

# Delaware College Review

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## My Trip Home from Chile via Europe

ON the morning of the 24th day of May, 1913, the day set for my departure from Taltal, Chile, I arose at a very early hour in order to complete packing my trunks before breakfast time. Naturally I was highly elated at the idea of leaving, for I had been located in that most barren country for two years and a half. The steamship "Maipo," upon which I had engaged passage to Valparaiso, Chile, arrived in port about ten o'clock. An hour later found me, together with some friends and my luggage, on my way to the steamer in a small rowboat. The ocean being very quiet, we experienced no difficulty in rowing out to the ship, and in due time, I was on board. While chatting with my friends on one of the lower decks, I was pleased to note that I would have plenty of company on my trip, as there seemed to be a number of persons coming on board with their baggage. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, several sharp blasts from the ship's whistle announced that the time for its departure had come. After bidding my friends good-bye, I lingered on deck while the boat steamed out of port. There was no regret on my part at leaving Taltal; I had not become attached to it in any way. Soon, the little city was lost to sight, and the three days' journey to Valparaiso begun.

As the steamer's route was at all times close to the coast of Chile, we were afforded an excellent opportunity to see the formation of the land. However, this scenery became rather monotonous after a time, as it appeared to be nothing more than barren mountainous wastes. The third day, the final one on board, turned out to be a rainy one. Our boat arrived at Valparaiso about nine o'clock in the morning and owing to the heavy fog, we were unable to see anything of the city itself. As steamers arriving in Valparaiso anchor out in the bay on account of there being no proper harbor facilities for them, it is necessary for all passengers to be taken off in row boats. Unfortunately, the steamship companies do not provide these boats nor do they have anything to do with them; consequently, a stranger arriving in Valparaiso, and especially one who cannot speak the language, is forced to pay an excessive price to be taken ashore. As the "Maipo" approached its anchoring grounds, we could see any number of boatmen coming out to meet us. Just as soon as the vessel had stopped, they came alongside. Immediately, there was a scramble to get on board. Once on deck, the boatmen started to run in all directions in search of prospective passengers. As I happened to be on deck,

at least six of them came up to me on a run.

"Buque, senor? Buque, senor?" inquired several.

"Toma Vd mi tarqueta, senor, lo lleva Vd barato," said another.

"Toma Vd el buque mio, senor, es bien bueno," exclaimed another voice.

Of course, as I was anxious to get ashore, I selected a boatman from the howling crowd and had him take my baggage to his boat. After fifteen minutes of hard rowing, in which time, we passed within hailing distance of a number of large steamers, he landed me at the main pier. The next step before being free to enter Valparaiso, was to submit myself and luggage to Custom House inspection. However, as I was detained for a short time only, I soon left the Custom House to hunt up some friends with whom I intended to stay.

Altho I was in Valparaiso for almost a week, I did not see very much of that city, as I spent most of my time in the suburbs. The city itself proved to be a little larger than I had expected to find it, and in many ways was more up-to-date than any other city along the west coast of South America. In this part of Chile, the country near the ocean is mountainous, and for that reason, the beauty of the city is marred. One section of the city, and this happens to be in the very heart of the business district, lies on the side of a very steep hill. The other section and the suburbs are not broken up so much as the one mentioned and, therefore, affords a more city-like appearance. After spending five days in Valparaiso, I decided that I had seen enough of the city, and as I had planned to visit Buenos Aires, Argen-

tine, next, I began to make preparations for that trip.

The first night of my cross continental trip was spent in a small mining town called Los Andes, about a hundred and fifty miles from Valparaiso. The next morning the train pulled out at an early hour for Menodoza, Argentine. The trip over the Andes Mountains was a very impressing and beautiful one. Shortly before my departure from Valparaiso, a heavy snow-storm had raged in the mountains, and as a result, all peaks and slopes were covered. We therefore had a much more splendid view of the magnificent scenery of these mountains than we could at any other time have obtained. I had never been thru such rugged and broken-up country before and as the train crept slowly along its route, I was lost in observation. At noon time, the train stopped for a half hour at a small station where we got something to eat. While in the restaurant, I met an American who happened to be going to Buenos Aires, and as we were the only Americans on the train, we soon became friends. Our train reached Menodoza about eight o'clock in the evening. At this station, we were requested to change trains. The new train was certainly an improvement over the one on which we had come, and in addition, was provided with dining and sleeping cars. After a well-served dinner, I retired. The next day found the train on its way across the great plains of the Argentine. The contrast between Chile and the Argentine was very notable, that is, from a topographical point of view. The almost barren mountains of the former seemed to have given way to one big, perfectly flat plain

covered with grass. As this part of the Argentine is devoted to cattle raising, the plains are overrun with cattle. The scenery is very much the same thruout until one arrives within a few miles of Buenos Aires, when things begins to assume an appearance of civilization.

Buenos Aires, to me, was a very interesting and attractive city. It is modern in every sense of the word, and is very nicely laid out with parks and drives. There are any number of good looking buildings, and at the present time, the government is spending an enormous amount of money for improvements. While here, I met some friends very unexpectedly and from that time on, my stay was made a very pleasant one. Altho I regretted to leave Buenos Aires, I had to get ready for an eight day's sail to Pernambuco, Brazil.

On the night of the 6th of June, I set out from Buenos Aires on a small river steamer for Monte Viedo, Uruguay, where I expected to catch an ocean going vessel. The river steamer reached its destination the following morning, and as fortune would have it, it docked within a hundred yards of the vessel I intended to sail upon. I lost no time in getting my baggage aboard the big ocean liner, and before twelve o'clock that day, we were well out to sea. Towards evening, a brisk breeze started to blow, and I noticed that some very dark clouds were slowly covering the deep blue of the sky. It looked as if we were going to have some unpleasant weather. My preconceptions came true an hour later when it commenced to rain. As the time passed, the storm became worse, the wind increased its velocity, and the sea broke

over the decks. At nine o'clock, the storm burst forth in all its fury and for an hour or more, there was lightning and thunder such as I had never seen nor heard before. The sea being so exceedingly rough caused the steamer to pitch first, one way, then another. Indeed, it was so tossed about as to make walking on deck almost impossible. Needless to say, the effects that the storm had on some of the passengers were dreadful. Sick men, women and children could be seen on every deck, and indeed, some of them looked as if they did not expect to live thru it. After a time, the storm quieted down, but for two days following it, we had miserable weather. I did not get much time to think about it, however, as I became acquainted with some very congenial people who made the time pass very pleasantly. As the steamer was due to arrive in Rio de Janiero, Brazil, in a day's time, we set about planning a visit to that city.

We reached Rio de Janiero early in the morning but as the weather was anything but ideal, we did not see the harbor, which by the way, is considered to be one of the finest natural harbors in the world. At this port, and as in Valparaiso, Chile, steamers do not dock, and in nearly every instance, passengers are taken ashore in steam launches. We were ashore for two hours and in that time we saw a good deal of the city. The town is very well laid out and some of its parks and driveways, especially the driveways which extend along the sea's edge, are not to be surpassed anywhere.

Leaving Rio de Janiero, our next stop was at Bahai, Brazil, from which place we continued on to Pernambuco, Brazil,

which was to be our last stop is South America before setting out for Europe. On arriving at Pernambuco, we ran into a storm and as the sea was very rough, nobody attempted to go ashore. However, the prevailing weather did not prevent the steamer from taking aboard about forty new passengers, and as it was necessary to hoist them aboard in a basket, considerable amusement was derived from the occasion.

The trip from Pernambuco to Lisbon, Portugal, took ten days, and during that time we made but one stop and that was at an island called Madeira. At this island, we stopped at a port named Fulchon, and we were afforded an opportunity to go ashore. Here, our visit proved a very interesting one. The town was very old, and many of its buildings were very primitive looking. We were taken about its streets in small carts drawn by oxen. These vehicles differed from a regular cart, in that they had wooden runners instead of wheels. Of course, an exceptionally smooth surface is required for a conveyance of this kind to travel over, but this is overcome in Fulchon by the streets being paved with smooth egg-shaped stones. Later, we were shown thru a sugar refinery. Sugar refining, as we learned afterward, is one of the chief industries of the island. After returning to the ships, we were amused by a sport which I had never seen before. Owing to the water near the island being very transparent, native boys came alongside of the ship in row boats and upon getting a passenger to throw a coin overboard, they would dive into the water and recover it. Some of the boys gave exhibitions of

high diving which were heartily applauded. About one o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer departed for Lisbon.

After two days at sea, we arrived at Lisbon, the capital city of Portugal. A short stop was made here, but the time was not sufficient to allow us to visit the city as we should have liked. Leaving Lisbon, we went to Vigo, Spain, and from the latter port to Cherbourg, France. At this point, I left the steamer to pay a visit to the city of Paris.

Arriving in Paris after a four hours' ride on a special train from Cherbourg, I experienced some difficulty in locating a hotel. It so happened that all the taxi drivers were on a strike, and in consequence, there were no conveyances of any kind to be had. As there was nothing else left for me to do but find my own way, I set out to do so. Once outside of the Gate Saint Lazare, I proceeded in the direction in which I saw street cars running. On my way, I was accosted by several vagrants who wanted to carry my bag; after I motioned to them a number of times that I needed no help, they departed. Upon the advice of a policeman, I boarded a small double-deck street car. As the car was about filled to its capacity, I had a hard time getting inside with my bag. As I waited for the conductor to come around I became worried as to how I was going to make him understand me, not to say anything of the trouble I anticipated in getting off. Finally, when he came to collect the fare, I learned, after showing him a card with an address on it, that we had passed the street where I desired to get off. After I had gotten off the car, I went to another policeman for in-

formation, and he directed me to a car going in the opposite direction. Fortunately, this car was not crowded, but nevertheless, I had to pass the card with the address on it to several different persons before I found one who could tell me where the street was located. This person told me where to get off, and following his instructions, I did so. Upon looking around me, it was with a sigh of relief that I saw the much sought for hotel a block away.

I limited my stay in Paris to five days, much of which I devoted to sightseeing. The city itself is a very beautiful one, and I could have easily spent a month's time in visiting its attractions. As it was, I had to be content with short visits to such well-known places of interest as the Louvre, Hotel des Invalides, Trocadéro Palace and Gardens, Port Alexander III, Eiffel Tower, the Notre Dame Cathedral, Grand Palais and Petit Palais (des Beau Arts), Jardin des Tuileries and the Bois de Boulogne.

My next trip was to London. I went by the Calais-Dover route. In crossing the English Channel, the sea was very rough and choppy, but I did not become sick as I had expected I would. The day of my arrival happened to be the Fourth of July, and suffice it to say, the English were not celebrating the occasion.

During my stay in London, I endeavored to visit just as many places of interest as the time at my disposal would permit. However, I experienced more trouble in getting about than in any other city I had stopped in. The streets were laid out in a confusing manner and seemed to me to extend in all directions. Nevertheless, I succeeded in walk-

ing thru the main thoroughfares and business districts without becoming lost. Concerning my visits to Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London, Hyde Park and Hampton Court, permit me to say that they were extremely interesting and instructive. I may add that in my estimation the flower gardens in Hampton Court are among the most beautiful I have ever seen. As the days passed, I became more anxious to get back to my native land, and accordingly, I made arrangements to sail from Southampton, England, for the United States on the steamer "Oceanic."

The 9th day of July found me safely aboard the "Oceanic," which proved to be a fairly large steamer. Before setting out for New York, the steamer stopped at Cherbourg, France, and Queens-town, Ireland. The voyage across the Atlantic Ocean was a very pleasant one and I enjoyed it very much. Altho the first three days were spoiled by intermittent rain storms, the last three days were perfect. As for the ocean during this period, it was just as smooth as a mill pond. On this trip, I met several Americans and Englishmen, and as they were all very entertaining, I enjoyed their company immensely. Most of our spare time during the trip was spent in playing shuffleboard, and before the trip ended, we had worked up considerable rivalry among ourselves. On the sixth day out from Southampton, Sandy Hook, Long Island, was sighted, and before many hours we were steaming proudly up the Hudson River. In beholding, once more, New York City with its mammoth buildings, I experienced a

feeling that I shall not forget for a long time to come. Of all the countries thru which I had traveled none impressed me more vividly than the sight of my own

native land. Indeed, I was very happy as well as very thankful to know that I had arrived safe and sound.

L. P. Edwards, '16.

## The Code Message

"WELL, Mother, I've lost my job," cried Bert West, as he entered the kitchen through the back door. "Mr. Jarvis told me this morning that the busy season was over and he did not need me any longer."

"Why, Bert," exclaimed Mrs. West, as she looked up from the pan of potatoes she was paring. "I was confident that Mr. Jarvis would keep a boy who has worked as hard and been as faithful as you have. Still, here in Winton the hardware business is slack after the fishing season closes."

"I was hoping," continued Bert, "that Mr. Jarvis could keep me until spring. After then, I could get work as a farmhand out at the Saunders' place. It seems hard to be without anything to do right at the beginning of winter."

"Possibly they need some more help over at the factory," ventured Mrs. West.

"I thought of that on my way home and stopped in at the office. But Mr. Smith said that he had no opening, and that he had been compelled to lay off two men last week."

For two years, since the death of his father, Bert had faithfully supported his mother by working wherever he could find anything to do. They owned their home, a small red cottage resting cozily beneath a great oak about two

miles from Winton, a village near Boston. A few hundred feet farther down the road stood the Boston station of the Marconi Wireless Company. Here Bert had passed many pleasant hours up in the wireless room with the operator. He was intensely interested in electricity and had become thoroughly familiar with the working of the wonderful apparatus that could talk with steamers many miles at sea. Jones, the operator, a young man who lived in Boston, was always glad to see Bert and talk to him about the instruments.

"Mother!" Bert suddenly exclaimed, "I think I'll go over to the tower and talk to Jones a while. He may know of some work that I might get to do."

"That is not a bad idea, my son," said Mrs. West, brightening up a bit. "Perhaps he will know of someone who will offer you a position."

Bert put on his hat and coat, bade his mother goodbye, and left the house. As he hastened toward the tower, he glanced back at his home under the oak.

"I must find work," he said to himself. "I couldn't bear to see the cottage sold."

While he thus mused he entered the tower and ran quickly up the iron ladder to the operator's room.

"Hello! Jones, old chap," he called as he walked rapidly toward the open

door. Jones did not answer. Instead a smell of burnt rubber penetrated his nostrils.

"Why —"

The operator was lying on the floor unconscious where he had fallen from his chair.

"Electrocuted," thought Bert, as he rushed to his side. A black stain on the unfortunate operator's fingers sustained his assumption. He stooped over the prostrate form of the operator and gently unloosed his collar and shirt. He then picked up the injured man and carried him into the adjoining room, where there was an old lounge. On this lounge he placed his burden and carefully wrapped him in a rug. Jones was now showing signs of consciousness; so Bert went into the operator's room to take a message which someone had been trying to send for the last five minutes.

He reached over the table, threw in the switch, and slid the indicator of the tuning coil along until he could hear distinctly the letters in the receiver. Then came the message rapidly from the nervous fingers of the distant operator: H-T-E-S-P-A-L-W \* \* \* \*D-E-E-B-R-A-Y- \* \* \* \*A-L-P-D-el-i-v-e-r-t-o-M-a-t-t-h-e-w-s—M-n-t—H-o-u-s-e —i-n—W-i-n-t-o-n—G-o-o-d-b-y-e.

The message was written in a private code, but Bert, thinking that it might be something interesting, determined to decipher the strange letters. He wished to give Jones a good rest after his accident, so he decided to take his place at the operator's chair and receive the messages until the operator was able to take up his work again.

After arranging the news which had

come in that morning, he opened the door leading into the adjoining room, and then took up the cipher message. He noticed, after some time, that the first three letters H-T-E would form the word T-H-E when the H and T were interchanged. The next word that he made, "Hurry," did not seem to be the right word, so he decided that THE belonged in the middle of the message. He also noticed that the two middle letters of the code, E-B when reversed formed the word BE. Working up this as a basis, he deciphered the following message: "Be ready at 10 P. M. sharp. Approach Chalcis from the left, and discharge torpedo near bow. The formulae are in the Captain's room near stern, and we must have time to escape."

What could it all mean? Surely a plot was about to be carried out under his very eyes. He thought for a while and then decided to await until Jones should recover and ask him what to do.

Just as he had finished writing the message, and had placed it in one of the company's envelopes addressed to Matthews, he heard a slight noise. He looked around to see Jones standing in the open door.

"Well, you had a narrow escape," exclaimed Bert. "How do you feel by this time?"

"Oh! I feel much better now," said Jones as he walked over to the desk. "What have you been doing? Attending to my business while I was unconscious?"

"I thought I would take the Continental News for you and save you the trouble of telegraphing to Philadelphia to get it. By the way," said Bert as he

picked up the letter addressed to Matthews, "here is a cipher message which just came in. I believe there is something wrong somewhere." And he handed Jones the letter.

"Something wrong," said Jones as he read the words. "I should say there was. You have discovered a desperate plot to blow up the Chalcis, a steamer from South America now at the quarantine station over in the Bay. Why, those formulae which the message mentions are some very valuable papers which are being secretly sent to a chemical firm in Boston. This firm has expert chemists in South America to hunt and develop chrome mines. They have discovered a new chemical, *algar*, which when alloyed in small quantities with iron renders the latter absolutely rust-proof.

"Well I guess the message is important. Captain Payn of the Chalcis sent a message through last night to the secretary of the firm stating that everything was going nicely, and that by Thursday noon, he hoped to have the package in the hands of Mr. Hunter, the chief chemist. He —"

"But what can we do?" broke in Bert as the seriousness of the situation dawned upon him. "This crime must be prevented. We shall have to notify the company in Boston."

"I know what to do," said Jones after a moment's thought. "Bert, you take this message over to Winton and deliver it to Matthews just as if the plot had not been discovered. In the meantime, I will notify the company and await instructions."

"That is the proper thing to do," said Bert as he took the message. Leav-

ing the office he mounted Jones' bicycle and rode off toward Winton.

In twenty minutes he was standing before the clerk's desk at the Mountain House, inquiring for Matthews.

"See that tall man over in the corner," said the clerk, pointing to a corner of the lobby where a tall, well-dressed man sat reading a newspaper, the smoke curling from an expensive cigar between his thin lips.

"Is that Mr. Matthews?" asked Bert.

"Yes," replied the clerk, as he resumed his task in the ledger.

Bert walked over to the man whom the clerk had indicated and, addressing him, said, "This is Mr. Matthews, I believe."

"Yes," replied the stranger, "Matthews is my name. Have you a message for me?"

Bert handed him the message and, turning to leave, noted the smile of approval on his villainous-looking face as he read the cipher message.

A half an hour found Bert back with Jones in the wireless office, bending over the apparatus, eagerly awaiting news from the chemical company.

"I wonder how they found out that the Chalcis had the formulae on board," said Bert.

"They must have used a private field wireless to get the messages from incoming steamers. Captain Payn should have used the company's code last night and then there would have been no danger of sub-stations getting the message?"

"It's lucky," continued Jones, "that you decided to decipher the message. For if their plot had not been discovered

beforehand, they would have undoubtedly stolen the secret and made off with it."

"Maybe they are Japanese spies who are endeavoring to secure the secret for their own country," conjectured Bert.

While they thus wondered who the plotters might be, the message from Boston came over the wire:

"We have notified the officers of the *Chalcis*. Several expert detectives have also been engaged to watch the movements of the plotters.

"We thank you heartily for your most valuable service, and, if it is convenient, we designate you as our private correspondent. Please be present on the ship tonight and report everything immediately to us.

"Signed,

"Walter R. Lowden.

"Secy."

"A chance to see the rascals caught," exclaimed Bert delightedly. "You are off duty at six o'clock. I'll meet you at the quarantine station at half past six, unless that is too early for you."

"Alright," assented Jones. "I'll be there back of the old shanty. We had better keep under cover as much as possible so as not to excite suspicion."

A few minutes before seven o'clock, there were two very excited young men who stepped aboard the *Chalcis* from the quarantine wharf. Captain Payn met them as they boarded the vessel.

"Well, boys," he said, hurrying down the deck to meet them, "I have been looking out for you. Mr. Lowden from the Chemical Company told me that you were to be on board as the Company's representatives. Come with me."

He led them up a flight of stairs, through the main cabin, and up into the captain's apartment. The boys were surprised to find how calmly he was taking the situation.

"If you wish," he said, noticing their apparent interest in the instruments, "I will show you over the ship."

"Oh! we shall be delighted to see it," cried both boys at once.

The captain began by explaining the appliances on the bridge, for navigating the ship. Next, he conducted them to the wireless room, where they met John Thorpe, the young operator. From there he led them to the engine room, and showed them the powerful turbines which drove the ship.

"I'm sorry, boys," he said after leaving the engine room, "but we must go back and make preparations for the intruders."

Climbing the iron ladder, they again entered the captain's room. After carefully closing the door, the captain came over to the table and sat down.

"Now, boys," he whispered, "at nine o'clock all lights are going out as usual. Each man is to take his bunk and pretend to sleep. Guards have been hidden all over the ship. To blow up the vessel is impossible, for the detectives have discovered the torpedo in a high-powered motor boat moored to the old wharf at Winton. They have replaced the batteries with old ones which are worn out. Now I will show you your bunks."

At a few minutes before ten o'clock every one was in his bunk awaiting the first sound. The ship had been in total darkness for almost an hour; yet it

seemed impossible that men could board the ship, so intent was everyone on hearing the slightest noise. Suddenly the roar of a powerful motorboat broke the stillness of the night close to the starboard side of the vessel. A gun flashed from somewhere on the water. Instantly the lights were turned on all over the ship. When the boys reached the pilot house they found the captain playing the powerful searchlight over the surface of the water.

"There they are," he exclaimed breathlessly.

The boys followed the beam of light across the water. There in the center of a brilliantly lighted space was a large power boat rushing toward the outlet. Three men were working frantically over the engine, which seemed about to cease its coughing altogether.

"We put a hole through their gasoline tank when we discovered them," said Mr. Sayer, chief of the detective squad, as he boarded the *Chalcis* from the quarantine wharf. "They were just ready to discharge the torpedo, when we saw them. The harbor police have given chase and will round them up in a few minutes."

"Their engine has already stopped," said Captain Payn pointing to the boat which was now drifting about in the

lighted area, the men still working desperately over the engine.

In a few minutes another power boat burst into the circle of light on the water.

"The harbor police have got them," said someone as the second boat drew up to the disabled craft. The boys on board the vessel saw the officers climb into the fugitives' boat and handcuff them. Then they saw all five men get back into the police boat. After a few minutes delay, they heard the engine start and saw the boat heading for the quarantine station with the other boat in tow.

The police stopped at the vessel long enough to tell the captain that they would proceed direct to Boston and lodge their prisoners in jail.

After the boys had wired the details of the case to the Boston Company, they bade Captain Payn and his officers good-night and went home.

Two years have passed since the attempted robbery of the Boston Company's secret formulae. Rust-proof steel is now being manufactured on a commercial basis. The thieves are serving a long term in State prison. Bert now holds a responsible position as an assayer for the Chemical Company. He often tells his mother how fortunate he was to be at the wireless tower when the code message came through.

G. F. Alderson, '15.

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## Editorial

THE collegiate year of 1913-14 has come and is already rapidly passing. Thanksgiving Day has passed and the thoughts of the Christmas holidays as well as of our crucial mid-year examinations are pressing constantly upon our minds. Our football season has closed with an apparent amount of success, but our idea of what we should like our success to be is as yet a matter of conjecture, an unknown quantity.

The present year was supposed to be the opening of a new volume of Delaware College history, a forerunner of an epoch of success, union, and distinction. Yes, to be sure, it has been all of this in

a matter of possessing the conveniences to be found in a modern college—a handsome gymnasium, a practical swimming pool, and an athletic field second to none in the country. Naturally with this standard equipment, it was no wonder that our stock was raised and in the eyes of the public we were supposed to do greater things in an athletic way. Have our achievements equalled the expectations?

Our team's work the past season was really good in our own eyes, for we all clearly understood the odds with which we have to combat continually. But the exploitation of our team's gridiron ac-

complishments in the Sunday and daily newspapers hardly comes up to the liking of a Delaware man. It may be all right for us to reason among ourselves that such and such a game was a moral victory, and we are apparently satisfied that our team, while beaten, acquitted itself admirably under the circumstances. There is nothing wrong in "doping" out affairs of sport in this manner, but, does the public look at it in this light? Do they give us any credit for the success with which we have battled against odds? Of course not; for, in the first place, there are so many football teams playing consistent ball and getting good results; and in the second place the public does not get a fine, detailed explanation of the game in the newspaper. No, in the paper discussion they get the plain cold, facts—win, lose or draw—with scarcely any explanation in detail. These are elements that make a clean cut impression. Our newspaper impression the last few years back must not be our criterion of football prowess forever. Certainly we should get out of our monotonous path and rise to greater triumphs. Other institutions of our standards have done it. Why not Delaware?

This matter is at first strictly a necessity of the college getting before the public and then, once there, of sticking no matter what the sacrifice. This present year we have gained this distinction. Our games have been more fully advertised, our contests have been interesting to a certain extent, and our field has been an element of admiration for all who have witnessed our contests. The people have heard and responded

well for the first year. Now, are we going to keep Delaware College, the centre of attraction and interest? To do this every student must be a booster and an advertising agent. We must get together and share the burden of raising Delaware to a greater height. It's all in the old saying, "In union there is strength."

We have examples for our advancement in this matter. Three years ago we had relations with a Pennsylvania College of our own size and standing. We gave them a battle in our contests and had equal chances of victory. Since then the policies of the two institutions have been radically different. The above mentioned college realized the great help of a winning athletic team as an advertisement of the school. They did not continue to set back and wait until the good men came their way. Not on your life! They found out that to have men and good men in athletics they had to go out and get them. They obtained the athletes first, because it was by them that they expected to push the name of the school to the front. This they did. Their standard in athletics jumped; they ascended to higher levels, and soon left us, their former rivals, in the shade. They dropped us from the schedule. This last season has seen them at the front giving Lafayette a hard battle to get away with a tie score, beating teams like Gettysburg and Franklin and Marshall. Now that they are playing among the larger colleges, it renown and advertisement enough to obtain a large number of students and not only that but their athletic association is making money by having the

team travel in big company and proving a drawing card by that play.

Now in order to make such a remarkable change and that to pronounced success, they had to have some means. This problem of obtaining athletes not only included the obtaining of such men, but also the maintenance to a certain extent. This latter affair was made possible by the erection of a college refectory, where all students eat. They easily solved the one large item in the way of most athletes. They must eat. So by means of establishing a number of waiterships in this boarding hall, the men served the students and were compensated by their meals. This was the method used by the above mentioned school for breaking into prominence in the college world.

Now what has Delaware done since then? Nothing, except to tread along in the old narrow path. The spirit is always here, but a single flash a year which is soon snuffed out and prevented from bursting into flame. Why can't we give the common boarding hall a trial? We could do this possibly till the last of the collegiate year, beginning with the first of the second term. It seems to be a progressive policy of the scholastic world at this time. All schools are doing it. Is Delaware going to continue playing second fiddle? Is Delaware always going to sleep as she has? Isn't it possible to break this spell and

take on a new attitude toward the life of our college? According to some authorities our athletic legislation is ten years in advance of the schools in the surrounding states. This may be so, but does the coming generation of students take into consideration such affairs? Does the result in the Sunday and daily papers show this? No indeed. Those men preparing to go to school invariably choose a college that can boast of her athletic standard and point to her victories as evidence. There are too many schools and colleges practicing this modern successful policy for Delaware to advance to any place at all with her 1820 method. Let us wake up as a student body and give the commons a trial. Let us make some sacrifice and take a firmer and more collective interest in collegiate athletics. We have teams which are composed of good talent, and they show it admirably in their class. They play exceedingly well, but there is always a chance for improvement. Our coach can build up a fairly good team from light and sometimes inexperienced material. What would be the result of a team built from heavy, experienced material? Let us lend our entire collective college strength and try to bring this result about, and see if we can't bring success in a higher degree. We can do it. How? By demanding a commons. What's your opinion?

Probably the one thing that goes more toward making a name for a college is the loyalty of the student body to the college. By loyalty we mean the support of all college activities—teams, so-

cieties and all other branches of college life. One of the most influential of these activities, and a thing that marks, in a way, what the college is capable of is the college paper; and the loyalty of a stu-

dent body to the college can in most cases be estimated by the manner in which the student body supports the college publication.

Taking this as a basis by which loyalty is shown, we may say the students of Delaware are far from loyal to their college. It seems to be the attitude of the fellows here, not only to refuse to support the Review, but to do all in their power to harm it. Our subscription lists contain the names of only about one-third of the student body and yet the men wonder why we can't turn out an A1 paper.

To top all this lack of support we understand that the Agricultural Department, that mighty institution about which the college is built, is about to publish a second paper. This means that one paper must fail, for since the college cannot support the Review, how is it possible that it can support two such papers?

The "Aggies" claim that the Review cannot give them enough space, as their object is to publish a Farm Journal that will be subscribed to by the farmers thruout the state. Now it is absurd to make such a claim. The pages of the Review are not limited; we can publish a hundred as easily as twenty-five. Moreover, if all the material and adver-

tisements, along with the tremendous subscription list, which the "Aggies" claim to have, were turned over to the Review, we could publish a much better paper than we are now doing, and a much better paper than the "Aggies" can hope to publish. At the same time this combined paper could be published as cheaply as the Farm Journal can be published alone. And, besides, we would be publishing a paper that would appeal not to farmers alone, but to everyone.

But the "Aggies," with the attitude of "our Department first if we have to close the rest of the college," refuse to listen to anything that we can say regarding combination or co-operation. And, not only do they refuse to consider co-operation, but a number of them have refused to support the Review and have turned all their attention to the Farm Journal.

Now, fellows, and we don't mean the "Aggies," get back of us and help us teach these fellows that they are not the whole college but only a part and a small part at that and that, when they commence things that are liable to harm the College, we have something to say that may change their minds regarding their position at Old Delaware.

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## Athletics

Football togs have been packed away for another year. The Blue and Gold warriors are now resting on their laurels until the opening of the basket-ball season in January.

The football season just closed may be

regarded as a successful one, although we lost four games out of the eight played. In total points scored the Blue and Gold lost by the score of 82-55. But when we stop to consider that thirty-five of these points were scored by the

Dickinson Dunn-Goldstein combination, it is evident that we had a good team. The team in all positions was light and the line showed much weakness in stopping the opponents' rushes in many of the games. Taking it as a whole, we had a fast fighting team of which we should be proud.

After tying Catholic University 0-0, the team journeyed to Hoboken the following week and met defeat to the tune of 14-0. The Blue and Gold carried the heavy New Jersey team off their feet in the first eight minutes. Only a fluke kept Delaware from a touchdown. Weight soon began to tell and Stevens scored two touchdowns.

The following week Washington College won by the score of 13-0 in game hard fought by both teams. Miserable tackling by the Delaware team cost us the game.

Mount St. Mary's was the next team on the schedule. They expected to win by a 40-0 score, but the old "Delaware spirit" was pre-eminent and we won by the score of 20-13.

Now we come to the last game of the season. Dickinson, with the mighty Dunn and the wiry Goldstein, took our measure by the score of 35-7. It was a hard-fought game. The work of the Blue and Gold against such odds was wonderful. In the final quarter Delaware received the ball and rushed the ball into Dickinson's territory. A long forward pass, Cann to Groff, did the work. Delaware had scored on Dickinson. Taylor kicked the goal.

In looking over the team it is very difficult to pick any one man as the best player. On the offense Handy, Taylor,

and Huston played the best games. On the defense Huston, Cann, Groff, and Carswell were a tower of strength to the team.

The following are the line-ups of the last four games the Blue and Gold played:

| Stevens        | Delaware                   |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| Howell.....    | left end .....Groff        |
| Stretch.....   | left tackle .....Edwards   |
|                | (Captain)                  |
| Wilkinson..... | center .....Loomis         |
| Oldis.....     | right guard .....Pepper    |
| Middleton...   | right tackle .....Forster  |
| Graydon.....   | right end .....Cann        |
| Musk.....      | quarterback .....Huston    |
| Savale.....    | left halfback .....Taylor  |
| Herssloff...   | right halfback ...Carswell |
| Seiler.....    | fullback .....Handy        |

Substitutions—for Stevens: Cawley for Savale; Hoinkis for Graydon; Savale for Cawley; Bartsch for Herssloff. For Delaware, Barry for Groff; O'Daniel for Huston; Vandergrift for Forster. Touchdowns: Stretch, Seiler. Goals from touchdowns: Kent, 2. Referee, Schwartz of Brown. Umpire, Quill of Yale. Head linesman, Adams of Stevens. Time: four 12-minute periods.

| Delaware     | Washington               |
|--------------|--------------------------|
| Groff.....   | left end .....Lewis      |
| Wilson       |                          |
| Edwards....  | left tackle .....Garrett |
| Vandergrift  |                          |
| Grieves      |                          |
| Lenderman... | left guard .....Stirling |
| Dean         |                          |
| Loomis.....  | center .....Larrimore    |
| Rudolph      |                          |
| Foster.....  | right guard .....Davis   |
| Pepper.....  | right tackle .....Healey |
|              | Lickel                   |

Touchdowns: Huston, Handy, 2; McManus and Keenan. Kicked goals: Taylor, 2; Keenan. Referee, Thorn of Haverford. Umpire, Weymouth of Princeton. Time of quarters, 10 minutes. Substitutions: Connellee for Handy O'Daniel for Huston; Rudolph for Lenderman; Dean for Grieves; Huston for O'Daniel; Handy for Connellee; Lenderman for Rudolph. Mt. St. Mary's: Muhlern for Kane.

|                                  |            |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Delaware                         | Dickinson  |
| Handy..... fullback .....        | Dunn       |
| Groff..... left end ...          | McWhinney  |
| Grieves..... left tackle .....   | Trego      |
| Dean                             |            |
| Foster..... left guard .....     | Watkins    |
| Loomis..... center ....          | Hornberger |
| Rudolph                          |            |
| Lenderman.. right guard .....    | Brown      |
| Pepper..... right tackle .       | Puderbaugh |
| Cann..... right end .....        | Scheer     |
| Huston..... quarterback ...      | Goldstein  |
| Carswell.... left halfback ..... | Neely      |
|                                  | Dalton     |
| Taylor..... right halfback ..... | Wilson     |

Time of periods, 12 minutes. Umpire, Bennett, Pennsylvania. Referee, Ramsay, Haverford. Head linesman, Ennis, Delaware. Touchdowns, McWhinney, Neely, Dunn, 2, Goldstein, for Dickinson; Groff for Delaware. Goals, Trego, 5; Taylor.

An extensive circular containing articles on current agricultural topics has been compiled by members of the Experiment Station staff and has been circulated by the Good Farming Train

The students in Horticulture III visited the Maryland Horticultural Show which was held in the Fifth Regiment

Armory in Baltimore, November 18-21. Professor C. A. McCue judged all the fruit exhibited at this show.

Professor McCue represented Delaware at the National Conservation Congress which was held in Washington the latter part of November.

Professor Hayward has been invited to address the National Berkshire Congress which will meet in York, Pa., the week of January 21st.

During the latter part of November Professor Hayward made addresses before Farmers' Institutes held at Doe Run, Pa., and at Wrightstown, Flemington and Bridgeton, N. J.

Mr. Lintner has been elected secretary of the Newark Grange.

A good representation of the agricultural club visited the Delaware State Corn Show which was held in Georgetown, December 11-12.

The College Farm has recently sold several farm animals. A registered Percheron colt has been shipped to Mr. S. W. Loomis of Meshoppen, Pa.; a pair of pure-bred Guernsey cows has been sold to J. D. Thompson of Lewes, Delaware; several registered pigs have been sold to Mr. Philip Pierson of Hockessin and to the St. Joseph's Industrial School at Clayton.

Work on the new greenhouse to be used by the Horticultural Department is being conducted rapidly.

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## Locals

"Prof." Dutton (after conference with Carey)—"Mr. Carey, your note book is in good shape. I will give you an 'A' on that. By the way, Mr. Carey, I wish you wouldn't come in class every day with a toothpick in your mouth."

Loomis, to "Wally"—"How are you getting along with 'Tiff'?"

"Wally"—"Oh, I hand him one occasionally."

On Tuesday, Nov. 11th, "Robby" was heard to say "Tell the Mechanicals and Electricals that I am going away and will not be back until Saturday." What on earth is going to happen next? When we made allusions a short time ago to that little stunt which some of the Professors have recently adopted, viz.,

of miraculously absenting themselves from their post of duty without giving the students any premonition so that they might be able to steady thier nerves when subjected to such a serious shock, we never dreamed that our venerable friend would be so prompt in joining that band of absentees mentioned in the October number of the Review.

Dr. Sypherd (in English class) to Lind who is lounging slovenly in his chair and twirling about on one leg.—"Mr. Lind, I wish that you would sit up and not act so unbecomingly in class."

Lind—"Doctor, if you remember rightly, you told us one day that everything that you said and did was important. As a matter of fact I am sitting

just as I have seen you do ever since I landed here."

Professor Dutton is so serious that he reminds us of a sphinx. Will the noted sooth-sayer and Prophet of the New Era kindly tell us why the Professor seldom if ever allows himself as much as a faint smile? Does it hurt him to laugh, or is he afraid that the students would fail to comprehend the importance of his teaching, if he should dispense with his old friend Grouch for at least a moment?

When you see a banana peel resting on the sidewalk and "Beef" Ramsey or "Fats" Brayshaw unconsciously approaching it, the indications point to an early fall.

Fellow Students: According to the signs of the times and the flavor of the wind, the fat is in the fire. Things are looking bad in general and worse in spots. We don't know what the end will be, but in the distance we see the rising of a strange looking paper which frowns upon the Alma Mater and which casts an occasional supercilious glance at the Review as if to say "Old Fuss and Feathers, you shall soon take a back seat and give place to me, the official organ of the Agricultural Department." Now we have no axe to grind with this paper and its enthusiastic advocates as long as they give the Review, the time honored publication of the College, their support. We find that many of those who are starting this Farm Journal have not yet subscribed to the Review. Of course, there are others also who have not paid their subscriptions for that paper. Nevertheless, we re-

sent the present movement on foot to start a paper in rivalry with the Review on the part of those who have not contributed toward the College Paper. To that unsophisticated bunch of corporeal specimens who propose to revolutionize the conditions here at Delaware by their indiscreet notions, we submit the following: "Remember your college first and let subsidiary organizations be secondary to your love for your Alma Mater. If you men will come up like gentlemen and subscribe to the Review, then we shall feel that we have no special crow to pick with you."

One Sunday afternoon last month, Diefenderfer and two other Freshmen met three classy damsels at Cooch's Bridge. During the spirited conversation which was led by Diefenderfer, a young lady driving a fancy team passed by. One of the girls to whom the Freshmen were talking tried to change the conversation by saying, "There goes a pretty girl driving that team." "Yes," replied Diefenderfer, "but she's not as good looking as you." At hearing this the girl to whom he had just spoken, replied angrily, "You talk as if you had a false face on." This undesirable result of the aggressive policy pursued by these Freshmen should convince all others of the folly of throwing roses in the path of ladies. Better try the thorn instead.

Prof. Frederic H. Robinson, who has been commuting between Newark and Wilmington since 1842, has discarded his old faded green book bag and now carries a fine new leather satchel. The old green bag has been in active service for

71 years, and is now enjoying a well-earned rest. It might be mentioned that "Robby" experiences some difficulty in handling his new satchel because it has no drawing strings and the like. Notwithstanding this difficulty, however, "Robby" opens his new satchel every other mile to see that the old "cheese sandwich and banana" are still intact.

"Doc" Vaughn (in Government Class)—"Mr. Emerson, who is the present Vice-President?"

Emerson—"D-D-Doctor, I d-don't know."

Dr. Vaughn—"Well, Mr. Emerson, will you be so kind as to tell us who is the present Secretary of State of the U. S.?"

Emerson (striking his fist violently on the chair)—"D-D-Doctor, w-why d-do do you ask me that question? You know that I don't know it."

"Doc" Vaughn—"You men in the Agricultural Department don't want to spend all your time studying the features of potatoe bugs and ground mice, but you ought to come over here once in a while and learn something."

Wingate, on one of his theological sprees, was being entertained by a Sussex county farmer. According to custom the second course was the religious bird. Wingate sawed vigorously at a huge portion of the backside of its rump, and, after having broken four molars which had become imbedded in the meat, remarked to the hostess, "Sister, this chicken is pretty tough." She replied, "Well, Brother, it ought to be. It's a Plymouth Rock."

(WHY?)

There was once a little club  
In an old state college  
Which, no matter how they rub,  
Can never gain any knowledge.

Their heads have swelled so big,  
According to their view,  
That they do not care a fig  
What the rest of us do.

A paper they've begun,  
A rival to our "sheet."  
Now won't there be some fun,  
When we get every "beat."

There'll be herds of blooded cows,  
And flocks of silly geese,  
And hosts of dirty sows  
All pictured, Oh, what beasts!

There's a sound of lamentation  
In this little Newark town,  
For, thunder and tarnation,  
We've lost our cap and gown.

Instead, we see straw hats,  
And some dirty overalls.  
And they foster famished cats  
In our Recitation Halls.

Books they no longer use,  
But they carry big tin pails,  
There's no polish on their shoes,  
No wonder the college fails.  
Answer: The Agricultural Club has out-  
grown the college.

That gallant Senior and brave officer,  
the dashing second lieutenant of Com-  
pany C, "Scotty" the Heart Breaker,  
has been walking with a charming young  
lady so much lately that his steps have

become mincing, his houlders swing back and forth, and his head lolls from side to side, as he marches boldly forward with his fellow officers to meet the enemy, Adjutant Connellee and Major Loomis. This is the only flaw in an otherwise faultless officer.

The Glee Club is practicing nightly in the "Dorms" such songs as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Sweet Annaline," "Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field," and all the other favorites that our grandfathers sang as they fought the British. In this club are some remarkably sweet voices—a tenor, bass, and baritone being predominant in this harmonious concourse of melody. Their singing is a serious rivalry to the oldest musical efforts known in science as the "Music of the Spheres."

#### IN MEMORIAM

Died: September 14, 1913, the Delta Phi Literary Society, at her home in the Delaware College Dormitories, Newark, Delawre. The deceased had been a patient sufferer for many years, but took a turn for the worse after her defeat on April 22, 1913. Among those who were at her beside during her death illness were five of her sons, Messrs. E. W. Loomis, C. H. Brown, A. C. Connellee, S. M. Shallcross and Dr. W. O. Sypherd. As the departed one has been a cripple for so long and seldom appeared in society in the last twenty years, she will not be missed very much, except by the immediate relatives who are prostrated with grief over the sad demise of their aged parent. The interment was private, the remains being interred in the new Agricultural Club Cemetery. Un-

dertakers Barton and James were funeral directors.

#### *Dramatis Personae:*

Clouser,

Price

Blumberg,

#### *Sophomores.*

They are discovered translating Jungfrau.

Blumberg (riding smoothly along)—  
"Believe me, sire."

Price—"Better get away from such a good translation, fellows. We'd better make it a little more colloquial."

Clouser (the class buffoon)—"How's this? 'To be it from me, kid.' That ought to get you a lot from 'Smithy'."

The following is a letter addressed to the president of the College Y. M. C. A.:

I am writing to see if you can't help me out in a little matter. This coming winter we are planning a number of College nights for the high school boys of the city. The scheme is simply this: Have some men from the college come up and give us an evening's entertainment. We would work up the crowd. A number of the Large City Associations are working this plan and it is bringing results. It gives the particular college a chance to blow its own horn and of course it gives new ideas to the fellows about college life. In a certain county of New Jersey, nine school superintendents endorsed the plan.

Do you think we could arrange for such an affair for next February, say on some Saturday evening? I am writing at this early date so as to get my program all made up for the season. Arrange for a program with a couple of

leading athletes in it, perhaps some one to give an illustrated talk on the college, a soloist from the glee club, etc. If a good program is worked up, I will guarantee a good-sized crowd. We will get out printed invitations to all the high school boys in this vicinity. See what you can do in this matter and let me know as soon as convenient.

Would it be possible to send me one of the College papers? We are endeavoring to establish a College Reference Library and reading table for the High School Club. It would be appreciated if it could be arranged for.

Thanking you in advance for these favors, I remain,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Walter S. Watson,

Boys' Work Secretary,  
Wilmington Y. M. C. A.

This letter was read at a meeting of the Athletic Association and a committee was appointed to communicate with Mr. Watson and arrange such a program. The committee, Messrs. C. H. Brown, Paynter and L. C. S. Dorsey, desires the active support and co-operation of the student body in this matter.

Two Freshmen have invented a charming philosophical little argument—a fine topic for debate. They were lost in the maze of algebra, talking about the abstract terms, such as zero, infinity, and other vague expressions. Finally one of them said, "Well, if you say that this zero is larger than that zero, how much larger is it?"

The answer as given by this algebraic novice was, "You see, this one is somewhere between infinity and one, and that one is between infinity and zero. There-

fore, as the first zero is more than zero, it is larger than the second zero."

Did you ask what that loud noise was? It was merely "Robby" blowing up as he heard this naive explanation of zero.

#### HOW TO TELL A BAD EGG.

*Extract from "Granny" Loomis' Cook Book.*

The method all depends upon what one has to tell the egg. If the news be bad, break it gently. At any rate, hold the egg three feet away from the olfactory organ; wrap it in cotton to avoid hurting its feelings; then tap it gently with a sixteen pound sledge hammer. In this way we may be sure that his actions will not be in bad odor.

The Athenaeum Literary Society is branching out this year. Dr. W. O. Sypherd delivered an address before the society on "The Purposes and Aims of Literary Work" Prof. C. A. Short will address the society in the near future on "The History of the Athenaeum Literary Society"; and Dr. Harter has promised to speak on some subject to be decided later. In addition to this new variation of the work of the society, a series of debates will be held with the Agricultural Club. The Society intends to debate with outside college teams whenever arrangements can be made.

The members of the Delaware College Faculty who teach Arts and Science subjects organized the Arts and Science Club on Friday evening, October 10th. The object of the club is, primarily, to promote sociability among the members of the department and between the professors and the students; secondly, to im-

prove the Arts and Science Course; and thirdly, to further the general welfare of the college. A steering committee, composed of Professors Short, E. L. Smith, Sypherd and Vaughn, has been appointed. The purpose of this committee is to direct in general all the activities of the club.

Among the possible activities of the organization may be mentioned annual lectures on subjects relating to the work of the department by some men prominent in the business and professional life; a regular yearly course of lectures by different members of the department with a view to the unification or co-ordination of knowledge within the scope of subjects comprised in the Arts and Science Department; the giving of greater publicity to matters connected with the work of the department which might be of interest to the people of the state; and monthly discussions in the club of historical, literary, scientific, philosophical, and educational subjects.

The members of the Faculty eligible to membership are Pres. Geo. A. Harter, Professors Elisha Conover, E. L. Smith, C. O. Houghton, W. O. Sypherd, C. A. Short, W. J. Rowan, C. L. Penny, E. V. Vaughn, R. C. Reed, Assistant Professor H. E. Tiffany, and Instructors G. E. Dutton and H. K. Preston.

At present the college has come to such a crucial testing time in its career, heretofore unchecked, that conditions have necessitated the advent of a bunch of unscrupulous specimens constituting what is known as the "Discipline Committee." This aggregation has the acquired characteristic of meddling with

everything that takes place around the college from ringing the chapel bell to loving a woman. Despite their assiduous efforts to ascertain the perpetrators of every atrocity that is committed within the bounds of Delaware, we wish to remind them that there are still—

#### OTHER THINGS FOR THE COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE, VIZ.:

Who set the bonfire off?

How did the Y. M. C. A. desk find its way to "Agg" Room?

Who brought the yellow cat to college?

What was meant by the bunch of "classy" country lasses seen in the "Agg" Club Room a few nights ago?

Who stopped the clock in the "Dorms" last Thursday?

Dr. Harter and Professor Robinson attended the meeting of the Agricultural College Association in Washington from Tuesday, November 11th to Friday, November 14th.

On November 17th and 18th Dr. Harter attended the meeting of the Association of College Presidents of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg. He expects to attend a reception given at the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, to President VanHise, Dean Kimble, and others from the University of Wisconsin. The principal topic for discussion will be the Wisconsin Idea of University Extension. Dr. Harter will also attend the College Association of the Middle States and Maryland at the Educational Department in Albany, New York, on November 28th and 29th. He will read a paper on "The Problem of the Student Passing from High School to College."

## Exchanges

The Perkiomenite:—A parody can never be considered as an addition to the English Language. A parody is a burlesque imitation of a serious poem. By parodying your Alma Mater you make light of that spirit that will cause five hundred, a thousand or more men to stand with uncovered heads while the song, dearest of all songs to them, is played or sung. College journals as a whole indulge too freely and too much in parodies.

The Fordham Monthly has a strong literary department for the first issue after the holidays.

Our College Times:—Your editorial on Fighting Shadows is a well written article. You have given a unique comparison of fighting shadows to the four stumbling blocks, No Time, Social Prestige, Expense and Failure, of the average college student.

The Lotus:—Keep up the good work. We always read your paper with interest. Your alumni here like to hear the news from home.

The Muhlenberg:—We await with interest the result of your short story contest.

## Alumni Notes

At the Stevens (Hoboken, N. J.) game, the following alumni were present to root for Delaware: Geo. Henry, Baker Taylor, L. A. Houston, W. A. Sawdon, H. Green, J. P. Truxton, Hirschman ex'16.

At the Washington College game: Van D. Stewart, B. Harper ex'16, I. Gibbs, O. P. Hewes, E. E. Blades, R. Gravell ex'15, W. R. Edgar, Groff ex'13, L. I. Handy, W. Leonard, J. P. Cann, R. T. Cann, Alex. Jackson, E. Horn, C. W. Bush, G. E. Dutton, W. M. Schlittler, P. B. Patterson, W. Lawton, J. C. Constable, G. Medill, T. McKeon, E. C. Johnson, W. L. Beck, W. O. Sypherd, J. Conner, L. A. Rossell, R. G. Davis, W. A. Sawdon, Lattomus, H. Vickers, C. A. Short, W. T. Homewood, E. L. Smith.

At the Mt. St. Mary's game:

H. Ferguson, A. F. Fader, N. N. Wright, E. L. Smith, E. C. Johnson, W. H. Steel, W. A. Sawdon, W. T. Homewood, O. P. Hewes, L. A. Rossell, J. Huxley, R. T. Cann, Chancellor Curtis, L. Beck, J. P. Cann, E. E. Blades, G. E. Dutton, J. H. Hossinger, J. W. Cann.

At the Dickinson game:

M. Townsend, A. E. Brown, J. Attix, W. A. Sawdon, E. Manning, C. A. Short, W. O. Sypherd, G. E. Dutton, E. L. Smith, J. L. Soper, H. Morrow, O. P. Hewes, L. A. Rossell, Geo. Groff ex'13, N. N. Wright, H. T. Ennis, W. T. Homewood, F. S. Price, W. H. Briggs, C. D. Robinson, E. Crossan, L. Gilfillan ex'13, I. Gibbs, D. L. Sloan, R. C. Wilson, M. H. Wilson, F. D. Wilson, W. T. Wilson, E. E. Blades, R. T. Whittingham, E. C. Johnson, L. Beck, H. Bell, J. P. Cann, C. B. Evans, B. Heisel, J.

McDaniels, J. B. Taylor, A. F. Walker, P. Raymond, G. P. Wingate, A. S. Houchin, V. H. Jones, W. H. Heald, M. Price, H. L. Deakyne ex '15, J. T. Mullin, J. Mullen, E. P. Jolls, C. A. Taylor, W. M. Schlittler, B. R. Foster, A. F. Fader, G. W. Murray, R. Jacobs, W. Curtis, C. R. Lind, H. Morris, R. G. Davis, L. I. Handy, W. Leonard, C. W. Bush, Garrett, Ratledge.

#### LOVE KNOTS

J. Frank Baldwin, Jr., '08, and Miss

Anna Matilda Burns, were married in Wilmington on November 25th. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin will reside in Chicago.

#### OBITUARY

Henry Stump Coudon, '43, who was the oldest living alumnus of Delaware College, died at his home at Aiken, Md., on Nov. 23rd. Mr. Coudon, who was 89 years of age, took an active interest in Delaware College up to the time of his death, and seldom failed to attend the annual commencement in June.



# Velvet

## THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

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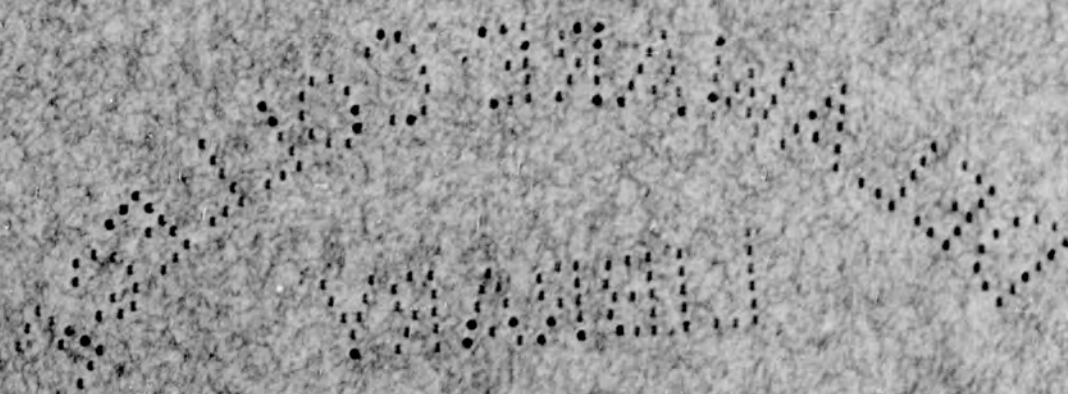
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