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A Real Cremona

IF anyone had happened, on a certain morning of November last, to peep into the little curio shop which stands at Tenth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, he would have seen Mr. Thornton, its owner, with his elbow on the counter, looking out of the window at the dismal sodden street and industriously scratching his head. Now he might have been at work dusting the little Elizabethan checker table which stood by his right foot, pouring coal oil through the works of the Louis XVI clock near his elbow, or piecing together a fragmentary specimen of Raiken china which lay under his nose,—any of which efforts would have been infinitely more use to him than merely scratching his head. But you see he was thinking! That was why he was scratching his head,—thinking, as most men are usually thinking, how he could raise some money. His eyes were on a pool near the gutter watching the drip, drip, drip from the telegraph wires; but his mind was picturing a piece of paper on which the letters I. O. U. were very conspicuous. His brow puckered a little. He continued to scratch his head.

Just then the door clicked and Mr. Thornton looked up to see a stranger come in. He was dripping from the rain,—a tall, thin, bright-eyed young man with a violin case under his arm. The

curio dealer surveyed him. He looked poor enough; his trousers were torn; he wore a glossy, frayed Prince Albert coat and the inevitable musician's tie. Mr. Thornton greeted him.

"Well, my friend, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I've got a fiddle here," the stranger answered. "I should like to borrow some money on it. I'm hard up. Could you lend me anything?"

Thornton looked at the instrument. "I don't know anything about violins," he said. "I'll lend you three dollars, though this is scarcely in my line. If you come back and give me four you can have it again. That's all I can do for you."

The stranger appeared to look at the violin as though he thought a good deal of it. "Please take good care of it," he urged. "My name's Morton. I'll be back in about a week. I'm awfully obliged to you. It's a pretty rotten day, isn't it? Good-bye." He made sure his collar was buttoned tight around his thin neck and went out into the drizzle.

Thornton looked at the violin more closely. "Guess he's some musician on his uppers," he conjectured. "It's worth three dollars, I guess. Don't suppose I got stung. If he doesn't show up it'll do for Jimmie. Looks old. Old vio-

lins are best, they say." He leaned his chin on his hand and looked out of the window again. He heard a quiet step behind him. An arm was put round his shoulders and a cheek was laid against his.

"What are you thinking about, Jack?" asked his wife. "Are you worried?"

"It's that note of Miller's, Susie. Can't quite see how I can meet it. Do you know of any way?"

"No I don't, dear; but worrying will do no good. Come to dinner." She took him by the arm and led him away.

The next few days passed uneventfully for Mr. Thornton. They were bright days and the sunlight and blue sky seemed to cheer him up, for he busied himself about his shop, mending a broken chair leg here, doing a little upholstering there, or varnishing an old painting which had drifted far away from its fond creator. Sometimes, even, he whistled at his work; and Dick, the canary, which hung near the window was so surprised that he whistled, too. At times Mrs. Thornton would come in to help with the dusting, and general straightening up, her woman's eye seeing things which totally escaped her husband's superficial glance; but Mr. Thornton generally packed her off back into the kitchen, kindly but firmly. "A shop's no place for a woman," he would say.

But on Thursday it began to drizzle again,—a drizzle which by two o'clock had turned to sleet, making it very miserable outside, and consequently lonely within. Mr. Thornton was again in a despondent mood. His humors seemed to reflect the general tone of the weather,

for the harder it sleeted and the grayer the sky became, the lower sank Mr. Thornton's gray head and the harder he scratched it. Certainly the note must have sprung into prominence again.

He was gazing contemplatively at the green blind on the door wishing, probably, that it would suddenly separate itself into hundred dollar bills when all at once (the slush had quieted the approaching footsteps) the door opened and a man entered. He walked up to the counter.

"Beastly day, isn't it?" he said. "Was down town to get some other things and thought I'd drop in to see whether you had any Craido miniatures. Have you?"

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Thornton. "I don't know of any place in Philadelphia where you could get them."

"Thanks," said the stranger, showing no inclination to go out again into the street. He walked around examining things carelessly. Suddenly he noticed the violin which Thornton had put into a glass case.

"Hullo, friend!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get this fiddle?"

"Is it any good?" asked the dealer. "I don't know anything about violins." He told how he got hold of it but kept back the money part of the transaction. Perhaps he could get some information as to its value.

"Well," said the man, "as sure as my name's Marvin, it's a real Cremona. You've bumped into luck sure!" He explained briefly what a Cremona was.

"Yes, but you see if the fellow comes back—and I'm sure he will,—I'll have to let him have it. I promised him."

"Say, you listen to me. I know a man,—

a man who teaches the violin, who will pay me a cool thousand for that fiddle. Cremonas aren't picked up every day, you know. Probably the young fellow thinks it's a good instrument; but he doesn't know it's as good as it is. I do. Violins are a hobby with me. Gee!" (He picked up the violin, turned it around, looked inside it and knocked it) "look at that scroll, those *f* holes! Why it's an Amati as sure as you're born!"

"Now you speak of it, it does look well made," ventured Thornton.

"I'll tell you what to do," went on Marvin as though he hadn't heard the interruption. "Buy it from him if you have to pay him five hundred dollars for it. I'll come back in a week and give you eight hundred; and even then I can make two hundred on it. Will you? There's fifty dollars now as a binder." He tossed a bill on the counter.

"No," said Mr. Thornton. "It hardly seems fair to me to cheat a man when I know I'm cheating him. It's not fair to offer a man five hundred dollars for something that you know is worth a thousand.

"Why certainly," said the man. "You're over-scrupulous. It's only business. It's done every day."

"I guess that's why I never made much money," mused Thornton more to himself than to Marvin. "I've been too honest. Some curio dealers coin money and that's the way they do it." The fifty dollar bill lay very enticingly before him. The vision of a paper, too, was present in his mind.

"I'm sure Kate—she's my wife—wouldn't think it right. I'm positive she wouldn't."

"My good man, women don't know anything about business."

"Are you sure it is as valuable as you think it is?" asked Mr. Thornton. He was wavering now.

"Positive," said the man. "I've made too much of a study of violins not to know."

"Oh, well!" said Mr. Thornton. "I'll try and buy it for you. As you say, it's only business."

"All right," said Marvin. "See you in a week." He held out his hand. Mr. Thornton took it and the man left.

Thornton did not tell his wife about the conversation with Marvin. She wouldn't approve of the agreement, and he knew she wouldn't. His own conscience continually told him that it wasn't right. He was not rich; but he'd always been straight. And besides just because he was hard up, that was all the more reason why he shouldn't try to fleece another poor fellow in the same fix. Yet he continued to argue to himself: "It's business and I need the money."

Trade picked up during the next few days, and consequently Thornton was almost happy. He made one or two very good sales. As soon as he had made that money from the violin he could almost meet the note. He whistled around the shop. Dick whistled, too, and his wife decided that he must have found a way out of the difficulty for she sang at her work.

After about three days, Morton came back for his violin. He laid four dollars on the counter.

"I've come to take my fiddle back, Mr. Thornton," he said. "I can't tell you

how obliged I am. You helped me out of a hole indeed. Not that I am really out of it by any means," he laughed.

"Oh! that's all right," said Mr. Thornton. "Say, by the way, would you care to sell your instrument? It's a fairly good one, I think. How much do you want for it?"

"I don't want anything for it. I don't want to sell it," said young Morton. "It's a pretty good fiddle,—at least I always liked it, and I hate to part with it. I believe it's worth four hundred dollars."

"Well," said Mr. Thornton, "I'll give you five hundred. I believe it's worth that."

"Gee! that's a lot of money when you're hard up," said the musician. "Perhaps I could get another for less money which would suit me just as well. Make it six hundred."

"Couldn't do it," said Mr. Thornton.

Morton hesitated for fully ten minutes. He handled the violin as though loath to part with it. Finally he seemed to make up his mind.

"I'll do it!" he said. "Five hundred, you said?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thornton and handed the money to Morton who took it and after a brief word of thanks, left as though he didn't wish to change his mind.

As soon as the door had closed Mr. Thornton felt easier in his mind. The thing was done. A young musician had been deprived of a Cremona, but he had been paid five hundred dollars for it and perhaps it wasn't worth any more. However, Mr. Thornton couldn't help feeling that he had lied. He had always

tried to give what he considered an honest opinion when he valued any curios or antiques. He felt as though he were bound by a certain professional code of honor. In this case he had betrayed it. He had swindled a man out of a possession! A strong desire seized him to run to the door and shout after Morton; but that paper flitted before his eyes. Another good sale and he could meet the note. He walked to the door, opened it, and looked down the street. The man had turned a corner; he was not in sight. Mr. Thornton stepped back into his shop and began cleaning up.

The days passed. He made another good sale and was overjoyed. It remained now to get the eight hundred dollars from Marvin. It was over a week since the latter had been in the shop, but in all probability something had detained him. No man could afford to lose a fifty dollar deposit and besides Marvin would clear two hundred dollars. Three more days passed and still no Marvin. The note was rapidly coming due. However, Thornton still had the fifty dollars and a Cremona. Surely any violinist ought to be willing to buy it. He got hold of a violin catalogue. Some Amatis were valued at four thousand dollars. Marvin must have undervalued the instrument but—here Mr. Thornton leaned his chin on his hand and scratched his head. Could it be that? —No, that was highly improbable. He would wait till three days before the note was due. Then he would take the instrument to a dealer and sell it. Perhaps he might get a fabulous sum for it (he had been reading the introduction to the catalogue.) Violins had been known to be worth thou-

sands of dollars. Perhaps it might be his good fortune to have picked up an extra fine specimen.

But another week went by and Thornton's optimism was dampened by Marvin's non-appearance. He thought continually upon the transaction. A horrible doubt arose in his mind which he thrust aside firmly. Morton seemed such an honest young fellow, and Marvin,—he could see nothing dishonest in Marvin's manner. He worried, though, more and more. A panicky feeling seized him; he resolved not to wait until the morrow. He looked at the catalogue, found the dealer's address and started out with the violin case under his arm.

All the way down to the store his doubts grew stronger. He thought what his wife would say. He knew she would blame him. And the note too. Confound that note! He was so preoccupied that he walked past the address. He turned back, found the shop and entered feeling very apprehensive. Very nervously he took the violin out of its case.

"How much it is worth?" he asked the dealer, an agony in his tone.

The dealer looked at it. No sign of interest came in his face. He turned it over. Then he spoke.

"I'll give you four dollars for it," he said.
E. W. M. '16

Jimmie's Chance

ON that particular morning in May, 1912, Michael Kelley, one time politician, and wealthy horseman, was in perfect sympathy with himself and the world in general. And why shouldn't he be? What more could a man want than a thoroughbred that would take him over the roads as fast as he wished to go. But he was, in truth, in no hurry to get anywhere. He had caught the general spirit of appreciation of nature that a bright May morning in Virginia carries with it. By driving slowly he allowed his mind time to grasp the real meaning of the scene about him. He reflected that air of satisfaction which accompanies the possession of a comfortable supply of worldly goods. He knew his horses and their worth better than any one else. He pictured to himself the many victories that were sure to come his way during

the annual events of the Cambria county Racing Association, to be held at Saint Martins, Virginia. He was only aroused from his dreams when his horse shied slightly at a passing ox team.

In the few moments that passed before Kelly was able to quiet his horse, a small boy managed to get himself in the way of the horses feet. The boy had been trailing along in the road at the tail of the ox cart. It was the most natural thing in the world for him to step out from his sheltered position behind the cart.

When Kelly saw that the child did not move after falling, he hastened to him. He found a freckle-faced, bare-footed boy, ten or eleven years old, an ideal specimen of the country urchin. He tossed a coin to the ox driver with instructions to remain with the horse. He then picked the boy up in his arms and

hurried to the nearest house in sight, about a quarter of a mile away.

He soon had the boy in-doors and comfortably fixed in bed. He was assured by a country doctor that the injuries were not serious, and would require only a few days to right themselves. Kelly then questioned an attendant whom he met as he was passing out of the building.

In answer to his many inquiries Kelly learned that he was in the county poorhouse. The boy, Jimmie Cassidy, was an inmate of the institution. His parents had died, leaving him destitute, and the people of St. Martins had placed him in the poorhouse. No one took any particular interest in him, or even visited him. He was fairly bright, but nothing unusual.

The next week Kelly's team was again on the road passing the poorhouse. This time, however, Kelly stopped at the institution with a definite plan in his mind. When he came out to the road again Jimmie was with him.

Thus did Jimmie Cassidy become a part of the famous Kelly stables. Within a week he made himself thoroughly at home. During that time he had visited each of the forty or fifty horses in its own stall, been flogged two or three times by grouchy trainers, and adopted a mangy-looking dog that he had found somewhere. Upon this newfound pet he conferred the appropriate name, Bones.

Among the many high strung racers in the stable, Jimmie picked out as his particular charge Prince Albert, a massive black stallion. The boy had been told that he would have the care of one

horse as his work to pay for the board and clothing that Kelly would give him. The stable attendants could not conceal their astonishment when he gravely informed them that he would like to look after what they considered the wickedest horse of the lot. But there were no serious objections raised, and he was given his wish.

By a strange freak of nature, the boy, and dog, and horse soon became the best of friends. Jimmie would beg some extra feed from the feeders and carry it into Prince Albert's stall. Then while the horse was eating, Jimmie would pet and stroke him, the whole performance being accompanied by a continual barking from Bones. If the horse improved in temper under Jimmie's care, he grew worse than ever in his manner toward the jockeys. Several of them openly refused to have anything to do with him at all.

Jimmie took careful notice of all of the trouble. He then formed a plan in his own mind. By much sneaking, he soon contrived to get three or four chances to take his favorite out for short runs without anyone knowing it. At last he made up his mind to try himself publicly.

He appealed to Kelly for permission to exercise at the regular time with the other horses. Two or three refusals did not discourage him. Finally, more in an effort to be rid of him than anything else, the owner told him to go ahead. Those daily heats, with Prince Albert doing his best and Bones bringing up the rear with a never-ending chorus, were events in Jimmie's life. They won

for him the admiration of the regular riders and an occasional tip from Kelly.

Prince Albert, whose abilities were known so well, was entered in a big event on the last day of the meet. Kelly was counting on him as a sure means of winning back a small fortune that he had recently lost through bad luck. It was no small surprise, then, to Kelly when, one by one, the riders refused to have anything to do with the horse. Each jockey claimed to be afraid to risk his life by such a vicious brute. Kelly was in despair. He could not afford to forfeit his chances and he could not enter the horse without a rider. He rejected as useless all hope of getting a strange man with the race less than two weeks off.

Jimmie, in the meantime, became bold enough to ask for the chance that in his mind would be the making of him. In a moment of despair, Kelly gave the boy his permission to ride in the race.

As the day drew nearer, Jimmie devoted more time than ever to his training. He grew accustomed to the dog's barking at his horse's heels, and trained his horse to look for it also.

Two days before the race Bones disappeared. No end of searching revealed any trace of him. Jimmie felt downhearted and lonely when he finally gave up and took his horse out for the usual exercise.

To his surprise the animal became surly and refused to obey any but the strictest commands. This state of uneasiness and hidden anger was still noticeable in the horse when Jimmie led

him out to be entered on the day of the race. The beast would snap at every one just as he had done when Jimmie first knew him.

The race began. Prince Albert, in spite of Jimmie's urging and coaxing was eighth or ninth in the string at the end of the fourth lap. There were only four laps more to be covered in the two-mile course, and Jimmie had given up all hope of getting in first. As he passed the grandstand this time a familiar bark from somewhere startled him. He was unprepared for the shock. One of Kelly's rivals, knowing Jimmie's habits of exercise, had caused Bones to be stolen. He had not considered it necessary, however, to hold him any longer, once the race had begun.

For the next four laps a series of yelps, a scrawny looking dog running as though its life depended on the outcome, and a black streak were the combined centers of attraction.

When Jimmie finally heard the orders that were hollered at him and stopped his horse, he was forty yards over the finish and an equal distance ahead of his nearest rival.

The winning of that race is still a mystery to the jockeys of Kelly's stable. They can not understand how a miserable, half-fed cur could have so much power over a high-strung racer like Prince Albert. Merely by following the horse around the track and barking furiously all the time Bones had put new life into the race, and given the jockeys something to puzzle over for the rest of their days.

J. E. W. '14.

The Light That Failed

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "Light That Failed" is an excellent work in character portrayal. It shows the rise to success of the hero, Dick Helder, his subsequent blindness, and his hopeless struggles against insurmountable difficulties attendant upon his loss of sight.

The story opens with the portrayal of a scene in Helder's boyhood, during which he plays with the heroine, Maisie. The two are thrown together by means of a common woe; both are orphans. Both are under the guardianship of a woman who has ideas of her own about the rearing of children. Since her ideas are original, it is self-evident that the children suffered from her governing.

The time of the story changes to several years later. Helder has traveled extensively and has become a man of parts. He is now a successful artist, specializing in scenes of war. Maisie is studying art. She feels that she has the inherent talent and hopes to develop it. Dick meets her by accident and proposes marriage to her. She, however, is absorbed in the planning of a masterpiece on the subject of "Melancolia," and refuses even to consider Dick's proposal. As next best to marrying the girl, Dick makes her weekly visits to instruct her in the finer technique of painting. Impatient Maisie refuses to do "live work," but rather hopes to become successful without undergoing the discomfort of going thru the elementary practice. Just to show her how weak her work is, Helder undertakes the painting of a "Melancolia" of his own. He brings his work to a successful culmination during

Maisie's trip to the continent to study. But, the picture was never to bring fame to the artist. Bessie Broke, his model, destroyed it during a fit of anger toward Helder.

Helder, however, is not permitted to see the work of depredation. Just as the work is finished, he becomes totally blind. An old sword cut, together with strain during the execution of the masterpiece, seems to be the direct cause of his blindness.

Torpenhow, by means of some detective work, finds Maisie and tells her of Helder's plight. She immediately leaves all and goes to see Dick. After she has arrived, Dick tells her of his masterpiece. Maisie, viewing the smudged canvas, thinks that Dick is insane. She immediately disappears, and nothing else is heard from her.

Torpenhow, not knowing that Maisie has deserted Helder, leaves for the war. After a few months of solitude and eternal night, Dick craves for the sound of his friend's voice. With this aim in view, he prepares to make the journey to the scene of the war. After passing thru numerous adventures he finally reaches Torpenhow's camp during the preliminaries of a battle. Before he can dismount from his camel, he is hit by a well-directed bullet, and falls lifeless to the sand.

Of the characters in the book, that of Dick Helder is undoubtedly the most important. Helder is a man of the world. He is well versed in all matters that are essential for an educated man to know. His talent, good in itself, seems even bet-

ter because it is well-directed. His attention to exact details is one of the factors in his success. One thing in which he was not successful was in his love for Maisie. We pity him, because if ever man deserved the comfort of a home and loving wife, we feel Heldar to be that man. As a man he knew no fear. What better proof of this fact do we need other than his undertaking alone of his perilous journey, blind as he was, over thousands of miles of land and sea?

Néxt to Heldar in importance comes Maisie. Following a common trait of her sex, she is hard to understand. Her desire for success is exceeded only by her desire to achieve that success along the line of least resistance. We feel that she did a foolish thing in refusing Dick for the sake of her future. I really believe that she loved Dick in a way, and fail to see why she disappeared so suddenly. I suppose that this last peculiarity could be classed fitly among "unexplainable femininities."

In Torpenhow we have a typical war correspondent. After the manner of war correspondents he is quite sophisticated and genial. Having seen several sides of life, he is an adept at judging people and their actions. Because he has learned the lesson that to be cheerful at all times is the best policy, he is companionable and likable. We feel that in him Heldar has a friend worth while. You say that you can't understand, then, why Torpenhow should leave his blind friend and go to the war. The answer is this:

he thought that he was leaving Heldar in the care of Maisie. With this thought in mind it would be permissible that he might go to war and leave Heldar.

Bessie Broke, Heldar's model for his "Melancolia," represents the lower class of women. Her avaricious greed leads her to have designs on Torpenhow, and later, on Heldar. Her spitefulness comes to the surface in the incident of the ruined "Melancolia." However, her desire for a real home is touching, so that it would be far from true to say that she had no finer sentiments.

As a whole, the book is a good one. True, the plot is irregular in places, but the ever-present interest bridges over the irregularities. The interest is maintained until the very last paragraph. Kipling works up to a grand climax and then has the hero fall a victim to the enemy's bullet. There the story ends, in a manner both exciting and dramatic.

Undoubtedly, the portrayal of Heldar's life and character was the idea of the book. Kipling wrote from Heldar's viewpoint. Everything seems real. We can almost imagine that we see Heldar groping around searching for a ray of light in his eternal night. Not only in the portrayal of Heldar's character did Kipling do well. All the characters are finely differentiated. The omnipresent realism in character portrayal, adventure, or what not is the prime factor in proving the success of the book.

E. G. S. '17.

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Editorial

Money and attention now spent on inter-collegiate athletics at Delaware College should be spent on inter-class athletics. The first and most important reason for this radical change is the benefit which the entire student body would receive in physical improvement. For it must certainly be admitted that the aim of athletics is to build up the students who participate in them. Hence the greater the number who participate, the greater is the resulting benefit. Under the present plan it is only those few who feel reasonably sure of making the team who

go out; the others consider it almost time wasted to go out and try for the team. Yet it is these others whom athletics would benefit most; for in this class fall the men of poor lungs and weak frames, defects which properly regulated athletics would do much to correct. A man who has no chance with the team is speedily eliminated and sent back to his study of Greek, or to his purposeless loafing around the gymnasium. He cannot make the team and so what is the use of bothering with him? Under the new system all would be encouraged

to come out, since four times as many candidates would be needed as at present.

The second reason for the change is the better scholarship which would result. At present, the teams are often absent for a day or more on a trip to some college. During this absence they necessarily miss some classes, and so are placed under a handicap in their studies. If inter-class games were substituted for inter-collegiate, this handicap would not result; the students would all have an even chance in their studies, for there would be no trips away from home, and the games would be played at times when there were no classes. In proof of this latter point we need only examine the present scheme of holding inter-class games: they all fall on vacant periods.

It may be said in opposition that good athletic teams,—teams which win their games—have the effect of advertising a college, and that Delaware College, small as she is, is in sore need of this sort of advertisement. This argument is almost self-subversive. Our opponents say that “*winning*” teams advertise a college, and imply that Delaware’s teams accomplish this end. They overlook the fact that but one team has won over 50 per cent of its games in many years. Let us examine the scores of games from the year 1910 to the year 1914.

	Won	Lost	Won	Lost	Won	lost
1910-11	1	6	6	6	5	6
1911-12	2	2	2	10	3	7
1912-13	1	6	3	7	5	4
1913-14	2	4	3	6		

This table certainly shows us clearly that Delaware has had only one season which might be considered successful in

four years, and that the sort of advertising she gets is of a kind which we do not care for her to have.

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An excellent orchestra has been formed by the musically inclined students at Delaware. This orchestra has been very creditably rendering some difficult compositions during the daily chapel exercises. They gave their first public recital on the evening of March 24, 1914, preceding Prof. E. L. Smith’s lecture on “Some Sidelights of Paris.”

Now this orchestra is the result of hard work on the part of Billy Martin. He has entered heart and soul into the enterprise, and makes a most efficient conductor. He has a thorough knowledge of music, and, it is whispered, can play any kind of a musical instrument. The violin is his favorite, but he plays an alto horn in the College band. He is responsible also for the organization of the orchestra, and is planning even now for next year. He says he’ll lose but one player,—Groves, ’14, cornet,—and says he has a line on three who will enter next year, one a cornet able to take Grove’s place. These men he himself has persuaded to come to Delaware. They had originally planned to go elsewhere. That is the spirit with which Billy is working to make the orchestra successful. If all the other fellows would show but half this spirit, then would be no need for all the present cry for a bigger, better Delaware.

But unfortunately, all are not of this type. When the orchestra had a “tag day” to raise funds for the purchase of music and new instruments, a goodly

number of fellows refused to come across with twenty-five cents. "Let the Alumni and the townspeople do it," cry they. That is the spirit which is running Delaware into the ground. It is the same in respect to everything else, athletic, literary and engineering societies, and the Review. "Let some one else do it."

But if it were not Martin and the fellows of the orchestra, Coach McAvoy and the various teams, and the faithful few of the Review and the societies mentioned above, there would be nothing to Delaware's college life but the academic side—and no one at present attending Delaware is threatened with brain fever because of over-study.

This "let the other fellow do it" attitude must be changed, fellows, to that of "let me do it," if we expect Delaware College to attain its long awaited period of prosperity. "Get out and push" is our only hope for success, and above all STOP KNOCKING.

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In retiring from the office of Business Manager of The Review, I wish to thank all members of the Faculty, the Review Board, and the student body for their hearty co-operation toward further advancement of The Review. As I look back over my year's work I find that there are many things that I have left undone and it is my sincere hope that the new business manager shall prosper by my faults and in so doing add to that high standard for which The Review, as

one of the oldest institutions connected with the college, has always stood.

A word to the student body: Do not "cuss" the circulation manager if he is not always in the Review room. He has other work to do besides sitting in the Review room and waiting for you to come, at your leisure, for your Review.

The Review should bear the same relation to the student body as the Senior does to a Freshman. You go to the Review and don't get sore if the Review does not come to you.

The "Printer" is the best friend that the Review has. Pay your yearly subscription and you indirectly help him who is helping you.

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With this issue the work of the present editorial staff ends. We retire sympathizing with our successors in their responsibility and wishing them the best of good fortune.

In closing, we wish to express our sincere appreciation of the efforts of all who have added to our welfare—the printer for his courteous attention, Doctor Sypherd for his suggestions and his careful supervision, students, alumni and friends for literary and financial contributions.

As editors we bid you farewell but we shall cherish with pride the memories of our connection with our college Review and shall have a lasting interest in her future success.

Athletics

The basketball season was brought to a close with a 30-11 victory over the Philadelphia City College of Pharmacy quintet. The second half of the season was much better than the first, and the team deserves much credit for the fine showing made in the last few games. The Blue and Gold team made its best showing against St. John's College of Brooklyn, and Penn Scrubs.

Captain Weimer played a hard game for Delaware all of the year. His floor work was good, but his field goal shooting was off until the last two games when he scored some pretty shots.

Billy Cann and Doherty were two of the best guards ever playing on a Delaware basketball team. Their team work was wonderful throughout the season.

Lacklen, Horsey, and Wills all played a fine game at forward. Horsey was probably the fastest man of the trio, but his lack of weight was a great handicap.

Billy Cann, who has played on the Varsity for three years, was chosen to lead the team in 1915. No member of the team will be lost by graduation and "Billy" should have a winner next season.

Jones, Thomas, Bounds, Brockson, Dean, Wilson, and Geoghegan all worked hard for the scrubs and deserve much credit for coming out for the team.

After suffering two defeats at the hands of Washington College, the team took a two-day trip to New York to play Pratt Institute and St. John's College of Brooklyn. The Blue and Gold suffered defeat at the former institution to the

tune of 46-24. At St. John's the Brooklyn boys had to go an extra period to defeat us 20-19. The next game was with the strong Wilmington Y. M. C. A. team. The game was very close in the first half, but Delaware forged ahead in the second half for a 30-19 victory. In the next game the Blue and Gold showed their true worth and defeated the University of Pennsylvania's Scrubs by the score of 20-13. On March 12, Delaware closed the season with a 30-11 victory over P. C. P.

In the inter-class games the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 19-6. The Juniors walloped the Seniors 26-3. The final game for the championship was won by the Sophomores in a game featured by fast, consistent playing. The score was 22-16.

In a three game series with the Newark High School the Scrubs won the majority of the games.

The following are the line-ups of the games:

Delaware		U. of P. Scrubs
Horsey.....	forward	Vreeland
Lacklen.....	forward	Cook
Wills.....	center	Stokes
Doherty.....	guard	Chandler
Cann.....	guard	O'Donnell

Substitutes,: Delaware, Weimer for Horsey; U. of P., McAfee for Chandler; Reinoehl for O'Donnell; McCarthy for Stokes; Chandler for Vreeland. Goals from field: Lacklen, 3; Cann; Doherty, 3; Wills; Chandler, 2; Cook. Referee, Davis of Friends. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Delaware Scrubs	Newark High
Campbell..... forward	Green
Jones..... forward	Bowen
Geoghegan..... center	Ferguson
Brockson..... guard	Ritz
Dean..... guard	Miller

Substitues: Lovett for Ritz; Bounds for Campbell. Goals from field: Brockson; Geoghegan, 3; Ritz, 2; Ferguson, 3; Green; Bowen. Goals from fouls: Jones, 7; Ferguson, 3. Referee, Davis of Friends School. Time of halves, 15 minutes.

Delaware	Philadelphia
Lacklen..... forward	Hughes
Weimer..... forward	Over
Wills..... center	Over
Doherty..... guard ...	Kostenbauder
Cann..... guard	Nagowan

Substitutes: Horsey for Lacklen. Goals from field: Delaware, Weimer, 5; Cann, 2; Wills, 3; Doherty, 2; Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Hughes; Kostenbauder, 2. Goals from fouls: Wills, 6; Hughes, 2; Kostenbauder, 3; Missed foul goals: Wills, 8; Hughes, 9; Kostenbauder. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Spear.

Delaware Scrubs	Newark
Horsey..... forward	Green
Thomas..... forward	Bowen
Geoghegan..... center	Ferguson
Bounds..... guard	Ritz
Brockson..... guard	Miller

Substitute: Delaware, Campbell for Horsey; Appleby for Thomas; Dean for Geoghegan; and Jones for Bounds. Goals from field: Delaware, Thomas, 2; Horsey, 3; Geoghegan, 4; Newark High, Green, 2; Bowen; Ferguson, 2. Goals from fouls: Delaware Scrubs, Bounds Thomas, 6; Newark High Ferguson, 4;

Missed fouls: Delaware, Bounds, 4; Thomas, 3; Newark High, Ferguson, 5. Time of halves, 15 minutes. Referee, Spear.

Now that basketball is over Coach McAvoy is turning his attention to baseball and track. Candidates for both teams are daily practicing in the gymnasium. Very little outdoor work has been indulged in except for the track men. Captain Dean has had his squad out on a few warm days for a brisk run down depot road. Delaware should have a good track team this year as everyone seems to be taking great interest in their work. There is a number of promising candidates in the Freshman ranks. With our new field every Delaware man should rise to the occasion and help to make the team a winner.

The prospects for a good baseball team are not any too bright. Last year we lost three good men in Jolls, Beck, and Hirschman. Jolls will be missed probably more than the others. For four years Eph was Delaware's mainstay in the box. He has signed up to play with the Wilmington Tri-State team. We all wish him success. Hoch, Geoghegan, and Wallace will have to bear the burden of the pitching this season. Huston will undoubtedly be receiving once more. "Jim" is captain of the team this year. His hitting and all-round playing have been a feature of the team's play for the last three years. Hoch, Lind, and Doherty will again be seen in the infield while Taylor is the only Varsity outfielder back in college. The Freshman class will probably have some men to fill the vacancies in the infield and outfield. The season does not start until after Easter; consequently, the team

should be in good shape to make a fine star.

Manager Connellee announces the following schedule:

Swarthmore, April 25, Newark

Wilmington Tri-State, April 29, Wilmington

Johns Hopkins, May 2, Newark

P. M. C., May 6, Chester

Rock Hill, May 9, Ellicott City

Rock Hill, May 13, Newark

Washington College, May 15, Newark

Drexel, May 20, Newark

Rutgers, May 23, Newark

St. Johns, May 27, Newark

Western Maryland, May 30, Newark

Manager Dean has arranged the following track schedule:

Penn Relays, April 25, Philadelphia

Drexel, May 16, Newark

Inter-Scholastic, May 16, Newark

Stevens, May 30, Newark

Agricultural Notes

The College Farm has recently secured a very highly bred Berkshire sow which carries a high per cent. of the blood of the famous foundation boar, Masterpiece. This sow will be used in the swine breeding experiments which the Department of Animal Husbandry has been conducting for several years.

Mr. H. H. Morgan of the Experiment Station has just completed a seven-day official milk and butter-fat test on seven registered Holstein cows owned by the St. Joseph's Industrial Home for negro boys at Clayton, Delaware. Mr. Morgan reports that the results of the test were very satisfactory and creditable.

Among other live stock, the College Farm has recently sold two Percheron mares (to Mr. George Huber of Newark) and a pure-bred Guernsey bull calf (to Mr. Avery of Newark). The Farm has purchased this month a pair of gray draft mules from Mr. T. Lawrence Ayer of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

The students in Horticulture II, Vegetable Gardening, under the instruction of Mr. Pailthorpe, are making plans for

their gardens. The practical work in this course as conducted during the current semester consists not only of laboratory work and of practical gardening but also of greenhouse work and of hot bed management.

By way of new equipment in the Dairy Building at the College Farm there has recently been installed a new DeLaval cream separator. This machine, which is the latest patent on centrifugal separators, may be operated either by hand or by an electric motor.

Mr. Hollingsworth and Chandler of Landenburg, Pennsylvania, and Mr. R. T. Snyder of Phunsteadville, Pennsylvania, were among recent visitors at the College Farm.

During the past winter several members of the Agricultural Club have joined the Grange. By keeping in close touch with the activities, both secret and open, of this organization, these men are enabled to secure valuable first-hand information concerning the more pressing problems which confront the farmers of today.

Locals

Newton is so tall that a sparrow, thinking that he was a church belfry, built a nest in his hat.

Between the Federals in Mexico and the Federal League, everything is Federal League, everything is Federal now-a-days.

"Robby" must have been more than righteously indignant, the other day, as we hear that he used some very vigorous descriptive adjectives while talking to "Grubby" and a few of his other "subjects". He spoke about bull-headed, malicious, vicious, meddlesome individuals.

Friday, the 13th, is the most unlucky day in the year. I passed a fellow on the street, the other day, and he asked me to have a drink, but I didn't hear him.

"Doc" Penny—"Do you think that you passed, Mr. Handy?"

"Vic"—"I hope so."

"Doc"—"That's right. Live in hope."

"Vic"—"Yes, and die in despair."

The only kind of ships that ever come to Newark are hardships.

Brayshaw is a smart boy. He wears a No. 17 collar and a No. 4 3-4 hat.

Attend "Doc" Vaughn's classes and you won't have to read the locals.

Although the time limit for applications to the College Presidency has almost expired, thus far the only applicant for the job is Lee C. Rose, Esq. Ap-

plications will be received at the Review Office and must be in on or before May 31, 1914. Applicants must have good moral character and possess executive ability.

"Zeke" Barton is goin to live so long that I guess they'll have to shoot him when Judgement Day rolls around.

You would save a lot of time in changing your clothes if you could learn to sleep standing up, like a horse.

"Doc" Vaughn (to members of Sociology class)—"Your salvation at a student or your damnation as a flunker depends upon s-c-h-o-l-a-r-l-y work in this course."

We should like to get a nice, fat job where there is nothing else but the salary.

Miller is so subject to peripatetic fits that he turned his cap around yesterday and thought that he was walking backwards.

We, of the editorial staff, thought that we were "cutting some ice" with the fair damsels of this town, but have learned to our chagrin, that, according to "Doc" Vaughn's statement at a lecture before the New Century Club of Elkton, Scott has a "monopoly of all the women of Newark."

Here's one they tell on Freshman O'Daniel. When at Wilmington recently, he passed the Workhouse, while on his way out to Brandywine Springs.

The following is his conversation with the conductor:

O'Daniel—"Why do they have that big wall around that building?"

Conductor—"That's to prevent the neighbors' children from viewing the secrets that transpire among the inmates."

O'Daniel—"That must be a pretty select place, isn't it?"

Conductor—"You bet your life it is. Those people are selected from all over the State. It takes twelve people's verdict to get in there."

O'Daniel—"What are you trying to do, kid me? Don't you think that I have any brains?"

Conductor—"If you have, they're about as useful to you as a wooden leg would be to Coach McAvoy." (Throw in the gloves.)

"Doc" Vaughn—"We don't hold you for English in this Department. The English Professors take the form in their department and we take the substance here."

The first thing that Morrison does when he gets here in the morning is to eat his lunch. He must have two stomachs, one for digesting and the other for carrying purposes.

If Edgar's brains were gunpowder and they were to explode, the explosion wouldn't even rumple his hair.

There are plenty of "Spring Sports" around here—"Doc" Sypherd is wearing a new overcoat and Crothers is raising a mustache.

Judge Churchman—"Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Prof. Robinson—"What does the book say? Read you text, young man! Read your text!"

"Doc" Sypherd—"What's a chronic disease?"

Beacom—"A mother-in-law."

They say that finding a needle in a haystack is a pretty "nifty" job. That's nothing compared with trying to extract a nickel from Beauchamp.

A pretty girl's face is like a popular song—they both get dreadfully tiresome after a time.

You don't have to be an aviator to have you ups and downs in life.

Ruth—"Give me some bichloride of mercury."

Ticket Agent—"Man, we don't sell poison."

Ruth—"Then give me a ticket to Smyrna. That's the nearest to it I can get."

Miss Bowen—"What will you have?"

Lind (unconsciously raising his left foot)—"Give me the same."

APROPOS OF THE NEW CHAPEL ARRANGEMENT

The new arrangement of chapel exercises is certainly a good thing. Not only are all students required to be present but most of them want to be present. This fact is attributable, no doubt, to the music which our excellent orchestra furnishes.

We notice with satisfaction that many

of the professors attend chapel regularly, but we further notice, with a great deal of dissatisfaction, that many do not attend at all. We are at a loss to understand how any professor can absent himself from chapel when it is the only institution about Delaware College, except the Y. M. C. A., which has for its direct object the moral betterment of the students and the professors. It may be that these professors have eased their consciences by contributing twenty-five cents to the support of the orchestra. Let them take back their money, if need be, and lend their presence for fifteen each day.

Of course we can expect one or two of the Agricultural professors only to attend chapel because their interests seem to be so diversified that they have no time to aid Delaware College as a whole. On the other hand we do expect better things from the Engineering professors. Consequently, we were amazed to see two of these professors standing by an open window in Mechanical Hall listening to the orchestra when they might have come to the service in a room not fifty yards away. Is the service so short that it is not worth while for these men to come? If so, is the time not too short for anyone to come? And, if the time was lengthened, we imagine that it might be too much time wasted.

It is presumed, however, that the real reason for the non-attendance of the sideration. In other words they don't care. On this assumption we can readily see what is wrong with Delaware College. What pride can we expect the students to take in college institutions

when the professors refuse their moral support.

We suggest a faculty rule that any member, who wilfully absents himself from chapel more than a specified number of times in any one semester, be fined a stated amount of money, which money shall go to the support of the orchestra.

Here of late, the quiet complacency of Chapel is frequently disturbed by "Robby's" "barreltoned" voice.

While over in New York, Lacklen, on account of looking up at the high buildings, was unable to keep his hat on.

Emery Loomis is very eager to make every path straight around college at present. As a proof of his earnestness in that respect, the following was found in his notebook: "HOW TO RECTIFY ARKS." Although we feel somewhat surprised to think of his going so far back as to endeavor to rectify Noah's ark, yet we feel that his attempt to rectify New-Ark would be timely effort indeed.

TALK ON ELECTRICAL MEASURING INSTRUMENTS

On Thursday, March 19, Mr. Egmont Horn, a graduate of Delaware College in the 1910 class, who is now connected with the General Electric Company, gave a talk to the Electrical and Mechanical Engineering students of the Senior Class on Electrical Measuring Instruments. Mr. Horn divided electrical measuring instruments into two classes: (1) Direct-current instruments, and (2) alternating-current instruments. Speaking of direct current instruments he mentioned

the astatic and D'Arsonval types of voltmeters and ammeters as the only two types which are of much commercial importance, and outlined the construction and operation of each type. Under the head of alternating current instruments Mr. Horn named and described the several types of voltmeters and ammeters, laying stress upon the electro-dynamometer type of instruments as being the most important type of today. In this instrument the current flows through a fixed coil and a movable coil connected in series and the force exerted on the fixed coil by the movable coil deflects the movable coil. The watt-meter is simply a special form of the electro-dynamometer. The reed type of frequency indicator, which is the best instrument of its kind on the market, is of foreign invention and depends on the natural period of vibration of a series of reeds mounted on small coils of wire. The synchroscope is an instrument used in synchronizing two motors. It is a decided improvement over the old lamp method of synchronizing. Because of the importance of the watt-hour meter, this instrument being used in almost every building where electricity is used, Mr. Horn spoke in detail of the construction of this valuable instrument, giving the method used for correcting the readings for lagging currents. Finally Mr. Horn mentioned the Oscillagraph. This instrument, he said, is used to indicate and record the exact process which takes place when an alternating current is flowing through a circuit. It is so delicate that an operation which was completed in two-fifths of a second was re-

corded on a plate 18 inches long. He said that this instrument, though very expensive, was of almost inestimable importance to electrical engineers.

Blumberg stayed in Newark Saturday afternoon to arrange for another fire sale.

Talk about negroes serving time for stealing fowls, "Doc" Doherty and Wills have been put off the "Gym" floor until after Easter for shooting fowls.

Hearne—"Professor, what is that on the board there?"

"Gimpty" (erasing a word from the board)—"Hearne, that was a part of the word 'then.'"

Lind—"It's not a part of the word 'now', professor."

Coach McAvoy, with a violin, looks like Peck's Bad Boy out for a day's outing.

There are more "bars" in "Home, Sweet Home" than in any town I've been in.

Two notices found on bulletin board a few days ago:

Professor Hills will not meet the class in Feeds and Feeding today.

Signed—F. B. Hills.

Professor Barton will not meet the class in Sweeps and Sweeping today.

Signed—Hazo Barton.

As our term of office expires with this issue of the Review, we, the men on the Local Board, wish to say, in giving place to the newly elected officials, that

we feel grateful to our readers for their mutual co-operation and sympathy during the past year and trust they will immediately rally to the support of the new staff, both by contributing material and by keeping their subscriptions paid up.

Professor Smith (in gas engine class) —“This cycle was devised by a man named Otto.”

Lind—“Professor, is that where the name automobile comes from?”

Miss Winifred Robinson, dean of the Delaware College for Women, was the guest of honor at a reception given by the Hon. and Mrs. Preston Lea in Wilmington on March 10, 1914. The faculty of Delaware College and their wives, and others prominent in educational circles, were formally presented to Miss Robinson.

On Tuesday evening, March 24, 1914, Prof. E. L. Smith delivered an interesting illustrated lecture on Paris. This lecture, which is one of the Faculty Lecture Series, was preceded by a concert by the Delaware College Orchestra. The Orchestra made a very creditable showing on its first public appearance.

On March 13, 1914, the class of 1917 held the annual Freshman Banquet in the Hotel DuPont, Wilmington, unmolested by the Sophomores. The Freshman wore the conventional dress suits, but nevertheless were able to eat their fill, smoke up, and tell stories afterwards. There were the usual toasts,—carefully prepared extemporaneously,—and the usual short talks by the invited guests—

Dr. W. O. Sypherd, Coach W. J. McAvoy, and Prof. E. L. Smith. The “shindig” broke up with the customary yells. And now,—alas!—there’s nothing more for those poor Freshmen to do but to graduate. What a slow, dull life is this!

On March 17, 1914, Prof. W. J. Rowan read the lecture of the History Series, prepared by Henry Ridgely of Dover on “Reading Delaware History Through Her Laws,” as Mr. Ridgely was unable to deliver it in person.

A play, “Men and Maids of U. S. A.,” was given on March 18 and 19, 1914, for the benefit of the Newark High School. Houston, Smith, Bounds and J. C. Hastings of the College, performed admirably.

Work on the Women’s College buildings is being rushed, now that mild weather has set in. Bricklayers are now at work on both buildings, which will soon take definite shape.

There is an interesting editorial on the “Delaware Idea” in the Newark Post, date of March 18, 1914. This is a discussion of the “Delaware College Extension” which has been proposed by the Faculty and the Trustees, with the slogan:

“If you can’t come to Delaware College, Delaware College will come to you.” In another column of the same issue is a lengthy account of the work proposed for this course of lectures.

The Junior classes in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, on Friday, March 13, 1914, under the direction of

Mr. H. H. Hillegass, inspected the plant of the Wilmington and Philadelphia Traction Company, on the Brandywine Creek in Wilmington. Notwithstanding the bad luck threatened by the date, no calamities occurred during this daring expedition into the wilds of a great city.

A SAD MISTAKE

Connellee, '14, dined at the boarding club recently. He came in early to be sure to get enough. As he sat down, the waiter placed before him a bowl of gravy. "Con" reached out, set the bowl on his plate, broke some crackers in it, and began to eat it with a large sized spoon. When he had caused a small ebb in the gravy, he asked, "Say, what kind of soup is this?" Brown, '14, (alias "Deac") replied, "Pea soup." "It's mighty good," said Connellee, as he kept on eating. "But say, where's yours?" as he noticed them all watching him. Suddenly it dawned upon his brilliant mind that he was showing shockingly bad form. He left the table, midst the laughter of the vulgar crowd.

Doherty '16, has adopted a new method of bathing in full dress uniform, even to the gloves. It happened thus:

After drill a crowd was congregated in the Gym basement, eating and carrying on. Morrison bet Marshall he could not jump out over the pool, catch the steel girder with his hands, and climb into the side. Marshall succeeded in doing this wonderful feat. "Doc" then said he'd do it for a quarter. When

shown "two bits" he jumped, not taking into consideration the fact that his legs were much shorter than Marshall's. Consequently he fell short of the girder and landed in the pool with a loud splash, dressed, like McGinty, in his best suit of clothes.

When Chaucer describes the Prioress as amiable of port, he means that she was fond of wine.

The imperfect tense is used in French to express a future action in past time which does not take place at all.

The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than if he had only one.

In Mechanics—"Under what conditions will a body float in water?"

"After it has been in the water three days."

On March 17 Yorke E. Rhodes, '15, was elected editor-in-chief of the Review; Earle C. Souder, '15, assistant editor-in-chief; Herbert V. Lindsay, '15, business manager; and Lionel G. Mulholland, '16, assistant business manager, for the year commencing with the May issue.

John held her hand, and she held hizen;
Soon they hugged and went to kizzen,
Ignorant that her pa had rizen;
I — O! — x ? ? ? — ! ! ! — ? — ? ! !
Gee, but John went out a-whizzin.

—Ex.

There was a young lady named Banker,
 Who slept while the ship was at anchor;
 She woke in dismay
 When she heard the mate say:
 "Now hoist up the top sheet and
 spanker." —Ex.

On Friday evening, March 20, Professor C. A. Short, of Delaware College, delivered a lecture before the grange at Cheswold on "Good Roads and the Farmer." Anderson's Hall, in which the lecture was given, was filled to overflowing. At the conclusion of the lecture Professor Short answered a number of questions concerning specific means, methods, cost, etc., of improving the road system in the neighborhood of Cheswold.

This lecture was given as a part of the work offered to organizations of the State by the College Extension Committee of Delaware College.

In order to encourage research work in the history of our own state, Mr. Henry Ridgely of Dover has offered two

prizes of \$35 and \$15 in gold for the two best pieces of original work done in Delaware History by the students of Delaware College. These prizes will be awarded annually. They will be known as the Henry Ridgely prizes in Delaware History.

On the evening of Thursday, March 26, the instructors and students in the Arts and Science Department of Delaware College held a joint meeting in the hall of the Delta Phi Literary Society for the purpose of discussing matters of mutual interest. The subject of the main discussion was, "What Should A Man Get From His Four Years In College?" The speakers representing the Faculty were Professors Conover, Short, Rowan, and Dutton. Those representing the students were, H. W. Horsey, '17, of Dover; H. W. Bramhall, '16, of Georgetown; Edward Lacklen, '15, of Wilmington; and J. E. Watts, '14, of Principio Furnace, Md.

Exchanges

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY: Ghost stories and stories that end "Just then I awoke and found it all a dream" are clumsy tools which only skilled workmen can hide. As soon as the words "ghost stories" are mentioned the conventional ghost story is expected. We believe that the word "ghost" would discredit any short story. If "A Soiree In A Haunted House" had a different name it would have been a capital yarn. It is, however,

rather good for a ghost story. Why is it that next to love stories "ghost" stories and "dream" stories are chief among those written by college men?

A continued story is rare to a college journal, and "Diarmid Beg" is a rare continued story.

THE ORIOLE: If you keep it up your journal will become famous for its comic verse.

We would suggest that you print the

names of the colleges after the jokes which you reprint. It is a courtesy to the colleges which well repays for the extra time spent.

THE WASHINGTON COLLEGIAN: In "Two Centuries Ahead" the writer tries to tell too much to make it interesting.

THE ALBRIGHT BULLETIN: You are altogether too serious. Why don't you tell a few jokes? They are conducive to good health, and surely they will not cause the circulation to fall off. A short story now and then would likewise be an attraction.

Alumni Notes

'04

Howard Ferguson, superintendent of power of the West Penn Traction Co., Pittsburgh, recently visited his parents and friends in Newark.

'10

Egmont Horn, now with the General Electric Co., Philadelphia, delivered a lecture before the Electrical Engineering students at Delaware on March 19th.

'12

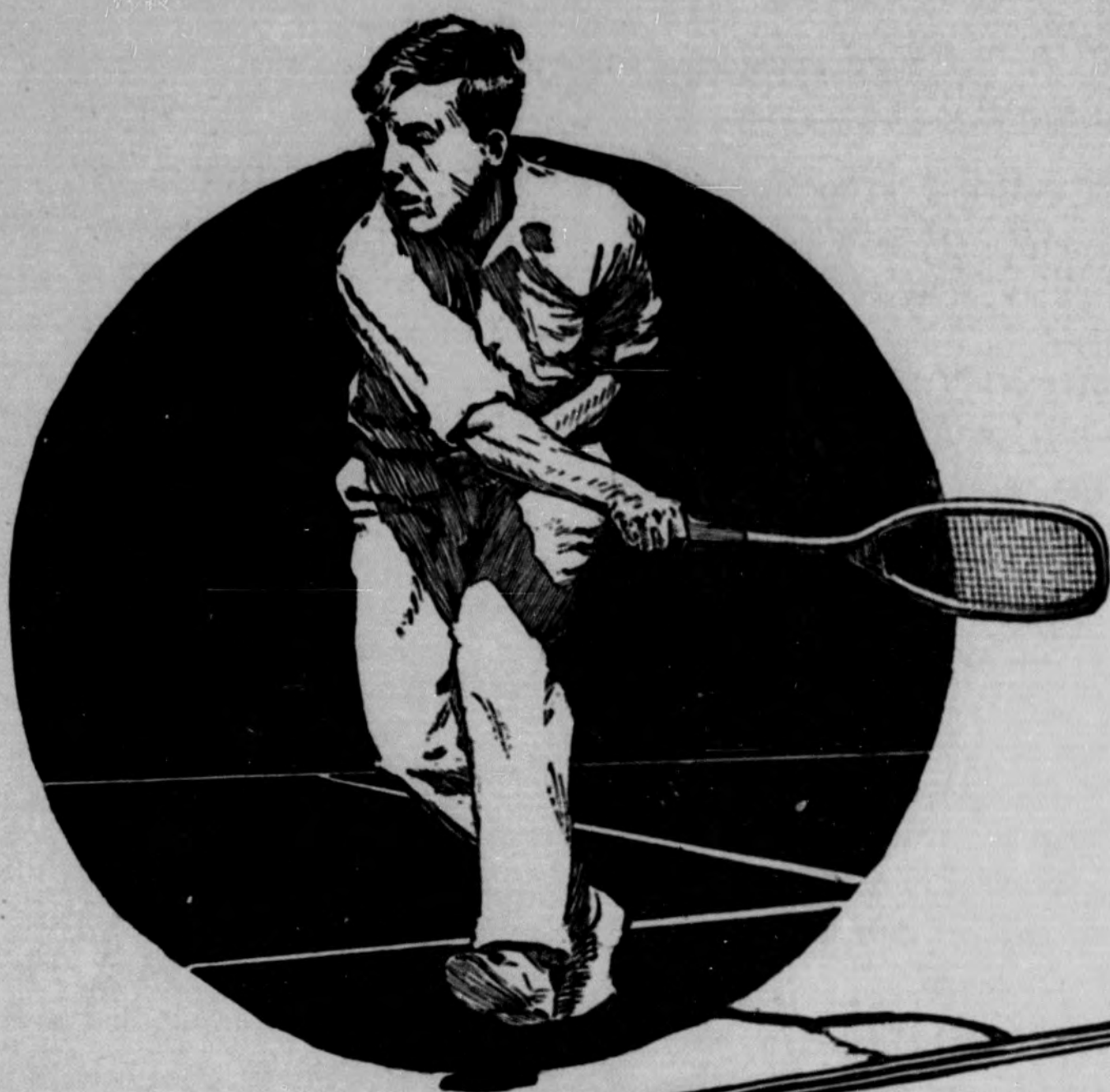
Robert G. Hill and Miss Amelia Locke were recently married at Springfiel,

Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will reside at Raleigh, N. C., where Mr. Hill is a member of the Experiment Station staff.

James G. Lewis and Miss Virginia Digler Weaver of West Philadelphia were married on March 3rd at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will be at home after May 1st at Little Stone House, Rose Valley, Pa., which is a well known artist's colony. Mr. Lewis is engaged in newspaper work, and is now with the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.





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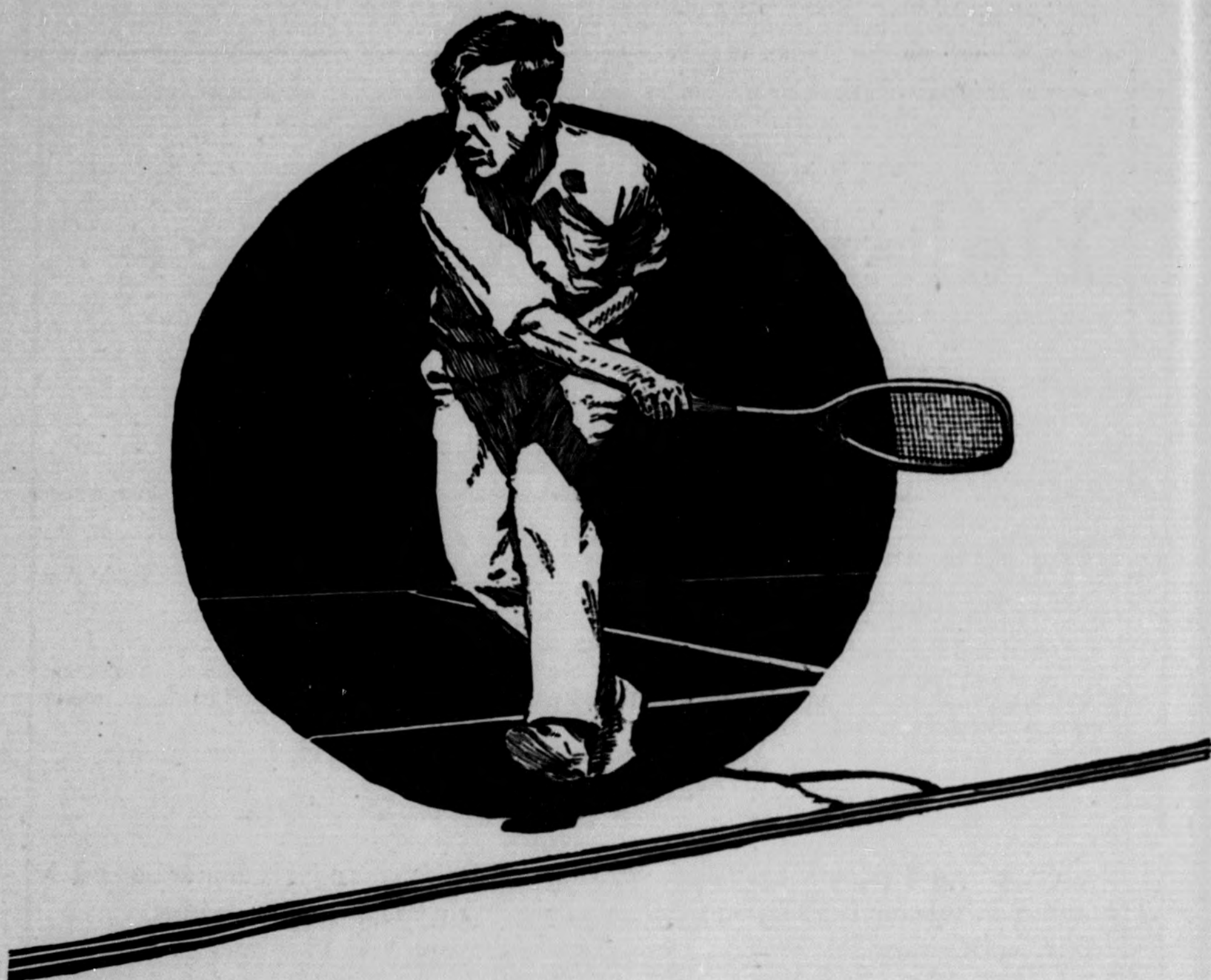
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