

THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW

XXV

DECEMBER, 1908

NO. 2

THE KID

HOWARD HOPKINS PROUSE, '09

(Continued from November Issue.)

THE curtains of the door fluttered noiselessly and the white-capped nurse tiptoed into the room and raised the window-shade slightly to see if her patient was awake. The admitted light revealed a snow-white bed and on it an old lady covered to her shoulders, one small arm lying on the counterpane, with a little bit of paper clutched in the withered hand, the other hand under her face on the pillow. She was sleeping like a child, her sweet, wrinkled face almost smiling, and her breathing as regular as the ticking of a clock. "Thank God," whispered the nurse, as she moved to the bed-side and deftly slipped the piece of paper from her hand. Then lowering the shade, she gently retired from the room and went down stairs to the reception hall, where a visitor waited. The Kid was staring coldly out on the barren hills surrounding the hospital and did not notice the nurse until she touched him on the shoulder and handed to him the bit of paper, saying:

"Read this! It is what saved her life."

"Can I see her?" he inquired, as he took the crumpled telegram.

"She is sleeping now, but come tomorrow and I think without doubt she will be able to entertain you well."

He read:—"Madam, it has been discovered that your son is not guilty. The real thief has confessed. We beg a thousand pardons from you and your son for this grave mistake. We hope he will return to college as soon as possible.

(Signed) JOHN A. MATTHEWS, President.

The Kid shook for a moment, as if he were shivering from cold. Controlling himself, he returned the telegram to the nurse, bowed, reached for his hat and was gone before she could ask him what time he intended to call the next day.

Excited thoughts and feelings give a person no time to consider what he is doing. The Kid had gone to the station, boarded a train for his home town and had reached the door of his own home without realizing that he had taken a step from the hospital. When he was met in the hall by a colored servant, who was profuse in his endearing exclamations of joy at seeing the boy again who used to be the pet of the house, he was so bewildered that he could hardly realize it was the same old Sam.

"Wal, chile, you'se as little as eber. Hain't you goin' to grow no mo'?" Old Sam stood back with his fists stuck against his hips, and surveyed him critically.

"I guess not, Sam," replied the Kid. "Will you take my suit case to my room? I want to take a bath before dinner."

"Yes, sah! But your room is all fixed up like a flower garden to-day. Posies from de college boys, I speck. An' dere's a big fat letter on yo' table."

"No, Sam. The fellows never send me any flowers. I guess someone has sent them to mother. You should have taken them to the hospital as soon as they came."

"You come right up an' see fo' yo'sef, chile," exclaimed the negro, carrying the suit case upstairs and beckoning for the Kid to follow.

When they entered the room it looked to the Kid like a hot house. There were at least a dozen giant bouquets from different fellows, each with a little note of friendship attached. He went from one to another in sheer amazement, looking at each and slowly shaking his head as if he doubted the reality of it all. This was the second surprise in one hour that had sent his head reeling. But when he opened the letter and read its contents, his heart, which had never known the feeling of comradeship, was so touched that for the first time in his life the Kid earnestly longed to be back among the fellows. The letter was from Sacken, and this is the way it began:

"Dear Kid:—You grand old fellow! Where did you get all of your spunk? Before I say another thing I can't help telling you, (I would yell it in your ears if you were close enough) that we fellows want you to come back immediately. As soon as your mother is better, don't tarry a moment, or we will go up after you. The doctor telegraphed the good news to us that your mother is recovering rapidly since she heard that her son is the same honest old chap he always was. That cleared our conscience a great deal, for we were feeling mighty sore for letting you go so unheeded. Now, we don't deserve your regard at all, but if you can overlook some of our old actions, and come down and play quarter for us, Saturday, you will not lose anything by it. Don't come if your mother is worse, and don't make any sacrifice to come, for you have sacrificed enough for us, but, old man, if you can arrange to play, Saturday, I can promise you the support of the whole student-body."

Sacken continued to tell about everything that happened in the two days that the Kid had been absent and finally ended in another urgent appeal for him to show up at college before the game on Saturday.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," meditated the Kid. "Not a morning train to college, and no hope unless I get there to-night."

He hurriedly packed all of his flowers and then wrote a note of such affectionate tenderness that he had never previously displayed to anyone. He enclosed it and Sacken's letter with the flowers, and sent them all to his mother at the hospital. Glancing at a railroad schedule and his watch he found that he must be away immediately to catch the last train to the college town. It was an amazed negro that stood in the doorway and watched the "little imp", as he called him, running down the street to catch a car, his hat more on his left ear than his head, his unbuttoned overcoat flapping in the wind, and the tail of his night-shirt protruding from the hastily-closed suit case.

"No dinner for this lad to-night, if I can catch that train," exclaimed the Kid, as he clambered on the front of the car and pulled from his pocket a green-back with a big V on it, and fluttering it before the motorman's eyes, promised that it would exchange owners if the car reached the depot before 9.30.

As the train pulled up to the platform the Kid was there ready to jump aboard.

No feeling of revenge or ill will toward the fellows had ever entered the

Kid's innocent heart. One resolution had flashed through his mind when he discovered that for once in his life he was wanted by the fellows, and for once in his life he could be of some special benefit to his college—he would be at college before the State game or die in trying to get there. Anyone who has experienced a long period of hunger and then is seated before a meal of all the delicacies that his palate could desire, can exactly understand the Kid's position when he knew that the heart of the whole student-body was his for the asking. Diogenes he might have been a week ago, apparently caring no more for the friendship of a "bunch" of college students than they cared for his attention. But now he had become a Cromwell, a Washington, with a soul so large that it yearned for the love of his people in order that he might perform for them a deed which he alone could accomplish. Three events had caused this change in the Kid—first, the telegram from the President; second, the flowers and notes from his college mates; third, Sacken's letter.

Two thousand spectators filled the grand-stand before three o'clock to witness the gridiron warfare against the State University. Pennants of blue and old gold fluttered from every tier and the mass of college men, crowded in the center of the grand stand from the top to the bottom, relieved the anxiety of everyone by singing their favorite college songs. As they were finishing the Alma Mater, the band, marching out from behind the gymnasium, took up the refrain and began it again with a flourish that was a surprise to everyone; and when it finished and had taken its position before the grand stand, there was general applause. Then the State eleven trotted out on the field in their blue and white sweaters and the cheer leader called for the special yell with State on the end. It was given heartily and lustily after every man had arisen from his seat. No feeling of encouragement came to the supporters of the blue and old gold at the sight of this team of stalwart football men. It could plainly be seen that each player was fully capable of holding his position in the line-up. Comments were passed from mouth to mouth as goal kicks, punts, drops and passes were performed with marvelous alacrity and skill. Fifteen minutes had passed since the State team had appeared, and the fellows were growing restless and anxious about their own team. Their anxiety, however, was changed into an uproar of excitement as the blue and gold clad warriors ran out from the gymnasium on to the gridiron. No regular official yell came from that mass of humanity in the grand stand, but such a conglomeration of joyful shouts amid the tossing of hats and waving of pennants was enough to inspire any person to do or die. There was Sacken, the solidly built center and behind him the giant fullback Williams, almost ridiculous in contrast with the Kid, who trotted bravely by his side. There were Menier and Manes, the two red-headed half-backs, who had as much fire in their spirits as color in their hair. These were followed by the rest of the team, a strong, heavy line-up, about to meet a team which was quite its equal in every respect.

"This will be an excellent game," commented the President, as he watched the two teams preparing for battle from his place in his automobile, where he

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was seated with two Professors.

"Huh! Huh!" pleasantly growled the Professor of Chemistry, as an introduction to his remark; "I am glad to see our boys are there with the goods. I guarantee my boy would give twenty-five to be back at college to-day to play against State."

"Yes," ventured the Professor of Ancient Language, "it was just eighteen years and one month ago to-day when your son played against State with the college team. He made a remarkable eighty yard run for the goal, which won the day for our men. I think the score was either eleven to ten or twelve to eleven in our favor."

Meanwhile the two teams were making their preliminary arrangements. Soon the referee was ready with his whistle, and an "Are you ready, Captains?" was plainly heard by the silent, expectant multitude in the grand stand. A nod from both captains, a shrill whistle from the referee, and State made the first kick-off. Apparently they had tried for an out-of-bounds bounce, but Rock-both, the right end, was too alert for such a trick, and as the ball bounced before him he jumped into the air, caught it as it was about to pass over his head and regaining his footing, dashed for the nearest open spot in the enemy's ranks. He had his straight arm ready for the first two men, but the third made a dive, and catching him fair around the hips, whirled him to the ground with such force that the ball was dashed from his arms in front of a State man who fell on it at once, before a blue and gold man could reach it.

"A fumble," groaned the multitude in the grand stand. "It's State's ball."

The game was on in earnest. The two teams lined up against each other with every nerve a-tingle with fierce energy.

"Signals!" announced State's quarterback. "Formation one! 99! 44! 88! 63!"

The ball was passed. The right half made a dash for a small opening made by his men in the blue and gold line, but it closed on him and he lost about a yard. Again the signals were given, and again a dash was made for the opposing line, but it was like a rock wall. Then they began a different manoeuvre. This time they worked their fullback around the left end to within a yard of the thirty yard line. In the next play they were over and ready to rush the ball down the field to the goal line. An awful silence reigned in the grand stand until the cheer leader awoke, and through his large megaphone, cried:

"Let's put some spirit in our men. Here goes for the Siren yell! One! two! three!"

The noise deafened the crowd for a moment, but it was too late to help their team much. State's right halfback had received the ball and rushed it past the thirty-yard line.

Second down; eight yards to gain," reported the referee, as he leaned over to place the ball in its proper place for State's center.

The Kid's blood was boiling. "What! Lose the first five points in this way, at the very beginning of the game? It's outrageous! We've got to do something now, or we're gone for sure."

He mumbled this to himself as he fastened his head-gear tighter and tore up the ground with his cleats, as an enraged bull will stamp the sod before he wreaks vengeance upon an unfortunate victim.

"Look at the Kid!" yelled someone in the grandstand. "He's getting angry."

"Let's give him a yell and see if he doesn't tear things up for us. He has the proper spirit, you bet." The cheer leader swung around and in a stentorian voice called out, "College yell, with 'The Kid' on the end!"

As the yell was given the State team worked a forward pass and the State man was waiting for it, ready to catch it and to plunge to the goal line. But the Kid was there also, ready to slam him to the ground as soon as the ball was in his arms. A second, the ball had descended, had entered the State man's arms, had been fumbled, and had been fallen upon immediately by the Kid. Was it a trick the Kid played that caused the fumble? That is the way it looked from the grand stand. But if it was a trick, it was so deftly accomplished that neither did the referee observe it, nor did the fumbler make complaint. If the Kid touched the man before he received the ball, it was a foul, but if it was done so well that neither the referee nor the man himself observed it, it was science.

"Right end over" yelled the Kid, lifting his nose guard up for a second so that he might be heard. "92! 45! 66!"

The ball flew into his hand. He made a dash for the left end. The interference was magnificent for a moment. He had a clear field before him, and he made use of it, until a halfback appeared in front of him.

"Get out of the way! I'll kill you, you idiot!" he gurgled through the mouth-piece of his nose-guard. He curved around the great, bulky, would-be tackler as if he had been stationery; on to the next man, who made a dive after him like a tiger. But due to a quick side step of the Kid he landed on his side and slid several yads. The Kid was in the center of the field by this time with a clear course ahead of him; but something struck him from the rear and down he went, struggling to regain his foothold, but uselessly, for a half dozen were on top of him instantly. All were up and ready for another scrimmage in a few seconds. Over and over again the Kid worked these end runs up the field, either taking the ball himself, or passing it to one of the halfbacks. State team was amazed.

"Where did the little runt get the nerve?" they thought.

The grand stand was in an uproar of excitement and everybody was now getting in every other person's way and shouting himself red in the face. A swift forward pass and everybody yelled "Touchdown!" But it was only a down within a yard of the goal line. It was not easy work to push Manes through such a line as the State put up, for it was as firm as Gibraltar. Once, twice, three times they battered the line without the slightest gain. The fourth time there was a little trick in the passing, which would have worked successfully if Menier had not lost his head when it was his turn to take the ball, and before he realized what had happened it was rolling two feet behind him instead of resting safely in his arms, just when he could have pushed through an open place in the State line to a touchdown. A heavy rush and as quick as a flash the State's right end had the ball and was off up the field and not a soul before him to interfere. But lanky Williams was behind him, was near him, was closing in on him, was at his side, and then a dive, a flying mixture of heads and arms and feet, and finally

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a heap of same lying still and solid near the center of the field. This caused a great commotion among the spectators, and some of the fellows were beginning to utter scarcely audible imprecations which would not be fit to print. But Williams' excellent running was not permitted to pass unnoticed. The cheer leader ordered a "good, healthy yell for Williams," which was gladly and heartily given.

The two teams were soon in line and ready to play.

"Second down, ten yards to gain," called the referee, after a heavy but ineffectual rush by the State line.

"Third down, eight yards to gain," was the next report.

Then an end run with good interference, yet not so good that the Kid could not rush past it all, grab the runner above the knees and sling him forcibly to the ground. This was the fourth down and the ball changed sides.

"Formation," called the Kid.

"Caesar, he's going to use the fake kick," muttered Sacken to himself. "I don't believe he can do it and I have half a notion to stop him."

"66! 88! 42!" and while Sacken was hesitating whether to object to the play, the signals were given and he unconsciously passed the ball, while everybody prepared for a kick. But it was a fake indeed. The Kid grabbed the ball under his arm, when State expected him to pass it to Williams, dug his toes in the sod and started behind his halfback, Menier, up the field. Everybody rushed toward him, but he was not to be stopped. He was too small to overturn a tackler, but with his running like a flash, with his ducking and dodging, his eely slipperiness when anyone caught him, he rushed through that mass of men, past all of them with a few trailers still tagging on in the rear, up to the thirty yard line, now to the twenty, now to the five, with his pursuer almost on him. But with a mighty leap and plunge he landed headlong over the goal line on his stomach and the State man on top of him. He laid there for a few minutes, after the State man had scrambled to his feet, to regain his breath and strength, while the mob of spectators went wild with excitement. The blue and gold men did not show any marked signs of emotion, but the Kid could see a kindly gleam in all their eyes as one of them helped him to his feet and, slapping him on the back, said:

"Good work, old fellow! You're making those State men sit up and take notice."

Williams kicked the goal. After another kick off and a few more scrimmages without any advantage for either side, the referee called "time out." Both teams hurried off to the gymnasium for a little refreshment before the second half.

"Whoof!" puffed the Professor of Chemistry, alternating in excitedly stroking his black beard and lifting his hat to mop his bald head with his handkerchief. "That little quarterback is Johnny on the spot to-day. Hope he doesn't 'peter out' before the game is ended. They put it on him rather heavy."

"Oh, he has a strong constitution, I believe," remarked the Professor of Ancient Languages. "He comes from a healthy family. His father was the son of a sturdy Western pioneer, and I understand that his mother has always been a hearty woman, though I never saw either of his parents. The boy told me in his Freshman year that he had never had a sick day in his life."

In the gymnasium the State captain and right halfback were having a little discussion.

"I tell you I believe he's a professional, and he was rung in as soon as Richards, their last season's quarterback, was fired, because he never played with them before. We are going to lose without a doubt, if he stays in during the rest of the game."

"Well, Jones," replied the captain, "he will certainly play the game in the second half unless he's injured."

"That's it," replied Jones, after a moment's hesitation. "I am as certain as my name is Jones that he is a professional, and consequently he has no right to play against us, though we cannot prove the accusation. It would not be hard to give such a little runt a knock that would put him out of the game, and yet not hurt him very much."

"It makes me hot to think they would put a professional up against us, but yet I don't think I have a hard enough heart to hurt the fellow," was the captain's next remark.

"Leave that to me," hastily replied Jones, who had been waiting for this concession from the captain. "I will see that he doesn't play in but one more scrimmage if you work me in past him with the ball so that he can tackle me."

Thus they talked, Jones making a plan to which the captain gradually yielded. But it was not long before the teams were called out for the second half.

"The same old line up, and not a man hurt," commented Sacken to the Kid, as they ran to their places on the field.

"True," said the Kid. "Hope it's that way when we stop."

"Williams kicked and, wonderfully fortunate for Jones' plan, the ball landed a few yards in front of the right halfback. So with a downward scoop Jones held the ball in his arm and started on a bee line toward the Kid.

"Fool!" shouted someone on the side lines. "He might have gained some ground if he had stayed on his own side of the field." But Jones was not particular about rushing the ball very far if he could carry out another plan which seemed still more difficult. The Kid, who seemed possessed with a devil that day, plunged in the air, struck Jones in the middle with his shoulder, and catch him around the waist forced him backward to the ground. They fell heavily and no one noticed that Jones held his bent elbow close to the Kid's chest, nor did anyone but Jones hear a dull crack when he forced his elbow in as they fell to the ground. The boldness of his deed even shocked Jones himself.

"Time out," signalled some one to the time-keeper, while the doctor hurried across the field to see what was the matter with the Kid. A breathless silence filled the grand stand as the spectators watched the doctor examine the motionless form of the Kid on the ground. Jones winked at his captain, as the men kept themselves in motion during the recess, so that they would not become stiff. But the captain did not seem to relish the trick enough to recognize the wink with a nod of approval. The Kid lay unconscious and the doctor was very grave. He arose and calmly said to Sacken:

"This is a serious injury. Have him taken to the side lines and continue the game with a sub, while I attend to him."

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"Will he be better soon?" asked Sacken, anxiously.

"He may be better, but he won't play football again this season," was the response, as they lifted the poor fellow on a stretcher and bore him to the side lines.

For almost a half hour the doctor and his attendant worked on the Kid, while a crowd of serious looking students gravely watched the operations. All this time the game was proceeding, but very badly for the blue and gold men. The doctor, after noticing some signs of return of consciousness in the Kid, turned to one of the by-standers and inquired the score.

"Ten to six, in favor of State," called out a Freshman.

"What's that?"

The surprised doctor turned hastily around in time to see the Kid painfully raise himself to a sitting posture and utter this exclamation of wonder.

"What did you say was the score?" he continued, looking out on the field with bleared eyes.

"Hush!" said the doctor. "He said that our team is four ahead."

"Don't try to tell me that. I heard what he said. State is winning. Here!—help me up. They won't win if I can help it."

"Don't be a fool," said the doctor in a commanding tone. But the Kid had pulled himself to his feet with the aid of one of the students, and inquired how much time there was left for the second half.

"Don't let that man go out again," pleaded the doctor. "He will get killed."

It was too late to stop him then, because he was off toward the line of scrimmage.

State had just fumbled the ball, and the blue and gold team had it in their possession, but without any hope with eighty yards before them, and only three minutes before the half would be up. Sacken heard some one say, "here comes the Kid," and lo! there he was almost flying across the field.

"Merciful heavens!" he exclaimed, "I thought he was almost killed."

"Only two minutes," gasped the Kid. "Work that combination pass."

"Can't do it unless you can play," replied Sacken.

"I'm going to play. Hurry up! We've got to beat them."

The sub was released, and the Kid was in his place in a second.

"99! 66! 43! 24!" yelled the Kid.

He received the ball and passed it to his left end. All of the State men rushed after the left end, thinking it was a forward pass. But the left end, instead of running with it, passed it back to Manes, who in turn passed it again to the Kid. By this time Williams, unnoticed, was out beyond all of the State men and with a mighty throw the Kid passed the ball to Williams and fell to the ground, unconscious again. The ball went straight as a bullet to Williams' arms and with his long stride the big fullback dashed unimpeded to the goal. Just as he arose to his feet the referee called "time is up," and the game was done.

11 to 10, in favor of the blue and gold! That was the result. Who but the Kid received the credit for this? Who but the Kid was surrounded with everything that was good during his short stay in the hospital? And who but the Kid was received with honors when he again returned to college? The Kid was no more a recluse, but now a friend, a brother, to all his college mates.

(The End.)

THE GHOST OF FRANK- LINTON

W. W. HUBBARD, '11

IN the little country village of Franklinton in the superstitious days of the early nineteenth century, there stood an old brick mansion. This old building was characterized by its ivy-covered walls, its large outside chimneys, its dormer-windows, its broad sashes, and its heavy oaken doors. In front and on each side of this house was a large green lawn divided by its winding walks into many plots of ground variously covered with grass, flowers, shrubbery, and evergreen trees. This house belonged to an honest man named Jones, but there was one Robert Rash, who claimed as his own the land on which it stood and had thereby involved Mr. Jones in many legal disputes. This once beautiful residence was now entirely abandoned except by the swallows which built in its chimneys and the buzzards which roosted among the branches of the evergreens. The antiquated appearance of the old house, its now filthy surroundings, and the sight of the buzzards flopping around among the evergreens—all seemed to surround the place with an atmosphere of mystery.

But however mysterious the outside appearance of this place may have been, there seemed to be something even more mysterious about the inside. This inner mystery seemed inexplicable, and, perhaps, it accounted in a great measure for the dreariness of the outside surroundings. Ever since the beginning of the lawsuits between Mr. Jones, the landlord, and the man who claimed the building site, the house had been reported to be haunted. One family after another had tried to live here, and one after the other had all been frightened by strange noises accompanied by the horrible appearance of a huge white object. At first, the occupants were not troubled very often, but, at length, the ghost became so assiduous in making his nightly rounds that he seemed to be determined to have the house solely for his own residence. Regularly at midnight, the occupants declared, there was to be heard the clanking and scraping of chains dragging on the upper floor and then down the stair steps. The ghost was white, headless, and about nine feet tall, and had handcuffs hanging from his wrists and the ends of chains fastened around his waist. The nocturnal visitations shocked the nerves of the occupants to such an extent that they abandoned the place, one after another, until it became practically impossible for Mr. Jones to find a tenant. Finally he offered rent free for one year to any one who would live in the house. Until Jack White came, however, even this offer could not induce any one to try to live with the ghost.

Jack White was an old sailor, who, ever since his youthful days, had been sailing in distant seas. In those voyages, he had been nearly all over the world. Now, in his old age, he had come home to Franklinton, the place of his birth. He soon became conversant with all the village gossip and superstitions. All of the villagers assured him that this recent ghost was the worst one Franklinton had ever known, but Jack was not the kind of man to be intimidated by any descriptions that they could give him. He boasted that he had sailed around

the world a dozen times and was thoroughly acquainted with all the ghosts of Lapland and China, and that any one of them was worse than all the ghosts of Franklinton put together. His love of adventure soon filled him with a desire to lay this ghost and unravel the mystery. Accordingly, he went at once to see Mr. Jones, the owner of the house.

As Mr. Jones was very anxious, not only to have his house occupied, but also to get rid of the ghost which had terrified so many, he very willingly heard Jack White's request. Jack asked only that he might be permitted to lay the ghost, but Mr. Jones, in addition to granting his request, also offered to let him have his rent free for one year if he cared to occupy the house.

Having thus concluded the bargain, Jack White immediately began to make his preparations for staying in the house that night. He carried along with him a pint of whiskey and brandy mixed half in half, and a heavy oak cudgel to use for offense or defense as the occasion might demand. Soon after his arrival at the dreary mansion, he built up a big log fire in the fire-place. He put his drink on the dresser in the corner near the fire-place and laid his cudgel on the floor nearby. He then drew up his chair near the fire, sat down, lighted his pipe and waited to see what would happen.

For a long time all was still. The fire sent out rays of cheerfulness that tended to disperse the gloom around him, while he enjoyed his pipe and the time rolled by. At last the dread hour came. He heard the clanking and scraping of dragging chains first coming slowly along the upper floor and then down the stairs that led to the room where he was. Quietly laying aside his pipe, he quickly poured out half a glass of his beverage and drank it to stimulate his nerves for the undertaking. He then seized his cudgel and stood ready to receive the intruder. Closer and closer came the noise, until finally the door opened and slowly in came the sheeted object toward Jack.

"Halt!" Who are you, and what are you? Come you in war or in peace?" demanded Jack.

The ghost, however, made no reply, but in a menacing manner, kept coming nearer. Jack then firmly grasped his oaken cudgel, advanced, and with one well-aimed blow knocked the thing down. On tearing off its disguise, he found it to be a man mounted on stilts, with a large sheet over his head and with handcuffs and chains fastened to him. Upon a closer examination he identified this man as Mr. Rash, the one who had been giving Mr. Jones so much trouble by bringing lawsuits against him.

Jack was now a hero. By his bravery and perseverance he had laid the ghost. His brave deed was for a long time the subject of the village gossip. The result of his victory was that it not only ended the nightly walkings of the ghost, but also did much to dispel from the minds of the people all their superstitious ideas concerning ghosts. What they had considered a demon in someone leagued with the devil was only—a man. The more the villagers considered the simple explanation of what had long been to them an unsolvable riddle, the more they began to doubt the real existence of such beings as ghosts.

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THE TROPHY ROOM

The Editor of this paper wrote an open letter several years ago in regard to finding a suitable place for our trophies, in which he stated his reasons why such a place ought to be procured. The idea was received favorably, but like a great many good things was lost in the rush. We have now come to such a stage in the athletic and literary part of our career at Delaware that it is both wise and necessary to find a place for our foot balls, base balls, cups, and medals and other trophies which we have won, and are going to capture in future games and events. In speaking to Dr. Sypherd in regard to this room, he gladly consented to let us have a place in the Library for our trophies. We certainly hope that if any of our students or Alumni have any foot balls, base balls, or other trophies, that ought to have a place in this room, they will send them to the Trophy Room, Delaware College, and we will see to it that they get into their proper places. Let us all take an interest in this thing and in a short time our room will make a very creditable appearance.

We wish to acknowledge an oversight in our last issue. The article entitled "The Ruling Passion," should, of course, be credited to Henry Van Dyke.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

TRAINING

In regard to the physical condition our foot ball team attained this year, we must say that the boys trained "fairly well." But, men, it is not enough to train fairly well; we ought to train as perfectly as possible. We have all noticed in the past years that our teams were not in the best physical condition, nor even in "good shape" when they represented the college in some games. Why the foot ball team trained better this year than formerly was probably because no one had his job "cinched." I think we ought to have a high ideal set before us in regard to training. No man is fit to represent Delaware College unless he is in the best possible physical condition. No man who breaks training ought to be permitted to play on any team. Any man caught doing this thing ought to be expelled from the team, regardless of who he is or how well he plays. Every student ought to make it his duty to report any man who is seen breaking training. The sooner we get our men to train properly and make the students feel that they have something to do with it, the sooner we will put teams on the field and floor that are trained, and the greater will be the chances of winning.

The present article is intended, of course, for every one of our teams and since basket ball is to be our next sport, let each man make the application to himself. All who saw the games of basket ball last year which our team played knows that our men were in poor condition. They were weak when they ought to have been strong. And there is no doubt that several games were lost on account of poor condition rather than poor playing ability. Now, let us get together, fellows, and set up a standard of good physical condition for our teams. Let's all work together for the good of this dear old college.

"BUY A PAPER, MISTER?"

This seems to be the basis upon which our students expect the business manager to work in regard to getting subscriptions for this paper. But where can we find a man who is willing to play at this catch-penny affair in regard to a college magazine? If you realized, fellow students, that you are really getting something for nothing by paying \$2.00 for a share in THE REVIEW, which entitles the holder to a copy each month for four years, you would not hesitate in making the small sacrifice we ask. All the college papers of which I have any knowledge charge more than our subscription price. In fact, the manager and the board are considering the advisability of raising the price. So, don't be surprised if the price should go up in a few months. In regard to the worth of the paper, we leave that for you to judge. If it isn't up to what you think it ought to be, do something for yourself. Your efforts might help some; they would, at least, do no harm.

Every man who is attending this college ought to be a subscriber to his college paper. If he is able to write, he ought to contribute an article or a story occasionally. It is only a little thing to help, but it means a great deal in the end. I was in the manager's office the other day. On one of the bills he presents to the Alumni and friends he usually stamps, "please subscribe," just beneath this one of our friends wrote, "with pleasure," and a check for the ensuing year was enclosed. That seems to me to be the proper spirit. We invite you through this article to subscribe. Let us hear your answer, "Now."



EDITED BY RICHARD J. WARD, '09

The foot ball men, representing our "Alma Mater" have finally cast their togs to one side and are again enjoying the luxuries of life, which are forbidden during foot ball training. Each and every one of these men deserves an abundance of praise, for throughout the entire season they displayed such spirit that makes one proud to speak of Delaware's foot ball team. We have had a most successful season considering the weight of Delaware as compared with that of her opponents, and much credit is due to Coach McAvoy for his untiring efforts. Ten long months will pass before we have the pleasure of again cheering our foot ball warriors on to victory; in the meantime we will see the basket ball team, the base ball team, and the track team striving desperately to uphold the blue and gold.

The basket ball season will be opened on the evening of December 16, when the inter-class games will be the center of attraction. The Seniors will play the Juniors, while the Sophomores will have the Freshmen as their opponents. Class spirit leads to college spirit; for this reason come out and encourage your team. The class games prove a very valuable means of obtaining varsity material and it is the duty of the four classes to produce as many candidates for their class teams as possible. The present Seniors won the class championship last year but are not so confident of winning this year, owing to the loss of Robin, last year's 'varsity center. The Juniors will have practically the same team this year as they had last year. The Sophomores will be unusually strong, due to the fact that many of their last year's players have developed into fast men and will make strong bids for 'varsity material. As for the Freshmen, we will term their team as an unknown quantity, but judging from the size of the class they should produce a very good team.

The 'varsity basket ball team for this coming season will be the strongest that ever represented Delaware. Manager Jackson has had considerable trouble in arranging a schedule, owing to a number of institutions deeming it advisable to drop the sport temporarily and substituting gymnasium teams.

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There are five men in college who have played -varsity ball:—McGarvey, Doane, Hagner, Eliason and Ward. With these as a nucleus and from the large number of new candidates, Captain McGarvey should select a very fast team. The schedule:—

January 9—All Collegians, at Newark.
 “ 16—Pennsylvania Military College, at Chester, Pa.
 “ 22—Franklin and Marshall, at Newark.
 “ 30—Navy, at Annapolis.
 February 6—Williamson, at Newark.
 “ 11—Open.
 “ 12—New York University at New York, N. Y.
 “ 20—Lehigh, at Newark.
 “ 27—Medico Chi, at Newark.
 March 3—Temple, at Newark.
 “ 10—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster, Pa.
 “ 11—Bucknell, at Lewisburg, Pa.
 “ 12—Susquehanna, at Selinsgrove, Pa.



PAPPERMAN, '09

Captain of 1908 Football Team

FOOTBALL

RUTGERS, 6; DELAWARE, 6.

Early on the morning of November 7, the College Band, together with a large number of students, assembled on the Dormitory steps and awaited the return of the 'varsity from breakfast. It was the day of the Rutgers' game and one cheer after another rang out in the morning air. The team soon appeared on the scene and were escorted to the depot by the rooters. Going down the street the band played many selections, and when they were not playing, many Delaware yells were heard. Upon the arrival at the station each man on the

team was cheered to the echo. As the train moved from the station the Alma Mater was sung and with the assistance of the band it so inspired the players that they went into the game to do or die. What they did is not shown by the score, for they not only held Rutgers to a tie, but outplayed them throughout the entire game; in the second half the play was entirely in Rutgers' territory.

The game was called at 3 o'clock. Delaware won the toss and decided to defend the south goal. Alverson kicked to R. Cann, who made 10 yards, Haley made 3 yards through center. Delaware was penalized 5 yards for being off side. Haley kicked to Smith, who was downed in his tracks by R. Cann on the 45 yards line. Read on a cross-buck made 5 yards. Leslie made first down. Read was given the ball but could not gain, Leslie made 2 yards. Adkins threw Corbin for a 5 yard loss. Adkins made 6 yards around Cloke. Stewart made first downs. Adkins made an on side kick and Haley recovered the ball on Rutgers' 45 yard line. Adkins make 5 yards, Cann missed a forward pass and Delaware was penalized 15 yards. Haley kicked poorly, the ball going out of bounds on Rutgers 45 yard line. Leslie made 5 yards off tackle, but on a forward pass Read was held, Rutgers kicked to Adkins, who returned the ball 10 yards. A forward pass to Rothrock netted 4 yards. An on side kick went to Corbin, but Delaware's line was like a stone wall and Rutgers was held for downs without gaining a yard. Haley kicked to Smith on Rutgers' 30 yard line. On a plunge Rutgers fumbled and Edwards got the ball for Delaware. On the first play McMichael broke through and downed Haley for a loss of 5 yards. A fake kick failed and Haley dropped back for a goal from placement, but it was blocked and Rutgers recovered the ball. Corbin went off left tackle for 10 yards, Leslie made 3 yards through the line, Leslie got off a pretty forward pass to Cloke for 23 yards. Leslie hit the line twice in succession for first down. Corbin went around right end for 3 yards and Leslie made first down. Read made 2 yards and Leslie again made first down, Corbin went through tackle for 3 yards. On the next play Rutgers fumbled and Alverson recovered the ball for Rutgers on Delaware's one foot line. Delaware held Rutgers for two downs and on the third attempt Leslie was pushed over for Rutgers' first score. Cloke kicked an easy goal. Score—Rutgers, 6; Delaware, 0. This score apparently put new life into Delaware, for after the kick-off they took the ball from Rutgers and went down to Rutgers' 15 yard line, when time was called.

Delaware gained more ground during the half than Rutgers, but owing to the Delaware team being very light the Rutgers admirers felt confident that the Delaware men could not stand the pace in the second half. However they were disappointed, for Delaware came back strong and simply played Rutgers off their feet.

Haley began the second half by kicking to Read, who made 15 yards. By a series of line plunges and on side kicks, Rutgers advanced the ball to Delaware's 30 yard line where they fumbled and Haley recovered the ball back of his own line, and with Greenwood and Adkins for interference he ran through the entire Rutgers team for 80 yards and a touchdown. Haley kicked the goal,

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making the score:—Rutgers, 6; Delaware, 6. From this point on Delaware outplayed Rutgers at every stage of the game, but always lost the ball at critical times, either by fumbling or by a forward pass. On the kick-off Delaware tried to conceal the ball under Rothrock's sweater, but the trick failed. Haley punted from Delaware's 10 yard line to Smith, who was downed in his tracks, Corbin made 2 yards. On an attempted forward pass Haley caught the ball for Delaware. Haley made 2 yards through Freystadt, Haley made 7 yards more through the same place. Edwards made 5 yards, Cann made 3 yards around end. Haley kicked to Read, who was downed by Cann; Rutgers could not gain, Rothrock and Adkins throwing the Rutgers backs for losses. The ball went to Delaware on downs. Haley plunged through center for 12 yards; he added 5 yards more through the same place; Edwards made first down through Steinke. Rutgers simply couldn't stop Delaware's plunges; many substitutes were sent in to relieve the situation, but Coach McAvoy's warriors were not to be stopped as this was Delaware's day. Stewart made 1 yard around end. Delaware lost the ball on a forward pass, Cooper getting the ball in the air. Alverson kicked to Haley, who returned the ball 5 yards. An on side kick went to Smith for Rutgers. On three attempts Rutgers could not gain and the ball went to Delaware on downs. Cann made 4 yards around end, Edwards made 2 yards through tackle, Delaware lost the ball on a forward pass. On a forward pass Booz made 20 yards, Leslie making a pretty pass. Adkins threw Cooper for a 5 yard loss. Delaware received the ball on a fumble, Haley made 9 yards through center. Larramore made first down through tackle, Haley made 6 yards off tackle. Stewart made first down. Stewart was thrown by Booz for a four yard loss, an on side kick went to Rutgers, Delaware held Rutgers for downs and then took the ball to Rutgers 18 yard line, where Rutgers held for downs. Smith made 5 yards, Leslie made first down. On the next play time was called, Rutgers having the ball in their possession on their 30 yard line.

Rutgers greatly outweighed Delaware but the Gold and Blue more than made up for this deficiency in speed. The entire Delaware team played well. Rutgers could not stop Haley and the Delaware backs. Rothrock, Adkins, Doane and Cann had the Rutgers plays broken up before the New Brunswick men were started. Delaware finished the game with the same eleven men who started it, while Rutgers were forced to put in seven substitutes. For Rutgers Capt. Corbin and Leslie played fine ball, Leslie gaining practically all the ground for Rutgers. The line-up:—

RUTGERS.

DELAWARE.

Booz	left end	Rothrock
Alverson	left tackle	Larrimoor
McMichael	left guard	Doane
Badcock	center ..	(Capt.) Papperman
Freystadt	right guard	Donohue
Steinke	right tackle	Edwards
Cloke	right guard	R. Cann
Smith	quarterback	Greenwood
Leslie	left halfback	Stewart
Corbin (Capt.) ..	right halfback	Adkins
Leslie	fullback	Haley

Referee—Thorn, Columbia. Umpire—Trout, Lafayette. Head linesman

—Green, Rutgers. Linesmen—Mulheron, Rutgers, and Cann, Delaware. Time of halves—25 and 22 1-2 minutes. Substitutes—Carpender for Smith; Smith for Read; Cooper for Corbin; Hansen for Badcock; Arthur for Freystadt; Foster for Arthur; Lyall for Cooper.

DELAWARE SCRUBS, 32; GOLDEY COLLEGE, 0.

On November 7, while the 'Varsity was putting up such a good game with Rutgers at New Brunswick, the Scrubs were walking away with Goldey College on the home grounds. Goldey was much heavier than the Scrubs, but their knowledge of the game was far inferior to that of the Scrubs. The forward pass was the Scrubs' strong play, and it resulted in many touchdowns. Goldey was never dangerous during the entire game. Their line could not withstand the rushes of the Delaware backs and consequently it was a one-sided game. For the Scrubs, McGarvey, Bice and George put up a fine game. Crawford's handling of punts and the manner in which he ran them back was the bright feature of Goldey's play.

JOHNS HOPKINS, 0; DELAWARE, 9.

On the Monday night prior to the Hopkins game a large bon-fire was lighted on the back campus in order to get up some spirit for the Hopkins game, for until they played Delaware Hopkins had not been defeated. All day the fellows worked collecting materials for the fire: Boxes, barrels and all sorts of inflammable material were carefully placed into an enormous pile. At nine o'clock, immediately after an enormous street parade, the fire was lighted and with a magnificent blaze surrounded by many cheering men. The celebration began with a speech by Dr. Harter, who was cheered to the echo. Following Dr. Harter we had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Lawrence Smith, Prof. Van Gieson Smith, Lieutenant Stayer, Dr. Steele and the manager, captain and players on the team. The celebration was the most enthusiastic meeting held at Delaware for some time and it put the proper spirit into the fellows. The score does not show by any means how Delaware outplayed Hopkins. The game was played in a snow storm which prevented Delaware from working her many trick plays, and consequently they had to restore line plunges. At this branch of the game Delaware could not be stopped, for time and time again Haley would break through the line for ten and fifteen yard gains. The game had no more than started before Haley kicked a beautiful goal from placement. The goal was made at a difficult angle from the 35 yard line. Delaware received the kick-off and by line plunges and end rushes the ball was carried to Hopkins' 5 yard line, from which R. Cann received a forward pass and made our first touchdown. Haley failed at kicking the goal. Score:—Delaware, 9; Hopkins, 0. Delaware received the kick-off, and after a few line plunges the time was up.

The rain turned to snow and the field for the second half was in a very bad condition; in view of this fact both of the captains decided to reduce the second half to 20 minutes.

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The second half began by Haley kicking to Stollenwerck, who advanced the ball 15 yards. Hopkins couldn't gain and on the third down they kicked to Haley. Haley made 5 yards through tackle, Stewart made 3 yards around end, Haley kicked to Stollenwerck, who was downed in his tracks. Delaware held Hopkins on the next play, and then Rothrock recovered a fumble. Delaware fumbled and the ball went to Hopkins. Hopkins kicked and a Hopkins man got the ball on Delaware's 30 yard line. Hopkins could not gain, so they tried for a goal from the field, but it did not go as far as the goal posts. Haley ran the ball back for 5 yards. Haley kicked and Cann got the ball in mid field; Delaware rushed the ball to Hopkins' 20 yard line, when time was called.

Hopkins outweighed Delaware, but were very slow starting. The entire Delaware team played well, while for Hopkins Michael and McChesney were the stars. Line-up:

DELAWARE.

HOPKINS.

Rothrock	left end	Musser
Larimoor	left tackle	Michael
Doane	left guard	Tellingham
Papperman	center	Stock
Donohue	right guard	Bosley
Edwards	right tackle	Bishop
R. Cann	right end	Street
Greenwood	quarterback	Stollenwerck
Adkins	right halfback	Bridgeman
Stewart	left halfback	Fulton
Haley	fullback	McCabe

Substitutes—Bryan for Street; McChesney for Fulton; Lyndall for Edwards; Bratton for Doane; L. Cann for Rothrock; Josephs for Greenwood; Landall for Stewart. Referee—Turner. Umpire—Turner. Time-keeper—Wingett. Linesman—Smith.

DELAWARE, 15; F. and M., 0.

In one of the prettiest played games that has ever been seen on Delaware's gridiron, Delaware defeated the sturdy warriors from Franklin and Marshall College, on November 21, by the score of 15 to 0. The Athletic field was crowded from one end to the other. The faces of many "Old Grads" could be seen everywhere. The College Band marched on the field at three o'clock and immediately joined the noisy Delaware rooters.

F. and M. arrived in the morning confident of victory. They were heavy men, and outweighed Delaware 10 pounds to the man.

F. and M. arrived on the field at 3 o'clock and were followed by Delaware, who trotted on the grid-iron amid volumes of cheers. F. and M. won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Richards kicked off to Adkins, who returned the ball 20 yards. Haley went through the line for 12 yards. Stewart went around end for 8 yards, Haley made first down. Rothrock was thrown for a 5 yard loss. An on side kick was captured by Rothrock. Stewart made 6 yards, but ran out of bounds. On the next play a forward pass, Cann ran for 45 yards. Haley carried the ball over in two rushes. Haley failed to kick the goal. Score—Delaware, 5; F. and M., 0. The remainder of the half was played in the center of the field, neither side having any noticeable advantage.

The second half began by Haley kicking off to Ridenbaugh, who gained 15 yards. A forward pass netted F. and M. 5 yards. Delaware held and F. and M. kicked to Haley. Adkins made 14 yards. Haley made 7 off tackle, Cann made first down. Rothrock was thrown for a 2 yard loss. A forward pass was caught by Richards in the air. F. and M.'s ball. Delaware got the ball on a fumble, an on side kick goes to Ridenbaugh; F. and M.'s ball. The first formation was for a forward pass. Rothrock went through the line and got the ball for Delaware. Greenwood made 15 yards. Haley made 7 yards. Edwards went through tackle for first down. Adkins made 20 yards and Stewart made 3 yards. On the next rush Haley went over for Delaware's second touchdown. Greenwood missed the goal. Score—Delaware 10; F. and M., 0. Richards kicked off to Haley, who returned the ball to the 25 yard line; Cann made 8 yards, Haley went through center for first down. A forward pass netted 10 yards. Edwards went through tackle for 6 yards. Larrimoor made first down. Delaware worked a triple pass and Adkins ran 40 yards for a touchdown. The goal was not kicked. Score—Delaware, 15; F. and M., 0. Shortly after the kick-off time was called.

Delaware's trick plays had the visitors guessing in the second half and before they mastered the situation the damage was done. The entire Delaware team starred, while Richards, Wampole and Roberts were F. and M.'s stellar features. The line-up:

DELAWARE.

F. and M.

Rothrock left end Wampole
Larrimoor left tackle Taylor
Doane left guard Walter
Papperman center Winderhaft
Donohue right guard Lasner
Edwards right tackle Pifer
R. Cann right end Roberts
Greenwood quarterback Ridenbaugh
Stewart left halfback Hoffman
Adkins right halfback Pornopous
Haley fullback Richards

Referee—Hoskins, Lafayette. Umpire—St. Clair, Swarthmore. Field Judge—Wright. Head Linesman—Wingett.

WESTERN MARYLAND, 15; DELAWARE, 4.

The steady strain of playing several hard games in succession against heavy odds in weight, was sooner or later to have a bad effect upon the players and now these effects were plainly seen in the Western Maryland game. Western Maryland outweighed and outplayed our men and they deserve all the credit that goes to a winner. The game was a good exhibition of up to date foot ball,

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and both teams put up a hard fight from the start of the game until the finish. Delaware could not gain through the Western Maryland heavy line, but Delaware worked the on side kick with great success. Western Maryland was very fortunate with the forward pass which proved their chief ground gainer. Delaware did all the scoring in the first half, Haley kicking a goal from placement from the 35 yard line. Western Maryland did all of her scoring in the second half, making two touchdowns, kicking one goal from a touchdown and another from the field. Line-up:—

DELAWARE.	WESTERN MARYLAND.
Rothrock	left end Loufield
Larrimoor	left tackle Gibson
Doane	left guard Hummel
Papperman	center Twigg
Donohue	right guard Dudley
Edwards	right tackle Grayse
R. Cann	right end Stultz
Greenwood	quarterback Thomas
Stewart	left halfback Birdsell
Adkins	right halfback Carver
Haley	fullback Turner

SOPHOMORES, 6; FRESHMEN, 0.

The annual foot ball struggle between the two lower classes, took place on November 11, the Sophomores winning by a score of 6 to 0. It was a very hotly contested game from start to finish, and until the whistle blew at the end of the game the result was in doubt. The Sophs made a touchdown after Hagner received the ball on a fumble and ran for 20 yards to within 1 foot of the Freshman goal line from where Heisler took it over on the next play. Walls kicked an easy goal. Every inch of ground was bitterly contested, but the score still remained the same at the end of the first half.

The second half was a repetition of the latter part of the first half. Up and down, with neither team able to gain a decided advantage. The game ended with the ball in the center of the field. The following men will be allowed to wear their class numerals for participating in the game:—Sophomores—Walls, Heisler, Taylor, Cann, Cotrell, Davis, Dunn, Ennis, Hagner, Knowles, Lind, Marshall, J., Marshall, A., and Spruance. Freshmen—Carswell, Harmon, Addicks, Millington, Ennis, George, Taylor, Fidance, Harvey.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON

Players.	Position.	Weight	Age.	Class
G. A. Papperman (Capt.)	Center	165	23	1909
J. B. Adkins	Right halfback	164	23	1909
J. R. Rothrock	Left end	122	20	1909
R. T. Cann, 4th	Right end	148	20	1909
W. W. Josephs	Quarterback	135	21	1909
R. M. Carswell	Center	154	20	1909
J. Lyndall	Left halfback	156	22	1910
W. J. Bratton	Left guard	185	18	1910

Players.	Position.	Weight	Age.	Class
L. P. Edwards	Right tackle	166	20	1911
J. G. Stewart	Left halfback	161	20	1911
L. W. Cann	Left end	142	17	1911
C. C. Kidd	Right end	150	18	1911
W. W. Laramoor	Left tackle	170	18	1912
L. W. Greenwood	Quarterback	152	23	1912
G. Haley	Fullback	182	23	1912
W. Doane	Left guard	169	21	1912
J. Donohue	Right guard	186	19	1912
J. B. Landall	Right halfback	166	20	1912
E. E. Todd	Left tackle	169	20	1912
R. Carswell	Fullback	152	18	1912

Average weight—159.7 pounds.

Average age—20.2 years.

GAMES PLAYED.

Score.

Date.	Team.	Where played	Del.	Opponents.
Oct. 3	Williamson	Newark, Del.	0	6
Oct. 10	Haverford	Haverford, Pa.	0	11
Oct. 17	Bucknell	Lewisburg, Pa.	0	13
Oct. 31	Washington	Newark, Del.	12	0
Nov. 7	Rutgers	New Brunswick, N. J.	6	6
Nov. 14	Johns Hopkins	Baltimore, Md.	9	0
Nov. 21	Franklin and Marshall..	Newark, Del.	15	0
Nov. 26	Western Maryland ..	Westminster, Md.	4	15

Games played at home, 3; away, 5.

Games won, 3; games tied, 1; games lost, 4.

Number of points scored by Delaware during season, 46.

Number of points scored by opponents during season, 51.

Points scored by individuals:—

	Touchdowns	Goals from touchdowns	Goals from field
Haley	5	3	2
Adkins	1		
Edwards	1		

Total points—Haley, 36; Adkins, 5; Edwards, 5.

It is with pride that we look upon the record of the foot ball team that upheld, during this season, the "Gold and Blue." The outlook for the team at first was very gloomy and the obstacles in the way of a winning team seemed almost insurmountable. However, with the able assistance of Coach McAvoy our light material was soon developed into the fastest team that ever represented Delaware on the grid-iron. For the team to practically win four out of eight

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games played after playing against such odds, in weight it is nothing short of remarkable. We look with pride on the little band of grid-iron warriors who carried our colors to victory, and who reflected so much credit on our institution.

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

Another important factor working for the success of the team was the strong scrub team. With twenty men out besides the 'Varsity, it was possible to have a scrub whose weight approximated that of the 'Varsity, and the least let up on the part of the first team was sure to result in a score for the scrubs. This is a condition heretofore little known at Delaware, but we trust it will continue, being upheld, as the season has been by the enthusiasm of the student-body.

In discussing the merits of the various members of the team, it is hard to separate them from the human machine of which they were parts. What applies to the team applies to each member composing it. They each and all played their positions well and played them all the time. We think, however, that a word of praise is due to the veterans who must retire from upholding the banner of Delaware, the Gold and Blue.

Captain Papperman, center, has played that position for the four years of his college career and has proven his worth as a valuable foot ball man. He tackles fiercely and follows the plays closely. As a captain, Papperman is respected by every man on his team for his generalship and his business-like ways. He has the ability of putting the spirit into and obtaining the necessary results.

Rothrock, left end, has played two years on the 'Varsity and the two years previous he played on the Scrubs. He weighs 122 pounds and this weight is all energy. His work has ever been brilliant, and has called forth praise from coaches and players of opposing teams. He is a sure tackler, the first man down the field on kicks, and he follows the ball closely.

Adkins, right halfback, has played this position for one season, for two seasons previous to this he was playing 'Varsity tackle. At tackle he was a great man for breaking through and blocking kicks. He is one of the fastest half backs that Delaware has ever produced, being a sure ground-gainer. Jimmie's play on defense is especially strong, as he tackles fiercely and for losses.

Cann, right end, has played in this position for two years and previous to that, he was a substitute for the same position. His work at breaking interference is nothing short of miraculous. He is a good ground-gainer and tackles well in open field; his work was always a feature in winning games.

Josephs, quarterback, has played this position for three years and previous to this he played end on the 'Varsity. He is a willing worker and runs the team well. In the new style of play, he makes an excellent quarter for he handles the forward pass with rare ability. Kid is a good open field man and handles punts very well.

Carswell, substitute center, has played two seasons with Delaware, and this year has taken part in several games. The game he puts up is but little below that of the regular men.

The following men will return next year, and should, with the able assist-

ance of a coach, develop into a winning team. Landall, Lyndall and Stewart, halfbacks; Bratton, Doane and Donahue, guards; Todd, Edwards and Larrimore, tackles; Kidd and Cann, ends; Greenwood, quarterback; Haley and Carswell, fullback.

EDWARDS ELECTED CAPTAIN

On Thanksgiving evening, and while homeward bound on a Western Maryland Railroad train from Westminster, Md., L. Paul Edwards, (1911) was elected Captain of the foot ball team to succeed Gustav A. Papperman, who graduates in June. Edwards is a Sophomore, and has played for two years at right tackle. His playing has always been of first class order, both in stopping plays and carrying the ball. Edwards resides in Wilmington, Del. He prepared for college in the Wilmington High School, on whose foot ball team he played as long as he was enrolled as a student. He is 20 years of age, weighs 166 pounds, and is five feet, 11 1-2 inches in height.

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EDITED BY VICTOR H. JONES

A reading room has been fitted up on the second floor of Recitation Hall, for the use of the students during the winter months. Current magazines, periodicals and books reserved for special work may be found there. We are very glad to hear of this annex to the library, as it is very convenient to class rooms. To show Dr. Sypherd that we appreciate his thoughtfulness for our comfort and benefit, we should use the new room as much as possible and in the proper manner.

After a prolonged illness of typhoid fever, Fisher, '11, has returned to college. Immediately upon his return Hough began practicing on his cornet. Sounds more like the "Dorm" of old now.

Prof. Robinson, to the Senior Civil Engineers:—"You gentlemen had better be reading up on this work. If you do not I am afraid that you will all suffer from a severe attack of mental dyspepsia."

On Saturday evening, November 21, the Senior class gave a dance in the gymnasium. About fifty couples were present. The college orchestra of four pieces under the able leadership of McIntire, '09, furnished music for the occasion. The dance was a very enjoyable affair.

Dr. Sypherd has organized a class in argumentation. The class meets at 3 p. m. on Wednesday afternoons. The object of this class is in the nature of preparation for our inter-collegiate debates. All those of the student body interested in debating would do well to attend this class.

On Thursday and Friday, December 3 and 4, the Battalion gave a street parade, led by the college band. The Cadets in full dress uniform made a very creditable showing.

Walls, '12—"Yes, my father was an Englishman."

Patterson, '11—"Does he speak English "Skeet.?""

Professor Robinson has had one of the rooms in the basement of Recitation Hall fitted up as a drawing room for the Civil Engineers. The room is well lighted and is very suitable for draughting. In addition to this the classes are removed from the noise and confusion of the general draughting room in Mechanical Hall.

The New Castle County Teachers' Institute convened in annual session at the college from November 23 to 25, inclusive. The students seemed very much

pleased with the presence of the teachers here. The evening entertainments were especially entertaining.

Walls, '12, seems to be very unfortunate. In a boxing match recently with Spruance, '11, Walls broke two bones of his right hand. We extend our sympathy and hope that he will soon be able to use the hand.

Dr. Harter:—"Mr. Buckmaster, will you please tell the class in Physics that I will not meet them today."

Buckmaster:—"You won't eh? How's that?"

The reception given by Mrs. Wolf and Miss Harter in the gymnasium on Friday evening, December 4, was a grand success. Music was furnished by the college orchestra. Dancing began at 8.30 and continued till 2.30 a. m. Every one present speaks of having had a very pleasant evening. We take this opportunity to assure Mrs. Wolf and Miss Harter of our heartiest appreciation for this evening of pleasure.

The members of the Bible Study Class were discussing a lesson referring to a period of about 300 B. C.

Prouse, '09, leader—"What language was spoken in Jerusalem at this time?"

Dunn, '12—"The Grecian language."

Manning, '12—"What language was spoken in Egypt, Prouse?"

Prouse, '09—" (smiling)—"Don't know, but I believe it was hieroglyphics."

Professor Van G. Smith and Dr. Owen W. Sypherd have arranged for three concerts to be given in the Oratory by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Witzemann. The first of these chamber concerts was given on Thursday evening, December 10. The dates of the other concerts will be announced later. Professor Smith and Dr. Sypherd should receive the heartiest support and co-operation of the entire student body in their effort to give us high class entertainment by skilled musicians. Come out to these concerts, fellows, and show the gentlemen that you appreciate good music as well as their efforts in our behalf.

Prof. C.—"You know, gentlemen, the Puritans came to this country to worship as they pleased. First they fell upon their knees and then they fell upon the aborigines."

Football has closed for the season. Basketball practice has begun. Come out, fellows, and try for a place on the team. If you do not make it you may at least make the other fellow hustle for the position. We have a good schedule. Let us see if we cannot make even a better showing this year than we did last year. Remember, too, that there must be a strong "scrub" team if the 'Varsity is to be strong. The class games also will come off before long, so get in the game and try to make the season a successful one.

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Eleven members of the Rifle Club, under the command of Lieutenant Stayer, went to the State Range at New Castle, on Saturday, December 5, to hold the competition for the medal offered to College Rifle Clubs by the National Rifle Association of America for the best scores at 200 and 500 yards. The medal was won by Corporal Eastman with a score of 74 out of a possible 100. The scores of the four highest men are as follows:

	200 yards.	500 yards.	Total.
Corporal Eastman	38	36	74
Sergeant Corkran	41	31	72
Major Carswell	35	31	66
Private Vandergrift	29	29	54

Four of the competitors qualified for the "National Marksman's" medal, offered by the War Department to the members of the National Rifle Association who make a score of 50 points out of a possible score of 75, firing five shots at 200, 300 and 500 yards. The scores were as follows:—

	200 yards.	300 yards.	500 yards.	Total.
Corporal Eastman	20	20	18	58
Sergeant Corkran	21	17	17	55
Major Carswell	18	18	18	54
Private Vandergrift	17	18	18	53



Inter-Collegiate Notes

EDITED BY CLIFFORD MOINTIRE, '09

The crushing defeat administered the University of Michigan football team by Pennsylvania may be the means of making the "Big Nine" complete once again. The failure of Michigan to make a good showing against the Easterners in the past three years, is awakening the Wolverine students to the fact that the East is no place for Michigan teams to gain fame and glory, and has started a sentiment favoring the return of the old athletic relations with the other Western colleges.

Michigan belongs in the conference, and the present "Big Eight" realize that fact. The latch string is always out for the Wolverines, and when they say they are ready to abide by the rules now in vogue they will be welcomed back into the conference. Three successive defeats on the gridiron by an Eastern team is more than enough to convince the Maize and Blue rooters that there is nothing in the Eastern conquest line.

A WELSH COLLEGE YELL.

The sooner the college yell is introduced into England the better it will be for the youth of the land. In Wales they have it, and see how Wales always beats all opponents at football! This is the cheery shout of the Aberystwyth students when their men are engaged in any athletic contest: "Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah! Boom Warra! Ishmabi! Ishmabi! Keezle, keezle, wagga, wagga! keezle, keezle, wagga, wagga! Ishmabi! Keezle wagga: Boom! Wa! Ra! Tschz!" Now, that is something of a yell. One can see at a glance that it contains, at any rate, some of the elements which go to make up a yell. It would inspire a caterpillar. A pew opener, who had that shouted in his ear would sprint out and die for his country.

From a tour which promises to be a mile post in the history of athletics, the University of Washington base ball team has returned to this country. For two months it played the Japanese colleges, Waseda University acting as host and paying all expenses. The Washington nine was the first white team ever seen in the Flowery Kingdom. The contests were the first intercollegiate meetings, in which a foreign institution was a contestant, ever enjoyed by the Mikado's great university. Waseda University has 600 students and Keio 8000; both are for men only, so the teams have an array of material to draw upon. The Keio nine was found to be of veritable pennant-winning calibre, and Washington lost all of a series of three games. By their conduct the Japanese entitled themselves to a reputation for fair play that rivals the boast of Englishmen.

A committee of nineteen influential Harvard Alumni, including Mr. Alexander Agassiz and Dr. Simon Newcomb, has issued the following statement concerning Charles William Eliot's resignation:—Charles W. Eliot, after forty

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years of faithful and brilliant service, has resigned the presidency of Harvard University. We think this event should be recognized by some suitable action on the part of the Alumni. With the co-operation of the Alumni Association we invite the graduates of Harvard University, and others who have been connected with it, to subscribe to a fund to be known as the Charles W. Eliot Fund, the income of which shall be paid to President and Mrs. Eliot during their lives and afterwards be used in such a manner as he may designate.

An unconditional gift of \$50,000 to the endowment fund of the University of Virginia has been made by Col. Oliver H. Payne, of New York.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

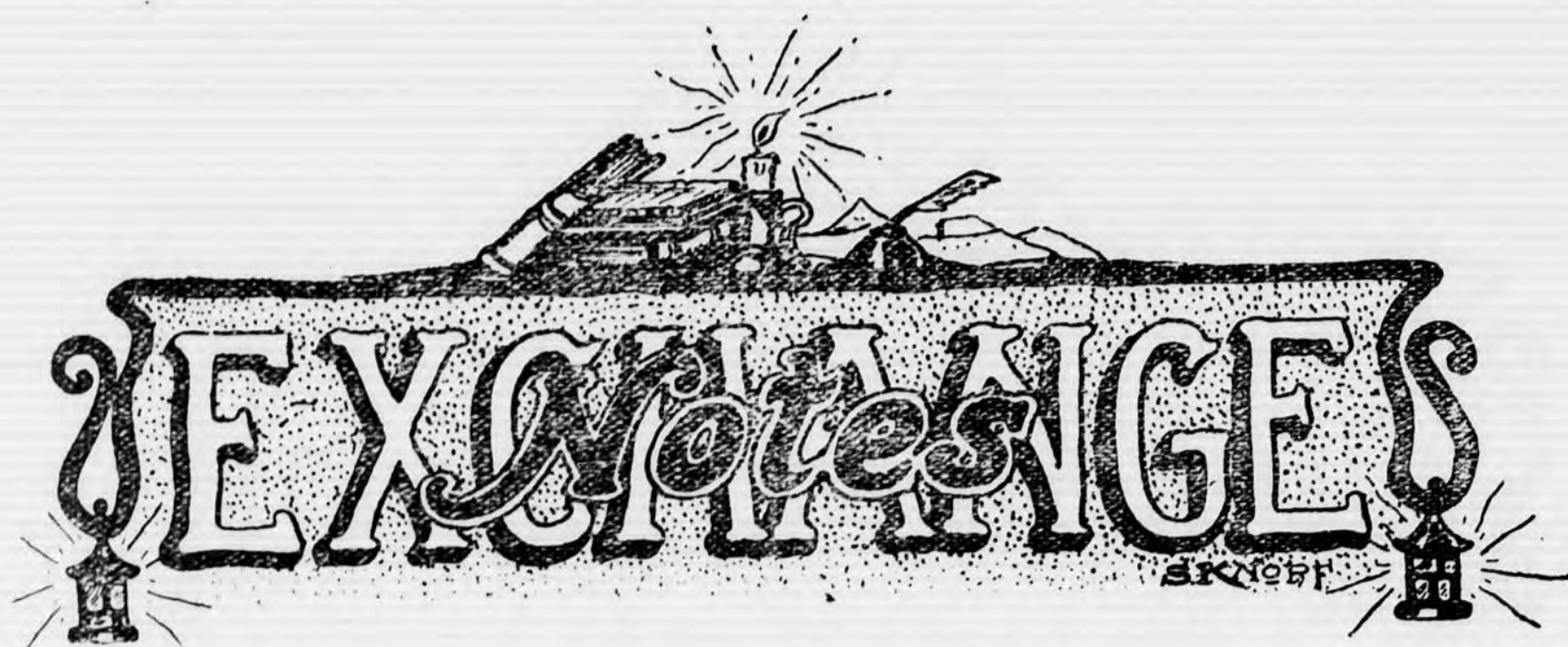
The Bible Class has at last settled down to active work. Prouse, '09, is teaching the Sophomore and Papperman, '09, has the Freshman class. The showing of both classes is very encouraging, especially the Freshman. We are hoping they will continue the good work and secure new members for their class.

A meeting of the Executive Council of the Y. M. C. A. was called on the evening of December 6. A large number of new men were considered and admitted. Dr. Rowan suggested that Dr. Aked, a very prominent Baptist minister, of Brooklyn, N. Y., be asked to deliver the sermon before the Y. M. C. A. in June. It was decided to write to Dr. Aked immediately.

Last year we noticed that the few speakers secured by the Y. M. C. A. were appreciated by the fellows and given a good audience. Would it not be well to have more such meetings, which every one could attend, and give the fellows a good straight talk at least once a month. The matter should be worthy of the consideration of the speakers' committee.

RECENT ACCESSIONS TO THE LIBRARY

Representative Essays on the Throng of Style—Brewster.
 Theories of Style—Sane Cooper.
 Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist—Baker.
 Growth and Structure of the English Language—Jespersen.
 Argumentation and Debating—Foster.
 Briefs for Debate—Brookings and Ringwalt.
 Briefs on Public Questions—Ringwalt.
 The Art of Debate—Alden.
 Chaucer's England—Coulton.
 Elizabethan Dramatic Literature, (2 vols.)—Schelling.
 History of Delaware, (3 vols.)—Henry C. Conrad.
 Government of Delaware—Geo. S. Messersmith.
 The American College—Flexner.
 Dictionary of National Biography, (10 vols.)
 The United States as a World Power—Coolidge.
 The Government of England, (2 vols.)—Sorwell.
 The Railway Locomotive—Pendred.



EDITED BY W. S. CORKRAN, '10

The November number of the Fordham Monthly is a very creditable publication. The essay on "Thomas Chatterton" shows a careful study of the subject and an easy flowing prose style. Unlike so many articles on similar subjects the author does not try to develop a certain view of his own, but merely presents the general facts in a very interesting way. "Ehew Fugaris" is a clever little sketch brought about by the change in the Monthly's cover. The new "suit of dusty brown" offers at first sight an unfamiliar appearance, but on examining its interior we find the usual quality and quantity. The new garb should prove popular after the strangeness of it wears off. "Election Day at Lonesome" is a neat little story in which the ways and means of two rival candidates are humorously told. The Monthly adds a spice to its pages by scattering over them much poetry, both serious and otherwise, and by such additions as "Along the Via Sacra", a department devoted to short tales illustrating the funny side of life. The editorials are always appropriate to the season, usually dealing with current events or matters of local interest. There is one thing especially noticeable in the Monthly and that is the lack of an Exchange department. With this exception the Monthly is a well balanced magazine.

One of the best Exchange columns that has come to our notice this year is to be found in the "Niagara Index" for November. The editor is to be congratulated on the showing his paper makes in that department. The criticisms are for the most part well founded and forcibly put, and show a diligent and conscientious study of the magazines at hand. The editorial department also was well edited, but the literary contributions were heavy and tiresome. They had too much of the classroom style about them. No stories or poetry to break the monotony of such dry articles give the paper an encyclopaedia effect. Of course, such articles are all right if used judiciously, but when they form the bulk of the reading matter then they are less appreciated because one looks for something light and more entertaining than, for instance, dry discussions about Dickens, of whom we read in half a dozen exchanges each month. We hate to think that all of the literary ability of Niagara's students is directed along such deep and thoughtful lines. Improve your literary department with fiction and poetry. If you must have history, instead of "Ancient Egypt" give us something from that glorious locality of yours, or bring forth some local tales, traditions and descriptions of the wonderful scenery which surrounds you.

About the best preparatory school paper yet received is "The Tome." We are glad to see that it has developed from a weekly into a monthly, and though its first is not very large it shows every evidence of growth. The literary department contains an excellent story under the title "The Mirage." The plot is good, being something out of the ordinary for a story in which the principal characters are "he" and "she", in that it does not end in the "lived happily ever after" style. The setting of the story being of local nature gives an added charm to those acquainted with surroundings of Tome. The editorials and social notes are both well edited and the cover design and frontispiece are commendable features. Success to "The Tome" as a monthly.

In "The Western Maryland College Monthly" there are two noticeable articles. The first one, "Our South American Relations," is excellent material for just such purposes. Very few of us in our busy college career give much thought to the problems that confront our country from time to time. Newspaper accounts of the world's doings are in most cases the extent of a student's knowledge of international problems. By means of such articles in our college magazines as the one just mentioned, students are not only enlightened upon subjects that are of importance to them, either directly or indirectly, but often an interest is awakened that leads to further study and investigation. All of us enjoy good stories, but how much time we waste reading fiction that serves only as a temporary diversion or amusement. We finish a story, pronounce it good or bad, and then proceed to forget it. Why not make it a point to have in our issues each month at least one instructive article on some current event. The second article I wish to mention is the "Story of a Young Mexican Miner." We wonder how such poor stuff ever crept into the monthly which usually has such good articles. Repetition of words and short jerky sentences are the main characteristics. The subject is at once capable of good development and the general scheme of the tale is good, but the story is very poorly told. There is scarcely any variety of sentences, and a dozen or more main clauses of its three and one-half pages begin with "He"—all telling what "He" did next or what "He" thought.

THE FOOTBALL COURSE.

Jim he took the Football Course—
Come home stronger nor a horse.
Ain't much in his knowledge-box,
But the muscle of an ox.
Sort of like a great big mule
That has been to Boardin-school—
That's my boy, my old boy Jim—
Tell ye, I am proud o' him.

Ought to see Jim with the stock—
Mind him reg'lar as a clock.
Bull got sassy, tried to chase
All the farm-hands off the place,—
Chased 'em, too, all 'ceptin' Jim—
Jim just waited round for him,
Bent half forward with a smile—
Showed his dimples ail the while.

Mr. Bull come rushin' 'long,
 Jim a-hummin' some old song—
 "Down the Field," or some such bit,
 I ain't sure the name of it—
 Then they met! I never see
 Such a scrimmage! Jimmie, he
 Tackled low,—fust thing I knew
 Bull was an hour comin' to!

Lot o' tramps come by one day,
 Havin' "fun" along the way.
 Seven on 'em—bad ones—Gee!
 Nothin' wuss I never see.
 Fooled around till Jim come out
 Just to see what 'twas about.
 Waal, I wish ye'd been out here—
 Jim he walloped 'em for fair.

Tramps lined up down near the hedge
 In a sort o' human wedge;
 Jim he grinned when he see that.
 He'd that play down pretty pat.
 Started for 'em on the run,
 Head down, back on, full o' fun—
 Butted through the hull derved bunch
 Just where each one kep' his lunch!

Sort of feel, with Jim around,
 Leetle surer of my ground;
 Kind o' feel if things gits hot
 Jim'll be there on the spot,
 Tacklin' 'em and pullin' through;
 Me and Marthy with him, too—
 Kind o' think there's lots o' force
 In that College Football Course.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THE REAL REASON.

In Italy, not long ago,
 Vesuvius from her throat did throw
 Her sulphurous hail, and men below
 In fear did rave.
 Shrewd scientists would have us know
 That 'neath the earth great turmoils grow,
 And that is why the fiery flow
 Will not behave.
 This bit of science I'll bestow;
 The turmoil's caused by Cicero,
 Who, when his works are murdered so.
 Turns in his grave.

—Fordham Monthly.

De Alumnis

EDITED BY F. C. MCSORLEY, JR., '09

J. R. McFarlan, '08, made us a visit last month. He came not as a prodigal but as a bearer of precious gifts. The gift consisted of three Garton-Daniels lightning arresters, two of which were 300 V. circuit and two other 2500 V. circuit.

Mr. McFarlan has the honor of being the first graduate ever to make a gift to the Electrical Engineering Department of the College. He has, at present, charge of the Experimental Laboratory of the Electric Service Supplies Co.

T. R. Wolf, Jr., '01, was married recently to Miss Hayes, of Buffalo. The couple spent Thanksgiving in Newark.

Mrs. Alfred S. McVey, formerly Miss Agnes Ray, '76, died at Pleasant Hill, Md., on Tuesday, December 2.

Joseph H. Hossinger, '91, is rapidly regaining his health at Saranac Lake, where he and his family are settled for the winter.

W. W. Harrington, '95, has been appointed Assistant Attorney General for Kent County.

William Ellis, '97, Principal of the Delaware City Schools, attended the Teachers' Institute which was held at the college, November 23-25.

Charles W. Bush, Esq., '03, addressed the Freshman Class December 9, on some aspects of his life at Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar.

Seruch T. Kimble, '08, is Instructor in History at Wenonah Military Academy. He succeeded Charles Messick, '07, who is now in the Trenton High School.

W. R. M. Wharton, '03, who until recently was assistant in Chemistry in the Maryland Agricultural College, now holds the position of food and drug inspector in the Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture. In a recent letter to the Business Manager of the REVIEW, Mr. Wharton suggests that one man from every class that has graduated from the college should be appointed to send in Alumni notes. We hope that this suggestion may influence some of our graduates to communicate with us from time to time.

Agricultural Notes

Farmers' Week will be held this year from January 4th to 9th, at the college. Special attention has been given to the program, and it is felt that the work offered during the week is most attractive. Arrangements have been made to give daily demonstrations in the use of concrete on the farm. This work will take the nature of making fence posts, the laying of floors, walks, walls, etc.

For the first time in many years, provision has been made for the farmer's wife and daughter. One of the best known teachers of Domestic Science and Art in Philadelphia has been engaged for a part of the week, and her informal lectures, conferences, and demonstrations in foods and cooking, home sanitation, home decoration, etc., will no doubt be of great value to those who are interested in making the farm home more attractive.

W. Theo. Wittman, one of the best and most successful poultrymen of Pennsylvania, will present the subject of Poultry Keeping. He is bringing a number of practical fowls with him, and it is hoped that he will do much to increase the importance of this great industry in the State.

Mr. Irving Walker, who, perhaps, has done more along systematic corn improvement in Maryland than any other man on the Peninsula, will assist Prof. Grantham in the work in corn judging, and will also give a lecture on this subject, which is attracting so much attention among the farmers of the world at the present time.

Mr. S. H. Derby, one of the Trustees, will also assist Prof. McCue in the work of apple culture.

Prof. C. A. McCue was one of the judges at the Maryland Horticultural Exposition held in Baltimore last week. He also visited the Ridgely farms near Dover in the capacity of consulting Horticulturist.

Dr. Cook spent some time recently in library work in Washington, and was the Experiment Station delegate at the meeting of the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations.

At the meeting of the Delaware Corn Growers' Association held in Dover last week, Prof. Grantham was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. The Corn show held in connection with this meeting was a very creditable one. The Station made an exhibit of a number of varieties of corn which were grown on the College farm during the past season.

Director Hayward attended a meeting of Investigators in Animal Nutrition held at Chicago last week, and assisted in forming the American Association of Animal Nutrition. He also spent three days at the International Fat Stock Show, held in Chicago at the same time.

Dr. Dawson has recently undertaken a line of investigation with the dreaded disease, Glanders. He has also attended a number of meetings of the State Board of Agriculture in the capacity of Consulting Veterinarian, and made a number of valuable suggestions concerning quarantining the State against the foot and mouth disease, which has broken out in a number of places in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

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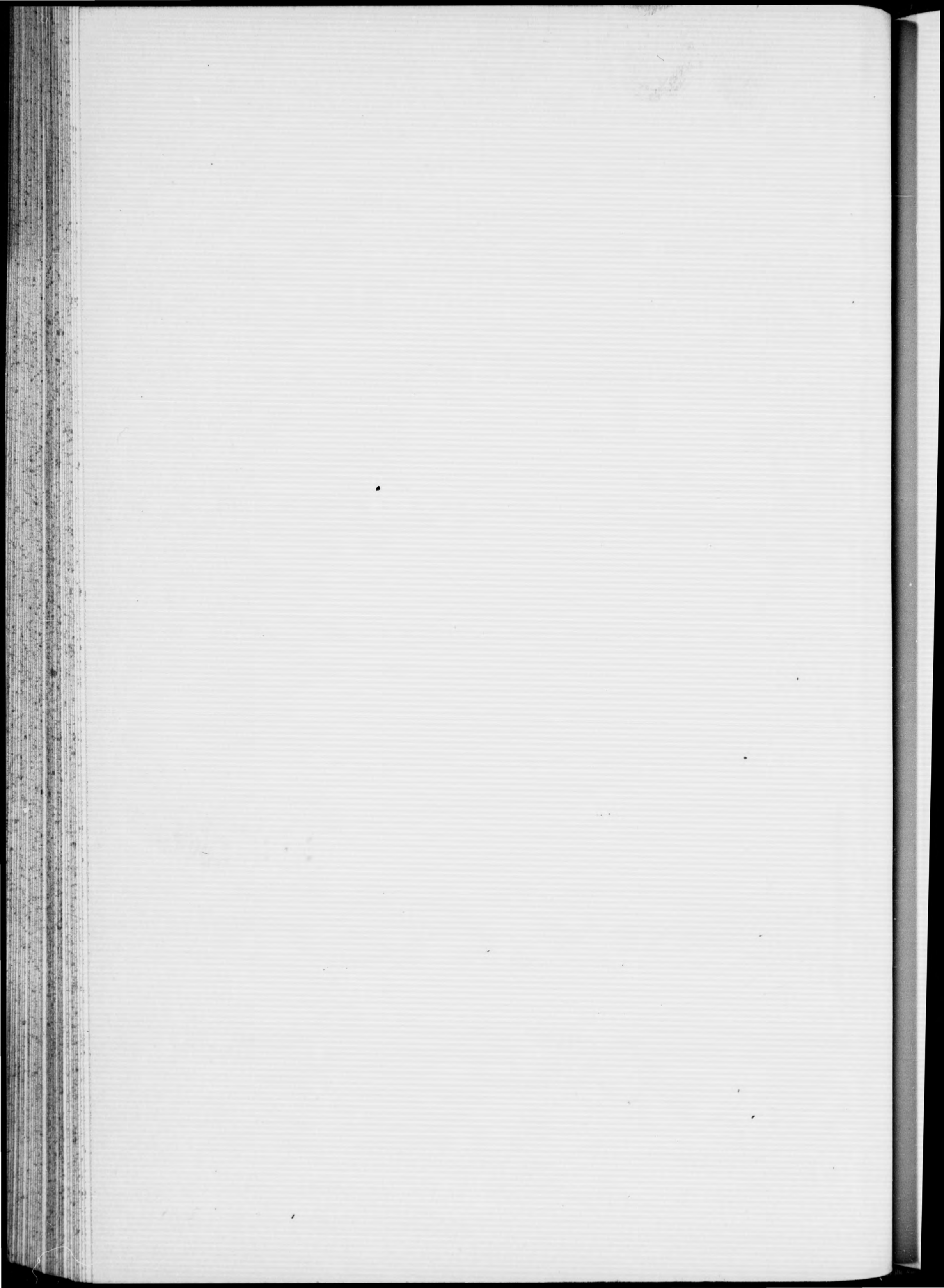
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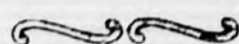


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JANUARY, 1909



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