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## DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW

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## Editorial

Have you perused the proposed Loud post office bill? The very existence of collegiate publications is dependent upon this bill. It has already passed the House, and unless some great pressure is brought to bear on the Senators it will go through the Senate with just as much rapidity. This proposed measure strikes a heavy blow at "sample copies," and goes on further in excluding from second-class rates, publications containing supplements and includes only those copies of the publication which "have been voluntarily ordered and paid

for by subscribers." The fact that college publications have extensive exchange lists, invariably issue supplements, and that many thousands of copies are sent to the friends of the students is nothing new. However, if this Loud bill becomes a law these privileges will come to be extended by the Post-office Department, and consequently many of the collegiate papers will be compelled to discontinue publication. It is very evident that the metropolitan daily papers are behind the bill and intend to rush it through Congress in order to further their

own interests by causing the exclusion of thousands of class publications that have done much to improve the literary status of our people. As is well-known the mail-list of a large daily is only a small part of its circulation, and therefore it is not much concerned whether Uncle Sam runs a post office department or not. On the other hand the class publication owes its existence to the present second-class privileges. If these are taken away the death of it will surely follow.

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We are living in hopes of soon having electric lights in our study rooms. Only a few days since the "Recitation Hall" and the oratory and halls of the old building were wired, and also the main avenues of the college campus.

The lighting of our campus on special occasions has been the custom for several years, and the result was appreciated by the inhabitants of the town as well as by the students.

It is probable that when the wiring is completed and the effect noted, that the authorities will decide to give us an illuminated campus. At present darkness reigns supreme around the college buildings.

But first is the consideration of our study rooms, and if the desired lights were added the students would be glad to pay the extra charge for such an addition to their comfort.

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For the third time in our history the cadets received an invitation to be present at, and to take part in the inaugural ceremonies of our governor, Ebe W. Tunnell.

It was indeed a very inspiring sight on the morning of the nineteenth of January to see the cadets making the necessary preparations for their departure, and when the first sergeant commanded "fall in," every man was in his place. The morning was very cool and cloudy: at times it was snowing, but nothing of such

nature could affect the embryo soldiers, who were anticipating an eventful day.

Soon the captain's shrill, clear voice sounded, "fours right, march." Then with steady tread, and the colors of the college floating in the morning air the march was commenced down the broad avenue, that leads to the P., W. & B. station. As they were marching along the sun came out from behind the clouds and smiled upon the happy faces, seemingly proud to behold such a spectacle. It was evident now that their trip would be crowned with success, and they would return in the evening to Newark with the emblems of victory imprinted on their brows.

It suffices to say that Delaware had no cause to blush when her cadets, and a great many of them her noble sons, were marching through the streets of the capital city, receiving words of praise and encouragement from every side.

We wish, through the "Review," to thank the boys for their proficiency in manœuvering, excellency in appearance, and gentlemanly conduct on that day. They were a credit to themselves and to their institution.

Great credit is due their commandant, Lieut. James H. Frier, who has trained them so well in this department, and in doing so has won the respect and good will of all. Yet, since that, he has been called away to other duties. His place has been filled by another, Lieut. W. H. Gordon, who, we are sure, will fill the position quite satisfactorily.

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The reception at the college February 5th, was the leading event of the term, and enjoyed by one and all.

The programme was very entertaining, and served to keep the good feeling universal.

The custom of giving occasional receptions has of late years been entirely abandoned, and the students were therefore compelled to seek



enjoyment in what way they would. As a consequence they would seek various ways of amusement, sometimes at the expense of their fellow students.

May this movement of the 5th be a herald of many more like enjoyable occasions, for there is no better rest from the toil of study than good social enjoyment.

Many are the wishes for their continuance.

The best omen of a successful base ball team lies in the fact that Willis, '97, is our captain, and Davis, '98, our manager.

Willis, an experienced player of several years, who has played the position of first base, will this year try his skill at catching. No better man can be found to captain our team of '97.

Davis, our last year's captain, is known to be a good and successful ball player, and with his management the team should win the majority of the games she is booked to play. Our wishes for their success could not be otherwise than the best.

May they prove themselves deserving of them.

## Literary

### Old Brandywine.

#### Part II.

Ah, what a beautiful sight! Rank after rank, company after company, regiment after regiment, came streaming over the brow of the hill. Yes, there they were, in truth, in all their strength and pride, 5,000 Hessians under the command of General Kuyphausen.

Did ever the sun shine upon a grander spectacle? 5,000 scarlet coated, tall, robust men, in the very flower of their lives, every one glad and rejoicing in the lust of battle.

The sun shone down upon dancing flags and waving banners, and the gleam of the pure sunlight upon the polished bayonets and swords was like the silvery glitter of a moonlit path on still and silent water.

With colors flying, swords waving, bugles blowing, and drums beating, the Hessian army, in columns of fours, marched in perfect order down from the hill top.

"Fire," was heard in the stentorian voice of "Mad Antony." Born onward by the wings of the wind it was heard a moment after ringing sharp and clear upon the opposite heights. Then a horrible roar that shook the earth, and a white cloud was seen, arising as if from the ground, which soon moved away to the Northwest.

So true was the aim of the continental artillery that several men fell and the earth was dashed up at their very feet. The ranks closed up and the dead and wounded were carried to the rear, and on they come, on down the hill. Again Echo takes up that one word, "Fire," and again the black mouthed cannon belch forth their iron rain. "Forwards" was heard in the German tongue, and then the Hessians charged, straight down the hill. The rattling of their arms and the trampling of their horses caused the earth to tremble. Straight on they come, dashing in one blind headlong charge.

But what is that answering round from the East? Tramp, tramp, tramp. Gradually it grows louder, until it merges itself into the awful roar of the tramp of many horses and the clash of arms, and down from the eastern hill at a break-neck pace comes Gen. Brenton with his volunteers, 500 strong. Onward they sweep in their irresistible charge, and as they pass they give one awful shout for liberty, for Washington and the right, straight on like an arrow from the bow they dashed. Down from the west thundered the Hessians. Down from the east thundered Brenton and his brave Chester Countians, until at last they are within a few yards of the ford, then they halt, form in line and await the coming of the enemy.

"Remember Washington," shouts Brenton,

"and waste no lead, fire." Like the roar of Niagara the 500 rifles sent forth their scathing fire, and many a brave man bit the dust. Then another white cloud of smoke rolled slowly away to the northward. "Charge, for liberty, for Washington and the right," shouts Brenton, and then onward with the speed of the thunderbolt goes the brave little company, with a horrible grinding crash they meet in the centre of the stream.

The water was dashed up in foam, leaping high over their heads, and swirled and eddied round the flanks of their horses. In the very centre of the stream the fight grew thickest, the combatants surged round and round. The Hessians determined that they would cut their way through the gallant 500, and that 500 equally determined that the Hessians should not go any farther; if they did it must be over their dead bodies, for as long as there was an arm to life the sabre and guide the war horse, so long should the enemy continue to fall.

Everywhere sabres were raised aloft, hovered for one moment in the air, and then descended with one fell swoop to be buried deep in the skull of some brave man. To the right and to the left there was one straight wall of flashing steel. The brave men of the Brandywine fighting for all they loved upon earth, their wives, their homes, their liberty, and their good and kind Washington, stood firm, yielding not an inch.

The bed of the stream was now choked with bodies, red coated and blue coated men could be seen everywhere, some tossing their arms and vainly striving to get beyond the reach of the terrible trampling of the horses hoofs. Riderless horses galloped away in all directions, or with the terrible madness of battle blazing in their eyes reared and plunged about among the fighters. In all directions horrible shrieks rent the air as some brave man, wounded to the

death, fell from his horse into the stream; his last shout being for Washington, ending in one prolonged gurgle as he sank beneath the surface, leaving only a train of blood-stained bubbles to mark the place where he gave his last gasp for Washington, sank to rise no more.

In the front rank of the brave company was Gen. Brenton, his sword arm rising and falling with the regularity of automaton, now flashing to the right, now to the left, and now straight down upon some unfortunate man. Every man in the brave company vents his fury upon the red coated enemy. They say no word, there is no breath to be idly wasted in talking; their lips firmly closed, their eyes flashing, they fight in silence, until at last the enemy give ground; gradually and almost imperceptibly the enemy fall back. "Forward men, they are retreating," shouts Brenton, and right into the midst of the enemy, he goes, after him go his men. Backward and still backward they press the Hessians at their swords points, until they reach the opposite bank; then they hear the command to fall back, and away go the Hessians. The brave little company, what is left of it, for most of them are sleeping beneath that blood red water, forms upon the western bank. Of the brave 500 that made the memorable charge there is scarcely 200 remaining.

Upon the hill above them the Hessians are again forming, and soon they will come thundering down. Well Brenton knows that he will be powerless to stop them this time. He looks toward the east, not a company in sight. "Now men, stand firm, we can at least die upon the field." He had scarcely uttered these words, when with an awful shout the Hessians charged. Down, down they thundered, crashing into the brave remnant and bearing it backward into the stream, and gradually pushing it toward the eastern bank.

The Americans are dropping one by one and



are unable to stem the onward surge of that host of warriors. Down from the north comes a company, and, as it comes, the wind bears onward their war cry:

Let the war charge be faster than ever the eagle flew,  
Deal death with your sabre and wield it yet again,  
Let your war cry be liberty and independence, too,  
And ride boldly onward with "Mad Antony" Wayne.

Into the stream they plunge to the succor of the few Americans left there.

"Where is Brenton?" said Wayne. "There," said a soldier, pointing to the water at his feet. Then "Mad Antony" raged. The Hessians fell before his brave band like ripe grain before the reaper, and like the autumn vine leaves before the chilling blasts of winter. With one awful charge he swept through the opposing ranks, sabreing every one within reach of his powerful arm, on, on to the bank of the stream, driving the Hessians before him, still on up the hill; then he wheeled and came crashing back with his brave men upon those who had been cut off from the main body; rushing here and there he seemed to be endowed with almost super-human strength, after him came his men, all bravely trying to imitate their intrepid leader, and seeing how many Hessians they can cut down, each one vying with the other. Then it was that the fire of battle permeated their bodies and tumultuously surged back and forth through their veins with their hearts blood, dyeing their forehead and cheeks with the dull red glow of hatred; little they recked what might befall them, if they could only succeed in driving the invader from the home of their childhood. Fiercely they battled, their faces sprinkled and spattered with the blood of friend and foe, their garments torn to tattered rags; some wounded and bleeding profusely, yet still struggling onward, hacking, hewing, cutting and slashing at their enemies with the

ferocity of demons. Backward, forward, up and down they surged, while all around them the stream boiled and raged, drinking up the life blood of both sides, and mingling it together to be carried in one crimson tide down upon the broad fair bosom of the Delaware. "They flee, they flee." Slowly and sadly the Hessians went up the hill, the hill down which they had charged thirty minutes before in all the pride of their boasted strength. Confused and bewildered by that terrible onslaught of the Americans, the Hessians had been beaten back almost before they knew what had happened, and now with the cheers of the Americans ringing in their ears, and the cannon on the opposite heights roaring and thundering against the rear, faint of heart and dispirited, they retraced their steps.

Yes, they went back, but how many were there that had come tearing down that did not go back? Far below they saw their comrades, lying both in the valley and in the stream, and here and there over the hill; still the cannon thundered until the last red coat had gone from sight.

In that valley a stream of blood rolled and splashed merrily onward, pursuing its course oceanward.

Wayne immediately sent a message to Washington, which was characteristic for its brevity.

"I have succeeded with the help of Brenton in repelling the attack of the Hessians, they have now withdrawn. Gen. Brenton fell at the head of his company while trying to repel the second charge, then I came to the rescue. I do not think they will try this place again. Brenton's men are almost all killed or wounded, and I have suffered severe loss."

Wayne.

It was now almost 10 o'clock. Washington had heard the firing to the south, and was

waiting with impatience for some tidings, when the messenger appeared; he read of the repulsion of the Hessians with great satisfaction, but when he came to the death of Brenton his hand trembled. "America has lost one of her best friends," he said, "and some day the people of Brandywine will boast of the gallant company that stood the brunt of the attack at Chadd's Ford."

After that terrible struggle at the ford the enemy did not seem to have any inclination to attack the Americans again, but lay quiet in their new position, just back of the crest of the hill. Wayne quietly withdrew his men and the remnant of Gen. Brenton's to his own side of the stream, where they lay awaiting developments.

The sun moved on across the sky until past noon; still the enemy did not move. Washington became uneasy, he sent out men in all directions who scoured the country for miles, but they all returned with no information, except those who had been near the Hessian camp, these informed him that the Hessians were quietly eating their dinner. No one knew what had become of the 12,000 British soldiers under the command of Cornwallis and Howe. Where were they? Gone as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. Yes, they had gone somewhere, but where? Washington knew that they would soon appear again, but where? Had they gone to the north, or had they gone to the south? There was not a shot to be heard; everywhere the same intolerable silence, not a sound, not a thing in motion, but the wind among the trees; still time rolled on, and yet he waited in the vain hope of some tidings; none came, always the same deep and intolerable silence. It was exasperating, maddening, he did not know what to expect. Where had they gone? At last he could stand it no longer, he sent for

Sullivan, Green, La Fayette, Stirling and Pulaski. After an hour of consultation they decided that it was best to wait and see what would befall; they even thought of going over the creek and attacking the Hessians, but that plan was given up, as they would be compelled to change their positions, and as they were ignorant of the position of the British they might come swooping down upon their rear and annihilate them. Still they waited; the sun moved on, on towards the West. The American army lay sweltering in the terrible heat. Wayne grew uneasy, he was tired of lying cooped up in a hole like a scared rabbit; he wanted to be up and doing, his men were murmuring among themselves and wondering what would happen; the war scarred old hero paced back and forth.

All along the valley of the Brandywine quiet and stillness reigned. The bloody water had now flowed on, and the broad golden sunlight gleamed upon the water and danced upon the glittering yellow sand beneath; here and there a scarlet or blue patch could be seen projecting from the bosom of the stream, around which the water eddied, disturbing the quiet serenity of that now peaceful stream.

Did I say there was stillness everywhere? No, look there! Eight miles above Brenton's Ford there comes a horseman, his cap lost, his long hair streaming in the air; onward he plunges, digging his cruel spurs deep into the flank of the noble horse that he bestrides, onward with the speed of the wind. "Faster, my brave Duke, faster." Will the horse be able to maintain that awful pace for eight miles? Furiously the sun beat down upon the defenceless head of the rider, his brown cheeks were dripping with huge drops of perspiration. "On my brave boy, on, we must be at Chadd's Ford in twenty minutes or Washington is lost; God grant that I will not be too late; faster, faster."



## DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW

Trees, rocks, streams flew by in quick succession, and still on down the valley of the Brandywine thundered the horse and his rider. On, on, over bush and rock, over stream and wall he dashed, his blood slowly dropping from his left arm that hung swinging at his side, making a large crimson stain on the snow white coat of the powerful steed. Harold Moore, for it was our acquaintance of yesternight, urged his horse on with the frenzy of a madman. After the battle of the morning he had not returned to the fort with Wayne, but had ridden away to the northward, and since no one saw him going it was supposed that he was dead. Riding leisurely along about ten mile above Chadd's Ford in the vicinity of Trimble's Ford, he had unexpectedly stumbled upon the British under Cornwallis, 12,000 strong. They had just crossed the stream and were now swooping down to turn Washington's flank.

Let us view the position of Sullivan; he was placed about a half mile south of Birmingham Meeting House, and some distance to the west of it, his line extended north and south. Above Birmingham is Osborn's Hill, which commands the surrounding country; between Osborn's Hill and Birmingham is a small valley. If the enemy succeeded in gaining Osborn's Hill without the knowledge of the Americans, they in their present position would surely suffer the loss of their whole right wing, and possibly the whole army. Over there in fancied security is Sullivan, while coming down upon his right rear is Cornwallis and Howe.

Washington was upon a hill a little to the east of Brenton's Ford, anxiously looking for some tidings of the enemy, when Harold Moore came galloping down the valley; he saw Washington and dashed up the incline, he threw himself from his horse and fell exhausted at Washington's feet. The horse, giving one piercing neigh, dashed away to the southward and was

found next day ten miles away stiff in death. Washington bent over Harold, "My brave man what is it?"

"Cornwallis—Trimble's Ford—I saw them—they are com—your right—Oh, my God, can't I tell you?" He fell back into the arms of Washington. Was that terrible ride in vain? No, that was enough.

"Here men, take care of him. Here Wilson, ride to Sullivan, tell him that the enemy are coming over Osborn's Hill, tell him to change his position, to place his men east and west upon the hill opposite Osborn's Hill, using the grave yard wall for his centre, his right wing resting upon the hill to the right, his left slightly in the rear; tell him to stop them and say that I will soon be there with the reserves. Maxwell, go to Green, explain to him and tell him to march upon Birmingham immediately. You, Carlson, go to Wayne and Armstrong, tell them to send as many men as they can spare, as it is not likely that the Hessians will stir again to-day.

In five minutes the men were dashing through the woods, in seven minutes Sullivan's division was in motion, and Green was coming up with the reserves; in ten Wayne was sending three companies, and in fifteen Armstrong had four companies in motion, all moving with the greatest possible quickness upon Birmingham.

E. L. S., '96.

(Continued.)

The Faculty has adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Faculty of Delaware College recognize in Lieutenant James H. Frier, late Professor of Military Science and Tactics, an admirable military disciplinarian, as evidenced in the daily routine of his duties, and in the highly creditable condition of the cadet corps, an excellent instructor not only in mili-

tary science, but in all other branches entrusted to his care during his term of duty at this institution, a wise counsellor in all matters of administration brought before the Faculty; and a co-worker whose uniform courtesy and social charm make his departure from us, in the course of duty, doubly regretted by all his associates in this body.

### Memorial.

To the family of Howard W. Huffington.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Delaware College, held on the 7th of December, President Harter announced the death, on the 6th inst., of Howard W. Huffington, formerly Professor of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering in the College, whereupon the Faculty appointed Professors Pratt and Robinson to represent them at the funeral, and to express to his family the regard of the Faculty for a former colleague, and their sympathy in their affliction.

Prof. Huffington's attainments and devotion to his work gained for him our respect, while his perseverance and untiring energy added strength to our institution.

As a man he was honored and respected by us all. We regret the disappointment that must have come to him, and now comes to us, in the fact that he was so early called away from a life-work which promised to be so useful and so helpful.

While we must rejoice in his release from a physical condition, which permanently repressed his splendid energies, we all sincerely sympathize with those to whom, above all others, his departure is so great a loss.

Very respectfully, in behalf of the Faculty,

W. A. PRATT,

Prof. of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

FREDERIC H. ROBINSON,

Secretary of Faculty.

### New Books in the Library.

"The Balkans."

"Roumania," "Bulgaria," "Servia," and "Montenegro." Story of the Nation Series.

"Elementary Psychology," or "First Principles of Mental and Moral Science."

"Chronological Outlines of English Literature," by Frederick Ryland.

The Works of Lewis Morris.

"The Contest over the Ratification of the Federal Constitution in Massachusetts," by S. B. Harding.

"The Philosophy of American Literature," by Greenough White.

"Popular Falacies Regarding Be-metallism," by Sir Robert P. Edgcumbe. A series of arguments in favor of Be-metallism.

"The American Commonwealth," by James Bryce. Abridged Edition for the use of Colleges and high schools.

"English Prose Selections." Edited by Henry Craik, five volumes.

"Wilson's Treatise on Punctuation."

"Philosophy of Theism," by Alex. Campbell Frazer, L.L. D., being the Gifford lectures, delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1894-95.

"Industries and Wealth of Nations," by Michael G. Mulhall, author of "My Dictionary of Statistics."

"History of English Literature," Elizabethan, by George Saintsbury.

"Europe in the Middle Ages," by O. J. Thatcher and Ferdinand Schivill.

"The Connection Between Thought and Memory," by H. T. Lukens.

"Short Courses of Reading in English," by C. T. Winchester.

"A Critical Study of Nullification in North Carolina."



## Locals

Latest out—The ground hog.

"Hoboes Rest" is the name which the Wilmington boys have adopted for their "hang-out" on "poverty row."

Talking about skates and skating, how about the skate that "Skeet" got on in Dover?

The students in the electrical department did a very artistic job in the wiring of the oratory.

Louis has snapped everything about the college since he has gotten his new "Pho-take." He takes it over with him on Fridays' too.

Quite a number of the old graduates were about college last week. Among them were: Mr. George H. J. Edmundson, '93, better known in college circles as "Polar Bear;" Mr. Watson Harrington, '95; Mr. F. R. Bartlett, '95; Mr. W. H. Cooper, '96; Mr. Frank Foshenner, '78.

Tosney's voice still has that "Emerald ring" about it.

George Vickers attended a little social gathering in Baltimore a few weeks ago.

Do you want any washing done? If so take it down to Eddie on "Paradise Alley."

At a meeting held on the third a committee was appointed, one from each class, to arrange for a course of lectures.

It is a very good idea indeed, and a thing that will be appreciated by all the students.

The professor in classics, told "Pea" that if he didn't stop his talking that he would catch him by the "baggy-reverse" of his most essential garment, and throw him out of the room.

Mr. F. Collins Broer, who died in Philadelphia Monday, February 1st, was at one time professor of mathematics here at the college, 1842-43. He was the first editor of the North American, and was librarian of the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, in 1855-56. He edited

the Parish Hymns, published in 1843, and the Parish Psalmody in 1844.

Everything is bright and cheerful on the Bowery now, since we have gotten the new "Arc Light" up here. We hope that George will find no trouble in keeping that "Webb" away from it.

Not a long time till Lent.

A free-for-all open encampment and bean-bake was held in "Tommy Bagster's" room a few nights ago.

Dancing by the Freshies who happened to be there, the rooting of the coin by Vick, lies, experiences, whistling, music, etc., all went to fill up the programme.

We are very sorry, indeed, that our staff artist is sick, as we hoped to have that description which "Chippie" gave of the trip to Dover, all written up and fully illustrated. Everyone knows "Chippie's" failing when he gets out.

Messrs. Hirsh, Reybold and Vickers have been confined to their rooms with the "grip." We are all glad to see them around again.

This is what the "Big Goat" said when "Vick" and Johnson undertook to throw him out of their room: "Le' go o' that are shart noow, or I'll make ye; It'll take ten of ye t' handle me, I tell ye, 'n' then ye caan't dew it!" This dialect comes from his being born on a windy part of the coast, and reared chiefly on salt fish and sweet 'potatoes'"

A very fine new electrical lamp for "stereoptical purposes has just been added to the physical labratory, and it is said that Professors Chester and Powell, of the Experimental Station, will give us some exhibitions in the near future. We are confident that these gentlemen will be fully repaid for their trouble, by the appreciation these exhibitions would be given by all the students.

Lieutenant James H. Frier, at his last drill, was presented with a very fine sword, as a token of respect and esteem. He was also presented a copy of resolutions, adopted by the Delta Phi Literary Society. They were in form, those of regret, in having to part with such a good and faithful commandant and instructor. May success such that crowned his every act while here in the college, ever reign predominant in his future life.

How things will change. Even the golden rule is changed. It is not.

Do unto others as you would have others do unto you; but if you don't do your neighbor, he will do you. Another thing that is noticed by all is that "Mary," who used to take so much interest in her little "lamb," since she rides a wheel, has all to do with her little "calf."

Some of the boys took in the show at Caskey Hall a few nights ago.

The mid-winted hop, given by the students on the night of the twelfth, was a grand success. It was well attended and everybody had an enjoyable time. The committee on arrangements was: Mr. Lewis L. Pratt, chairman; Mr. Carl Harrington, Mr. Andrew Marvel, Mr. George Vickers and Mr. George Henry.

Something out of the usual run of social events about college, was the reception given the students by President Harter and wife on the evening of the fifth.

Possibly never before in the history of the institution has the old oratory held such a social gathering. All the students were present, together with a great many invited guests from the town and abroad.

The students are fully appreciative of the interest which Doctor Harter takes in them, as well as that which he takes in the management of the whole institution, and this little surprise given us, can only add to the general good feeling now existing between he and the whole student body.

"Stag dancers" are all the rage.

One of the Juniors, on being asked if he had anything in view, answered by saying, "Yes, Easter vacation."

Tinney says that his horse could kick the shortening out of a biscuit and never break the crust.

This is what the burning of midnight oil is liable to do:

A is for Andy,

A curious old invention,

Who always brightens up

When Katie's name is mentioned.

B is for Billie,

Who enjoys a good meal,

Though one of those noble seniors,

A little inclined to "steel."

C is for Chippie,

A grizzly old vermin,

Who often breaks his pants

In the act of spouting German.

D is for David,

Who was thought to be a curse,

But now, poor fellow, has left us,

And is replaced by a "Hirsh."

E is for Eddie,

"Cooktent" he is called,

But in spite of all ridicules,

He is worrying Harry bald.

F is for "Folkie,"

Deacon they say,

But to meet him in a scrap

You would think he was a jay.

G is for Georgie,

Of whom Jeffie said,

He would be more appreciated

If he would stay sick in bed.

H is for Harry,

Who is nothing more than blow,

And who 'scapes many a thrashing,

By being a "Sophmo."



I is for "Ikie,"

The famous little Jew,  
Who makes the "Sophs" hustle,  
And they admit that's true.

J is for Johnson,

Who lives in a poverty row cell,  
Who was never known to harbor  
Anything save a bad smell.

K is for Krausie,

A Bowery row bat,  
Who is very frequently taken  
For an old Thomas Cat.

L is for Louie,

A native of "Poverty row,"  
Who, in spite of all persuasion,  
To Elkton will go.

M is for "Mickie,"

The Chapel street rat,  
But call him what you may,  
He gets that German "Pat."

N is for Nivin,

Who the boys call mister,  
For no other reason  
Than to keep in with his sister.

R is for Rodney,

That Sussex sand snipe,  
Who was plucked off for college  
A little before he was ripe.

S is for Sentman,

A little country man,  
The crooked face boy  
With cheeks of tan.

V is for "Vick,"

On whom Mrs. Wilson said,  
She would kindly use a stick  
If he didn't bring back that bread.

W is for "Willie,"

Captain of Company B,  
Although so lank, long and silly,  
Jimmie failed to see.

X, Y and Z,

As has been shown,

Was never used to represent

Anything but the unknown.

The Delta Phi Literary Society have challenged the Athnean Literary Society to meet them in declamation and debate.

## Inter-Collegiate

Middlebury College has established a course in pedagogy for the senior class.

Atlanta, Ga., will build a school of technology, at a cost of \$25,000.

Columbia College will erect one of the largest and handsomest dormitories in the country.

China is establishing a university, whose instructors will be foreigners, and whose president will be an old tutor of Li Hung Chang.

Girard College is the richest college in the country, having an income of almost eleven and a quarter millions.

The chapel exercise at Cornell are so interesting that seats have to be reserved for the students, the attendance being so large.

A census of Lafayette College students shows that 66 intend to study law, 27 medicine, and 33 theology.

The School Board of Providence is considering the question of pensioning teachers.

Some very valuable geological specimens have been discovered in Alaska, by Prof. L. L. Dyche, of the University of Kansas.

The will of the late George Bliss, a New York banker, bequeaths \$800,000 to Yale College, to be applied at the discretion of the president.

At a recent meeting of the school board, Professor F. J. Brown, candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction of Washington, was elected by a large majority.

The will of the late W. W. Thomas, of Portland, Me., gives \$5,000 to Bowdine, provided

the beneficiaries believe in the Christian religion, and do not use intoxicating liquors.

William B. Perkins leaves, among his public bequests, \$24,000 to Colorado College, and \$6,000 each to Columbia University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for traveling scholarship in architecture.

## Athletic

In these cold days one thinks of how it feels in the other extreme. While he thinks of the hot weather at its hottest, his thoughts invariably shift to the accompaniment. Very naturally a college man looks forward to the nature of the sports or other matters or events that are likely to take place in the spring and summer time. That which is nearest his heart is the thing that concerns him most, and what more concerns the college student than sports?

Our situation in the college world allows us to look forward to base ball, golf, tennis, bicycling and track events. Unfortunately we are unable to have a crew, but now with what we have.

There is material in the college for all sorts of sports this year. Heading the list, however, is base ball. Were it not for the cold weather Captain Willis would have the candidates on the field every day; as it is, he has had some of them on the diamond already. A good team ought to be developed from the material within reach, better, probably, than that of any previous year. The only department which may be considered weak is the pitching. Phillips, who did most of the twirling last year, to be sure will be on hand. Yet he can not be expected to go into the box in every game. Woodall is fair, but has not been given a trial against opposing teams. Willis and Gamble will look after the territory behind the bat. The infield will be especially strong. Its make-

up will probably be Davis, Constable, Reed and Marvel. The trio of outfielders is likely to be selected from Tenney, Hyland, Woodward, Gamble, and some other candidates, who will appear when matters begin to warm up. Of the batting ability of the team there is likelihood of it being better than heretofore. Gamble, Willis, Davis, Constable and Phillips can be counted on to do most of the hitting. There is a lot of latent ability that Captain Willis will bring out.

In the selection of Davis for manager the members of the Athletic Association acted wisely. "Jeff," no doubt, is the man for the place, and this assertion is not far fetched, judging from the hustling ability that he has already shown. His services will be multi-beneficial. The knowledge he secured last year as captain will aid him in many ways, besides he will retain his position with the nine.

Manager Davis is negotiating for games with Villanova, Ursinus, Pennsylvania Military and Washington Colleges, and the Media Academy teams. No doubt that at least one game will be played with either of them. All at-home games will be played on the college campus. With these prospects in view the "Review" wishes success to the nine of '97, and hopes that it may win a majority, if not all the games it may play.

One department of athletics has never been properly developed, and that is track events. There is material enough in the college to have a spring field-day, at which there might be bicycle and foot races, jumping, putting-the-shot, throwing the hammer, and many other attractions. The Athletic Association should take up this matter and endeavor to bring about such a thing.

A much needed individual is an instructor in the gymnasium. It would be an excellent thing



if the Board of Trustees could secure a person capable of doing such work. The cost would likely be little, and an instructor could likewise be useful in coaching the foot-ball and base ball teams. This deficiency is mainly the cause of the lack of interest in gymnasium work. Surely exercise indoors is beneficial when no outdoor work can be done.

The semi-annual election of the Athletic Association was held on January 15, at which these officers were elected: President, Chipman, '98; vice-president, Brewster, '98; secretary, Baynard, '99; treasurer, Ellis, '97; gymnasium treasurer, Brown, '99; base ball manager, Davis, '98.

The matter of choosing the foot ball manager from the Alumni was talked of at the meeting, but nothing was done.



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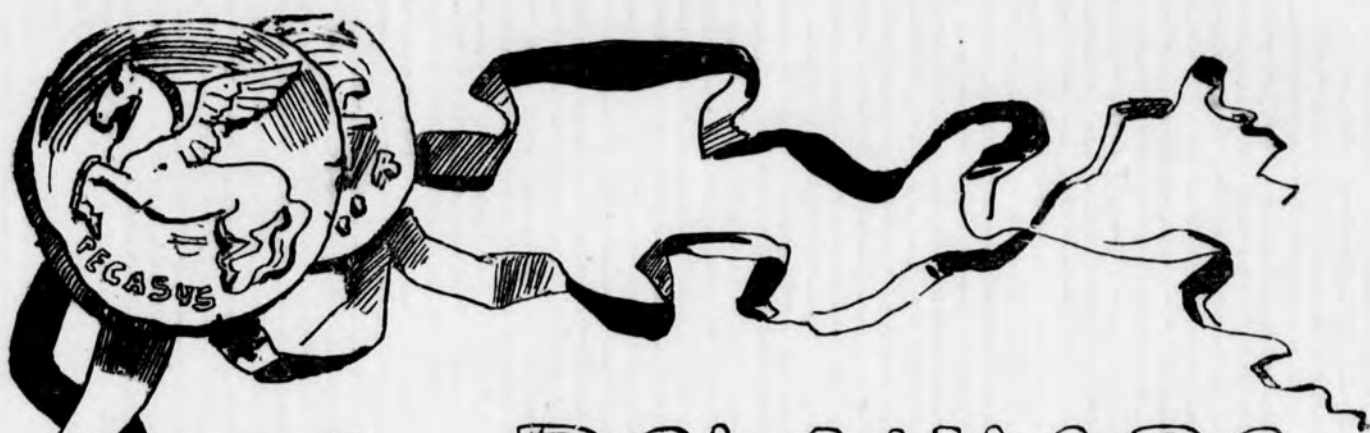
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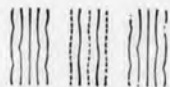
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