....The....

Delaware College Review.

VOL. XIX. DELAWARE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 5.

LITERARY.

CHARLES W. BUSH, Editor.

THE POKER CLUB.

"I'll raise you five."

"Five better."

"Call you." And Tom Noleman took from his pocket the last five dollars he had in the world. Placing it on the table he threw down his hand. "I have an ace full," he said.

"Four trays," said Dick Thompson, as he laid his hand down and proceeded to rake in the jack pot.

Tom arose from the table. "I'll have to stop for to-night, boys," he said, as he turned to leave the room. His face was pale, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

Tom was one of six young men at —— College who had organized a poker club for the purpose of spending some sociable evenings together. The stakes were always low at first, just enough to make the game interesting, and after they had finished playing for the evening they would always have a little spread, including a few bottles of wine to give them good cheer, and, that finished, they would sit awhile longer smoking and telling stories. They all agreed that the most pleasant evenings of their lives were spent at the Poker Club.

But gradually, almost unconsciously, they had increased the limit of the game until now the Poker Club was no more than a gambling club. They no longer had their spreads, and the story telling was forgotten. Each one sat at the table with haggard face and determined looks, while they silently watched the cards fall that would decide who should take in the pile of bills in the centre of the table.

Tom had entered college with enough money in bank to pay his way through and have a little left over with which he intended to begin life, but the Poker Club had ruined him. Gradually he saw his bank account melt away; he was such a heavy loser that he could not stop playing, for he expected all the time that his luck would soon change, and he would win back all he had lost. It was only six months before he would graduate, but it was all over now, he was ruined; he must leave school, and the Lord only knew what would become of him. Here he was without a cent in the world and no place where he could get any.

When he entered his room that night his face was pale as death. He walked hurriedly backward and forward across the floor several times without realizing what he was doing. Stopping suddenly

in front of his glass he threw back his head and caught sight of his own image, but it was a strange face that glared at him from the glass. "My God!" he suddenly exclaimed, "has it come to this? Yes," he continued slowly, "it is my own fault, but," and he seized the back of a chair to steady himself, "it shall soon end." Then he went to his desk and hurriedly wrote a short note, sealed and directed it, and laid it on the desk where it could be seen by anyone entering the room. Next he went to his chiffonier and took from a drawer a pearl-handle revolver, examined it carefully, and slipped it into his pocket. Taking his hat and coat he left the room, carefully locking the door after him, and was soon out on a lonely country road. Many times before he had walked along that road, which led to a delightful rocky glen, with great oak trees overhanging and a crystal spring bubbling out from between the rocks and wending its way across the floor of the glen to tumble over a rocky precipice into the creek below. But how different was the purpose of his visit there to-night from what it had ever been before.

The next morning Tom did not appear at breakfast and, to one who went to his room to inquire if he were ill, he replied that he was going away for a day or two and was busy getting ready. He had the most of his clothes packed, and was just leaving his room when the morning mail was distributed and a letter was handed to him. Tom merely glanced at it, and was about to thrust it unopened into his pocket when he saw in the left-hand corner the name Whiteman & Johnson, attorneys at-law. "Wonder what the fools want me," he muttered, as he hastily tore open the envelope and began reading. Instantly he dropped his suit case and seized the letter with both hands and seemed to devour the words as he read them. Then he returned to his room and read aloud:

MR. THOMAS NOLEMAN,

DEAR SIR: We have to inform you that an uncle of yours by the name of Peter Noleman has died, and under his last will you are designated as the executor and sole beneficiary. We are at present unable to state the amount of deceased's fortune; it consists principally of stocks and securities, although he was possessed of some valuable real estate.

We would advise you to come without delay to our office. Very truly,

WHITEMAN & JOHNSON.

Two months had passed since Tom went away. One day the other five members of the club received a letter from him saying that he would return to college the following day, and he wanted the club to meet in his room the first night. The boys had heard of Tom's good fortune and they were all glad he was coming back, for he was the life of the club and since he had been absent the meetings were not so heartily enjoyed as they had previously been.

That night when the six had collected in his room, Tom set out the table and proceeded to load it with refreshments. "We will have our spread first to-night," he told them when they asked what he meant, "it has been so long since we have all been together I think we will enjoy ourselves more this way."

Such a feast as Tom gave them that night they had never had before; all the good things they could think of were piled before them on the table, and no one hesitated to show his appreciation by making away with as much as he could.

After a most enjoyable hour Frank Collins jumped up and exclaimed, "Well, boys, we have our spread, now let's clear the table and start up the game; I feel lucky to-night." Tom set out another bottle of champagne. "No," he said, "boys, we will not play to-night." "Why not?" asked the other five in chorus. Tom arose from the table; he walked across the room and then returned and leaned on the back of his chair. "Boys," he said slowly, as he gazed from face to face, "I have stopped playing poker." A roar of laughter greeted this announcement, and cries of "Don't jolly us like that, Tom," and "Get out the cards," came from those around the table. "Yes," Tom continued, "boys, it is true, and I will tell you why—but first let me tell you why. I once knew a young fellow who belonged to a college poker club much the same as we have here. He was an only child, and his parents had died and left him just about enough money to pay his way through college, but the fascination of gambling led him on until he had lost all that he had, and had no place to go nor nothing to do. The night he saw his last dollar slip from him he became desperate. His last hope was placed in the jack pot with his money, and he lost. He went to his room that night, wrote a letter to the girl he loved, telling her of the awful crime he had committed and of the worse one he was about to commit, and then, with a revolver he went to a lonely spot in the woods with the avowed purpose of ending his miserable life. There was no reason in his brain; he was mad, wild. Bitter remorse was eating the very core of his heart. He had had an opportunity to live and make a man of himself and had thrown it from him. Now, everything was lost, gone, and his wretched life was not worth keeping. He laughed, yelled, cursed, prayed—a living demon. With a laugh that would freeze the very blood in one's veins he placed the revolver to his forehead and his finger tightened on the trigger. At that instant he heard a sound near him. 'Hoot! hoot!' He lowered the revolver and listened. It came again. 'Hoot! hoot! who-o-o-o!' Tom paused and glanced at those around him. They were all watching him intently.

"It is strange," he continued, "how little things will sometimes change a man's life; how a trifle will decide between life and death. That noise was only a hooting owl, but it saved that man from self-destruction and a disgraceful grave. When that noise reached his ear it brought his whole life in one instant crowding into his troubled brain. He threw the revolver from him and dropped down on the cold rocks and wept like a child. Such a picture that was seared on his brain! He saw himself a mere baby back on the little farm where his parents had lived. There was his old negro mammy telling him wonderful stories of how owls carried off little boys who were naughty, and when he was playing in the twilight and heard the cry of an owl, how he would run to his mother and bury his face in her bosom, and how she would raise him up and press her lips to his forehead and tell him not to be afraid, that mamma wouldn't let the bad old owls hurt her little darling; and then he would fall asleep in her arms, and she would put him to bed in his little crib and tuck the clothes tightly around him

and kiss him good-night. Then his later life crowded before him. He saw first his mother and then his father carried out and put beneath the ground, and it seemed to him that his life was buried with them. He had left the farm and was working in town. He was no longer a boy. He had many friends in the town, and one who was more to him than a friend. The night before he left to attend college this pure, beautiful girl had promised to become his wife, to wait for him until he had graduated and got started in life, and she still loved him—him. There was she as pure and sweet as the angels in Heaven with that wonderful love which only a woman can bear, bestowing it all upon him, who would shame the blackest devils.

"From that moment his life was changed. He determined to leave school and go to work. There was yet a chance to make himself worthy of that love. He returned to his room, packed up his clothes, and was just about to leave the next morning when he received a letter stating that a rich uncle had died and left him his entire fortune, and" ——

Dick Thompson sprang from his chair. The others clutched the table and glared at Tom. "Do you mean to say ——?" excitedly began Dick. "Yes," replied Tom, "boys, I was just telling you what poker playing has done for me, and how near it caused me to take my own life. And now," he continued, drawing from his pocket a book and laying it on the table, "before it brings you fellows to the same place I want each and all of you to lay your hands on this Bible and say that you will never again play poker. Think of your mothers, your sisters, and of some fair girl at home who loves and honors you, never once thinking of the foul gambler they are extending their love to. Tell me, are you worthy of that love? Now, I have not turned preacher since I have been away, nor do I expect to deliver any sermons in the near future, but, boys, I am doing this for your own good, to save your honor and possibly your life. You may keep on gambling 'till you graduate and no harm come from it, but the mania will continue to grow, and after you get out into the world will cling to you and eventually cause your downfall. The cravings and passions of life may be successfully fought and subdued, but the fascination of gambling will cling to you throughout your life, and but one result can come—your ruin."

Every head around the table was bowed. Dick raised his head, and. meeting Tom's, he said, as he leaned forward and placed his hand on the Bible, "You are right, Tom; I am going to swear off." The others quickly followed. "Now," said Tom, smiling, "I move that the name of our club be changed to the Social Club; but, boys," he continued quickly, "I haven't told you quite all. You know I mentioned a woman who was waiting for me back in that little town, and such is always the case; every act in a man's life is influenced by a woman. Well, I went to her and told her everything, fully expecting she would order me from the house at once, but, God! how big a woman's heart must be. She cried and forgave me, and said she loved me all the more for the danger I had been through. And, boys, there are just five of you here; I want one for best man and the others for ushers. It will take place the last of

June, just three weeks after I graduate."

Late that night, when the Club adjourned, they all arose and with hands joined around the table they sang their favorite college song with such ardor as they had never sung before, and, as the last strains died away on the night air, they left the room, the happiest parting they had had for many a night. F., '04.

AN EVENING WITH POE.

Lying in bed one stormy night I read away at an old copy of Dante's Inferno. This book probably gave a bad turn to my thoughts, for presently in walked E. A. Poe. The visitor motioned me to follow, and away we went.

Presently we drew near Tartarus and entered the gate. The guide threw a bone into the blackest shadow, and, from the discordant snarling as we hurried past, I knew that the three heads of Cerberus were fighting over the tidbit. Scarcely were the portals past when we were on the bank of a river, broad and running high with molten sulphur. Near the opposite shore we could see a crowded boat tacking up to the bank. However, we were not obliged to wait, for moving down to the stream's edge we presently found an asbestos-covered skiff neatly furnished throughout, and judiciously provided with an ice-chest and a complete treatise on "How to Resuscitate the Suffocated."

Into this boat we got and began to scull over While we were crossing the kindly shade indicated a suit of clothes, asbestos also, which was lying on the boat's bottom, and I quickly donned it, forsooth to say, the thwart whereon I sat was becoming decidedly warm, not to say sultry.

As we passed Acheron's boat the protecting cover was plainly discernible, and, indeed, from the plentitude of those articles I could not but infer that rubber coffins and asbestos goods were the chief manufactures.

As we drew near the bank no form was visible, and until we landed the coast seemed deserted.

We were no sooner ashore than a demon, of course in asbestos, approached and motioned us to follow.

Taking a hasty draught of "Hood's Sarsaparilla" for cooling the blood and pulling lower the protecting headdress I entered the first circle.

Dante thought the initial one was not devoted to the most fiendish punishment. However, times change as well below as above, and, as my guide informed me, the cruelest of the cruel had been but lately added to the curriculum.

While he was speaking we were within. Imagine how astonished I was.

Instead of the expected flames and smoke, and fiends with bulging eyes, and three-pronged forks, and furnaces tended by sweaty coal heavers; instead, I say, of the devouring element and gnashing molars, there was nothing but a laboratory fitted up with all modern conveniences, equipments and improvements. A group of sad but defiant young men were picking over potted snakes, semi-putrid Guinea pigs and a gorge-raising mess of dead earth worms.

So loathing was it that it recalled my freshman year at "Delaware," for there, too, we did this. My emotion mastered

me, and I wept undisturbed by the streamy hiss of the tears on the floor.

Recovering, I wiped my eyes on a laboratory towel (it had a monogram, S, in one corner), and demanded to know why this was considered the climax of Hell's ingenious tortures. In a sepulchral tone Poe replied, "These are doomed to work through all eternity, making up a condition in zoology."

A thrill of sympathetic feeling surged upward through my body until I quite awoke to find the covers on the floor and myself shivering.

HENRY KIMBLE, '05.

ATHLETIC.

INTEREST IN ATHLETICS.

The interest taken in athletics thus far during the year is very encouraging. We were afraid that after the football season was over the men would fall out of training, and all of our spring sports would suffer accordingly, but basketball occupies our attention now, and it is good to see the way the Freshmen are holding their own against some first-rate teams.

Aside from their actual success, as judged by the scores, it is an excellent thing to have such spontaneous enthusiasm for athletics among the lower classmen. They have gotten up these teams voluntarily, and were not urged on by the experienced hand of an upper classman. The time has been here, but, fortunately, now past, when upper classmen alone took an interest in athletics, but, since the Freshmen working so hard now, it argues well for future years when they will have become Juniors or Seniors.

Realizing how much interest is taken this year, for so much of which we are indebted to the Class of 1906, it certainly seems possible for us to get up both a good baseball team and a good track team. Usually, when we have one of these, we cannot get up the other, but, with the increased interest and the increased numbers and especially increased amount of available money, we can have both. Yet, even with these three increases, we can do nothing unless the men come out and try for the positions. Simply because some other fellow is good in some line and is sure of getting a place is no reason for keeping you out of it. Often the best athletes are developed after entering college, and not before. You don't need any previous training for the track team, but come out and train now. If you only get to be one of the "also runs" remember you are running for your college or your class and there is next year for you to do better in.

Two years ago we had a track team, and, while our records were nothing astonishing, we were satisfied with the attempt. Now there stands those records to be broken, and they will be broken by men here in college now. We predict that every time will be lowered and every distance raised. Last year we had a baseball team to be proud of, and we were proud of it. This year we have, thanks to the manager, a better schedule and every prospect for a better team. We did not lose a man by graduation, and there is excellent material in the Freshman Class that will astonish some of the men on last year's team. Let every man who can put on a glove or throw a ball come out on the diamond and see what sort of a man you have to be to get a position on

the Delaware College baseball team.

It has been suggested that the Freshman Class have a dual field meet with the Wilmington High School, or with some of the other schools in Wilmington. This would be an excellent thing, and is certainly worthy of consideration by the class. It would show Wilmington people what sort of men we have here, and that is something that they need to have shown to them. It would increase class and college spirit, and be an excellent preparation for the class sports early in June.

We need a few cross-country runs now. They are good sports, besides being great trainers for putting men into condition. By the way, in connection with the class sports, it is of interest to know that the Pi Alpha Fraternity offers a gold medal for the man scoring the greatest number of points. This is open to any class.

There is another thing that would be well to mention here, and that is the tennis tournament. Owing to the limited number of courts we will have to confine ourselves to singles, but that cannot be helped this year Perhaps in another we will have more ; at least, that is something to look forward to. But this year we would like to see entered every man who knows how to knock a ball over the net. There is no better practice for a tennis player than a tournament, to learn steadiness, the great essential in tennis. Only one man can win the prize as champion, but there are lots of honorable positions for hard-playing fellows. Let us make this a success, too, for we most assuredly can.

One very important reason why things are succeeding so much better than ever before is because the faculty, and especially some members of it, are interested and working for us. That is a sign that there is a better understanding and mutual appreciation between the faculty and the student body. We want to thank the faculty for their interest. Professor Short, especially, is doing his very best for our athletic interests, and it is the wise guidance of an experienced hand that we need so much.

I don't want to repeat myself, but I wish I could find words to impress upon everyone in college the necessity of his trying for teams. Take more interest in things. Rouse up your college spirit. It is the college that has the college spirit that wins every time, and it is the fellow with the college spirit that makes the team win. College is for far more than to teach you to translate Horace or construct roofs and bridges. It is not only to give you an intellectual development, but a physical and a social development as well, and these two are acquired in the athletics—the first by the steady systematic practice and training, the second by the striving and working shoulder to shoulder with your college mates. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the best motto a college could have, and should be adopted and practiced by every fellow.

Do you think that the athletic sports will do you no good? You were never more mistaken. They will arouse in you the spirit of emulation, of aggressiveness, of self-reliance, of self-control, of "stick-to-itiveness, of "get up and get," that will so benefit you.

Did you ever experience the satisfaction that comes over a man when he has done well and is honestly praised for it? Did you ever feel that delightful sense of

responsibility of being in an important position and feeling that the college name depended on your failure or success to acquit yourself well? If not, I tell you you have one sensation yet to feel that will far exceed any delight at success in your studies, for in athletic successes you feel that you are directly benefitting not only yourself, but the other fellows in college and the college itself.

Do you want biblical reference? Paul says in 1 Cor., 16: 13: "Quit you like men be strong." Paul had the qualities of an athlete in him—personal strength, self-control, self-reliance and perseverance, and was a fit man to give such advice for any kind of a contest.

If your purpose in coming to college was to develop and broaden your character in every way, come and develop yourself in this sensible and successful way. Let us depend on you for our athletic successes.

THE FENCING CLASS.

The Fencing Class organized recently, with Dr. Dawson as instructor, has met once when this was written. Messrs. Clark, Sawin, Groves, Truxton, Brewster, McCabe, Hickman, Soper and Bush compose the class, and Dr. Dawson expects to develop some expert fencers from the lot. The men were, perhaps, a little self-confident when they first met, but the instructor soon showed them a few first movements, and they began to realize that they had a lot to learn, as one of them said, "Gee! Do you suppose any of us will ever be able to fence with Dr. Dawson, or come anywhere near him?" However, they are all thoroughly in earnest, and are practicing hard on form and movement.

We are glad to see this class started. It is another instance of where the faculty and the students are together outside of the class-room. Comment was made on this in another article in THE REVIEW.

Would it not be well to start a boxing class during this winter term. There are several fellows who can box very well, and we feel sure they would work earnestly for such a class. It is a useful and graceful accomplishment, and far from making a man pugnacious, it renders him less so. But it does give a man a feeling of self-reliance and confidence to know that he can cooly take an onslaught and manage himself. It would be well to take up this matter and make it go.

MASK AND WIG NOTES.

J. E. GROVE PARDEE, Editor.

The Mask and Wig Club met for practice on the afternoons of January twentieth and twenty-second, and clearly showed that this year's circle of vocal talent will easily eclipse the chorus which represented Delaware last season. A noticeable and also commendable feature of the troupe is that there is not a few of the men who have been well trained in singing strictly to note. Then, again, we can boast of three good tenors.

The fact that thirteen strong voices will sing in the grand overture should be an important item with which to decorate the bills, and furthermore, should be a strong drawing card to patrons who love good music and who wish to encourage the efforts of ambitious Thespians With such promising material and with such promises of a grand event on the eve of

the performance pleasure seekers at twenty-five or thirty cents per evening cannot help but cause the collegiate athletic coffers to swell. We invite the people to come early and avoid the unnecessary treading on toes and other grievances which invariably bring forth complaint when the "horse show guys" make a rush for the box office on the night of the performance. The moral drawn from this is that you should come early, and, if possible, avoid the price of admission by sneaking past the door-keeper.

However, the show is looking up. Mr. Percy Roberts has been given a trial as interlocutor, and although we are not in favor of "jollying him along," we must give the Devil his dues and say that Percy bids fair to "make good."

Now for the dry task of reading what an interlocutor should be. In the first place this gentleman is, as every one is aware, the outward and visible leader, and, if it must be said, "figurehead" of the troupe. Let us not be misunderstood, however, in the use of the word figure-head. He is no mere ornament or silent member, but on the other hand is an active worker and plays a speaking part. His functions are to learn thoroughly the items of the overture, so as to announce them in due order; also, to affect an utter innocence to any possible solutions to the most palpable of jokes, conundrums, etc. He must answer courteously the outrageous and often personal remarks of the corner men, and at all times to assume perfect innocence

Now for the corner men. Don't laugh yet, because Hughey Dougherty up to the time of this penning has not signified his intention of joining the Delaware College Mask and Wig Club, but our men are as good as he is, at least we think so, and that is half the laugh.

Leroy W. Hickman, last year's famous dealer in antics and manufacturer of ridiculous drollery, cannot be with us. The explanation is simpler than the lamentation. Parental objection cords are so strong against Roy's connection with nigger minstrels, that he, although an engineer by profession, is unable to cut them loose.

Those men who are now trying for corner positions and who have their reputations yet to make cannot, of course, have so much space devoted to them as did the stellar, Roy. The most promising black faced candidates are Reybold, Bowler and Bevan.

But the other men. Jim Davis, Ralph Kyle, Herbert Jones and Stewart Groves, of last year's troupe, together with the new men, Kimble, Roberts, Pie and Sawin, are gifted with voices destined to make any maiden leave "her happy home."

The Banjo and Mandolin Club needs no introduction, further than to say that Mr. Henry L. Maier, assisted by Mr. Samuel J. Ott, will lead.

Joseph Thompson will lead the orchestra, and he has already imparted to us the pleasing assurance that that important adjunct to the Mask and Wig Club will be lacking in none of its last year's snap.

The business staff follows: Manager, J. E. Grove Pardee, '03; Treasurer, Chas. W. Bush, '03; Property Director, Bassett Ferguson, '04.

....THE....

Delaware College Review.

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All communications, except those relating to business, should be sent to William P. Constable, Elkton, Maryland.

Business communications should be sent to Delaware J. Willis, Newark, Delaware.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

WILLIAM P. CONSTABLE.

Notice To Department Editors.

All copy for the March Number must be handed in by Tuesday, February 17th.

ALUMNI NEWS.

YOU, perhaps, have noticed that we are trying to revive our alumni department, but with how much success remains yet to be seen. This department should be edited not by an undergraduate, but by an alumnus who is familiar with the movements of a large percentage of the alumni. Not wishing to confine this work to any one graduate, we will cheerfully receive news from all our "old fellows" who feel sufficiently interested in this work.

We particularly desire news concerning graduates who have met the difficulties of life and have mastered them. With the co-operation of our friends this column cannot but prove a valuable and interesting addition to our REVIEW. We know the readers will heartily agree with us, and will come to our assistance with such news, in time for the publication of the next issue.

PRESS STOCK.

LAST month the cry was for promptness in contributing and delivering literary matter, yet this month we are constrained to ask the students, and especially the freshmen, for better financial support. Few, if any, new men have purchased a share of stock in the Press Association. Every share entitles the holder to a REVIEW each issue during the time he attends college, and at his departure the share reverts to the Association. This subscription plan furnishes the paper to the student during his course at an enormous reduction, and, furthermore, gives him an opportunity of electing the editors, and, perhaps, in becoming one himself.

Out of one hundred and ten students no more than fifty five are its financial stays, while all are scathing critics of our shortcomings, which should properly be attributed to the students themselves by reason of their apparently unconcerned interest in electing editors and contributing material.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER"

THE REVIEW is glad to announce that a telephone has been installed in the dormitory, which for a long time has been needed. This is a great convenience to all the students, yet some, by their childish actions with the bell, will cause its removal. The central office cannot be annoyed by false alarms, and, anyhow, this handy instrument should be better appreciated. We, of course, excuse some of the "greenhorns" who had never seen a 'phone in the lower part of the State, nevertheless, we expect little trouble from them hereafter.

AN APPROPRIATION FOR THE GYMNASIUM.

THIS would be a favorable time, when the Delaware Legislature is in session, to ask for a contribution so as to rehabilitate our gymnasium and supply us with an instructor. This most important college adjunct has been miserably neglected until now it contains practically nothing besides a few rings and a ladder. Other States beneficiently promote their institutions by large appropriations, and no reason has been given to explain Delaware's disability in this line. The lone college of the Diamond State should be cherished by all her citizens, and no better scheme can be advanced for directly benefitting the State than the proposition of efficiently educating her sons. If the Trustees strongly urge the Legislature to make this appropriation we know that it will not disappoint them, and will not continue on its mistaken economic streak.

LOCALS.

B. FERGUSON, '04.

February, the month of the Junior Prom.

It will be on the thirteenth.

The Flunkers are recovering.

Lost—in the gym one night last week, a pipe with amber stem. Finde: please return to Buck Wharton.

Dr. W.—"Now you think that's smart, don't you? Any jackass can do that."

Dr. W.—"Now the word "Limonite," the name given to an iron ore, comes from the Greek word meaning meadow. Now, Lockwood, what does that signify?"

Lockwood—"Iron."

In Physical Lab. Hayes—"Crummy, have you a match?"

Crumbaugh—"Ich habe micht."

Prof. B.—"Mr. Crumbaugh, if you don't stop swearing you will have to leave the room."

Crumbaugh—"Oh, Professor! I fear your education has been sadly neglected. Don't you know that wasn't swearing? I was just speaking another language."

Dr. W.—Now, Wharton, never wear that sweater in here again. If you haven't a shirt I'll lend you one."

Buck—"What size do you wear, Doctor?"

The most interesting event of the near future is a series of debates, which have been announced to take place between the students in the Dormitory. Each part of the building will be represented, and, as much interest is being shown, some entertaining talks are promised. The first debate will be between Devil's Den and Angel's Roost, and the question is, "Is a Name Significant?" Aristocratic Hall and Poverty Row come second, with the question, "Is Wealth Conducive to Happiness?" Lover's Lane and the Woman Hater's Retreat will debate the question, "Is Marriage an Evidence of Insanity?" Paradise Alley and the Brimstone Gang are also on the program. The decisions rendered by the judges and the prizes awarded will be announced next month.

They were removing the gasoline tank when one of the curious Freshmen came along. "What's doing?" he asked, as he leaned over and looked into the hole.

"Pumping gasoline," someone replied.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed the Freshman, "have they struck a gasoline well here?"

Some of the excuses which are handed to Captain Moore by those who are absent from drill:

Captain Moore, please excuse me from drill yesterday, as I didn't feel much like it.

Captain Moore, I have to go home early to-day; kindly excuse me.

Captain Moore, please excuse Cadet Private Parvis, as I was not feeling well.

Dear Captain, mom told me not to drill to-day. Said she was afraid I would ketch cold.

Del Willis handed in one excuse, forgot all about it, and handed in a second. These are the two:

Captain Moore, please excuse me for absence yesterday, as I had a sore toe.

Captain Moore, please excuse me from drill yesterday on account of scarcity of coal.

DE ALUMNIS.

Clinton McCullough, ex-'91, who has been working for the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad at DesMoines, Iowa, was in January promoted, and has removed to Cincinnati, Ohio.

Clarence McVey, '94, who has been living in Colorado and Texas for his health during the past few years, has returned to his home in Maryland unimproved.

George N. Davis, '98, one of the best athletes of College during his four years, has entered the Harvard Law School at Cambridge, Mass.

Willis Harrington, '02, has entered the Massachusetts Institute and School of Technology at Boston, where he is pursuing the classical engineering course.

Harry Davis, Esq., is in the legal department of the Custom House, Philadelphia.

Reginald Constable, '00, holds a responsible position with the Edge Moor Boiler Works at Edge Moor, Del.

Ed. Philips, '97, one of the steadiest pitchers the College ever had, is married and lives in New York.

Emmet Tosney, '98, is employed by the General Electric Company, and was recently sent by the firm to England to fill an important position.

Harry Vickers, '99, has entered the University of Maryland Law School at Baltimore.

George Vickers is working for the Clear Creek Mining and Reduction Company at Denver, Colorado, where he holds an important position, having been promoted recently.

William Hirsch, '00, works for the Pennsylvania Railroad at the Altoona shops.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

WM. R. WHARTON, Editor.

Columbia University has offered two fellowships in exchange for two of equal value in any French University. The French Department of Public Instruction has accepted the offer, and has appointed M. H. Francois Manod to fill one of the fellowships. The other will be appointed later.

The Maryland Agricultural College will have a new dormitory to cost $50,000.

It is the purpose of John Wanamaker to provide Philadelphia with a college similar in its aims, equipment and practical work to the Armour Institute, of Brooklyn.

Beginning with the commencement of June, 1903, Cornell University will relieve all its professors who reach the age of seventy-five years during the calendar year. The retired professors will serve as special lecturers in their respective departments for a period of five years. The salary for the first year will be that received at the time of retirement; after that $1,500 a year.

EXCHANGE.

H. L. WRIGHT, Editor.

The January exchanges present a different appearance from the preceding number, and it cannot be said for the better. Whether they appropriated all of their best material for their Christmas numbers, or the editors have not been able to settle down from their vacation, we cannot say. Several issues contain stories of vacation incidents, and some a few football narratives. It seems like a poor way to begin a new year, but often "bad beginning makes good ending," and we wish our friends that luck. The literary matter, what little there is, seems of a very good standard, and some of the poetry is worthy of mention.

The Dickinsonian comes to us this month with a lack of literary matter, but a superabundance of college news. "Miss Cynthia Howard Cadwalder" is a story in which that necessary requisite, attraction, is absent, yet it has its redeeming features. The author's description of natural scenery deserves attention, and the denouement, though weak, is rather pleasing.

"The Black Plunge" and "A Few Extracts From Some Diaries" in *William and Mary College Monthly* deserve particular mention.

Bowen—"Say, Wells, what is "The Crisis?"

Wells—"The crisis is when you meet your dad for the first time after you have been shipped."—Ex.

The *Saint John's Collegian* impresses us as being one of our best exchanges during the past year, and the editors are deserving of great credit. It has been, as it is this month, filled with good, substantial reading matter, intermingled with some comedy. We have read the "Adventures of Jarvis" with much interest, and at the end of each one find ourselves asking "What will be the next?" "Remarks from the Side Lines" in the January issue is an amusing piece of work, although the author should be a little more lenient toward the plans of his neighboring Virginians. We wish the *Collegian* a successful new year.

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Thou broad-winged wanderer of the air!
Come closer; rest thy tired wings,
Relieve thyself of needless care:
I would not harm thee for the world.
Rest on that honeysuckle bloom;
And while thou sipst its sweetest dew
That loads the air with rich perfume,
Tell me from whence thy beauty grew.

Art thou the loathesome worm that crawled,
When autumn winds last blew on thee,
Into thy self-made tomb of silk
Securely hung on yonder tree,
And there didst sleep the winter through?
But with spring's first reviving breath,
Behold! A living beauty's born!
Transformed with splendor that but death
Can transmit to the earthly form.

When autumn winds shall blow on me,
When I am swallowed by the grave,
To sleep death's endless winter through
Where sleep alike the king and slave,
Shall I not rise as thou hast done?
Will there not come the Spring of springs
That bids me leave my resting place,
Transformed with splendor, love, and wings,
To sail through heaven's boundless space? F., '04

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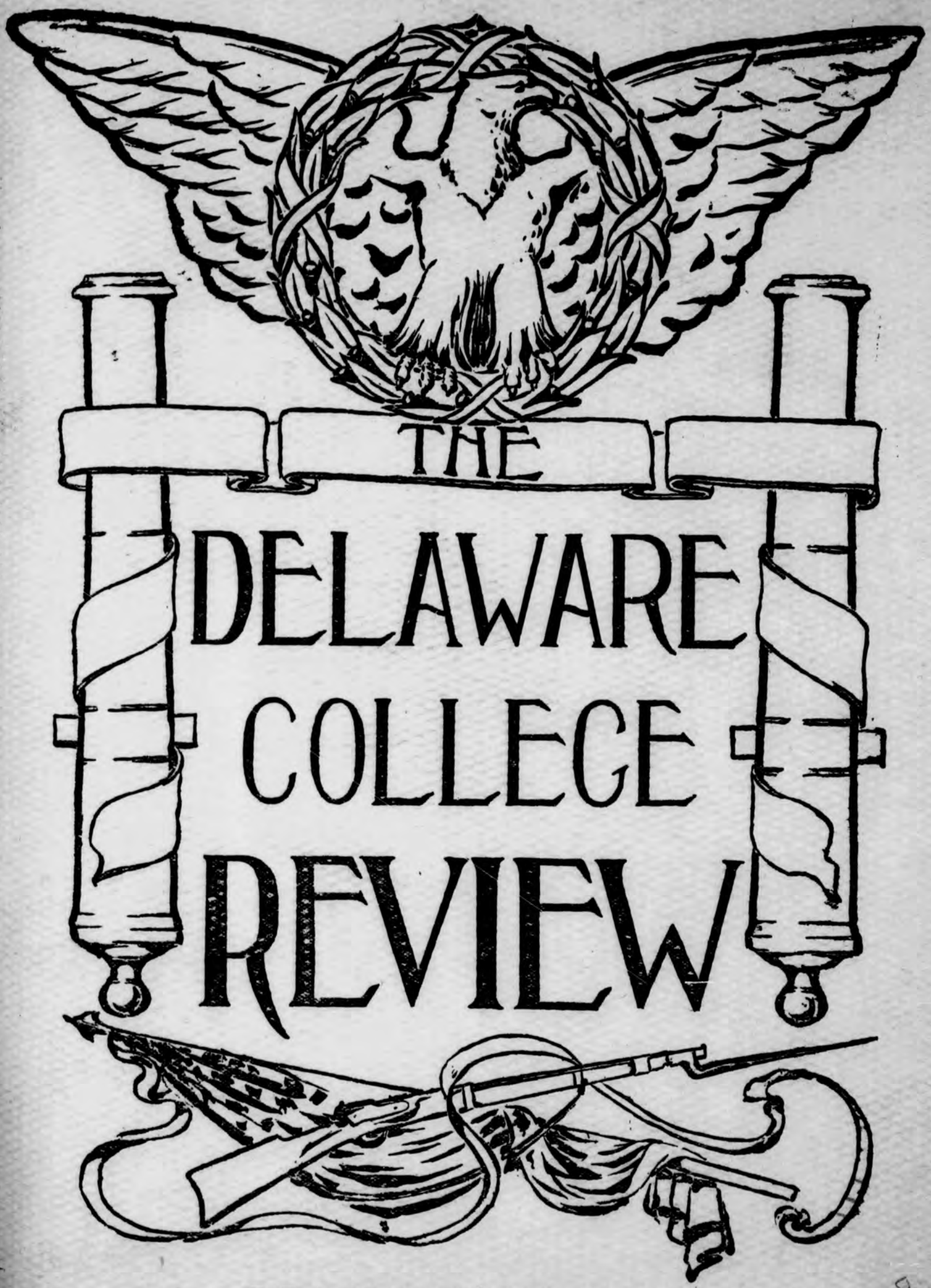

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