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As It Happened.

By H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR., '08.

CLEMSON and I had seated ourselves on the open veranda, where all was dark and no light visible, save that of the dim stars overhead and the steady gleam of our cigars. Clemson was unusually silent that evening and I was loath to break the silence, fearing that the mind of the great novelist might be reasoning out some intricate plot of a future masterpiece—and besides, conversation and good tobacco are not warm friends. Finally, however, my Havana was consumed and I threw the stump out into the garden and twisted myself in my chair until I directly faced my friend. I could see his face only momentarily when he would occasionally puff at his cigar, but even in those brief moments I could see that his mind was far from the precincts of the dark veranda and my modest suburban home. I did not interrupt his musings at once, but amused myself watching the scarcely discernable outline of a white poppy, in the garden, sway to the caress of a passing breeze. At last, however, I asked laughingly, "what is it?"

Clemson started and then replied, "I was just thinking." He had not yet fully returned to the present situation.

"You are very definite," I remarked, a little nettled.

"I was just thinking what a strange thing life is," he remarked, rather irrelevantly, I thought. Then after a pause he continued, "I thought—even until a day or two ago—that the human race was a

great unit, divided into fractions only by social conditions and unforeseen circumstances. I believed that merely the exertion of an effort was required to attract the components of the whole again into the primeval unit. That is to say, I felt that if the opportunity were given, if the social and moral barriers were removed, a person in the lower walks of life would gladly return to the state of early chastity and would accept the conditions of social equality."

"I don't agree with you," I interrupted.

"Nor do I agree with my former sentiments," he said, smiling rather sadly it seemed. For it is a great blow to a man of strong mind and deep thought to have a pet theory crumble in his hand. Then he resumed—

"This thought had weighed on my mind for a long while, had come to form a part of my very self. Every time that I wrote a story I felt a masterful desire to enter into it a little of this theory. But I must admit that I was afraid—it does not pay to advance an argument, in print, that cannot be proven."

He hesitated a minute to relight his cigar, and I took the opportunity to ask, "what changed your belief?"

"I will tell you," he said briefly. Settling himself, he began. "As I have mentioned, I wanted to involve my theory in a book or story—and I set about finding the proof. The idea suddenly struck me that there was a great field for me in a study of the stage. As you possibly know, I am acquainted with Marks, Bertram Marks, who is manager of a light-opera troupe. He had often insisted that I should come to see him at the theatre, to get an idea of the inside work of the musical and comedy machines that grind out amusement for the multitudes. I had heard a great deal of the immorality of the stage, of the unrestrained excesses of the chorus-girls—and, as usual, I laid the blame at the door of circumstance and firmly believed that if the chance were offered the worst of them would accept willingly the life of virtue."

At this point I could not refrain from smiling—for I felt that the great novelist, with all his knowledge, was by far my inferior in regard to every-day philosophy.

Said Clemson, "I walked around to the theatre a day or so ago and partly disclose my theory and plan of action to Marks. He smiled a little, but asked me politely what he might do. I requested him

to introduce me to one of the chorus-girls, soliciting him, at the same time, not to disclose to her either my name or occupation. He led me to one of the wings where stood a young girl, attired in the lace and ruffles of the typical girl of the chorus. After introducing me, Marks retired.

"The girl was a slight creature with big blue eyes and soft wavy hair. The jovial rotundity of her face, the firmness of her small mouth, and the general openness of her countenance made her a picture of honest, pure womanhood, I felt positive. She was one of those, I reasoned, whom force of circumstance had reduced. She was a bit shy and reserved, at first, not knowing, I presume, whether I were a press agent or a "chippy" having a "pull" with the manager. It did not take her long, however, to form an opinion of what I might be, satisfactory to her at least.

" 'Well, kid,' she said, 'I suppose you're after a date?'

"I was taken back, to say the least. Why, think of it, man—there she stood, as pretty and dainty a creature as could be imagined, a woman whom, a moment before, I had been inclined to raise upon a pedestal as a model for masculine admiration, in the true sense of the word. I scarcely knew how to answer her, so surprised was I; and besides my dignity was a bit hurt that she should have mistaken me for a stage-door loiterer. So I stuttered a little and finally told her that I had no intention whatever of troubling her. My reply somewhat surprised her and she waited until I should make the overtures. I opened the conversation with some very common-place remark and we continued in the light strain of talk until I felt that we knew each other a little better. Suddenly I popped the question to her, 'What do you do at nights after the show is over?'

"She cast a scrutinizing glance at me and then answered lightly, 'Why, there's no trouble findin' things to do. Plenty of the boys are ready to show you a good time at a swell restaurant; and, Lordy, the champagne some of these rich guys buy is powerful good. What more can we want? Course, the pay we get ain't much, here at the theatre, but we see lots of fun outside, specially when we have long engagements in one town.'

"Poor little slave of circumstance, I thought. But I said: 'So that is your idea of a good time is it?'

" 'Sure,' she replied, 'what's better?' Then added as an after-

thought, 'Say, you ain't one of those bloomin' preachers, are you?'"

"I assured her that I was not and then launched out upon the vital question. I rather hesitated at the critical moment, but I said as forcibly as I could: 'Don't you ever think that there may be more real happiness in life outside of an evening's entertainment? Don't you ever wish that you were leading a little different life, were enjoying the fruits of a more refined existence? Don't you ever feel a desire to share the lot of women who have homes of their own—I don't mean the immensely rich women whose homes are only stopping-places—but the kind of women who live good, pure lives and know how to live and love?'

"I stopped, a little surprised at my own fervor, and the girl wore a look which was a mixture of disgust and perplexity.

"'I don't quite understand you,' she said.

"'I mean,' I continued, 'if you had the chance, would you be willing to give up this old life, to live in that sphere of society in which people are honest and true and—good?'

"'I never thought much about it before,' she said. 'Maybe I might like it—I think I should. Say, they are swell dressers, though, them women on such and such a street' (I forget the street she mentioned) 'and I guess they are a pretty good lot.'

"'I could have jumped for joy. My theory was working itself out beautifully, and even then I began to form a slim outline, in my mind, of my next book. I would show the world what could be done by trying. Then I asked her, 'Do you really enjoy drinking and carousing with strange men every night?'

"'I don't mind a little fun,' she said, 'but I don't like the fellows—but I never knew any other sort. I think I should like to know a few real decent men—I've heard they're sticks, but I'd like to see.'

"'Oh, Circumstance, Circumstance!' I repeated mentally, 'Unhappy, fateful circumstance!'

"The girl by this time, like most of her kind, began to grow distrustful and asked me of a sudden, 'What is it you're after, anyway?'

"I disregarded the question and asked, 'If some man—a decent man—should ask you to walk out into the country with him, if he showed you the flowers and the green grass, should teach you the

music of the brooks, should point out the poetry of the trees and the beauty of the birds—if he read to you, from the poets, verses that have their sources in nature itself, would you not be happier than you are now?"

"She did not answer. I proceeded, 'If he should take you to art galleries and should explain the intrinsic worth of this picture and of that, should raise you, by his very knowledge and appreciation, to a different atmosphere than any you had ever known, would you not be doing better than tainting your life in wretched grill-rooms?"

" 'Say,' said the girl, 'that fellow would be a peach. Are you him?"

" 'I might be,' I said encouragingly. 'If you are willing, I will show you these things as best I may—and can you go with me tomorrow morning?"

" 'Sure' she replied.

" 'And you will think over what I have said and will let me try to help you?' Again she answered, 'yes.'

"I went away then and was more jubilant than I had been for months. That night I thought a long while over the book I would write, until my head became very weary and I strolled out into the night air to refresh myself. I walked for a mile or so until I found that I was in the heart of the city. I thought of dropping in to see Patterson—you know his hotel? He was just on his way out when I met him, so I stopped a while to talk of one thing or another. We were not far from the grill-room and we soon heard loud laughter and singing coming from that direction. We strolled down, out of curiosity, to see what the matter was and—"

"I know what was happening," I interrupted.

"Yes," he smiled grimly, "there she was, dancing and singing on a table top, a glass in one hand, a champagne bottle in the other, and all the men sitting around clapping and laughing."

He was silent for a long while. The white poppy still nodded patiently in the breeze. The late moon climbed silently over the distant hills and a cricket set up an untiring chirp in a near-by tree. I breathed heavily and asked, "Did you ever go back for her?"

"No," he said, "I never went back." And a little later I heard him whisper to himself, gloomily, almost painfully, "Circumstance, Circumstance? No, not Circumstance!"

The Volume of Shakespeare.

A Story.

By JOSEPH HINCHLIFFE PERKINS, '67.

Off the streets of an old Maryland town, there are still to be seen, walking with uncertain steps, the attenuated and bent forms of a few negroes who were once slaves—who stand for a time that is no more and a society that nevermore will be. Among these old negroes, up to a few years ago, there was one who bore the pompous and illustrious name, Washington Napoleon Brown—but who was generally called John. While by no means surly and disagreeable, he was quiet and retiring in nature. He rarely spoke unless spoken to and then only briefly. He was a tall, lank negro, whose great awkwardness was accentuated by rheumatism. In his latter years, he earned his living by sweeping pavements and attending to the offices of public men.

One day while leisurely sweeping off a pavement in front of the village book store, he chanced to see in the window a large book, sumptuously bound and stamped in large, gilt letters, "Shakespeare." He looked at it with wide open eyes, and slowly, letter by letter read the title. Whether it was the glitter of the letters that attracted him or what no one knows, but every day, John stopped before the window and read "to himself out loud," "S h a k e s p e a r e." It happened that he was on friendly terms with the proprietor of the store; and one evening, when no customers were in sight, John slowly entered and for a time stood leisurely looking around. The bookseller, accustomed to these visits, for a few minutes paid no attention to him; and then, feeling rather sociable, asked:

"Well, John, how are you this evening?"

"Thank you, sah, [tipping his hat] Ah's perty smart—'cept de old ketch in mah back, sah."

"John you're getting old. How old are you?"

"Deed, sah, Ah dunno, sah. But, Ah'm gettin long perty smart in years, sah," and his mouth stretched broadly in a grin and his eyes twinkled brightly.

"You must be nearly forty-five, John?"

"Spec Ah am, sah.

"But John don't you think you are older than that—eighty?"

"Ah dunno, sah; but Ah 'spec Ah am, sah."

Then the conversation was interrupted by someone entering the store. When the customer had gone, the book-seller was able to tell by experience that John wanted something.

"John, what is it you want to-night?"

The old negro came close to the counter, and, reaching out his long arm and awkwardly pointing to the gaudy volume in the window, asked somewhat timidly but earnestly:

"Missar Jones, what foh you sell dat book?" and he leaned forward, eagerly.

"Why, John," said the book-seller, surprised, "you don't want it."

"Deed Ah do, sah—'deed Ah do" said John, almost pleadingly.

"But John, you can't read it."

"Yes, sah, Missar Jones, Ah can read tolerable. Ah can spell de words. And Ah wants de book. De long nights am comin', sah, and Ah wants somethin' to while way de time. How much is it, sah?" he almost begged. He had probably never before made so long a speech.

The book-seller, a man of principle, believing that the book was of no use to the darky, argued with him for some time but in vain. John wanted the book. Finally, Mr. Jones concluded that the only way to discourage him from buying it was to set a price which John could not afford to pay:

"Six dollars, John," said he as he began to close up for the night.

Greatly disappointed, the old negro, after taking a long look at the coveted volume, passed out into the night, mumbling "Six dollars—six dollars," etc. To him such an amount was a fortune. And for a time he was almost persuaded to believe that he could not buy the book; for he earned only a very small pittance. But slowly there came to him the idea of saving up until he had six dollars. And so he began to save, penny by penny, denying himself many things necessary to his wellbeing. He did without tobacco and ate as little as possible, and every day, he went and looked longingly at the

book, feeling relieved upon finding that it had not been sold.

Once he entered the store and asked Mr. Jones to let him see it. The book-seller, very kindly humored what he thought was a mere whim of this negro, a man in physique but a child in mind. John looked at it, almost reverently ; then, reluctantly handed it back and went out, his desire to own the book stimulated and increased.

He continued to make daily visits to the store ; and, as the time passed, people were beginning to say, "John is getting old fast. He certainly has gone down in the last few months." Indeed his privations were beginning to tell upon his health and appearance, but he did not seem to notice it. His eyes saw only the volume of Shakespeare and the pile of coins which was slowly increasing and which every night he counted over and over again. The long winter nights came and found John weak and almost famished ; but there was a sparkle in his eye, for the book was still there and he had nearly the amount of money required.

One evening in December, he came tottering down the street, walking as fast as he could ; evidently John had at last gotten together the money. When he arrived in front of the Court House, he fell upon the pavement. Six bright, silver dollars fell out of his hand and rolled upon the bricks. Someone quickly went to his assistance :

"What's the matter, John ?"

Receiving no reply, several bystanders carried him to a nearby porch. Then, weakly he raised himself on one elbow and said huskily :

"Six dollars—on pavement—"and his head fell back.

"Yes, John, here it is."

John looked up, saw Mr. Jones holding the money out to him and then said almost in a whisper :

"Keep it—Shakespeare—give me Shakespeare," and he fell into a stupor.

The book-seller hurried to the store and soon returned with the book.

The old man was aroused and when he saw the book, his eyes became bright, and there was a smile of contentment on his worn, black face. With an effort he grasped the volume of Shakespeare with both hands and then, clasping it to him tightly, mumbled joyously "It is mine—it is mine." His head fell back and he was dead.

A Warning Against Intemperance.

By CHARLES P. MESSICK, '07.

FROM the downfall of man even until the present, temptation and sin have been in the world. All history is but the record of the struggles of humanity against its deadliest foe. Man's passions and desires are the same to-day as those of the ancient world, and that same evil, which was so real, so frightful, so insidious in its approach and withal so deadly in its consequences to the safety of old empires and peoples, is confronting the whole civilized world to-day in the same menacing form. No one agency perhaps, has been the source of so much sorrow, degradation and woe as this sly, fawning monster—Intemperance. Should you inquire when it began? We would answer: When man wandered away from his Creator and defied His law, and steadily, as the course of empire has taken its way toward the setting sun, Intemperance has dogged its footsteps, destroying man and the objects of his creation. Because of this sin the chosen of God were scattered over the earth and the haughty Belshazzar with his queens and princes were dethroned and put to death. The career of Alexander was cut short by his excesses and his dream of empire ended. Greece, the light of science and art for all the ages, fell by the same cause. Rome, as compared to former greatness is scarcely more than a memory, and the seven hills of the Eternal City, once crowned by the stateliest palaces of earth, are marked by ruin and decay. And why? Because of the excesses of her people. Western Europe is to-day fighting its life and death struggle with a determination that is only equaled by the resistance of its adversary, and America, the child of all the world, the gift of all the past, the last attempt of man to preserve all that is noblest and best to his posterity forever, is in danger of the same fate.

The most persevering student of history cannot point out the danger line. Quietly, year by year the process goes on, unnoticed, yet none the less surely. It is not the extraordinary that is dangerous, but it is that slow, creeping habit that grows on man ere he is aware, yet holds him fast as prison bands. The fundamental source of this evil and the greatest danger to our homes, to our institutions

of government, to our existence as a people is the social glass. We are becoming a nation of drunkards on our own customs, despite the fact that scientific research has taught us that alcohol, in whatever quantity is injurious to life, that it invariably creates for itself an appetite which few men can resist. Society looks on in apparent indifference while the saloon, with its alluring vices, is leading our young men on to a drunkards' life and a drunkards' grave. Society is kind to her daughters, but cruel to her sons. She surrounds her girls with a thousand safeguards, but for her sons, she sets a thousand snare. She chaperones her maidens, but her youths are pushed out to learn the world alone. How sad a condition and thought with what consequences is that social system which tempts our young manhood to sip the sparkling beverage wherein death lies concealed.

The alcohol seems to stimulate thought, to quicken fancy and make men good natured, let us not be deceived, but rather let us remember, that every voluntary act, whether good or evil, beats its own path a little smoother for another of like character, and every drink we take, we are voluntarily strengthening the meshes of our physical organism, which shall presently bind us wretched souls to passions and appetites of our own creation. The man who drinks, scorn the idea that he is not free and master of his passions, is sowing the seed for a dreadful harvest, and while he is seemingly safe, slowly yet surely the drunk demon is winding round and round his unsuspecting victim the cord that will drag him down. Tho he works unseen and unfehl, yet some day that man will awake to the fact that chains of adamant are not more secure. Doubtless Wm. Black was thinking of the inherent weakness of humanity when he uttered that truism which applies to all mankind:

"We sow an act and reap a habit. We sow a habit and reap a character. We sow a character and reap an eternal destiny."

He who takes alcohol in opposition to all the laws of God and nature, is sowing for a harvest that will be a curse to him forever. There is no escape. Just as a pebble, dropped into the calm bosom of the lake starts a series of concentric waves which move outward to the shore and are reflected back, again and again, long after they have ceased to be visible, just so does the indulgence of our appetites influence ourselves and others in ever-widening circles. We reap

that which we have sown. There is no way by which we may sow vice and reap virtue.

The drunken Rip Van Winkle excuses himself for every fresh indulgence by saying: "I won't count this time." He may not count it, and a forgiving Heaven may not count it, but deep down in his nerve cells and fibres it is being counted (none the less) and stored up when the temptation comes. Every act we commit leaves its impress indelibly fixed on our characters and nothing we ever do, in strict scientific literalness, is wiped out.

Mahomet says, "A mountain may change its base but not a man his disposition." Yet we stand idly by and see the plastic youth lured on by the false glamor of the saloon, failing to recognize in the flushed cheek of to-day the bleared countenance of to-morrow. No man, perhaps, started out with the avowed intention of becoming a drunkard, yet there are in the United States to-day 2,500,000 drunkards. The keen, brilliant youth with a life full of promise, the hope of the generation, who a few years ago took his first glass, is to-day the drunken sot in the gutter,—his brain paralyzed, his intellect impaired and his prospects gone, unable to resist the craving for the poison which diffuses his whole physical being.

The liquor traffic of to-day stands unmasked—the greatest social curse of the age and if we, as people, hope to exist, to be lasting and a proof that free government is not to pass from earth, it behooves us to stop and reflect. We know that the legalized liquor traffic is waging a merciless war against the manhood of our commonwealth; that the wasted life, the blasted hopes and the tragic end of those who indulge, confront us on all sides; that the saloon is yearly digging graves for the bodies and kindling the fires of hell with the souls of 100,000 of our citizens. Where then lies the responsibility? Whether this question be scientific, moral, or what, we must find a solution and we cannot shift the burden. It is we, the people of a Christian democracy, who carry the rights of a sovereign in our breasts, who make and unmake legislators and public officers, that are responsible to God and man for our authorized representatives, and if we are to throw off this bondage, to emerge free and unfettered from the shackles that threaten us, we must turn to the youth of our land. Our star of hope stands over the school-house and it is the sacred duty of every man, as he loves his home, his people and

his country, to enlist in the cause and teach the coming generation to make the body our servant rather than our master, for the soul that is a slave to the body loses the best of life and all of eternity.

Citizens of America, Awake! and led on by all that is noblest in American womanhood, help to make our country free, free from drink, free from organized iniquity, and hand down to your posterity, a heritage pure and unsullied, for which they will bless and revere your name forever.

Rhodes Scholarship in Pennsylvania

By AYERS J. STOCKLY, '08.

THE fact that a colored man was given the Cecil Rhodes scholarship in Pennsylvania is not surprising to men who have settled opinions as to the ability of the negro race. Nor do the newspapers contain a word of doubt as to the accuracy of the selection. But to me such a choice is significant of the fact that either the best men of Pennsylvania could not have tried, or at least that those who did contest have made poor use of their opportunities. The fact that a descendant of a race, which was but half a century ago barbarous, should represent the college men of Pennsylvania in England is a disgrace to any white man with good ancestors who competed with the negro. And this defeat is more disgraceful when we consider the nature of the requirements of a competitor for a scholarship to Oxford.

A man regardless of the grade he makes is eligible for final competition if he simply passes the entrance examinations to Oxford; so that a book worm or memorizer might receive a perfect mark in his examinations and still be no higher in the estimation of the judges than another aspirant who barely passed. But the qualities upon which the choice depends are moral standing, general standing among associates and residents of his home town or city, interest shown in athletics, and all that would go to make a broad-minded, well-informed man, a man capable of representing his native state, and therefore the best all-around man.

I feel therefore that the attainment of this negro representative

from Pennsylvania is extraordinary in the face of the adverse circumstances under which his ancestors have lived. Indeed I am inclined to think that those men who had the extremely thankless and difficult position of selecting the men for scholarships have tried so hard to judge without prejudice, that they have been unfair to those they are afraid of favoring. A man who endeavors to hold himself erect often leans backward.

However, whether the decision was just or unjust, the college men of a section abounding in highly cultivated people should show the undisputed existence in Pennsylvania of white men far superior to the negro aspirants to represent that State in England.

Since it is the duty of those who have opportunity to inform the public of the facts of such a case, it is surprising that editors in Pennsylvania have not made clear the fact that, since only five of the fifty contestants passed the entrance examinations to Oxford, it is evident that the college men who competed could not have been generally well informed. It seems reasonable therefore that had the more capable men tried, the results would have been different. So let us hope that being prompted by this unprecedented incident, the best men will be incited to compete, thereby attesting to the existence of the superiors of the less fortunate race, and thus upholding the high educational standard which must exist in a state with undoubtedly excellent educational advantages.

The Hypocrit.

By JOSEPH H. PERKINS, '07.

THE colored parson, well fed and ridiculously dignified, was hurriedly causing to disappear in the mysterious recesses of his worn, faded Prince Albert coat, several packages of tobacco and snuff, when an elderly negro entered the store.

"Howdy, Parson?" said the newcomer, noticeably embarrassed. "How are you, sah, dis mornin'?"

"Good mornin' Brother Johnson. Thank you; mah mental constitushun is verdantly exuberant dis copious mornin' but mah physiological constitushun am not so strenuously convivial," impres-

sively said the parson, expatiating as was his habit.

"Dat's too bad," said Johnson sympathetically. "Ah hopes you'll recover, sah."

"Thank you, sah.—By the way, Brother Johnson, Ah contemplates 'spostulatin' to the young constituents of our flourishing neighborhood on the mighty subject, 'The Black Man and the Red Devil.'"

"Ah's glad to hear it, sah. Them young niggers needs to be 'spostulationed to—'deed dey do, sah. They're a worthless, no 'count lot. Why, sah, if they'd only follow the zample of us elder men they'd be heaps better. Speak plainly, Parson. Throw it into their thick hides good and hard. I'll say Amen to all you say, sah," said Johnson, enthusiastically.

"And, Ah was thinkin', Brother Johnson," continued the parson, "of collectin' a contribushun from the noble and respected pillars of the church, to pay the expenses of sendin' the young people cordial invitashuns to attend dis service."

"A—a good idea, sah," said Johnson, but not very enthusiastically, "but at the present time, Ah's sorry to say, Ah's broke, sah. But Ah wants to see you speak to these lazy, gamblin', no 'count niggers—'deed Ah do, sah, and Ah'll give you some money tomorrow. Ah sure do wants to see them fool niggers get 'spostulated to foh their no 'countness."

"Thank you, Brother Johnson. Ah intuitioned you'd be a liberal supporter of this acceleratin' movement. Ah'll call foh your contribushun tomorrow mornin'," said the parson as he passed out of the store.

Johnson quickly went to the door and anxiously asked, "At what time, sah?"

"At ten," replied the parson, pleasantly.

Then Johnson entered the store and after watching the parson out of sight, approached the clerk, and without realizing the humor of the situation asked:

"Please sah, Ah wants a pair of dice—and make sure dat dey matches."

The inspector of the Military Departments of the state colleges will make the annual inspection here about April 15.

Why Not?

By JULIAN C. SMITH, '07.

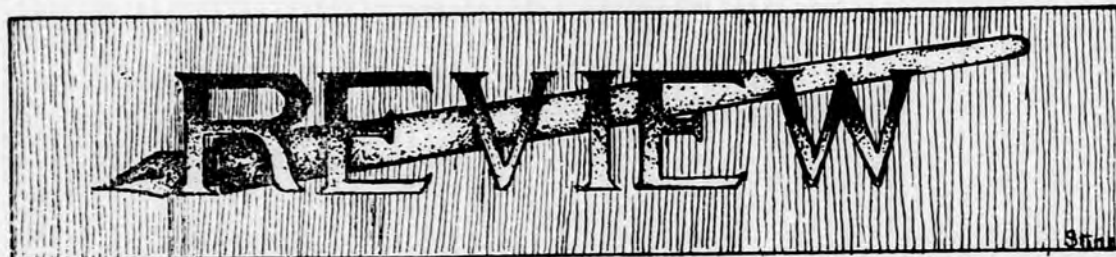
ONE evening it was my privilege to attend a meeting of the Commercial Travelers' Association. After the meeting, the members gathered together in groups and began relating their varied experiences.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,
Of shame and lust and fraud,
They backed their toughest statements with
The brimstone of the Lord.

Among other things, the subject of linguistic peculiarities was mentioned, and a voyager from the far East, related the following story:

"One of the most remarkable peculiarities that I noted in the foreign tongues I have come in contact with, is found in the Arabic. This language contains a large number of consonant sounds expressed by pressing the tongue against the teeth. Now the Arabs, in common with some other inhabitants of Asia, have the habit of blacking their teeth—just as some Americans have the bad habit of blacking their shoes,—and no teeth are considered beautiful unless capable of retaining a fine black polish. This habit of blacking the teeth, has the effect of causing them to decay and break off, or fall out, at a comparatively early age; so that nearly, if not quite all of the old men and women show in their mouths, bare gums instead of rows of brilliant, black teeth. These old Arabs, as might be expected, have great difficulty in pronouncing a large number of syllables. So great is the change produced, that the stranger finds it utterly impossible to understand these old men. In fact they are recognized by the natives as speaking a distinct dialect. And this is called, gum Arabic.

The result of the Southern trip of the base ball team, may be seen under the head of athletics. Everyone seems pleased with the success of our boys.



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Editorial.

BASEBALL AND THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Baseball has been called our national game—and rightly. There are many little nooks and corners in our land where people, leading the simple life in all its narrowness, have never seen a game of football, indeed have never heard of such a game except in some indefinite sort of way. But name me the person who, at some period or other in his life, has not jumped frantically into the air, waving his hat, and cheering for a baseball team that represents his home town, his college, or his state! Point me out a vacant lot in any town—whether that town be in Texas or Maine, California or Delaware—that has not been the scene of many a “hot” baseball contest! Show me a “kid”—that is, a healthy, normal little chap—in all this broad land who has not “cussed de umpire” and who boasts not of some marvelous play he made in such and such a game! You can’t do it! As long as the stars and stripes wave over our country, just so long

will the bat and the ball and the four bases be symbols of the great American sport.

Why is the game so universally popular? There are many reasons. In the first place, the rudimentary principles of the game appeal to people of all ages—the old man with his white beard and feeble walk waves his cane to show he is still alive and loves the game; the tiniest youngster, proud of his first trousers, learns his first lesson by throwing a sugar-lump at his baby sister; and all the intermediate stages of age—boyhood, youth, and manhood—play the game, cheer the game, and talk about the game continually and enthusiastically. In the second place, the game is easy to understand elementally. A person watching a game of baseball for the first time can, without difficulty, grasp the principle and object of the game. Of course, in baseball, as in all other sports in which skill is required, there are many little intricate plays which must be studied and reasoned out and figured upon—but even those come to a player more by nature and practice than by any mental reasoning. In the third place there is less of what is known as “training,” that is, dieting, required for baseball than for most sports. If a man would be a runner he must eat a certain kind of food—because his muscles must be developed to the highest state of hardness and his wind must be good. If a man would play football he must “train,” that superfluous fat shall disappear and strong muscles develop. And so it goes with lacross, hockey, basketball. But in baseball it is different. A man may be the finest of players and not train the least bit. Of course, at our colleges we have training tables, and rigorous exercise is taken to perfect the muscles, but, if we turn our attention to professional players and see how little they train, we must needs laugh at the idea of training in connection with baseball.

In the college world baseball has taken a place of honor. It is in the spring, what football is in the fall. Indeed we are inclined to think that of the two games, baseball is decidedly the fairer—that is, fairer in respect to all the colleges. In football a college must be rated according to its number of students. The college or university with the greatest number of men usually produces teams of greatest weight and strength—because they have more men to pick from. But in baseball it is the man who knows the game—be he little or big, fat or thin—that counts. Since baseball is a universal

game, men who know the game may be found in every college, in any part of the country. The smaller colleges are given a fair chance to compete with the larger institutions and can thereby rise greatly in the eyes of the onlooking world.

It is remarkable how, in these days, the worth of an institution educationally is rated by its athletic powers and ability. People's estimation of colleges, like the stocks of wall street, too often rise or fluctuate because of a foreign movement. And it is, moreover, unfortunately true that the college that does not boast of athletic teams, does not display trophy rooms, and does not bow to the little tin gods of the gridiron or diamond, is doomed to sink stone-like in the fathomless sea. Since this is the case every college must have a fair show and—let baseball be the standard game! Let baseball, since it *is* fair, and since colleges *must* be rated by athletic success, be the game by which the weaker minds shall be influenced. Since sports must be the ruling powers, the nobility of institutional worth, as it were, let baseball be king. All hail the monarch of games—long live the king!



CONCERNING A PREVIOUS MATTER.

We understand that the editorial in the March REVIEW, in which we mentioned that the number of day-students is derogatory to the progress of our college and in what way it is derogatory, has incensed that body of students exceedingly. For that reason, do we regret having published that editorial? Not in the least—we are glad of it! For, at last, we find that something has gone home to at least a few of the college men. Those few have given us the impression that they are hurt. And why? Because they know, possibly better than others, that what was written is the truth—and the truth has, at times, the unhappy faculty of hurting. Possibly those men object to the term “intellectual leeches,” applied to them, but since the meaning of that term is true, we repeat it. One man said: “Some of us haven’t as much money as you fellows” and imagined he had said something fine and conclusive. Not so. What has that to do with the college spirit, concerning which the article was written? No person objects to a man’s coming to college every day on a certain train and leaving on a certain other train if he takes the interests of the college to heart and if he shows the right sort of col-

lege spirit. We could name possibly half a dozen such men—men who have more true regard for the college than many who stay in Newark all the time. But, nevertheless, we repeat "*that the great majority of day-students are intellectual leeches, who suck the blood of education for four years and then, bloated and crammed, fall off to further their own selfish means and to forget or injure the college.*"

Another man said, "You know, the REVIEW goes to many other colleges and you shouldn't burn us like that," and he, too, in high dudgeon thought his remark perfectly applicable to the case. Again not so. I made it my business to ask students of three of the leading universities: Yale, Pennsylvania, and Cornell—what was the attitude of day-students toward their respective institutions. All three proclaimed that the day-students had less college-spirit and were a greater detriment to the college welfare than any other element. So, it is not a thing to acknowledge privately and make a secret of outside, but a fault which should and *can* be exterminated. The extirpation of such a fault is much easier in a small college than in a large one, because there are fewer such students and because there is reason for closer bonds of love to the Alma Mater. Then why not be reasonable? The mountain would not go to Mohammed. No more will the college go to the day-student. So the REVIEW asks in behalf of the College: "Come and have a true regard. You need not live here—but have college spirit and college love—and don't be parasites!"



BASEBALL AT DELAWARE.

It is with real, honest pride that the students of Delaware College have watched the progress of our baseball team. Before the season started we heard great talk of what would happen as soon as the sun should come out warm and the field should dry. We heard promises of great success on the Southern trip—and we waited. The sun, in spite of all our prayers and supplications, would *not* come out and the field would *not* dry off, and it was but a week before our Easter holidays came that the baseball team could get any out-door practice whatever. The talk of repeated victories on the Southern trip grew fainter and fainter, and doubts and fears instead were circulated from mouth to mouth. Then the boys went South. They

played well and up went hopes. They came home and great was the praise of them and the appreciation of their work—for they had played successfully and had made a great exhibition of Delaware spunk. Through the athletic columns of daily papers we watched the teams of Cornell and Lafayette and other colleges go South. We noticed that North Carolina A. and M. was the winning college in the South. They defeated Cornell, they defeated Lafayette, and *we* defeated *them*. The University of North Carolina defeated Cornell—and *we* defeated the University of North Carolina. Virginia Polytechnic Institute defeated Villa Nova—and *we* defeated the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Have we not a right to feel proud?

All this is further indication of the increase of spirit at Delaware. It shows that the men realize that there is more for which to fight than self-interest and self-gain—namely, the good name and advancement of the interests of old Delaware. That the baseball team is a unified body—working together and for the same end—is an easily discerned fact. That the baseball team is worthy of all the praise that the student-body may shower upon it is certain. Of course, the season is still young, but we feel confident that the success, that has been ours thus far, will attend us in future games.

Thanks to Manager Stine—who, let us say, has filled his office with ability and judgment, and deserves a big share of the praise and credit—a large schedule with the leading colleges of the East has been arranged. We are sure that the boys will play every game with the honor of the College at heart—will play clean, straightforward ball and will make Delaware's name still clearer in the view of collegiate sport.

It is indeed good to find that Manager Stine has arranged games with institutions that are of high standing as colleges, thus raising us from the ranks of the minor colleges and permanently fixing us as a rival to colleges of our own worth and standing. That step, we consider the best that has ever been taken by any manager heretofore, and we also believe that it is a step taken at the right time—for it is now that we feel able to cope with the best colleges.

Then, here's health to the baseball team—may it prosper, and may the honor of the college be upheld by its work and her interests forwarded by every man's efforts and *spirit!*

Athletics.

Edited By LESTER E. VOSS, '07.

BASEBALL. OUR SOUTHERN TRIP.

Reported By E. W. MCGARVEY, '09.

OUR baseball team left for their first Southern trip Wednesday, March 27th, and returned Sunday, April 8th, after a very successful trip. Out of the nine games scheduled, six were played and our boys won three, which is a very good showing, considering their condition and the fact that we played on the other people's grounds.

DELAWARE 2—V. P. I. 10.

Our first game was with V. P. I., at Blacksburg, Va., and we lost. The boys were all tired when they reached town after a nineteen hours trip and went to bed from 11 to 3. We turned out in uniforms at 3.15, and after a short practice the game was called. The first two innings went by without a score. Then in the third, three singles, a base on balls, and three errors gave V. P. I. four runs, a lead which we were not able to overcome. Doan pitched good ball but received poor support.

DELAWARE.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
McGarvey, 2nd	0	0	2	3	1
Wright, ss	0	0	2	4	1
Fowler, lf	0	1	2	0	0
Cullen, 1st	1	1	9	0	1
Taylor, 3rd	0	0	1	2	1
Adkins, c	0	1	6	0	1
Ohl, rf	0	1	0	0	1
Kelley, cf	0	0	1	1	0
Doan, p	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	2	5	24	11	6

V. P. I.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Sheppard, J. 3rd	2	1	0	2	0
Sheppard, E. ss	2	1	1	5	0
Worthington, lf	1	1	2	0	0
Ford, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Cook, 1st	1	2	7	0	0
Ives, 2nd	1	1	4	2	1
Powell, cf	1	1	1	0	0
Fontaine, c	0	1	11	1	1
Damman, p	2	1	0	3	0
Totals	10	10	27	13	2

Home Run—Worthington. Sacrifice Hits—Worthington, Powell, Fontaine 2. Stolen Bases—McGarvey, Cullen, Adkins 2, Sheppard, E. 2, Cook 2, Damman. Struck out by Doan, 6; by Damman, 11. Base on balls of Damman, 2; of Doan, 3. Double Plays—Doan to Cullen, Ives unassisted. Hit by Pitcher—Kelley.

O O O

DELAWARE 3—V. P. I. o.

The next day our boys showed a complete reverse of form and trimmed the soldiers in an easy manner. Everybody played with a snap that was entirely lacking the day before. Ohl pitched great ball and gave a sample of what he could do, when in the eighth, after the first man up reached third he struck out the next three men in order.

DELAWARE.

			R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
McGarven, 2nd	.	.	0	0	4	2	0
Wright, ss	.	.	0	0	1	1	1
Fowler, lf	.	.	0	0	0	0	0
Cullen, 1st	.	.	1	0	14	1	1
Taylor, 3rd	.	.	1	2	0	2	0
Adkins, c	.	.	1	0	7	4	1
Doan, rf	.	.	0	0	0	0	0
Ohl, p	.	.	0	1	0	6	0
Kelley, cf	.	.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	.	.	3	3	27	16	3

V. P. I.

			R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Sheppard, J. 3rd	.	.	0	1	4	1	2
Sheppard, E. ss	.	.	0	1	1	3	2
Worthington, lf	.	.	0	0	1	0	0
Ford, rf	.	.	0	1	1	0	0
Ives, 2nd	.	.	0	0	3	1	0
Powell, cf	.	.	0	0	2	1	0
Diffendal, 1st	.	.	0	0	9	0	1
Chamblee, c	.	.	0	0	3	2	0
Pritchard, p	.	.	0	1	3	2	0
Totals	.	.	0	4	27	11	5

Struck out by Ohl, 8; by Pritchard 3. Base on balls of Ohl, 0; of Pritchard, 2. Hit by Pitcher—Kelley 2. Double Plays—Kelley and Cullen, Ohl and Cullen. Sacrifice Hits—Chamblee, Powell. Stolen Bases—McGarvey. Umpire—Miles.

Owing to the fact that we missed connections at Raleigh we could not play Saturday. That day and Sunday were spent at the hotel in Raleigh, where the boys secured a much needed rest.

O O O

TRINITY 7--DELAWARE 2.

On Easter Monday we journey to Durham, where we lost to Trinity in a poorly played game. Ohl pitched winning ball as can be seen from the fact that Trinity earned but one run. The day was cold and raw, and those who were in the bleacher had fires built, made to keep warm. This may soften the defeat somewhat, but then the Trinity boys were up against the same condition as ourselves.

DELAWARE.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adkins, c . . .	0	1	5	0	1
McGarvey, 2nd . . .	2	2	2	6	1
Fowler, ss . . .	0	2	3	3	1
Cullen, 1st . . .	0	0	10	0	1
Taylor, 3rd . . .	0	0	3	2	1
Doan, lf . . .	0	0	2	0	0
Ohl, p . . .	0	1	0	1	0
Kelley, cf . . .	0	1	1	0	2
Price, rf . . .	0	0	1	0	0
Totals . . .	2	7	27	12	7

TRINITY.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Puryear, 1st . . .	1	1	5	0	2
Smith, ss . . .	2	2	1	2	1
Wrenn, c . . .	1	1	12	0	1
Sutter, 2nd . . .	3	1	2	2	0
Flowers, cf . . .	0	1	1	0	0
Webb, lf . . .	0	0	3	0	0
Binin, rf . . .	0	1	1	0	0
Lane, p . . .	0	0	0	4	0
Asbury, 3rd . . .	0	0	2	3	1
Totals . . .	7	7	27	11	5

Three base hit--Suter. Two base hit--Flowers, Fowler, Adkins. Struck out by Lane, 11; by Ohl, 5. Base on Ball of Ohl 3. Umpire--Steen.

DELAWARE 11—A. & M. 5.

The next day we played A. & M., at Raleigh and won our most decisive victory. We outplayed and outbatted A. & M. and had not Doan let up a little in the ninth, A. & M. would have had just two runs, both of which were homers. Doan pitched gilt edged ball and his support was fine.

DELAWARE.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adkins, c . . .	3	4	7	0	1
McGarvey, 2nd . . .	2	2	3	4	0
Fowler, ss . . .	2	3	3	4	0
Cullen, 1st . . .	2	3	11	0	1
Taylor, 3rd . . .	1	1	0	0	0
Ohl, lf . . .	1	2	1	0	1
Doan, p . . .	0	0	0	3	0
Obier, rf . . .	0	0	0	0	0
Kelley, cf . . .	0	0	0	0	0
Price, cf . . .	0	0	1	0	0
Totals . . .	11	15	27	11	3

A. & M.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Shuford, cf . . .	1	1	2	0	0
Drake, 2nd . . .	0	0	3	1	0
Clement, rf . . .	2	1	1	0	1
Thompson, c . . .	1	1	6	1	0
Farmer, 3rd . . .	0	0	1	0	1
Gass, ss . . .	1	2	1	0	0
Fox, 1st . . .	0	0	11	0	1
Harris, p . . .	0	1	2	3	0
Jordan, cf . . .	0	0	1	0	0
Totals . . .	5	6	27	5	3

Home Runs—Gass and Clement. Three Base Hits—Fowler, Cullen, Ohl. Two Base Hits—Adkins. Sacrifice Hit—McGarvey. Struck out by Doan, 7; by Harris, 5. Base on balls of Harris, 1. Umpire—Noble.

o o o

DELAWARE 2—A. & M. 8.

The following day we lost to A. & M., in a rather pretty game.

Ohl was hit hard but fine fielding on the part of Fowler and Cullen served to keep down the score. In this game the last part of our batting list showed up to disadvantage, for with three men on bases and one down at three different stages of the game, two men went down without scoring a runner.

DELAWARE.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adkins, c . . .	0	1	6	1	1
McGarvey, 2nd . . .	2	2	3	4	2
Fowler, ss . . .	0	1	4	3	1
Cullen, 1st . . .	0	1	11	0	0
Taylor, 3rd . . .	0	1	0	0	2
Doan, lf . . .	0	1	1	0	0
Ohl, p . . .	0	1	0	4	0
Obier, rf . . .	0	0	1	0	1
Price, cf . . .	0	0	1	0	0
Totals . . .	2	8	27	12	7

A. & M.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Shuford, lf . . .	3	4	0	0	0
Drake, 2nd . . .	0	1	2	1	0
Clement, p and rf . . .	1	1	0	3	0
Thompson, c . . .	0	2	8	1	1
Temple, rf and p . . .	1	3	0	2	0
Farmer, 3rd . . .	0	1	0	2	0
Fox, 1st . . .	1	1	10	1	0
Harris, cf . . .	1	2	3	0	1
Staples, ss . . .	1	0	4	3	1
Totals . . .	8	15	27	13	3

Three base hits—Temple, Fowler. Struck out by Doan, 6 ; by Clement and Temple, 7. Base on balls of Doan, 1 ; of Clement, 5. Double Plays—Fox and Harris 2, Fowler and Cullen, McGarvey, Fowler and Cullen.

O O O

DELAWARE 8—U. OF N. C. 5.

Our last game was played at Chapel Hill and we "trimmed" the University boys in a very poor exhibition of baseball. Both teams lost their heads at critical times and Delaware can thank luck more

than good playing for victory. Doan pitched the best game of the trip and deserved a shut-out.

DELAWARE.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adkins, c . . .	2	0	7	1	1
McGarvey, 2nd . . .	1	1	3	3	0
Fowler, ss . . .	1	1	2	4	1
Cullen, 1st . . .	1	2	9	0	1
Taylor, 3rd . . .	1	1	1	1	1
Ohl, lf . . .	1	1	2	0	1
Doan, p . . .	0	2	1	2	0
Obier, rf . . .	0	0	1	0	0
Price, cf . . .	1	0	2	0	0
Totals . . .	8	8	28	11	5

U. OF N. C.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
James, 3rd . . .	1	1	2	1	0
Whitaker, ss . . .	0	0	2	3	0
Thompson, lf and p . . .	2	1	3	0	0
Hamilton, 1st . . .	1	1	7	0	0
Story, p . . .	1	2	1	1	2
Rodgers, c . . .	0	0	6	1	0
Raney, cf . . .	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, rf . . .	0	0	3	0	0
Morrow, p . . .	0	1	1	1	1
Montgomery, 2nd . . .	0	0	3	1	0
Totals . . .	5	6	28	8	3

Three base hits—Story 2. Two base hits—Thompson, Doan. Struck out by Doan, 6; by Story, 4; by Thompson, 2. Base on balls of Doan, 2. Hit by Pitcher—McGarvey, Taylor, Price. Sacrifice Hits—Ohl, Obier. Umpire—Lawson

O O O

The games at Guilford and Concord were cancelled on account of rain, while the Wake Forest game could not be played because the team missed connections at Raleigh. The batting and fielding averages are appended below and give an idea of what each man did. Fowler leads the team in number of hits secured, but owing to his inability to work the pitchers for bases on balls he does not lead in

percentage. McGarvey and Ohl are tied for first, while the other infielders stand well up :

	A. B.	H.	Per.
Ohl . . .	20	7	.350
McGarvey . . .	20	7	.350
Fowler . . .	26	8	.304
Cullen . . .	24	7	.291
Adkins . . .	26	7	.269
Taylor . . .	24	5	.208
Doan . . .	24	4	.167
Kelley . . .	11	1	.090
Price, Obier and Wright batted000

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Our fielding averages come next and here we have a poor showing owing to the lack of practice. That these averages will be pulled up as the season progresses, may be expected, as it is certain that the boys have not even begun to strike their true gait :

	P. O.	A.	E.	Per.
1 Doan . . .	5	6	0	1.000
1 Price . . .	4	0	0	1.000
2 Cullen . . .	64	1	5	.929
3 Fowler . . .	14	14	3	.903
4 McGarvey . . .	17	22	4	.900
5 Adkins . . .	38	6	6	.880
6 Ohl . . .	3	11	3	.823
7 Wright . . .	3	5	2	.800
8 Taylor . . .	5	7	5	.706
9 Obier . . .	2	0	1	.666
10 Kelley . . .	2	1	2	.600

TRACK.

Although considerably handicapped by the weather and other obstacles, the track team is showing considerable improvement and progress, and gives great promise of a good record this year, all the men having developed into very good shape.

During the trials so far held, a great improvement has been made in the time over last year's records.

This year we are sure to hold our annual inter-class meet on commencement day, as a track has been procured for that day. Last year the meet had to be dispensed with, owing to a failure to procure the track.

Now we have promise that in a very short time, we will have a track of our own, to be located on the new athletic field. When this promise is fulfilled we will have acquired what has for several years been a lacking necessity and, dating from that time there will be a rapid rise in the track standing of Delaware, as there has been in all other branches of athletics. For it is due to this need that we have been compelled to go along as best we could under the circumstances, not being able to develop properly the material we have, nor to use what is already developed.

Therefore it is with great pleasure and rejoicing that we hear promise of the fulfillment of what is now one of the most deplorable needs of the College in regard to athletics.

Arrangements are being made this year for holding the first annual Inter-scholastic Track and Field meet held by Delaware College, in which all the schools of the State are to be represented, as well as the nearby schools of the neighboring states. From the present outlook a bright prospect is shown for great success in this project.

TENNIS.

The tennis courts have been put into condition and although the weather has not been very favorable, much activity has already been noticed in that vicinity.

The scrub baseball team defeated Goldey College, Wednesday, April 10, by a score of 12-6.

Alumni Notes.

Edited By KARL L. HERRMANN, '07.

Julius H. G. Wolf, '93, was married to Miss Blanche Cushman, of Berkeley, Cal., and is making his home in Manhattan, Nevada, where he is engaged in extensive mining engineering.

George McIntire, '96, was married to Miss Elizabeth Stahl, of South Bethlehem, Pa., on April 2. Mr. and Mrs. McIntire will make their home at Delaware City, where Mr. McIntire is teaching.

Leroy W. Hickman, '03, who is with the E. I. duPont Co., in

Wilmington, will be married to Miss Lucie Bucher on April 18.

It has been announced that H. Rodney Sharpe is engaged to Miss Isabella duPont, of Wilmington.

Rev. George Edgar Folk, '98, of Natick, Mass., has been very active in a crusade against illegal liquor selling in his home city. One of his friends recently took his picture as he was riding on a load of "refreshments," the plunder of a midnight raid.

Edward R. Martin, '91, recently visited Newark. Mr. Martin is now waiting for orders to proceed to Alaska, where he will be engaged in the survey of the boundary between Alaska and the British possessions.

Horace G. Knowles, '84, was recently appointed Envoy and Minister to Romania and Servia. After July 1, Mr. Knowles will also represent the United States in Bulgaria. Before sailing to his post of duty the organized laboring men of Wilmington, as a mark of their appreciation, tendered him a banquet, at which over four hundred men were present. The Wilmington lodge of "Elks" also gave Mr. Knowles a delightful banquet at the Clayton House, nearly one hundred persons being present. As the peasants of Romania have started an open rebellion and are proceeding to Bucharest, Mr. Knowles has a serious crisis to face after his arrival in Europe.

L. H. Cooch is now an associate editor of "The Farmer," a Western agricultural journal published in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Ernest W. Sipple, '97, who has been very successful for several years past as superintendent of public schools at Montrose, Pa., is a candidate for a Master's Degree in history this year.

Joseph D. Truxton, '04, of Essex Falls, N. J., is also planning to do graduate work for a Master's Degree.

Alfred La Clifton, '02, who has been resident physician of Delaware Hospital, has been appointed resident physician of the University of Pennsylvania under Dr. John Clark, the noted surgeon.

Harry W. Lyndall, '05, is with the National R. R. Co., of Hayti, in charge of a projected branch of this road. He is also engaged in surveying works in connection with gold and copper mines.

John S. Andrews, '04, has been transferred from the Cumberland division of the B. & O. R. R. to the Baltimore division on the Engineering corps with headquarters at Baltimore.

Joseph H. Frazer, '03, has opened an engineering office in Oruro, Bolivia. Mr. Frazer had charge of extensive tin mining operations in Bolivia for several years.

Recent visitors to Newark were Messrs. Harry and Jerome Bell, Mr. Truxton, Mr. Brooks L. Ross, Mr. Joseph Brewster, Mr. Paul Pie, and Mr. Joseph M. McVey.

Locals.

Edited By LAURENCE E. CAIN, '07.

Easter vacation, the last one of the year, closed April 7.

The committee from the legislature has purchased a suitable experimental farm for the college at a cost of \$20,000. It is situated opposite the P. B. & W. R. R. station in the southern part of the town.

During vacation the new rifles arrived. The cadets will now be able to make a far more creditable appearance. A much needed equipment has at last reached us. An artillery equipment is also expected to arrive any time. The next improvement needed in the department is a target range.

The Kappa Alpha fraternity has announced its annual dance, which will be held April 19.

Charles H. Nuttle visited the college March 11, in the interest of the first bi-ennial conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of this peninsula. Delaware was represented at this conference, which was held at Salisbury, March 15-17. The delegates were Richard Palmer, C. R. Jones and H. J. Lowe. They brought back much enthusiasm and many plans for the work for the coming year.

News came to the college March 23, that Everett F. Warrington, of the Class of 1907, had received the appointment to the Rhodes Scholarship, at Oxford. Mr. Warrington expects to go to England next September.

Seniors are very busy at present, and Thesis seem to be the general topic for conversation among them.

H. V. Slack was at the college March 8, in the interest of the annual Northfield Student Conference. Plans have already been made to send a delegation. It is expected that Delaware will be represented by at least four men.

Many of our men are planning to attend the Field Meet, at Franklin Field, April 27, where Delaware is to be represented.

During the last month Delaware met in debate both the Maryland Agricultural College and Rutgers College, in both cases, away from home. At M. A. C., the college was represented by J. Smith, '07, and Warrington, '07. At Rutgers our debaters were Wingett, '09, Papperman, '09, and Warrington, '07. The fact that we were defeated in both debates does not dishearten us at all, for we know our men did fine work and are deserving of more credit than the word "defeat" would indicate. This is the first year that Delaware has met Rutgers College in debate and we hope sincerely that from now on the Delaware-Rutgers debate will be an annual event.

Engineering Society Notes.

ON March the 7th the members of the Society and their friends were given quite a treat in the form of an address by Samuel J. Ott, '01, now located in the New York offices of the American Bridge Co., on the "Mechanical Equipment and Operation of Movable Bridges." He covered the subject fully and dealt with the intricate points in such a manner as to make them clear and intelligible to not only the engineering students but to the classical students as well. The lecture was supplemented by 75 lantern slides and they served to better impress upon the minds of the hearers the subject matter proper.

The Engineering Society has been very fortunate in securing, during the past collegiate year, men of rare ability, who have profited in the vineyard of actual experience, return to enlighten us on the practical application of the theoretical knowledge which is received in the class room.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has received an anonymous gift of \$5,000 for a Sanitary Science and Sewage experimental station.

Inter-Collegiate Notes.

Edited By V. H. JONES, '09.

The annual commencement exercises of The Carlisle Indian Industrial School began on Monday, April 1, with military, calisthenics and gymnastic drills in the big gymnasium. The diploma presentation address will be made by Congressman M. E. Olmstead, of Harrisburg.

It has been announced that Yale University will accept the terms of John D. Rockefeller's \$300,000 gift thru the General Education Fund.

A movement is on foot to make George Washington University a great national institution of learning. The leader of the movement is Dr. Richard D. Harlan, of Chicago, who will now make his home in Washington, D. C.

We read of still another gift to education by Andrew Carnegie, with the provision that the Institution raise a similar amount. Mr. Carnegie has promised McGill University College, of British Columbia, \$50,000.

The latest secret fraternity movement had its inception in Ohio State University. The student body of that Institution has recently organized a Delta Theta Sigma society to stand "strictly for advancement in agriculture and extension of its development."

At a recent session of the Legislature \$25,000 was added to the appropriation for the maintenance of the University of North Carolina and \$25,000 for building and repairs. The annual appropriation to the University is now \$70,000.

Professor Reher of State has been retained by the Board of Public Buildings and Grounds, to make a thorough investigation of the system of ventilation in the new State Capitol building and to devise ways and means of relief.

Announcement has been made that The Western University of Pennsylvania, will conduct a six weeks summer school, just after Commencement, in June. Courses will be given in ancient and modern languages, mathematics, history, science and English.

Plans are being drawn up for a new chemical laboratory at the State College. According to report this laboratory, when completed, will be one of the finest in the country.

"Compulsory Arbitration in Pennsylvania" will be the subject of a debate between the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania and Haverford College debating teams, on April 12, at the Houston Club.

This year's coxswain, of the Senior eight, of Syracuse University, will probably be P. N. Henry Sze, a Freshman, who was born in Hankon, China. If Sze is successful in gaining the position of coxswain on the crew, it will be the first time in the history of American college rowing that a Chinaman ever acted as engineer in a big college race. This Chinaman is a brilliant student and an all-around athlete.

From the Agricultural Department

The Commission appointed by the General Assembly to purchase a farm for the use of Delaware College and the Experiment Station has selected the James Dallett farm just below the Pennsylvania Station. This farm consists of something over 200 acres of as good land as can be found anywhere in northern Delaware. The College and Experiment Station are to be congratulated upon coming into possession of so fine a farm for educational and experimental purposes. Possession of the land has already been given, teams and tools have been purchased, and work begun. A number of experiments have been outlined to be carried out during the coming season.

Dr. Mel. T. Cook has taken up his work as Plant Pathologist in the Experiment Station, and Professor of Pathology in the College. Dr. Cook is a graduate of the Leland Stanford University, was Professor of Biology in the Depauw University for eight years, took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Ohio in 1901, and later was appointed Chief of the Division of Plant Pathology in the Cuba Experiment Station. He comes to Delaware College from the New York Botanical Gardens, where he has held a Fellowship. Dr. Cook is a man of rare scientific attainments, and a pleasing lecturer on popular and scientific subjects. Delaware College is indeed

fortunate in securing a man of such ripe experience and scientific training as head of its Botanical Department.

Messrs. Geo. Kerr, S. H. Derby, and S. A. Messick, members of the Agricultural Committee of the Board of Trustees, and Director Hayward, have gone west to visit a number of other Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. They will visit Cornell University, Geneva Experiment Station, the Ontario College and Experiment Station at Guelph, Ontario, the Michigan College and Experiment Station at Lansing, and the Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio.

C. A. McCue, Professor of Horticulture, and Dr. C. F. Dawson, Professor of Veterinary Science, have both taken up work in their respective lines. Prof. McCue already has a number of experiments under way among the prominent fruit growers in Kent county.

Dr. Dawson, who is working under the provisions of the Adams Fund, will devote most of his time to research work in connection with Anthrax, one of the most serious animal diseases in the State. At a recent meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, Dr. Dawson was elected Consulting Veterinarian to the Board.

Mr. P. A. Dutton, of the Wawa Dairy Farms, Wawa, Pennsylvania, has been appointed foreman of the new College farm, and will begin his duties June 1st.

Exchange Notes.

Edited By GUSTAVE A. PAPPERMAN, '09.

The Holcad. We are always glad to welcome this magazine to our table, for it is not only a pleasure to read but is also very instructive. The poem on the first page entitled "The North Wind," is good, while the literary matter following compares very favorably with it. We wish to call especial attention to the "Student Don'ts," because they seem to strike a chord in every earnest student's life. We also admire the stand the Holcad takes in Athletics.

The Susquehanna. The literary material in this paper is very good. There is but little poetry in the issue under our inspection. The article on Peace is very well written.

The Collegium Forense. There is a decided improvement in

the March number of this paper, due undoubtedly to the men who have put forth an effort at oratory. We consider the first oration as the better, altho the second one is also very good.

The Muhlenberg. This paper comes to us with several good orations, which fill up very admirably the literary section of the paper. We consider the orations very good, and wish to extend our compliments to the writers. "Our Muhlenberg Forever," is one of the many kinds of poems that add true "College Spirit" to an institution from which they spring.

The Cadet. This is an exceedingly good journal, very ably edited and well printed. The cuts are very good. The first article will undoubtedly interest us all, but especially those who have red hair.

We gratefully acknowledge our regular exchanges and extend to all a hearty greeting.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I cannot be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Mighty Has Been, by far;
For a Mighty Be is a Hasn't Been
But a Has was once an Are!

Also an Are is Is and Am;
A Was was all of these;
So I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Hasn't, if you please.

The Whittier Miscellany. We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of this month's issue of the Whittier Miscellany, and would say that it shows improvement over the previous issues that have come to us this year. The cover is very neat and appropriate, and the material as a whole is well chosen. No doubt this exchange will keep up this good work, as the material is not representative of a few students only, but of the whole school. From this very fact we can readily see a great future for the Whittier Miscellany, as the students are working in co-operation and are striving for the same

goal. It is a known fact that in union there is strength, so it is in the development of a good paper. The Mystery of the Yellow House is a well written story. The writer shows ability in handling this particular kind of a story. The poetry in this issue is fair, it shows effort on the part of those who contributed. The Nine of the Naughty Seven deserves special mention, as it is a clever poem.

College Calendar

1907.

Second Term.

- May 30—Thursday, Memorial Day.
- June 10-14—Annual Examinations.
- June 14—Sunday, Sermon for the Young Men's Christian Association 11 a. m.
- June 17—Monday, Class Day Exercises, 3 p. m.
Anniversary of the Athenaeum Literary Society, 8 p. m.
- June 18—Tuesday, Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 11 a. m.
Inter-Class Field and Track Meet, 2.30 p. m.
Anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society, 8 p. m.
- June 19—Wednesday, Commencement Exercises, 10.30 a. m.
Meeting of the Alumni Association, 2.30 p. m.
Exhibition Drill, 3.30 p. m.
Baccalaureate Sermon, 8 p. m.

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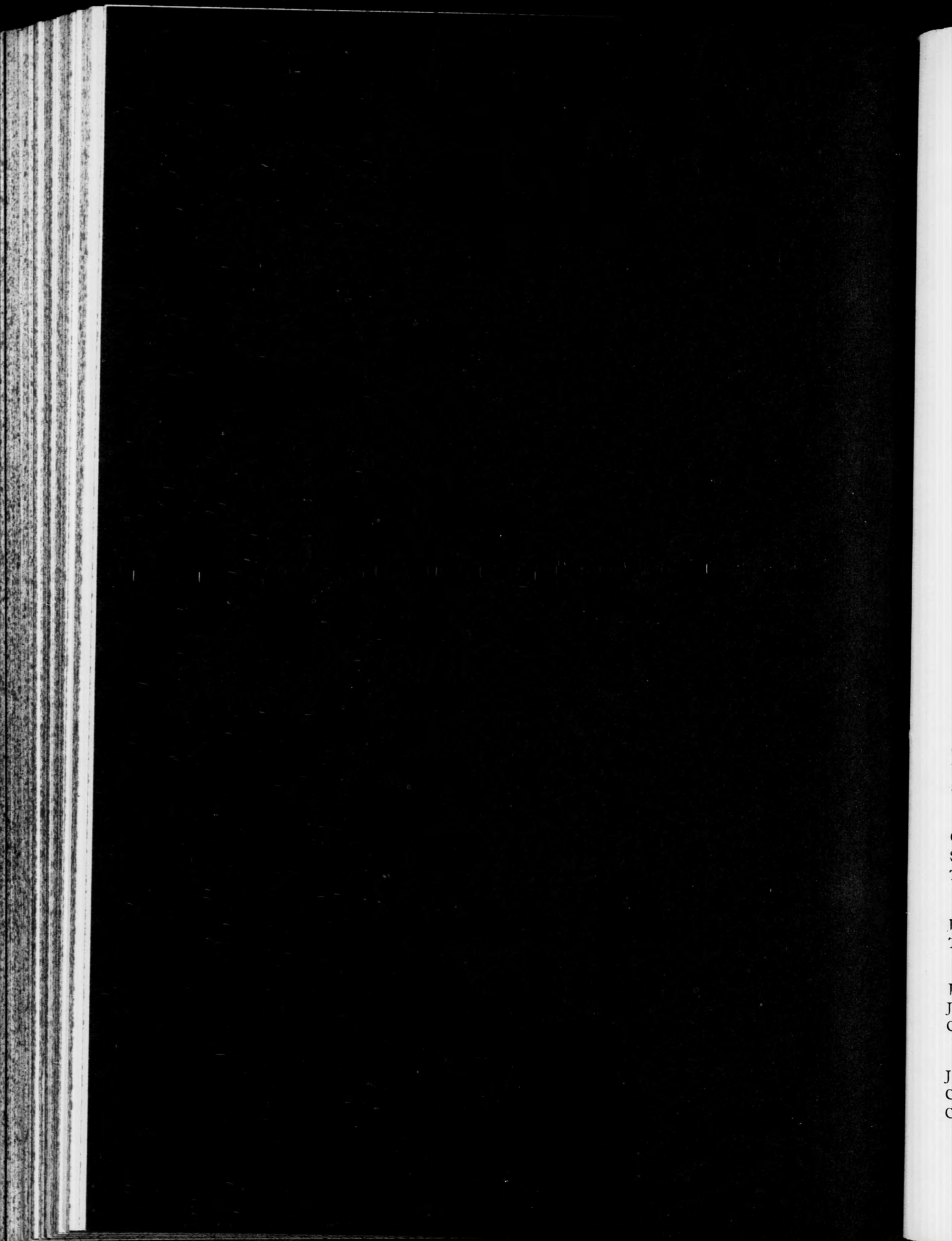
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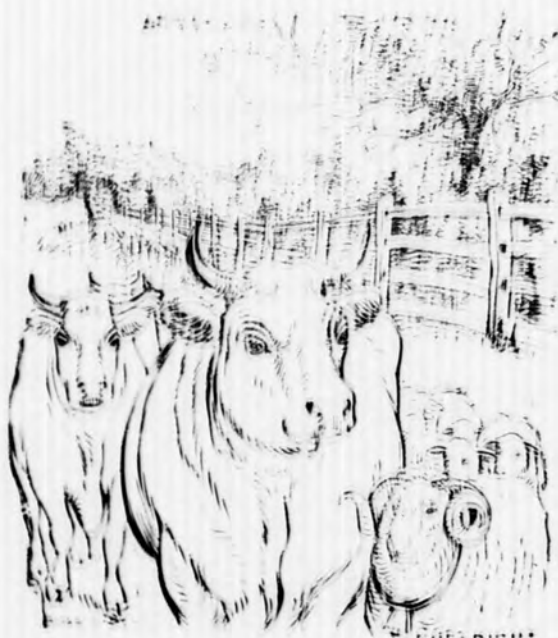
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