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# Delaware College Review.

VOL. XIX.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 3.

## LITERARY.

CHARLES W. BUSH, Editor.

### NATURE'S CHILD.

Only a hundred yards from Miller's Falls in Western Massachusetts lay the ruins of an old stone house. Lovers of mountain streams who visit this picturesque spot and watch the swift-flowing stream dash over the rocks to the waters fifty feet below, never see in this massive heap of fallen walls anything except the fact that it lends rusticity to the scene. Perhaps now and then one may wonder how long since smoke issued from the chimney yet standing, but only those natives of the Rip Van Winkle type know the history and romance connected with the place. It is the romance that endears the old ruins to the memory of the inhabitants.

Back in the early colonial days, when Western Massachusetts was very thinly settled by the white man, this building was purchased by a Mr. John Antino, who had moved there with his wife and only child, a bright promising girl of twelve years.

John Antino, a native of Italy, was a man of liberal education, fond of books, and from his childhood up was fond of living alone, and observing life and human

character as a recluse. In Italy his only sister had been betrayed by a treacherous youth, who left her to die heartbroken in the home of her brother, John Antino. This, together with a series of misfortunes, all caused by another's deceit, rendered Mr. Antino adverse to any dealings with man whatever. He had no faith in the realities of human friendship. To bring his sweet, innocent child up in the company of vile men, and have her pure life contaminated with social ills and deceits, he thought would be heartless, so he migrated to Massachusetts in the year 17— to seek a home and life among the wild pine forests of the Green Mountains, where he could be isolated from all human society, and devote his entire time to the culture and development of his only love—his daughter, who was now beginning her teens. Accordingly, this would-be recluse, secured this small plot of earthly possession near the falls, as before mentioned.

Here the family of Antino lived unsought and unvisited for seven long happy years. The Indians had found him peaceable and friendly, and often, as Antino was on his way to the village to buy provisions, he would stop with the Indians and relate stories about the deceitful white man, so they left his family unmolested.

Mr. Antino was not without employment during these years. He had a small piece of ground to cultivate, and when not thus engaged, busied himself in the training of his daughter, Julia. He told her of his unhappy relations with the world, and why he had withdrawn from it. In the evenings they would talk of Italian lands, read books together, and then Julia would retire, pondering over these things so very foreign to her experience. In the mornings Julia would ramble over the hills, and when weary would sit down upon a favorite rock just beside the falls. When other pursuits became monotonous she would spend hours upon this endeared spot, and watch the ever-noisy waters as they dashed over the immovable rocks. Here she feasted her mind on nature studies, and loved its every aspect with the ardor of a poet. She was nature's child. Her form was beautiful. It had received only the unartful care of nature, but when she passed her nineteenth birthday it had produced in her a specimen of rare womanly beauty.

One night when the cold March winds were blowing without Julia sat with her father and listened to his favorite subject. He said to her, "I have loved you, my daughter, all a father could love a child. You have become beautiful and perfect in my sight, yet not without alarms to me. So long as you remain with us, and never look upon the face of a man, your father will be happy, but if you once see the charms of the world and give ear to its enchantments you will fall a victim to all its imperfections."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, the first time in all those seven years. Its sound was so strange, so appealing,

that all were motionless with wonder and fear. Presently the same unusual sound was made upon the old weather-beaten door. "What do you want?" responded Julia's Father in a sharp, unhospitable tone. "A man, dying from wounds, seeks admission," came a voice half drowned by the winds, yet so pitiful that Julia fell before her father and begged him to admit the poor fellow. She quite forgot any connection his admission might have with her father, dreadful forebodings to which she had listened only a few minutes before. But Mr. Antino knew well that to admit the stranger would mean the ruin of his happy existence, so he said, "My Daughter, he shall never enter this house." "But, Father," said Julia, "shall the poor man die at our door? Shall his blood stain the steps of a heartless home?" Some faint cries of agony could be heard, and Julia was now desperate in her appeal for mercy. "My Daughter," said Mr. Antino, "this marks the turning point in the happiness of our quiet lives," whereupon he opened the door, and on the cold steps lay the unconscious man. They brought him in, and when they had dressed his wounds, as best as they could, they laid him on a comfortable bed. Though a sufferer himself, he had brought with him that balm which alone can heal the melancholy loneliness of isolation.

When, after a few days of Julia's careful nursing, he was able to collect himself sufficiently, he told how on a hunting expedition he and his companions had been attacked by Indians, how that all had been killed, except him, and how that he had killed their chief and escaped wounded, and in wandering about saw the light in their window and made his



way to the house. His voice was mild, and he exhibited deep gratitude to Julia for her kindness. But who his nurse was, and why such a perfect beauty was so apart from the great appreciative world, was to him a mystery.

When he was convalescing and able to walk out into the spring sunshine, Julia would join him for long strolls over the mountains. It was on one of these pleasant occasions that he learned of her history, and she, too, had gathered much about the great world. As the days went by a new vision dawned upon her. She began to see a more beautiful life, and to feel a joy foreign to all past experience. She was in love with Augustus Simpson.

One evening, not long after Julia and Augustus began to be in love, they sat near the window in a large room where Mr. and Mrs. Antino were busily engaged in looking at some old relics. The moon shone brightly upon the stream as it rolled smoothly over the falls. The old familiar scene never looked so beautiful as it did that night. But their thoughts were disturbed by strange figures along the stream. It was a band of Indians rapidly approaching the house. As they came nearer, it was evident their intention was to do harm. Suddenly they rushed upon the house with frightful shrieks, that made the brave Antino leap from his chair and rush to the door to ascertain the meaning of these strange sounds. They had come, they said, to demand the "white man" who had killed their old chief and escaped. They had seen him, they said, walking one day with Miss Julia over the hills. The moon was then hidden behind a cloud, and if Augustus Simpson was not delivered to them before its reappearing the entire family would be massacred.

Julia and her parents determined to ignore the threats, rather than deliver over Augustus, who had become, as it were, an adopted member of the peaceable home; but Augustus would not consent to this. "I will," he said, "surrender myself, and save the sweet Julia and her parents." "But you shall not meet death alone," said Julia; "I will follow you and die in the struggle for your safety."

The moon had begun to peep from behind the clouds, the chief Indian looked up, and then gave the signal for attack. Augustus, with his sword, rushed through the half-dozen Indians, and, reaching their chief, began his struggle for life. By his side was Julia, who had fought her way with Augustus to the chief. Then, when they began to close in on the youthful pair, Antino and his courageous wife rushed upon them, only to fall side by side in death. Then, turning to aid their chief, they found him prostrate in death. Filled with consternation they fled, leaving the horses of their chief and comrade behind.

The grief-stricken Julia bent over the lifeless forms of her parents. Had she anything now to live for, she reflected, and then it dawned upon her that nature had not yet developed its perfect child.

To remain in that remote spot for even one more day would mean certain death; so mounting the steeds, Julia and Augustus rode off through the dense pines.

Next morning in the village of Greenwood two riders drew up their horses in front of a house where neighbors had rushed to tell the heart-broken parents that Augustus, their supposed dead son, was returning. There was joy in the home that day, but nothing compared to that one week later, when the village rector read in the presence of a host of friends his "vade mecum." J. H. M., '03.

## BOB WHITE.

It was early in the morning of a bright hot day in the second week of July that Bob White, with sixteen brothers and sisters, was hatched. He was just an ordinary little cock-partridge hatched rather late in the season. His mother had laid nineteen eggs in the early part of June, but a big freshet had washed away her nest, and she had barely escaped with her life. However, instead of wasting her life mourning, she and her husband immediately set to work to build another nest. It was in this second nest that our friend Bob was hatched.

After giving their children a short time to dry their feathers, the old birds led them forth to search for their first meal, the father acting as an advance and the mother as a rear guard. When poor Bob had gone about two feet he fell into a tremendous pit made by the hoof of a horse, which had crossed the field after a rain. Bob at once set up an indignant protest, and his mother, after warning him to keep quiet for fear of skunks, foxes, weasels and numerous other enemies, at once set about rescuing him. She bravely hopped down into this immense depression in the earth's crust, and, after quieting Bob's fears, she managed to get him to stand on the back of her wing, and, by a vigorous flirt, she tossed him out on level ground.

For several days everything went on serenely, the whole family industriously hunting insects, while the old birds patiently taught the young their signals, dangers to be avoided, and how to behave in case of danger.

But early one morning a skunk, returning home after an unsuccessful night's

hunt, ran across the fresh trail of the unsuspecting family. In a short time Bob's mother became aware of their pursuer, and did everything she knew how to throw him off the trail, but the skunk was an old hand and knew all her tricks. He paid no attention to her, but continued in pursuit of the young birds.

The first thing the birds had been taught to do was to squat and remain perfectly motionless in case of danger. But this did no good in case of the skunk, who soon smelled out one of Bob's brothers, a daring fellow, and a particular friend of Bob's. In the delay which followed the others hastened on for several rods, but for some mysterious reason the skunk seemed satisfied with one small partridge for breakfast, and did not molest them further.

Bob's next exciting adventure was with a hawk which swooped down at him, but, by good fortune, the little fellow happened to be within a few feet of a thick black-berry bush, and he scurried under this, knowing that there he would be safe from all hawks. Bob rapidly grew in strength and knowledge, learning the ways of the partridge world by experience.

About the middle of October the old birds concluded that there would not be enough cover in their present feeding grounds for the gunning season and the winter following, so they decided to travel. Of course, they traveled principally on foot, using their wings only when they had to cross a stream, or when danger approached. In the course of their travels they wandered into a small town and stopped under some evergreen trees on a lawn. Here a big tom cat flushed them by springing at Bob. By good fortune,



however, he missed, only pulling out two or three feathers. The birds were now completely bewildered, and several, including Bob, flew into an open window of a college dormitory, where they were captured by some students, who took them out on the campus, and, after amusing themselves for a while, let them go. The covey soon called its members together, and continued on its journey.

About a mile from the town they came upon a large thickly-grown swamp, which bordered on one side of a stubble field. The old birds thought this was an ideal partridge home, there being cover and food in abundance, so they decided to settle here.

A few days later they made a new and undesirable acquaintance, a lemon and white setter dog. They heard some large animal rushing about through the field; soon he caught their scent, and approached them slowly and cautiously. Then they heard the voice of a man warning the dog to be careful. The dog crouched low and came up to within about five yards of the birds, where he stopped, with his glowing eyes fixed full upon them, frightened and squatting. To an observer at a distance the dog looked as if carved of stone, but, in reality, he was shivering in every fibre with suppressed excitement. Then the birds heard a heavier tread, which came slowly up to the dog, who now advanced step by step. This was too much for the overstrained nerves, and nine of the birds sprang into the air with a loud whir of wings. Two loud reports immediately followed, and then the rest of the covey sprang up and hurtled toward the thicket. Bob had been among the last to flush, and thus escaped unshot at. Of the first nine seven lit in various spots along a fringe of

low bushes. The other two fell victims to the unerring eye and hand, and the wild desire to kill, seemingly inherent in every man, especially if he be of Anglo-Saxon descent.

The sportsman followed the seven which had pitched in the low bushes, but, after killing four of them, he called off his dog, and left the remainder in peace, thus proving that he was a sportsman, and not a mere butcher.

After a few more experiences with gunners, Bob and his companions learned to stay in the thickets most of the time, coming out only in the morning and evening to feed, and retreating to almost impenetrable bushes on the approach of danger. By these precautions Bob and seven others survived the gunning season.

But their worst enemy was yet to come. When deep snow covered the ground the hawks had the partridges almost completely at their mercy. But worse even than this was the time when the rain froze as it fell, and everything was covered with a thick coating of ice; then, indeed, poor Bob had to work for a living. Without the aid of the gunner who had shot his comrades earlier in the fall, probably none of his comrades would have survived the winter. The gunner, however, brought out to the woods several bushels of wheat, and, after clearing a place on the ground, he protected it with a covering of ever-green branches. Bob and the old two remaining members of his family soon learned this place, as did also four birds—birds of another covey in the same swamp. It was one of these strange birds whose acquaintance Bob made at the artificial feeding ground that became his mate the next spring, when they raised a brood which enacted over again the tragedy of partridge life.

*Michael*

### THE STORM.

The day is hot and sultry and the breeze has died away. Soon the wind begins to freshen and light grey clouds swiftly cross the sky like huge birds. The swallows appear and circle through the air. The leaves are whirled hither and thither as the wind grows stronger.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the heavens are darkened by great black clouds and the day becomes as dark as night. The wind, in the meantime, has increased in fury and howls among the tree tops. The lightning plays about the heavens and the thunder crashes like artillery. Large drops of rain begin to fall.

Soon the water falls in torrents and the Storm King reigns supreme. The brooks and small streams are crowded to overflowing and large trees are hurled to the ground by the force of the wind. The black clouds give way to those of a yellowish tint which now cover the sky.

The thunder has ceased though the lightning still flashes. The rain begins to slacken and the sky grows brighter in the west. Soon the sun begins to show himself and the clouds rapidly disappear.

Now the grandest part of the storm is seen. In the east appears a most beautiful rainbow which shows out clear against the retreating clouds, reaching high into the heavens. The rain has ceased and the storm is over. E. H. L., '06.



### THE LABYRINTH.

Pusey Walters had just finished his breakfast, filled his pipe, and started out on a brisk walk to get his morning mail. He soon fell to musing and was walking leisurely along, when his meditations were broken by, "Hello, Pusey, old man," which

simultaneously broke forth from the lips of two stalwart young fellows who were standing right in his path. There was a "Glad to see you, fellows," and a hearty hand shake, for the two mentioned were no other than Henry Gail and Arthur Bradway, two of Pusey's old college chums who had unexpectedly run over to see him. Pusey was overjoyed to see them, for he had been quite lonesome since he moved to West Grove.

The three walked on down to the post-office and then back home where the morning was spent telling tales and jokes, intermingled with the many funny experiences they had had while at college.

After lunch the boys took a short drive, returning about three o'clock. Then Pusey suggested that they go over to the old quarry which is about a mile across the country. And as the boys studied geology and mineralogy the suggestion met their hearty approval.

The quarry is circular in form, about 150 to 200 feet deep, and about as many yards from side to side, with a fringe of half-grown oaks strung around the top. There is no way of getting into it except by means of a rope and bucket which is let down and drawn up by an odd-looking engine which struck the boys as being very funny. Nevertheless after some hesitancy, they got into the bucket and were let down.

At the bottom they found a pond, which is quite deep, especially along one bank, for the side of the quarry at this place runs up perpendicularly, and is composed of limestone which is laid down in long white layers that glisten like a bank of snow in the sunlight.

Soon Henry spied in the opposite side of the quarry an opening, which is the en-



trance to the main shaft of the underground mine, and made a start for it, but Pusey beckoned him back saying that they would all go over later on.

The pond has an underground outlet which at one time, no doubt had been a simple fissure in the rocks. This fissure had become wider and wider by the action of the water, until now it is large enough to let a small boat go through it. So they agreed to make the trip. Arthur got the little bateau that was tied at the upper end of the pond, and they were soon paddling into the mouth of the outlet. Henry lighted a candle they had brought along, and stuck up on the bow of the boat.

The sides and arch of the outlet are very irregular. These irregularities, in the flickering candle light made fantastic shadows, which together with the dampness, sense of weight and the coolness of the place, produced a sensation that was anything but agreeable. Notwithstanding that each one said "Let's go through," before they reached the end they wished they were back on the pond again, for all along the way the water had worn ledges in the rock upon which lizzards, snakes and tortoises had crawled. They were so green, slimy, cold and repulsive that when the boys reached the outside, Henry and Arthur declared that if Pusey wanted to take the boat back he could do so alone, so they tied the boat and walked back over the hill to the quarry.

They arrived just in time to see the workmen leaving the pit, and Pusey knew the watchman. And as soon as they got down in the quarry again they made straight for the underground shaft.

This main shaft is about thirty feet

wide and runs back several hundred feet. From this main opening the workmen had branched out in all directions and as they were removing only a certain kind of rock, they left great irregular chambers some of which were connected by small arched openings. The workmen laid planks from one to the other of these archways, so that they could wheel out the rock.

Pusey lighted the candle, left from the boat-ride, fastened it on his hat and they walked slowly through the shaft. As soon as they came to the chambers, the main shaft no longer delighted them. So with Pusey in the lead they entered the first chamber. It's sparkling walls made them anxious to see what the next one contained, and thus they went from one to the other, until they were far back in the mine.

Pusey suggested that they had gone far enough, and, in his endeavor to get in front of the other two, slipped from the plank. Down and out went the candle. Match after match was wasted in their fruitless hunt for the candle, and after the last one was struck, they stood shivering and shaking like three children lost in the woods.

The suspense was awful, seconds seemed years. Every sound vibrated through the chambers and came echoing back like the voices of a myriad of mocking imps. Finally Pusey found courage enough to say he could find the way out. So clinging to one another they crept slowly along, fearfullest at any moment they would slip from the plank and be thrown they knew not where.

On and on they crept hoping that they would soon reach the main shaft. But

in returning they had switched off in another direction. As their mistake dawned on them they were about to give up all hopes of ever getting out, when Henry sang out, light!

In a few seconds they were huddled together at a little opening in the side of the quarry about fifty feet above the main entrance. Their cries attracted the watchman who let down the bucket, and after some skillful maneuvering they were brought to the top, none the worse for their thrilling experience. J. T. D., '03.



#### BRUTUS.

Brutus was weak, easily deceived, not wicked. His terrible deed was the result of cunningly-patted vanity and a consequent misconception of duty. His deed was revolting, but his motives were sincere, nay more, shall we not say lofty? He presents the striking anomaly of a man committing a horrible crime, yet actuated by a noble patriotism and a belief that what he did was for the good of his beloved Rome.

He foully murdered his generous friend, but so great was his love of Rome that he regarded Cæsar's life a small sacrifice to offer up on her altars.

The fault of Brutus was not in his heart but in his judgment. That he did wrong we do not deny, but that he intended to do wrong, we cannot believe. Through his faulty judgment his very virtues were transformed into vices. His honesty, which misled him into listening to the dangerous words of Cassius, yea his very patriotism, these were the causes of his downfall.

Is it not right and just that a man should be censured more for pernicious

plotting than for being victimized into committing crime? Is not the dupe of duplicity rather to be pitied than execrated?

Let us then in justice and charity to Brutus have always in mind the words of that brilliant orator and warm friend of Cæsar's, Mark Anthony: "This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the conspirators, save only he, did that they did in envy of great Cæsar. He only, in a general honest thought, and common good to all made one of them. His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

E. C. H., '03.



#### EXCHANGE.

HERMAN L. WRIGHT, '03.

The exchanges received in November seem to be resuming their old-time form, and filling up with good wholesome reading and college news. A very good example of this is *The Oracle*, from which we clip the following:

"We have a King and two Squires in our midst. Our piety is sustained by the two Bible characters, Moses and Matthew. We have adopted the Spear as our weapon, our favorite fruit, the Berry, our colors, White and White, our animal, the Wolf, our motto, "Never be as hard as Flint, but always Willing." We have a good quality of Wood, a Tart when we are hungry. We have a Cook and a Taylor, and Nichols enough for the whole class."



We have added *The Tar Heel* to our list of exchanges. It gives promise of being an interesting contemporary, and we are glad to receive it.



*The Ursinus Bulletin* has merged into the *Ursinus Weekly*. *The Weekly* is always filled with interesting happenings of its College, but it is a question whether the editors have done the right thing or not. The present form of *The Weekly* leaves little or no space for genuine literary matter—the product of the college mind, and the part by which a college paper is judged. The absence of this essential feature is very notable in the issues that we have received.



We are pleased to again welcome the *William and Mary College Monthly* to our table. It is full of good substantial reading matter, both editorial and literary. "Beowulf, the Man," is well written, and shows considerable study of the subject. "The Signorita's Request" interests us for a while, but the denouement is rather weak. "A Prophecy Fulfilled" is worthy of mention. The poetry, also, should be praised. "An Old Story Newly Told" embodies much more than its title signifies.



The November issue of *The Punch Bowl* is the football and turkey number. Its prominent characteristics are some very good poetry, and the sketches by Schamberg and Bickley. The drawing, entitled, "Ard He Won More Than the Game," deserves particular notice, as does the poem, "Rudolphus at the Goal."



A welcome visitor to our table is *The Maroon Monthly*. It comes to us full of splendid stories and sketches. "For the Faith" is the best of the number, but not the most interesting. Others are "Stragglers," "Off Belle Island," "A Romance in Our School," "An Unsentimental Journey," and "No Gentleman."

In the *St. John's Collegian* we find much to attract us. The editorials are well written, and their sentiments well-meaning. The number is full of literary products. "His Proxy" is very good, as is "Jarvis and the Girl in Black," a pleasing little incident. "An Enthusiast" describes a laughable piece of pettifoggery, and "An Experience" is well written, especially the dialect.



"I hear the Orang Outang sprained his ankle."

"Oh, I see, a sort of a monkey wrench."  
—Punch Bowl.



Whenever Dolly deigns to play  
All of my sense she takes from me  
In thrall of music sad or gay,  
Whenever Dolly deigns to play.  
Likewise at whist or ecarte,  
Her pow'rs have equal witchery;  
Whenever Dolly deigns to play  
All of my cents she takes from me.  
—Georgetown College Journal.



Mr. H., the football enthusiast, is suffering from concussion of the brain. Johnnie dreamed he was bucking center, and butted the head board off his bed.—Ex.



Lack of space prevents us from discussing the merits of our other exchanges, *New Mexico Collegian*, *Hedding Graphic*, *Washington Collegian*, *Manitou Messenger*, *Maryville College Monthly*, *Montpelier, Vt., Phoenix*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Collegian Forense*, *College Signal*, *College Monthly*, *The Reveille*, *Haverfordian*, *The Forum*, *Wyoming Student*, *Western University Courant*, *F. & M. Weekly* and *The Phoenix*.

### Y. M. C. A.

The Junior Bible Class, studies in Old Testament Characters, is one of the most interesting of the different Bible Study Classes. At the beginning of the year the leader had some difficulty in getting the men interested, but that is gradually being overcome. Now, that winter is upon us, let us work up this class. There is no more football or outdoor sports for a while, and we must make the most of this time. Those who are regular attendants at the Class feel that it is time well spent. The Class meets every Thursday afternoon at 3.45 o'clock in Professor Smith's recitation room.



The Freshman Bible Class is doing good work, although there have not been so many in attendance as could be desired. However, those who do come are taking active interest in the work, and all feel repaid for the time spent. It is the object of this class to study the life of Christ thoroughly, for we think that He is a model which all young men need to imitate. Another interesting and helpful feature of the work is a discussion of any temptation to which a young man is liable while at college. This work is taken up after the general lesson is over. I should be glad to meet more of the Freshmen in my class every Thursday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.



### LOCALS.

B. FERGUSON, '04.

"Ha, ha, ha, Lockwood; you are worse than Mount Pelee," said Doctor Wolf when Lockwood sneezed.

It is said that McCabe turns pale when he sees a policeman.

Professor C. (to Sambo, who is reading Latin): "Mr. Marshall, does your voice hurt you?"

"Now, see here; you boys can't play in my physical laboratory if you don't bring books with you."

Why didn't we have any milk for supper Sunday night? "Darn that black cat!"

Last Sunday morning Cooper went to church, and while he was looking around to see if any admiring eyes were directed towards him, a fair maid from the hill entered and passed up the aisle. Cooper spied her, and, turning to Freshman James who was sitting beside him, said: "Do you know that girl?" "No," replied Jesse. "That is the swellest girl in town," said Cooper; "she is the one I am rushing."

Doctor W.: "Now, Anderson, please take your hand down from your face; they will grow fast enough without any coaxing."

Overheard. First student: "You can always tell when Cooper writes a letter."

Second student: "How?"

First student: "See him out in the hall trying to borrow a stamp or two cents."

Some funny things happened to several of the boys as the football team was going across New York City, for it was the first time that some of them had ever seen New York. Two or three of the boys, and Rocky in particular, threw their heads back so far to gaze up at the high buildings that they couldn't keep their hats on. Rocky took a shoestring from his pocket, and, tying it to his hat, passed it under his chin; then he could look in



any direction he pleased. Joe was hungry, as usual, and went into a restaurant to look for something to eat. Realizing how green he looked, he thought he would go to the rear of the room and attract as little attention as possible. When he thought he was just half-way back his progress was suddenly stopped, and, looking around to see who had struck him, he saw his own image glaring at him. He had run against a looking-glass. Someone said he saw a building so high that it took two looks to see the top.

Wright went gunning with Elkton friends last week, and although he shot quite a number of birds, they all fell among bushes, and he was able to find but one to bring home with him.

The local columns of THE REVIEW, as well as those of certain other college publications, were severely criticised in a recent issue of the Haverfordian. In part it said: "There is one feature of certain of our esteemed contemporaries against which we wish to register our protest. This is the custom of publishing a page or more of *inane* and unintelligible locals or personals." It then cites a few examples, among which are two taken from THE REVIEW. Continuing, it said: "Stuff like this would lower the tone of a preparatory school paper, and should not appear in publications purporting to be college magazines." We are always glad to have our work criticised, but in this case it seems that the critic is not exactly just in his statement. The local columns of THE REVIEW, as well as those of other publications, are written and printed for the benefit of local readers, and are not supposed to interest anyone else. Every local that is printed in THE REVIEW is

intelligible to the students and to local readers, although they may not appear *inane* to other readers. We often see in our daily papers such locals as these: "Mrs. Smith is visiting Mrs. Brown. Mr. Jones and Miss Wood were married last evening, etc." This, of course, is very uninteresting and stupid reading to us who do not know the Smith's, Brown's, Wood's and Jones', but is it right for us to criticise these papers for printing such stuff? It interests someone else, and can each one say, "Why does that paper print anything that does not interest me. We believe the correct thing for us to do in such a case is to merely pass on to something that is of interest to us, and leave the *inane* locals to those who can understand them.



#### THE 20TH CENTURY BELLE.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern.  
 "You must set this matter right;  
 "What time did that Sophomore leave,  
 "Who sent up his card to-night?"

"His work was pressing, Father dear,  
 "And his love for it was great;  
 "He took his leave and went away  
 Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came in her bright blue  
 eyes,  
 And her dimple deeper grew,  
 "It's surely no sin to tell him that,  
 For a *quarter* of eight is two."—Ex.



#### A LOCAL.

One of the Wilmington *star* papers is, as is its proclivity in all announcements, stating our football games incorrectly. We trust this upstart proprietor will, in the near future, improve the veracity of his journal statements.

....THE....

*Delaware College Review.*

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

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

DELAWARE COLLEGE, DECEMBER, 1902.

**The Editor's Page**

WILLIAM P. CONSTABLE.

**Notice to Department Editors.**

All matter for publication in the January REVIEW must be handed to the Editor-in-Chief, written in ink, by December 19th. Remember the apothegm, "Promptness is essential to success." It applies here as elsewhere.

A meeting of the Department Editors will be held on Wednesday, December 10, at 3.45 p. m., for the transaction of important business.

**SCHOLARSHIP.**

THE Faculty has wisely raised the minimum passing mark from five to six. All good schools and colleges require at least this average as a preliminary to advancement into a higher class. This will strengthen the standard of scholarship and nerve each one in the race to reach the higher goal.

We should not wait till the day preceding the examination before rigidly reviewing our text-book. It is too late then to bemoan our <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ eminent fate. Cramming may be the means of passing, but knowledge acquired in this manner remains a short time. The work should be reviewed until we realize that it is pigeon-holed in the mind. This intensification of the subject to be remembered upon the mind is the only intelligent

method for retaining the thoughts of others.

If it is more difficult for some to learn, let them plod, ever holding before them the model of the rabbit and the tortoise; for it is well-established that the laurels of victory crown not the sluggish and indolent, but the patient and persevering.

~  
\* GRATITUDE.

OUR national day of Thanksgiving has returned and we trust all have given their sincere thanks for the benefits conferred. Some, however, were among the less favored and instead of their experience being pleasure their path was strewn with bitterness and regret. Even the latter unfortunates feel constrained to be grateful in the remembrance of how much worse their troubles might have been. Each one, who regards himself as owing no gratitude, must emphatically state that his misfortunes were the limit of possibility. Many such pessimists, unhappily, live among us, who fail to recollect every past gracious act unrequited.

We college students ought to be thankful that the freedom of the library is less restricted than formerly, even if our societies, those most valuable additions to college culture, are lying on the bed of death, gasping for breath, and bidding a sad and affectionate farewell to their disciples. Again, we ought to render thanks that we are enabled to attend this institution. How many earnestly wish that they might occupy our positions and appreciate, better than we, the manifold honors that may await us above this stepping stone.

Our college, we are fully prepared to



say, is just commencing her great work. The influx of new students caused the remodeling of our dormitory, the expense for which the legislature of the Diamond State so generously contributed. It is fitted with all the most modern conveniences which the old building lacked.

Our Faculty, <sup>the best</sup> that the highest inducements could secure, is interested in the latest methods of education and instruction. Here our minds may be <sup>better</sup> sharpened as each professor has the personal supervision of his class, which is not possible in the larger universities.

We trust that in the near future a well equipped gymnasium may be bestowed, for which the student body will justly and unhesitatingly bow in silent prayer for the erection of one of the most important of college buildings. Until then our gymnasium had better be left unmentioned.



## INTER-COLLEGIATE.

WM. R. M. WHARTON, Editor.

The sixty-third anniversary of the founding of the Virginia Military Institute was observed on November the eleventh, by a suspension of academic duties.



Professor Kuhn Francke, of Harvard University, who has just returned from his Sabbatical years abroad, spent in behalf of the German Museum, says that Emperor William's gift of cases to Harvard may be looked for in February.



Robert Bacon was as conspicuous at Harvard a little more than twenty years ago as he is now as the partner of J.

Pierpont Morgan. Handsome Bob Bacon they called him at Cambridge. He was Harvard's football captain in '79, and there never was a finer physical specimen on Harvard's eleven. More than six feet tall, broad shouldered and powerful, he was an ideal of the students as a football player in those days.



At the convention of the Association of Colleges in Baltimore next week, Dr. Fullerton of the University of Pennsylvania will discuss the relations of the faculty of an institution of learning to the trustees. It would be well for our faculty and trustees to go in a body to hear Dr. Fullerton and learn the relation they bear to each other.



Henry Clay Frick, the former steel magnate, will give to the city of Pittsburgh a good University that will make the much talked of Polytechnic School of Andrew Carnegie's look insignificant.

Mr. Frick will not only pay for the erection of the buildings but will donate the ground upon which the University is to be erected and then set \$2,500,000 aside as an endowment fund. We admire both Mr. Carnegie's and Mr. Frick's generosity but think that if the spirit of rival generosity was eliminated and one of free and full generosity for the good they can do with their money was substituted, both these institutions would be better able to start on their career of tutoring the American youth.



## ATHLETIC.

GEORGE E. DUTTON, Editor.

### FOOTBALL.

The annual game with John Hopkins

*Mention Shorts*

University, which was this year scheduled for October 25th, at Newark, was canceled by Hopkins.

Instead of this, the management of the Delaware team fortunately secured the substitution of the University of Maryland. Although Maryland out-weighed Delaware twelve pounds to the man, Delaware won by a score of 6-0.

A large delegation of Delaware's adherents witnessed the game, and it is a lamentable fact that their pleasure was continually marred by the constant disputing of the players.

Neither side scored in the first half. In the second half Bevan punted and Smith fumbled the ball, a Delaware man falling on it. The umpire however decided against Delaware and gave the ball to Maryland, but Delaware then held and regained the ball on downs. In two more minutes Green skirted left end for twenty yards and a touchdown. Bevan kicked the goal. No more scores were made although the game was hotly contested. The line-up was as follows:

DELAWARE.	U. OF MARYLAND.
Powell.....	L. E.....Hodgson
Wharton (Capt).....	L. T.....Mitchell (Capt)
Ferguson.....	L. G.....Koelz
Hessler.....	C.....Boughman
Marshall.....	R. G.....McCann, Smith
Davis.....	R. T.....Jackson
Shonlein.....	R. E.....Brent
Wilson.....	Q. B.....Bird, Sloan
Green.....	L. H. B.....Winslow
Lawson.....	R. H. B.....Hala
Bevan.....	F. B.....McCardell

Referee—P. Cann, Delaware '01; Umpire—Dr. Whithurst, M. A. C.; Timekeepers—R. B. Kyle, Delaware '03; Linesmen—Gooden, Delaware; Bird, University of Maryland; Touchdown—Green; Goal—Bevan; Time—Twenty and fifteen-minute halves.



The game between St. Johns and Del-

aware, played at Annapolis, ended in a defeat for Delaware. Members of the Lafayette college football team who were on the side lines, say that Delaware clearly out-played St. Johns and that the score might have been different, had Delaware been given the benefit of some of the doubtful decisions. During the game Green had his collar bone broken, which put him out of the game for the remainder of the season.

The final score was eleven to nothing. The line up was as follows:

DELAWARE COLLEGE.	ST. JOHNS.
Powell.....	L. E.....Smith Cronin
Wharton (Capt).....	L. T.....Cooper
Ferguson.....	L. G.....Mudd
Hessler.....	C.....Green
Marshall.....	R. G.....Harrison
Davis.....	R. T.....Halbert
Shonlein.....	R. E.....Hopkins
Wilson.....	Q. B.....Brown
Green.....	L. H. B.....Beatty
Lawton.....	R. H. B. Smith Gary (Capt.)
Bevan.....	F. B.....Duvall

Umpire—Short Delaware; Referee Professor Chew, St. Johns; Touchdown—Beatty and Cronin; Goal—Green, St. John's; Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.



## DELAWARE LOST.

In a game that was characterized by plucky playing Rutgers defeated Delaware November 15, by a score of 15 to 12. Delaware demoralized Rutgers in the start by making two touchdowns in quick order. Wilson made a 55-yard run and a touchdown and a goal was kicked. He repeated this in less than five minutes. Rutgers, realizing that something must be done, braced up and Voelker made a 40-yard run and scored a touchdown for them. No goal was kicked. Hitchner followed it shortly afterward with a good run, and, after a lot of scrimmaging, Voel-



ker got over the line for a second touchdown for Rutgers. He failed in the attempt for the goal.

In the second half Wharton, Delaware's captain, was hurt so that he had to be taken out of the game. His team was making a plucky stand on the edge of the goal line, but Rutgers got over for a touchdown made by Hitchen. No further scoring was made by either side.

For the first time in two years, Delaware went to Chester on November 19 to play the foot ball team of Pennsylvania Military College. P. M. C. fairly "got back" at Delaware for the crushing defeats in '99 and '00, as Delaware was defeated by the score of 17 to 12.

Every inch of ground was disputed. Neither side gave in except when forced by its opponent. Wilson, of Delaware, played a sensational game at quarter-back.

The Foot Ball season of 1902 ended on Thanksgiving day with the game with M. A. C. (An account of the game will be given in a later issue). The score was 0-0.

The season has by no means been a successful one, but Delaware has considerable to be proud of. We had this year the lightest team that ever represented the institution, only averaging 145 lbs., but not once did we meet a team but that outweighed us from five to twenty pounds per man, notwithstanding this fact we have made a creditable showing. The following is a list of games with scores.

Delaware 0	Swarthmore 12
Delaware 27	Washington 0
Delaware 0	Haverford 41
Delaware 6	Uni. of Md. 0

Delaware 17	Fordham 10
Delaware 0	St. Johns 11
Delaware 12	Rutgers 15
Delaware 12	P. M. C. 17
Delaware 0	Md. Ag. Col. 0

### DELAWARE VS. FORDHAM.

For the first time in history, Delaware played Fordham College of New York City this year, and to the surprise of her most devoted admirers, Delaware won by score of 17-10. It was a fast game from beginning to end, and Delaware won only by superior playing and team work. Delaware made her scores in the first half, while in the second, Fordham braced up and scored her points, which though were not sufficient to overcome the lead which Delaware had secured.

### AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

Far off in old Virginia  
 In a quaint old college town  
 Once there lived a little maiden  
 With eyes of deepest brown.  
 And her mouth was like a rosebud  
 And whene'er she'd smile or speak,  
 You saw a perfect dimple  
 In each rounded, rosy cheek.

She was different from the others,  
 For though skilled in breaking hearts,  
 Still she liked to see a fellow win  
 His "Bachelor of Arts,"  
 And the athlete on the gridiron,  
 Or upon the cinder path,  
 To win her nod or smile of praise,  
 Would work himself to death.

Four long years I went to college  
 In the quiet, quaint old town.  
 Four long years I loved the maiden  
 With the eyes of deepest brown,  
 And though many another fellow  
 Loved her just as much as I  
 Still "faint heart ne'er won fair lady,"  
 And to win her I would try.

## DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

When my college days were over  
And I went to say good bye  
My voice was not quite steady  
And her eyes were not quite dry;  
And I left the little maiden  
In the dear old college town,  
With something choking in my throat,  
It seemed I could not down.

Time passed and I returned  
To the dear old place once more,  
And I found the little maiden  
Even sweeter than before.  
And 'twas then I summoned courage  
To tell her that I had  
Loved her only, loved her truly,  
Since I was a Freshman lad.  
\* \* \* \* \*

And now I'm an attorney  
With an office all my own.  
I have won a modest fortune  
And maybe some renown.  
But the prize I've won that's cherished  
more  
Than money or renown,  
Is my wife, the little maiden  
From "ye quaint olde college town."  
—William and Mary College Monthly.

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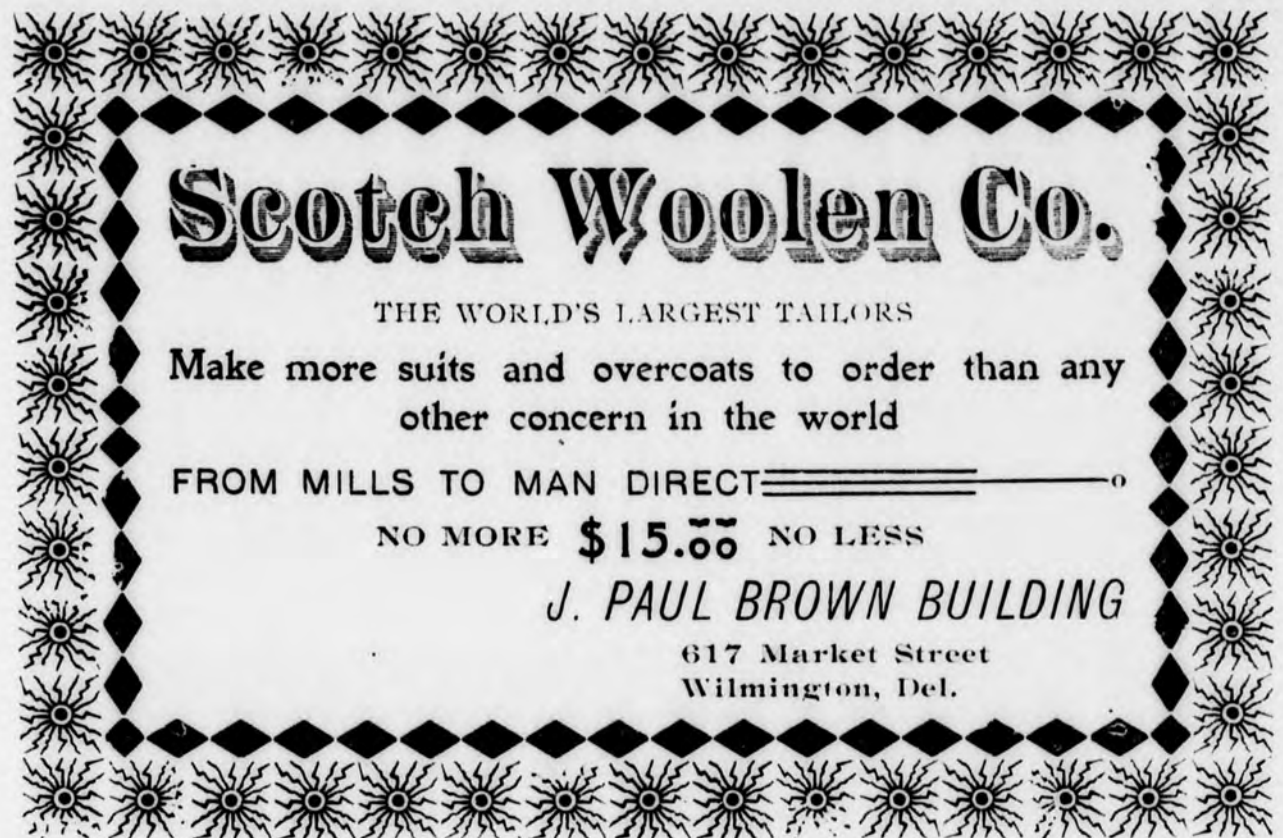
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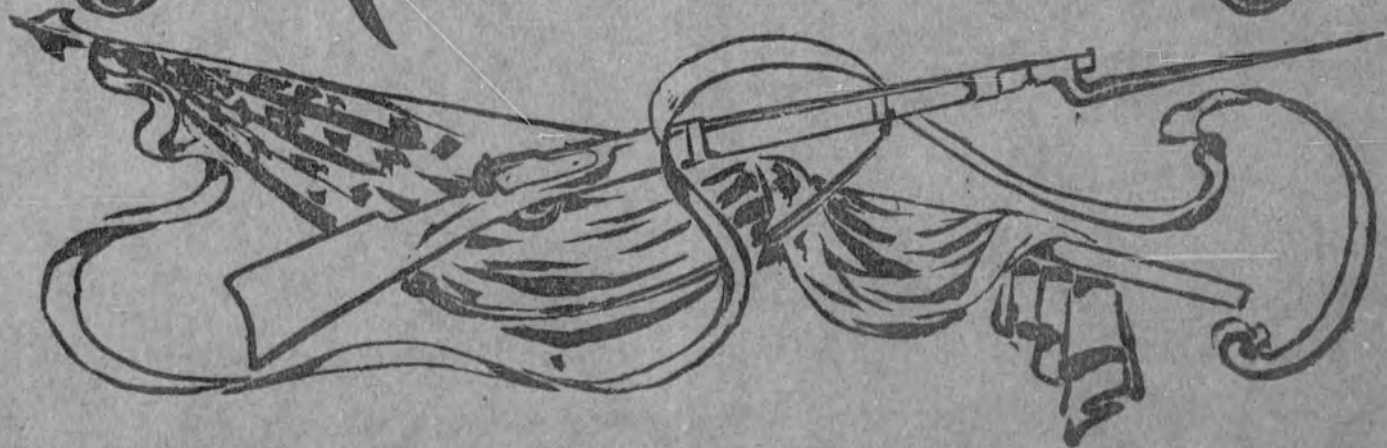


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