors success in their undertakings and hope that they may make this the most successful and prosperous year that *The Haverfordian* has known.

* * *

In each issue of *The Adrian College World* the editor-in-chief sets down some very good maxims. These terse sayings could well be quoted, for the most of them are cleverly conceived and very in-

structive. We have not seen better original apothegms in any of our exchanges.

* * *

One of the brightest and most interesting of our many exchanges and one which we are always glad to receive is *The Monthly Maroon*. So many of the ex-men devote all their space to criticising the cover designs and style of printing that we are rather loath to say anything regarding this one; still we cannot justly put *The Maroon* aside without a word or two of commendation; for it is the neatest exchange that comes to our table. The literary department contains several commendable articles, among which we might mention "Dominick's Girl" and "Maroon."

* * *

The Phoenix (Montpelier Seminary) is another one of our bright, snappy exchanges. We are very much pleased to note the steady improvement of this paper both in contents and also in the cover. Its most noticeable feature is its exchange department, which is arranged in quite a novelistic and interesting way. It is a sketch of a supposed journey in which the homes of all the exchanges are visited. We would be glad to see others like this as it is a pleasant variation of the usual arrangements of exchange columns.

* * *

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Punch Bowl*, *Western Maryland College Monthly*, *Urinus Weekly*, *The Reveille*, *The Oracle*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Haverfordian*, *The Phoenix*, *The Forum*, *The Willistonian*, *The Weekly Columbian*, *Agnesian Monthly*, *Hedding Graphic*, *The Nazarene*, *The Athenaeum*, *The Targum*, *The Holcad*, and others.

ATHLETICS.

F. SCHABINGER, 1904.

BASE BALL.

With the return of spring comes again the outdoor athletics. Yet at the present writing the weather is of such a state that the prospects for outdoor practice are not very promising.

We are handicapped in not having a cage in which to practice while the cold weather continues.

In spite of the unfit condition of the ground a number of men

have been out for practice and when the call for candidates was made about thirty men responded. This was very gratifying, especially so since most all of the men of last year's team were present; with these and the large number of new men to select from a very strong team should be formed.

Prof. L. O. Willis has consented to coach the team and we feel assured that under his directions the team will be guided to a season of victories.

The schedule arranged by manager Lawton for this season is the best one we have ever had. For this reason let every man come out and help in some way; if you can not play come out and encourage those that do play.

The time before the beginning of our schedule is growing very short and every man must get the needed practice which is necessary to win games.

TRACK TEAM.

We are very glad to note the interest taken in the track team this year. All the men of last year's team have been out, and quite a number of new men.

Prof. Short, who coached us last year with such good results, has charge of us again this year and we feel assured that if every one will only follow his instructions and work conscientiously we can have a winning team again this year.

The invitation to participate in the U. of P. field meet at Franklin Field has been received and accepted by manager A. J. McCabe.

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