Jokes
May 1—There is some mysterious germ about Newark which should be analyzed and, if possible, destroyed.

May 2—"Dude" Raughley made a rather late visit to Doc Sypherd's office.

May 3—Doc discovered "Dude's" cigarette "stump."

May 4—"Dude" decided that he was tired of college, so he left the old institution. Everybody wept.

May 8—Meeting of the Maryland Club. Of course the services were conducted in an orderly manner.

May 10—Veale and Craig were seen in Wilmington with a mighty suspicious looking suit case.

May 14—Somebody broke "Reds" Hearn's cork leg. Now "Reds" will never be the same.

May 16—Craig, the "cut up" from North East, Md., actually had his hair cut. He easily stuffed several nice pillows.

May 20—Scotty,'14, turned over a new leaf and joined the Young Men's Christian Association.

May 24—"Electric" Watts went to sleep in physics and tumbled from his chair. Who would have believed it?

May 28—in the series of class games the Seniors defeated the Juniors 5 to 3. Not much excitement except that John Attix played for the Seniors.

May 31—Sophs beat Freshies 8 to 7 by a grand finish. Some excitement when Emery Loomis smashed out a two-bagger.

June 6—in some unaccountable manner the Seniors beat the Sophs out of the championship by 4 to 2. We haven't entirely recovered from the shock.

June 7—Faculty vs. Seniors in the ONLY game of the season.

It was the last half of the ninth inning and the score was 7 to 7. "Reds" McCafferty was on second base. Tiff had pitched a fine game and now he had two men down and two strikes on "Squire" Tammany. The spectators were in a pitch of excitement. Even Pete Cella tossed his hat into the air and gave a yell. During the uproar once more Tiff let the ball go, but lo! "Squire" sent the sphere flying into right field. Dutton missed it, allowing "Reds" to score. Everybody knows what followed.

June 10-14—Annual examinations. Another one of those shocks which is liable to cause hardening of certain regions of the head.

June 14, 4.30 p. m.—The old lady across the street said: "That there crowd of boys is kind of a gay bunch, ain't they?"
June 17—The Preachers’ Club had their picture taken today. Reverend Russell Paynter and his gang are becoming quite prominent.

June 18—“Reds” Hearn broke the record for the half mile in the inter-class track meet.

June 19—We leave the college in the care of the faithful Hazo Barton.

Vacation

Sept. 12—College opened. Today also brought us Professor Roberts, or, in other words, Timbie.

Sept. 13—“Dude” Raughley came up to see us and he said that he believed college work was easier than working on a pile-driver.

Sept. 16—It has been rumored around that Earl Lind is trying to grow a mustache, but so far we have been able to find only four tiny hairs.

Sept. 17—The Freshmen and Sophomores usually have a class rush. This time it was some tea party.

Sept. 18—During the usual rush in Recitation Hall to get schedules filled, Paynter slapped Professor Preston on the back and said, “I say, old top, have you got your schedule filled yet?” But we’ll excuse Paynter.

Sept. 20—The old garden in our back yard is being fixed. Never mind, we’ll have some good crops yet.

Sept. 24—“Willie” Behen is about college today and he is still wearing the old straw hat which he had when he left two years ago.

Sept. 27—Our friend, “Pat” McKeown, who migrated westward last year, honored us with a visit. “Pat” tells a pathetic story of how he picked peaches for a living and how he slept in the orchard at nights in order to cut down his board bill.

Sept. 30—Carl Hearne is now making good on the football team.

Oct. 1—The most Reverend Alfred P. Scott was made pastor of a small church near Elsmere. It seems queer that after the first Sunday the church was quarantined.

Oct. 3—Today Professor Roberts received his nickname, “Timbie.” She is perfectly harmless.

Oct. 4—“Timbie” is a holy terror—a man of words and not of deeds. Ask Lank about it.

Oct. 7—About 11:30 p.m. Watts was found eating a can of raw peas which looked exactly like the ones used in the “Boarding Club.” Loomis had to suffer, but Watts suffered later.

Oct. 10—The cadets went to Wilmington to help fill out a parade. Eph Jolls was mounted on a fine looking horse and it seems singular that his feet should get sore the same as ours.

Oct. 14—Yeale went to sleep with a cigar in his mouth and awoke in a few minutes to find his bed blazing. The height of carelessness.

Oct. 18—Dr. Rowan is going to suspend somebody if he finds that the chapel hymn books are not in good condition.
Oct. 20—This evening Watts was chairman of a very select meeting on the “row.” Shaw was the guest of honor.

Oct. 23—“Robby” cracked a smile in class. Preston excused the class in surveying about ten minutes before the usual time.

Note—(Celebration by Juniors.)

Oct. 24—The Juniors set up the clock on Professor String. They forgot that they had a recitation another day. They got theirs.

Oct. 25—Professor Roberts—I mean “Timbie”—had a test to the Juniors.

Oct. 26—Few Juniors about college today. Even “Deac” Brown was nervous, which was due probably to some of “Timbie’s” electrical shocks.

Oct. 27—Stanley Loomis—Miss H———“tuc.” Some class, eh?

Oct. 28—Paynter heard “Shorty” use some awful language at the Muhlenberg game. Of course Russell had a slight attack of heart trouble.

Oct. 30—Carl Hearne is honored—he has a special permit from “Timbie” to spit out of the window.

Nov. 6—Messick sneezed so hard in class today that his glasses flew off and almost cut Tippet’s neck.

Nov. 10—Seventy cents reward for whoever pins the tail on the donkey. (Hint—Watts is the donkey.)

Nov. 14, 12.30 a. m.—“Coop! Aw Coop!” (Coop’s head appears at the second story window.)

“What the h———do you want, Zac?”

“Please let me in, Coop.” (Blame Tippet for this.)

Nov. 17—This afternoon while I was strolling through Mechanical Hall a great noise like the trampling of feet suddenly burst forth from the drawing room. Investigation proved that Huston had Timbie in a corner and the noise was not the trampling of feet, but sounds caused by Timbie’s chattering teeth.

Nov. 19—It has been alleged that a certain preacher has been found loafing around Fader’s bakery. We sincerely hope that this will not happen again.

Dec. 6—Room 2—Tippet accidentally ran into “Timbie’s” books and broke his (“Tipp’s”) yellow glasses.

Room 7 (one hour later)—“Timbie” apologized.

Dec. 10—We had oysters today for dinner. Silver ate 36 by actual count.

Dec. 13—“Tiff” must have started one-half hour earlier to bid his wife goodbye this morning. He arrived in class on time.

Dec. 16—“Deac” and Loomis desert the gang and work Timbie’s test.

Dec. 20—McNeal started to work his unknowns. We went home for Christmas.

Jan. 6—Veale’s bed found with a hole burned through it.

Jeff renewed his visits to Chapel street.

Jan. 8—Silver had some ketchup with beans on it today.
Jan. 10—McDaniel received another letter from Philadelphia. (Postage six cents.)
Jan. 12—Jeff attended Chapel—street.
Jan. 15—Silver found waiting at diningroom door one hour too soon. His appetite is improving.
Jan. 17—Grubb and Loomis overslept as usual. "Doe" Harter reminded them that calculus happened at 8.50.
Jan. 21—We were entertained at luncheon in Dover. Incidentally Governor Miller was inaugurated.
Jan. 22—"Tipp" woke up in "Robby's" test; he was still turkey-trotting.
Jan. 23—Jeff absent from classes. Veale says he is still at Chapel.
Jan. 24—Jeff returns to take "mid-years."
Jan. 27—Silver "slipped one over on us;" he got into the diningroom ahead of time. He's been feeling bad ever since.
Jan. 30—"Mid-years." "'at clear."
Jan. 31—"Wolly's" ready. On with the "Prom."
Feb. 1. 2 p. m.—McCall-Grubb "auto" found stuck near Roseville. 10 p. m.—Still stuck.
Feb. 5—Connellee, Tippett, Loomis make their first appearance at college after the dance.
Feb. 6—"McDuff" cut calculus; he had a letter to read.
Feb. 8—Jeff—Chapel street.
Silver—eats.
Feb. 10—The "Grubb-McCall" auto is still suffering from some serious internal complications.
Feb. 14—"Deac" wants to know how to pass the ketchup from one end of the table to the other without encountering Silver.
Feb. 17—McDaniel spent yesterday in "Philly."
Feb. 21—The Suffragette Pilgrimage hit Newark. Jolls, Sawdon, Connellee and Tippett were captivated. Suffragist Houchin, of course, escorted them. Now all together boys, 1, 2, 3, Rah! Rah! Rah! Votes for Women.
Feb. 22—The Blue Hen goes to press. Rise, gentlemen, let's sing the Doxology.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Nickname</th>
<th>Ancestry</th>
<th>Favorite Expression</th>
<th>Where From</th>
<th>Chief Occupation</th>
<th>Future Occupation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aurand</td>
<td>Buddy</td>
<td>Fresenius</td>
<td>Fakus</td>
<td>“Coast” of Wilmington</td>
<td>Making bad odors</td>
<td>Ike’s successor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beacom</td>
<td>Beak</td>
<td>Cassius</td>
<td>Know your Lit?</td>
<td>Where no one loves a fat man</td>
<td>Thinking</td>
<td>A little more thought</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Deac</td>
<td>The Brownies</td>
<td>Out at Bancroft’s</td>
<td>Heaven</td>
<td>Boning</td>
<td>Bancroft’s adviser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connellee</td>
<td>Feet</td>
<td>Appollo</td>
<td>Now look here, freshman</td>
<td>Outside world</td>
<td>Passing out spirit</td>
<td>Editor of Middletown Transcript</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cranston</td>
<td>Boob</td>
<td>Robert Bruce</td>
<td>Why, out in Cleveland</td>
<td>The plow</td>
<td>Marathon running</td>
<td>A love pirate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dean, A. H.</td>
<td>Archie</td>
<td>Arch, the Dean Stake</td>
<td>What did Doc give us?</td>
<td>Newark, that’s all</td>
<td>Keeping his hair nice</td>
<td>Hasn’t decided</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dean, F.</td>
<td>Deany</td>
<td>Another Dean Stake</td>
<td>Heard this one?</td>
<td>Ask his brother</td>
<td>Telling short stories</td>
<td>An inventor of masterpieces</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dougherty</td>
<td>Doc</td>
<td>Rip Van Winkle</td>
<td>How’s that, Wally?</td>
<td>Delaware’s metropolis</td>
<td>Cutting drill</td>
<td>Telling how he got thru college</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis</td>
<td>Wade</td>
<td>Not discovered</td>
<td>Unspeakable</td>
<td>Laurel heckers</td>
<td>Absorbing H² S</td>
<td>Improving H² S generator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groves</td>
<td>Madge</td>
<td>Ichabod Crane’s cousin</td>
<td>Aw, say</td>
<td>Townful</td>
<td>Balling</td>
<td>Turkey trotter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grubb</td>
<td>Grubby</td>
<td>Abraham</td>
<td>Got any stuff?</td>
<td>Where they don’t know nuthing</td>
<td>Being President of the Junior Class</td>
<td>President of the American Engineers Association</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hearne</td>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Peter Stuyvesant</td>
<td>Too personal to print</td>
<td>Unknown regions</td>
<td>Warbling</td>
<td>Singing master</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huston</td>
<td>Jim</td>
<td>Ty Cobb</td>
<td>Let’s get going</td>
<td>Down State</td>
<td>Winning his D’s</td>
<td>Removing his D’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoch</td>
<td>Hochy</td>
<td>The human baseball</td>
<td>All the time, fellows</td>
<td>Baseball plant</td>
<td>High private in the rear rank</td>
<td>A writer of how baseball should be played</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Mutt</td>
<td>God only knows</td>
<td>Seen Veale?</td>
<td>Baltimore Tenderloin</td>
<td>Rushing Anna</td>
<td>Going in the service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lind</td>
<td>Windy</td>
<td>A nut</td>
<td>One ball in the side</td>
<td>Where the nuts grow</td>
<td>Retired</td>
<td>Keeping away from the squirrels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loomis</td>
<td>Emery</td>
<td>Pennsylvania Dutch</td>
<td>You’re a P—</td>
<td>Up next York State</td>
<td>Bluffing</td>
<td>Getting a wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Messick</td>
<td>Rooster Face</td>
<td>Spiegelburger</td>
<td>Got the makings?</td>
<td>Class of 1913</td>
<td>Telling about Gibbstown</td>
<td>Surveying the marsh at Gibbstown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCafferty</td>
<td>Babe</td>
<td>Martin Luther</td>
<td>You’re kidding me</td>
<td>Gay white way</td>
<td>Tailor’s model</td>
<td>Pugilist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCall</td>
<td>Wally</td>
<td>Beau Brummel</td>
<td>Great buckets of glue</td>
<td>Harrisburg freight</td>
<td>Tickling ivories</td>
<td>Chauffeur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDaniel</td>
<td>MacDuff</td>
<td>Baltus Van Tassel</td>
<td>Say, old Top</td>
<td>Emerald Isle</td>
<td>Studying</td>
<td>More studying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNeal</td>
<td>Mac</td>
<td>Mr. Timekiler</td>
<td>Great balls of grease</td>
<td>Ice house</td>
<td>Pulling on his murphy</td>
<td>Earning his tobacco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudolph</td>
<td>Tobe</td>
<td>Gustavus Adolphus</td>
<td>Hey, Watts</td>
<td>First stop north of Havre de Grace</td>
<td>Entertaining Doc V</td>
<td>Laborer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott</td>
<td>Scotty</td>
<td>Hapsburg</td>
<td>Well, I’ll tell you</td>
<td>Marblehead</td>
<td>A language student</td>
<td>A missionary to Elmere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaller, S. M.</td>
<td>Shally</td>
<td>Steinmetz</td>
<td>Well, I’ll be d—</td>
<td>Wyoming</td>
<td>Picking currents off electric plants</td>
<td>Timbie’s partner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaller, E. E.</td>
<td>Ed.</td>
<td>Strickly Darwinian</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>A Middletown farm</td>
<td>Reading the Transcript</td>
<td>Mayor of Middletown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver</td>
<td>Silvers</td>
<td>Argentite</td>
<td>Pass the ketchup</td>
<td>Down “hum”</td>
<td>Being first in dinner line</td>
<td>Hayseed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stiver</td>
<td>Stive</td>
<td>Only one of the species</td>
<td>I don’t know</td>
<td>A volcanic eruption</td>
<td>Entertaining the ladies</td>
<td>Breaking ponies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tippett</td>
<td>Finn</td>
<td>A Crow</td>
<td>Come on, bones</td>
<td>Rabbit Hollow, Hole No. 3</td>
<td>Studying?</td>
<td>Anti-fat demonstrator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veale</td>
<td>Wife</td>
<td>Same as Jeff</td>
<td>Seen Jeff</td>
<td>Arden</td>
<td>Teasing “Robby”</td>
<td>Teaching an improved method of hammering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watts</td>
<td>Tubby</td>
<td>Schneff</td>
<td>Darn if I know</td>
<td>Principio Furnace</td>
<td>Sleeping</td>
<td>An English Prof.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Lest We Forget”

Though the following stuff is exceedingly "punk"
We'll submit it to you with the rest of the junk.
Everyone in our class, every lad, every lass,
Has been duly considered; we hope it will pass.
But if in your wisdom some rhymes on you pall,
Skip over those lines; just omit them, that's all.

We'll start in with Aurand, who, when at his best,
Continually uses the old $H_2S$.
But none of us knows how often he groans
Over Tiff's half-a-hundred delicious unknowns.
Even Robby has heard of his great unknown "stunt."
And, therefore, in Building Construction, a flunk.

We now come to Beacom, this light-headed youth,
Our class's detective and all-around sleuth;
His cheeks are all sunken; he's grown very thin;
He studies so hard we're afraid he's "all in."
Off and on in his hist'ry, so says Dr. Vaughn,
He's prepared to recite, but it's more off than on.

Here's Clinton H. Brown, whom we often call "Deac,"
His head about reaches up into the peak;
He's a great English star,
But he ventured too far
When he started in "muxing" with "Doc's" Leyden jar.

Here's Middletown Connellee, often called "Feet,"
Who once in a while gets plenty to eat,
Let him eat if he must
But we hope he won't "bust,"
For his latest on "spirit" is really a thrust.

Just look at "Bob" Cranston with critical care
For Bob surely has rich and lovely black hair;
To Marshallton village he goes every night,  
Then drives over home by the shining moonlight.  
"But," says Robert, "I often, when sweet thoughts are ha'ntin',  
Just turn right about and drive over to Stanton."

Oh, just look who's here; it's Archibald Dean,  
And no cuter fellow has ever been seen.  
When he's not on the job at the door selling tickets,  
He's cramming his head full of Plane Analytics.  
Doc Watson remarks that our Arch is a "boob,"  
Because he can't handle a plain suction tube.

Here's Frankie H. Dean, who, unlike his brother,  
Is keeping his knowledge well under cover.  
He has a strange fashion—indeed it's a hobby,  
Of constantly working for our old friend Robby.  
At the fine art of "fussing" he's surely a "killer;"  
Rarely sending his flowers (flour) to a mill, but a Miller.

Take a look at Wade Ellis, a hard grinding "stude,"  
Who when first a Freshman was Delaware's dude.  
His venerable age and tall black derby hat,  
Make a bald spot on top where his hair should be at.  
In the Chemical Lab. he's a terrible "messer,"  
Which gave him the title of "Wade, the Professor."

Here comes Norman Groves at the head of the line;  
His music's compelling the rest to keep time.  
Though not an athlete nor a player at all,  
He's frequently seen by the side of a "Ball."  
Furthermore, though 'tis said that our Norman don't "cuss,"  
He can rip off a "beaut" about Short's calculus.

A sensible man is Charles Edmund Grubb,  
But when with a girl he looks like a cub;  
And oft in the summer this sensible dreamer  
Cavorts 'round the town in a big Stanley Steamer.  
He is our Class Pres. and a popular man,  
So we'll stick to Charles E. to the very last stand.

Please glance over here at old Carl Webster Hearne,  
His hair's bright red but we guess it won't burn;  
And in view of the fact that his eyes are true blue,
He’s Gimpty the Second all through and all through.
And when Carlo dies, so the fellows all say,
He’ll journey to heaven but he’ll come back some day.

Here’s Elmer Hoch of baseball fame,
Who one time met a mountain dame;
Of course he correspondence carried,
Until he learned that she was married.
Poor “Hockey” grieved almost to death
But says that he’ll take what was left.

Hey, Huston, come stand here in line,
(Jim’s never known to be on time);
He surely thinks that he’s some sport
On Sunday night in old Newport.
He never was an early riser;
’Tis rumored, too, that he’s a miser.

We’ve with us now a man named Jeff,
M. A. C. is the place he left.
With the girls he makes an awful hit,
But he can’t evade Syph’s English Lit.
Jeff is the craziest “gink” we’ve met,
And now is Veale’s beloved pet.

Here’s W. E. Lind; he’s awful tight,
And look! he’s sure an awful sight;
Though “Linny’s” there with the funny stuff
He can’t impress his friend “MacDuff.”
With Shorty he’s figured out stresses and strains,
But is taking a re-exam for his pains.

Here’s Emery Loomis with beautiful hair;
“Great buckets of slop” but that guy can swear.
He surely writes that girl “some” letter,
And says, by heck, he’s going to get ’er.
Now Emery is not prone to brag,
But he says he knows all the Elec. and Mag.

J. Warren McCafferty, the sport of the college,
Of new English fashions has plenteous knowledge;
He’s traveled far and he’s traveled wide,
But that Irish face he has yet to hide.
Some Future Greats among the Profs

Doc Scurage - Still Wondering if Things Are Clear

Will It Come to This?

Doc Houghton Will Be Still Chasing Bugs We Gurnige

Modem English Literature - Sipherd

Doc Sipherd's Contributions to Literature Will Have Put Milk in the Dark

You Get our Goat

We Suppose He Will Always Be on the Job

ProfitableHints - Roberts June '10
'Babe' last week found half a dollar
And now wears around a Buster Brown collar.

McCall for his train is always late,
Except when firing a Harrisburg freight.
In a white raincoat he is often seen;
Just now he is sporting a new machine.
A skid of his "Veile" at seventy-seven
Will surely send "Wally" to h—— or heaven.

Paul Dougherty is this Irishman's name,
Who not until recently won much fame;
At the Prom, decorating he astonished us all
As an able assistant to 'Wally' McCall.
Though not very old he's conceived the desire
To help "Wally" fire that Harrisburg flier.

We must speak of McDaniel, but 'tis a pity,
For he's a sport from Atlantic City;
Though fun at him the boys all poke,
He never sees the point of the joke.
He claims a pull with our new "Lieut"
And when he blushes he's awfully cute.

Here's R. McNeal who has the practice
Of spending Sunday down at Black'ses.
We'll tell you a secret, but keep it dark,
CALLING 'CHEM' CLASS ROLL
Mac's from this burg we call Newark.
He serves pop's ice all through the summer,
And at this is a "Wright" good drummer.

"Well, Messick, how did you get here?
Oh yes, you took an extra year."
But "Mess" is "there" in Chemistry,
He's better far than any three.
In Physics, too, he's got Doe's goat;
He spread the "salve," but missed the "dope."

Next's Rudulph of great football fame,
(Tobias is his other name).
He is a little Elkton lad,
No wonder that his thoughts are sad.
We ponder oftimes o'er and o'er
What is this guy in college for?

Let's look at Alfred Preston Scott,
Who stays in college "weather" or not.
Yes, Scotty's shown a little "pep"
But by ye gods he can't keep step.
Though a member of the Maryland Club,
He's a Methodist preacher, and there's the rub.

Edwin Shallcross, so full of life,
Is trying hard to get a wife.
If he's not at home a-diggin' "taters"
He's down in Florida raisin' "'gators."
Although it isn't nice to brag.
Old Ned's our only four year Ag.

Consider Frank Silver, our Porter Commuter,
Who, on the State range, is our leading sharpshooter;
He came for two years, he had no need for four,
But struck English Lit. and is taking one more.
Any day you can see him with appetite rare,
Devouring three-fourths of the Boarding Club fare.

Sam Shallcross has studied in many schools,
Which makes him a stickler for "Robert's Rules."
He was angelic when he came,
But he raises h—— now just the same.
ONE OF OUR MOST PICTURESQUE PROFESSORS
Sam's not in love, but 'tis asserted
That with the girls he's often flirted.

Notice Ellwood Stiver, our latest member,
Who entered our class late last September.
Although it grieves us very much,
He comes from up there with the "Dutch."
"Stive" takes a "Spesh" in English Lit.,
And says already he's going to quit.

Here comes our old friend Mr. Robert G. Tippett,
Who is now very old and getting decrepit;
He came over here from Baltimore Tech.
And every one here will swear, by heck,
That this little lad is always on deck
With an empty head and big fat check.

Yes, this next man is John H. Veale,
Who flies around town on a fine blue wheel;
In the spring he often throws the hammer
Or puts the shot with determined manner.
He spreads the "salve" in great big chunks,
But still hangs on to some Freshman flunks.

Here comes our friend the waddling Watts,
Plays "Pitch" in the "dorms" on broken cots;
Watts sure has got the gift of gab,
But he can't get used to the old "Chem. Lab."
When he graduates we think he'll go
Straight back to his home in Principio.
"GIMPTY" CALLING THE CLASS ROLL—
"BROWN HERE, CONNELLEE, CRANSTON—"
On a cold December night two young men sat by the red hot stove in the corner grocery at Elkton. One was a big heavy chap whose voice was like the sound of thunder. The other was a little, short, stout fellow, who chewed tobacco incessantly. The latter scratched his head with a toothpick, waddled over and spat some Newsboy in the fire. He came back and hopped upon a sugar barrel. For some time neither spoke. Then suddenly the short fellow turned and said: "I say, Tobe, if the station were stolen and detectives were few, would the railroad track?"

Tobe leisurely fastened his tin ear in place and then replied: "Yes, if Perryville make a Port Deposit with a Havre-de-Grace in the New-ark which is due to sail from its New-port on the Lum-brook in Harmony."

"Pop" Sragar (at beginning of recitation in kinematics)—"Is there anyone in the class who wishes a problem worked?" He is given one to work, works on it until the end of the period, but fails to get it, then says: "If you people can't work these problems yourselves, you can't expect me to spend all of my time trying to work them. Some of these problems would take me over an hour to work. If you can't work them yourselves, you can't expect me to work them. Take the next twenty for tomorrow's lesson."

Loomis, '14—"We can't keep step in our company. We have McDaniel for a guide and he walks like a chicken."

Cranston (to Tippett)—"Say, Bob, are you going in town to see Winsome Winnie tonight?"

Tippett—"Not unless I can Win-some money between now and then."

Timbie (to Aurand in Elec. and Mag.)—"What is a Joule?"

Buddy—"A precious stone."

The latest pronunciation of article as given forth by Professor Dutton is "ar ti' ele."

"Doc" Houchin wants to know what's the i-dear of pronouncing it that way.

Veale (to "Gimpy" Smith in steam engines)—"What is the percentage of efficiency of the coal used in the turbines at Niagara Falls, Professor?"

Class in kinematics, after "Zip" has worked out the formula for length of belts)—"Professor, will we have to derive that formula in the examination?"

"Zip"—"Why, certainly, it's not hard."

"Tommy Edison" (looking at his watch)—"Professor, it has taken just thirty-four minutes for you to derive that formula with our help. How long will you allow us to do it ourselves?"
“Carborundum” Loomis in Chem. Lab.—“Hey! Where’s the H Na2?”
Same, after working fifteen unknowns—“Hey! How do you test for ammonium?”

“Carborundum” Loomis (holding up beaker to light)—“Hey! What does this look like?”
Aurand—“Emory, that looks very much like plumbic iron.”
‘C.’ Lo.—“What’s the test for it?”

‘Robby’—“Mr. Loomis, you are too proficient.”
Tiff (after examining one of Beacom’s unknown cards)—“Mr. Beacom, what does Br. stand for?”
Beacom—“Brass.”

Watts—“Say, Scotty, what did you pay for that handkerchief?”
Scotty—“Fifty cents. Why?”
Watts—“Don’t you think that’s too much to blow in?”

H’S Squad—Loomis and Lind.

How much will it cost to equip the drawing room with stools if it cost the Legislature $2,000 to install a Chair of History?

In Military Class: “Lieutenant, who do you think was the greatest general the United States ever had?” Lind (sotto voice): “Booker T. Washington.”

Not a picture of “Three Twins.” To the right is the King of Greece; to the left, Nicholas Longworth. The middle position is held by Dr. S. (before losing his misplaced eyebrow).
News Item: N. McDaniel received a valentine signed "Ego qui scribo, sum tuus amicus." Two Freshmen received similar epistles in the same mail from the same female.

The Junior—"My memory for mechanics is very Short, but I find calculus Harter." When Sypherd this he looked Conover and said: "A Penny for your thoughts."

Captain Lank (at drill)—"To the left take integrals."

Prof. Tiffany—"Aurand, at what point in your chemical analysis do you test for ammonium?"

Aurand, '13—"At the boiling point."

Watts better Grubb than Brown Veale?

If Groves bought a hat would he have to Tipp-ett to Bea-com him?

IKE, MARIA, JAMES, AND FRANK
A Jockey Club has been organized and the following officers were elected:
President—Arthur Cleveland Huston.
Vice-President—Arthur Huston.
Secretary—Arthur C. Huston.
Treasurer—A. C. Huston.
Trainer—"Jim" Huston.
This club has for its object the training of "ponies." The club guarantees to turn a fair "pony" to a full-fledged horse in four years.

Andrew Carnegie isn't the only creator of libraries. Students (? ? ?) of Delaware College establish a library twice a year—mid-years and finals.

Incident at the militia camp, August, 1912. Time, 11.30 p.m. Situation—Archie Dean in his tent writing to her by candle light.
Officer (opening tent flap)—"What's this light on for?"
Dean—"Who are you?"
Officer—"I'm officer of the day."
Dean—"What in h—1 are you doin' out this time of night?"

MacDuff, who always appreciates (? ? ?) a joke, was one summer helping in the construction of a large hotel in Atlantic City. (Pretty soft, eh?) Duff
carried the water bucket. One day he was crossing the ground floor when a careless mason above him dropped a brick, which broke to pieces on the cast iron cranium of our hero. He cast a withering eye upon the mason and said: "I wish you'd be more careful with those bricks; you came near making me bite my tongue then."

'TIMBIE

(Tune of "I'm the Guy")

I'm the guy that put the Rob in the Roberts,
I'm the guy that put the Tim in the Timbie,
I'm the 1-2-3-4 wonderful man,
I can change my hair with a sweep of my hand;
I'm the guy that put the volt in the voltage,
And the amp in ampere, too,
But if you ever want to know
Where we get the white in snow,
Look at me—I'm the guy.

NEWARK POLICE FORCE
(Actual size)
MOST ELOQUENT TESTIMONY

Or What "Zip" Srager Does With His Time.

In a ten-minute lecture "Zip" says:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>phrase</th>
<th>count</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Now then&quot;</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Therefore if&quot;</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;See-e&quot;</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Is that clear?&quot;</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;F'r instance&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What's that?&quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Hold on a minute&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Let's see-e&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;This here&quot;</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;(Hiccough) &quot;Pardon ME!&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Any questions?&quot;</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;'Y' see, y' see'&quot;</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;But&quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;That is&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;'Zackly, 'zackly'&quot;</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;How's that?&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Wait a minute&quot;</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Drumming of fingers on desk&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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(Hiccough) "Pardon ME! CLASS DISMISSED."

"HAZO"

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Each department of “The Old Institution” has its own power plant for the generation of light and power in its various subjects. Power for the generation of light in the subjects of Descriptive Geometry, Mechanical Drawing, and Kinematics is developed by a GAS engine, which should be of paramount interest to all engineers because of the novel principle of its construction and because of its peculiar action under different loads. The general working of this GAS engine may be seen in the diagrammatic sketch submitted below.

SS Subfoundation.
FF Foundation piers.
A Mechanical mixing chamber for the generation of gas from solid and liquid fuels.
C Air compressor.
P Pump.
B Carburetor.
D Open flame ignition maintained by spirits of alcohol and essence of rye, malt, etc.
E Exhaust port, also intake port.
M Automatic muffler for premature explosions of unburnt gases.
H Indicator rig.

Tests were made under no load, 1-100 load, and one-quarter load.

Under no load it was found that the engine ran smoothly and quietly and that the thermal efficiency was up to normal for GAS engines of its kind.
Under one-quarter load, however, the engine stalled and had to be backed up, barred over dead center, and started over again.

If one-half load were suddenly thrown on, the engine would stop dead short. It must then be cooled and completely overhauled, which takes from one to four days.

Students experimenting with this GAS engine have found that the engine will carry as high as three-eighths load if helped over dead centers. This is accomplished by the students taking turns and forcing it over dead centers by means of crow bars and sledge hammers. This procedure, however, is dangerous, as well as arduous, for the engine is liable to back fire, thus generating great heat and burning the students. Students Jeff, Veale and Huston have been burnt in this manner.

The engine works at its best under 1-100 load. The exhaust explosions are sharp and have a high pitch, but are intermingled with small premature explosions of unburnt gases which explosions retard the speed. The moving parts of this machine, however, are without definite motion; thus the power ultimately developed is variable and of small amount.

The inefficiency of this GAS engine is attributed to lost motion of the moving parts, premature explosions of unburnt gases, and poor workmanship in the installation. The light generated, therefore, is of small amount and of poor quality.

Oh, how the bristly whiskers grow
On Elmer "Hockey's" face;
I sometimes think the "sassy sprouts"
Do with each other race.

—A GIRL.

"Bonehead" Loomis—"Say, which is the biggest an abvolt or an ampere?"
SHE LOST IT AT THE PROM

She lost it at the Prom
And t'was nearly stepped upon
By a very clumsy-footed friend of mine;
So she had a cause to worry
For the thing was necessary
For her sweet immediate peace of mind.

And he stopped, and touched it, too,
Lying there beside her shoe,
And gave it to her in a way that'd scare you;
Then her cheeks got red as fire,
All her meekness turned to ire,
And she turned upon him with a "Sir! How dare you."

Now he didn't know what to do
With this talisman of blue,
And he acted like a little beaten pup;
But he put it out of sight,
And I've seen on a summer night
That he wears it now to keep his shirt sleeve up.
GO EASY

Teach me calculus, the Sophy said,
And flippantly wagged his ignorant head;
In vain the warning Juniors cried,
In vain they hung their heads and sighed,
The Sophs gazed on with conscious grin,
Then bought a Lambert and waded in.

Ah, deep are the waters where calculus leads,
Take heed, O Sophy, take heed.

Let's further go, the Sophy asked,
Why Lambert is soft and I long to bask
In the soothing suns of a higher learning,
For this kind of knowledge my brain is yearning.
In vain the knowing Juniors plead,
In vain their eyes from tears grew red.

Ah, deep are the waters where calculus leads,
Take heed, O Sophy, take heed.

At last he stepped beyond his head
Frantically turned for help and plead,
Where am I? Alas! Alas!
You're in Doc Harter's calculus class,
In joy the knowing Juniors bawl,
You son-of-a-gun, you knew it all.

Ah, deep are the waters where calculus leads,
Take heed, O Sophy, take heed.

TO "ROBBY"

When we are gone
Your weighty words will still fall on
The ears of those who, mild and meek,
Shall tremble, cringe, whene'er you speak.
Your slow methodical footsteps will
Give many a cribber a nervous chill
And help the cause of honor on
When we are gone.

When we are gone
And classes numerous have passed on,
Your graphic statics will still hold pace
And torture yet this tender race,
As it had done when we were there
And weekly climbed that winding stair
To stand two hours in mighty dread
And never so much as turn our head
For fear that you would gaze upon
With looks far heavier than a ton
Of bricks, and scowl, and mutter, and pass on
When we are gone.

When we are gone
The snow and rain will still fall on
Your dim and dusky derby lid

"DARRTY" TRAINING FOR THE HARRISBURG FREIGHT
As they will do and as they did  
For years before we came and passed  
A measly grain through your hour-glass;  
Your carpentry, the course's bluff,  
Your manner, mood, and mandates gruff  
Will still continue as a hoax;  
Your specimens of pines and oaks  
Will still be passed around the room  
To kill the time and add to the gloom,  
That "D" you gave me still lead on  
When we are gone.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS OF NOTED MEN

Dr. Sypherd—"You'll have to do better, gentlemen."
Dr. Penny—"I'm very sorry, but I'll have to ask you to leave the room."
Prof. Short—"Here's the whole thing right in a nutshell." "The statement was made —.", "More especially, right along that line."
Dr. Harter—"Huh! Huh! Just watchu mean by this."
Prof. L. Smith—"You'll have to have this excuse signed by a doctor."
Prof. Tiffany—"I told you fellows, but you wouldn't listen."
Prof. Van G. Smith—"Well! let's see—Brown here, Connellee —?"
  "Yeh."
  "Yeh."
Prof. Houghton—"——, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———,
Prof. Dutton—"Mr. ———, have you read this? Now a ———."
Dr. Vaughn—"As a matter of fact, that situation arises."
Prof. Srager—"S'at clear? " "See-e. See-e."
Prof. Conover—"Read on, please."

THAT "CHEM. LAB."

In order to appreciate fully the extravagance of this elaborate and spacious laboratory one must spend an afternoon, or a part of one, depending upon the visitor's vitality or his ability to hold his breath for at least five-minute intervals, in this underground, subterranean cell and see the students' extreme efforts of grit and persistency put forth to pass the chemical course.

After you cross the threshold, which is an antiquated door that always did stick and above which many of us have imagined we saw: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," you dexterously prevent yourself from falling, and upon investigation observe that the matched boards in the inlaid floor occasionally vary in height from three to five inches.

After this the guide, whose name is Virgil, points out and comments upon the points of interest.

The walls are beautifully decorated with a very effective color scheme of
whitewash, the same kind that "little George" uses around back of Mechanical Hall, and due to the humidity, not dampness, of the place, these walls have taken on a sky blue pink color which highly resembles skim milk. No one knows just what color to call it; but it looks very much as though a fire in the room had been extinguished by the efforts of a chemical engine.

Of course an abundance of room is provided for everyone so that he may work with the least possible hindrance. It is the writer's opinion that at least fifty try to crowd in here on Monday afternoons, leaving about thirteen and a quarter inches per man (imagine yourself in a quick lunch restaurant in a large city at noon, Saturday).

The heavy plate glass windows are two in number and are of colonial design, with none of the squares broken out. Even if the sashes have a loose fit of half an inch on all sides, this is all the better for the ventilation. One fact of worthy note is that the two windows admit a great quantity of light. After the class has been operating for about an hour, with the smoke so thick that it has turned from gaseous to a solid form, you can nearly recognize who is just across from you. Then some one thoughtfully turns on a light; no, no, fair reader, not a cluster, but a light. This brilliant object lights up with a pressure of 76 volts, just enough to make it red hot. Oh, yes, we are still in the city limits of Newark.

One thing that the "Chem. Lab." honestly is noted for, is the magnificent view commanded from either, or both, of the same two windows. One cannot help but feel inspired when, on a clear day, he beholds the broad sweeping expanse of country extending almost twenty feet to another wall four stories high directly opposite. This masterpiece of Nature's handiwork is composed of thirty-seven blades of grass and sixty-four square yards of mud. To our left can be counted no less than thirteen ash barrels and seven slop cans. The deer and wild elk have been driven away from this rare country by a few hungry mongrel dogs, who make frequent visits to the garbage pails.

About this time some one accidentally leaves the H₂S turned on and the hood door open, with the result that the first breeze sweeps down the ventilator and fills the room with an odor strong enough to asphyxiate an extraordinary pole cat.
Under these ideal conditions it is all the more commendable for students to do the work, and probably in later years when some one has made his "pile," he will give a correct imitation of Mr. Carnegie and the college will have a new "Chem. Lab."

Wilbur E. Lind, assistant editor (resigned February 10), announces that his contributions will appear in the second edition.

NOTICE

To whom it may concern: Bids will be received during the coming month for furnishing Clarence A. Short, M. S., with a new hat of modern style, size 7½.

N. B.—His present hat is wanted by the National Museum as a relic of the last century.

APOLOGIES TO BILL SHAKESPERE

To flunk, or not to flunk; that is the question—
Whether, 'twere best to act the foolish part
And bar all knowledge entrance to my head;
Or rather, seek to do the things I please
By "busting out" and leagueing with Dame Chance
And, so, in doing, take a chance,—to flunk—to hope
For better luck; yet by this act we end
The numerous catalogue of grievous shocks
A college life is heir to: "tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished." To flunk, to hope
For better luck—to hope—to dream

Repent too late!—aye—there's the rub—
There's that which renders afterlife
A torture, sure. Else who now could bear
The loneliness of being broke? And
Who would in purseless plight stand
'tore the rail
Of some bright publicanic place and drown
His many sorrows in a flowing cup?
Who would do this? Instead of plugging hard,
Which makes us only men, mechanical,
Than delve in subjects that we know not of.
Reflection thus makes cowards of us all—
And many a student—many a bonehead man
From dread of re-exams—the loss of sleep

(2) "RIGHT IN THIS ORDER"
Cramming, plugging, eyes dark with midnight toil—
By prudence urged to shun the re-exams,
Forgoes the name of flunker.

"Such awful games,"
Says Vic to James,
"Why they ain't no sport at all.
'Twas such a sight
'Tother night
It made the basket bawl."

"It makes me sick,"
Says James to Vic,
"To think of mathematics.
Why from my clock,
Just out of 'hoc,'
I can hear the analytics."

Absence makes the "Firing Squad" ponder.

A FOOTBALL LESSON—WITH APOLOGIES TO RILEY

There! little team; don't cry!
They've giv'n you a flunk, I know,
For your sluggish ways,
Come from football days,
And the scrimmage not long ago;
But mid-year flunks will soon pass by—
There! little team; don't cry!

There! little team; don't cry!
They've chucked you at last, I know;
And the dreams you had,
Are gone to the bad,
With the flunks you hated so;
And your college days have now passed by—
There! little team; don't cry!

Absence makes the "Firing Squad" ponder.

There! little team; don't cry!
They have beaten you bad, I know,
And your Jersey blue,
Is all dirty too,
From the game not long ago;
But football season will soon pass by—
There! little team; don't cry!

There! little team; don't cry!
They get quite nervous
And mad as hell,
Because you've flunked, old boy, you've flunked.
When you sit and think,
And your mind is blank,
And you say to yourself:
"This stuff is rank."
When the doctor eyes you,
And your grade begins to tell.
A man may crib and not be caught;
A man may "bone" with might and main;
A man may memorize the book
And flunk the bloomin' stuff again.
FI I SHOULD DREAM TONIGHT

If I should dream tonight
That all exams were through and I had passed
With marks not less than A or B; alas,
If I should dream tonight
And Doc Harter's phantom form should come and say:
"You're through, my boy, passed Physics with an A,"
I might forget myself and in accents gruff,
Say, "Spread the stuff."

If I should dream tonight
That I had passed analytics with ease;
Made A, while all the rest made only C's;
I say, if I should dream tonight,
And McVey should come and tell me on his knees:
"You're done with conics, circles, all of these,"

I might forget myself and in accents gruff,
Say, "Spread the stuff."

He who flunked and does not pay
Will live to flunk some other day.

DEFINITIONS

Faculty: Cabal. The omniety which is omnipotent and omniumgatherum.

Professor: A person who assigns work to do. Some one who tells us what he used to do when he was at college. An apotheosized student.

Junior: The acme of agreeableness. Supporter of the prom. A cherub. Anyone with immeasurable good sense; e. g., writer of these lines.


Flunker: One who knows it all but keeps it a secret. Anyone caught during an exam. A good student in hard luck. An involuntary endower of the library.

TO E—
O, the Lieut.! the Lieut.!
The dainty, dapper Lieut.!
"She's a cutey,
She's a beauty,
She's the cutest of the cute."

O, the Lieut.! the Lieut.!
The dimple, darling Lieut.!
"Ain't she fussy?
Oh, the hussy!
Makes your heart go tooty-toot."

O, the Lieut.! the Lieut.!
The "winsome winnie" Lieut.;
"Let me kiss her,
How we'd miss her,
If she ever 'flew the coop.'"

SOUNDS TO ME
"We don't have the teams as we used to have."
Say all the old grads, when they spread the salve.
"Why, we beat Swarthmore and Dickin- son, too,
D'ye know what our boys used to do?
Run the score up to thirty the very first half."
It may be true, and looks most fair,
But it sounds to me like a little hot air.

"We don't have the students in the present day."
Say Doctor Harter and Joe McVey,
"The men are mostly a bunch o' 'lunks,'
Why, we never used to get any flunks,
And seldom ever made less than A."
It may be true, and looks most fair,
But it sounds to me like a little hot air.

A CHEMICAL LAB.
A place for exploitation, of the laws of thunderation,
Mixed with sulphur and damnation—and
with fulminating fizz;
Where we go to raise destruction, learn
to reason by induction,
That by Newton's law of suction—we
are certain that "it is."
Where sweet incense, ever burning, sets
our nostrils sadly yearning
For pure ozone's glad returning,—and
fit atmosphere to breathe.
While dark clouds our heads o'erhanging,
caused by loud dynamic banging
With the hoarse, incessant clanging—
of a blast lamp fairly seethe.
Where explosions happen daily, no en- chantments for the "aily,"
Since the air is always hazy—with
concoctions which are mixed;
Where 'tis not to be expected that dis- cussions be neglected,
So that work might be reflected,—
hours to loaf from two to six.

A GIFT
You have heard of John D. Rocky,
An' the coin he's giv'n away,
An' the Grand High Laird of Skibo,
With his golden peaceful way.
But, sonny, down in Newark
Not so very long ago,
We got a bit o' money,
Some ten thousand bucks or so,
An' it weren't no bloomin' Andy
An' the name should hardly daze yer,
For it's one that's written on the air,
It's Doc, you know, Doc Frazer.
He didn't put on no big front
And think he was wearin' a crown;
But says, "Why here's ten thousand,
I always carry change aroun',
An' go an' buy anything you want;
But I think the biggest yield
To be of use to all the bunch
Is a new athletic field."
So you see we ain't the sorriest guys
Or some of them at that;
We've got something big to crow about
An' put a feather in our hat.
We say, "Sir," to Doctor Frazer
An' we make this solemn vow
If he ever runs for President
He's got our votes right now.

A new subject by the name of "quitology" has been introduced in the Junior Blue Hen course by W. Earle Lind. Mr. Lind has put forth several years of accurate research in order to develop this subject. We are unable to recommend this book to the public because we don't know the public, but we do know Lind.

"WALLY'S RIDE"

For days all the Juniors had stopped dissipating
And worked in the Gym. for the Prom. decorating.
Of course, as you know, the scheme was entirely
Conceived and worked out by our untiring "Wally;"
He had drawn up a plan which with colors aglow
Was passed round the class all its merits to show.
With the aid of Doc. "Darty" and one or two more,
Our "Wally" toiled often till two, three, or four;
But what of the work and the trimmings, a mountain
SHE was to be there, yes, the little Miss Br——n.
The week of the Prom. came, not too soon for "Wally,"
"Though 'twas only half done and he'd not asked his dolly.
"Oh, there's time enough yet," as our brave hero said,
"But I'll stop work tonight and go see her instead."
At eight o'clock sharp his car stopped at her home;
And left at 8.30 with "Wally," alone;
Yes, "Grubby" had done it. He'd gotten there first.
How his fingers did itch! How his vengeance did thirst!
But next day to Charles E. with his feelings still stirred
He mumbled some words about "wise early birds."
Did "Wally" surrender? Not "Wally;" not he.
Just invited them both, his pleased rival and SHE
To ride down in his "Velie." (A terrible risk
For that "Velie" can hit up a clip rather brisk.)
On the trip coming down and not far from the start
They hit the rear end of an innocent cart;
The driver, a negro, went out on his head,
We're not able here to record what he said;
But Wallace, choice phrases continued bestowing,
Such as, "Why in the de'il don't you look where you're going?"
A voice at his shoulder, a tone of dismay.
"Pray, Wallace, what was it that I heard you say?"

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He opened the throttle and "cut out" both wide;
They all say that that was a terrible ride.
*
That evening of torture and great overloads
Is mixed in his dreams with those wild country roads.

REALIZATION
I may not sit alone and work
The long days through
In "Robby's" class or drafting room;
For I must do
My little task of every day
And grind at that—if grind I may.

But oh, believe me, I have guessed
What joy may be
In chemical lab. and loving quest
Of unknowns—free

From prisonings of gases and fumes
To the liberty of dormitory rooms.

Yet I am sure these two "Lords of the Dump"
Hath set within
For each common task, a grand, sweet funk
Enough to win
Some D's and E's from each term's turmoil,
If I but slumber while I toil.
Delaware College
Seven Courses of Study
Leading to Degrees

Classical (B. A.)
Latin Scientific (B. A.)
Agricultural (B. S.)
General Science (B. S.)
Civil Engineering (B. S.)
Mechanical Engineering (B. S.)
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