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The Referee

MY SHINGLE had been hanging out on Main street, Pindore, only three months. In this short time my past had been carefully investigated by the gossips who usually take upon themselves the responsibility of passing on all strangers who enter little towns like Pindore. At first all that could be learned about me was that I was a graduate of Washington Law School and evidently had the qualities that would make me a worthy citizen.

All was well until the football season started. No man was a loyal citizen of Pindore unless he supported and boosted the town teams. Pindore started the season with a glorious victory. The week following, a team from a factory in a city nearby, rolled our beloved team all over the lot to a score of about 35 to 0. It was then that some irresponsible gossip started the story that I was an ex-star from the big college. I should have disdained all knowledge of the game from the start, but like most mortals I enjoyed all the flattery that was heaped upon me. I finally turned down all their offers of a position on the teams with the excuse that my professional work occupied every minute of my time. Then they asked me if I couldn't spare a few minutes each night in teaching them. Now, to tell the truth, the nearest I ever came to playing football was to stand on the sidelines or in the rooting section, yell my lungs out, and smash up derbies when the ball was pushed over our opponents' line. I knew a forward pass when I saw one worked and knew that the side kicking the ball could not recover it until it had touched the ground. Outside of that, my knowledge of the game was entirely from the spectator's point of view.

Some of the townspeople were a little disgusted with me because of my refusal to take any active interest in their teams—me a college man. The crisis came one Saturday. Pindore was to play their greatest rivals, the team from Warden. The two teams were on the field ready to play when a discussion arose as to who would act as referee. Warden would not consent to Pindore's regular official for they said they "knew him." Pindore's captain refused to give in; so there things stood. The crowd was growing impatient—the members of the opposing teams were lined up on the field telling what nice things they would do to each other when the game started.

I happened to be standing near the two captains and heard the argument. Then a thought—that I afterward so much regretted—struck me. I had often seen the officials at the college games trot around the scrimmage, blow their whistle when everybody got wedged in so tight that there wasn't any chance of pushing the ball up another inch. I could make a big bluff, offer my services as referee, and win back the favor I had lost in the eyes of Pindore. Well, to omit all the uninteresting detail, I was accepted after proper introductions, and as soon as I had slipped on an old sweater I was supplied with a whistle—and the game was on.

I often wonder how I ever survived to tell this story. Turn twenty-two wild beasts loose after one chunk of meat and you have a tame idea of a football game between two small town teams. I got the first two or three scrimmages off without incident. Then Pindore started an end run. I was hot on the trail of the runner, bent on being right on the spot when I was needed. Suddenly one of the Worden men shot out in front of the man with the ball and his interference and down they went like logs over a water-fall. One of them rolled over directly in my path. I think the first place I struck was my ear. I spun around a couple of times and stopped. I thought the whole of my tongue was gone. I had pinched it so hard against the whistle. As I got up I saw the bunch still tugging and scrawling around the man with the ball. I blew the whistle, jumped in, and stopped the scrimmage. They lined up and went at it again. This time it was a mass play, and I had to dive in and pull and tug at stray arms and legs until I had convinced the pile that it was time to get up and take a fresh start.

When the next play was started, Warden was on the offensive, and I was at one end of the line. Their haliback was given the ball on what appeared to be a run around the other end. It proved to be one of those "criss-crosses" or something like that. Anyhow just as I rounded the end of the line to follow the ball I met Warden's full and the other half coming my way with the ball. I was once run over by an automobile while at college—had two ribs broken; but say, that was nothing to what happened to me when I "met" that back field. For a moment I thought my bones had been reduced to fertilizer. I felt the hoof-prints of that fullback on my shoulder for a month. A pretty sight met my gaze when I picked myself up. Down the field almost 50 yards, two fellows were smashing and hammering at each other in anything but exhibition style. Every time a man from one team would try to separate the combatants, somebody from the other team would grab the peace-maker and another bout would be started. The crowd was surging in the field and things surely did look black. I put on a brave front, ran down the field and pushing my way through the thickest of flying arms, I succeeded in parting the two main fighters.

"Back off of the field," I shouted. "Warden's penalized 15 yards for slugging." Before I could get the ball and enforce the penalty, about six of the Warden men grabbed me by the sweater-arm—or some part of my anatomy—and such a hub-bub.

"That guy slugged me first!"

"That big tub stepped on my face!"

"We won't take any penalty!"

Then from the other side came—

"Stand up for your decision!"

"Never change!"

"We'll get 'em!"

I thought I would be swallowed whole right there. I pulled away from the crowd and placed the lace on the ground, 15 yards back. Then a discussion arose about the "down." For my life I couldn't remember what "down" it was or should be—in fact, I didn't know my own name. Somebody suggested the "rule book." My heart fell. I had never seen more than the picture on the outside of the cover. It would be Greek to me.

"No!" I shouted; second down, 20 to gain." And to my surprise they all slunk into their places. Well, in one or two plays Pindore got the ball and after a long run, one of their men dropped a goal from the field that looked very

doubtful. I was not in a position to judge clearly whether the ball went between the bars or not; but there had been so many uncomplimentary remarks cast at me from the side-lines, I decided in the best interests of my health to call it a goal. That ended the first half. I slid over to one corner of the field and hid behind a barn. Even the street urchins were hooting me and asking me what I knew about football.

The second half started out like the first. Bumped, bruised, muddy and "cussed" I made decisions that would have revolutionized the football rules. I was hauled around, threatened and nearly deafened with contending arguments, but I stood my ground, firm on my own imagination. I hardly had strength or breath to blow the whistle. Once, while behind the line, Pindore's half missed a poorly-passed ball, and it fell squarely in my arms. Instantly about twenty men came at me like an avalanche. Not for a fortune would I have held that ball. I dropped it on the ground and the two teams fought for the possession of it like wild beasts over the body of a stray missionary. The crowd hooted and laughed at me but I failed to see the joke.

Towards the end of the half the climax came. Warden worked the ball to within striking distance of the home team's goal. Excitement was at fever heat. Pindore held and the Warden full dropped back for a try at field goal. Not to be caught napping this time, I rushed back of the goal posts, where I could get a view of the kick. Well, the ball sailed up in the air and dropped under the bar by a foot. "No goal," I shouted, and ran back to pick up the ball. Down the field came about six men who had gotten loose with two Warden men in the lead. I wondered what made them so eager; the next instant I found out. As I picked up the ball and turned around the vanguard hit me. I believe they all dived towards that ball at the same instant. Great tons of bricks! Talk of mine cave-ins! By the time the rest of the bunch piled on I felt like I was a temporary foundation for the Rock of Gibraltar. Dirty, dusty knees were jammed in my mouth and ribs. I couldn't even see the light of day for the pile above me. The ball was jammed under me so that it was gradually pushing my stomach up in my throat. And this was the kind of sport my chums had gone wild over at college.

I never knew whether the pile above me was blasted away or whether they had been removed by a steam derrick. Somebody carried me over to the side lines and dashed a bucket full of water down my neck. When I came to, I found that I had unintentionally saved the day for Pindore. If one of those Warden men who were in the lead had fallen on the ball a touchdown would have been scored against Pindore. I felt like a martyr, but oh! what a feeling.

Before another play could be started time was called, and the final curtain rung down on that farce—no, tragedy—for me. Four or five of the town-boys started towards me as I was sneaking off behind the crowd. I was too weak to fight, so I waited for the worst. They grabbed my arms, slapped my sore back.

"All right, old boy," they said; "a fine game you refereed!"

And I collapsed.

E. H., '10.

Convict Island

RIGHT and early one crisp November morning we started for Convict Island on a fishing and hunting trip. Abe Boulden owned the sixteen-foot launch in which we embarked. He was captain and scout, a big, raw-boned fellow, who knew every inch of coast for miles. His an-

cestors were sea-faring men, and Abe's love for the ocean was as commonplace as his love for his family.

Haskell and I employed Abe to take us on the trip. We had taken on board two weeks' provisions, numerous firearms, and a great quantity of fishing-tackle. We proposed using the sail for power and as a canopy for our boat at night. A coal-oil stove would serve as a cook stove and heater, should we need the latter.

Convict Island was about two miles square, rocky and covered with pine trees, fifty-five miles up the coast and twelve miles out at sea. According to the plan mapped out by Abe, we were to stop twice over good fishing grounds before moving on to Convict Island, our final destination.

The third day out broke dark and dreary. A heavy fog obscured our view in every direction. The water seemed black and threatening. Abe paced restlessly along the seats of the boat while Haskell and I cooked breakfast. "Better get out of this," he said; "we might be run down by a fishin' schooner."

We agreed to what Abe said. Rolling the sail and starting the engine required but a minute. The chug-chug of the engine was a most welcome sound. The stillness that had attended the fog was oppressive. We were forced to keep a sharp lookout and proceed very slowly to prevent running into projecting rocks. This day seemed the longest we had ever seen. Abe had very little to say to us and we dared not talk to each other lest we disturb the line of thought his mind seemed trying to untangle.

As night drew on and no island appeared we began to question Abe's ability as a pilot; in fact, Abe himself seemed worried. Rain began to fall, gently at first, then harder and harder, until it literally poured. Abe stood up then, and with nose averted sniffed the air from every quarter like a dog on a trail. With the freshening of the wind Haskell and I became thoroughly frightened. This craft would never survive a storm on the ocean. The wind, however, proved our salvation, for the odor of the pine brought a smile to Abe's stern visage. A few minutes later the "Sunbeam" showed her nose into the short of Convict Island.

"Camp on shore tonight," remarked Abe.

We were glad to land and followed Abe up a trail that led to a cabin, near the center of the island. It was now nearly dark. We could barely see the outline of a rude shack, which to all outward appearances, had long since been deserted. That there might be some doubt as to this, however, we were given to understand by a warning "sh-h-h" from Abe. Motioning us to remain where we were, Abe crept stealthily forward like an Indian, glancing nervously about him at every step. Owing to the darkness we could now no longer see our guide. But in a few minutes Abe reappeared and led us up to the cabin.

The rusty hinges gave a creak as the door swung open. Something seemed to be moving rapidly about within. Abe struck a match, which was promptly knocked from his fingers and extinguished by some unknown agent. Haskell and I were ready to depart. We had not anticipated any adventure in connection with our trip. Abe lighted another match, which was also knocked from his hand. A third match he held under his hat, and we learned that the strange occupant of the cabin was a large owl, which, scared and blinded by the sudden appearance of light, had flown directly into it. Picking up a pine knot lying beside the door, Haskell made short work of our strange host.

In a few minutes Haskell's pine knot was blazing cheerfully, and flooding the dingy room with light. The cabin was built of logs roughly hewn, and held together by pegs. There was no floor except bare earth. The roof, so low we had to stoop to prevent bumping our heads, depended upon props to maintain its position. Branches of trees, and evergreen were so thickly interwoven that the roof successfully resisted the heaviest rain storm. From this quaint roof were suspended the only draperies which the cabin boasted, huge cobwebs, which like the cabin, seemed to have been long since deserted.

Abe quietly built a fire in the middle of the cabin. Haskell and I removed our gunning coats, sat down around the fire and lighted our pipes.

Strangely enough, the name which this island bore, had awakened within us no question as to its origin until our reception at the cabin.

"Why do you call this Convict Island?" I ventured.

Abe's version of it was as follows:

"Number of years ago five prisoners in C—— Penitentiary dug hole under prison, ran away. No trace found of them until four months pass. Then fishin' smack out in her and find them. Then they fight and convicts kill fishermen. Revenue cutter come here, look for fishin' smack, but convicts gone in her. Only fishermen body here. Convicts build this cabin while live here. Few days after pieces of fishin' smack float ashore and people say boat sink in storm. From that time nobody come here. Indians say 'this cabin haunted.'"

As the night wore on we grew sleepy and decided to roll up by the fire for a nap. The storm clouds had passed away and a half moon shone clear in the southwest.

"Maybe geese harbor her tonight," said Abe. "I go look and if any be here we get up early and gun." Abe returned in a few minutes.

"Did you see any?" asked Haskell. "No, but strange ship anchor just off shore," Abe replied.

We thought nothing of this, but continued our preparations for taking a nap. The fire burned low and finally went out. Abe and Haskell slept soundly. The gruesome story told by Abe and the incident attendant upon our arrival at the cabin had completely unnerved me. The heavy breathing of my companions only made me the more nervous.

Presently I dozed, only to be brought to a sitting position by the snap of a twig outside. My heart stood still, my blood froze in my veins, my hair stood erect. The snapping of the twig was followed by a soft foot-fall. Visions of the convicts returning, or the ghosts of the fishermen seeking revenge made my brain dizzy. I was too horrified to move. When my heart did get into motion again it pounded furiously. Its thumping must have aroused Abe, who sat up just in time to see the most repulsive representative of humanity ever created. His head first appeared in profile at the hole in the side of the cabin facing the ocean, as he listened expectantly. By reason of the moon's position, one side appeared ghastly pale, the other side very dark. The ears were small and closely set, the nose long and flat like that of a gorilla, while the nostrils appeared dilated. The eyes shone like beads through two narrow slits. Between his thick lips protruded great fang-like teeth. Veins in his neck stood out like whip-cords.

Abe reached over and touched Haskell, who awoke with a grunt and frightened our visitor. No sooner had the hideous face disappeared than we sprang

to our feet and fled down the narrow trail to our boat. We had barely gotten under way when a row-boat carrying eight men and propelled by three pairs of oars came into view around the north end of the island. A shot rang out over the water. Another and another followed in rapid succession. We were being pursued. In our haste to escape from the cabin we had neglected to secure our guns. There was nothing to do but rely upon the "Sunbeam" to carry us beyond the danger mark.

By noon the following day we had reached the little coast town from which we had started, and narrated our story. The older heads inclined to the belief that we had been mistaken for fish police and fired upon by poachers. They decided to round up the outlaws if possible. Before evening half a dozen smacks well manned were scouting over the territory we had covered. Armed patrols guarded the beach. Abe and I had volunteered our services to the patrols. For fifteen miles men were stationed along the beach, one to every mile. At about 12 o'clock that night the moon broke through a rift in the clouds, and "Pop" Larson signalled from his "beat" that the poachers were coming ashore. Our forces were quickly assembled. As the strangers disembarked they started toward our village walking single file. We allowed them to march on unmolested, keeping out of view behind the sand banks. When within about three miles of B—— they changed their course abruptly, and "Pop" called to them to halt and hold up their hands.

Seven wore queer garbs and seemed to be in charge of one who spoke our language.

The mystery was soon explained. The leader was smuggling seven Chinamen into the country. They had come there on the strange ship reported by Abe, and one of the Chinamen, whom we afterward recognized, had presented the horrible face we had seen at the cabin window. J. N. L., '10.

The Life and Character of Hon. George Read, the Signer

HON. GEORGE READ, the Signer, was born September 17, 1733, on one of his father's farms in Cecil county, Md. He was the son of Col. John Reed, who came to Maryland from England and was the ancestor of the American branch of his famous family, and of Mrs. Mary (Howell) Read, who came to America from Wales and was married to Col. John Read after her arrival in this country. George Read's family contained many remarkable persons. Charles Read, the novelist, was an English relative. In America George Read has two famous brothers—Thomas Read, who was the discoverer of the Caroline Islands, and was the first naval officer in command of an American fleet to receive the rank of Commodore; and James Read, who was a colonel in the Revolutionary War and one of the fathers of the American Navy. In addition to having these relatives, George Read was himself the ancestor of an illustrious family, who lived in Delaware for a while, but have since scattered and gone to the various States of the Union until but few, if any, are now living in our own State.

George Read received his early education at a seminary at Chester, Pa. After learning here the rudiments of the classical languages he was placed under the care of Dr. Francis Allison, who was then Pastor of the New London Church, near Chester, and afterwards the founder of the famous school that finally became the Newark Academy. Under this teacher George Read became

deeply versed in the learned languages, and much interested in the beauties of literature and the intricacies of science. During all this time he was a close student of human nature. At seventeen he went to Philadelphia to study law under John Moland, Esq., an eminent lawyer of that city, and at nineteen he was admitted to the Bar in Philadelphia. Two years later, in 1754, he moved to New Castle, Del., and began the practice of law in "the three lower counties on the Delaware" and the adjacent counties of Maryland. Here he occupied a large house overlooking the Delaware, which for a long time continued to be the mansion of the Read family. Here also on January 11, 1763, he married Miss Gertrude Ross, the daughter of Rev. George Ross, Pastor of Immanuel Church at New Castle.

At twenty-nine George Read was appointed Attorney-General under King George III. It was in this capacity that he was serving when England claimed it as her prerogative to tax America. As a friend to the mother country, he felt it his duty to warn England of the danger of taxing her Colonies without giving them direct representation in Parliament and prophesied that a continuance in this mistaken policy would lead to their independence and that the Colonies would eventually surpass Great Britain in her staple manufactures. After the repeal of the Stamp Act, on March 18, 1766, George Read penned Delaware's address to George III., which, Lord Shelbourne said, so impressed the King that he read it over twice. Soon after the news reached America that Parliament had passed an Act on November 20, 1767, imposing duties on paper, pasteboard, glass, painters' colors, and tea, George Read, with Caesar Rodney and Thomas McKean, formulated a second address to the King. This proving ineffective, Delaware, as well as the neighboring Colonies, agreed to import none of these articles from England, and George Read was appointed Chairman of a general committee to see that no shopkeepers violated this agreement. On April 12, 1770, Parliament repealed all duties except that on tea, and in 1773 the East India Company tried to introduce tea with only a three-pence Colonial duty. The people again remonstrated, and in Delaware, under the leadership of George Read, they formed an address to the Delaware pilots signed by "the committee for tarring and feathering" and forewarning them under the penalty of punishment and lasting disgrace as traitors not to pilot into the Delaware Bay any ships loaded with the "detested plant." Finding that all his efforts to preserve peace with the mother country were in vain and that he could no longer serve both his Britannic Majesty and his own country, George Read resigned his Attorney-Generalship and became a member of the First Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia in 1774.

In this Assembly George Read signed the petition to Congress to the King for a redress of their grievances. He was also a delegate to the Second Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia on May 10, 1775. Even at this time George Read still hoped for a reconciliation with Great Britain and voted against the motion for independence. But, when he found that there was no longer any hope, he finally signed the Declaration of Independence and was henceforward the constant originator and ardent supporter of measures in his country's behalf. In 1776 he was the President of the Convention that met at New Castle on August 27, and formed the first Constitution of Delaware, and he was also the author of this Constitution and of the first edition of Delaware's laws.

In 1782 George Read was appointed by Congress as a judge in the National Court of Appeals in Admiralty. In 1785 Congress made him one of the

commissioners of a Federal court to determine an important controversy in relation to territory between New York and Massachusetts. In 1786 he was a delegate to the convention which met at Annapolis, Md. Here he took an active part in those proceedings which resulted in the calling together in 1787 of that convention which met in Philadelphia and framed the Constitution of the United States. In the Constitutional Convention he took a prominent part and was an able advocate of the right of the smaller States to an equal representation in the United States Senate. Immediately after the adoption of the Constitution George Read was elected to the United States Senate from Delaware. At the expiration of his term he was re-elected, but he resigned in 1793 and became Chief Justice of Delaware. This office he filled until his death on September 21, 1798.

George Read was so active in the service of his country that the history of his life during the early Revolutionary period, especially, is almost a repetition of the early history of our Nation; yet, while he was serving his country at large, he was not unmindful of the welfare of his own State—Delaware. Though he was a member of the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1777, yet whenever he found it practicable to leave his post in Congress with propriety, he hastened back to Delaware not to enjoy with his family the rest that he so much needed, but to employ his talents and his influence wherever they could prove most serviceable to his State. In 1775 he became a member of the committee of safety, and refusing the highest commissions, which he was urged to accept, he shouldered his musket and took his place in the ranks of the militia. He was one of Delaware's strongest leaders during the trying days of the Revolution, and in 1776, as has already been mentioned, he was the author of Delaware's first Constitution and of the first edition of her laws. From 1765 to 1777 he served in the Delaware Legislative Assembly as a delegate from New Castle county. Owing to the capture of President John McKinley, of Delaware, by the British immediately after the Battle of Brandywine in 1777, George Read, by virtue of his office as Vice-President, became Delaware's chief magistrate. To work for the best interests of his country and to govern his own State in the presence of the hostile British, at whose hands he was at any time likely to share the fate of President McKinley, was no easy task. It was largely through his wisdom and his skillful guidance that Delaware was brought safely through this great crisis and the government of Delaware was so soon set on such a solid foundation that Delaware was from the first able to take her place in the Union with the larger States. It was largely through the influence of George Read that Delaware today has the distinction of having been the first State to ratify the United States Constitution. As Chief Justice of Delaware he completely reorganized the State's legal system and performed his duties with such firmness and ability that his decisions are revered in Delaware today as the great landmarks of the judiciary. George Read was to Delaware in an especial way what George Washington was to the United States and may be truly called the Father of Delaware.

In his public career Hon. George Read commanded the public confidence. As Chief Justice of Delaware he was known as a man of profound legal knowledge, of sound judgment, of impartiality in his decisions, of severe integrity, and of estimable private character. Even those who differed with him believed that he was acting from a sense of duty and declared that there was not a dishonest fibre in his heart nor an element of meanness in his soul.

George Reed was a man of the greatest liberality. He gave so generously

both of his time and money, to the services of his country that the whole sum expended amounted to a very great deal for his day. His home at New Castle, commonly known as the Read Mansion, was also the scene of many elegant hospitalities. Here he entertained representative men of the whole country, and was often the host of such men as George Washington and other native and foreign Revolutionary Generals.

In appearance George Read was tall, graceful, with a finely-shaped head, strong but refined features, and dark brown, lustrous eyes. His manners were dignified. He could not tolerate the slightest familiarity nor any violation of good manners, but he was most courteous and at times captivating. He showed great care and elegance in his dress. He was a man who gathered around him a large circle of warm friends who looked up to him for guidance and advice. In his early life George Read was an ardent member of the Church of England, and after the independence of America was acknowledged, he was a member of the American Episcopal Commission. For many years he was one of the wardens of Immanuel Episcopal Church at New Castle.

Hon. George Read was a great and good man of whom all America, and especially his own State of Delaware, may justly feel proud. In his youth he cultivated those traits of logical reasoning, careful deliberation, indomitable perseverance, and invincible courage, which made it possible for him to work so zealously and so effectively in his country's behalf during the long period of his public service. George Read was one of the few American statesmen who signed the three great documents embodying the principles of our Federal Government—the Petition of Rights to King George III., in 1774, the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and the United States Constitution in 1787. As a lawyer, a patriot, a senator, and a judge, he was alike unpretending, consistent, dignified and impartial. At the close of his long and useful life he was laid to rest in that beautiful and quiet yard of Immanuel Church, where seven generations of the Read family now repose.

W. W. H., '11.

His Christmas Gift

It was the night before Christmas, and a raw, cold night of the sort peculiar to the plains of South Dakota. Ever since five o'clock that morning the snow had been sweeping across the bleak country at a terrific pace.

It was now four o'clock and the snow was in most places from six to eight inches deep and in many instances, where little eddies of wind or sheltering trees had caused drifts, it had banked up to a depth of from three to four feet. The town of Bayonne, if the word "town" could be correctly applied to the few scattered huts and shanties which marked the site of one of the first mining camps of the Dakotas, lay in a drowsy quiet. For, ever since the first rush for the more promising gold fields of California, which had carried away a large majority of the ever-changing population of this mining town, the place had ceased to exist as far as the outside world was concerned. To be sure, the mail-carrier passed through the village every second week, but beyond that Bayonne had lost all attraction for mankind.

The monotony of the dreary white expanse was broken only by the outlines of the log huts and a half-completed mining shaft which had been abandoned to the mercies of the weather and future generations. Apparently the only living thing to be seen was the form of a man descending the slope of the

hill which lay just beyond the village. This man was ploughing impatiently through the snow-drifts which lay between him and the thing which he was obliged to call home. He was a man of about twenty-nine years of age. Clothed as he was in his corduroy trousers, sweater, heavy boots, and large fur cap, he appeared at first glance to be a man of the average or probably less than the average intelligence and refinement. But a second and more interested glance showed that he was of no mean intelligence, and of the rare type of refinement so seldom to be seen in the lonely and deserted parts of our western States.

For two years this man, John Atwell, had lived, or rather existed, in this God-forsaken country. He had graduated from State College at the age of twenty-three years. Since then he had been shifted by his employers from one position to another until he had finally been sent on a tour of investigation through a large number of just such small mining camps as Bayonne. Finally, on finding Bayonne, he had discovered some specimens of what seemed to him to be ore of the first water, consistently backed up by numerous heavy outcroppings upon the surface of the ground. He had labored well over this find of his, and his efforts had been rewarded, for within a week he was to return to civilization, a self-made man. It was with this joyous sensation at his heart that he approached his shack with a light step, whistling the sweet melody of his beloved Alma Mater, and beating time with the stick which he carried. He sprang lightly upon the threshold of his hut, and wiped his heavy boots on the piece of burlap which lay there, with an elaborate care and grace which reminded him of the old days when as a youngster back in the East, he had been taught that this ceremony was as needful as the performance of washing his face and hands.

Passing hastily inside he discarded his boots and sweater for the slippers and smoking-jacket which together with his class pipe and pin—and a few pictures—were all that reminded him of his old college days. In a few moments he had a blazing fire started on the hearth, the one home-like feature of his lonely dwelling. He lingered long over the preparation of supper, for tonight he had determined to celebrate the good news of the acceptance of his report and the accompanying promotion and recall from his lonely post. His provisions need no longer be hoarded with an exacting force of will and with the fear that the carrier might fail on his next round. So he helped himself abundantly, and with a boyish, care-free abandon only to be found in just such characters. Finally, having satisfied his physical longings, he turned to the task of satisfying his mental longing for quiet and earnest thought. So he sat down before the fire-place and allowed his train of thought to run on unchecked. Finally, however, his thoughts turned as they always did, to the vision of a fair face and a recollection of an enchanting presence which had always remained with him since he had left the East. Margaret Wilson had been his childhood playfellow, the idol of his youth, and the goal to which he had always aspired since his manhood. Gradually, however, he had become absorbed in his work after the first shock of the parting was over, and had allowed more and more time to elapse between his letters to her until he had not written to her for the last eighteen months. But now he was going home to her, and as he sat before his burning logs and looked at her picture, he wondered if she would receive him in the same manner to which he had been accustomed in days gone by. Slowly the fire-light flickered away, and his eye-lids drooped.

until he lost consciousness in a light sleep.

As he lapsed into this state he was at first unconscious of anything of definite proportions. But gradually her face and form returned to his mind and presented themselves to him in a series of pictures and recollections. He first saw her as she had looked when they both had attended the same school and had had so many little joys and pleasures in common. He had a wonderfully clear vision of her standing before him in her little calico dress. He saw her just as she had looked on a day memorable to him above all the others—the day he had been caught by "teacher" in one of his boyish pranks and she had taken the blame for the whole affair. He saw her as she had stood in front of him, her large slate held in one hand and in the other hand the remains of the statuette which had been broken by his thoughtlessness, defiantly concealed in the folds of her dress. He remembered how she had tried to take all the blame from his shoulders and how angry she had been when he had blurted out the whole truth. But gradually this picture was displaced by another of more recent remembrance.

It was at the Junior Prom, of his Plebe year that he had first blossomed out into the glory of a dress-suit. And it was to this same Junior Prom, that he had taken Margaret to her first dance. How he had planned for the affair, glorying in all the small details and taking care to lose no opportunity of basking in her sweet smile! How he had thrilled as the orchestra struck up the strains of the first waltz! To be sure, he was only beginning to dance, but she did not mind that, and he was too superbly happy to be conscious of the frowns of the different young ladies whose feet he stepped upon. He had filled out his programme beforehand, with some difficulty it is true, but with a keen enjoyment. And he had planned it so that he should have every fourth dance with Margaret. After the first dance he only lived for the fourth and, when the fourth had quickly sped past, he had great anxiety as to whether or not the eighth would ever arrive. He could imagine all sorts of accidents happening to the orchestra or to the floor. He could see the building suddenly enveloped in flames and imagine himself forced to quit the place before the last dance was brought to an end. But nothing of the sort happened, and the dance came to an end all too abruptly.

After awhile he saw himself in his first riding-suit, bought because Margaret, a couple of years later, had taken a sudden fancy for riding. He remembered how painful had been his first attempt at a cross-country run in company with Margaret. He saw her horse a few yards in the lead, taking the fences like a swallow, while Margaret sat perched upon its back as trim a figure as his heart could desire. He could see himself astride his own horse, which balked at almost everything and at almost every jump without exception, and which positively refused to gallop. He remembered how they had once passed a group of young fellows, one of whom had made a remark about the day-light which was visible between Jack and the horse's back. He had taken Margaret home on that occasion and returning to the scene of the insult, had soundly thrashed the one who had been the source of the slander.

He then had a picture of the incidents of their memorable sailing trips. There came before his mind a picture of what a bully little sea-man she had been, braving the roughest weather and aiding him in every way imaginable. He could see himself during calm weather, seated at the wheel and listening quietly to her silvery voice, as she read to him some of his favorite books, or he could see her jumping during a storm, from one gunwale to the other, as the

boat heeled over in going about for another tack, paying out the sheet-line for him, raising the centre-board, and making herself in general a good companion. Often he would catch her eyes as she sat looking up to him with a peculiar expression on her face, sometimes their hands would meet and a thrill would pass through his body at the contact.

And, finally, he saw clearly a picture of the night of the parting. It was on a still summer night and she had walked with him to the spring with the announced purpose of getting a drink of water. The purpose was plausible enough, but somehow or other both forgot it and they stopped to sit down on a rustic seat before they reached the spring. He remembered how he had longed to tell her of his devotion and how he was deterred from his purpose by the knowledge that he had nothing to offer her except his name. He remembered how she had spoken in sarcastic tones of a class mate of his, named Hanscom, whose manner was not any too pleasing. He could see her adoring eyes as she had upturned them to him when he rebuked her gently for this. He could see the admiration and the affection which lurked in their depths and which required only a corresponding affection on his part to bring them to the surface. But, strong as had been his desire to take her in his arms and to seize upon the lips which he knew would be his for the asking, his will and self-control had been yet stronger and he had forcibly torn himself from her with only a conventional farewell and a promise to himself and her that he would make the future give forth what was necessary for him to have before he could hope to obtain possession of her.

And now he had kept the promise and had forced Dame Fortune into a corner. The world was full of joy for him, and he delighted in the prospect of his return to claim from Margaret what was above all other things, the most to be desired. But, suddenly, he heard a crunching of snow from without and, awakening slowly from his sleep, he realized that the carrier had arrived. He went to the door and mechanically took the bundles and letters which the man handed him.

"Purty good snow, I reckon," said the driver.

"Yes, it looks that way," said Jack. "Don't forget to save a seat for me, tomorrow, will you? I am going back to my people at last."

"Good for you," said the man; "reckon as how they's a woman back of all this rejoicement, though. Howsoever, I'll save you a seat, all right."

After an exchange of future commonplaces, the driver moved on and Jack re-entered the shack. He dumped the pile of stuff upon the bed, and as he did so, one of the letters caught his eye. In a flash he recognized the handwriting as Margaret's and feverishly tore open the envelope. Inside was a private announcement, which read:—

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilson
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Margaret Anna,
to
Mr. Scott Walsh Hanscom"—

Then followed a date. But the rest was a blur before his eyes, and with a groan he sank into his chair and buried his head in his hands. A sudden blaze illuminated the room, and as he glanced up to ascertain the cause of it, he saw that the invitation had fallen unnoticed among the embers. He gazed for a moment as if fascinated, and then a little glitter caught his eye. He realized at

once that it was the classpin which he had given to Margaret on the night of their farewell, and which she had promised to keep until she could no longer hold out any hope to him. He made no effort to save the trinket, but left it there—a sacrifice on the altar of his shattered romance. J. G. L., '12.

When Logan Won Out

THE clatter of a horse's hoofs up the long white lane leading to the old Stuart mansion interrupted for a moment, the conversation between Major Stuart, a tall white-haired southerner, and his daughter, Marjorie. The Major, who for some time had been a widower, was perhaps nearer seventy than sixty years of age, but every inch of his six feet and two inches of well-knit bone and strong muscle denoted strength and vigor equal to that of a much younger man. The girl was also tall; she had large brown arms and a healthy weather-beaten face, telling of much exercise in the open. She had long, wavy black hair, and in her eyes was the snap and vigor, and in her firm, almost masculine jaw was that touch of determination which in her father, made him one of Lee's strongest men.

Father and daughter both stopped talking, and turned as the rider drew rein, and pleasantly wished them a good morning. The rider's salutation was followed by as equally a pleasant one from the Major, together with an invitation to alight. The stranger sprang off his horse with an agility which bespoke a knowledge of horsemanship; and taking the chair which was offered to him, began with:

"Mr. Stuart, I believe."

"The same," replied the Major, with a slight bow, characteristic of the true gentleman of Virginia.

Upon Marjorie's learning that the conversation between the two men was to be concerning business, she immediately retired into the house. The stranger again began,

"My name is Logan, of the firm of Logan, Payne and Logan, and I'm down here in Virginia looking over some thoroughbred horses; so upon learning from the proprietor of the hotel at which I'm stopping, that you were the owner of the last of a well-bred strain, I came to see you, intending to buy, if possible, at least one of the horses." Having finished talking Logan, who had noticed a change coming over the face of the Major while he was talking, now looked at him in a way almost apologetic, for he realized, now, that he had said much upon so short an acquaintance.

For a moment the Major stared fiercely at Logan, and then replied in that slow, forcible, southern drawl,

"Mr. Logan, I've no doubt that some one has informed you of the fact that I was the owner of a strain of horses which is today perhaps the best in the South, but I feel confident that no one advised you of my wishing to sell her; for a promising filly is all that remains of the strain."

Logan, who was sitting rather carelessly in the little rocker near the Major, now sat up, his large blue eyes opened wider, and his strong young face took on an expression of hurt. He now realized that in his brusque northern way, he had broached too early to the Virginian the subject of buying that possession of the Stuart's which appeared to be almost the last vestige of their former wealth and influence.

"Certainly, Mr. Stuart, if you don't care to part with the horse, you are at

perfect liberty to keep her; but from what I have learned from the townspeople"—this with a hasty glance at the Major—"you would be glad to rid yourself of her."

At this speech from the young man, the Major quickly looked up; but contrary to what might have been expected from a fiery tempered southerner, he did not attempt to reply, merely dropping his head under Logan's direct insinuation, for Major Stuart quite fully realized, as did the too-talkative townspeople who informed Logan, that he was in a deep financial rut, and that the sale of this prized filly would mean only a partial uplifting of a heavy debt, which since the war, had begun to accumulate.

Major Stuart again looked at Logan. This time, however, a light came into the elder man's eyes, as he seemed to recognize in the young fellow, something of the gentleman, of the true southerner, which deserved from the Major some recognition.

Arising he said,

"Well, Mr. Logan, we can at least go to the stable and look the filly over. Logan was quite willing to go; so off they started towards the stables. Upon leaving the yard and entering the lane beyond the mansion, the two men were almost tripped by weeds, knee-deep, which signified, together with the general unkempt appearance of the place, long neglect, due, no doubt, to poverty.

When they arrived at the stables, an old negro, at the command of the Major, brought the horse out. She was indeed a beauty, and though she was but two years old, she already bore the marks of the thoroughbred. Logan and the Major both thoroughly inspected the young mare, the Major reciting all her good points, and Logan eyeing her with admiration; for it might be plainly seen that he liked the filly's build and appearance. Upon leaving the stable, Logan offered the Major one thousand dollars for her. This offer was flatly refused.

Returning to the mansion, they saw Marjorie, the Major's daughter, who had again come out on the porch. Advancing ahead, the Major, with a slight bow, said:

"Marjorie, let me present to you the young man who wishes to buy and take away our pet." At the Major's mentioning the sale of Marjorie's filly (for at its birth it had been given to her) Marjorie flushed slightly; then brushing away the faintest trace of anger, which at first swept into her face, she advanced and cordially shook Logan's hand. For several minutes the three talked together. Then, after receiving an invitation to come out to "The Oaks", the home of Major Stuart, on the following day, Logan departed.

About ten o'clock of the next morning, Logan again rode out to "The Oaks", where, after speaking for a moment with the Major and Marjorie, he went immediately to the stable to see the yearling. He gave her several lumps of sugar, and after patting her, talking with her for a moment, he returned to the mansion. This practice was kept up almost every day, with but few intermissions, until the young mare became quite attached to Logan.

One day, after Logan had made his accustomed visit to the stable, the Major proposed a horse-back ride for Marjorie and Logan, agreeing to permit Logan to ride Clia, the filly. This ride was quite readily agreed to by both Logan and Marjorie; and they soon started. The filly worked beautifully under Logan's excellent horsemanship, and it was not difficult to see that Logan had had some previous experience among horses. After their return, while at luncheon, to which Logan had been invited, the Major, who had watched the

pair start off, and had noted the perfect control which Logan exercised over Cia, said:

"Mr. Logan, as you and Marjorie rode down the lane, I noticed how well you sat your saddle; and I must say that you reminded me more of the true Virginian than of the New Yorker."

At this remark, Logan answered that he had acquired what little knowledge he did have from the riding academy, from polo games, and from many amateur races, where he himself rode as jockey.

"And, besides," he continued, "I should bear some resemblance to a Virginian, since my mother was of that blood."

The horseback rides now became more frequent, and as one day followed the other, as the Major became more interested in Logan's horsemanship, as Marjorie became more interested in the ways of this young northerner, and as even Cia became more attached to him, Logan disliked more to go.

One day, however, after finishing a long ride, and while sitting at luncheon with the Major and Marjorie, Logan informed them that on account of urgent business, he should be compelled to return to New York, on the early train, the following morning. He had finished saying good-by to Major Stuart and Marjorie, and was ready to depart, when he said quite abruptly:

"Major Stuart, I have talked the matter over with Marjorie, and she seems quite willing that I should ride Cia in a race at Gravesend, this fall; so I now appeal to you, to learn if you will permit me to take her back to train her for the race."

At this rather bold offer from Logan, the Major was at first slightly taken aback; but turning and seeing upon Marjorie's face a smile of consent, the Major, after apparently deliberating for a moment, finally expressed his willingness for Logan to take the filly.

On the following morning Logan departed, followed a few days later by Cia. As soon as Cia arrived in New York, Logan had her taken to his country stables, where her training for the great race was soon begun. Gradually, the little filly was changed from an awkward colt into a fine young thoroughbred, with a great deal of action.

The day of the race at last came about. Early in the afternoon, Marjorie and the Major, accompanied by Logan and his family, went to Gravesend. At their arrival there, the Major, who had brought up all the money he could borrow and raise on mortgages, went with Logan to the betting ring, where they had little trouble in securing large odds for the unknown Cia.

Finally, Cia's race was announced. After the judge had scored them down twice, he started them. The field was large, and the little filly, unused to such a large number of horses, was for an instant, literally rushed off her feet; and it was not until the quarter pole was reached that she began to hit her stride. Gradually, under the able guidance of Logan, Cia closed in upon the fifteen horses on the track, until at the half mile post, their heads were almost in a line, and with Cia but half a head behind. From the half mile to the three-quarter pole the horses became more strung out. Cia had easily maintained third place. The grandstands were in an uproar. Each person, by the wave of a hand or by the shake of a handkerchief, was endeavoring to urge on his or her favorite. Every jockey but Logan, was severely whipping his horse, endeavoring to urge the creatures forward to the limit. The red nostrils of the horses were large and distorted; and their veins stood out in a tangled net-

work. The three-quarter mile post was now reached, and as the four leading horses rounded the bend for the home stretch, the persons in the grandstands became almost frantic. All eyes were now directed towards Clia, who had appeared not to have yet gone her limit. Logan now reached far over the young mare's neck, striking her with his whip, more as a caress than as a punishment. At the same time he whispered something in her ear, perhaps telling her that the winning of this race would mean the winning of something else, much dearer to him than the many thousands of dollars which she would take. Whether Clia advanced on account of the words which Logan whispered to her, or whether she advanced under the light tap of the whip to which she was not accustomed, will never be known; but certain it is that she now lunged forward, running with lightning speed. The other horses, now jaded and worn from their earlier sprinting, could not attempt to overtake her, and Clia came in under the wire a full length ahead of her closest follower.

With the exception of the Major and his party, the grandstand, which knew little or nothing of the plucky little mare, became quiet. Then, in spite of the happy Major's many remonstrances, Marjorie rushed down out of the grandstand, and over to the paddocks, where she threw one arm about the neck of the filly and the other about Logan.

Logan had won out!

G. P. M., '12.



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REVIEW

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CHRISTMAS

Our Christmas recess will be shorter this year than for some years past, and though we may feel that the time allowed is altogether too short to enjoy the many pleasures that come with the season, yet we must remember that we are here at college, not for the vacations that are granted, but for the profitable employment of our time in the training of our minds and bodies.

Vacations are necessary in a college course, for a college man who faithfully performs all the duties that fall upon him while at college labors longer and under greater strain than the man pursuing one of the ordinary occupations of life. The average man works ten hours a day or less. The conscientious student works ten hours a day and more. As a rule, the working men of today who have the longest hours, waste the longest time—that is usually why they have the long hours. The same may be true to a certain extent of the student, for if he loiters at his task it will take him longer to perform the same amount of work. Both the laboring man and the student might shorten the length of each day's labor by really working while they are "at work." Since the student has longer hours he should have longer rests in which to regain his spent energy. Furthermore, physiologists tell us that young people need more rest than older folks. We all may claim that we need more rest than the laboring man, but can we deny that we get more opportunity to rest than he does? Where the average man gets one day, perhaps only

a half, at Thanksgiving, we get two. Where he gets one or possibly two, at Christmas and New Year's, we get at least six or seven. Where he very seldom gets any time at Easter, we get six days or more. Where he gets a week or less in the summer, we get about three months. Of course many of us may work during those summer months, but even then the change from our college activities is as good as a rest.

Summing it all up and looking upon it from both viewpoints, we have no doubt that those students who fully appreciate what they are here for, cannot help but conclude that "we get ours." Then, if we get our share why should we lament the fact that we didn't get more. It is the same old story, "the more we get the more we want." Let us forget those few extra days some think we should have gotten and when we do depart for the holidays, let it be with a determination to get as much good out of one short week as though we had a month. Try our ex-president's advice: "Work hard" until Xmas, "play hard" during Xmas. THE REVIEW extends to its subscribers the best wishes of the season. Nothing is too good for those who are backing us.

BASKETBALL

Basket-ball season is now upon us, and we have been promised a good schedule. When football candidates were called out there were many men who claimed lightness, entrance conditions, dangerousness of the sport and various other excuses as reason sufficient for not reporting on the field. By this time those entrance conditions have surely been removed and as basketball is generally conceded to be a much less dangerous sport than football, we hope that you have absorbed ample college spirit to make you heavy enough for the basketball squad. That there is material of varsity calibre in college we know, from the class games, and we hope to see a big squad out every afternoon. Simply coming out faithfully every day will be a stride toward success, but to be a successful basketball player one must train and get into proper physical condition. We have seen too many Delaware teams winded on the floor to wish for any more exhibitions of the advisability of training. Smoking and eating heavy pastry over Sunday has lost more than one game for Delaware since basketball was first introduced here. Late hours might well be included in the list of don't's for a body without sufficient rest is like a machine unhoiled. The score-book is at yet unblotched by defeat, and now is the time to try hardest to keep it clean. Don't wait until its pages are marked by reverses and then call it inexperience. Get into shape now, and keep in shape, and your work will be half done. The remaining part with the aid of a trained body will be all the easier.

To those who do not take part we should like to say a few words. Remember the schedule and attend as many games as possible away from home, but by all means, attend the home games. Make it a point to have your college work in such shape that when basketball night rolls around you will be on the balcony with the loyal ones. Don't make other engagements for the evenings that the Varsity games are scheduled. If you live out of town arrange to go home on the late train or stay over-night with your friends. Be here, we must insist upon that.

OUR ADS

We would like to call the attention of the student body to the advertisements on the last few pages of each issue of the REVIEW. Those advertisers deserve the patronage of every Delaware man, because it is mainly by their aid that our college publication is possible. By showing them some extra consideration you help us. By failing to patronize them you injure us. We felt the effects of the lack of student co-operation quite recently, when one of our best paying ads was withdrawn because a certain student organization simply ignored one of our advertisers and placed a contrast with a firm that has never advertised in our paper. It is known to be a fact that the slighted firm, had they been allowed the privilege, could have competed favorably with the concern that made the sales. This is simply an example of how college papers have to struggle along against unthinking students.

Look over our advertisements each month and whenever it is possible trade with those who aid us and thereby promote your own college activities. We feel sure that you will be treated fairly and satisfactorily by all of our advertisers and we ask you to give them your patronage. Let them know that you are a Delaware man, and are trading with them because they are trading with us. Mention the REVIEW ad. to them, and show them that by advertising with us they are cultivating a patronage that is bound to grow with the rising generation. Bear our advertisers in mind when giving dances, buying class pins and hats, and your athletic goods, and in your trade with merchants and business houses.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE REVIEW will appreciate and accept very gratefully all Christmas and New Year's gifts. We are prepared to do more than that, we will "swap" presents. Should any of you through the kindness of your heart, prompted by the benevolent spirit that is broadcast at this season, decide to make a nice gift to some of your friends—or if you haven't any friends, be a friend to yourself—and are undecided as to what to give, consult our business manager. Remember that injunction "more blessed to give, etc.", and start the ball rolling by giving the REVIEW a present in the tangible form of a subscription, and let us present that friend or yourself, or both, or either, a gift that will be appreciated for its true value, either as a gem of literature or a news medium of life, past and present at "Old Delaware." To be brief, present us with a subscription, and let us present you in return a share in the DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW. If you are a student and not a share-holder, you owe yourself a nice present for the remarkable nerve and ability to dodge that you have exhibited since the opening of college. If you are already a subscriber you owe some friend a present. Let us hear from you.

Athletics

W. A. REYNOLDS, '12

The football men, representing "Old Delaware", have finally cast their togs to one side and are again enjoying the luxuries forbidden by the training table. Each and every man deserves an abundance of praise, for throughout the entire

season they displayed nothing but the true and winning spirit that is denoted by our college colors. We have not had a successful season in one sense of the word; yet in another way we have had great success. The team won but a single game during the ten weeks, but the opponents of the Blue and Gold were such that it makes a person proud to look upon the scores and see how well the warriors have done in the face of such terrific odds. Without a doubt, the greatest part of the credit for good showing of the eleven falls upon Coach McAvoy. He has worked with untiring efforts and with the "never say die until your dead" spirit. Ten long months will pass before we will again have the pleasure of cheering our gridiron heroes on to victory; in the meantime, we will see the Blue and Gold represented in the gymnasium, on the diamond, on the cinders, and on the rifle range—each team striving to win the honors that Delaware should call her own always.

The basketball season will be opened on the evening of December 8th when the inter-class games will be the centre of attraction. The two upper classes will battle for supremacy, while the Freshmen and Sophomores will renew their war for the upper hand. Class spirit is the foundation of college spirit; for this reason come out and encourage your team. The class games are the best means for getting a line on 'varsity material and it is the duty of every class to produce as many candidates for their respective teams as possible. The games promise to be full of excitement, as the keen inter-class rivalry at the college has not decreased a particle since the memorable base ball series of last spring.

The 'varsity basketball team for this coming season will be one of the strongest ever seen at Delaware. Manager Edgar has had considerable trouble in arranging a schedule, owing to the fact that he wants to give the students of his own college a chance to witness about ten games on their own floor. There are six men in college who have played 'varsity ball;—Haley, Eliason, Hagner, Marshall, Houston and Taylor. With these as a nucleus and from the large number of new candidates, Coach McAvoy promises to turn out a winning quintet. The schedule:

December 8—First inter-class games.

December 15—Final inter-class games.

December 22—Crack All-Collegiate, at Newark.

January 7—Manhattan College, at New York.

January 8—St. John's at New York.

January 12—Temple College, at Newark.

January 16—Manhattan College, at Newark.

January 22—Susquehanna College, at Newark.

February 5—Medico Chi, at Newark.

February 11—Georgetown University, at Washington.

February 12—Afternoon—Navy, at Annapolis.

February 12—Night—Baltimore Medical, at Baltimore.

February 19—Georgetown University, at Newark.

February 22—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.

February 26—Villanova, at Newark.

March 3—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster.

March 3—Susquehanna, at Selingsgrove.

Football

SEVENTH GAME

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL, 23; DELAWARE, 0.

The football team of Delaware College journeyed to Lancaster, Pa., on Saturday, November 26th, and was defeated by the strong team of Franklin and Marshall College, by the score of 23 to 0. From start to finish the battle was a fierce one, the visitors stubbornly contesting every inch of ground and showing that they were fully determined to defeat the team that had lost but one game throughout the season. Victory was secured by the Blue and White through superior team work, rather than by brilliant individual plays.

At the very start of the game Franklin and Marshall swept Delaware off its feet, and Richards scored the first touchdown after two minutes of play, making a 70-yard run. Bridenbaugh kicked the goal. After this score, Delaware took a brace and prevented any more scoring during this half. The blowing of the whistle found the ball in the Pennsylvanian's possession on their own 40-yard line.

Franklin and Marshall opened the second half with a rush and in six downs Jaeger carried the ball over the Blue and Gold line. Bridenbaugh kicked a difficult goal. The home team received the kick-off and again took the ball the length of the field for the third touchdown. The fourth score was made after the ball had "see-sawed" between the two teams for five minutes. Bridenbaugh again kicked the goal.

The visitors made a very creditable showing considering the odds with which they were battling. Cann and Carswell were the Blue and Gold stars, and Saylor and Jaeger shined brightly for the Blue and White. The line-up:

Delaware.	F. & M.
Rothrock, Capt. left end	Leonard
R. Taylor	left tackle Saylor, Granby
Corkran	left guard
Attix	centre .. Pontius, Colebaugh
Millington	right guard .. Glessner, Dickey
Todd	right tackle
Kidd	right end
Haley, Bice ..	quarterback, Bridenbaugh, Wampole
C. Taylor	left halfback
Cann	right halfback
Carswell	fullback Richards, Capt.

Touchdowns—Richards, 2; Heller, Jaeger. Goals from touchdowns—Bridenbaugh, 3. Referee—Cooper, of Bucknell. Umpire—Davidson, of Yale. Field Judge—Monn, of F. and M. Time of halves—25 minutes.

EIGHTH GAME

DELAWARE, 6; LEBANON VALLEY, 0.

After going through a season of eight games, and being defeated in all but one, which was tied, the Delaware College football team administered defeat to the Lebanon Valley College eleven on Thanksgiving Day, by the score of 6—0. The game was played on a field covered with snow, mud, and water. Most of

the snow was hauled off the field before the game, but enough remained thereon to give the players a mean footing. Delaware had the better end of the contest in every stage of the game, and nearly carried the visitors off their feet. Hard luck, pure and simple, prevented the Blue and Gold from rolling up a much larger score, as each half ended with the ball in Delaware's possession, 5 yards from their opponents' goal line.

The contest was about the cleanest witnessed by Delaware rooters this year, and we can well be proud to give Lebanon Valley a permanent place on our schedule. As a fitting climax to this season of 1909 "Old Delaware" came back at the end strong and gloriously won the final game.

Lebanon Valley won the toss and kicked off to the Delaware 10 yard line. A series of end runs and a punt gave the ball to the visitors in midfield. Six downs netted them but 15 yards, and an exchange of kicks gave the ball to Lebanon Valley on their own 35 yard line. Attix captured a forward pass in the next play. Two line plunges and a forward pass gained enough ground to put Haley back of the posts for the only touchdown of the game. He kicked an easy goal.

Delaware kicked off to the Pennsylvanians' 25 yard line, where Lehman was downed in his tracks. At this point the Blue and Gold line held like a stone wall; consequently, Carswell received a punt in midfield. A forward pass and two end runs netted 20 yards, but here the ball was lost on an onside kick. An exchange of kicks and a penalty for an offside play netted the visitors 15 yards. A forward pass proved a failure and the pigskin was in Delaware's possession, 15 yards from another touchdown. Haley gained five through left guard and the whistle ended the first half, with the score thus—Delaware, 6; Lebanon Valley, 0.

The Blue and Gold, contrary to all former games, came back as strong in the second half as they were in the first. Haley kicked off to Capt. Schaeffer, who returned the ball ten yards. A series of line plunges, an exchange of kicks, and a fumble gave the ball to the cadets on their opponents' 25-yard line. At this point a wearer of the Red and Black snatched a forward pass and carried the ball to midfield. Steady end runs carried the ball to the Blue and Gold 20 yard line, where the home team took a brace. Lehman tried a field goal, but made a poor attempt. Haley punted out from the 25 yard line and Yoder was downed in his tracks in midfield. Attix recovered a fumble and another march for a touchdown was begun. The ball was carried to the 6-yard line without a falter. Then Bice threw a forward pass to Rothrock, but as the latter crossed the goal line he fumbled and the whistle blew as Lebanon Valley made a touch back. Lehman was the visitors' star, while the entire Delaware team played well. The line-up:

Delaware.	Lebanon Valley.
Rothrock, Capt. left end	Krider
Todd left tackle	Whitmeyer
Corkran left guard	Walk
Attix centre	Butterwick
Millington right guard	Marshall
Taylor, R., Stewart. . right tackle	Herselle
Kidd right end	Strock
Haley, Bice quarterback	Guyer
Cann lefthalfback	Schaeffer, Capt.
Taylor, C. right halfback	Lehman

Carswell fullback Yoder
 Touchdowns—Haley. Goal from touchdown—Haley. Referee—Hoskin,
 of Lafayette. Umpire—Cann, of Delaware. Timekeeper—Wingett, of Dela-
 ware. Field Judge—Wright, of Lehigh. Time of halves—20 minutes.

SOPHOMORES, 22; FRESHMEN, 0.

The annual game between the Freshmen and Sophomores resulted in an overwhelming and decisive victory for the latter by the score of 22 to 0. Contrary to the game of last year, the "Class of 1912" literally wiped the field up with their opponents. Last year the Sophomores won by the score of 6 to 0, and this year the Sophomores scored the greatest number of points scored in a class game in many years, making a total of four touchdowns and two goals from the same. The victorious team was composed of six 'varsity men, four scrub men, and one of last year's scrub men. The defeated team consisted of five scrub men and six practically "green" men. Considering the superiority of the former team, the latter put up a game fight. The "Class of 1912" gained four hundred yards through scrimmage and the "Class of 1913" gained twenty. The former eleven made nineteen first downs, the latter one.

The Sophomores won the toss and made thirty yards on the kick-off. Consistent line-plunging and end runs put Ennis over for the first touchdown. Todd missed the goal. Four downs, aided by a fumble and two penalties, gave Larrimore the second five points. Todd kicked the goal. An exchange of punts and an onside kick, coupled with a forty yard run by Captain Harvey, gave the third touchdown. No goal. Score, "1912", 16; "1913", 0.

In the second half the Freshmen were aided materially by the frequent penalties inflicted on their opponents. After five minutes of play, however, Taylor succeeded in placing the pigskin behind the posts, and Todd kicked the goal. The game ended with ball on the Freshmen's 15-yard line, in the "Sophs" possession.

The Sophomore team worked like a machine throughout, but the Freshmen eleven seemed confused and fumbled frequently. Only through the good work of "Mr. Penalty" was the score kept as low as it was. Larrimore and Harvey were the victors stars, while Harrigan and Walker played the best for the vanquished. The line-up:

Sophomores.

Freshmen.

A. Smith	left end	Harrigan
Larrimore, Reynolds	left tackle	Groff
Levis, Ennis	left guard	McLowry
Attix	centre	Bush
Millington	right guard	Lynch
Todd	right tackle	Dunbar, Abel
Harvey, Capt.	right end	G. Smith
Ayerst	quarterback	Raughley
Taylor	left halfback	Walker, Gonce
Carswell	right halfback	Davis, Capt.
Ennis, Larrimore	fullback	O'Brien

Touchdowns—Ennis, Larrimore, Harvey, Taylor. Goals from touch-
 downs—Todd, 2. Referee—Coach McAvoy. Umpire—Prof. C. A. Short.
 Head Linesman—W. S. Corkran. Timekeepers—Horn and Wingett. Field
 Judge—Edgar. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.

Review of the Season

The man who has probably received the least praise and encouragement and who, without a particle of doubt, deserves the most, in the athletic activities of the college is Coach William McAvoy.

COACH McAVOY

He is general manager of athletics and team coach at the college, but his most trying duties are those of football coach. There are few, if any, who know the trials of a football coach at "Old Delaware." Firmness and kindness is a hard combination in one man, but a coach needs both. To drive a team that is slumping does not create stronger affection, but it must be done. Imagine the coach's feeling. Lack of material which eliminates competition for positions on the team makes the task of building a team doubly hard. But Coach McAvoy is a man who faces every difficulty unflinchingly and thus is respected and obeyed by every member of the team.

He has been made physical director of the college and has coached the football teams of the last two years, being a graduate and ex-football star of Lafayette College. Enough credit cannot be given him for turning out the team he did with such inexperienced material.

To explain to you what Coach McAvoy has done for the football team with such little encouragement and praise would be difficult, but perhaps you can understand if you fancy yourself in his place and think it over.

Football at Delaware this year was begun under rather discouraging circumstances. The fact that only four of last year's varsity returned to college this year required that many places be filled with new material. Of the new men that responded to Coach McAvoy's first call only a few were found with experience and the majority were very light.

In reviewing the season of 1909, it is well to compare the present team with last year's eleven. The team of this season may have seemed to be a failure to some, but when I have finished this short comparison, I feel sure that everyone will regard the Blue and Gold team of 1909 as a successful one.

The first test of the team came when the Williamson team was met at home. The game should have resulted in an easy victory for "Old Delaware," but the final score was 0-0. This is the first time that the Blue and Gold has ever held Williamson to a zero score. After another week of hard practice the team journeyed to Haverford, Pa. Again Delaware held their opponents to a smaller score than they were ever known to do before, the final score being 3 to 0. The third game was played at Gettysburg, and the first half ended with the score in the visitors' favor. In the second half the weight of the "Battlefielders" gave them the advantage on a slippery field, and they won out. Surely there was nothing in that game to stigmatize the Blue and Gold. Then came the disastrous slump of the team, and the two overwhelming defeats by Swarthmore and Washington College. The Western Maryland game resulted in a better game for the cadets than last year's game did, as the scores were 11 to 6 and 15 to 4 respectively. The result of the Franklin and Marshall game could have hardly been expected to have been otherwise, since they lost but one game throughout the entire season, defeating Lehigh and Swarthmore. Then came the climax of the season and "Old Delaware" gloriously won its last game by the score of 6 to 0. This is the first time we have met Lebanon Valley, and their clean sportsmanship makes us feel glad to give them a place on our schedule next year.

In the usual sense we had no stars on the team, for every man played in such a manner as to win for Delaware, and not to gather honors for himself. This attitude, strengthened by the loyal support of an enthusiastic student body and the ever interested faculty, made such results possible.

In discussing the merits of the various members of the team it is hard to separate them from the human machine of which they are parts. What applies to the team applies to each member comprising it. They each and all played their positions well and played them that way all the time. As a conclusion, we will endeavor to give an account of each player that won his letter.

CAPTAIN ROTHROCK

Captain Rothrock surprised the whole student body by returning to college this year as a post-graduate. Owing to the resignation of captain-elect Edwards, "Johnnie" dropped in at precisely the right moment. This is his third year on the Varsity and his combination of light weight and brilliant playing has attracted attention from all opposing teams.

CORKRAN

Corkran, left guard, came out for the team in his busiest year, and by hard, steady work clinched his place on the line. This is "Bob's" first full season on the Varsity, and there is surely no one who has more right to a "D" if that right is obtained by hard work.

BICE

Bice, quarterback, has played his position for three years on the scrubs before making the Varsity. He is a willing worker and runs the team well. He makes an excellent quarter in the forward pass department, and handles punts with rare ability. This is "Biggie's" last year, much to the regret of the Coach and student body.

CANN

Cann, left halfback, has played his position for one season; for two seasons previous he played on the scrubs. His work at nailing the man is nothing short of miraculous. He is a good ground gainer and tackles low and hard. "Bre-yard" will play one more year at the college.

KIDD

Kidd, right end, played his first season with the Varsity this year. His end was held down most effectively during the entire ten weeks and his work in backing up the team on the defensive was wonderful.

CARSWELL

Carswell, fullback, has developed into the star of the season. Randall can hit the line with the force of a battering ram. He has the faculty of staying on his feet, and does not give up until he hits a stone wall. He is fast and aggressive and a deadly tackler.

TAYLOR

Taylor, right halfback, played his first season with the Varsity. While running with the ball, he has a way of squirming and darting through holes that makes him next to impossible to stop. Dick is fast and unexcelled on the sec-

ond line of defense. His punting has been of the best calibre.

TODD

Todd, right tackle, has made good this year by his "do or die" spirit. The "Camdenite" began to shine in the Western Maryland game, when he played circles around two of the visitors. Todd has worked faithfully and given his best for his team's success.

HALEY

Haley, quarterback, has played his second consecutive year on the 'Varsity. The coach had some difficulty in placing the big man, but he finally hit the nail on the head. He is a good punter and a heady pilot.

ATTIX

Attix, center, fitted in Papperman's place to perfection. He is aggressive and a sure man to recover fumbles. Never before has a man followed the pigskin at Delaware as Gilbert did this year. He is a faithful trainer and a good hard worker.

MILLINGTON

Millington, right guard, has proven to be a good running mate to Corkran. With this year's experience and his increasing weight, "G. P." should develop into a star next season. The manner in which he has mastered the art of charging is wonderful.

Bratton, Chambers, Larrimore, Hagner, Ennis H., Stewart, Harvey, Dunbar, R. Taylor and Groff also played in one or more games, but did not make their letter.

STATISTICAL REVIEW

Player.	Position.	Weight.	Age.	Class
J. R. Rothrock—Left end		123	21	1910
J. B. Bice—Quarterback		135	21	1910
W. S. Corkran—Left Guard		150	22	1910
W. J. Bratton—Right Guard		185	19	1910
L. B. Cann—Left Haliback		140	19	1911
C. C. Kidd—Right End		145	20	1911
J. G. Stewart—Quarterback		165	21	1911
J. S. Hagner—Right Haliback		160	21	1911
R. W. Taylor—Left Tackle		160	21	1911
S. R. Carswell—Fullback		165	18	1912
H. T. Ennis—Left Tackle		168	19	1912
J. G. Atitx—Center		163	18	1912
R. B. Harvey—Right Haliback		155	18	1912
W. W. Larrimore—Left Tackle		180	19	1912
G. P. Millington—Right Guard		190	17	1912
E. E. Todd—Right Tackle		170	20	1912
C. A. Taylor—Right Haliback		170	18	1912
G. G. Haley—Quarterback		175	22	1913
G. G. Groff—Left Tackle		170	18	1913
G. S. Chambers—Center		160	18	1913

R. J. Dunbar—Right Guard 165 20 1913
 Average weight, 161.6 lbs. Average age, 19.9 years.

GAMES PLAYED.

Games played at home—3. Away—5.
 Games won—1. Tied—1. Lost—6.
 Number of points scored by Delaware College—22.
 Number of points scored by opponents—140.

Date	Team.	Where Played.	D. C.	Oppon.
October 2	Williamson	Newark	0	0
October 9	Haverford	Haverford, Pa.	0	3
October 23	Gettysburg	Gettysburg, Pa.	10	23
October 31	Swarthmore	Swarthmore, Pa.	0	46
November 6	Washington	Chestertown, Md.	0	34
November 13	Western Maryland	Newark	6	11
November 20	F. and M.	Lancaster, Pa.	0	23
November 25	Lebanon Valley	Newark	6	0

POINTS SCORED BY INDIVIDUALS.

	Touchdowns.	Goals from Touchdowns.
Carswell	1	0
Haley	2	2
Rothrock	1	0
Total points—Haley, 12; Carswell, 5; Rothrock, 5.		

THE SCRUB TEAM

The second team can be likened to the mouse in the play the "Lion and the Mouse." They are generally preyed upon by the first team and are mauled about very savagely sometimes, but they now and then struggle forth to victory. When any one of the scrub team receives a bump or a bruise, they never have anyone come and rub them down, and if they mention it they generally hear some one say, "It's only a small bruise, it will be all right in a few days." But if a 'varsity man is injured he is rubbed down and it is proclaimed far and wide that he has a very bad bruise.

Shade your eyes and you will find that some of the men constituting the scrub team are very good material and coming D men. This team, taken as a whole has been doing some very excellent work, and if they are not as good players as the 'varsity men, they at least have as much spirit and that is half the battle won.

The student body wants to take this chance to thank the members of the scrub team for their good work and congratulate them upon being the men that have so loyally and faithfully helped to whip the 'Varsity into shape for their hard schedule of the past season.

The men who have won their "Del" are—Chambers, Davis, Dunbar, Ennis, Groff, Levis, Ennis, G., Smith, Spruance, Walker and Walls.

RIFLE RANGE

The inter-company shoot was held on the Company E range, north of Newark, last Saturday, December 4, and Company B won an overwhelming victory. Company C finished second with Companies A and D and the Field Staff and Band third, fourth and fifth respectively. The members of the winning

team received silver medals and the second team were awarded bronze ones. The team scores were as follows:

	200 Yards. Slow Fire.	200 Yards. Rapid Fire	500 Yards. Slow Fire	Skirmishes	Total.
Company B	139	98	117	250	613
Company C	138	123	78	242	581
Company A	127	91	103	200	530
Company D	127	98	91	191	507
F., S. and B.	119	65	59	124	367

The indoor practice will begin this month. Ten men are sent on the team to shoot in the indoor intercollegiate match; so it's up to the cadets to come out and practice so that "Old Delaware" can at least send its best team to represent the battalion.

The National Rifle Association of America has arranged for an intercollegiate rifle league, to shoot a series of matches beginning Thursday, January 6th, and continuing each Thursday for the following ten weeks. Delaware College has been entered. Lieutenant E. S. Stayer has been appointed by the National Rifle Association to act as their representative at the time of the different shoots. The targets and regulations of the match will be at the college in a short time, and the standing of the same is now up to the cadet corps.

Locals

EDITED BY J. V. ENNIS, '11

McSorley, '09, has returned to college to take up some special work. To see "Mac", Tinney, Jones, Wingett, Rothrock and Watts, all '09 men, still in Newark one might conclude that "Delaware" had a five years' course.

A number of small shade trees have been planted on our campus. In a few years these will add much to the appearance of Delaware's grounds. Perhaps, years hence, when these trees have assumed the size of our present lindens they will bring fond memories to the Senators, Congressmen and chief engineers of our country who, as students, have seen them planted. Keep pace with the trees, fellows.

It has been rumored that we are to have a telephone in the "dorms." We hope that the rumor will not be all that we shall be permitted to hear. A 'phone either in the dormitory or the new library would be a great convenience and would do away with the necessity of using the office 'phone.

There have been a number of improvements made by our chemistry department lately. The laboratory has been well equipped with electric lights which are very necessary on cloudy days. The main laboratory room has been directly connected with that of Prof. Tiffany's by a small window. One of the most pleasing changes, especially to the Juniors, is the filling of the re-agent bottles, a favor not shown to previous classes.

Judging from the after-vacation conversation the chief attractions during Thanksgiving were turkeys, girls and dances.

The annual Institute of the Teachers of New Castle County was held at

"Delaware" November 22-24, inclusive. The meetings were under the direct charge of Prof. Spaid, Superintendent of New Castle County Public Schools. The speakers and other talent secured for the Institute were very instructive and entertaining, and were well attended by the students and townspeople. Although the presence of the school teachers seems to place a ban on studying, yet we gladly welcome them to our college and wish them success in their work.

Twice during the past month the corps of Cadets have formed a street parade during the drill hour. We dare not pass upon our own marching ability but we note with pleasure the favorable comments made by our townspeople.

On Friday, December 10, the Cadets were inspected by Lieut. Stayer and his staff. All of the Companies made a very favorable showing.

The team representing Company B, won the silver medals and that of C the bronze medals. Sergeant Vandergrift of Company B, was high man, being the only man on the teams who did not have a miss during the shoot.

Thomas (in Physics)—"Professor, do they keep chilled shot in ice water?"

Prof Short—"In Rugby, if two men are taken out of the game they must continue the game with thirteen."

Millington—"That would be unlucky, wouldn't it?"

Hohn (speaking of incandescent lamps)—The lamp barely "glew."

Patterson—"Heisler has a job on the railroad now."

"How's that?"

Patterson—"I hear he is chasing the cars (Kerrs.)"

A family tree—Twins.

After dark—Chasing a negro.

The worst thing out—Out of cash.

Shaky business—playing dice.

A ship that has two mates and no captain—Courtship.

How to find a girl out—Call when she isn't in.

Parlor matches—Courting in the front room.

Approaching a crisis—Walking toward a restless girl baby.

ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

According to a Hindu Legend, this is the proper origin of woman:—"Swashti, the God Vulcan of the Hindu mythology, created the world, but on his commencing to create woman he discovered that for man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed Swashti, and caused him to fall into a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows:

He took—

The roundness of the moon,

The undulating curve of the serpent,

The graceful twist of the grass blade,

The slenderness of the willow,

The velvet of the flowers,

The lightness of the feather,

The gentle gaze of the doe,

The frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam,

The tears of the clouds,
The inconsistency of the wind,
The timidity of the hare,
The vanity of the peacock,
The hardness of the diamond,
The cruelty of the tiger,
The chill of the snow,
The cackling of the parrot,
The cooing of the dove;
All these he mixed together and formed a woman.

Exchanges

EDITED BY T. F. WATTS, '10

In the November issue of the "Washington Collegian," we were rather surprised, although we might incidentally add, somewhat pleased, at the article called "The Xmas Requirements in American Education." Although the author tried very cleverly to hide the real object of his argument, there was no time at which we were doubtful of his real meaning. Possibly the fear of being branded as a traitor to his college, forced him to award to the languages and English all the honor and praise which by reason of their long-continued and faithful service should be justly placed to their credit; yet we could plainly see that his nervy pen was itching to come out boldly and say the need of the colleges was an engineering department. Like the "Collegian", we freely admit that all honor and respect possible should be given to the classics, still we can not help from thinking that in the battle for existence in this cold money-making world, every student should be furnished with a practical implement of warfare. While possibly this may be an indirect route, it seems to us to be the best means of explaining our appreciation of the above mentioned article.

A story which savored of the mediaeval times, was "The King and Dancer" in "The Mountaineer." All the old favorites which we were wont to read of in the historical romances of Scott, were presented to our view in an interesting manner. Heading the list whom could we expect to see but that never missing character, the King. The Queen, the Cardinal, the Prime Minister appearing at proper intervals, until at last we recognize our old favorite, the court dancer. The story opens with the account of a horrible attempt upon the life of the King, for which two poor peasants are arrested and sentenced to death. Complications follow in very rapid order which involve the Cardinal and finally result in his expulsion from the domains of the King. Finally the court dancer gets in her deadly work, and the King is found cruelly murdered. Of course, the Cardinal has to be accused and sentenced to death for the foul deed, which gives the dancer a good chance to make a sensational exit, taking the Cardinal's place at the execution. While, of course, we do not wish to be considered in the light of a harsh critic, for we really did enjoy the story, which was interesting and well written, it did strike us as bordering slightly on the melodramatic. However, we will be content to stand the melodramatic provided that we have the pleasure of reading more stories as interesting as this one.

Taking for the theme a subject which causes us to take a hurried trip from

the mediaeval to the present time, is the story in the same magazine called "Jackson." American society in general receives several sharp pokes in the short ribs from the sarcastic pen of the author. The scene, one of the brilliant functions of high society, is rather degraded by the presence of a noted criminal, who, garbed in faultless attire, associates with the "pink of society." The issue whether modern society, or we might more exactly say, modern financiers of whom society is largely composed, are morally better than the ordinary thief in regard to their respective methods of obtaining a livelihood is raised when the thief philosophizes with the young lady from whom he has taken the necklace. But there is one point on which we are not quite clear. If the thief was such a notorious criminal, so well known to the police force, how was he able to secure admittance to the dance. Probably this is one of the things which we are supposed to accept on its face value, but on looking at it from the logical side, this point struck us rather forcibly.

The Atmosphere of Old Erin and her happy go-lucky sons is one of the enjoyable features of "A Hallowe'en Story" in the Gettysburg "Mirror." The way the careless, happy Oiney worked on the natural superstition of the Irish race in order to accomplish his wish to see the "garrul" is very cleverly worked up. It abounded with just enough of the natural Irish wit to afford enjoyable reading, and still was not vicious enough to be sarcastic, or to give offense to any son of the Emerald Isle. It was one of those stories for which we are all the better for the reading.

It is our very unpleasant duty this month to make an announcement which we have never been called upon to make before, and which we hope we will never have to make again. Last month, owing to some unaccountable error on the part of the powers higher up, we were unable to send out our customary number of exchanges. To all our exchanges we apologize for our inability to exchange and again repeat that we hope that it will not occur again.

Inter-Collegiate Notes

A. B. EASTMAN, '11

The Freshmen class at Princeton is slightly smaller than that of last year. Altogether 391 candidates were eligible for admission, but forty-one failed to appear, so that the class of 1913 now numbers 350. This includes 152 candidates for the bachelor of arts degree, 158 for the Litt. B. and B. S. degrees, and forty candidates for the C. E. degree.

The Union Pacific railway has opened a "railway college" for its employes, in charge of trained instructors. Employes in every department will be given the teaching free. The object is to assist the men in assuming greater responsibility, increasing their efficiency, and the preparing of prospective employes for service. It is said that modern methods are changing the mode of railway operation so rapidly that the men must constantly be educated to the new ways. It is hoped that bright men will have exceptional opportunities in the college to qualify for positions higher up.

The total registration in Harvard College is 2250, and this number is divided as follows:—Seniors, 364; Juniors, 505; Sophomores, 495; Freshmen, 662; Special, 121; Unclassified, 103.

REMARKABLE STUDENT.

Among the new students at Harvard is a boy named Sidis, who is only eleven years old. He was admitted as a special student after spending one year at Tufts College. The lad is a prodigy in mathematics, being able to solve problems which ordinarily are considered difficult for persons twice his age. It is the first time in the history of the university that a student so young has been allowed to register. So unusual are the boy's attainments that he is permitted to study under the most eminent mathematicians.

The bowl fight, an annual occurrence at the University of Pennsylvania, is the oldest college fight in America, having been in continuous use since the '70s. There are two periods or halves. In the first the Sophomore bowl guards have possession of the large wooden bowl and attempt to touch it to the Freshmen's bowl man before the latter can be hustled over the goal line by his classmates. The identity of the bowl man is always kept secret until the very last minute, and as the half is but 10 minutes long, the feat of connecting the bowl with the bowl man is extremely difficult. The second half is a scramble for the possession of the bowl itself. The winning side is that which has the greatest number of hands on the bowl when the whistle blows. This is the last fight of the year between 1912 and 1913, and the last chance '12 will have to retrieve a rather numerous list of defeats.

Princeton graduates love to relate an old story about Dr. McCosh, who was president of the New Jersey College before Dr. F. L. Patton. Old Dr. McCosh was very absent-minded, and in making the announcement, at 8 o'clock chapel in the morning, had to have some reminder on a memo card or he was almost sure to forget. One day the French professor asked him, just as he was mounting the platform in chapel, to announce to the juniors that their class would meet at 9 that morning instead of 10. The president nodded, but completely forgot about it, not finding any reminder among his written announcements. A long prayer always brought chapel to a close in those days, and Dr. McCosh, on this day, was almost through the prayer, when he suddenly remembered the request. Undeterred, however, he slipped in an additional phrase just before the "Amen" and the chapel faithfuls were edified to hear, among other petitions, "And oh, God, cause the juniors to remember that their French class will be at 9 this morning, instead of 10." The juniors remembered.

Professor Paul van Dyke, of Princeton, has been making some investigations among the students of Yale, Harvard and Princeton as to the relative standing of the sons of rich men with those of humble homes. He went through the list of seniors in these institutions and picked out the names of those boys whose parents are listed in the "Social Register" of New York. Most of the families in this register are very wealthy. He then investigated the record of these 166 boys, and here are the results, as stated in his own words: "As a class, they are far below the average of their fellows in the ability or the willingness to make the most of their opportunity." Of the whole 166 it seems that only one boy, and he the son of a clergyman, took any honor of the first class. A few of these boys, one in eight, gained slight distinctions, but always of the lowest rank. It would seem from these statistics that the popular opinion that riches made young men careless of opportunity or ambition was ratified. But, of course, there are many other things entering into the situation that have to be borne in mind. The poor boy realizes that his college training is to be the means of his livelihood after college, whereas the rich boy looks upon the col-

lege course as only a cultural incident in his life. The poor boy often comes from very meager cultural opportunities, and seizes upon the college work with freshness and avidity, whereas the rich boy comes from books, travel abroad and preparatory schools, which have much of the college atmosphere about them. A good many of these rich boys afterward achieve considerable eminence in life, and it is a noteworthy thing how little one can foretell of future eminence from college honors. Yet the main fact remains undisputed, and is worthy of careful consideration by wealthy parents, that the poor boy in college carries off the honors, is most alive to its large opportunities, and cherishes the aspirational frame of mind. In other words, he becomes a man much sooner than the rich boy. One of the daily papers, commenting on this article of Dr. Van Dyke's, calls attention to the fact that just those rich fathers, who entering college as poor boys worked their way through and afterward became rich, are the ones who provide most lavishly for their boys in college now, seemingly dreading that their boys should feel the least sting of poverty, which once they knew. Seemingly those who once have known poverty esteem its blessings least.

De Alumnis

EDITED BY C. T. MCCHESENEY, '11

Mr. Caleb Pennewill, of Dover, who entered Delaware College as a student in 1846, was a recent visitor at the college. Mr. Pennewill was pleased to note the many improvements about college since his attendance here, but was surprised to learn that his room on the second floor of the Old West Wing in the Dormitories had disappeared. He is President of the Farmers' Bank of the State of Delaware, has a planing mill, and is largely interested in the timber business at Dover.

Dr. G. Harlan Wells, '90, an active member of Delaware Alumni, was recently elected President of the Philadelphia Medical Society. Dr. Wells recently took charge of the practice of Dr. Sneider of Philadelphia, and in addition to this work is engaged in delivering a course of medical lectures at the Hahnemann Hospital.

Curtis Calvin Cooper, '02, of New York City, was recently married to Miss Nellie Louise Hardy, of that city. Mr. Cooper, who is a lawyer in active practice, is a graduate of the Wilmington High School, Delaware College (Latin Scientific Course), and the Columbia University Law School.

Prof. Clarence M. Prouse, '02, was recently married to Miss Priscilla T. Appleby, of Christiana. After an extended wedding trip to Niagara Falls and other places of interest the couple will reside at Ocean City, N. J.

Charles W. Clash, '06, was recently ordained to the ministry in the St. John's Episcopal Church of New York City.

Leo Pie, '05, who is employed as a Civil Engineer by the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg, Pa., was a recent Newark visitor.

Richard T. Cann, '00, is now engaged in learning the woolen business in the employ of the William Bancroft Co., extensive manufacturers, of Wilmington, Del.

Joseph H. Perkins, '07, head chemist for the Charles E. Hires Company, of Philadelphia, has recently perfected a formula for a carbonated beverage, which is said to equal, if not surpass, any previous production of the company, and that at a greatly reduced cost. Mr. Perkins while at "Delaware" was Editor in Chief of the REVIEW and on last Commencement received the M. S. degree in recognition of his work in a graduate thesis. Mr. Perkins, we feel, is to be congratulated upon his early successes in life, as such active endeavor must of necessity shed credit upon him and upon the institution at which he received his education.

William Y. Cullen, ex-'07, is employed by the Alpha Cement Company, at Dallas, Texas, and from all reports is doing very efficient and remunerative work in the capacity of Mechanical Engineer.

Carlton McSorley, ex-'09, has recently returned to college to elect advanced work in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

Richard H. Palmer, '09, greeted his friends about college recently. Mr. Palmer has been convalescing from an attack of typhoid fever, but is now able to resume work.

Clifford McIntire, who is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Wilmington, Del., was a recent college visitor.

Samuel Eastburn, ex-'06, director of the drafting room of the Ramapo Iron Co., has recently placed on the market an invention designed to add greatly to the comfort of the nursery bath-room.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Edited by H. T. ENNIS, '12

On Tuesday morning, December 8, Rev. Joseph Wilson Cochran, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church addressed the students in the oratory. The address was very forcible throughout. Dr. Cochran pointed out clearly the line of demarcation between the student who is in college merely with the idea of making a living, and the one who is in college with the idea of making a life. In the course of his address the speaker said that there are two ideals to-day struggling for mastery. The one he represented as the son of Greece and the other as the son of Zion. "The American college," he said, "is in a critical condition, because it is judged by its product, and too many young men are in college for the advantages it gives them of making money." We are therefore, duty bound to our Alma Mater and to God to yield up something more than the making of a living; it is the making of a life.

Now that the football season is over we hope that all will take more interest in the Bible classes and attend regularly.

THE STUDENT'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

By John M. Thomas, D. D.

1. Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the end of all thy work.

2. Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.
3. Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth, and welcome all truth gladly, whether it bring thee or the world joy or suffering, pleasure or hardship, ease or toil.
4. Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.
5. Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with the yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.
6. Thou shalt respect the rights and pleasures of others, claiming no privilege for thyself but the privilege of service, and allowing thyself no joy which does not increase the joy of thy fellow-men.
7. Thou shalt love thy friends more than thyself, thy college more than thy friends, thy country more than thy college, and God more than all else.
8. Thou shalt rejoice in the excellences of others, and despise all rewards saving the gratitude of thy fellows and the approval of God.
9. Thou shalt live by thy best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals thou dost most admire in other men.
10. Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.

Agricultural Notes

Farmers' Week will be held this year the first week in January. Each day will be devoted to a special subject or to allied subjects, special emphasis being put upon live stock, field crops, soil fertility, and horticulture.

Thursday will be given up entirely to a Conference on Country Life. This is the first time in the history of the institution that this phase of Agriculture has been considered. Special invitations will be sent to the rural school commissioners, rural pastors, and the Granges will be asked to send delegates to this conference.

A number of experts have been engaged to assist in the instruction of the week. This list includes, among others, Prof. W. M. Hayes, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture of the U. S. Department of Agriculture; Dr. Carl W. Gay, Professor of Animal Husbandry in the University of Pennsylvania; Prof. M. B. Waite, an expert Plant Pathologist of the Department of Agriculture, Washington; the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of New York City; the Hon. Oscar W. Collier, President of the Maryland Cereal Association, of Easton; and "Joe" Wing, Agricultural writer and humanitarian, of Ohio.

Judges Boyce and Hastings were recent visitors to the Agricultural Department.

Prof. Grantham is attending the National Corn Show and meeting of the

Association of Agronomists, at Omaha, Nebraska.

Dr. Cook and Mr. Taubenhau are to read papers at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which is to be held in Boston, the latter part of the month.

A part of the class in Horticulture attended the Maryland Horticultural meeting in Baltimore, the first part of December.

Prof. Hayward delivered an address before the Maryland Dairymen's Association at Baltimore, recently.

A new system of drainage has been installed in the concrete pits, which are to be used in the Horticultural experiment at the College farm.

Dr. Cook has been asked to prepare an article on the Cecidology of North America and Europe, and to review all future publications on this subject for the "Botanical Gazette." These reviews will also be published in "Science."

The Agricultural students met on December 6, and organized an Agricultural Club. The purpose of this Club is to arouse interest in Agriculture. It will hold meetings weekly, at which will be discussed actual farm problems as well as topics relating to the course of study. The officers of the Club are as follows: President, E. H. Shallcross; Vice-President, H. S. Garrison; Secretary, A. S. Houchin; Treasurer, W. L. Kirby.

Doings of the Ancient, Free and Accepted Order of Antiquated Chestnuts

Since our last appearance we have heard murmurs of dissatisfaction which have been rising from the ranks of our more ignorant and consequently "sore-head" inferiors. The reason for these murmurs is that the requirements for admission to the A. F. A. O. A. C. are such that a great number of these men have failed to even qualify for the tests on which our members are working. Led on by one of their number, "Mr. West Point" Whittingham, these men have filed with us an application for a charter entitling them to organize an auxiliary to the dear old Mother Society. We have consented, after much deliberation, and the auxiliary is to be known as the F. B. & H. Auxiliary. Some of its members are still under discussion, but we are informed by Brothers Lewis and Millington, who are advocating the auxiliary, that at the latest writing the following men are its charter members:

"Muscular Feet" Whittingham, "Plow" Attix, "Hee-Haw" Tammany, "Cutey" Jacobs, "Fusser" Savin, and "Dud" Wilson. These men are to be called either the "F. S. & H. Auxiliary" the "Dirty Half-Dozen" or the "Unwashed Six." We have made it plain to them and we want it fully understood by the rest of the ignorant ones that this order is merely an auxiliary to our glorious society and that they will have absolutely no recognition beyond being called any one of the three names mentioned above. They will not have any of the privileges of our noble order and any commands issued by them need not be obeyed except by the "Rats", who must obey everybody.

During the past month we have succeeded in collecting some very choice chestnuts. We regret that lack of space does not allow us to print them all, but we are giving the ones which seem to the brains of the noble members of

our grand order to be the most important.

In Physics, on November 29, Professor Short asked "Bill" Butz to describe the rod and ????. "Bill" immediately blossomed forth into the notice of the noble members of this order. His answer was, "Well, Professor,—it—it—it is an iron bar—with, with—with two ends on it."

Prof. Short—"Carswell, what effect does heat have on solids?"

Carswell—"Well, in the case of ice, it melts it."

In the same Physics class, during a discussion of the trade-winds, Professor Short asked "Plow" Attix for what practical purpose the winds are used. "Plow" hesitated awhile, and there, under the able prompting of Brother Millington and Brother Rice, said, "They are used to steer ships with."

During Mr. Maxfield's class in English last Monday, Brother Knopf tried to throw the trend of the conversation off the track. For a long while he was unsuccessful, but finally Brother Knopf said, "Say, professor, did you ever see a whale blubber? I should think it would be a funny thing to see such a large creature indulge in tears."

We fear that some day Brother Millington's favorite expression, "That lets me out," is going to really let him out of a certain classroom. Nuf sed, eh?

Armstrong, '10, while Stewart, '11, was rendering a fine conception of the piece entitled "Wild Cherries"—"Say, that fellow can't come anywhere near playing as well as I can."

McCafferty, '12—"That sounds to me more like 'Sour Grapes' than 'Wild Cherries,' Armstrong."

We sincerely hope that the above efforts will be appreciated, and in closing let us say that we want to hear no more murmurs like the ones mentioned above. We want the members of the auxiliary to appreciate our kindness in allowing their names to appear on the same page with ours. However, we think the rest of the "studcs" will understand the "true fruit" relationship and not judge us too harshly. A word to the Auxiliary—"You have your toy, now, baby; let's see how quickly you break it." With this we close.

(Signed) "QUEEN" MILLINGTON,
"ANCIENT EGGS" LEWIS,
"TELL IT TO SWEENEY" RICE,
"KID STATLER" KNOPE.

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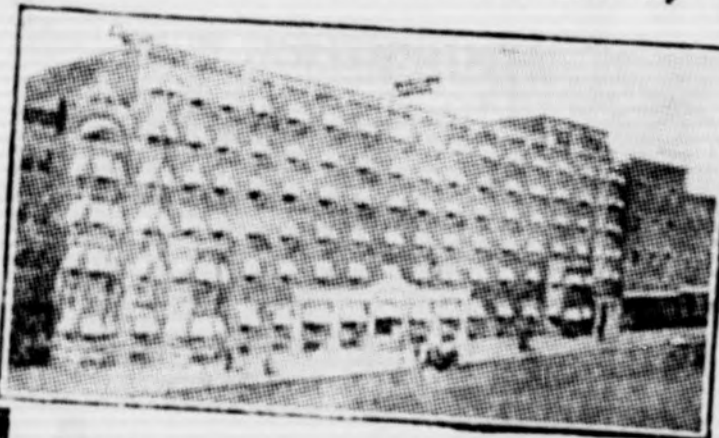
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New York—Thousands are taking advantage of the generous offer made by The Woodworth Co., 1163 Broadway, New York City, requesting an experimental package of Senpine, the great discovery for Asthma, Hay fever, Bronchitis and Catarrh, which is mailed free of charge to all who write for it. It is curing thousands of the most stubborn cases. It makes no difference how long you have been suffering or how severe the climatic conditions are where you live, Senpine will cure you.

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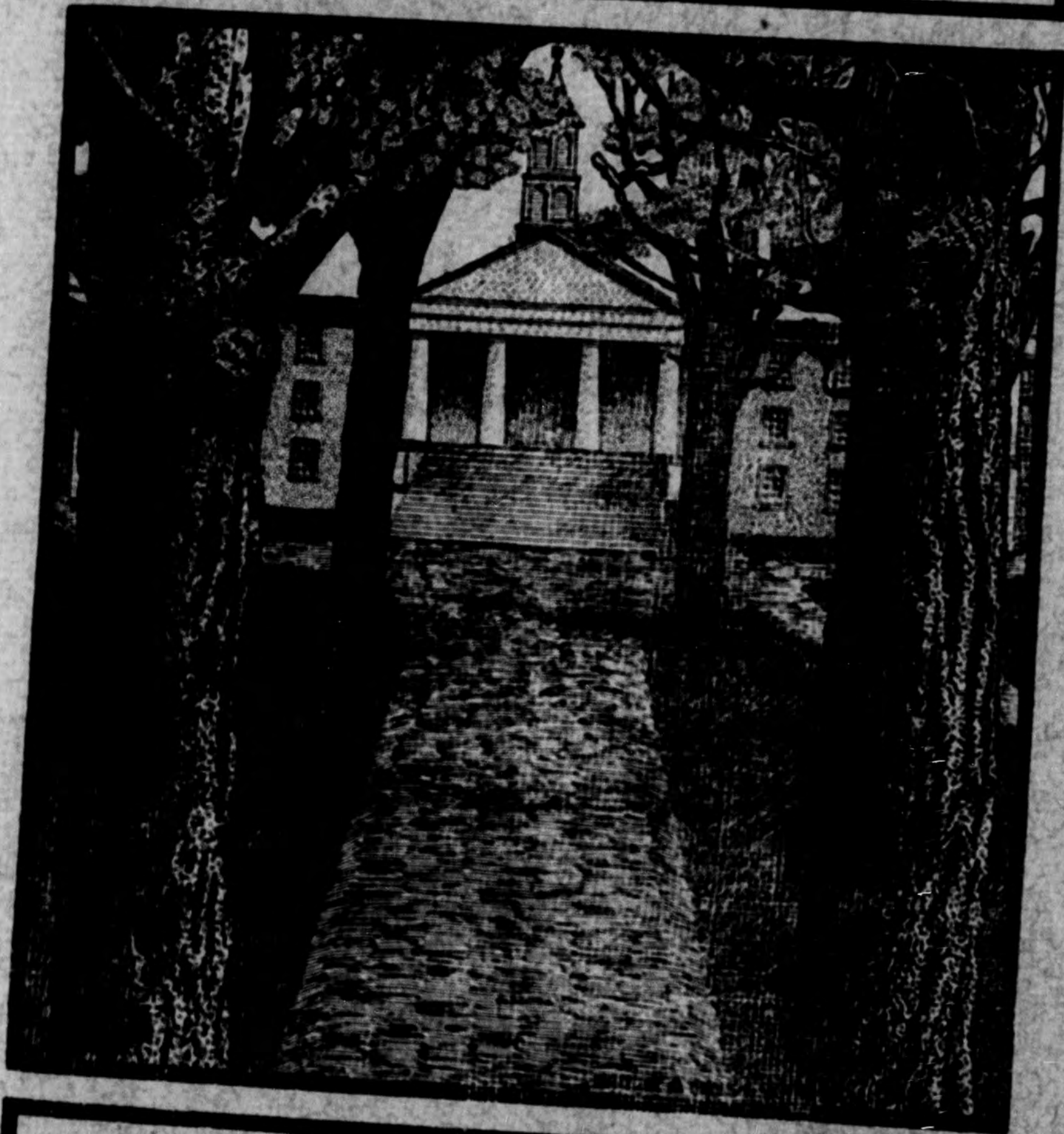
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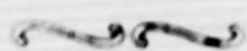
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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW



JANUARY, 1910

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