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NEXT FRIDAY IN
WILMINGTON

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Percy's Buttons

By Paul P. Faris

I am graduating from college. I am the educated man my family expected me to be after my four years of absorption. In June I shall rent my cap and gown, put on my dignified air, and receive my diploma. Then, after I have gotten away from the Halls of Learning, I will begin to think.

I don't know what I will think. I only know that the thinking will be a delightful process, a process in which I will revel for its own sake. During the summer I shall probably look back into my text books which I still have, those which it happened that I could not do without when I needed money and others needed books, those which have survived use as bomb shells to drive away intruders, were they bothersome fellow students or my landlady's mice.

Those books will be immensely interesting then, though now they bore me. I shall find them full of interesting bits instead of the wearisome passages my professors found for me and recommended that I read. I am sure that my "History of English Literature" will be fascinating, that I shall read it from cover to cover by myself in my room. This in spite of the fact that it will do me no good whatever, since my grades—may the saints be lenient—have already been recorded in that subject. My "Introduction to Philosophy," and my "Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant will be opened often, too. This in spite of the fact that many of the pages will be opened for the first time, pages which as assignments promised to be so incredibly dull that I dared not faze my nerves and stifle my spirit with them.

If there are other texts still in my book case by then I will read them along with those mentioned. And I will also read those which I bought because I wanted to buy—"Writing Craftsmanship," "Life of Pasteur," Boccaccio's "Decameron" in French, "The Spirit and Service of Science," and Robert Browning's poems. These books have lain upon my shelves for from one to three of my college years, in a practical sense untouched. They have served only to impress casual visitors with my intellectuality and my diversity of interests. During the summer they shall repay me for my constant protection of them, and for the honor of being upon the shelves of a man of such intellect and diversified interests as I.

Sometimes, when not reading my books, I will just sit and think, and revel in the luxury of a thing so long denied me. I will decide for myself whether or not Wordsworth is greater than Coleridge, Dewey than Hegel, or Caesar than Napoleon. I will refuse to give snap judgments on great philosophical conceptions, or one minute criticism of literature whose value has been determined only after a century. I will take my own sweet time about accepting the fact that two and two equal four, or that whatever they equal makes any difference. I will not think about Mr. Dewey from 8:00 until 9:00 every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and then jump at nine to thinking about Mr. Coleridge for an hour. I will think about them when and for as long—or short—as I please. And I will think about them what I please.

(Continued on Page 4.)

YOUTHS ENTER TRADES BY PSYCHOLOGY TESTS

Paris, Jan. 30.—Picking trades for children by scientific tests has been taken out of the laboratory into life by the Bordeaux Chamber of Trades. Each youth is examined to determine his qualities and the results of many tests are used to guide the subject in choosing a work for which he or she is mentally and physically well equipped.

Some day, says Henri Pierson, head of the Sorbonne Laboratory of Physiological Psychology, the exact requirements of trades and professions may be classified and the exact qualities of men and women closely determined so that workers may be fitted into their proper places in the world, where they can do that which they are able to do best.

PROM WILL BE NO SLOW AFFAIR WRITES PRESS AGENT

Gay Old Time For Undergraduates In DuPont-Biltmore

TICKETS SELLING FAST

Don't think. Don't let yourself think. We'll think for you. You're going to the Prom—the biggest and best Prom Delaware has ever had. You've bought your ticket, hired your "tux" taken your "annual" (just as if that was an essential thing), and are anxiously waiting for Friday the 11th to show its profile on the calendar. Your girl has finally chosen that only gown upon ten thousand, forced her dad to buy her a new pair of "dogs," and all this just for you. Yes, she's waiting too for the time when you shall park your tin can in papa's gutter, rush up to the door, give the high sign, grab her by the arm, push her into the front seat, and after the preliminary bout, carry her off to the grand ballroom where college jazz and dancing foals reign supreme for one night. It will be one night when you'll be dancing on top of the world with that sweetheart in your arms. She'll be willing to believe that you're sane when you tell her that you've quit "neckin'" and believe that "petting's all taboo." You'll be so enthused with the joy of life that your fraternity brother will be able to convince you that he owes you ten berries and when you see in the far corner some petite mademoiselle doing a real Gilda Grey black bottom the doctrine of Utilitarianism will strike you so hard that even pure Sussex County corn couldn't keep you from rising to the occasion. It's all going to come about between nine and two but what a power of difference in your education does such a few hours make.

Yes, everybody's going to be there. George Madden's going to be there, and "Hess" is going to be there to novelize the novelties of jazz. You can't beat it, can you? George and "Hess" and the rest of that gang of synecopation hounds are going to fill "votres chiens" so full of music that there will be radio communication between your big toe and your girl's little tootsie. There's going to be a hot time in the old town that night. The management requests that there be no "necking" on the dance floor, because such risque behavior causes sun spots to appear on the electric light bulbs and might in the end cause a big rain storm. You'll be free to indulge in anything that will not interrupt the big function, but if anyone, to add to the merriment, wishes to stage a side show it will be in order (perfect order, if you please).

Nothing much more to say, fellows, except that tickets are selling fast, and that everybody, even from the most dignified Senior down to the most nearly functioned "rat," will be there. Toot! Toot! All aboard for the big affair—THE JUNIOR PROM.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Honorable Judge

By C. M. Hughey
(In "The New Student Magazine.")

Although I sat with the audience, I was a part of the program. I wanted to run but couldn't.

The high school debaters came to the platform in orthodox order. One was a boy, blue-eyed, light-haired, and happy-minded. I shall always be indebted to him.

The other five speakers were girls. Now, I am not the sort of man that abhors the wag of a woman's tongue. However, I must admit a distaste for women as public speakers. The modern trend is good, I think, but I cannot yet admit that woman's place is on the public platform. Moreover, when it comes to girls of tender years delivering oratorical messages, I must confess that same repugnance which one ordinarily has for the abnormal. Not until a ctadas judg eat afed tr debate did that aversion arise which will now probably always be with me. I cannot help myself.

These innocent girls in my imagination held me up before the audience, while, dancing around me like little witches, they aped the most cherished and proudest moments of my life: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Honorable

DEBATE ENLIVENS CLUB SESSION IN WILMINGTON

Dr. Crooks And New York Labor Woman Discuss Possible Legislation

WINNER NOT ANNOUNCED

A heated discussion took place in the clubroom of the Business and Professional Women's Club last night, when Dr. Ezra B. Crooks, professor of philosophy and social science at the University of Delaware, talked on the affirmative side of "Protective Legislation for Women" and was answered in the negative by Mrs. Ada R. Wolff, a linotype operator and ad compositor on the third (night) shift of the New York Herald-Tribune.

Dr. Crooks, who is president of the Consumers' League, spoke of the great help that protective legislation has been for women in reducing their working day to eight hours, to providing restrooms, preventing their lifting heavy weights and preventing their working where they might suffer lead poisoning.

Mrs. Wolff, who is a member of the International Typographical Union and is chairman of the Equal Rights Association of New York, said in her rebuttal that women my not like to work for long hours, but that it was infinitely preferable to not eating. Legislators, by restricting the hours she may work and by saying that she may not work at night, has done much to eliminate feminine labor from the field where she was a serious competitor.

RIFLE SCHEDULE SHOWS W. C. D. IN FAVOR OF INTER-COLLEGIATE SPORTS

The schedule for rifle matches at Women's College has been completed. Miss Devona Keithly head of the rifle team, arranged for the matches. They are as follows:

February 9

Carnegie Tech, Perdue, Drexel, De Pau, Michigan State, University of South Dakota.

February 26

Pen State, University of Washington, Oregon College, Oklahoma A. & M., University of Idaho, West Virginia University.

March 15

South Dakota State, University of Wichita, Gettysburg, George Washington, Syracuse.

March 19

University of Nebraska, U. of Michigan, Cornell, Cincinnati.

March 26

University of Maryland.

Before March the 31st, Women's College will shoot in the Women's Intercollegiate Rifle Championship Match.

STUDENTS WARNED ABOUT MUTILATION OF LIBRARY BOOKS

CLIPPING IN VOGUE

Student Council To Investigate All Cases Reported By Librarians

Numerous complaints within the last few months have revealed the fact that not a few thoughtless users of the University library have taken the liberty of clipping articles from books and magazines and taking books from the library without having them charged at the loan desk. It seems that these persons do not realize the seriousness of the offense, which is a criminal one. Nor do they consider the use of the library to others.

Recently a copy of the encyclopaedia was found to have been mutilated by someone who wished to escape from the mental strain of taking a few notes. The value of such mutilated works is greatly decreased to the next user and practically worthless if the information he seeks has been removed.

The students who use the library should make it a point of honor not to decrease the usefulness of the library by such thoughtless acts. If a sense of fairness is not enough to stop the practice, it must be remembered that the Honor System applies to the use of the library as well as to examinations. By co-operating, the students should make the library as useful as possible rather than to hamper its work.

STOLEN STUDENTS SOUGHT IN WOODS

Four Rutgers Freshmen Kidnapped After Class Dinner by Sophomores and Abandoned

TWO OF THEM ARE FOUND

West Orange, N. J., Feb. 1.—Two students of Rutgers University, among several kidnapped by Sophomores, while on their way to attend a Freshman class dinner in East Orange last night, were being sought by police in the mountains near this town.

The lost youths were Oliver Lyon and Charles Coats. The sophomores, foiled by a squad of police in their attempts to break up the dinner at the Hotel Suburban, laid in wait at the Brick Church station of the D. L. and W. Railroad at East Orange.

At this point Lyons and Coats were seized with Richard W. Thomas, class secretary, and Steven Daig. Each was pushed from the kidnappers' car in a different spot.

Police found Thomas, his hands tied behind, with one shoe and most of his outer clothing missing. He was wandering through the woods about three miles west of here. Daig was found under the guard of Milton Haase, a sophomore.

The police released the three at headquarters and returned to the search.

ALUMNI BANQUET FEBRUARY 19

The Alumni of the University of Delaware will hold its annual banquet in the Du Pont-Biltmore Hotel on the evening of February 19th. This gathering generally draws alumni from all sections of the country and this year should prove no exception.

THE DRAMATIC HORIZON

With "Candida" and "The Successful Caimian" produced the campus thespians will begin the second semester with a very promising outlook: Professor Van Keuren may produce "Outward Bound" or "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; the Women's College will produce a Shakespearean play together with a possible production of "He Who Gets Slapped." The Footlights Club may produce a series of one-act plays to be enacted by Freshmen while the annual Spring show has, as yet, not been announced.

"LIFE ELIXIR" BARED BY EDUCATOR

Snakes, Pearls, Flowers Included In Formula Found In Roger Bacon Works

ADAM CALLED DISCOVERER

Dr. Robert Belle Burke, dean of the college of the University of Pennsylvania and professor of Latin, gives to the world the formula for the elixir of life.

The elixir, which during the middle ages was purported to maintain life in youthful vigor for centuries and for whose secret philosophers, alchemists and scholars have sought, is described in the writings of Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century, which have been translated by Dr. Burke.

Dr. Burke, speaking before the Philadelphia section of the Medieval Academy of America, in the Lea library of the University of Pennsylvania, said that Bacon was many centuries ahead of his time, and that much of the "Opus Majus," which he has just finished translating, could be read with profit today.

This is particularly true, he said, of the first part of the section on experimental science, in the latter part of which the formula appears.

First to Advocate Research

"Bacon," he said, "was the first man to advocate the research method in arriving at scientific truth. Before then all trust was placed in 'pure reason.' If this section of the book was modernized in language the name of any learned man could be put to it and the resultant work used as a textbook.

"Another part which could well be read today is the first section, which Bacon devoted to the clearing away of human error; giving the causes of error as misuse of power, habit, prejudice and the false concept of knowledge.

"The section on mathematics showed that Bacon came remarkably close to the modern theory of radiant energy, the transmission of force through an elastic body, and to the modern idea of celestial measurement.

"That he had a pretty good idea of the size of the earth is proved by his assertion that the semi-diameter of the earth was 3250 miles. We now know the diameter to be about 8000 miles.

Conceived the Telescope

"In the section of the book devoted to optics he raised problems, some of which have not been solved until our time. He conceived the telescope, although he did not build one. He had a clear conception of the microscope and understood the projection of rays.

"He advocated the reform of the calendar then in use, realizing that through it time was falling behind; as he put it, 'men would soon be fasting when they ought to be feasting.' He also advocated the study of foreign languages, Arabic, Hebrew, Latin and Greek, to aid in the acquirement and dissemination of knowledge."

The translation of the Elixir of Life speaks of "wisdom granted to the world through the first men, namely, through Adam and his sons, who received from God Himself special knowledge on the subject in order that they might prolong their life."

EGG FERTILIZER FOUND IN COCYTIN, EXPERT SAYS

California Scientists to Experiment Further With Mysterious Element

Berkeley, Calif., Feb. 1.—Further experiments with cocytin, the mysterious element which fertilizes otherwise unfertilized eggs of sea urchins, will be made here by University of California biochemists who recently announced its discovery, but in spite of the promise which the strange element offers in the way of working wonders, they will not attempt to produce synthetic life.

Dr. G. W. Clark, one of those who discovered cocytin, expressed the belief the element would start the life process in eggs other than those of the sea urchin, and further tests will be made of its power.

Cocytin is produced from the blood of animals. Ten gallons of blood gave off but .2 to .7 of a gram of the strange element.

BRITISH BOTANIST HERE NEXT WED.

ERNEST BOYD BOOKED

Dr. Benner Announces Coming Of Jeannette Rankin And Floyd Dell

Dr. Benner announces that on next Wednesday Craveth Wells, well-known British botanist and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society will lecture on "Life in Indo-China." February 23rd will find Jeannette Rankin lecturing before the local students. Dr. Benner has secured a well-known historian to speak upon "Mexico" following the lecture of Miss Rankin. Other noteworthy lecturers to appear on the local platform are Ernest Boyd, perhaps the greatest critic of present-day French and Spanish literature and author of "Ten Studies in Literature" and "Imaginary Portraits" and Floyd Dell, the writer who "made" Greenwich Village.

Dr. Benner has been informed that Mr. Erskine will be unable to lecture at Newark this year due to the fact that his time is being occupied by collecting royalties on "Galahad" and "Helen of Troy." Dr. Benner has also received word that Dr. Meiklejohn has discontinued lecturing this winter due to failing health.

REVIEW REPORTER REPORTS BROWNING PEACHES TRIAL

CONFUSED WITH ENGLISH POET

Lad Thinking College Course Was Being Given In White Plains, Rushes There

White Plains, Feb. 23, 1928.—Class opened today with the roll being taken by Judge Ment. Three people cut classes when they learned that the outside readings, the diaries, would not be used as evidence. The trial opened when Judge Ment, leaning down from his high elevation, asked Paul Gillos if he had ever seen Sap Warner or Tromaine with Peaches. Gillos recanted and after recanting said in a voice that could not have been heard above the roar of a tiny baby's voice: "Yes."

Then counsel Mach of the first defense objected to the evidence of the second defense and jumping to his feet cried: "This little gal has been mistaken." Just then Browning entered the room carrying a volume of "Rabbi Ben Ezra." He bowed to the crowds. They shouted. They cheered. "Hurray for Browning! Down with the Commune!" Peaches grinned at him and he returned the grin. Then counsel Mach started again but this time he let Gillos off and called in another witness—this time Eyerher.

Counsel Mach (To Eyerher) Who was that lady I saw you with last November?

Eyerher That wasn't any lady, that was my new guitar.

Counsel Did you ever write any poetry?

Eyerher Yes sir.

Counsel To Peaches?

Eyerher No sir—to Snookums.

Counsel Oh—you too called her Snookums?

At this point the counsel for Mrs. Browning objected and having won his objection the court was dismissed for the morning.

In the afternoon the jury was charged with the case and after they (Continued on Page 4.)

CALL FOR THESPIANS

Professor E. C. VanKeuren will be at his office on the second floor of Farnell Hall, on Thursday and Friday, February 10 and 11, to meet students of Delaware College, who wish to take part in the play to be given by English 51 during the second term. He will meet students at other hours by appointment.

The Review

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APOLOGY

In a recent edition of "The Review" there appeared an article which in no uncertain words condemned the attitude of the papers of Wilmington toward the University of Delaware and with this condemnation there came a misconstruing idea that certain philanthropists in this state were being criticized. The students and faculty at the University of Delaware have the highest regard for the men who have so generously contributed to the advancement of this university in the national educational realm. "Feudal Delaware" may rant against the efforts of men to remold the educational backbone of this state but never will the University of Delaware decry the massive and untiring efforts of men and especially one who has included educational betterment for Delawareans in his list of hobbies along with "Bach symphonies and horticulture." Even if the majority of citizens cannot realize the great work that has been accomplished by Delaware's finest citizen the students as well as members of the alumni body of this university will long sing praises to him. (The Review at this point suggests to all students that they read the article entitled "Feudal Delaware" on page seven of the current issue of the magazine, "Time.")

THE PROCESS OF GETTING NEWS

There are probably but few who realize how tremendous is the problem of publishing a college weekly. There are scores of things which demand strict attention, painstaking care and accuracy and above all faithful co-operation.

Were we to specify all the work entailed in editing a paper such as the RAM, many no doubt would gape in amazement and wonder how it is that so much labor receives such little reward. Yet there is no drudgery involved when work is done under favorable and encouraging circumstances. There would be no drudgery connected with publishing the RAM if it received due cooperation from the college organizations.

Among the many difficulties which such an editorial staff has to face is that of getting news, interesting news, news that is news in the true sense of the word. Simple though it may seem to procure the necessary matter for this publication, the task is made doubly hard by the unwillingness of many organizations to lend a ready response and to cooperate. This lack of co-operation is not within the staff. It comes from without, which makes it all the harder to remedy.

Fordham, the largest Catholic University in the country, boasts more organizations probably than any other two colleges put together. Yet through the inactivity of some, the inefficiency of a few, and the unwillingness to co-operate of others, the interesting happenings are unobtainable.

It is indeed a deplorable and discouraging situation to face, yet these are the facts. More than half of the organizations of the school have no official representative from whom official news may be gathered. In which case, if anything concerning such organization is published, the news is apt to be inaccurate, with the consequence that the RAM is held at fault. Some organizations have news, and important news, which they will not release until it has appeared in the New York newspapers. And in passing it might be remarked, that we believe that the first duty of any organization in the matter of news is to its own college paper. Yet time and again news items have been given to the outside papers in disregard of the RAM. These valuable happenings are of interest more to Fordham students than to any outsider. Why not give it to them first? This procedure would seem to be only logical. When other papers have published it, there is no savour in rehashing the same matter. Furthermore, it is always distasteful to play "second fiddle." Lastly, the RAM is not a mere chronicle.

It may be that RAM representatives have never approached these secretive organizations. This, however, is more than doubtful.

What we have to suggest we feel sure will remedy the evil. Let the Fordham Weekly have a little cooperation from everybody, from the important men as well as the less important. Grant us the concession of having the news first hand. Write a letter to the RAM requesting to have press representatives sent to gather your news from your own authoritative source. In return for this cooperation we promise a more interesting publication, a more accurate newspaper, and a more forceful Fordham rooster.

(This is a clipping from the Fordham "Ram"—but the situation is the same at this University.)

"FULL OF INUENDO"

I am not sure the world is any better than it was in Isaiah's time, because I wasn't in a position to observe personally what was going on then. But I am certain it's no worse. I am convinced that there has been no boom in sin. Yet we as newspaper writers and editors are inclined to join the world-old game of viewing with alarm the present and pointing with pride to the past.

And I imagine that if I were an average, self-respecting high-school or college boy or girl I'd get tired of reading a newspaper full of innuendo about how rotten I am.

My suggestion is that we check up on ourselves and our staffs on this point; ask ourselves whether we are living up with our times and give the present youthful generation its due, as we expected it in our adolescent days. —George B. Parker, editorial executive for a group of Ohio newspapers (in a general order to his men).

"OCCASIONAL FOOLS"

The college student is seemingly beset on one side by those commentators who accuse him of being a harmless, rubber-stamped product in the making, and on the other by those who are equally positive that his flouting of authority, which breaks into the public prints now and then, has become too obstreperous a business for youngsters to be engaged in.

The situation doesn't appear quite so hopeless as all that. Among the inalienable privileges of young people is that which entitles them to make occasional fools of themselves if they want to. If the method chosen involves measures which appear to reflect dangerous tendencies, let it be remembered that the rambunctious element among them usually is in the minority. The colleges of the land are going their peaceful way, turning out their annual quota of graduates, applying discipline when someone has misbehaved,

awarding medals when somebody has distinguished himself. And if the gentlemen whose pleasure it is to analyze American college life are themselves at odds over the question, who shall say that the time has come for us to worry?

College men are not half as wicked as they try to impress their elders as being. It is not remarkable to find a few undesirables among them; you'll find black sheep in any mass of individuals.—New York University Daily News.

"NEW CASTLE" HONORED BY WILMINGTON CENTURY CLUB

W. C. D. SECURES LIBRARY

On the twenty-second of January, a tea was held in the Common Room of New Castle Hall, the new dormitory of the Women's College, at which time the Wilmington New Century Club presented the New Dorm with a much appreciated library. This library has been named the Elizabeth Worrell Library in honor of Miss Elizabeth Worrell, who is well known in Delaware educational circles as a veteran in the art of "teaching school." The library consists of approximately two hundred volumes which were selected with great care, excellent taste, and a keen appreciation of what a college woman would be interested in reading. Mrs. David A. Ward, president of the Century Club, presented the library; and Miss Adelia Jefferson, student head of New Castle Hall, received it. Miss Robinson, dean of the Women's College, introduced Mrs. Ward with a speech in which she expressed the sentiment of the whole college and especially that of the residents of New Castle Hall. The event had double significance in that it was the ninety-third anniversary of Miss Worrell's birth, and it was therefore very fitting that a library named for her should be presented to New Castle on that day. Mrs. A. D. Warner, a valued friend of the College, was present. Mrs. Warner was a pupil of Miss Worrell's; and presented New Castle with one hundred dollars, the gift of Mrs. William T. Mendenhall, for the purchase of more books. The tea was very informal; Miss Allen, faculty head of New Castle Hall, presided at the tea urn, and various members of the New Castle students served. After the speeches were over, the students, led by Miss Gillespie, head of the music department, sang the "Alma Mater," and "Happy Birthday" to Miss Worrell. The girls of New Castle Hall take this opportunity of publishing their thanks.

DR. SYPHERD GOES SEARCHING FOR ENGLISH INSTRUCTORS

Dr. Sypherd, Head of the English Department, during the past week visited three universities (Columbia, Yale, and Harvard) in search of men to fill the vacancies which will be created in the English Department when Dr. Sypherd and another member of the department will leave this institution next July.

Dr. Sypherd is leaving for Europe to make an extensive study of the material concerning the Biblical story of Jephtha and his daughter. He will spend much of his time in the libraries of some of the universities of Europe.

During his absence, Dean Dutton will be acting head of the English Department.

It is not yet known whether or not Dr. Sypherd was successful in his search since he did not issue any official statement.

AG MEN TURN JOURNALISTS

The Agriculture Club is now issuing a news sheet which it sends to all the Senior boys in the different High Schools throughout the State. The purpose of this news sheet is to bring the Senior students, who are interested in agriculture, in close touch with the University and the Agriculture Extension Course. The work of the School of Agriculture and the Experimental Farm is explained fully in this sheet which is issued by the officers of the Ag. Club under the guidance of the Faculty of the Agricultural School of the University.

"BLUE HEN" WORK SLOWLY PROGRESSING REPORT EDITORS

EDITION IS CERTAIN

More Co-operation Needed

Work on the publishing of the "Blue Hen" is now being pushed forward as rapidly as conditions will permit. As a result of a meeting of the two upper classes on January 14, some enthusiasm was aroused in favor of the publication. The condition of the book was shown to those who attended the meeting and the previous lack of support was made clear. It is hoped that the result of this meeting will be a successful year for the "Blue Hen."

Subscriptions are coming in slowly but steadily. A little over half of the students have subscribed and paid their initial fee. The editor urges that the lower classes give their whole-hearted support to what promises to be the best issue of this time-honored book ever published. The "Blue Hen" is the only compiled history of the classes and it is an authentic record of the doings of the classes, the fraternities, the athletic teams, and the other student societies and activities. To have a complete record of one's entire four years in college one should have two issues of the "Blue Hen." With these, he may turn back in after years and see what he and his friends did and saw done while they were students at the University of Delaware.

The editor reports that the editorial work is progressing slowly but surely. It is believed that after the mid-year exams are passed, work will be pushed rapidly, and that the book will go to press in ample time. About one hundred cuts have been made and sent to the printer. An equal number will be made as soon as pictures can be taken. A schedule for these pictures will be made soon and the cooperation of the students in taking them is strongly urged.

In all lines the work on the production is being pushed as rapidly as possible. The editorial staff is doing its best to make this issue the biggest and best ever produced. The business staff is working all the time to make this "Blue Hen" the most financially successful one that has ever gone to press. The college as a whole can do little to help the editorial staff but it can greatly aid the business manager and his cohorts by subscribing immediately. To make this issue a success will not only cause pleasure to those who are working so hard to publish it but will make a better "Blue Hen" for us and will preserve this worthy tradition at Delaware for the students who are yet to come.

PROF. MATTHEWS CONCLUDES HIS NOVEL LECTURES

BEFORE WILMINGTON CLUB

Last week Professor Matthews presented the last of a series of reviews of recent modern novels given in the club room of the Business and Professional Women's Club, 4003 du Pont Building in Wilmington.

The group of novels that were reviewed included Booth Tarkington's latest novel "The Plutocrat" and "Revelry," the recent novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams, which has recently been so widely discussed.

The lecture was the last of a series of reviews presented by members of the English department of the University and it touched on the recent works of a number of writers whose works could not be given extended reviews on account of the lack of time.

COMPLAINT REGISTERED ABOUT ROOTERS' TACTICS AT LOCAL GAMES

How about a little better spirit at the basketball games, fellows? When an instructor takes time from his class period to talk about the rotten sportsmanship of the Delaware rooters, it's time we gave this matter some serious consideration. This is exactly what Mr. Boeder did not long ago in one of his Freshman algebra classes.

The evening before, he had watched the St. John's game, and he expressed widely different opinions of the players and the rooters. He said that it was a marvelous game but the side-line spirit was terrible. The students did not behave like college men, he said, and the manner in which they commented on the referee and his decisions was disgraceful. Mr. Boeder held that the chosen referee should be the undisputed judge of the game, and in this the members of the class agreed with him. He admitted that the choice of the referee may have been bad, but once chosen, his decisions should not be disputed from the sidelines by dissatisfied onlookers. One student stated that the attitude of the referee was the cause of the bad spirit, but agreed that a real sport would overlook that shortcoming.

Mr. Boeder was absolutely disgusted, but realized that a certain few were chiefly responsible. For these students he recommended expulsion. He was so disgusted, he said, that he was tempted to go out on the floor at half time and tell the rooters just what he thought of them and bid them good night.

Mr. Boeder knows what he is talking about. He is a favorite on the campus, and what he says should mean something to the students.

We know that it's not always like this, and that just a few start it, but

once is one too many times and a few like this are too many to have in a good, clean-playing college like Delaware, so let's snap out of it and play as good a game from the sidelines as we do on the courts or on the field. We'll feel a lot better and everybody will like us a lot better for it. Let's show our old friend, Mr. Boeder, the kind of sports we really are!

Salesman (at display salon): And do you like this model?

R. F. D. Buyer: Yes. What's her name?—Pitt Panther.



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MAYBE you've sailed the seven seas searching for perfect pipe pleasure... Maybe you've tried oceans of tobacco without running into one you can anchor to... but don't give up the ship. Plenty pipe-pilots were once in the same boat...

Just shoot an s. o. s. to G. R. C. for Granger Rough Cut is a life-saver to pipes in distress. It's rich and spicy—and mel-lowed by the old "Wellman Secret" it's so mild you can stoke-up and fire away at full sail!

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And don't wait till your ship comes in to take on a cargo of Granger. The pocket-package is not high-priced... for packed in foil (instead of costly tins) this quality tobacco sells at just ten cents. Load up to-day... and bon voyage!

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Count Bruga's Column

Material for E. L. Masters
by Fra Elbertus '29
LUCINDA MEGGINSON

You guessed at things until the end,
Guessed and always believed
Your guesses were realistic estimates.
What was there in you, my lover,
That made you wrap words
Around the emotions
You felt? And what power had your
words
That I should have listened?
Did a cold god of reason ordain
That our lives stretch out thin and
impotent,
Waiting for you to guess out the con-
sequences of marriage?

EZRA WILKINSON

I grew shriveled
In the service of the demon,
Dancing attendance in my youth,
Futilely and feebly trying to please
As the years passed.
The thralldom wore me out
And left me empty. There was
A gradual lessening of my own spirit
While the demon voice kept on,
Talking a fence about life
That successfully kept me out.

ERIC LEIDECEITER

A vicious character,
Said the townspeople,
When I passed down their miserable
streets.
I was strong and I was ruthless;
And I showed them I was ready
To fight with bare fists for myself.
The mangled face of Tony Vacca,
Who walked across my seed-bed, told
one story;
And the smashed ribs of Louie,
Who shot squirrels in my wood-lot,
told another.
I learned it in this way:
Through the contemplation of nature.

FRED HAGY

"Give me a pipe of tobacco," I said,
"And I'll tell you
What it means to be a lover of truth."
The realtor who had stopped his car
To pick me up
Sat and listened quietly.
I told him what the Russians
Thought of capitalist America.
I got excited and said
I'd stake Russian ideals against
American ideals
Any old day.
So when we got to town,
He got the sheriff
And had me arrested as a dangerous
character;
And because I punched the sheriff's
nose,
I got beamed with a black-jack—
Just too hard. The hick sheriff
Was dismissed two days later
On a charge of manslaughter.

WALLACE MACK

I loved people a bit too much, I
think.
I reached out for them
Until I think my self lost form:
I became simply that self which lives
in others' minds.
And yet
Who could regret the good talk
That carried me into the souls
Of Lawyer Goodis, of Justice Smith,
And all the others,
As we sat about my Sunday breakfast
table,
And the warm sunlight
Streamed through the great east
window?

R. O. T. C. IN-
SPECTION DIDN'T
GO SO GOOD—
DUE TO RAIN

COAST ARTILLERY HERE

If Present Plans Go Thru War
Dep't

The inspection of the R. O. T. C.
unit of the University went over
fairly well with Major Aubrey. The
Major did not exactly express his
sentiments, but Major Underwood be-
lieves he was pleased. The Major
commented on the absence of men,
and also that men were standing in
line with civilian clothes. This, of
course, will count unfavorably in his
report on the Delaware unit.

It has been known that the Chief
of the Coast Artillery in Washington,
D. C., has written a letter to the

Secretary of War requesting that
Delaware be changed to a Coast Ar-
tillery. The Chief of Infantry, how-
ever, has put an unfavorable endorse-
ment on it. This, of course, leaves
the decision to the Secretary of War.
Even if Coast Artillery was decided
on, it could not be done until the nec-
essary facilities for storage and care
of the greatly increased amount of
valuable property be obtained. The
property would value at about \$100-
000.

Infantry drill would remain in the
basic course, while the upperclassmen
would go in the highly technical
study of the arrangement and firing
of the heavy guns. There would be,
of course, no actual shooting.

The present appropriation bill at
Dover, carries a bill for \$4,000 for
a shed for storage in case of change.

WANT U. D. MEN IN STATE GUARD

Reserve Officers Urge Rule
Permitting Complete
Training at Home

Delaware Chapter, Reserve Officers
Association of the United States at a
special meeting on Tuesday night
adopted resolutions urging a change
in the Reserve Officers Training
Corps at the University of Delaware
so that graduates of the University
may become members of the 198th
Anti-Aircraft Regiment, the Delaware
National Guard. The Chapter also
adopted resolutions urging the State
Legislature to make sufficient appro-
priation in case the change is made
at the University to properly care for
the equipment and materials now used
at the University in training the stu-
dents for the infantry.

The Reserve Officers' Association
which is strong in this State, is very
desirous that the change be made at
the University so that its graduates,
at the completion of the R. O. T. C.
course, can be taken into the coast
artillery unit maintained in Delaware.

Under the present system the stu-
dents are trained for the infantry and
in receiving their commissions must
go outside the State to follow their
infantry training. It is understood
the change at the University is being
favorably considered by officials of
the War Department and the local
Association is in hopes that it will go
through within a very short time.

Ladies And Gentlemen

(Continued from Page 1.)

Coupled with my personal shame
was my knowledge that in a few
moments I would have to stand up
and defend myself. I would have to
assume a bold front, congratulate . . .
the children in the face of their par-
ents and render a solemn decision in
favor of one side or the other. How
could that be done sincerely? As in
the case in every American debate,
high school or college, no one in the
audience understood or remembered a
fraction of what was being said; no
one was expected to. It angered me
to think that I must pretend to ac-
complish this unprecedented feat.

Then the bright-faced boy came
out. He was frightened. I found
some satisfaction in his discomfort. It
occurred to me at once that the boy
wasn't going to be able to finish. I
knew that I should be delighted and
that he at bottom would relish a cer-
tain taste of revenge. Very soon he
paused and looked wildly around,
then picked his speech up somewhere
and continued. He paused again. I
began to gain courage.

When things were at their worst,
he suddenly smiled, and the light
came back into his face. Out in the
audience he had spied a chum or
sweetheart. The silly debate didn't
matter so much. He was happy any-
way.

How he finished I do not know or
care. I knew what kind of a decision
I was going to give. I would admit
my asinine past, and even enlarge
upon it. I would do so with a pur-
pose. In part I would say—People
talk about the art of conversation be-
ing forgotten in this country. For
my part I venture to say that the
art of debating, which in its only

tolerable form is a variety of agree-
able conversation, has never been
known in our academic circles.—I
would say—If debate speeches are
mere victrola records to be played
mechanically, if they aren't even
good records which can hold the in-
terest of the hearers, then the records
should be destroyed and the bearers
choked, if necessary. Finally, I would
praise the children and say that I
loved the boy very much.

Everyone smiled and appeared to
be interested. The debaters displayed
the only apparent displeasure in the
fact that a contest had been held
without determining a winner.

I was taken back to town rather
hastily. The lady drove her car in a
certain fearless way which convinced
me that she was an excellent teacher.
Over children, dozens of them, she
would have perfect control but over
her car she had no control worth
mentioning. She drove fast.

All the time she talked about the
organization of her pupils' debate ma-
terial, delivery, facts, more facts,
statistics, points, this point, that
point, points—I wanted to get out but
couldn't without asking her. She
drove too fast.

I wanted to stop at the mining
villages and thank the miners for
whatever ignorance they retained.
The valor of even their obscenity oc-
curred to me. . . .

I thought of sneaking off through
the fields to disappear in the dark
woods. Then, I would have climbed
a hill somewhere to look at the stars
and wonder if anything lovely can
long exist. Something about the
woman and her quite perfect car
frightened me. It wasn't whether we
were going to crash. The situation
could only have been worse if she had
been a capable driver.

We fell down steep hillsides at

breath-taking speed and arose dizzily
to the next level. Her chatter became
demoniacal—

"Oh God"—I found myself whisper-
ing. And then I cried out loud—"Oh
God—"

Should one pray at a time like this?

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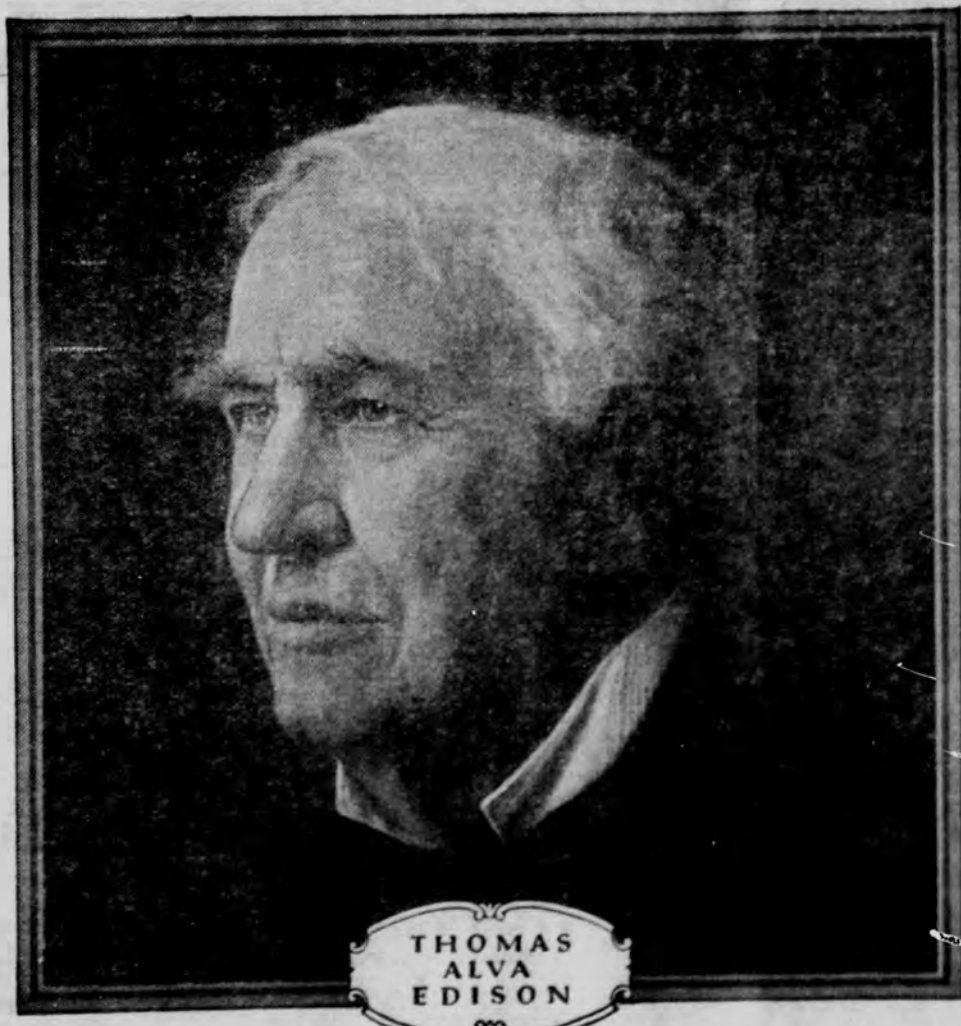
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kind can ever appreciate. February eleventh is
the eightieth anniversary of his birth.

Wherever electricity is used—in homes, in busi-
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sciously grateful, that humbly pay him homage.

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From Co-Ed's Pens

"COLOR": THE POEMS OF AN N. Y. U. POET

It is not a treatise on art, nor a booklet proclaiming the uses and merits of a certain cosmetic or fabric, nor—Without any further dalliance—"Color" is a collection of poems written by Countee Cullen, a negro.

If you would understand the heart, the mind, the attitude of a negro, if you would be entertained, if you would learn a bit of philosophy, read these poems. Their variety is amazing and indicative of the temperamental, moody make up of the black race. They range from simple delightful outbursts of joy to the most bitter complaint of a sad heart. There is much delightful humor and wit in a series of epitaphs. Here is a fitting one for these trying "exam" days when we all have a morbid outlook on life, etc.

"For a Pessimist"

"He wore his coffin for a hat,
Calamity, his cape,
While on his face a death's-head sat
And waved a bit of crepe."

The Women's College, being in no wise guilty, favors this one:

"For A Mouthy Woman"

"God and the devil still are wrangling
Which should have you, which repel
God wants no discord in His heaven,
Satan has enough in hell.

There are many more, each one equally delightful.

If you have been taught that Judas Iscariot was the greatest of scoundrels, villains, and sinners, read Countee Cullen's "Judas Iscariot." The poem presents a startling idea.

If you are romantically inclined, you will find any number of stanzas of exquisite lyricism.

Love of life seems to be the key note of the entire collection. However the last poem is

"Requiescam"

"I am for sleeping and forgetting
All that has gone before.
I am for lying still and letting
Who will, knock at my door.
I would my life's cold sun were setting
To rise for me no more."

BOARD PINS

It has long been a thought in the mind of the Student Board members that the members of that august body should have some distinguishing insignia—shall we say a reward for the trials of being a Board member? It is one of the most thankless jobs among any of the thankless ones on campus. No matter how carefully a case is weighed, no matter how justly the Board tries to deal out punishment, there is always some one who complains. The student body is scarcely ever familiar with all the facts of a case, surely not with as many as the Board is; yet it does not hesitate to criticize most unmercifully. All this is, however, beside the point. The "PINS" have arrived. The reward is at hand. The design is what one might expect, a symbol of wisdom; an owl, holding an open book on which is a large blue "D." The owl is of gold and the "D" of enamel, making a suitable presentation of the University colors. Members of the Board of last year will be allowed to purchase pins; and perhaps those of even earlier Boards, although that question has not as yet been discussed.

Percy's Buttons

(Continued from Page 2.)
Telling Mr. Dewey To Sit

In the mornings I will sleep until I am rested, until nine at least. I won't worry about losing my hour's sojourn with Mr. Dewey; I won't worry about how I am going to explain my neglect to any one, not even Mr. Dewey. I will be free, will tell Mr. Dewey to sit there on my shelf until I am ready for him about ten—or maybe next week.

I suppose writing will interest me as it always has. But I won't write unless I want to write, and then I won't write any certain thing if it happens not to please me. If my fingers get tired I'll quit. If I've forgotten some little thing I won't be terrified at the consequence, nor will I wait until no one's watching before refreshing my memory. I won't be writing for anyone else, but instead, for truth, or at least originality. If I believe I have a new view of worth I will develop it to my own satisfaction. I may start to write about the Romantic Movement and end with only an appreciation of the spirit which made that Movement worth while. If so I shall be content—in fact, well pleased. I shall realize that appreciation of a thing argues more concerning my own worth than a mere epitome of the facts that anyone could glean from books about the Movement.

Hanging on the wall above my bed will be my diploma in all its regal grandeur. Or perhaps it will be opposite my bed where I can see it oftener and let its glory warm my spirit while the morning sun warms my body. I only hope that its beauty will not wane, as I feel it must. At least, I hope that some few days will pass before that inevitable one when I shall awaken to see, not an Aladdin's Lamp, a pass key to the world's treasures, but just a piece of paper masquerading as sheep skin and symbolic of nothing but the fact that perhaps I am a walking encyclopedia. This must come finally, though. Then it is that I will take down my diploma and put it in the box with those I got upon leaving the eighth grade and high school. I might even put it underneath those two if seeing them again brings back my grade and high school days vividly enough. In those days I wasn't allowed to think either. But I didn't want to so earnestly, and consequently was more satisfied with not having the privilege.

Well, as I go on imagining, I ap-

preciate more and more the prospect of this summer after graduation. It will be worth a great deal to be able to evaluate myself and the world as I wish. The only disheartening feature is the realization certain to come that all has not been right with me in the educational world. That, I suppose, will be one of the disagreeable things I must endure for the privilege of thinking. But if so, I won't be too woeful. "Percy" was a Mechanical Man whose every action was dictated by buttons on his back. Should he have realized even once that his every action was the result of someone's pushing one of his buttons he without doubt would have been discouraged. But if realizing that should have led him to push a few buttons for himself, he would have been more satisfied ultimately. And so I won't regret seeing, when I look back, that my buttons bear only the fingerprints of others; that is, I won't regret for long. I will immediately make a blue print of my buttons and will push my own buttons thereafter, even if it does mean putting myself in an awkward and uncomfortable position to do it.

Percy Operates Himself

With a few week's practice I shall acquire a great deal of skill in the matter of my buttons. Therefore, when the summer draws to a close I shall think about going back to the Halls of Learning. When I do I won't be the same one that looked dignified and got his diploma three months before. Percy the Mechanical Man will have come to life, and perhaps will amaze friends with his skill at operating his own buttons. Percy will go to graduate school with a new outlook. When he takes a course he will get from it what he wants to get. When he wants to think he will push the button. When he doesn't he will sleep a while or go to the movie. If his new attitude interferes with his grades, he will let his grades go hang. And if he feels a desire to curse Mr. Browning for his obscurity instead of saying with the professor that it is a product of deep thought—he will curse Mr. Browning.

Button Pushing a la Mode

He may write his doctor's thesis in six years. He may write it in twenty. Six is more probable. But at any rate, that thesis button won't be pushed completely in until Percy is ready to push it. And at last, if the product is rather different from what others expect, it will remain different. Perhaps the whole change will be disastrous. Perhaps Percy's buttons

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Dec. 10—	Phila. Textile	28-18 W
Dec. 16—	Phila. Osteopathy	29-11 W
Jan. —	George Washington	28-29 L
Jan. 12—	Army	20-23 L
Jan. 14—	Pratt Institute	17-21 L
Jan. —	Western Maryland	34-15 W
Jan. 25—	St. John's	31-12 W
Jan. 22—	Drexel	21-23 L
Feb. 8: Western Maryland	Away	
Feb. 15: Mt. St. Mary's	Wilmington	
Feb. 17: St. John's	Away	
Feb. 22: P. M. C.	Away	
Feb. 25: Swarthmore	Wilmington	
Feb. 29: Pending		
Mar. 1: F. & M.	Home	
Mar. 5: Haverford	Away	
Mar. 10: Ursinus	Home	

for lack of use will rust until even others can't budge them. But there isn't much danger of that. If Percy didn't want to control his own life for the better the change would not come about. He wants the change in order to regain his self-respect. There isn't much danger.—The "New Student."

"SHORT" GYM DID IT!

Delaware	Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
Barton, forward	1	0 2
R. Holt, forward	1	0 2
DiJoseph, forward	0	0 0
Harris, forward	2	0 4
Jaquette, center	1	3 5
Creamer, guard	1	1 3
H. Holt, guard	0	0 0
LeCarpentier, guard	1	3 5
Taylor, guard	0	0 0
Totals	7	7 21

Delaware	Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
Schwartz, forward	1	2 4
Hey, forward	5	4 14
Tucker, center	0	0 0
Dobbins, center	0	1 1
Gregory, guard	1	0 2
Foley, guard	1	0 2
Totals	8	7 23

REVENGE FOR FOOTBALL!

Delaware	Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
DiJoseph, forward	0	0 0
R. Holt, forward	2	2 6
Barton, forward	0	1 1
Hill, forward	2	0 4
Harris, center	0	0 0
Jaquette, guard	0	0 0
Milne, guard	5	4 14
Creamer, guard	0	1 1
Taylor, guard	0	1 1
LeCarpentier, guard	1	0 2
H. Holt, guard	1	0 2
Totals	11	9 31

Delaware	Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
De Valle	0	0 0
Caratelli	0	0 6
Zouck	2	2 6
Dugan	0	0 0
Lush	1	0 2
Baird	0	0 0
Rice	1	0 2
Williams	1	0 2
Totals	6	2 12

SWARTHMORE FIVE FOE SOON FOR LOCALS

On your toes, Delaware! From our rival, Swarthmore, we have news of a red-hot basketball team. Statistics show that before midyears Swarthmore had a fast, winning combination which looks good for the rest of the season. Unless the Delaware players get back into the winning ranks in earnest it looks as though the team will be forced to duplicate the actions of the football team rather than those of the natators.

The Swarthmore publicity committee gives us the following dope. This is straight information and looks bad for our chances unless we hustle. Up to exam time Swarthmore had won four out of five games. Among the vanquished she numbers Drexel, Osteopathy, Stevens, and Muhlenburg. Ursinus is her only conquerer. Two players—identity unknown—were reported out with injuries.

There we have it. No guess work about it. They have a good team. The only way to win is to show them a better one. With our material it can

be done—So step on it, men. Let's co-operate with the swimming team and help avenge that 49 to 7 score of last fall! 'sgo!

Review Reporter Reports Browning-Peaches Trial

(Continued from Page 1.)

had discharged one case they asked for another to which the judge replied: "Liquor's scarce boys, go easy." Then Peaches and Browning, both appearing like a nice pear once more found peace as the murderer meandered toward the gallows with his heart full of revenge and his neck full of rope. And just before he reached his goal this black-hearted soul was met by Rev. Glook who said: "Oh, don't be a chump!" and they lived happily never after so the story runs.

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He is an optimist—always looking forward to better times. When they come, however, he is unprepared. He hopes, but he doesn't save. Hopes are good as they go, but a growing savings account is needed to back them. How's your account?

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IN ANY group of regular fellows, you'll find Prince Albert. It belongs. It speaks the language. You get what we mean the minute you tamp a load of this wonderful tobacco into the bowl of your jimmy-pipe and make fire with a match.

Cool as a northeast bedroom. Sweet as a note from the Girl of Girls. Fragrant as a woodland trail. Prince Albert never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how fast you feed it. You'll smoke pipe-load on pipe-load with never a regret.

Buy a tidy red tin of P. A. today. Throw back the hinged lid and breathe deeply of that real tobacco aroma. Then . . . tuck a neat wad into the business-end of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Now you have it . . . that taste! That's Prince Albert, Fellows!

PRINCE ALBERT

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P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and punch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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