

Delaware College Review

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"Thy Will, Not Mine, O Lord!"

THE old doctor came slowly down the stairs followed by a young woman dressed in black. During their descent, neither said a word; but their faces expressed their feelings. On the doctor's was written pity; on the woman's, intense agony. When they had reached the first floor, the old gentleman turned to the woman, and laid his hand on her shoulder. It was almost a minute before he spoke.

"You don't know how it hurts me to tell you this, Helen," he said. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you now. Perhaps I should wait a little. But I think it's my duty. I don't see how Charlie can live through the night. I don't say he will not; but I think that he has no chance. His fever is too high. It's no use my telling you how sorry I am. You know I love you as a daughter, Helen. You must bear up. What God has given, God may take away."

Mrs. Fields bowed. The news seemed to stun her. The doctor put his hand on her head.

"You've had your share of trouble," he said. "God himself knows that,—first Frank, and now your boy. But you must be brave, you know; you must be brave. You—"

He tried to say more but couldn't. His voice almost broke. Before this

young woman all his professional assurance (Dr. Cartwright had never known professional indifference) vanished. He bent his head and touched her hair with his lips as a father might kiss a daughter. He grasped her hand hurriedly, opened the door, and was gone.

As soon as she realized that she was alone, Mrs. Fields lifted her head. She stood motionless as a statue. She was a woman of middle height with a subtle trim figure which expressed grace with girlishness and womanhood. Her face was not, perhaps, perfect; but no one could err in calling it beautiful. Intelligence was written in every feature, especially in her clear brown eyes and high forehead. Her hair was of a golden brown lying in wavy curls on her head.

She stood dry-eyed, gazing through the door into the sunny street. The sky above was a perfect blue; the birds sang in the trees. Some children were playing noisily, shouting from their bubbling-over happiness; but as soon as they saw her, they stopped their noise. The whole neighborhood knew that Charlie was sick. All the children had had careful injunctions from their mothers not to play near Fields' house. But children will forget. One little girl looked apprehensively at Mrs. Fields from under her long lashes, and the young

mother forced a smile, a sweet sad smile. The little tots passed on and Mrs. Fields was left alone again.

She stood by the door for perhaps fifteen minutes in a state of mental apathy. She was too much stunned to think. The revelation had not yet touched the reasoning soul. She merely forgot that she existed. Then suddenly the vision of a hot fevered face framed by golden hair lying on a white pillow flashed before her eyes, and with a little cry she rushed up the stairs and into the sick room.

In her haste she almost collided with a white-gowned nurse who was dropping medicine into a measuring glass; but the mother hardly paused. She walked quickly to the bed-side and gazed with passionate anguish at the little face on the pillow. She brushed back his curls with her hand and felt his forehead hot with the constant fever. She covered his faces with kisses and pressed the little body to her, forgetting, in her anguish, the fact that she might be injuring her treasure. The nurse gently drew her away.

"You are only harming him and yourself, Mrs. Fields," she said. "You must do your best to brace up."

The mother looked at her with dry, wild eyes.

"It's easy to say that," she said.
"But you're not a mother!"

She sat on a chair next to the bed and thought. This great sorrow brought to her mind a train of griefs, in which joys, too, were intermingled in pitiable contrast. She thought of her graduation from college. How proud she had been! She thought of the first day she had met Frank, the night on which he had told

her that he loved her, and the day of her marriage. How happy they had been in the first year of their new life together! And, oh! what bliss she had felt on that day of days,—the greatest day of her young life,—the day on which Charlie was born. She thought of how much his coming had meant to Frank and her,—how he came to be the one, sufficient center of their lives. And then when Charlie was just five years old,—ten months ago, about,—Frank had died. She remembered only too well her agony and how her husband's death had made Charlie her all in all. And now he too was to go! Oh! God! It was beyond human endurance.

Charlie was only a normal little boy. He was full of mischief, continually getting into scrapes; but everyone around loved him, and she,—she worshipped him! She hadn't spoiled him, though, she thought. At least she had tried not to. She thought of his winning ways, his frank blue eyes when he laughed, and his red lips when he kissed so boyishly, so enthusiastically. Charlie die? No, she couldn't believe it! Surely Dr. Cartwright was mistaken. It couldn't be! She looked again at the feverish face. The horror of his dying struck her to the heart, and, falling on her knees on the floor with her head on the bed, she burst into passionat sobs.

Afterwards, when she tried to recall, she never could tell just how long she remained in that position. She lost count of time in the grip of her great grief. The first thing which she was consciously aware of, was a hand being laid on her shoulder. She looked up quickly and recognized young Mr. Dixon, the new

clergyman of her church. It immediately flashed in her mind that Dr. Cartwright had sent him; and she felt a kind of resentment at being thus intruded upon in her sorrow. The young minister did not give her time to speak.

"Dr. Cartwright told me, Mrs. Fields," he said, "of the terrible state of apprehension you were in, and I just dropped around to see if I could be of any service."

"It's very good of you, Mr. Dixon," she replied, "but I'm afraid you can't. I can do nothing but wait." Her eyes shone with tears. As a man, Mr. Dixon first noticed her beauty; then as a clergyman he pitied her.

"It's very hard, I know," he said. "But if it be God's will that your boy should die, we must accept His decision. He knows better than we do, you know. Perhaps the boy will not die."

"Oh! my God, if he did!" she gasped and again flung herself hysterically on the bed. The sobs came this time in dry, hard bursts. "Oh! why should this come to me?" she asked. "Why to me, —all this trouble? I never did anything to deserve it. There is no justice in the world.—Does God care?—He can't care or he wouldn't ruin my life thus.—I begin to believe there is no God!—No God would treat me like this!"

Mr. Dixon was about to reply to this incoherent outburst when Dr. Cartwright stepped into the room.

"I thought I'd take another look at the little fellow. Then I'll go home and get some supper, see a few patients, and come back again. I'd better stay all night, I think."

He went over to the bed and felt the

boy's pulse. The little chap was in a state of complete unconsciousness. Mrs. Fields watched him with agony in her eyes as the doctor put his hand on the child's hot forehead.

"Is there any chance?" she asked in the anguish of suspense. "Tell me, tell me!" she almost shrieked as she saw that the old man was going to make a dissembling statement. "Tell me! I must know!"

The doctor looked doubtfully at the clergyman who, in turn, looked at the floor.

"Tell me!" she gasped.

Dr. Cartwright walked toward the door.

"I can't say positively, Helen, any more than I could before; but I have no hope. I'll be back in an hour, dear." And he left.

No sooner had the word "hope" left the doctor's lips than the tortured mother fell on a couch near the bed, on which the nurse had been accustomed to sleep, and buried her head in the pillow.

Dr. Dixon scarcely knew what to say. His professional training had given him no insight into hysterical women. He began rather awkwardly;

"My dear Mrs. Fields, your son is in God's—"

The woman sprang up and looked at him in rage. Her face fairly glowed with intense emotion.

"God!" she said. "Don't speak to me of God. There is no God, or if there is, I hate him! In my college days I doubted; now I am sure. There is no God. No Being of infinite mercy would torture a poor soul as I am tortured. No

God would trample me as I trample a worm under foot. I—”

“Let us pray a little,” said Mr. Dixon.

“Yes, I shall pray,” shrieked the woman. “Hear me!” And standing upright, she cried with vehemence in her voice.

“Oh! Thou Absolute Force in the Universe, save my boy, save my boy—”

“If it be Thy will,” interposed Dixon.

“No,” she replied. “No! Thou *must* save him. He is my all in all. If he dies, I shall either disbelieve in Thee, or hate Thee for evermore!”

And she covered her face with her hands.

All that night the mother, the doctor, and the nurse watched uneasiness. The doctor, with an interest which showed his singular devotion to this young woman and her boy, never moved from the bed-side. At times he sat for hours with the child's wrist in his hand feeling the throbbing pulse which told the tale of life or death. The face of Mrs. Fields was a study for a Rembrandt. Say what they will about the supremacy of descriptions by the pen, only the brush of genius can show the agony of a mother watching the crisis of an only child. There were no tears now in Mrs. Fields' dark eyes, only a look of pitiable anguish as she gazed at the child's hot face.

The night was warm. No gas was burning, for the moonlight which came into the room gave all the light that was needed. At intervals the mother walked to the window and let the warm breeze blow on her face. She felt her Maker in the moon and stars above her, in the rustling leaves and the perfume of summer incense which was wafted from the

flowers. As she gazed at the pale regent of the skies, her heart became more peaceful and resigned; but as soon as she tiptoed back to the bedside and saw those fair curls and that unconscious face her rebellion returned four-fold.

Hour after hour passed. The suspense grew terrible. Even the nurse, hardened much by her long professional experience, could not help but be sympathetically affected by the anxiety of the old doctor and by the mother's agony. Dawn began to appear. Mrs. Fields watched as it came up from behind the hills. Oh! that it might mean a dawn of her son's life, not a dawn of his eternal rest!

She had thought once or twice when the doctor had looked very closely at Charlie's face that his own had brightened slightly. Perhaps she imagined it. She could not ask him. His denial would be more than she could bear.

The sun rose higher above the trees. All Nature began to waken. She sat near the window to get a breath of the fresh morning air after sitting beside the bed without moving for perhaps two hours. She was lost in despair. Why did not the doctor tell her the end was near? She could bear it now.

She did not hear the quiet steps behind her; but she felt the kind hand on her shoulder. She turned her face to his inquiringly.

“Helen, Charlie has a chance. I believe he'll live. In fact I'm almost sure he has passed the crisis. God be praised!”

She stared at him as though she didn't comprehend. The intelligence of it was beyond her wrought-up brain. But then

a light broke all over her face. She leaned her head on the window-stool and cried sliently.

One summer evening, fifteen years after the miraculous recovery of Charlie, Mrs. Fields was sitting at the supper table expecting her boy to appear at any moment. The light from a table-lamp shone on her face showing a few wrinkles and gray hairs, but indicating without a doubt that her beauty was still extant. She looked a little worried, though, and when her son arrived soon after six and took his seat hurriedly, she looked at him anxiously from under her lashes. She saw that his handsome face was flushed slightly, it might have been from hurrying, but she doubted that.

The truth was that of late Charlie had been following the example set him by his sex ever since the time of the Prodigal Son and had been running about rather recklessly,—“sowing his wild oats,” in fact. His devoted mother had heard vague reports that he gambled (her kind, sympathetic neighbors had done their duty by allowing this to come to her ears), and she had seen many indications that he drank a little.

During all his boyhood, ever since the night when he had been fairly snatched from death, she had idolized him, worshipped him with all her soul. That she was spoiling him, she had been painfully aware; but he had never done anything really wrong and had asked for forgiveness so frankly,—his clear blue eyes used to look so penitent, that she had never been able to find it in her heart to punish him.

However, as he rose from boyhood, faults increased. He began keeping

company with boys scarcely his social equal. He went nearly through the high school and, although it was his mother's greatest wish that he should go through college, he disliked study so much that he never was graduated. Where he spent a great deal of his time, his mother never knew; but she surmised. Probably in poolrooms and perhaps in worse places! Once she had spoken to him; but the scene which had ensued had been so painful that she never remonstrated with him again. He would outgrow it, she thought. Besides, she was still under that delusion so common to most mothers,—a delusion naturally intensified in her case,—that her boy was different from other boys. Charlie could never do anything really wicked. He would soon see the error of his ways and reform.

Nevertheless, her anxiety about him grew. He seemed to be getting no better; indeed, he was growing worse. Gambling became a craze with him. He began to stay out until all hours of the night and morning. Sometimes he got only a few hours' sleep before starting for work. This Mrs. Fields knew only too well. How many times had she lain sleepless waiting for him to come home! And how many times had her hot tears fallen as she heard his unsteady footsteps going toward his room!

On this particular evening, after they had both eaten for a while without speaking, Mrs. Fields broke the silence.

“Can't you stay at home tonight, Charlie?” she asked. “I feel very nervous and not particularly well. I should like to have you with me. Not, of course, if you have any particular en-

gagement which you have to keep." Her wistful tone would have touched the heart of almost any boy.

"I'm awfully sorry, mother, but I promised to meet a fellow at seven o'clock about a little business matter. I couldn't really break the date. Do you feel very badly? Perhaps it'll pass off; if not, I'd see young Dr. Cartwright. I'll try to be home very early."

"That's all right, Charlie. You couldn't break the engagement. I see that. I should like you to stay, though."

The son didn't seem to think a reply necessary. He left the table, rushed upstairs, and, in a few minutes, the door banged.

Mrs. Fields cleared off the supper table and washed the dishes. (The hired girl whose task this generally was had asked for the day off to attend the funeral of a grandmother. Mrs. Fields felt that she had a companion in misery, for this unfortunate girl's grandparents, godparents, and innumerable relatives by marriage had all died within a very short space of time,—and, needless to say, each one of these departed souls had to have a funeral. Furthermore it was absolutely necessary that Sarah should attend.) The extra exertion of her task made Mrs. Fields' head ache worse, and she felt very much out of sorts. So she put on her hat and walked toward the office of young Dr. Cartwright, who had succeeded to his father's practice. The worthy old doctor had died some years ago.

The walk under the summer stars and full moon brought reflections to her. Perhaps it was the warm breeze blowing on her and the smell of flowers which it

carried that took her back to that night when her son had been so near death. She thought of the prayer which she had made to God in her rebellion,—indeed she had never forgotten that prayer. Being a college women, and a woman who had specialized, too, on scientific work, she had often doubted whether an Infinite Being would pay attention to personal prayer. Yet, somehow, the thought of her trying to coerce God,—trying to make an Infinite Being change His will to hers,—that thought made her feel as though she had sinned and sinned irreversibly.

Mrs. Fields was a woman who reflected constantly on the things most intimately connected with herself, with her mission in this world, and with her relations to her Divine Creator. She was not, perhaps, a religious woman according to the general idea of today. She was too much of a sceptic for that. She looked sometimes in great pity and sometimes, too, in envy at the women of her acquaintance who seemed to embrace all the theories of modern Theology (as far as their limited lights would allow them) with an infinite simplicity of faith. She could not do that. She must bring her intellect into play; she could realize no part of the infinite wisdom of God. And, although she would have agreed with you had you quoted to her Caliban's musings on Setobos, yet when she herself tried to forget her utter insignificance in this great universe, she could not. Consequently she could not appreciate the omnipotence of a Power whose will was her mandate. In this she was totally different from the greater part of her sex.

She walked to the doctor's, got his prescription for her headache filled, and walked home again. Under ordinary circumstances she would not have bothered about going to the doctor's merely because she had a headache; but headaches of late had become almost chronic with her and were associated with a slight nervousness to which she was altogether unused. When she tried to assign a reason for her feeling "under the weather," she could give none, unless it was that she was worrying too much about her boy.

She went to bed about ten o'clock and slept lightly for a few hours. Upon awakening she struck a match and looked at her watch, which she always kept on a chain near to the bed. It was one o'clock. She tried to go to sleep again, but she couldn't. Her nerves seemed all on edge. Her head throbbed furiously. She got up and went to her son's door. He was not in yet. She sighed and went back to bed. Still she could not sleep. She must have lain awake for two hours more.

She was just about to put on her clothes and go downstairs. She had decided that sleep was out of the question—when suddenly she heard a key scratching all over the escutcheon of the front door lock. It was her son. She knew that. And he was drunk! The key slipped into the keyhole, the door opened, and she heard him lurching in, seemingly, from the sound, in great haste.

He fumbled around. She heard him mutter, "a match." Then he swore. He had none.

"Mother!" he yelled. "Light a light.

For God's sake hurry up!" Evidently in his stupor he had forgotten that she would ordinarily be in bed.

Mrs. Fields trembled. What could be the matter? He must be hurt. She forgot her headache, her nervousness, everything in her efforts to help her boy. She ran down the stairs, almost falling headlong in her haste. She lit the hall gas.

Charlie was standing there. He was drunk, and yet his eyes had none of the lazy expression of a man's in a stupor. They were wild with horror! She noticed there was blood on his hand!

"Where is it you're hurt, dear?" she gasped. "Tell me, where is it? What did it?"

She didn't seem to understand.

"They're after me," he cried, "get me my revolver,—hic, hic. Hurry up. For God's sake, mother, hurry up!"

She was stupefied. Who was after him. What had he done? He made an attempt to get past her up the stairs but tripped on the first rising and fell on his face.

"Hide me, mother. Oh! why don't you hurry?" He was getting more sober every minute. An icy chill came over Mrs. Fields' heart.

"Hide you, Charlie? Why should I hide you?" she asked in terror.

"Because,"—his eyes were wild now in abject fright,—"I shot him! He cheated, d——." He stopped. He had never sworn before his mother. Even in his present half stupor he wouldn't do that. "He cheated! And I shot him! Forgive me, mother! I was drunk, and I—God! They're here!"

Three policemen rushed through the door which was still open.

"Here he is!" one of them cried to the other two. Then he recognized Mrs. Fields and took off his hat. The others followed his example.

They took hold of Charlie.

"Your son's a murderer, Mrs. Fields," said the leader. "We must take him. He shot Dick Hart ten minutes ago, at Hogan's. I'm sorry for you, Mrs. Fields. He didn't know what he was doing. He was drunk."

A dead silence came over the party. Mrs. Fields stared at her son. Now that action was futile, his stupor seemed to grip him again. Weak tears ran down his flushed face. He ran his hands through his hair and staggered against the wall.

"Come on, Fields!" said the man who had spoken before. "Come on! You can see him tomorrow, Mrs. Fields, in his cell." He laid his hand on Charlie's

shoulder. The boy fell on his knees before the officer.

"Don't take me, Ryan!" he pleaded. "He cheated and I shot him."

But Ryan paid no attention to the youth.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Fields, but he's got to go." And together, the three men dragged him struggling into the street.

Mrs. Fields followed. She was still in her nightgown. She rushed to her boy, gave him a kiss and a farewell embrace.

Then she walked back up the porch steps and stood there looking at the winking stars. The summer perfume floated to her nostrils. She was silent for a moment. Then she gave a cry of despair.

"Oh God! Why didn't I let you take him when you wan—"

She didn't finish her sentence, but fell senseless on the porch floor!

E. W. M., '16.

Some Facts About the Lord's Prayer

THE following interesting talk was given in chapel on Tuesday morning, February 9, by Prof. M. Van G. Smith:

It has taxed me a good deal to think of a subject which might be sufficiently religious and interesting to be appropriate for a Chapel talk. As it is, I have decided to tell you something relative to the Lord's Prayer that is not generally known.

To start at the very beginning of the subject, it may be well to remark that the perfection of a microscope depends

almost entirely upon the quality of the objective. The objective is the small lens, or, more properly, combination of lenses, at the lower end of the microscope tube nearest the object to be observed.

When a person wishes to select a really good objective he contrives some way to test it. This is quite important, for the reason that all objectives, even though they may be rated as first quality, are not equally good. Hence, a discriminating purchaser will be quite sure to test an objective by examining

some microscopic object which has extremely delicate markings of some sort on it, as, for instance, a fossil diatom.

A diatom is a microscopic plant which lives in either fresh or salt water. It has a skeleton in the form of a case, or shell. When the plant dies, the shell, being free of living matter, settles to the bottom. In certain parts of the world these fossil shells have formed great earthly deposits. In some instances the deposits have hardened into solid rock. The material of some of these rocks is used as a polishing powder, as, for instance, the Tripoli powder which is used by jewelers, while some of the earths are used as absorbents in the manufacture of materials like dynamite.

The shells of practically all diatoms, and I may add that there over 11,200 species of them known, are very beautiful when seen through a microscope. Some of them have elaborately sculptured markings on them which are so minute and delicate that only the best microscope objectives can define them clearly. Hence their use as test plates, or objects, to determine the quality of microscopic objectives.

There are other people who prefer to test the defining power of a microscope objective by observing the lines on a Nobert plate. A Nobert plate is a glass microscopic slide with parallel lines ruled on it and is designed for the purpose of testing lenses. These lines are exceedingly fine and close together, in some instances being only the one hundred and fifty thousandth of an inch apart. A good objective, however, is quite capable of resolving these lines, although the magnitudes involved are so

small as to be beyond our power of conception.

A number of years ago—it was sometime in the sixties—an Englishman by the name of Webb made some marvelous test plates which are specimens of mechanical skill that have never been surpassed. Webb chose to write the Lord's prayer on glass for his test plates. An old friend of mine, Mr. Stephen Helm, had one of them which I have seen on several occasions. On this particular plate, which is labeled "Webb's Test Plate No. 23" the Lord's Prayer is written in a rectangular space which measures the 1-500 by the 1-653 part of an inch. Multiplying these two dimensions together, we get the area of the little rectangle in which the writing is done. This area is the 1-326,500 part of a square inch. In order to get some idea of the magnitude, or minuteness, of this writing let us make a comparison with something we all appreciate.

There are in the Lord's Prayer 227 letters, and if, as here, this number occupies the 1-326,500 part of a square inch, there would be room in an entire square inch for 74,115,500 such letters, similarly spaced.

Now the entire Bible, Old and New Testament, contains 3,566,480 letters. Dividing this number into 74,115,500 we thus find that there would be *room enough to write the entire Bible more than twenty times over* on one square inch of glass in the same manner as the words of the Lord's Prayer are written on the specimen mentioned.

Such a statement staggers the imagination, but the figures are easily verified and are certainly correct.

The production of these plates is a purely mechanical process. They were written by Mr. Webb with a machine which was invented by a man named Peters. The machine is still in existence, and is the property of the Royal Microscopical Society of London.

The process of making a plate consists simply of writing in a rectangle, measuring about 6 by 8 inches, in a large, clear hand. By means of an attachment which is fixed to the pencil, the motion of the pencil point is transferred and reduced by a system of levers and finally reproduced by an almost infinitesimal diamond points on the glass slide.

I have seen the writing on the plate I mention through a microscope using a 1-12th objective. Under this condition it could be read as easily as letters which are 1-16th of an inch high can be read with the naked eye.

While this microscopic writing is of little real importance, nevertheless it is interesting if only for the fact that it furnishes material for speculation on other subjects, for example: it has often been stated that a physical basis of memory may exist in a permanent structural modification of the matter constituting the surface of the brain. In a well developed brain this surface amounts to something like 330 to 340 square inches. Assuming it to be the lesser number, it would therefore appear that in the neighborhood of 6,600 volumes, containing the same amount of matter as the Bible, might be written out in the English language on such a surface, in characters capable of mechanical execution such as those on the Webb test plate we have mentioned. This probably exceeds by a liberal margin the sum total of the memories of any lifetime.

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Editorial

Dear Reader: The first term of the 1914-15 collegiate year is history. Some of our fellow students are following the practices of the old Romans who always prayed to their god, Janus, for blessings of help and success in their new undertaking. These men are contributors to progress. To these students the new term will be another period of advancement. But the real issue is what are our less progressive students doing toward reaching the goal of success. It is of these students that The Review is solicitous. The mid-year engagement has taken place. An armistice has been de-

clared. Now let these students get themselves together for a fresh attack. Remember a greater engagement is coming, the final examinations in June. We may have a few conditions, but let us not become discouraged. The best of students are sometimes unfortunate in examination work. The "exam," even though it has been registered against us as a "flunk," has been a material benefit to us. It has demonstrated just what we know. It is our knowledge barometer. Success in passing "exams" in college does not always count in life, but the ability to know and to apply what we

know is what spells success nowadays. The fifteenth of March will be here soon; consequently let us redouble our energies. Let those who have been unfortunate have their slates washed clean by that day. Then the horizon will be clear for greater activity and progress.

Perhaps a little reminder would be worth while. May the fifteenth is approaching. Can we not improve on the success of our last inter-scholastic meet held on Joe Frazer Field? Now is the time to get started. You men who are interested in the future welfare of our track athletics, come lend a hand in staging the greatest track meet ever held in Delaware. All hands out.

NOW that examinations are over, literary society work should be begun again with renewed vigor. The program committee of the Delta Phi Literary Society should be congratulated for the interesting and entertaining programs which have been planned for the society. They will, no doubt, be one of the forces upon which the efficiency of Delta Phi's future orators will depend.

At each meeting a few loyal members have done the majority of the work. It is deplorable that more Delta Phis have not been present at all the meetings. The quality of the programs each week has been such that those who have missed them have lost opportunities to be greatly benefitted. The success of a society depends upon the united efforts of all the members, not upon the labors of just a few men. Delta Phi has a number of men who have worked faithfully; but these men cannot do it all. Every member owes it to himself, to the society,

and to his future to take an active interest in each meeting of the society.

Just now a very interesting schedule of work is being prepared in which a number of preliminary debating contests will be held before the final contest with the Athenaean Society in the spring. The "prelims" are highly important. They will show just what each man is able to do in a debate, and will determine, to a large extent, the choice of the team which will represent Delta Phi in the Inter-Society Debate.

Delta Phi fully expects to win this debate. But, if we do not win it, it will be no disgrace. It will be an unpardonable disgrace, however, if every member does not come out and do his best to help get the team in readiness for the "big show."

By our plan instituted last term of visiting between the societies, much good feeling has been shown and as a result we have one meeting set aside every month for a "free-for-all" debate between the members of both societies.

The society meets each Friday night at 7 p. m. in its Hall in the west wing of the Dormitories. The presence of each member is desired at each meeting.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected to serve during the second semester:

President—Carlton D. Pepper.
Vice-President—William L. Torbert, Jr.
Cor. Secretary—Warren C. Newton.
Rec. Secretary—Stanley D. Loomis.
Treasurer—Howard H. Adams.
Chaplain—Joseph H. Jones, Jr.
Assistant Secretary and Librarian—
George C. Brower.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Leon Stayton.

Athletics

THE Athletic Council this year awarded gold footballs and sweaters in addition to the "D's" to the Varsity football men in chapel, February 5. The footballs arrived just in time to be worn at the "Prom," as Prof. E. L. Smith said in presenting them. The three men who preferred sweaters to footballs were Fidance, Smart, and Gray. The others, who chose footballs, were Captain Handy, Cann, Grieves, Groff, Taylor, Newton, Crothers, Crawford, E. Wilson, and Manager H. J. Little. Professor Smith also presented the insignia "Del" to the serubs.

—o—

Of the first four basketball games scheduled, Delaware has won the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute game and lost to Temple University, Swarthmore College, and St. John's College, of Annapolis. The latter game was pronounced by all as the best played game of the season. At least, so the papers agree, even that of our rival, "The St. John's Collegian." It was fast and interesting throughout.

The scores of these four games follow:

First Game

Temple University, 31; Delaware, 9.

On Wednesday evening, January 13, Temple University basketball team defeated Delaware College in a spirited game by the score of 31 to 9.

In the first half Delaware scored only one point. Creely was the visitors' star, scoring 21 of their 31 points.

Lineup:

Delaware	Temple
Lacklen	forward
Geoghegan....	forward
Wills.....	center
Doherty.....	guard
Weimer	guard
Goals from field—Creeley, 5, Johnson, 2, Smith, Nash, 2, Geoghegan, 2, Weimer.	
Goals from fouls—Creeley, 11, Wills, 2, Geoghegan.	
Substitutions—Geigus for Johnson, Nash for Lemmer.	
Referee—Speer. Umpire—Carney. Time—20-minute halves.	

Second Game

Baltimore Polytechnic, 6; Delaware, 29.

On Friday evening, January 15, Delaware College basketball team played in reversed form and easily won from Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, 29 to 6. The work of the blue and gold made it look like a different team from the one that met Temple. Captain Cann, at guard, greatly improved the Delaware five. The visitors failed to score in the first half.

The line-up:

Delaware	Balto- Poly.
Geoghegan....	forward
Lacklen.....	forward
Wills	center
Doherty.....	guard
Cann.....	guard
Substitutions—D. Horsey for Geoghegan; H. Horsey for Lacklen; Weimer for Cann, and Berlin for Huffman.	
Goals from field—Geoghegan, 2; Lacklen, 6; Wills, 3; Doherty, 2; H. Horsey, 1; and Lamb, 3.	
Goals from fouls—H. Horsey, 1. Time of halves, 15 and 20	

minutes. Referee, Delaplaine of Swarthmore.

Third Game

Swarthmore, 40; Delaware, 17.

Swarthmore defeated Delaware College at Swarthmore on Friday evening, January 22, by the score of 40 to 17.

Captain Twining and Sproul were the highest point winners for the Garnet, the former caging four field goals and nine foul goals, while the latter finished with three baskets to his credit. Horsey, of Delaware, showed remarkable ability in foul shooting, tallying seven points out of as many tallies.

Swarthmore	Delaware
Ames	forward Lacklen
Ainsworth....	forward Geoghegan
Spackman	center Wills
Taylor	guard Cann
Shoemaker.....	guard Doherty

Goals from field—Ainsworth, Ames, 2; Taylor, Twining, 4; White, 2; Sproul, 3; Wills, 2; Geoghegan, Doherty. Goals from fouls, Taylor, 4; Twining, 9; Donnelly, Wills, 2; H. Horsey, 7. Substitutions: Swarthmore—Boughton for White, Donnelly for Spackman, Munce for Shoemaker, Olin for Ames, Bodine

for Ainsworth, Alderfer for Shoemaker, Twining for Olin, White for Bodine, Sproul for Donnelly, McGovern for Alderfer, Parry for Munce; Delaware—H. Horsey for Lacklen, D. Horsey for Geoghegan. Referee—Kiefaber, Pennsylvania. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Fourth Game

St. John's, 19; Delaware, 17.

In the fastest and best played basketball game of the season St. John's of Annapolis, defeated Delaware on Saturday afternoon, February 6, 19 to 17. The line-up follows:

Delaware	St. John's
Geoghegan..... forward	Heise
Lacklen	Jarman
Wills..... center	Dunphy
Doherty..... guard	Selby
Cann	Andrew

Goals from field—Geoghegan, 2; Lacklen, 3; Heise, Jarman, 3; Dunphy, Selby, 2. Goals from fouls—Wills, 7; Heise, 2; Jarman, 3. Substitutions—Horsey for Lacklen. Referee—Doctor Speer, University of Pennsylvania. Time—20 minute halves.

Locals

A feeling of perturbation is at present being experienced by the local frats. This feeling is caused by the threatened taxation of their houses and by the advance in the price of bread from five to six cents per loaf.

A short time ago Prof. Srager prefaced a speech in Chapel with the story of a man who slipped off the rear end of a platform when he suddenly realized that he had nothing to say when his turn to speak came. We are inclined to believe that the only reason "Zack" did not do likewise was because he would have had a drop of about thirty feet to the cold, hard ground.

Fidance, Crawford, Smart, and O'Daniel thought that they were discovering a new stunt when they walked around Frazer Field on top of the wall. For their edification, let it be stated here, that half a dozen diminutive "coons" did the same thing last summer, and therefore deserve full credit for the discovery.

From the way Doc Penny has been handing out "D's" it looks as though the Athletic Council might have to go out of business.

The other day Steele, '17, ambled amiably into a local barber shop, and, trying not to look important, remarked, "Haireut and shave, please." The barber hid an amused grin at the latter part of the order and set to work. Being a conscientious fellow, he cut Steele's hair extra short, so as to give him full value for his thirty cents.

"Johnny" Edgar was noticed on the train last week industriously plying a needle and thread in a vain attempt to establish a connection between a button and his coat. It's very nice to be able to do an odd job, John, but you'd better not get the habit too strongly. You might find it advantageous not to be able to sew on buttons in later life.

Evidently business is "picking up" at the College Store since the Athletic Council entered the partnership. A cash register is needed now to hold the coin as it comes rolling in. Formerly the left hand pocket of Carey's jeans served the purpose.

Members of the Senior class are discussing the advisability of going to Atlantic City, Washington, or Lewes for their jubilee after Commencement. From the few hints that have thus far leaked out, the class expects to make the most of its "freedom party," no matter where it may be held.

EXPERT INSTRUCTION
in all the
MODERN DANCES
 Prices Moderate Classes for Beginners
 Address—
 McAVOY & JONES, Jr.
 College Gym
 (advt.)

Mike Fidance has signified his intention of leaving for the South in a few weeks. We understand that he has signed up with the Bushwha team in the

Federal league and expects to go on the spring training trip.

The old stunt of taking a cow into the Oratory has been equalled. The new trick is for each fellow in the class to take a horse into the second story of Recitation Hall. It is remarkable how quiet the horses keep.

DIRINGS-ROMMISSON

The 8.20 express from Wilmington to Newark was the scene of a very pretty if novel wedding on February 11. What makes the incident particularly interesting to Review readers is the fact that the groom was none other than our distinguished fellow student, B. Frank Rommisson. His blushing bride formerly was Miss Anna Dirings, of Wilmington and Newark.

The bride was tastefully attired in an imported travelling suit and wore a chic Tipperary turban.

The groom's gift to the bride was a large diamond La Valliere with platinum settings. Mr. and Mrs. Rommisson received the congratulations from the Commuters' Club in the form of a surprise shower of confetti and good wishes. "Robby," president of the club, sent the young people on their new path with his blessing.

After an extended wedding tour, the happy couple will reside at the home of the bride on East Eighth street, Wilmington.

At home after March first.

Dr. Vaughn—"Mr. Torbert, what's the difference between the theory of Unitarianism and that of the Trinity?"

Torbert—"Well, the Unitarians be-

lieve in but one God, while those who follow the doctrine of the Trinity believe in three—the Father, and the Son, but I don't know what the third one is."

Governor Miller and members of the State Legislature visited Newark Friday, January 15, on a trip of inspection to Delaware College, the Women's College, and the College Farm. The visitors, who arrived at ten o'clock, were met by Delaware College officials and citizens of Newark, and escorted to the College Farm, where the buildings and stock were inspected. After spending half an hour at the farm, the visitors were taken to the College Oratory where an informal reception was held. The Legislature was greeted by the entire student body headed by President Mitchell and other members of the faculty. Governor Miller, who presided at the informal gathering which followed, commented on the growth of the college, which is evidence of the fact that it is doing good and the people are appreciating it. The speaker told of a plan for the development of the college, which it is hoped to carry out. Additional buildings are to be erected and the scope of the college increased.

Short talks were given by President pro tempore J. H. Walker, of the Senate, Senator James B. Hickman, of Wilmington, Senator Samuel J. Furniss, of Bethel, Senator Charles Wharton, of Dover. Members of the House of Representatives who were heard from were speaker Charles H. Grantland, representatives Hervey Hall, of Smyrna, and H. C. Downward, of Wilmington. That everyone was having a jolly good time

was illustrated by the student cheers. At the request of Governor Miller the orchestra played "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," and the students made the hall ring with the words of the stirring chorus.

After the visitors had made an inspection of the college buildings, including the laboratories, shops, and gymnasium and the Joe Frazer Athletic Field, the Delaware College Cadet Corps gave an exhibition. The visitors were then escorted by the cadets to the Women's College, where they were welcomed by Dean Robinson and the faculty. After luncheon, which was served by the home economics department of the new college, the Governor and the members of the Legislature left for Dover.

Below is a little poem on old age by Mr. Hazo Barton, who has long been connected with the college. This is, we believe, his first published work, and we congratulate Mr. Barton on his ingenuity and poetic skill. In writing this poem he has shown far more spirit than most of the younger fellows around here whose only interest in the Review seems to be "When will the next issue be out?"

DE SENECTUTE

As I was going down the street,
Often do I meet
Some poor old man whose life is naught
but woe.
His aged form is bent,
In his pockets not a cent;
And no shelter, nowhere to go.
Relations by the score
Have kicked him from the door;—
If you ask him why it's done,

He'll answer you and say:

"I'm poor, I'm old, and only in the way."

Now let's cheer him up;
He won't be with us long.

The time will come when we'll be old,
And only in the way.

At a meeting of the Phi Kappa Phi, Honorary Fraternity, of Delaware College the following new members were initiated from the faculty: Dr. S. C. Mitchell, Dr. E. V. Vaughn; from the Senior class: Herman Little, H. F. Bennett, W. I. Brockson, J. L. Heyd, W. T. Manning, G. F. Alderson.

Dr. E. V. Vaughn, chairman of the Delaware College Extension Committee, announces the following lectures for February:

Assistant Professor Dutton: "The Spirit of American Literature," on February 12, New Century Club of Delmar; "The Poetry of the American Revolution," on February 26, at Milton; "Sidney Lanier," on February 27, Acorn Club of Seaford.

Professor Grantham: "The Origin of Our Cultivated Plants."

Professor McCue: "The Dooryard," on February 26, at Appleton.

Professor Rowan: "Our Bird Neighbors," on February 9, at Milton.

Professor E. L. Smith: "Great German Cities," on February 12, and "Paris" on February 19, both before the Wilmington Y. M. C. A.

Professor Sypherd: "Kipling as a Short Story Writer," on February 5, and "Literature and Life," on Febru-

ary 26, Willington Y. M. C. A.; "Literature and Life," on February 25, at Georgetown.

Professor Thompson: "Under the Southern Cross," on February 9, Parent-Teachers' Association of Lewes; on February 19, "Chemistry and Civilization," at Frankford.

Professor Vaughn: "Our Town," on February 5, at Frankford and on February 12, at Appleton; "Curious Facts in Delaware History," on February 16, New Century Club of Middletown, and Tuesday Club of Odessa. On February 22 Professor Vaughn will make an address at Elkton, Maryland, on some subject connected with early history of our country.

The first of several meetings planned for the help of colored farmers was held at Milford on Friday evening, January 22. The speakers were Dr. W. C. Jason, president, and Professors F. L. D. Parker and W. M. Henry of the Colored College at Dover.

THE LAMENT OF COMPANY E

I'm strong for the noble old college
(I'm stronger, of course, for the frat),
But I think it's grand to sit up in the
stand

And root for the team and all that;
I'm full of collegiate spirit,

My country, too, gives me a thrill,
I think it's immense but I can't see the
sense

Of militant tactics like drill—

I deeply deplore all this training for
gore,

I cannot approve of the drill!

I'm a wonder at wild celebrations,
Whenever we capture a game,
I've been pinched more'n once for my
sousified stunts

In toasting the Varsity's name;
But drill is a different matter,
My loyal young heart gets a chill
From this marching around on the rough
rocky ground,

I haven't much spirit for drill—
I'm strong, in my way, for the Old
U. S. A.,

But I'd rather not show it by drill!

I don't know a thing about tactics,
At shooting I'm worse than the dubs,
But drill is a crime when it takes so
much time

From dancing and rooting and clubs;
They tell me, of course, that I need it

To build up my strength and my skill,
But it's hard work and rough (I don't
care for that stuff),

So I can't see the reason for drill—
Though my heart it may bleed for my
country in need,

I haven't much patience with drill!

—Berton Braley.

On Thursday evening, January 7, Dr. William E. Linglebach, professor of Modern History, University of Pennsylvania, delivered the second of the historical series of lectures, held in the College Oratory during the winter. The speaker discussed "Some Basic Factors of the European War," basing his conclusions on a personal investigation in Europe, within the last six months. The greater part of the discussion related to conditions in Russia and England, the countries recently visited by Dr. Lingel-

bach. The speaker early last June arrived in Russia, where he took up his residence, in order to study the language and the social conditions of the people.

On Wednesday evening, January 20, at 8 o'clock, Mr. T. W. Price, of the General Electric Company, delivered a lecture on "The Application of Electricity to Farm Purposes."

On Saturday evening, February 13, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, gave a most interesting lecture on "The Tribulation of the Near East." Professor Hart is one of the foremost authorities on history now living. He is the editor of a number of historical publications, and the author of more than a dozen standard works on history.

On Tuesday evening, February 23, Professor J. A. Hudson, head of the department of philosophy of the University of Missouri, spoke on "The Probable Outcome of the World War." Professor Hudson has done much valuable work in philosophy and history. He has made a wide reputation in the middle West as a lecturer on various subjects.

A dance was given by the Town and Gown Club in the Newark Opera House on Thursday evening, February 11. The hosts for the evening were Messrs. H. L. Bonham, J. P. Cann, C. B. Evans, F. B. Hills, J. H. Hossinger, L. B. Jacobs, G. A. Koerber, W. A. Lintner, W. J. McAvoy, A. T. Neale, R. R. Pailthorpe, C. L. Penny, E. L. Smith, M. Van G. Smith, Z. H. Srager, W. H. Steel, W. O. Syphard, H. R. Tyson, J. P. Wilson, E. B. Wright, J. P. Wright, N. N. Wright.

The Junior Promenade given by the class of 1916 in the college gymnasium, Friday evening, February 5, was the usual social success. Many young folk, from all parts of Delaware, attended the dance.

The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with blue and gold bunting and electric lights and showed the untiring efforts of the class to make the dance a success. A large American flag bordered by blue and gold colored lights formed the centerpiece, while at each end streamers of blue and gold bunting attached to the balcony hung from a cluster of blue and gold lights.

Blue and gold lights as well as college banners and pennants hung around the balcony and completed the effect of blue and gold. The programs were of black leather with junior promenade, the class numerals and the college seal engraved on them. The ladies' program was a combination card and vanity case, while the gentlemen's program was a combination card and notebook.

The music was furnished by Jacob's Orchestra and the music as well as the orchestra's generosity in encores was the subject of much favorable comment. The orchestra, made up of ten pieces, included harp, drum, and bass viol.

A feature of the evening was the "moonlight dances," when all the lights, with the exception of a great cluster, in the form of a moon, were extinguished. The committee in charge was warmly complimented on this novel feature of the decorations.

The program consisted of twenty-five dances and over one hundred couples present danced until two o'clock. Dur-

ing the intermission refreshments were served in Recitation Hall.

The patronesses were: Mrs. S. C. Mitchell, Miss W. J. Robinson, Miss Eleanor Harter, Mrs. C. O. Houghton, Mrs. Elisha Conover, Mrs. C. A. Short, Mrs. A. E. Grantham, Mrs. C. L. Penny, Mrs. R. C. Reed, Mrs. T. F. Manns, Mrs. H. E. Tiffany, Mrs. G. E. Dutton, Mrs. H. H. Hillegass, Miss M. E. Rich, and Miss G. E. Brady.

Frank Miles Day, of Philadelphia, recently named consulting architect of Delaware College by the Trustees of that institution, to prepare plans for the possible future development of the college, visited Newark on Saturday, January 23, and visited the campus and buildings. It is understood the plan to be prepared will provide for the growth of the institution covering a period of twenty-five years.

In his inspection of the campus Mr. Day was accompanied by Henry B. Thompson, chairman of the special committee named to work in conjunction with the architect; Eben B. Frazer, a member of the committee; Dr. S. C. Mitchell, president of the college, and Professor Harry Hayward. Following the inspection luncheon was served at the home of Dr. Mitchell.

At the banquet of the Sons of Delaware of New York City, given at Delmonico's, Dr. Mitchell, president of the college, made the principal address. Governor Miller, who was to have made an address, was unable to be present.

Dr. Mitchell addressed the pupils of Wilmington High School on Monday, January 18.

The newly organized Parent-Teachers' Association of Newark made a splendid beginning Wednesday, January 27, when about one hundred and fifty persons, directly interested in the children of Newark, met together in the College Oratory. The president, Mrs. C. O. Houghton, presided. Dr. S. C. Mitchell addressed the meeting on the "Citizen's Support of the Community Schools."

Sergeant John Frazer, U. S. A., retired, has received an interesting letter from his son, Donald W. Fraser, who is serving with the Eighty-first Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Grant, Panama. The young man, who has served six years, tells of his promotion from private to first sergeant of his company.

Sergeant John Fraser, who served 30 years in the army, was retired several years ago.

On Monday morning, January 18, Physical Director McAvoy spoke at the chapel exercises on the subject of "College Athletics."

Among those who also spoke in chapel were Professors E. L. Smith, M. Van G. Smith, Z. H. Srager, A. C. Grantham, and C. A. Short. We all enjoy their talks very much. They add greatly to the chapel exercises.

The proposed bill now in the legislature repealing the exemption of frater-

nities from taxation has aroused a good bit of discussion. There have been several conferences between student committees of the fraternities and Mayor Hossinger and Dr. E. B. Frazer, who were appointed a committee by the Newark Council. This committee has also met with some Faculty members of the Fraternities. The passage of this bill will cause a great additional expense to the members of the fraternities.

Delaware has come to the fore in a unique way. It is published in the papers of the country that Benjamin William Ward, Jr., son of Benjamin W. Ward, Delaware College, 1912, and Agnes Miller, formerly of Newark, was awarded first prize in a better babies contest at Jellicoe, Tennessee, where his father is city superintendent of the schools. Congratulations, Benny. Remember to train your son for Delaware.

Agricultural Notes

The Horticultural Department of the Delaware Experiment Station had an interesting exhibit at the meeting of the Peninsula Horticultural Society held at Wilmington from January 12 to January 16. This exhibit comprised eighty varieties of Irish potatoes, showing the yield for the past season, eighty-five preserved varieties of peaches, plums, grapes, and currants, twenty-five plates of apples, pears and quinces, thirty plates of different varieties of grapes which have been in cold storage.

The County Agents from New Castle, Kent, and Sussex met with their State leader, Prof. H. Hayward, early last week, for the purpose of formulating plans and outlining policies, not only for the coming year, but for several years.

During the meeting of the Tri-State Canners' Convention held at Wilming-

ton on January 28, Professor C. A. McCue, Dr. Manns, and Dr. Taubenhaus, of the Delaware College Experiment Station, together with the plant pathologists of the New Jersey and Maryland Stations, outlined a plan for co-operative work in improving and increasing the yield of tomatoes of the coming season. The plan as outlined pays particular attention to spraying, breeding resident strains, and fertilization. Professor Norton, of the Maryland Station, secured remarkable increases in the yields of several varieties of tomatoes last year by spraying. For several years the Delaware College Experiment Station has been carrying on variety testing work and studying the fertilizer requirements of the tomato crop. This year the Station will carry on a number of experiments in spraying tomatoes.

Women's College of Delaware

Edited by MISS REGINA KURTZ, '18

On Saturday evening, January 23, Mr. Frank Schoonover, a well-known illustrator of Wilmington, gave an address at the Women's College on the work of the late Howard Pyle, under whom he studied.

On Saturday evening, January 16, the Delaware College Crescendo Club gave a concert at the Women's College to the Faculties and students of both colleges. This club is composed of E. W. Martin, '16, and Earl Souder, '15, violins; Marks, '18, cornet; D. A. Price, '16, flute; and Torbert, '15, piano.

On a recent Monday evening, an interesting basketball game between the "Big Ones" and the "Little Ones" was witnessed at the Women's College. A peculiar thing about the game was the fact that no basket and no ball were used. As one might expect, the score was 175 to 8 in favor of the "Big Ones."

Miss Bachrach has proven herself to be the most capable stump speaker in the Women's College, especially on the subject of Women's Suffrage.

On Saturday evening, February 6, Mr. Everett Johnson, in a very interesting talk at the Women's College, showed the value of catch words and phrases. His "hits" at the various members of the faculty were fully appreciated, as the laughter of his audience showed.

Bishop Kinsman, and Chancellor and Mrs. Curtis, were entertained at dinner

by Dean Robinson, on Monday evening, February 8.

Good college spirit was shown in the songs and yells given for Miss Thompson, Miss Frazer, and Miss Coale at the close of their first day as members of the "family" in Residence Hall. Miss Appleby of Wilmington has also been welcomed as a new day student.

Miss Lottie Baker has left the College, soon to go to Washington where she will take up a government position. We give her our cordial best wishes.

An engagement has been announced in the "colornary" department of the Women's College,—between the chief dishwasher and the assistant cook. We are free to give them our whole-hearted good wishes as they will stay on here.

Miss Mary E. Rich, professor of education at the Women's College, addressed the Tuesday Night Club of Bridgeville on January 26. Her subject was "The Responsibility of a Community toward its Children." During the day she visited the public schools and spoke on "The Value of a College Education" and "Books Appropriate to Different Ages."

Miss Myrtle V. Caudell, professor of home economics, attended a Farmers' Institute at Milford on Tuesday, February 2. Dean Robinson attended one at Lewes on Wednesday, February 3; and Miss Rich attended one at Milton on Thursday, February 4.

At the reception given by the faculty and students of the Women's College Saturday evening, January 23, Mrs. J. P. Cann and Miss Nellie Wilson rendered several vocal and instrumental selections.

The Delaware Association of College Women, at a meeting Thursday afternoon, endorsed the present child labor law and the Child Labor Commission as well as the ten-hour law. The plan of the Wilmington High School Alumni Association, for a seven member board, was also endorsed.

The annual election of officers was held, resulting as follows: President, Mrs. Horace Thayer; Vice-President, Mrs. Harry Hayward, of Newark; Secretary, Miss Minnie Edgar; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna W. Bird; Treasurer, Miss Josephine Prickett; Central Committee: Miss Mary H. A. Mather, Dean Robinson of Delaware College for Women, Mrs. C. E. Burchenal, Mrs. Thomas Davis, Miss Elinor Colby, Miss Mary Mullin, Miss Mabel Fowler, Mrs. D. B. Ferris, Mrs. Edward R. Mack, Mrs. Clifford J. Scott, Miss Mabel R. Golding.

Since the "five minute rule" at meals has been made, it is quite interesting to note the race for breakfast between Miss Robinson and Miss Brady. We are always much relieved when both succeed in passing the portals of the dining room by thirty-four minutes and fifty-nine seconds past seven.

We are sorry to report that "Bee" decided not to attend Billy Sunday's meeting after she heard that children were not admitted.

LOST—A seat in English I, described in the following document:
To the English Department of the Women's College of Delaware:

Official announcement of the resignation of Alice Jefferis from the class in Freshman English.

I, Alice Jefferis, devout and devoted scholar, being this instant informed, through sundry and multitudinous manifestations of the mind, that my sojourn in this place of residence is undoubtedly, and without controversy or repeal, of short duration, do hereby tender with most pathetic regret my resignation of seat number two, row number seven, of the English Salon of the main Corridor of Science Hall, and do in addition, with ocular organs crystallized in salt solution and cranium devoid of reason, relinquish all claim to Professor Gertrude E. Brady's gory writing fluid and Dr. W. O. Sypherd's caustic speaking appendage.

Resolved and penned on this twentieth day of the first month in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, by

Alice Jefferis.

Since she passed in "exams," please return the aforesaid chair to the former incumbent.

Alumni Notes

'91

Albert H. Raub was recently promoted to the position of associate superintendent of the public schools of Philadelphia. His selection was unanimous. Dr. Raub is assistant to Wm. C. Jacobs, the newly elected superintendent who succeeds Governor Brumbaugh. The educational career of Dr. Raub has been a very successful one. Immediately following his graduation, he was elected principal of Newark, N. J., schools. Later he was principal of one of the largest elementary schools of Pennsylvania for ten years. And since 1909 he has served as district superintendent in Philadelphia.

'95

William U. Reynolds is conducting a very profitable general merchandise business in Delaware City, Del.

'02

Henry Warburton, one of Maryland's prominent lawyers, is now referee in bankruptcy for Cecil county.

'04

Stanley G. Evans and his brother, Sterling, are conducting a large lumber, coal, and feed business in Elkton, Md.

'07

Lieut. Julian C. Smith of the United States Marine Corps is now stationed at League Island, Philadelphia.

'09

Clifford McIntire has a very lucrative position as superintendent of the E. I. duPont de Nemours Powder Company's Plant at Parlin, New Jersey.

'10

O. G. Hudson, who is in the employ of the Stone-Webster Engineering Corporation, has been transferred from Cornwall, Ontario, to Potsdam, New York, where he is field engineer of the operations in building a transmission layout thirty-five miles long.

'12

Charles Blake recently accepted a position as solicitor for the Home Light & Power Company, Elkton, Maryland.

'14

H. H. Morgan, for some years Assistant Chemist in the Agricultural Experiment Station at Delaware College, and who received his degree at Delaware last year, recently accepted a position as Chief Chemist at the E. I. duPont de Nemours Powder Company's plant at Parlin, New Jersey. Mr. Morgan has had an interesting career. He received part of his education at Cornell. For five years he was chemist for the American Smelting & Refining Company, Aguascalientes, Mexico, and for the last few years he has been connected with the Delaware Agricultural Experiment Station.

E. K. Hoch is now Reading Clerk in the Delaware House of Representatives.

The following alumni attended the Junior Promenade held in the College gymnasium Friday evening, February 5, 1915: C. A. Taylor, '12; W. E. Lind, '14; R. D. Foster, '13; W. M. Francis, '08; James Taylor, ex-'15; W. O. Syphard, '96; and G. E. Dutton, '04.