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CUPIDON

N'allez pas, mes amis, chercher Cupidon,
Dans le palais royal, sur l'edredon,
Ce n'est pas la, ou habitent les rois,
Qu'il se confie, il redoute meme les bois.
Il fuit les grands airs, il evite les exposures,
Qui dans son coeur infligent des egratinures.
Les laches n'y comptent pas dans son choix,
Il s'eloigne aussi la ou il y a trois.

Il fuit ! Il fuit !

La lumiere l'eblouit.

Cependant Cupidon a une demeure
Ou il vit et regne toujours sans peur.
Pour le trouver n' ayez pas de supplice,
Car c'est moi qui possede la clef de son edifice.
La demeure c'est la calme ou il se montre les nuits,
La, dans les allees il marche sans bruit.
Et lorsque l'horloge sonne douze,
Il reunit deux coeurs, il fait une epouse.
C'est la qu'il habite toujours
C'est la, le Cupidon, le vrai amour.
Son edifice, c'est la entre deux,
C'est la qu'il vit et forme le noeud.

J. TAUBENHAUS, '08

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE.

THE float of the Pine Island House boat landing was very quiet, and seemed to be entirely deserted. A second glance, however, showed to the young gentleman now descending the sloping run-way from the pier to the float, that little Georgie

Smith was busily engaged on one corner of it in fishing for cunners, of which he had already a goodly string beside him. The first mentioned young gentleman, viz. Mr. William Martin Prescott, having greeted the fisherman, who replied with a distracted "Hullo," seated himself on the railing of the

float and drummed absently with the heels of his white canvas shoes

Mr. William Martin Prescott, with his six feet one figure clad in white flannels, his face tanned to a fine brown, and a blue yachting cap on his head, was very good to look upon, but, to judge from the expression on his face, he was not feeling particularly elated, nay his eyes as he gazed out over the blue ocean, dotted with rocky, fir topped islands, looked distressingly gloomy for one so young and apparently in such good health.

And the reason for this melancholy was that the summer was nearly over, Mr. Prescott's vacation ended the next day, and he had not as yet, and the time was growing very short, attained the object of his heart's desire, the said object being Miss Elizabeth Winton Forrest.

Miss Forrest had, many times during the summer, now so nearly gone, refused the offer of his heart and hand, but her answer to the familiar question, when asked the night before, had been a distressingly positive negative, and she had intimated delicately that a renewal of the subject would be distasteful to her. So no wonder that Billy Prescott's brown eyes were looking rather blue, and the picture of sea and islands, bathed in the wine like potency of the coast of Maine air, seemed to him dull and colorless.

The flapping of the sail of his cat-boat, the "Kitten," moored at the float, roused his attention, and, with the seaman's instinct, born of eight weeks of sailing and sea life, he glanced

at the weather. The wind was blowing straight from the ocean, and now he remembered that Capt. Lige McKown had predicted a fog, and Capt. Lige was a weather prophet whom few would dare to doubt. A plan began to form itself in Billy's mind, and it grew and grew, and he thought and thought.

Georgie Smith, having fished steadily all the while, now counted his fish, and, finding that he had caught fifteen, began to wind his lines and prepare to leave the float. Just as he was starting up the run-way, Billy called to him: "Say, Georgie, do you want to make fifty cents?"

"Sure," replied the boy.

"Well, then," said Billy, "run up to the Hotel piazza and tell Miss Betty Forrest, who is sitting there, that an express package came for her on the two o'clock boat, that it looks like candy, and is sitting out in the hot sun on the landing wharf, and that she had better go over and get it. But mind," he added, "don't you go and get it for her, and don't dare to say that I told you about it. If Miss Betty is down here in ten minutes it means fifty cents to you, understand?"

"Sure," answered Georgie, as he plodded on up the path towards the Hotel.

"There," said Billy to himself, "I guess that will bring her;" and forthwith he proceeded to collect all of the oars in the three row boats tied to the float, and to stow them away under the seat of his cat-boat. He had but just finished his task, and assumed a posi-

tion of graceful ease on the railing, when Miss Elizabeth Winter Forrest appeared on the pier above.

Miss Elizabeth Winter Forrest, to judge from her name, should be a tall, stately, beautiful creature, but such was not the case. Betty Forrest was not tall and stately, though, to be sure, she was not short, and she was not, in the strictest sense of the word, beautiful, but she was adorably pretty. Her present costume of white duck, with a red belt, and a big fuzzy red tam o'shanter on her brown head, was far from detracting from her charms.

"Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Prescott," sweetly.

"Oh, good afternoon, *Miss* Forrest," politely.

"Have you been sailing Mr. Prescott?"

"I have been waiting for you to go sailing with me, Miss Forrest."

"Oh, indeed? Then you must believe in mental telepathy, Mr. Prescott, for, you know, you have intimated no desire for my company, as yet. Now, I," here Miss Forrest seated herself in a row boat, and began carefully to fasten in the row-locks, "am going to row over to the landing to see if there is any mail,"

"In that event I think you had better come with me, for, you see, it will be rather awkward to row over without oars."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Prescott, I won't trouble; I'll just borrow a pair of oars from another boat, but—why where are the oars?"

"There seem to be no oars here, Miss

Forrest. The kids are having races around in Dunnett's cove, and they told me they were going to take extra oars. They said they were afraid they might break some. Thoughtful, aren't they, and prudent. You had better sail over with me, Miss Forrest."

Now Betty really wanted her candy, and she was by no means averse to sailing to the landing with Billy Prescott, so into the "Kitten" she stepped, and in a minute the bow was pushed off the float, Billy had jumped back to his place by the tiller, the sheet rope was shortened, and with a delicious ripple of water against her white sides the boat was under way.

The landing was soon reached and the candy procured. It was really there, as Mr. Prescott had every reason to suspect, and when the two were once more seated in the boat, with the opened box of candy reposing comfortably between them, and a glorious stretch of heaving bay sparkling before them, Billy turned to his companion, and with pleading in his eyes asked, "Betty, just one more sail with me, our last sail together?"

"Yes," said Betty slowly; "yes, on one condition."

"And that is?"—

"That what I said last night holds good today, and that certain questions which were discussed then, must not be rediscussed now."

"Oh, very well," was the despondent answer.

Silence for a while, as they tacked merrily back and forth across the bay, and then: "Stow isn't the hardest

thing I know," said Billy, rather irrelevantly.

Miss Forrest, nibbling at a candied cherry, ignored this remark, and presently the gloomy voice continued: "But sometimes hard hearts relent, when it is too late, when a bright young life has been ruined."

"Oh, I don't know," said Betty, selecting a chocolate almond with great care. "I noticed one bright young life that seemed to be fairly happy playing tennis with Miss Smith this morning. Miss Smith plays awfully well."

"She played a bum game this morning."

"Oh, really, how patient you must have been, for you played at least two hours."

Silence again until Billy continued: "Miss Smith loves sailing, she loves it. It's a pleasure to take her out, she's so enthusiastic. I love to take her sailing."

"Why didn't you take her this afternoon; you could have, you know; she would have been glad to come?"

Mr. Prescott seemed to have no reply to this, at any rate he made none, and presently Miss Forrest shifted her position and said: "My, how narrow and uncomfortable these seats are. Oh, those lovely, lovely chairs on the piazza! I could rock, and rock, and rock, and Mr. Jenks would have been there to talk to me. Mr. Jenks is so entertaining. It's a great gift to be able to entertain, few people possess it."

"Your plight is really pitiful," said Billy. "Just think of poor Jenks wast-

ing his sweetness on the deserted piazza air."

"And yet," said Betty, "you endeavor to prolong my misery by sailing steadily out to sea, And I'm sure a fog is coming up. Billy, don't you think you really had better sail for home?"

Now the fog was, in very truth, coming up, a fact of which Billy had been for some time aware, and the stiff ocean breeze was bringing it up very rapidly. Already the pale forerunner of it was drifting around them, when Billy leaned over and deliberately said something he had said many times before and always with the same result.

"Betty, I love the color of your eyes." Quick as a wink the eyes were closed. "Yes," Billy went on, "they are lovely eyes; nowhere else have I ever observed just that shade of violet. They remind me a trifle, oh, just the merest trifle, of Miss Smith's eyes. Let me see them a minute, Betty, just a minute, to see if there is more resemblance than I thought."

But the eyes remained tightly closed for many minutes, and when they opened at last, the fog had surrounded them completely and the owner of the eyes had not noticed that the boat had been put about and that Billy, with the box compass beside him, was steering a bee-line course for the Hotel, a course which he had carefully marked out before the fog had shut it from sight.

"Billy," she said, in a frightened voice, "what is it, where are we?"

"We are, my dear," said Billy, in a soothing voice, "in one of the thickest

fogs that I have ever seen, and we are putting straight to sea, which is the safest thing that we can do till this fog lifts," which of course was a lie, but it was not the first one that Billy Prescott had told that day, nor was it to be the last.

The wind continued to blow freshly and the tide was running in strongly, the fog hung round them thick, dark, impenetrable. The elements were surely doing their best to further Mr. Prescott's plans, and Mr. Prescott himself, prayed deeply and fervently that all would go as he desired. And presently, when they had sailed along for some time in almost absolute silence, he saw a tall red and white buoy glide slowly by them through the mist, and he beheld on it the painted numerals 26. Then did Mr. Prescott heave a sigh of grateful relief, for he knew to the foot just where they were. He could have asked nothing more. Fate had been very kind to him, and Betty had not noticed the buoy.

Billy gently put the boat up into the wind, then turned to his companion and said, "Well, there is no use in running onto the rocks, as we are liable to do if we keep on this way, and anyway the wind is dying down. Don't you think we might as well anchor and await developments?"

"Just as you say, Billy," came the rather weak reply; "I never was lost at sea before, and can't say just what is best to be done."

So Billy scrambled to the bow of the boat, dropped the anchor overboard, and found, as he had expected, that

they were in about five feet of water. However he resumed his place by the tiller, and said, in a voice of disquieting resignation: "Just as I supposed."

A pause, then: "What had you supposed, Billy?"

"That the anchor rope I have doesn't touch bottom by a quarter of a mile, and that we are drifting my dear, drifting to sea with the tide."

And the recording angel jotted down two more untruths against William M. Prescott's name.

"Let me put my coat around your shoulders Betty, and hadn't I better put this candy under the seat; it will get damp here?" The candy box which was large and bulky, sat between them.

"Oh, no," said Betty, rather hurriedly, "the candy is all right where it is; I—I like to eat a piece now and then. It gives me courage. Billy, did people ever get lost in a fog before?"

"Oh, yes, often," was the cheerful reply.

"And did they ever get found?"

"Not till it was too late."

"Who didn't get found, Billy?"

"A young fisherman who lived around here, and his sweetheart, they were out one evening, setting his lobster traps, and the fog came down. No one knew what happened to the boat, but the next day their bodies were found on the shore of Green Island. They were locked fast in each other's arms, Betty, and their faces were smiling. There are worse things than dying, dear, when you don't die alone. Since then fishermen, at times in foggy

twilight, have heard a murmuring of voices, as an unseen boat drifted by them."

One corner of the candy box pressed gently against Billy's leg.

"Who else was ever lost, Billy?"

"A young fellow from Boston, a summer boarder, who, one evening sailed over to Northport to see his lady love, for he was a lover too. But they quarreled and he started out alone, in the fog. She could have stopped him, if she had said just one little word, but she didn't, and, he never was found."

"Oh Billy, the poor fellow."

"Poor girl, I say."

"Why?"

"Oh his trouble was over, but she, had to look forward to a long life of regret. For she could have saved him, but she didn't."

"But maybe she didn't know whether she loved him or not."

"She knew when it was all over, but then, you know, it was too late." People oughtn't to wait that long. If anything should happen to us now, I should put that cork cushion around you, and you would be picked up by a passing vessel, and then you would know whether you loved me or not, but then again it would be too late, too late."

"But Billy, it's not too late now and I know, I know."

The poor candy box, but then it was in the way.

"Betty, say it again, tell me you know."

"Oh Billy, I do, I do."

"Betty," he whispered, "Betty."

And Dan Cupid with a self satisfied wink, flung open the gates of Eden, and two other persons entered that delectable garden.

* * * * *

A half hour later the fog disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and there, not two hundred yards from the boat was the Hotel float.

"Why Billy, why, where are we, I thought we were lost at sea?"

"No Betty, we are not at sea, we are home, but tell me you still know Betty, tell me you still know."

And Betty knew.

Y. M. C. A.

L. E. CAIN, 1907.

THE regular Sunday afternoon meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association have been very interesting as well as helpful. Since the last issue of this paper, the Rev. Mr. Atkins, of this town, Dr. Dawson and Prof. Foard, members of the faculty, have each given addresses in our hall. These have been fairly well attended, but it seems as if more of the fellows could and ought to be present, so as to better show our gratitude toward the ministers in the vicinity and members of the faculty who take an interest in our work.

A. M. Jackson, Ex. '04, graduated at the University of Maryland last June. He passed the Maryland State Board examinations in November and has opened a law office in Salisbury, Md.

HOMELY ADVICE.

If you the way that leads you to success

In life would know,

Then look around and take advice from

Common things, just so :

The Crow would say, "Be caw-tious;" Corset adds,

"In a tight place ;"

"Or at a pinch," the Snuff remarks. "Have good

Points," says the Lace.

"Be sharp," the Knife says; and the Axle adds :

"Don't get too hot."

"Talk cents," remarks the Miser, "Don't boil over,"

Says the pot.

"Have sand," then said the Hour-Glass; "Don't be

Bunk-oed," says the Bed.

"Do not be sad," the Pie-crust cries, "Be firm,"

The Jelly said.

The Cricket says : "Be on the jump;" the Grease says :

"On the spot."

"Be of high rank," the Cheese remarks; says the

Period : "On the dot."

"If your wages do not suit you," the Clock says,

"Why then strike."

The Scales say : "Be well balanced; and the Fire

Remarks : "Be bright."

"Do not de-lay, and be egg-sact," the Hen says;

And the Track,

Cries, "Let your dis-course be quite clear." "Be open,"

Says the Crack.

And so you see that every thing some message

Has; why not

Just try them all, then surely you will find

Yourself on top.

R. B. F., '05.

A MODERN LOVE AFFAIR

ON New Year's night, in the year 1904, two young men were sitting quietly before a cheerful grate fire, in a magnificent suite of rooms at the Hotel Walton, in Philadelphia. These two young men were in anything but a talkative mood, and were gazing at the glowing coals in a very pensive manner, when suddenly Dick Landith sprang from his Morris chair with an exclamation so full of energy that his silent, thoughtful companion looked up from his ruminations with a startled air. "Jack Harrison," he said, "I am going to get married." Jack's face bore a horrified expression. "Why Dick, old man, you certainly don't expect me to believe that, do you? I am afraid those cocktails have upset you a little," "Cocktails be hanged," shouted Dick, "I am just as sober as you are, man, but I have come to a sudden conclusion." "So it seems" said Jack, "and what brought about this most extraordinary conclusion?" "Well! if you stop acting like such a confounded ass, and don't gaze at me in that idiotic manner, I will explain. It is this way Jack, I am literally devoured alive by ennui, this life of dining at the club, and going to the theatre, day in and day out, is extremely monotonous. You go here and you find a scheming matron who tries to inveigle you into marrying her pretty daughter, you go there and you find the same distressing state of affairs, so to save myself from this I intend to find a wife." "And what is to be the name of this fortunate bride-elect, my

dear Dick, if I may be so inquisitive." "That's just the point," said Dick, "I don't know." "Don't know. Why man, are you crazy? Shall I call a physician?" "Now just keep cool Jack, and I will tell you the rest. I want to do something new, something original, of course I could marry one of those pretty little girls whose mammas are 'on the anxious bench,' but that would be too commonplace, too matter of fact, so I have decided to do this: I will advertise for a wife." "Oh! Dick, a glass of whiskey quick, to quiet my unstrung nerves. Oh! thank you, that Wilson whiskey is so good. Now Dick, I feel better able to reason with you. Don't you remember Miss Stafford, how you once swore to be true to her forever, and to marry her? Surely, old chap, you haven't forgotten that." "Yes Jack, I do remember, but that was years ago, and you must know that we had a quarrel, and that shortly after, she and her aunt, and Evelyn Blake went abroad together. She never wrote to me, and I have not the slightest idea of her whereabouts. If I could have married her my happiness would have been complete, but she has forgotten me, and is probably a married woman by this time." "By Gad! Dick. If I were you, before I took this extremely foolish step I would do my best to find Miss Stafford." "No use Jack. She is lost to me forever. No! No! I could never hope to win her even if I found her, and she were not yet married." "Too bad! too bad! I am sorry old fellow, that you won't take my advice. I am afraid that you

will regret this scheme. And now to return to this new and original plan of yours. What steps do you propose to take, and when?" "To-night Jack, this very minute. Put on your overcoat and we will go to one of the big newspapers and have my advertisement inserted."

Ten minutes later, a department editor of the North American, one of the largest newspapers in Philadelphia, was much surprised to see two young men enter his office in a great hurry, and while one of the men looked about the room to assure himself that there were no listeners, the other one had an interview with the newspaper man. The result of the interview was that the editor jotted down on a slip of paper a few lines of writing at the young man's dictation, and received from him a bright silver coin. Then the visitors departed.

* * * * *

"Dear me! Evelyn, how nice it seems to be back in New York once more, and the best part about it is that no one knows we are here. What a surprise it will be."

"Yes, I am glad to be back Nina. I am tired to death of Europe and all of its old nonsense, but here everybody and everything seems so strange. I wonder if your old friend Dick Landith still lives in Philadelphia?"

"Goodness knows! dear. He wouldn't look at me now anyway. It was so foolish of me to get angry and quarrel with him, but he never wrote to me, so my pride kept me from writing to him. Of course he is married by now."

"I don't know, Nina, perhaps he is, but anyway we must go down and eat our dinner."

The two girls who have just been talking are Nina Stafford and Evelyn Blake, who in company with Miss Stafford's aunt, Miss Porter, have been living in Europe for several years, and have now returned to their native land. The aunt has had the misfortune to fall a victim to la grippe, and being confined to her room was not able to look after her niece and Miss Blake as she would liked to have done.

Going back to the two girls we find them seated in the diningroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, enjoying their dessert and a Philadelphia newspaper.

"Oh Nina, look here," cried Evelyn, "isn't this perfectly dear? A young man wants to get married, and advertises for his wife. Read this:"

Nina read as follows: "A young man twenty-seven years of age, desires a wife. He is good-looking, refined and wealthy. Wife must not be older than twenty-one, must be good-looking and refined. For further information apply to Department A, Section C, Philadelphia North American."

Both girls giggled, as girls will. Then there was silence. All at once Nina's eyes began to sparkle. "Evelyn," she said, "I am going to answer that advertisement."

Evelyn's face took on a look of maidenly horror, which was soon replaced by that of growing admiration.

"I dare you Nina. Surely you can't be in earnest."

"Indeed I am then. I will just do

it for a lark. Auntie is sick and need never know. We really must do something to make a little excitement."

"But you don't intend to marry him, Nina?"

"Gracious! No. I shall arrange the affair so that I can meet this freak of a man in a drawing-room here at the hotel, and when he comes and I have taken just one little peep at him to see what kind of a mortal he is, I shall tell him that I guess I have changed my mind, and don't want to get married after all, and then I shall run away and leave him, and we shall have had our excitement."

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There was considerable correspondence between Department A, Section C, of the Philadelphia North American

and room No. forty-four of the Waldorf-Astoria, and on one beautiful morning in January, as a consequence of this correspondence, two men were seated in a private parlor of the Waldorf-Astoria, and they both seemed nervous and impatient. Suddenly the portieres were drawn back, and two young women, heavily veiled, stepped into the room. The men arose from their chairs, and one of the young women clutched convulsively at her companion's sleeve. "Diez!" was her scarcely audible cry. The latter of the two men took four enormous strides, and with eager hands tore off the spacious veil.

"My dear little Nina," he said. "So you have come back to me at last." And he kissed her. G. M. B., '07.

GEOGRAPHICAL LIMERICS.

There was a young lady from Me.
Who illness would constantly fe,
But one day a green plum
Made a row in her stum.
And she cried with a really true pe.

In the beautiful State of Ky.
Lived a fellow unusually ply,
But his thoughts took the hue
Of the grass, which is blue,
And he died. Oh how very unly.

A girlie who lived in Wyo.
Went out walking one eve in the glo.
Goblins, we supposed
Took her, where no one knows,
But she never returned from her ro.

THE WOLF

From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

THIS is the story which the old Marquis d'Arville told us at the end of the dinner of St. Hubert, at the home of the Baron of Ravels.

We had hunted a deer that day. The Marquis alone, of all the diners, had taken no part in the chase, for he never hunted.

During the whole of the repast, no subject had been discussed other than the slaughter of animals. The women even, listened with interest to the bloody and often improbable tales, and the speakers, with violent gestures and loud voices told of attacks and struggles between men and beasts.

M. d'Arville spoke well, with a certain poesy, in a rather sonorous but effective voice. He must have repeated the story often, for he spoke rapidly, not hesitating over his words, yet choosing them skillfully so as to enhance the effect of the tale.

"Gentlemen, I have never hunted, nor did my father, my grandfather, or my great-grandfather. This last was the son of a man who hunted more than all of you. He died in 1764. I will tell you how.

His name was Jean, he was married and the father of the child who was my great grandfather. He lived with his younger brother, Francois d'Arville, in our Chateau de Lorraine, in the midst of great forests.

They hunted together through the entire year, without resting, without stopping, without weariness. They loved only that sport, understood nothing

else, talked of nothing else, lived only for it.

They were, it appears, very tall, bony, hairy, strong and vigorous men. The younger was taller than the elder, and with a voice so strong that a tradition says that when he spoke the leaves of the forest quivered.

And when they started on the chase, Ah! what a grand sight to see those two giants, astride of their mighty horses.

Now, about the middle of the winter of the year 1764, the cold was intense and the wolves became unusually fierce.

They attacked farmers, roved at night around the houses, howled from sunset till dawn, and ravaged the stables.

And soon a rumor spread. The subject of all conversation was a huge wolf, with a grey hide, almost white, which had eaten two children, torn the arm from a woman, and strangled all the watch dogs in the country, which came fearlessly into the very yards and snuffed under the door. All the country people affirmed that they had felt his breath, which made the lights flicker. And soon a panic ran through the whole province. No one dared to venture out after nightfall. The darkness seemed to be haunted by the form of this beast.

The brothers d'Arville determined to find and kill it, and they invited to a great hunt all the gentlemen of the country.

But in vain. They scoured the forest and underbrush, but never found

the gray wolf. They killed many other wolves, but not the one which they sought. And each night following a massacre, the beast, as if to avenge his race, attacked some traveller, or killed some domestic animal, always far from the place where they had hunted.

At length, one night, it entered the pig sty of the Chateau d'Arville, and killed two of the finest of the herd.

The two brothers were consumed with rage, considering the attack to be an affront of the monster, a direct injury, a defiance. They took all their strongest linehounds, accustomed to run down the fiercest beasts, and began the chase anew. From the pink glow of dawn, till the reddish flush of sunset, they hunted. But they did not find the wolf.

At length, furious and forlorn, they turned their horses homeward, through an aisle of the forest, bordered with brambles. Talking with wonderment over their unavailing skill, suddenly they were seized with a mysterious terror.

The elder said: "This is no ordinary beast, one would think that he thought like a man."

The younger answered: "Perhaps it is necessary for a priest to bless the bullet."

Then they were silent.

Jean spoke again: "Look, how redly the sun glows. The great beast will do some mischief this night."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when his horse reared, and the horse of Francois began to plunge. A great mound, covered with dry leaves, open-

ed before them, and a huge beast, all grey, sprang out and ran through the woods.

With a stifled exclamation of joy, they leaned far forward on their horses, hurling them on with a motion of their bodies, exciting them, spurring them on, the riders seeming almost to carry their horses, as if they flew.

So they rode, bellies low to the ground. Sounding loud blasts on their horn to summon the dogs.

And suddenly, in this wild race, my great-grandfather, striking with his forehead the huge limb of a tree, split open his skull. He fell to the ground, dead, while his terrified horse disappeared in the shades of the forest.

The younger d'Arville stopped short, leaped to the ground, seized his brother in his arms, and he saw that the brains flowed from the wound with the blood.

Then down he sat near the body, placed on his knees the red and disfigured head, and waited, looking at the immovable features. And gradually fear stole over him. A strange fear that he had never felt before, fear of the darkness, fear of the silence, fear of the empty forest, and fear for that monstrous beast, which, to avenge itself, had killed his brother.

The darkness deepened, the trees cracked in the frosty air. Francois arose, feeling himself well nigh distraught. He heard nothing, neither the sound of dogs or horses. All was silent; and this awful silence of frozen night was terrifying and strange. He lifted the huge body of Jean, straightened it, and hung it across the saddle-

bow. Then he started slowly towards the Chateau, his mind troubled and dark, pursued by horrible and supernatural beings.

And lo! suddenly in the dusky road, a grey form brushed by. It was the wolf. A shudder of terror shook the hunter, something cold, as a drop of water, trickled down the reins, and he made, as a priest haunted by the devil, the sign of the cross, frightened at this sudden return of the beast. But his eyes fell on the inert body hanging before him, and straightway fear turned to anger, and he shook with terrible rage.

Then on he spurred his horse and leapt after the fleeing wolf. Over bushes, ravines, and hedges he followed it, passing through strange woods, eyes fixed on the white speck which flew through the falling night.

His horse seemed animated with an unknown endurance, with neck outstretched, straightforward he galloped, leaping rocks and fallen trees, the head and feet of the dead body dangling from the saddle. Briers tore out the hair, the head, striking against tree stumps, bathed them with blood.

Suddenly, beast and pursuer quitted the forest, and plunged into a narrow valley, just as the moon appeared above the mountain tops. The valley was walled in by high rocks, there was no possible exit, and the wolf, at bay, faced about.

Francois with a terrible scream of joy, a scream which the rocks horribly echoed and re-echoed, flung himself from his horse, his knife in his hand,

The beast bristled, curved his back, waited; his eyes gleamed like stars. But the hunter, before beginning the attack, lifting the body of his brother, seated it on a rock, propping up with stones the head, now but a bloody pulp. Then he cried into the unhearing ears.

"Look, Jean, look!"

Then he threw himself on the monster. A strength that could overthrow mountains, could crush rocks, possessed him. The beast, with terrible fangs, sought to tear out his entrails, but, with no need for weapons, he seized the brute by the neck, strangling it, listening for the breath to stop in the throat, for the heart to cease breathing. And he laughed, wildly joyful, crushing tighter and tighter his fearful antagonist, crying out in a delirium of joy: "See, Jean, See!" All resistance ceased, the body of the wolf became flaccid. It was dead.

Then Francois, carrying it in his arms, bore it and threw it at the feet of the corpse, calling out in an agonized voice: "Take it, take it, take it, Jean, my little one, hear me!"

He hung the two dead bodies, one upon the other, over the saddle and turned homeward.

Laughing and weeping he entered the Chateau, uttering cries of triumph, trembling with joy in telling of the death of the wolf, sobbing and tearing his hair in telling of the death of his brother.

And often, when later he spoke of that day, he would say: "If only Jean had seen me strangle the beast, he would have died happy, I am sure of it."

The widow of my great-grandfather inspired in her orphaned son, a horror of the chase, which has been transmitted from father to son, to myself."

The Marquis d'Arville ceased speaking. Some one asked:

"This is but a legend, is it not?"

And the Marquis replied:

"It is true, I swear to you, from one end to the other."

Then a woman said, in a low sweet voice: "Ah well, true or not true, what difference is it, it is fine to have such passions."

[Translated by J. T., '08 and R. F., '05]

EXCHANGES

E. F. WARRINGTON, '07.

"A Fire Scene" in the College Signal, issued November 30th, is one of the finest descriptions we have had the pleasure of reading in our numerous exchanges. The author gives a vivid impression of the scene and uses no superfluous words—a practice which too often characterizes descriptions in college magazines—but on the other

hand shows an acute sense for selecting the word that conveys the exact idea that he wishes to express. We might add, however, that with the exception of this description we find few, if any, more literary productions that are worthy of mention.



The High School Student is the best High School paper that comes to our table. It always contains two or more poems, and its literature in general gives evidence of a diligent editorial board.



This month's issue of "The William and Mary Literary Magazine" contains a great variety of productions, the majority of which are interesting as well as instructive. The short poem, "Lee," has a good amount of real poetry in it. The editorials deal with some of the important political questions of the day. The editor, it seems, gives a good hint that others in this should follow his example.

A frisky young girl from Conn.
Just for fun dressed herself in a pett.
But the absence of frock
Gave her mother a shock,
For, said she, that is very poor ett.

There was a young fellow from Ga.
Who when hard up one day tried fa.
Check of his Pop's,
But a half dozen cops
Soon pinched that young fellow from Ga.

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Entered at the Newark, Delaware, Postoffice, as second class matter.

EDITORIAL

ON Thursday, February 9th, the Legislators of Delaware, some fifty or sixty strong, paid a visit of inspection to Delaware College. College exercises ceased after the arrival of the distinguished visitors and students were asked to see that they were treated courteously, and that they might receive any necessary information concerning the buildings or work of the institution. A short exhibition drill was given in the gymnasium, and at half-past twelve, the Freshmen, (that was pretty good of the Freshmen too, for it was dinner time), hied them to the shop, and, for a half hour, made the "wheels go round" for the benefit of the visiting gentlemen.

The College has applied to the Legislature for an appropriation of \$20,000, to be used in the erection of a new drill hall and gymnasium, and in making some needful changes in Recitation Hall, and the object of the Legislator's visit was to convince themselves that the improvements were really needed. They expressed themselves well pleased and satisfied with the College and its management, and admitted that we were badly in need of more room. If the State treasury

proves equal to the emergency there is little doubt but that we shall receive the appropriation. Chief Justice Lore in his excellent speech at dinner, called attention to the fact that the College was supported by the National Government and the State, the Government furnishing the necessary running expenses and the State the buildings and equipment. He gave point to the remark that the State must keep up with it's end of the bargain. We feel very sure that it will.



ON February 16th the first of a series of University Extension Lectures will be delivered in the College Oratory, at 8 p. m. These lectures, which are six in number, by the able lecturer, Mr. Leslie Willis Sprague, B. D., will be both interesting and instructive, and we wish to call the attention of the students especially to them. The subject of the course is, "Social Messages of some Nineteenth Century Prophets." Admission will be free to students and no one should miss the opportunity. If the lectures are well attended it is possible that the Trustees of the College will assist in defraying the expenses in

the future, which expenses were met this year by private subscription. So gentlemen here is a chance to help yourself and your town friends at the same time. We print in full the schedule of the lectures :

No. 1—"Friedrich Schiller, and the Gospel of Freedom," February 16.

No. 2—"Victor Hugo, and the Rising of the People," February 23.

No. 3—"Thomas Carlyle and the Worth of Man," March 2.

No. 4—Lyof N. Tolstoy, and the Social Message of Christianity," March 9.

No. 5—"Joseph Mazzini, and the Affirmation of Nationality and Humanity," March 16.

No. 6—"Walt Whitman and the Hope of Democracy," March 23.



EMPEROR WILLIAM has set on foot an interesting and important project, which has to do with the spread of the brotherhood of letters. His plan is to effect an exchange of teachers between this country and Germany, and so offer to students a deeper knowledge and broader outlook upon the world of men and affairs. The plan is not altogether new, as witness the foreign professors who have lectured here, and the Americans invited to deliver courses in European Universities, but "could the idea be put upon a broader and more systematic basis, the system would be a distinct step nearer the ideals of international understanding and relationship, toward which the world is striving." It is said that Harvard Univer-

sity and the University of Berlin have practically arranged a method by which a temporary exchange of professors will be brought about. It is further reported that a similar arrangement has been made between the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Berlin Institute of Technology.



President Eliot On Football

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has caused a stir in the athletic world, by publishing a vigorous objection to the game of football. It "has become seriously injurious to rational academic life," he says, and then goes on to cite its drawbacks as a college sport.

No sooner had his article, attacking the game, appeared, than the newspapers of the country took up the argument, which, as might be expected, from the extreme popularity of the game, was in favor of football.

Almost every phase of President Eliot's article was taken up and discussed by the various newspapers interested, and the result was that many of the president's fears concerning the low moral quality of the game have been allayed, at least to the satisfaction of the general public.

President Eliot himself, said that "in a well-managed college, where men physically unfit for football are prevented from playing the game, the risk of death on the football field within four years is not so great as the risk in riding horseback, driving an automobile or boating or yachting, if these sports are followed for years." This

admission dispels the objection on account of injuries received.

As to the distraction of the undergraduate's mind from college duties during football season, we must admit that this is so, in the large universities, but is scarcely perceptible in the smaller colleges, not even among the players, for, in most colleges no man is allowed to participate in athletic contests, who is not up to the required mark in his studies.

And, although there is some truth in his other statements of the evils of the game, the general opinion seems to be that there is no immediate danger of the "moral quality" of football doing any serious damage to participants in the game. And as for it being an "ungenerous" game, because one resorts "to every ruse, stratagem and deceit which would be justifiable in actual fighting, does not one resort to these aforesaid ruses, stratagems and deceits in a simple game of chess?

So, although there are numerous objections to football, as well as to chess, there is little likelihood that either will be struck from the list of popular "sports" for some time to come.

H. BELL, '07.



We print the following article, clipped from one of the daily newspapers, thinking that it may be of interest to some of the graduating class :

"Uncle Sam has issued a call for 140 college graduates to go to the Philippines and help carry on educational and other work in those islands. J. J. Vogel, secretary to the local board of

examiners, announces that an examination will be held in the Federal building, on March 1 and 2. Twenty graduates from polytechnic schools and 20 from Agricultural schools are wanted. The salary offered is \$1,200 a year. Those who qualify will be placed as teachers or clerks in the administrative office in the Philippines. Women will not be admitted to these examinations except wives or fiancées of men who enter the examination.

ATHLETICS

L. L. COOPER, '05.

Indoor practice for baseball has begun in the gymnasium but it is almost impossible to accomplish anything as we are so limited for space.

Manager Bowler has the schedule almost arranged. It is as follows:

- April 15. To be filled.
- April 22. Lehigh University, at South Bethlehem.
- April 29. Johns Hopkins University, at Newark.
- May 6. M. A. C., at College Park.
- May 13. Ursinus, at Collegeville.
- May 20. Lebanon Valley, at Newark.
- May 24. Muhlenburg, at Newark.
- May 27. Williamson, at Newark.
- June 3. Ursinus, at Newark.
- June 10. To be filled.
- June 17. Muhlenburg, at Allentown.



The track team has started training. There are about forty men trying for the team. Whenever the weather permits the squad is taken on a cross country run. At present, as it is im-

possible to train outside, gymnasium work takes the place of the runs. We expect to enter a relay team in the Field Sports at the University of Pennsylvania, and if nothing happens will enter several other events at this same meet.

LOCAL

T. MARVEL GOODEN, '05.

Junior Prom.

Mr. Trimble.

Full-house.

Flunks.

T. B. Smith and Blake have become very antagonistic over "Old Aunt Fanny."

Collins, '08 and Scott have opened a barber-shop in the kitchen of the boarding-club.

Dr. H. (in Physics): "Mr. Ridgely, why are you not prepared on to-day's lesson?"

Ridgely: "—I went over it six times."

Cain has become a great crusher, also doing a few stunts in the driving line.

Jimmy Neill has been nicknamed "The Deacon."

Davis and Jones made a trip to their future home last week; they were accompanied by the Delaware Legislature.

Griffith: "Hess, why do you always sit by the front window?"

Hessler: "O, somebody has to look out for the family."

Linfred made quite an imposing soldier in Bowler's uniform.

Collins (to Kennedy): "Bill, why don't you wash your dishes after your midnight meals; then the cooks wouldn't go on a strike."

Wilson is now the champion tobacco grafter in the College.

Notice: The assembly-room will be closed on the night of the Prom. Hard luck lovers.

Scott: "Midget, do you know who Colonel Moseby was?"

Midget: "No. Who was he?"

Scott: "A guerrilla in the Civil War."

Midget: "How's that? Was his grandfather a monkey?"

Sambo: "Cooper, the ministers in Elkton are kicking about having no marriages."

Cooper: "Well! I know of one minister who can have a marriage if he wants it." "Hush, Coop., here comes Laura."

Messick, O, Messick, five-eight in length;
Broad is his chest, great is his strength.
His strength is something hard to spurn,
He lifted three men: Derby, Jones and Earn.

There was a young fellow whose name was Scott,

Whose rep. as a cook was something hot,

He boiled his cocoa and toasted his bread,

And ate so d— much that he has a bald head.

Derby, the lover, is known at sight,
He usually goes calling on Sunday night

And forgets the time, 'so he has said,
And stays two hours after papa's in bed.

DE ALUMNIS

CECIL C. FULTON, JR., 1906.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the Newark National Bank Joseph H. Hossinger, B. S., '91, was elected Cashier, and J. David Jaquette, B. S., '89, was elected Assistant Cashier.

Julius H. G. Wolf, B. C. E., '93, C. E., '96, has just accepted a position with the United States Engineer Corps. Mr. Wolf is also a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Raymond DuHadway, B. A., '94, has been sent by our Government as a teacher to the Philippine Islands. He is now teaching at Fananan, Batanges Province, P. I.

Herman M. Sypherd, B. A., '95, a former member of the bar of New Castle county, is now secretary of the Board of Trade of Atlantic City, where he resides.

Harrison Vickers, '98, is now practicing law in Chestertown, Md. E. Monroe Baden, '01, is practicing law in Dallas, Texas.

J. E. G. Pardee, '03, is finishing his second year in the Law Department of the University of Maryland.

Webster Wells, Ex. '05, will graduate from the University of Maryland this year. Having received the highest average in examinations during his college course there he will receive a prize for his efficiency.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

The rumor of a probable consolidation of Ursinus College with Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster, is

without foundation. The authorities of Ursinus College state officially that no such move has ever been contemplated, but that it is the purpose of the corporation of Ursinus College to continue to conduct a college for men and women at Collegeville, as it has in the past.

On the other hand, Ursinus is looking forward to an early expansion of her own work on entirely independent lines.



It is said that the \$540,000 that Andrew Carnegie has given for the establishment in Boston of an institute similar to Cooper Institute, is to be added to a fund of \$270,000, which has grown from \$5000, left 100 years ago by Benjamin Franklin.



That the revenue derived from the sale of seats at the annual football game between West Point and Annapolis is very profitable is shown by the fact that there has recently been turned over to the trustees of the army and navy relief fund the sum of \$17,000, the proceeds from the sales by the University of Pennsylvania.



J. Pierpont Morgan, who contributed so magnificently to Harvard's new medical school, is now expected to help Harvard University out of the slough of financial despondency in which she finds herself. Mr. Morgan is very confident of raising \$2,500,000, and possibly more, within three years.

Ten million dollars will be the real goal. The alumni hope to have this

sum pledged by next commencement, that the whole amount may be turned over to the university within two years. President Roosevelt is working with the committee outside. He will be present at commencement day and is anxious to see the thing go through.

THE NARROW HOUSE

"I wonder—O yes, I've been sick. I am so cold. My throat is dry. I cannot open my eyes or move a muscle. And my head—it aches so.

Who is that speaking? What is he saying?—'We will now go to the cemetery?' Who's dead? Where am I and what am I doing here? Why does not someone put more covers on me? I am cold, O—so cold. If only I could speak.

Some one near me is crying. It is my mother. She calls out my name. Think—O—I cannot think—Am I mad? I—I—Good God! No, No, I cannot be. They press something against

my head—a screw turns—If I could call out or move—Buried—O my God Buried alive—

* * * * *

Where am I? O! Yes, I've just had a horrible dream. I am not so cold. I feel better. What is that noise I hear? It must be raining. They have placed the covers over my head. I am smothering. There is something wrong with my arms—I can't move them.—O my God—its true—its true—I can hear the thud, thud, thud of the earth.

At last I can speak. Help! Help! Help!! O—is it too late?—Help! Help! Why do they not hear me?

They do! They do! They are digging me up—thank Heaven!—I can hear them. No!—mistaken—why—O why do they not hear me!

There! There! I can contract my muscles—Useless! Useless! My head touches the top. I cannot rise. I cannot move my limbs. My body touches the sides. O God! Must I die this way? Mad Mad! J.A.P., '07.



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