

....*The....*

# *Delaware College Review.*

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VOL. XIX.

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## LITERARY.

CHARLES W. BUSH, Editor.

### Delaware Stories.

#### II.

#### LANE'S CHOICE.

The all-absorbing feature of college was the tennis tournament. Lessons, of course, were of minor importance; the interest in baseball had taken a slump; the fellows training for the track team had no spectators; all centered on the tennis. It had narrowed down to the last round before the semi-finals. As a matter of fact, everyone felt that it really lay between Horner and Lawson, two seniors. Still, there were several very good men still in, especially one freshman, named Lane, who had attracted attention by his remarkably steady playing. He was the only lower classman left, and, not a brilliant player by any means, it seemed as if he stood little chance against the veteran players of the senior class.

Horner defeated his opponent in this round in three straight sets. Lawson defeated his two out of three. Taylor, a long, lanky junior, defeated his two out of three, and the freshman, Lane, defeated his three straight.

In the semi-finals Horner played Taylor.

It was close, for the long legs of the junior seemed to take him all over the court, and this made up for Horner's little superiority in playing; but Horner finally won out, 6-4, 7-5, 6-3. He, at least, had a chance, a very big chance for the championship.

On another court meanwhile, Lawson and Lane were hard at it. Lawson, a big strong fellow, had been in several tournaments before, and had a powerful smashing serve, but seldom placed the ball, preferring either to kill it or drive it straight at his opponent. Lane, on the other hand, had never been in a regular tournament before. His style of playing was to place the ball with great accuracy.

In the first set Lawson started serving with tremendous speed. At first Lane was unable to return the serves; or, at least, only little dribbles, that his opponent easily put out of his reach. He then adopted something entirely new, standing close to the service line and half volleying those terrible drives. And what is more, he placed them where he wanted them. This so rattled Lawson that he lost the first set, 6-4. He rallied in the second, and, after a hard struggle, won it, 7-5. In the third set both players started brilliantly, but the strain soon began to tell

on Lawson's excitable nature, while Lane remained as cool and collected as ever. Finally, with Lane placing the balls all around him, Lawson completely lost his head, and Lane won, 6-3. The championship now lay between Horner and Lane.

The final round took place the next day. Never before had so much interest been taken in tennis. The fact that the contestants were a senior and a freshman added to it. The silver-loving cup, with "Tennis Champion, 190—," engraved on it, was inspected with admiring eyes. There was a great deal of talking and discussing—"hot air," as little Barrington put it, over the outcome. To most people the odds seemed much in favor of Horner, yet a few, who knew the game well, seemed to think a great deal of Lane. He apparently couldn't get rattled, and his power of placing a ball exactly where he wanted to and his steadiness made him a favorite with quite a number.

The day was clear and warm, the courts freshly rolled and limed. An immense crowd of spectators were gathered around. The two men came out and tossed up, and Horner got the serve. The umpire took his seat on the little raised platform. And they started. Horner served a forehand twist, but Lane returned it to the far corner, right down by the alley, out of Horner's reach. The next serve he placed just over the net, and Horner, expecting it in the back of the court, failed to get it. This woke him up to a fuller realization that he was "up against it hard." He rallied, and after that each man won his serve-up to five all. Here Horner won his serve, and after several deuces the game and set went to him,

7-5. There was a great deal of applause, the upper classmen cheering Horner and the lower classmen Lane. Most of the spectators were for Lane.

The second set proceeded in the same way up to seven all, when, after a brilliant rally, Lane took the next two games and had the set, 9-7.

Talk about excitement. It was beyond description when that third set started. Everyone was wild. Horner seemed to feel it a little, but Lane apparently never noticed. He might have been in a practice game. Horner started with his usual beautiful serves, followed by close net work. For a while it seemed as if Lane was lost, for he seemed unable to meet the terrific onslaught of his opponent, but he steadied himself, and by a little lobbing kept Horner back from the net, while he himself kept close to it. His own serve varied, now a twist service, now a hard straight drive, then an easy lob. His constantly changing tactics puzzled Horner a little, for he never knew what to expect. The first two games went to Horner, then three to Lane, then Horner made it 4-3. Lane took another and another. It was 5-4 in Lane's favor, and his serve. If he won the next he had the championship. 15 love, 15 all, 15-30, 30 all, 40-30, deuce, and then vantage out! He must win the next. There was a dead silence as he drew himself up and smiled slightly. Horner stood with white face and clinched teeth leaning forward, waiting for the ball. "Play, you fool," muttered one of Lane's backers. One of the spectators slowly waved a fan to and fro, and a heavy freight train coughed out volumes of black smoke as it puffed up on the B. & O. Lane noticed all these things without



paying any attention to them. He threw up his racket and drove a straight ball over the net. Horner met it forehand, and returned it far in the opposite corner! Was it on the line or out? "Out," called the umpire, and a great sigh of relief went up. Lane had another chance yet. But Lane, standing just where the ball had struck, noticed a mark. Jove! It was where the ball had struck *inside the line*. Almost involuntarily he passed his foot over the spot, blotting it out. It flashed through his mind that he would have another chance; no one would know, the umpire had given the decision, why go against it? And the honor of having beaten a senior! Then suddenly he turned, and his voice rang above the hub-bub:

"Mr. Umpire, that ball was not out; it was just inside the line."

His face went white as he said it. There was another dead silence. The umpire had risen, and stood leaning forward looking at Lane. "Do you mean to say that—that ball did not go out?" Lane nodded. "In that case I reverse my decision. The game and set are Horner's." And he climbed down from the stand.

Then Lane's classmates started cheering, and, as the spectators realized what it meant, they followed. Such applause never echoed and re-echoed from the gymnasium and the railroad banks before. The college cheer rose and fell and rose again. Buck Hartley was leading, and he swayed his body to and fro until the men were purple and hoarse. The ladies of the crowd were clapping, regardless of gloves, and the old alumni shouted, "Yea, Lane," as if they were freshmen again.

Horner sprang over the net and took Lane's hand. "Old man, that was the

bravest thing I ever saw. I can't say any more." And they walked off the field together. Strange, as it may seem, although Horner had won the championship, it was Lane who received the congratulations, and still above all, sounded the old yell, alumni and undergrads together:

"D-E-L-aware, sis, boom, tiger, rah, rah, rah.

Lane! Lane! Lane!"



"FOR THE BLUE AND GOLD."

Harry Jones was captain of the track team. Since his Freshman year—and he was now a Junior—he had been the most earnest advocate of the new track, which had recently been placed on the rear campus. It was through his influence and energy, too, that Delaware College had sent its first team to the annual field meet at the University of Pennsylvania the year before. It is true that the wearers of the Blue and Gold had brought only one medal home with them, but they had given several of the winners a hard race, and they had made the College better known. Harry was one of the few from Delaware that had made a first-rate showing. He won second place in the one-hundred yard dash.

It was now February, only a month before the next meet. In January Harry had carefully looked over the material from which he was to select his twelve men to represent again the old Gold and Blue, but he could find but eleven; try as he would, he could not find another fellow whom he considered worthy of a place on the team. "It seems strange to me," he confided to his room-mate, Jack Jilds, "that in a College of over a hundred

students I can't find twelve men to make up a decent track team. How is it, that we have so many children here?"

"How many men do you need?" asked Jack, lazily reaching for his meerschaum and tobacco.

"One, and that one must be a deuced good sprinter; I want him for the one-hundred yard dash."

"Gimme a watch. How about Al Robes? He use to run well in our Freshman year." Harry's face clouded at the mention of that name. Al Robes was no friend of his, but Jack didn't know that. Harry was a fellow who kept his affairs very much to himself, and Jack, curious and communicative, often wondered at such a characteristic trait.

Not much over a year had passed since Harry and Al had exchanged hot words over the latter's refusal to take part in the hazing of a Freshman named Falsge. Harry attributed the refusal to cowardice, and in his frank manner told Robes so. Robes quietly replied that he had refused on account of private reasons, and added, that if Harry would come to him some other time he would explain. But Harry, hot-headed, refused then and there to listen to any such explanation.

"Robes you need never speak to me again upon that or any other subject." Since then the two classmates had never been known to speak to each other, nor even so much as notice each other. Robes had become president of his class, and Harry captain of the track team.

Yes, Harry admitted Robes was a good runner; he had forgotten to consider him when he selected his team. His animosity had obscured his better judgment.

\* \* \* \* \*

The great day had at last arrived.

Franklin Field presented a sight long to be remembered by those who saw it. The stands were a moving mass of colors. The Red and Blue of Penn was the most conspicuous, but near the finish line the old Gold and Blue of Delaware was upheld by a small crowd of her loyal students.

At last all was still as the announcer informed the waiting crowd through his megaphone that the first event on the program would be the Penn-Harvard mile relay. This was won by Penn after an exciting finish. The next event was the one-hundred yard dash for the minor colleges. This included Johns Hopkins, St. John's, Haverford, Delaware and others. Delaware had two entries in this event, one of whom was Harry Jones. They looked upon him as a sure winner.

As the runners were leaving their quarters for the track Jones heard his name called, and turned to answer. At that moment his right foot struck an obstacle, and his ankle turned. He fell, and found himself unable to rise. The accident was over so quickly that no one realized how it happened. Dismay was on the face of every Delaware supporter. What seemed almost certain victory was suddenly turned into sure defeat, because Delaware's other entry was a slow man. It was the fellow Harry had selected in the place of Al Robes.

What was to be done? Harry was out of the race; there could be no question about that. While nursing his sprained ankle he found time to notice the disappointed looks on the faces of his schoolmates along the line. He searched among them for sympathy, and seemed to find it in every face but one—that of Al Robes. The latter was surveying the scene with



an amused smile, which suddenly changed to seriousness. Like a shot the conversation with Jack Jilds the month before came back to Harry. In Robes lay his only hope. He could run. Would he run? Harry raised himself into a sitting posture, and looked at Al, with appeal written on every line in his face.

Robes' face was a study. He was feeling very peculiar. Within his breast conflicting emotions were striving for the mastery—college spirit against personal enmity. Should he give up the satisfaction he had obtained from the latter for the former, or should he retain his old position and allow the unjust criticisms for the team's failure to fall upon Harry? He must act, and very quickly. He understood the look on Harry's face. His decision was made instantly.

He threw off his coat and hat, at the same time requesting a pair of running shoes. Excitement filled his breast. He could scarcely wait for the shoes to be put on his feet. He took his place with the other sprinters at the starting line. His old-time fire and energy came back to him. All was quiet in the stands.

"Get on your marks," cried the starter. "Get set." Every nerve was strained to the utmost. Bang! At the report of the pistol Robes faltered for an instant, but quickly recovered himself. He started out with determination written on his face and his gaze upon the line one hundred yards away. He fell into his stride, and at the fifty-yard mark was well up with the leaders. On and on they went. Twenty yards more and the line would fall. Al was now a close second. Putting forth all his energies in one last spurt he breasted the tape a winner by

six inches. The time was ten-and-one-fifth seconds.

The joy of the Delaware rooters knew no bounds. They lifted Robes on their shoulders and carried him from the field. The reputation of their College had been saved.

As they approached Harry Jones, Robes struggled from their shoulders, and, going up to him, offered him his hand. Harry clasped it. Both understood.

H. L. W., '03.

G. E. D., '03.



## ATHLETIC.

GEORGE E. DUTTON.

### FOOTBALL OUTLOOK.

The football season has already begun, and it finds Delaware represented by a light team. Six men of last year's team are back this year, but the places of the other five have been hard to fill. There are several from the scrub of last year who are showing up well, as are also three or four Freshmen. We have a hard schedule this year, and every student should feel it his duty to support the team in every way he can; if he does not play he can encourage those who do play. This is the only way we can expect to have a winning team.



William Lawton, Jr., was elected manager of the track team at the last athletic meeting of the students. Many promising candidates are in College this year, and we should have a fast relay team. Some of the men are beginning to train for the spring sports, and are taking daily runs. After the football season we will get all the men started in training, and try and

make a favorable showing in the track athletics.



### FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

October 4. Swarthmore—at Swarthmore.  
 October 11. Washington Collège—at Newark.  
 October 18. Haverford—at Haverford.  
 October 25. University of Maryland—at Newark.  
 November 1. Fordham—at New York City.  
 November 8. St. John's—at Annapolis.  
 November 15. Rutgers—at New Brunswick.  
 November 22. Ursinus—at Collegeville.  
 November 22. Maryland Agricultural College—at Newark.



SWARTHMORE, 12; DELAWARE, 0.

Delaware played her first game of the season on October 4th, and was defeated 12-0. The scoring was all done in the first twelve minutes of the game. After that Delaware took a brace, and no more scoring was done. In the first half Swarthmore kicked off, and Bevan was downed on the ten-yard line. Delaware was held for downs, and Lawton punted, the ball going out of bounds at the twenty-yard line. By plunging through the line Swarthmore then secured a touchdown, Sinclair carrying the ball. Crowell kicked a goal. A few minutes later Stewart scored a touchdown, from which Crowell kicked a goal. This ended the scoring. In the second half Delaware took a great brace, and carried the ball to within a few yards of Swarthmore's goal line, but were unable to carry it over. The line-up was as follows:

SWARTHMORE	DELAWARE.
F. Griest, Perkins.....	L. E..... Powell
Beel .....	L. T..... Wharton (Capt.)
Jackson.....	L. G..... Ferguson
Brosius, Lippincott.....	C..... Hessler
Lippincott, Bower ....	R. G..... Schabinger
Stewart, (Capt.).....	R. T. .... Green
Ryder.....	R. E..... Marshall
Hall.....	Q. B..... Wilson

Beans..... L. H. B..... Lawton  
 Crowell..... R. H. B..... Lawton  
 Sinclair..... F. B..... Bevan

Touchdowns—Sinclair and Stewart. Goals from touchdowns Crowell, 2. Referee—Mr. S. C. Palmer, of Swarthmore Preparatory School. Umpire—Mr. Jackson. Time of halves 20 and 15 minutes.



WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 0; DELAWARE, 27

On a muddy field Delaware defeated Washington College on October 11th by the above score. The visitors were entirely outclassed. The uncertain footing made it impossible to play fast football, and fumbles were frequent. The line plunging of Bevan and the all-around playing of Wilson, Powell and Ferguson were the features of Delaware's work, while for Washington College Gerry and F. H. Beck played well. The line-up:

DELAWARE.	WASHINGTON.
Powell, S. onlein.....	L. E. .... H. Beck
Wharton (Capt.) ....	L. T..... Fruitt
Ferguson.....	L. G..... Bruell
Hessler.....	C..... Stephens
Schabinger.....	R. G..... F. H. Beck
Green, Davis .....	R. T..... Moore
Marshall....	R. F..... Hughes
Wilson.....	Q. B..... Hitch
Lawton, Green.....	L. H. B..... Gerry
Lawson, Frazer.....	R. H. B..... S Beck
Bevan.....	F. B..... Carmine

Referee—J. P. Cann, D. C., '01. Umpire—A. Burris, W. C. Linesmen—Clark, D. C., '03, and Berry, D. C., '05. Fifteen-minute halves. Time-keeper—R. B. Kyle, D. C., '03. Touchdowns—Green, Lawton, Wilson Bevan. Goals—Lawton and Bevan.



HAVERFORD, 41; DELAWARE, 0.

Delaware was defeated at Haverford by the above score. Several Delaware men were sick before the game, and had to drop out early. Haverford was in much better condition, and averaged thirty pounds heavier, and played a strong game in every way. A. Lowry and E.



Jones played great football for Haverford.  
The line-up:

DELAWARE.	HAVERFORD.
Powell ..... L. E.	Eshleman
Shonlein, Wyatt	
Wharton (Capt.) ..... L. T.	H. Jones
Ferguson ..... L. G.	Priestman
Hessler ..... C.	Perkins
Schabinger, Davis ..... R. G.	Simkins
Green, Frazer ..... R. T.	Worthington, Pearson
Marshall ..... R. E.	Morris, R. Lowry
Wilson, Shonlein ..... Q. B.	Philips
L wton ..... L. H. B.	E. Jones
Lawson ..... R. H. B.	Smiley, Tilney
Bevan ..... F. B.	A. Lowry
Referees—Morice, Penn.; P. Cann, Dela. Um- pires—P. Cann, Del.; Morice, Penn Timekeepers —Dr. Babbitt and Dr. Powell. Linesmen—Jackson and Pearson. Touchdowns—A. Lowry, 4; Smiley, H. Jones and Worthington. Goals—A. Lowry, 6.	



## INTER-COLLEGIATE.

WM. R. M. WHARTON, Editor.

Woodrow Wilson, the famous lecturer on "Political Science," and author of numerous text-books on that subject, was inaugurated President of Princeton University on October 25th, 1902.

The ceremony accompanying his inauguration was exceedingly imposing. Dr. Wilson is a man well worthy of the honor which has been conferred upon him, and will ably preside over one of the greatest universities in the world. He is Princeton's first lay-president. Dr. George H. Harter, President of Delaware College, represented our institution at the ceremony.



Dr. Swain, formerly President of Indiana University, was recently inaugurated President of Swarthmore College. Professor Robinson, of the Engineering Department, represented Delaware College at the inauguration.

John W. Gates, the millionaire steel man, has purchased a tract of land in Illinois, comprising more than a thousand acres. He proposes to establish there a novel institution for the education of boys. This institution is to be called the "St. Charles' Home and School for Boys." He says that he is not going to have the grounds enclosed by walls, but if a boy wants to run away all well and good, because he does not want that kind of a boy in his school. There is to be no rules at all, and he proposes to find out "what's in a boy, and then develop it," and to this end every facility will be afforded for a classical, a technical and a commercial education.



Dr. George H. Harter, President of Delaware College, represented our institution at the National Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, held at Atlanta, Ga., on the seventh, eighth and ninth of October.



Professor Lorenz, of the University of Vienna, will visit Philadelphia, Pa., this month, and hold a public clinic in Jefferson Hospital for congenital dislocations of the hip.



The Southern Educational Association, which met at Chattanooga, Tenn., on July 14th last, was well attended; it inaugurated many needed reforms, and put the higher education of the South on a better and firmer basis than it has been for a number of years. We heartily commend the good work, and think that if these associations were more numerous and meetings were held oftener, a great deal more could be done toward the promotion of higher education.

....THE....

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DELAWARE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER, 1902.

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**The Editor's Page**

WILLIAM P. CONSTABLE.

**Notice to Department Editors.**

All matter for publication in the December REVIEW must be handed to the Editor-in-Chief, written in ink, by November 24th. Remember the apothegm, "Promptness is essential to success." It applies here as elsewhere.

**FOOTBALL.**

THE shedding of the leaves, the death of vegetation and migration of all summer birds, announce the advent of fall. With their change come all the fall sports—chief among them football.

A vigorous and healthy body is conducive to a quick, ready mind. A strong brain cannot live in an unsound body. Of course, exercise will not build a strong mental faculty; it merely acts as a fertilizer in germinating the seeds of sense, if any are sown. Realizing the value and need of out-door life in the development of our intellect, football has rapidly gained an ascendancy second to none in college athletics.

A superiority in this game has added laurels to many colleges, which advertised the institution, and directly lead to an increase in its enrollment. Heads of schools, generally throughout this country, having these ideas in mind—the

building up a strong constitution for the boy and a good name for the school—have encouraged its growth.

Our football team needs all the support this small college can afford. Its financial aid has been secured, but still it lacks adequate support by the students themselves. Although all wish it immeasurable success, yet they fail to give their personal support. There are many here who are easily able to make the team, nevertheless, they seem to be apathetic. Such men ought, if for nothing else than college spirit, don their uniform and appear on the field. Everyone can, at least, play on the scrub. The first team needs practice, and they must depend on the scrub to give them this. If, however, you do not even appear on the second eleven, you can come out on the campus and cheer the boys by your presence and enthusiasm.

Do not criticise a player's action, misjudgment, or whatever it may be, for nothing so bespeaks your inferior knowledge of the game to the players as the mere intimation that you are not on the team.

Now, the best players that compose it cannot expect to win honor when they do not sufficiently train. Training does not simply mean regular practice every afternoon, but also a refraining from smoking, eating certain foods, etc. Some of the team do not hesitate to break all these essentials.

**PROMPTITUDE.**

THE tardiness exhibited this month by some of the editors in handing in their matter, suggests that an editorial on this subject would not be unsuitable.

If we accept an invitation to a card or



dinner party an unnecessary delay in arriving at the appointed hour exasperates the host and hostess, and, perhaps, detains the whole assemblage. Such persons are inconsiderate and rude. Some upstarts and poorly-bred people think it proper to be a little late. These, in my estimation, are intolerable bores and conceited fools.

The King of England, when Prince of Wales, was requested by a celebrated French painter to visit his studio. An engagement for three o'clock was made. At half-past two the Prince discovered that he could not arrive at the art gallery before three-thirty. Immediately he dispatched an aide-de-camp to notify the painter that he could not arrive till that hour, so that he would not disappoint him. At three-thirty sharp the Prince appeared. The celebrities arrived promptly the nobodies late.

Even the busiest men find it necessary to keep their engagements punctually. Without this reliability their business would fail. Who wishes to associate or deal with one continually procrastinating or inattentive to their promises. Small, and hardly noticeable in the beginning, such a habit grows until sadly it gains enormous proportions, which heralds our failure in life.



### STUDENTS.

Of late I have often heard sneering and sarcastic remarks passed on those who study at college. Many imagine that this is a place to loaf and to do the social acts. A moderate amount of this is sufficient. Those who are too lazy to study have no tangible right to dislike others that do work.

The word student denotes one who

labors to attain a certain object or gratification. Its meaning to a large per cent. of college students is naught but pleasure. It is highly creditable to a person to study, and praise, rather than scorn, should redound to him.

The man who succeeds in the sea of life is not he who despises the idea of labor. The one who opprobriously jibes the workers is, curtly, an ignorant and narrow-minded loggerhead.

The college student's guide should be :  
 "Waste not, want not, is a maxim I should teach,  
 Let your watchword be dispatch, and practice what  
 you preach,  
 Do not let your chances, like the sunbeams pass  
 you by,  
 For you never miss the water till the well runs  
 dry."



### LIBRARY.

When we returned this scholastic year no change was so greatly deplored as the announcement that the library would be opened, Saturday excluded, for only two hours daily.

This certainly is an irreparable deprivation as heretofore we have had the unrestricted use of it. Now, it is opened from 1 to 3 p. m. daily. These hours forbid the use of the library to many students, as they are busy with recitations during that time. It is true, indeed, you may enter this room through the ingress of Dr. Dawson's room, but who would unceasingly disturb a Professor while in the midst of a lecture. No one, I venture to say, is so unmannered as to impose upon his good disposition.

The general and department library of 12,000 volumes are now resting peacefully on their shelves, without the hindrance of but a few being removed for perusal.

Formerly the library was crowded from

noon to dewy eve. Now, a few may be seen straggling in during the proper hours. Students, who were want to be found there during their unoccupied hours, are at present seen languishing on the dormitory steps.

We admit that abuses have occurred, and the faculty has futilely endeavored to rectify them, but, by trusting this method, would palliate the abuse, they have erred. We know they wish the students to have the benefit of the library without having it subject to the intolerable robberies. This offense still exists, for, during the allotted hours, books can be stealthily removed. This is likely to happen at any college. The only way to prohibit the detriment is to require each student, upon entering the institution, to give his word of honor that he will not remove a book without recording it; then, if he falsifies his word, allow the culprit to be dealt with accordingly by the students. Gradually, such a change would engraft a huge measure of moral honor among the undergraduates.

The faculty, I know, have seen their mistake, and will quickly retract their declaration and return the freedom of the library to its dependents. Nevertheless, some other expedient must be ascertained which will prevent this unbearable and mysterious disappearance of our books.



## LOCALS

B. FERGUSON.

Shredded wheat or oat meal?

Jesse James has had his hair cut.

Doctor Wolf: "Well, well, Wharton, I really believe you have generated an idea."

The E. N. B. Club, which was recently

organized, is now in a flourishing condition.

"A wise man is known by his voice." Hessler is known by his voice. Therefore, Hessler is a wise man.

For a first-class hair cut or shave call on the colored barber, room 47, 2d floor, east wing. (Free ad).

"You can always tell a silly awkward Freshman," remarked one of Newark's charming damsels, as she stood watching Mitchell and Professor Brewster walking up the street.

All those who wish to secure football calendars this year will please leave their orders with Huxley.—Also please pay in advance.

Freshman James is certainly a society man. The other night he was seen at a children's play party spinning the tin plate.

Information wanted: Why does Mitchell go to Port Penn so often?—Address all replies to the Puzzle Editor, THE REVIEW."

A close observer of men and things was heard to remark the other day that the words "swelled-head" and "Davis" are synonymous. We believe, however, that it is entirely local.

Professor Bishop wishes to inform the student-body that if any more tin cans are tied on to his dog's tail, someone other than the dog will have to suffer for it.

Our Faculty can now boast of two genuine sports. When our new Military Instructor and our new Professor of Modern Languages appear on the scene, the other members go to extreme rear and take seats.



Professor Brown has entered Newark society. We have never heard of our dear Professor drinking, but it is said on good authority that the evening he made his debut he began taking the Keeley [cure].

Doctor Wolf: "In this bottle I have some sulphuric acid. Now, Roberts, what kind of a substance is sulphuric acid?" Roberts; "It is a white mass, Doctor."

Dr. W: "Ha, ha, ha!" (from way down below) "that was a bright guess, my boy, but you didn't hit it. It is a gas. Now watch it escape when I remove the stopper."

A meeting of the Dramatic Club will be held sometime in the near future, and many new men will be chosen to fill the places of last year's graduates. Positions in the Dramatic Club will be eagerly sought for this year, and those who intend to try for positions should hand their names to manager Pardee at the earliest possible date. We have a large number of good men this year, and if everyone will do his best our Dramatic Club will be even better than it was last year.

Professor Brown: "If a body is resting on an elevated platform and a gun is aimed directly at the body, and if, at the same instant the gun is fired, the body falls, the force of gravity, acting alike on the body and the bullet, will cause the bullet to strike the body at a distance below the platform."

Frazer:—"Professor, will that gun shoot around a corner?"

History is being made every day. Some was made right here at Delaware College a few days ago that will be read with awe and wonder by future generations.

We have in our institution two modest,

unassuming young men who possess rare and wonderful gifts; and while these talents are not yet fully developed, their owners realize the bright future stretching away in the distance and every available minute is spent by them in cultivating that power which some day will make them famous. These wonderful donations bestowed by nature upon the two favored youths are casted vocal chords.

For many weeks there has been a keen rivalry existing between the youths in question as to which possesses the greater powers and the greater endurance. After endless discussions and arguments, which often disturbed the tranquility of our peaceful lives; a formal challenge which read; "A contest to continue until fatigue or death doth overcome one of the contestants," was drawn up by one of the gladiators and presented to the other. The date was chosen; the judges selected; all necessary arrangements made, and the youths went into training for a week for the struggle that would declare one a victor. At first it was arranged to hold the contest in the Oratory, but a student of acoustics pointed out the fact that the windows and plaster of the hall would surely be shattered by the intensity of the vibrations, and the ears of the audience would all be deprived of their tympanum, membranes. After a consultation it was decided that the contest should take place on the rear campus.

The appointed time came. The hour was midnight. The full moon, floating high in the heavens, sent down a thousand silvery beams and made the dew drops on the grass sparkle like Montana diamonds. The dismal howling of a dog on a distant hill alone disturbed the

solemn stillness of the night. The town clock struck twelve; and as the echoes of the last stroke were speeding up the B. & O. Railroad, the ambitious orators, each followed by a small crowd of admirers, strode majestically from the Dormitory and arranged themselves at their assigned places. The death-like stillness of the night, the realization of all of the struggle at hand, and the posture of the contestants, made the scene an imposing one indeed—one that will always linger in the memory of those who witnessed it.

The signal was given. The gladiators stepped forth into the arena, and the struggle had begun. Scarcely audible at first, like the wind howling and whistling through some distant wood, it grew louder and louder until it rivaled the thunder claps of Jove. The spectators, with hands pressed tightly to their ears, fled to places of safety. Leaves dropped from the trees; dew drops fell from the trembling grass blades, birds, shrieking, sprang from their roosts and flew off into the night. The great contests of the world faded away into obscurity as this battle raged. The conflict of Rome and Carthage was like the echo from a pop-gun. Waterloo was but a name. Gettysburg was forgotten, and San Juan hill was swallowed up by the sea. The screaming goose, the howling dog, the braying donkey, the roaring lion, the trumpeting elephant, were like a grain of sand to the sea.

The minutes sped away. The contest grew fiercer. But look! Behold! it is growing dark. The moon has been disturbed in its slumbers; it is partly obscured, yet there are no clouds in the heavens. It grew darker and darker until the moon

was entirely hidden from view. The confusion of voices stopped. The contest was over, and poor Wright, the deposed gladiator, crept away under cover of the darkness, while Hessler, the victor, with his banner reared high above his head, strode triumphantly into the Dormitory amid the cheers of his admirers.

Thus ended the decisive battle; and Wright's once famous voice will be heard from no more.



## EXCHANGE.

HERMAN L. WRIGHT, '03.

Again the ex-man faces the exceedingly pleasant task of criticising the works and efforts of his contemporaries. It appears that some of them have anticipated the greetings that they are to receive, for, as yet, they have failed to appear. However, he extends to you a kind invitation to again come and see the contents of our exchange table. Your publication, whether large or small, will help to make the collection more interesting. To all he extends a cordial welcome.



The *Punch Bowl* is the first of our friends to appear. The Freshman number is a splendid example of an up-to-date university paper. While the editors took a very poor subject for the issue, they have shown their real ability in presenting such a commendable paper, while laboring under such disadvantages.



The *Georgetown College Journal* has just arrived, and I have had little time for examining it. "A Puff of Smoke," however, caught my eye and held my attention for a short time. The story is disappoint-



ing, the title being the best part of it. How the *Journal* editors allowed it to be published is a mystery to me. The poor qualities of "A Puff of Smoke" are offset by "The Pyrosideron Compound." The latter is a splendid story, and holds one's attention to the end. The address of William Henry Dennis in the same issue is very interesting.



Lack of space prevents us from treating in detail the following: *Haverfordian*, *Wyoming Student*, *St. John's Collegian*, *Ursinus Weekly* and *The Nazarene*.



## Y. M. C. A.

PERCY RUDOLF ROBERTS.

At the last meeting of the Junior Bible Class Mr. Bush presented the fact that, heretofore, he seemed to be too urgent upon students to attend his class. He said the attendance to the class should be voluntary. We heartily agree with Mr. Bush in this. We know how hard it is to do a thing which we must do, and how easy it is to do a thing when we are left to decide whether we ought or ought not to do it. Let us place more confidence in the boys, and believe that they will attend with greater willingness in the future.



We are glad to report a good attendance to the Freshman Bible Class. Mr. Briggs is much encouraged by the presence of so many, but seems to think a larger attendance would be better. We entreat all the Freshmen to join their fellows in this class on Thursday afternoon at 3.30



The news of Mr. Mitchell's Bible Class

is more than pleasing. His meetings are characteristic of such spiritual success and uplifting that any person may attend and become benefited. The present enrollment is thirteen.



At a meeting of the Executive Council, held October 24th, five new members were admitted—two active and three associate. The Council has decided to hold its devotional meetings on Monday, at 1 p. m.



Heretofore, the Association has been so weak that it was not able to adopt the strong comprehensive constitution of the International Committee, but we are glad to inform our readers that we have adopted that constitution, and have been admitted to the International Association.



William Henry Channing is the author of the following symphony:

"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony."

This symphony, I think, is worthy of the regard and meditation of everyone, and especially college men.

In the hurry and bustle of college life we are very apt to forget the real purpose of a college training. How many young men there are who spend four profitable years at college, and yet lack something in their makeup. This something is the key to their whole success as a man. What a young man needs and ought to

have before he leaves college is a close and fast hold upon God. How can a man hope to succeed without the guidance of God? We are only men. We must feel our impotency.

Culture beautifies and refines a man, but it does not save a man. Christ, in the parable of the fig tree, says nothing about trees that are ornamental, except that he condemns them for their bearing only leaves and not fruit.

Knowledge is power, but this power is limited if not directed for the advancement of God's power. We have each one of us a talent to invest for God. Let it be profit, and not loss.

Above all, there will be a time in every man's life when he will have a desire for true happiness. Fame, wealth, worldly success and pleasure will not satisfy that longing. There is only one thing, and that is God.

W. H. B., '04.



#### A SUMMER REVERY.

In a hammock idly swinging,  
With the birds above me singing,  
Contentedly I lie,  
And watch the lazy clouds go sailing,  
With their silver garments trailing,  
Across the summer sky.

And the tree-tops gently swaying,  
By the breezes through them playing,  
Nod greetings to the wind;  
While the shadows they are throwing  
On the grass beneath them growing  
Appease the weary mind.

And the fragrance from the flowers  
That enclose my summer bowers  
Floats to me on the air,

Draws the bees from distant rambles  
Over brooks and tangled brambles  
To graze on pastures rare.

Painted butterflies go flitting,  
Humming birds, at rest, are sitting  
Among my choicest flowers;  
Here I lie in peaceful motion,  
Calmy drifting on life's ocean,  
And dream away the hours.

Oh, that life were all one summer,  
Speeding with a joyous murmur!  
And summer all one day!  
Oh, could I lie here forever!  
Oh, that joys of life would never  
Grow old and pass away!

But the sun will soon be sinking,  
Soon the summer days be shrinking,  
Soon come fell winter's breath,  
Soon this fleeting life will leave us,  
Soon the mouldy grave receive us,  
And all will end with death.

Dreams of boyhood days still haunt me,  
Dreams of helpless old age taunt me,  
And time speeds swiftly by;  
Dreams of joy are killed with sorrow,  
With grief dies pleasure on the morrow,  
When I, also, must die.

Now, I see my grave prepared,  
Now, I see my coffin lowered,  
And see but one tear fall;  
Now, I hear the preacher saying,  
"*Dust to dust, to earth decaying,*"  
Oblivion covers all.

F., '04.

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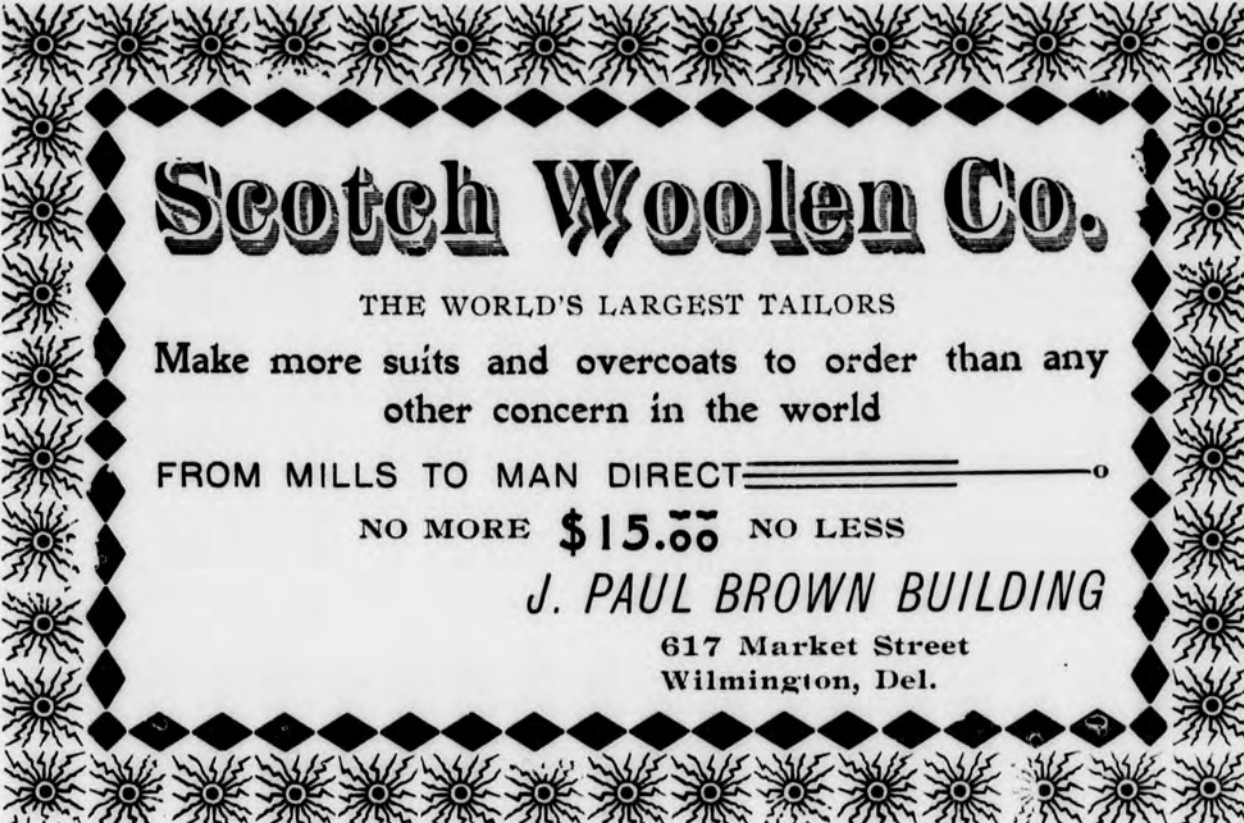
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
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
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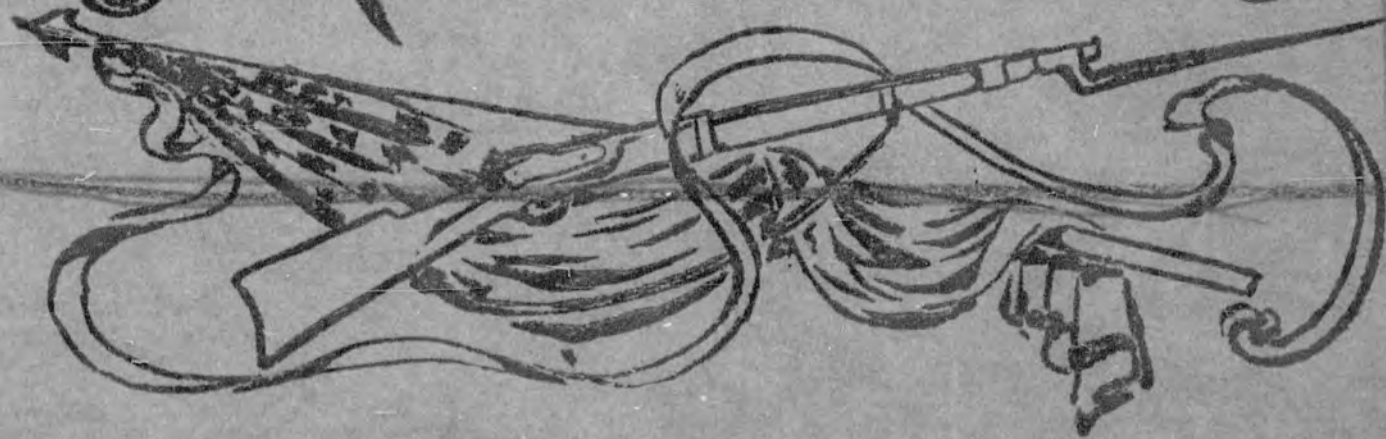


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