

# THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

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## LA VIE.

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La vie est-elle aussi douce  
Qu' un belle et charmante epouse?  
Pourquoi l' aimer et la desirer tant  
Vaut-elle le prix d'une fiancee a l'amant ?  
Parlez ! Expliquez a un curieux  
Qui vous le demande en serieux.

Ah ! je vous ecoute

M 'y voici hors de doute.

La vie me dites vous la, n'est pas un songe  
Ni un ombre qui dans l' abime se plonge  
Mais la vie est reele, la vie est materielle,  
Puisque Dieu nous l' a donne, elle est substantielle.  
Dans ces beaux jardins ou croient des fleurs parfumantes,  
Et ou leur miel nourrit les abeilles bourdonnantes,  
La, dans ces endroits ou les bananes murissent,  
Et les orangers avec vigueur fleurissent,  
Sur ces monts tout couverts d' oliviers,  
Et dans ces plaines touffues de dattiers  
La ou les rayons solaires brillent avec clarte  
Et nous inspirent l' amour, le charme, la beaute.  
La ou depuis le lever jusqu' a coucher  
Les chansons d'oiseaux au coeur nous fait toucher  
La ou paissent le brebi et le mouton  
Sans craindre le loup ni le reynard Breton.  
La ou abonde la paix du ciel,  
Et ou coule du lait du miel,  
C'est ca la vie c'est elle qu' on desire  
C'est ca le reel pour nous sourire.

J. T., '08.



## A QUESTION OF NERVE.

**J**OHN HAMILTON lacked nerve. That was the decision of the boys of the school a month after he entered. And, having passed this verdict, they proceeded to treat him accordingly, their attitude at first taking the form of indifference, but the spirit of the "new boy," scorning to bow to their slights, caused him to withdraw more and more to himself, until he stood at last alone, almost completely ostracised.

And yet Jack Hamilton had started in well, his affable and manly manner, attractive personal appearance, and fondness for athletics had seemed to mark him for one of the leading boys of his class. But two deficiencies in his conduct had turned against him the sympathies of his school fellows, and hence his lonely position.

To the students of St. Isaacs Preparatory School these deficiencies had seemed strange, incredibly strange, not to be endured. In the first place he had refused the honor of being "bell boy," the most coveted honor which the freshman class had to bestow on any of its members. The "bell boy" was chosen by vote of the class, and it was his duty to purloin the clapper from the chapel bell, a feat requiring no little skill and daring, for the bell was inaccessible save from the roofs and by a perilous climb up the outside of the lofty chapel tower. No freshman class was considered worthy of its salt until it had obtained a clapper, and all that ingenious sophomores could do to prevent that end they did. John

Hamilton was chosen because his wiry body and muscular agility seemed to fit him for the task, and he refused, point blank.

Why he did it no one knew. Whether on account of fear of expulsion or bodily fear, no one could tell, but that very night the class numerals were painted in great white letters on the wooden slats that enclosed the bell, and, strangely enough, no freshman claimed the honor of placing them there. The class and school looked with wonder and curiosity at the boy who could be so proudly indifferent to public opinion.

But wonder and curiosity turned to indignation and scorn when, two days before the opening game of the foot ball season, the great game with Hollins Institute, Jack Hamilton resigned from his position of right half-back on the team, and announced that he intended giving up foot ball for the season. The school sizzled with rage, for Hamilton was far and away the strongest and best player on the team, and his place, in such a short time, could not be well filled.

"Why did he do it Fred?" the boys clamored of Fred Burns, the captain, that evening after practice.

"Sure I can't tell," answered Fred, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Lost his nerve, I suppose."

"Yes," the school decided, "that was the cause of it, he had lost his nerve," and henceforth John Hamilton was virtually an outcast, a pariah. If he had only known. If he had only been wise enough to make clear to the



school why he had withdrawn, if he had told them that his invalid mother, a widow with but the one child had, two days before he made his decision, written him a letter, piteous in its appeal for him to leave the team and the supposed danger, begging him frantically, as he loved her, her health, and peace of mind, to cease from playing altogether. If he had told all this to his schoolmates, things might have been different. But he did not; pride of one kind or another kept him from so doing, and while the mother, miles away, rejoiced that her son was no longer in awful danger of life and limb, the boy lived in a veritable hell of her making.

As months rolled by the breach of misunderstanding seemed only to widen, for Preparatory school boys are very tenacious in punishing what they think to be cowardice, and Hamilton was too proud to make any effort to conciliate them. His disposition seemed to change during his isolation, for long hours of lonely brooding are not conducive to sweet thoughts, and bitterness of heart will, in time, sour the happiest disposition.

The Autumn with its great games by day, with crowds of cheering students, and its glorious bonfires by night, when they celebrated some hard won victory, and sang the praises of the team, glided by. Foot ball and Thanksgiving became things of the past, but the ice-bound river offered allurements of no mean order, and the school in a body took to ice hockey. In skill and swiftness Hamilton was

easily first but he was not offered a place on any of the teams. He was generally to be seen circling around on the edge of the crowd, or, more frequently, he took long, solitary trips down the river, coming back tired in body, but benefited by the keen bracing air.

It so chanced that, one afternoon, having finished his work early, he arrived first at the river. As he was strapping on his skates an old man, traveling up the shore, hailed him. "Ye'd better be careful this afternoon, young fellow. Over by yon shore they were cutting ice yesterday, and there's a right smart strip o' worse nor open water, for it's got a half-inch scum of ice on it, and that too well nigh hidden by wind blown sleet; ye'd better be careful."

Hamilton, struggling with a troublesome strap, thanked the man for his advice, and, glancing carelessly at the place indicated, and noting that it was a part of the broad river not frequented by the skaters, he promptly forgot all about it.

His skates satisfactorily adjusted he struck out, and, battling against a stiff breeze, he started up the river. For several miles he continued, then, glowing from the exercise, and tingling in every limb, he started down stream again. Skating with the wind was so easy that before he knew it the skaters from the school were in view. He realized that there was something strange and unusual in the sight, but for an instant could not tell just what it was; then in a flash it came to him.



The boys had left their customary skating grounds and had chosen this spot on the far side of the river, where the ice was smoother. He thought of the old man's warning and his heart was in his throat. Where was the weak ice? Ah! there it was, somewhat above the skaters, but near them, perilously near them. He could see it plainly now, a long strip, about twenty feet wide, stretching from the shore well out towards the middle of the stream, and situated about mid-way between him and the boys, unconscious of its danger.

He was about a quarter of a mile off and could see that a fierce game of hockey was raging between two teams. He could catch glimpses of the active players and hear the yells of the excited onlookers. Suddenly there was a pause in the play. What was it? He could see now—an unusually strong drive had sent the ball out from the crowd and it came spinning straight up the stream, a tiny black speck, until it paused, Merciful Heaven! right in the middle of the treacherous strip.

And now two players had struck out from the crowd in hot pursuit; they were Burns and Brady, the two rival leaders of the school and the swiftest skaters on the river. How could he save them? To call out would be worse than useless, with that yelling drove trailing behind them they could not even hear him, much less would they heed him. What would he do? But while his brain debated his body decided, and, bent low, almost parallel to the ice, he flashed on towards the fatal

strip. It was his life or theirs, and he had decided. But, oh God! He must reach there before them that they might have time to turn aside.

Like lightning they came on, redoubling their efforts now that they saw Hamilton too, as they thought, after the ball.

"Mother," he gasped, between his teeth, "God pity her and forgive me, but it's the only way, the only way."

And now before his mind there rose the picture of the two boys he was saving, and he remembered all their subtly hidden taunts and jeers, hidden, yet open, and to be endured only in silence, with clinched fists and flashing eyes. And he was going to die for them, die for them, for the strong current of the river left no chance for rescue.

Could he make it after all? Would he be in time? But still he skimmed on swifter than wind. Ah! He had won; they were safe; he straightened his body, and, with head flung back, eyes flashing, cheeks flaming, lips whispering, "Mother, Mother," he crashed through the ice.

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"He knew that that strip was unsafe; he knew all about it. Old Mr. Moss told him and pointed out the place to him. He did it to save us. And we said he had no nerve," said Fred Burns that night, with a sob in his voice.

"Nerve," echoed Tom Brady, "nerve—he was the bravest soul I ever knew;" and he too choked and was silent.

"Seeing him die like that has made



and he me a man," whispered a third.

But the boy, floating with placid face under the ice of the dark river, how could he know that the heart of the school beat for him again.

### THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

ON ALL sides the observing eye beholds the changing beauties and mysteries of nature. The mysterious processes of life and death give her a subtle charm. She is overflowing in the truth; such truth as self abnegation, whether it be expressed in the dying seed or by the joyous feathered songster. Natives voices unite in one grand strain—things do not exist unto themselves but for others. This strain, passed over into human life, means that no man should live unto himself, but for others. What he acquires must not be for self alone, but to make him more helpful to his fellow creatures. Education is not to be sought and then hoarded up as a miser does his pile of gold. To indulge in the selfish pleasure of taking mental stock of what one knows is far from praiseworthy. The true design of education is to train a man's mind to enable him to realize his duty to the world.

If a Webster or a Gladstone could sway his nation, is it not possible for the scholar to affect mightily the community in which he lives? Should an educated citizen shrink from service on school boards, or refuse to attend town meetings because such things are not congenial to his taste? Let him not despise the day of small things because

these lie at the very foundation of our national existence, and, when intelligently and conscientiously performed, pave the way for still greater usefulness. They demand his time and talents, for they are among the duties which a man owes to the State at large.

We take exception to the common assertion that public duty is done when a citizen casts his vote. That is nothing more than the expression of opinion between two plans of government or between two men. Consequently, while loyal to the party which he represents, a man may, with a clear conscience, cut his party's nominee on the ground that the selfish politicians have forced him to take the step.

When we come to look at the primary public duties, we find, to our astonishment, that higher education is held to be almost a disadvantage. Let the claim be advanced that scholarly men have done the most for mankind and at once it is disputed. The objectors present the name of Lincoln and men of his type, to sustain their position. But, let us remember that there are some keen investigating minds which neither poverty nor lack of opportunities can prevent from going to the front rank, although they are necessarily rare. On the other hand, we may well ask how much more Lincoln would have accomplished had he had the splendid mental training which our colleges of today afford? Most of the framers of our Constitution were college men. Surely no one would dare to say that that great document, con-



sidered to be a model of exactness and rhetorical finish, would have been stronger than it is if it had been left to men without a systematic mental training? Would Samuel Adams have been as competent and influential without his college education? Suppose Abraham Lincoln had spent four years in systematic study; would that experience have made him less qualified to hold the helm of the ship of State when she was about to be driven on the rocks of secession, and dashed into pieces?

To hold public office entails great responsibility. Tremendous problems present themselves for settlement, and great men must settle these problems; for unless they are attended to by those who are able to discern the far reaching results of their action, they will come up time and time again, and become all the more complex. We have an example of this very thing in the slavery question, which grew to be more troublesome with each generation, two compromises failing to reach the root of the difficulties, a Wilmot proviso, and a Squatter Sovereignty leaving two bitter factions, until at last the Nation was drenched in blood. Then, and not until then, was the question settled. Now men with highly cultivated mental faculties can distinguish between appearances and facts. Therefore we need them in deciding questions affecting posterity.

There is a place for every such man. Because he cannot be an acknowledged leader in the State, he is not to sit idly by and permit the wily politicians to

play with the "artificial creation." When our country was in an uproar on the slavery question, Henry Ward Beecher, without waiting for others to take the aggressive, made himself responsible for the work of influencing the North against the slave traffic. This he did in fiery speeches, educating the people and giving them knowledge of that evil.

Two means are offered for doing good—one the personal activity, and the other by enlightening the masses. What an influence one pure minded man may have in a bribery-ridden State! What an influence a Cleveland exerted in restraining the great political party from committing itself to the silver heresy! Across the Atlantic in congested London, behold the influence of a Shaftesbury, who, because he was ever sacrificing himself to uplift the masses has been justly called "The Christian Scholar in Politics."

In the cities, where vices are to be exposed, in the Nation, where broad questions are to be explained; who better than the educated man can serve the people? If by exposing the way in which poor English boys were treated, Dickens in time worked up a popular sentiment against the wrong and lived long enough to see it suppressed; why should not men of his stamp today give their brains to righting all wrongs? As surely as Martin Luther kindled the fires of the reformation which swept over Europe, the scholar in the political arena can work marvels for the right.

Why are so many evils permitted to



exist that ought to be suppressed? Surely not because of the dearth of educated men, fitted to grapple with the gigantic shiny serpents; not because they are ignorant of the existence of such evils; not because they are without plans to deal with the crafty foe. Why then is nothing being done beyond acrid criticism? Everything is favorable for a mighty victory for right. Our educated men have, in addition to their equipments, a profound sympathy for the wronged. Furthermore, as an incentive for vigorous action, it is known that whenever scholarly men have entered public life, they have gone to the front.

The call of the day is for such men to take up politics and rescue it from the hands of the unscrupulous. No subterfuge, as "too busy" or "too honest to mingle with the corrupt mass," can excuse them from their duty. These are preeminently days of strenuous activity. The educated man must no longer stand off at a distance, viewing the scene of turmoil as through a telescope, merely moralizing on existing conditions; he must put his talents and thought into the mill of life, and thus improve the grist of good citizenship. The great truths of Nature must be interpreted to the masses through the medium of the scholar; the value of the individual be reaffirmed; and public conscience awakened. If the educated man does his duty to the State, he will leave to posterity a civilization of which we may well have just cause to be proud; a civilization which the whole world will do well to emulate.

## A VENDETTA.

THE widow of Paola Saverini lived alone, with her son, in a little cottage on the outskirts of Bonifacio. The village, built on a promontory of the mountain, hanging, at places, almost over the sea, looked down on the channel bristling with rocks. At its feet, on the other side, almost completely surrounding it, a cleft in the rock, which resembled a gigantic corridor, served as a port, leading the little Italian or Sardinian fishing boats, after a long route between two steep walls, almost to the doors of the first houses.

The handful of cottages made a whiter spot on the white mountain. They had the appearance of nests of savage birds, clinging there on the rocks, and guarding this terrible passage where vessels scarcely dared venture. The sea, lashed by the wind, dashed against the coast, wave worn and almost bare of grass; it rushed into the channel, heaving noisily against the high rocky walls. Flakes of pale foam, clinging to the black points of innumerable rocks which here and there pierced the waves, like shreds of linen, floated and palpitated on the surface of the water.

The home of the widow Saverini, welded to the very edge of the cliff, opened its three windows on this savage and desolate horizon.

She lived there alone, with her son Antoine and their dog Semillante, a great lean shepherd dog, with long, rough hair. Antoine used her for hunting.



One evening, after a dispute, Antoine Saverini was killed, traitorously stabbed by Nicolas Ravolati, who, that very night, fled to the neighboring island of Sardinia.

When the aged mother received the body of her child, which some passers-by carried home to her, she did not weep, but she remained for a long time standing motionless, looking at it; then stretching out her wrinkled hand on the corpse, she swore a vendetta. She wished no one to remain with her, and shut herself up close by the dead body, with the dog, which howled. She howled, this beast, in a monotonous fashion, standing at the foot of the bed, her head stretched towards her master, her tail between her legs. She moved no more than the mother, who, leaning now on the body, with fixed eyes, wept great dumb tears while gazing at her son.

The young man, lying on his back, clad in his rough garments of coarse cloth, pierced and torn at the breast, seemed to sleep; but there was blood everywhere; on his torn shirt, on his trousers, on his face, on his hands. Clots of blood were congealed in his beard and hair.

The old mother began to speak to him. At the sound of her voice the dog was silent.

"There, there, you will be avenged, my little one, my boy, my poor child. Sleep, sleep on, you will be avenged; do you understand? Your mother promises it, and she keeps her word, always. You know it well." And slowly she bent over him, pressing her

cold lips to the dead lips of her child.

Then Semillante began to howl again. She uttered a long, mournful complaint, heart-rending, horrible.

They remained there, the woman and the dog, till morning.

Antoine Saverini was buried the next day, and soon he was spoken of no more in Bonifacio.

He had left neither brothers nor near relatives. There was no man to avenge him, only the mother, an old woman, thought of it.

On the other side of the channel she saw, from morning till evening, a white speck on the coast. It was the little Sardinian village of Longosardo, where bandits, too closely pursued, took refuge. It was to this village, she knew, that Nicolas Ravolati had fled.

All alone, through the long days, seated at her window, she looked at it and thought of vengeance. What could she do, with no one to aid her, so infirm, so near death? But she had promised, she had sworn on the corpse. She was not able to forget it, she dared not wait long. What could she do? She did not sleep at night, she had no more rest or quietness, she thought and planned continually. The dog at her feet slept, and, at times, raising her head, howled loudly. Since her master was no longer there she howled often thus, as if he had called her, as if her beast heart, inconsolable, had kept a remembrance of him which nothing could efface.

One night when Semillante was beginning her complaining, an idea suddenly came to the mother, an idea of



vindictive and savage ferocity. She thought about it till morning, then, rising at daybreak, she betook herself to the church. There she prayed, prostrate on the ground, bowed down before God, begging him to aid her, to sustain her, to give to her poor, worn-out body the strength that was necessary to her to avenge her son.

Then she returned. There was, in her yard, an old barrel which collected the water from the spouts; this she overturned, emptied and fastened to the ground with stakes and stones; then she led Semillante to this kennel and shut her in.

She walked now, without ceasing, up and down in her room, her eye fixed long on that white spot on the Sardinian coast. He was there, the assassin.

The dog in the barrel howled all day and all night. In the morning her mistress carried her some water in a can, but nothing more: not a scrap of meat, not a crumb of bread.

The day dragged slowly on. Semillante, exhausted, slept. The next day, with gleaming eyes and bristling hair, she fought desperately against her chain.

Still the woman gave her nothing to eat. The beast, now become furious, barked with a hoarse voice. Another night passed by.

At day-break next morning, mother Saverini going to the home of a neighbor, asked him to give her two bundles of straw. She took some old clothes which her husband had formerly worn, and stuffed them with this straw into a

likeness of a human body.

Having stuck a stick into the ground before Semillante's kennel, she tied to this the mannikin, which seemed thus to be standing upright. Then she made a head out of a bundle of old rags.

The dog, surprised, looked at this straw man and was silent, being almost overcome by hunger.

Then the old woman bought at the butchers a long black sausage. Returning home, she kindled a wood fire in her yard, and began to broil her sausage. Semillante leaped about, frothing, her eyes fixed on the broiling meat, the fumes of which so tantalized her.

The mother made of this sausage a collar for the straw man, tying it tightly around his neck. When this was finished she unchained the dog.

With a savage leap the beast sprang at the throat of the mannikin, and, with paws on its shoulders began to devour it. She fell back again with a bit of the prize in her mouth, then leaping again, thrusting her teeth into the cords, seized some particles of food, falling back and leaping again, maddened. She tore the head from the body, ripping the throat into tatters.

The old woman, silent and motionless, looked on, with flashing eyes. Then she rechained the beast, made her fast for two more days and recommenced this strange exercise.

For three months she accustomed the dog to this struggle, this obtaining her food at the throat of the mannikin. She did not chain her now, but hurled



her on with a gesture.

The dog learned to leap and throttle her victim even when no food was concealed in the throat. She was given afterwards, as a reward, the sausage broiled for her.

As soon as she perceived the man Semillante, in a frenzy, would turn her eyes to her mistress, who, pointing her finger, would hiss, "Go."

\* \* \* \* \*

When she thought the proper time had come, Mother Saverini went to confession and communion on Sunday morning with an ecstatic fervor; then, having, in men's garments, disguised herself as an old man, she took a trip with a Sardinian fisherman, who landed her, with her dog, on the other shore of the channel.

She had, in a linen bag, a large piece of sausage. Semillante had fasted for two days. The woman let her smell the food, and thus excited her.

They entered Longosards, the Corsican woman, with her dog. She stopped at a bakers and asked where Nicolas Ravolati lived. He had taken up his former trade of carpentering. He was working alone in the far end of his shop.

The woman knocked at the door and called out: "Ho! Nicolas!"

He turned about; then, loosing her dog, she cried:—"Go! go! at him!"

The brute leaped, sinking her teeth in his throat. The man, strangling, stretched out his arms and fell to the ground. For several seconds he struggled; then he became motionless, while Semillante burrowed in the bloody

mass that had been his throat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two neighbors, seated at their doors, afterwards remembered perfectly having seen an old man go out of the shop, accompanied by a black, half-starved dog, which was eating, while trotting along, something brown which her master had given her.

The old woman returned to her home in the evening. That night she slept well.

R. F., '05.

(Translated from the French.)

## THE TWO CHARACTERS.

SHE is a half-hour late," said the ticket agent of a thrifty little country town, when I asked him how the train was, one New Year's eve. Selecting a seat in a corner from which nearly the whole of the waiting room could be seen, I sat down beside an elderly gentleman and began studying the faces of the people about me.

Soon after I had made myself comfortable, there came through the door a middle aged gentleman. He was well dressed, showed signs of general prosperity, and excited my curiosity by his brisk step and business like appearance. On inquiring of the man who sat next to me, who he was, I was told that the gentleman was a retired farmer and business man of the town. He had, however, not always enjoyed his prosperity. Nature had dealt severely with him in his early life.

Through much illness, caused by a series of accidents, his father, who was struggling to pay off a mortgage on



the small farm that was their home, was taken away while this man was still young, leaving a mother and several younger brothers depending on his labors. The work before him was hard, and for several years through the failure of crops, and diseases that affected his cattle, it seemed as though he would have to sink in the whirlpool of misfortune about him. This state of affairs was made still more discouraging as the mortgage holder was becoming impatient, and threatened to remove him from the farm on which he hoped to earn a living for his helpless mother and brothers.

As he became older the conditions about him changed. The weather for several years became more favorable for his crops; his brothers were able now to help him in his struggle, and he himself had gained experience from former years. Thus he prospered and finally paid off the mortgage, started in business, and later retired from active work on the farm that had been the scene of his endeavors.

I heard a noise at the door while I was picturing this man's "tug of war" with fate, and a tall young man, who let a volume of profanity escape his lips, stumbled into the room.

This young man seemed to be at the very ebb of life. His eyes were blood shot, and his clothes were dirty where they had come in contact with the mud into which he had fallen. Staggering to the ticket office he asked, with another series of oaths, why the train was late, and, on being told that it was probably due to heavy traffic,

fell, rather than sat, into the nearest seat and there went to sleep.

It was then that his face seemed familiar to me. We had met before. After some thought I remembered. We had gone to school together, but ah! what a change. He was a fine young fellow then, always considerate, and never took part in our foolish pranks. The boys called him "goody," but he did not resent it as he always considered the source from which the ridicule came. He was industrious, always knew his lessons, beat his playmates in games, and was liked by all, especially by his teachers. His future also seemed bright, as his father was a prominent merchant in our town.

Until his eighteenth year, life was smooth sailing, but fate decreed that there should be a change. At this time the grim reaper carried his parents away and from then on he drifted about, as a chip in the sea, without a definite object in life. Through the interest he had had in games he had acquired a knowledge of their rules and was sought by the "sporting crowd" as a judge in Sunday games or boxing matches. These little favors he never refused to do and, beside a regular fee, the "stuff that cheers" was freely offered to him. In this manner he soon became an excessive drinker, and later fell away from his former associates, who did not know what had become of him. Apparently he had continued in his wayward career and now on this cold New Year's eve we had met again.

"Destiny and way stations," shouted



the conductor as the train arrived. I boarded it meditating on the difference of the two mens lives with which I had come in contact.

Kind nature had given the first a trying life. She had steeped him in misfortune, given him someone to care for, someone to work for, and, more than that, a home which he felt he must keep together. She had taught him to persevere under all circumstances. She had tempered him in her fire of experience.

The other, however, was given none of the advantages that some consider hardships, and finally his riches proved a curse to him, although it was largely his own fault. His own reduced condition was not the worst part in his life, for his wife and children had to bear the greater suffering. They had to see this ruin in its slow stages and were perhaps finally drawn down with the erring father to a position from which they could never rise.

"Half Way Town" shouted the porter, as we neared the city in which travelers usually "stop over" on their way to Destiny. I arose quickly, shook off my prejudice against misfortune, studied her, and found that fortune smiled through the bars of adversity.

### DE ALUMNIS

CECIL C. FULTON, JR., 1906.

While riding on one of the B. & O. trains recently one of the fellows happened to get into conversation with Mr. George Balderston, B. C. E., '76. Mr. Balderston is now a mining engineer at Victor, Colorado, and was pay-

ing some of his friends in the East a visit. He seemed very much interested in and asked numerous questions about the college.

P. Blair Pie, '92, has returned to his home in New York City, after an extended visit to his mother's home.

Albert S. Cooper, A. B., '96, sailed recently as a missionary to China.

Augustus Smith, '03, spent a few hours with friends in town, on Wednesday of last week.

Le Roy W. Hickman, B. C. E., '03, is at present connected with the engineer corps of the Maryland Division of the P., B. & W. R. R., with headquarters at Wilmington.

Eugene H. Shallcross, B. M. E., '04, who is now a draftsman for the Solvay Process Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., when heard from recently, stated that he would pay us a visit about the last of this month. We are always glad to see or hear from our old friends.

Many of the fellows have heard from H. Morton Stephens, ex. '06, who is now employed on some railroad construction work at Gonaives, Haiti. Mr. Stephens letters are always exceedingly interesting and he thinks there is a splendid opening for American mining and civil engineers, in Haiti. He hopes to get a leave of absence in June and is looking forward to a visit home in time for commencement week.

Edmund James, ex. '06, better known as "Jesse," has been heard from again. This time he turned up in Roanoke, Va., but no one knows just what he is doing now.



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

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EDITORIAL

THE Gymnasium long wished for and much talked about, seems, at last, to be about to materialize. Attractive plans have been drawn and submitted to the building committee, and on their approval bids will be solicited for the erection of the new building. The committee appointed by the board of trustees consists of F. W. Curtis, of Newark, chairman; Messrs. James Hossinger, Dr. H. G. M. Kollock and George G. Kerr, of Newark, and Lewis C. Bush, of Wilmington.

The plans submitted call for a building of one story and a basement, built of Flemish blonde brick and measuring forty-five feet in width and ninety feet in depth. The main floor will be used as a drill hall for indoor drill. It will contain a running track, skirting the walls and ten feet from the floor. In the basement will be a swimming tank 20x37½ feet, a shower bath room, and a locker room. The gymnasium will, in all probability, occupy the site of the present green houses, to the north of the college buildings and at the edge of the athletic field.

In Recitation Hall the library and reading room is to be transferred to the

drill hall on the third floor. The present reading room will then be converted into recitation rooms. All of these changes are desirable and have long been needed.



TWO months ago the managers of the REVIEW sent to all the members of the board of trustees, to many of the Alumni of the College and to several of the prominent citizens of Delaware not actively interested in the College, a circular letter, stating the financial condition of the "REVIEW," which is lamentably weak, and asking for help. A few, in proportion to the number of letters sent, a very few, answers were received, containing the asked for aid, and such generous friends and contributors we wish most heartily to thank for their kindness and for their interest so agreeably expressed. From some of the Alumni we received, what was not solicited, nor even greatly desired, letters of criticism, well meant, no doubt, but rather severe. Had these criticisms been accompanied by some more substantial gift, we would doubtless have tried, with a better grace, to improve ourselves along the lines pointed out to us by our kindly men-



tors, but candor and slang compels us to admit that "talk is cheap," and if, with our limited circulation, we should undertake to publish a full fledged magazine, we would be forced to charge more than one dollar a year for it.



THE April issue of the REVIEW is late in appearing. This is owing to the fact that examination and vacation weeks intervened at the very time when we should have been busiest in collecting our material. They are both events which leave but little time for outside work, and we beg our subscribers to be lenient with us and accept this excuse.



We clip the following editorial from the "Saturday Evening Post." It is called

***The Shortcomings of our Colleges***

"The close of another college year invites and even commands a casting up of the balance-sheets of the collegiate system. As to the value of education—real education—there can be no question among intelligent men; but the settling of that point does not settle or even affect the problem of the college education as it is.

"Why are the ideals of the students at so many of our great institutions of learning so low? Why does their conversation, where it does not deal with the usual silliness of personal gossip and of "sports," show such woeful ignorance of the real affairs of the real world—such ludicrous strivings to air the supercilious learning of past ages?

Why does the average college man of the great universities show reluctance instead of eagerness to plunge into affairs?

"What sort of drillmasters are these whose pupils incline to linger on the parade-ground instead of rushing forth to battle, and, when they do venture forth, show that they have learned the tactics of the time of Miltiades, and know little or nothing of the tactics of the time of Oyama and Kuropatkin?"



THE annual inter-collegiate debate between Maryland Agricultural College and Delaware College took place on Friday evening, April 14, at College Park, Md. The subject for debate was "Resolved, That the success of the Japanese in the present war between Russia and Japan, will best serve the interests of civilization." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. E. F. and E. W. Warrington, of Delaware College; the negative by Messrs. White and Bassett, of M. A. C. The judges, Hon. Jackson H. Ralston, Hon. Hiram R. Burton and Rev. W. F. Locke, rendered a unanimous decision in favor of Delaware College. The College owes a vote of thanks to the Messrs. Warrington, for the hard and earnest work which they have expended in preparing the debate, for the brilliant way in which they argued their points in the contest, and for thus bringing back to Delaware College the pennant which Maryland Agricultural College won from us last year.



## EXCHANGES

E. F. WARRINGTON, '07.

"The Idealist" is one of our neat exchanges that we never fail to appreciate. Such a paper, always maintaining the same standard, is, indeed, a credit to its editors. On the outside cover of the March and April issue appears this sentence: "Heaven is the place of realized ideals;" and we think that this is an ideal thought for an "Idealist."



A poem in the "Hedding Graphic" for March, entitled "Lines to a Rose," has a poetic swing that cannot fail to be recognized.



The author of "Why I'd Rather be a Freshman," in the "Mississippi College Magazine," does not give very convincing arguments to justify his preference. The most logical reason, perhaps, is the fact that he really is one.



Lives of Loafers all remind us

That Professors run this school;

If we loaf, we leave behind us

Knowledge that we've played the  
fool.—Ex.



"W. H. Aerolith" has changed its cover, and the change is somewhat of an improvement.

## ATHLETICS

L. L. COOPER, '05.

During the spring vacation our baseball diamond was put in shape and it

is now in better condition than it has ever been before. While it is not all that could be wished for, it will compare favorably with the other diamonds on which we play. The team did not get much practice before vacation, owing to bad weather and the condition of the field. Regular practice however was begun April 10th. There is considerable competition for places on the team, as second base and the entire outfield were vacant this year. The team will be picked in a few days now, as the first game is April 22nd at South Bethlehem. From present indications the team should be better and faster than it has ever been before. It is to be hoped that a scrub will be organized soon which will be able to give the 'Varsity good stiff practice every afternoon. A good scrub team is very important, and it all lies with the fellows who do not make the team, whether we have a successful season or not. A little exercise each afternoon would be beneficial to most students, so we earnestly ask for their support this season.



Our track team goes to Philadelphia April 29th to take part in the yearly meet at the University of Pennsylvania. The team is in good condition and expects to make a creditable showing.

## Y. M. C. A.

L. E. CAIN, 1907.

AT THE Sunday afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A., March 12, Mr. J. B. Foster, a student here and a worthy member of the As-



sociation, spoke on "Freedom of Religion."



Mr. George S. Messersmith, principal of the public schools of this town, gave on March 19, an address which should be especially interesting to college students. By explaining the results an action has on the brain, he showed that the conduct of a man in college very largely determines his future.



The executive council met March 14 to elect officers for the ensuing year. The result of the election was as follows:—G. S. Lovett, President; J. B. Foster, Vice-President; E. F. Warrington, Corresponding Secretary; L. E. Cain, Recording Secretary; J. A. Hudson, Treasurer.

### INTER-COLLEGIATE

THE first College of Hygiene in Scotland is to be founded by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in Dufferline, his birthplace. The college is to be for students under 18 years of age. At the close of the curriculum the student will be qualified to teach anatomy, physiology (practical and theoretical), hygiene, theory of movement and elementary mechanics, child study, first aid ambulance, gymnastics in all its branches, (including remedial gymnastics), games, dancing, swimming, teaching, students' lesson, singing and voice culture.



The Intercollegiate Conference Committee of the "big nine" Universities

decided to hold this year's meet June 3. All previous contests have been held on Marshall Field, but this year the University of Michigan is making an effort to have the meet held in Ann Arbor. The meeting left undecided the place for holding the meet. The Committee decided to make the meet an open one. Any college in the country may enter contests if the conference rules are observed.

Rush C. Butler, of the University of Iowa, was chosen president, and Scott Bond, of the University of Chicago, secretary-treasurer.



Haverford college recently defeated Harvard 1 to 0 in the second inter-collegiate Association football game ever played in this country. The first game was played at Cambridge between the same two teams and with the same score. More interest is being continually taken in Association football and the sport seems in a fair way of being introduced into all our colleges.



Tome Institute has been granted one free scholarship to four years study in the academic courses at Lehigh University.

### THE DARING OF DARE.

WHEN young Weston Dare came on East from Wyoming to college, not the least conspicuous article of his outfit, which savored strongly of the wild and woolly West, was a great six-shooter revolver. This weapon, uncomfortably formidable in appearance, he exhibited with no little



pride to his college associates, extolling its shooting capacity, telling off hand stories to prove his ability to handle it, and hinting darkly concerning the origin of three suspiciously recent looking nicks in its stock; about these nicks, however, he would say nothing definite.

Mr. Dare was determined that through him the reputation of the West for wildness and woolliness should suffer nothing, and spoke of the rough and ready life on the plains with an easy swagger which made an undeniable impression on the minds of some of the more callow youths of his class. Of his pistol, which was his especial pride, and far and away the most impressive specimen of his collection of western curios, he talked with a familiarity which seemed bred of long acquaintance, he had, in reality, purchased it but one week previous to his journey East. In the privacy of his room, he practiced daily that he might perfect himself in the graceful and desirable art of spinning the chamber around under his thumb nail, as he had seen cowboys do.

It was his boast, a short boast alas, that with the "old girl" in his hand, (and the old girl nightly slept under his pillow,) bold Sophomore hazers had no terrors for him. He caused this saying to be spread about, for, though Mr. Dare was not to be trifled with, of course he did not really wish to hurt any one. He just wanted those smartie Sophomores to know that when they came his way they were up against the real thing, so let them beware.

But "smartie Sophomores" are not

easily scared. Most rooms can be entered by way of the transom, and revolvers, be they never so well hidden in the bottom of a trunk, can be found after patient search, and so skillfully replaced that it would seem, to the most observant, as though they had never been touched. It might also be added, that a bit of tar soap, carefully moulded, makes an excellent imitation of a bullet when carefully fitted in the end of a cartridge chamber.

Weston Dare, however, thought none of these things possible, and when, one balmy fall evening, he returned to his room somewhat wearied after a jolly, and rather boisterous evening down town, having carelessly stuck the pistol under his pillow, he tumbled into bed and was soon asleep.

He awoke, an hour later, with the vague idea that he had heard something. Propping himself up on one elbow he glanced rapidly around the room, but, seeing nothing but the white window curtain moving softly in the night wind, thought himself deceived and once more drowsed off into forgetfulness. Again the sound came, this time distinct and not to be mistaken. It was a long, low hiss, seeming to be made by a person with the tongue pressed against closed teeth. Strong at first it gradually sunk lower in volume till it dropped into silence.

Dare lay quietly in bed listening, with a queer bristling feeling creeping around the roots of his hair. A softer hiss and he raised himself and peered cautiously around the room. Again the swaying curtains caught his eyes and held them. They seemed to exert



some strange fascination over him, for he watched them steadily. Gradually, to his dazed eyes, a figure seemed to evolve itself out of the fluttering draperies. A figure, tall, emaciated, swathed in trailing white garments, with two horribly luminous circles in its chalky face where eyes should have been. Moving slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees the figure disentangled itself from the curtains and moved to the center of the room. Here it paused and uttered again that sinister hiss.

Dare sat bolt upright in bed, stiff with horror, for the bared teeth gleamed in the darkness like lambent coals. Fumbling under the pillow he drew forth his pistol, and, aiming it at the ghostly apparition, said, in as steady a voice as he could muster: "Whoever or whatever you are, I give you fair warning that I am going to shoot. Leave me, I shall shoot."

No answer, but the figure slowly stretched forth a lean arm and pointed it straight at the quaking occupant of the bed. In a frenzy of fear Dare pulled the trigger, aiming the gun

point blank at the motionless figure in the center of the room.

The report rang out with startling loudness on the silence. A moments pause, then, with a slow sweeping gesture the lean arm traveled to the mouth of the apparition, the teeth gleamed for a second, a quick throw, and a large leaden bullet popped on the bed and the thrower advanced a step nearer. Again the report rang out, again a bullet produced from the ghostly mouth dropped on the sheets near the terrified boy. Two more shots, two more bullets. An agonized groan from the bed; two last shots, and two bullets from a mouth stretched now in a devilish grin.

With a loud scream of incredible horror and terror, Dare flung the pistol from him, straight at the head of the silent figure and sank back senseless on the pillows.

The next morning a prominent member of the sophomore class appeared at recitations with an ugly wound on his forehead. Weston Dare, like the "course of empire" was rapidly taking his way westward.

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