

Library

DRUID
DANCE
SATURDAY

THE REVIEW

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE

NEXT WEEK:
"A SUCCESSFUL
CALAMITY"

VOLUME 43 NUMBER 12

NEWARK, DELAWARE, JANUARY 7, 1927

PRICE 10 CENTS

FOOTLIGHTS SHOW NOW IN TOILS OF REHEARSALS

Funnier Than Ever; Men Will Play
All Roles In Clever Comedy

SEATS ARE FIFTY CENTS

On next Saturday evening in Wolf Hall the Footlights Club will offer a breezy little comedy entitled "A Successful Calamity." This is the first of two productions which the local Barrymores will present during the year. As one recalls the initial production of the club last year: "Mr. Pim Passes By" failed to appear due to the fact that the scenery was lost in a Jersey City snow storm. Next week, however, you will again see Durant Stroud strutting the stage as a female and you will see little E. P. K. Meredith enacting the role of a French maid. They say the boys will wear all those little feminine things in the show—that should be worth the price of admission, which is, by the way, only fifty cents. You see the boys had to cut the price of admission because they realized that they couldn't compete with "Ching Aling" next week in Wilmington with a three-dollar scale.

After the favorable criticism passed upon the production of "Candida" the Footlights Club, remembering "The Night Cap" episode, decided not to present "A Successful Calamity" fearing that it might be successful; but when a certain professor paid the royalty on the play, then the boys decided to go on with the show.

The rehearsals are going along fine: three of the cast of two hundred know their lines and the scenery (twenty baggage cars) is expected to get lost this week. The pink and green wigs have arrived as have the ladies' wear. Stroud's gown, from Milgrim's, blew into town last week, and girls, it's the most gorgeous thing. It's a silver lined Eskimo evening gown full of drooping gondolas, and is covered with mother of pearl oysterettes. And you should see his (her?) thing-a-ma-bob that he (she?) wears in the First Act! It's black with flowing magnolias over it! They say it cost a fortune.

But all kidding aside Folks. This is going to be a nice little comedy without much slapstick. The boys are figuring on packing the house by advertising that the Footlights men will play the feminine parts. And you know, folks, this is the only organization in the State of Delaware which attempts anything like this. Can you imagine Justin Steele acting as the daughter of Durant Stroud and being made love to by Weitch? Really, I think it's inconceivable, but they say it's all in the show. Another choice bit of acting is expected from Charley Rosenberg who plays the part of Dr. Brodie. You know, Rosenberg played the part of a cake of ice in one of the productions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and he should show some talent.

Well, folks, don't forget to drop up to "Doc" Rhodes this week and buy a couple of those choice seats. Oh, we nearly forgot. Jack Poole and Herb Clark, both Footlighters, are arranging the music for the occasion and they will be assisted by Hesseberg and Dick Long, both well-known jazz singers.

We must not forget that Elbert Hubbard Spicer is Stage Manager and that Ira Ellis is Business Manager of the production. You know it takes a lot of brains to put a thing across like this. That's why we now mention that Mrs. Tyson of Newark, John Dale and Professors Matthews and VanKeuren are aiding us at the rehearsals.

RIFLE PRACTICE AT WOMEN'S COLLEGE

Rifle practice at Women's College is progressing well under the direction of Captain Whittimore. Many of the girls who were upon the rifle team last year are again taking an active interest in this sport at present. There was very little practice before the holidays, but the club hopes to do more serious shooting in the next few months. The season will be a short one; the last of the matches probably taking place during the latter part of March or the early part of April. The club hopes to find good material in the group of Freshmen who are now trying out for the team.

PROFESSOR URGES MAN REVERT TO THE WILD

London, Jan. 3.—"Back to the wilds" was prescribed as a cure for subnormal persons by Prof. Ernest W. MacBride of the Imperial College of Science, lecturing today before the conference of educational societies. He gave emphatic warning against the danger to civilization through the increase of weaklings, due to the marriage of unfit men and women.

"If England could transport a majority of its city population to the wilder parts of Australia and leave them there more or less to their own resources," Prof. MacBride declared, "those who survived would develop into respectable persons after two or three generations."

PROFS. ATTEND CONVENTIONS

Prof. O'Brien Seeks Historical
Information at Rochester

DR. CROOKS READS PAPER
AT UNIV. OF PENN.

The University of Delaware was well represented at the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held at the University of Pennsylvania during the Christmas holidays. Dr. Crooks read a paper before the Sociology Section on "Law Enforcement and Burglary Insurance," dealing with the problem of the supposed increase in crime.

Those from the extension department who attended the convention were Professor Detjen, who read a paper on the subject "Preliminary Report on Cabbage Breeding"; Dean McCue, who is a member of the executive committee of the American Society of Horticultural Science; Dr. Manns and Dr. Adams, who took part in the discussion on plant diseases. Professors Runk, Baker, and Schuster also attended the convention. Prof. O'Brien attended the meeting of the Historical Society at Rochester, while various members of the English and Modern Language Departments went to Boston to the Modern Language Association's meeting.

LATIN AMERICAN STUDENTS AT PARIS JOIN IN PROTEST

Paris, Jan. 3.—Messages to President Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes as "President of the Senate," protesting against the "landing of American marines in Nicaraguan territory in violation of the most elementary principles of international law," have been sent by the General Association of Latin American students of Paris.

The association has also cable a message to the Congress of Panama, demanding rejection of the recently drawn treaty with the United States, which is described as "double treason against the national independence of Latin America."

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN SATURDAY, EH?

Swarthmore, Pa., Jan. 3, 1927.
Richard Rinard,
c/o Sporting Editor, The Review,
Univ. of Delaware,
Newark, Del.

Dear Sir:—I received your letter requesting the dope on our swimming team. We have eight letter men back from last year. Jack Thompson is Captain and Wm. Bernard is Coach. Jack Thompson and Minter Norton are the divers, who lost but one first place last year between them. We do not fear Boyer. We have two letter men in the back stroke, Sellers and Stabler. Mitchell and Gillette won letters in the Relay and 440. Lindahl is a letter man in the breast stroke and Shoemaker won his letter by swimming the 50, 100 and Relay. I cannot give you the line up for the meet as we do not decide that until Friday night. That is about all I can tell you. Would like to see a copy of The Review. Could you mail me one?

Sincerely yours,
Robt. Lindahl,
Manager of Swimming.

Professors in Journalism

Columbia Teachers Serve on
Editorial Boards of 70
Publications

Columbia University professors serve on editorial boards of seventy publications as managing, associate, contributing or advisory editors, according to a survey made public yesterday by Columbia. The publications with which they are connected cover widely different fields of knowledge.

Among them are seven psychological journals, also magazines and other publications dealing with political science, history, anthropology, folklore, surgery, hygiene, pathology, neurology and psychiatry, public health, internal medicine, biology, philology, sociology, ethics, philosophy, education, chemistry, electricity, engineering, zoology, geography, botany, mining, radio and perfumes.

HORSE-LIKE

HONOR SYSTEM

A Chicago girl has suggested that students at Northwestern University wear blinkers, similar to those worn by horses, in order to prevent sidelong glances during written examinations. This unique experiment has been tried by the young lady in question, and she has testified to the efficacy of the shields. The Northwestern Derby may soon be a classic.

HINT R. O. T. C. POWER TO BE DIMINISHED

Report Has It That Faculty
Plans to Petition Trustees

From unofficial sources it has been hinted that the faculty members of Delaware College will petition the Board of Trustees to abolish the now-standing four-year R. O. T. C. course. If this is favorably passed by the men who guide the University of Delaware it will mean that students will be required to join the R. O. T. C. ranks for only two years.

At many of the larger and more advanced educational centers such a policy has been adopted and has worked very favorably. There has been much warranted and unwarranted criticism thrust at the R. O. T. C. units spread throughout the country. There has indeed been a large student resentment against military training as a compulsory measure and such a motive on the part of the faculty against the present situation at Delaware College, if the report be true, is very laudable. The question of whether or no military training is beneficial to college students has been discussed more than the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The outcome of the plan advanced by this reported is being closely watched by the students.

PRESS AGENT FOR "PROM" EXPOUNDS

Big Night In Wilmington for
Juniors

SO PUBLICITY STATES

The night of nights is drawing nearer and nearer and with the swift passing of the days blondes' and brunettes' hearts, as well as red headed mamas' too, are beginning to beat in time with "Turkey in the Straw" in expectation of attending the biggest function of the college year—THE JUNIOR PROM. Not only the girls are looking forward to the great event but every Delaware man, even to that most bashful chap who was born and raised down there where they think corn grows in quart bottles, is growing impatient for the hot-toasty time to roll around. Will they roll their own? Well, come and see. There's a big night in store for you from the very time that Jimmy Wilson sticks out his paw to greet you till the time that the orchestra plays that last note of Good Nite Ladies. And the orchestra? Just as well tell you now. George Madden and his specially picked group of syncopaters will be there in full force with more novelty than a Woolworth five and ten cent jewelry counter. It is going to be the greatest thing that's hit Delaware since Dr. Syphard was a Freshman.

Student Duels Unlawful

Court Upholds "Deadly Weapon"
Decision

Berlin, Jan. 3.—Dueling with rapiers, a favorite pre-war pastime of German student fraternities, has been declared unlawful by the Supreme Court of Leipzig, which, upholding the Federal Court's decision of last year pronounces it "combat with deadly weapons."

Consequently, the recent trial of the law student, Gerhard Kruschke, accused of causing the death of his adversary and friend, Walter Beer, in a duel assumed unusual significance. The proceedings revealed Kruschke and Beer had fought a duel merely in a sporting spirit and Kruschke's rapier had entered his opponent's body between the deranged quilted protection.

The court sentenced the swordman to five months' imprisonment.

DRUIDS FESTIVAL TOMORROW NIGHT

The annual Druid Dance will be held tomorrow night in the Commons at eight o'clock. This dance always proves to be one of the best of the college year and it is said that this year's is to be no exception. If music means anything, the dance will be great. George Madden and his Delawareans will be on hand to live things up for the innocent fellows and blushing young co-eds. The tax is two berries. The Druid grotto is waiting for you.

COACH NOBIS IS READY FOR SEASON

Swarthmore With a Powerful
Team Faces Local Fish

Coach Bernard Nobis and Manager Tremaine will take to Swarthmore tomorrow what looks like one of the fastest swimming teams in collegiate circles. With only the second swimming season opening tomorrow against Swarthmore there is a feeling on the campus that the local squad will come through the season with many honors.

All sport lovers at Delaware as well as in Wilmington are closely watching the local team and they believe if we had a larger pool in Newark the national collegiate swimming title would soon revert to our Fish.

Tomorrow Delaware faces a team which they met last year as an opener and were sadly trounced by a 43-13 score. It was not a run-away but the locals did not seem to cope with the more experienced Main Liners. There will be a different story to tell tomorrow night for Swarthmore will face a galaxy of former High School swimming stars and will have to swim a la Weismuller to win.

Coach Nobis announces the following line-up: Relay—Reese, Reybold, Taylor and Nobis; Francy Dive, Boyer, Rose or Russo; 50-yd dash, Lattamus or Maier; 440 Free style, Taylor and Waltz; 150 yd. Back stroke, Nobis and Reybold; 200 yd. Breast stroke, Nobis and Boyer. The 100 yd. entries have as yet not been selected.

WHY WE NEED VACATIONS EXPLAINED

Referring to the nervous strain under which too many girls live, President Woolley of Mount Holyoke has said: "It is overwork, but not as a rule overwork in studies. The girl of today follows in the footsteps of her elders in trying to do too many things. The amusements of our young people are more elaborate, more numerous, involving later hours and a greater drain upon nervous energy. The women's colleges, in general, dread the aftermath of the short vacation, when the college infirmary is too small to accommodate the daughters who are recovering from the two weeks' rest at home. The frequent week-ends tend toward the same result, and parents wonder why college will so overwork the girls."

Soviets Bar Fox Trot, Shimmy and Charleston

Moscow, Jan. 3.—The American fox trot, shimmy and Charleston were forbidden today by the Soviet Supreme Council for Physical Education as unfit for Soviet Russia's proletariat youth. Dr. Semashko, Commissioner of Health, denounced the dances as "indecent products of the fat American bourgeoisie."

Wanted: A Basketball Game

Holton "Apollo" Aiken, '21, has organized the class champions of 1921 and is anxious to play a Delaware fraternity, freshman or class team as a preliminary game prior to the Mt. St. Mary-Delaware game in Wilmington next month. Aiken's combination holds a unique record in that his five was not beaten during its four-year stay in Newark. The line-up would include Aiken, Harty, Phil Marvel and many others. Phone Aiken, '21, in Wilmington if you desire to do battle with his charges.

WEST MARYLAND FACES LOCAL FIVE

Capt. Creamer Hopes For Third
Win

MEET ARMY AT WEST POINT
NEXT WEEK

Delaware will try for its third win tonight when it faces Dick Harlow's strong Western Maryland team in the local gym. Western Maryland has taken a great spurt in athletics but has yet to beat Delaware in any sport. Five years ago the two colleges met in football and Delaware sent the Maryland boys home under the amazing 89-0 score. Coach Harlow, the man who developed Charlie Rogers at Colgate, has a flock of assistants and they seem especially anxious to scalp the locals. Coach Forstburg promises this highly-salaried tutor a run for his money and he will place the usual two team line-up on the wooden ways.

Delaware's encounter with George Washington was lost by a lone one-point margin. The Capital City boys were clearly outplayed and a last minute rally by the locals nearly sunk the heavy Washington five. "Scoop" Barton again rose to mighty heights and contributed heavily for the locals. Young Barton is filling Litchenstein's place nicely and he should annex quite a few victories for Forstburg's gobs this season.

Next week the locals travel to New York State where they will play Army and Pratt. Army will be a tough proposition to handle but Pratt should be easily tamed.

DELAWARE DROPS FIRST GAME TO CAPITAL FIVE

Washington Team Lucky To
Annex Victory by Lone
Point

On December 21 the team played George Washington University at Washington. This game was not on the schedule and its occurrence, like its result, came as a surprise to a great many.

This game brought the fast Blue and Gold combination its first defeat by a score of 29 to 28. It was George Washington's first game, and, expecting an easy victory, they were greatly surprised at the worthy battle of the Delaware boys. The Delawareans played a good game throughout and their one-point defeat was by no means a disgrace. Barton, a freshman, played a fine game, starting for the Blue and Gold.

(Continued on Page 4.)

YE GODS!

The week at Cornell was devoid of major interests, remarks the Cornell Alumni Weekly. But the character of an uneventful week in the university may be judged from the fact that it included a concert by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, a convention of the Association of College and University Unions, the annual R. O. T. C. review, the performance of a group of Dunaany plays by the dramatic club, lectures by Colonel Charles W. Furlong, '02, on "Tacna-Arica," by Edward D. Kilburn, '06, on "Business Phases of Engineering Manufacture," by Professor Rollin H. Tanner of New York University on "Modern Productions of Classical Drama," and by Princess Cantacuzene on Russia, the fifth annual poultry show, and an exhibition of chess-playing by J. Gorewitz, '23, in which he played fifteen simultaneous games.—Boston Transcript.

JUNIOR PROM AT WOMEN'S COLLEGE SOON

Will Be Unusually Brilliant Affair;
Committee Announced

The Junior Prom at Women's College will take place on Friday evening, January 14th. All of Women's College is agog at the prospect of this dance which promises to be one of the most brilliant that has yet been held at Women's College. The Freshmen are even a bit excited, for according to custom, certain members of this class will be chosen by the Juniors to serve at the Prom.

The chairmen for the various committees are as follows:

Dorothy Bond—Decorations.
Christine Baker—Programs.
Alice Holloway—Favors.
Sarah Coffin—Waitresses.
Ruth Larter—Patronesses.
Grace Smedly—Refreshments.
Hattie McCabe—Music.

The entire Junior class is co-operating to make this the most attractive dance of the year.

"DE BUNK" THE CURRICULUM?

No Siree!—Writes the Minne-
sota Daily

(The Minnesota Daily)
When the "Harvard Crimson" some months ago printed an editorial novelty attempting to set down what purported to be the upper-classmen's composite appraisal of various courses listed in the Harvard curriculum, the attempt was hailed throughout the length and breadth of the country as a departure indeed.

Instantly the self-named liberal section of the collegiate press seized upon the idea. What had originally been a somewhat immature, though wholly admirable, attempt to advise the freshman and sophomore upon problems curricular, degenerated under the impetus to a series of Joe College wise cracks.

From east coast to west coast, boys who guided the editorial policies of their college papers became seized with crusading zeal. Judgment, experience, the balance and sanity which seem to lie for the most part in the years which succeed the college course,—there were discarded in favor of neatly turned, two-edged, "American Mercury" phrases.

"The 'Daily Blah' certainly crowned old Doc X today, didn't it?"

Yes, the "Daily Blah" certainly crowned him. Jenks, the editor, worked for four hours to turn out the damning phrase, "comma hound," and so the Doc was crowned,—crowned because he had called Jenks two years before in a froth rhetoric course, and Jenks had waited until now to open up on him.

So it goes. Between the smart Alec and the peevish, "Does" all over the country are staggering under broadsides of immature, caustic, ill-founded criticism.

If an editor were sincere in his desire to bring about some relief from an unsatisfactory curricular arrangement, his concern would be directed to that end. Trenchant and constructive criticism differs radically from a second-rate imitation of the now prevalent Mencken school of flippancy.

Often we have pondered the result were the tables turned and the faculty given the opportunity to "debunk" the student body.

Fifty per cent of us, in all probability, would be charged off at once as utterly unworthy of further attention. What might happen to the remainder is a matter of conjecture. Of one thing we may all be certain: no particular sincerity in the pursuit of knowledge would be accredited to any of us,—not, at least, if the faculty followed the rules of the game.

STEEL MAY ENTER NAVY

Justin Steel, '29, well-known on the campus as cheer leader, Footlighter and sprinter has been appointed as first alternate to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The appointment was made by Senator Thomas F. Bayard. Charles Jones, of Georgetown, was the first choice.

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THE GREAT (?) MINDS OF A GREAT STATE

About this time the State Legislature is beginning its rather lengthy routine in our very pretty little city of Dover. This routine, for the most part, is a mere series of political confabs interspersed with the occasional embellishment of the passing of a few workable state laws and much-needed "bills."

Among the many things which we as students at the University of Delaware are interested in is the budget for our educational institution which needs must meet with the approval of our wise and worthy sages in Dover. Another thing of as great importance is a bill the embodiment of which is the building of a greatly needed Engineering Building on the campus. The future of this university depends upon the attitude taken by our political Fathers upon these two bills.

In the past the University of Delaware has only survived through numerous gifts of state millionaires. We have only advanced through the medium of worthy philanthropists. It is true that the State Legislature has been fair and square with us—but every penny we have secured has had to be "fought for." Anything ever asked for by the University of Delaware has been dissected and argued over at Dover. Thus we see that the passage of a bill that would mean another large building at Delaware will be no easy matter.

The situation is now critical. Must we do like all other state universities have done? Must we begin a great propaganda wave, a publicity campaign? Shall we do as Penn State has done, building up good athletic teams, sending the college glee, dramatic, and debating clubs through the state? Shall we flood the papers with press agent news? Should we do these things or should we merely try to convince the politicians that we have a "fine" university here and that we should need no such moves to bring favorable recognition by the State Legislature?

The men who formulate our "financial policy" should be brought into greater contact with us. They should be brought to Newark and should be entertained, not by a banquet and cigars, but by visits to the classrooms, military drill, laboratory work, etc. We must convince the men in Dover that we need money, not only to advance, but to exist as a university and not as a grammar school.

A hint to the boys from down-state: Write home. Boost your university. Try to convince the men who you know are members of the legislature that a good university in a state is as valuable as good roads.

DERBIES, FUR COATS AND BRAINS

The holidays are over and the little boys are retreating back to the hill of Percy Marks and the lowlands of Richmond. The wave of derbies and fur coats has subsided until Easter. The old gates of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Virginia and other educational palaces where eating peas with a knife is forbidden, welcomes back their boys of brawn and brains. The narrow li. of the student at Delaware is gone forever—now for another quiet sojourn among the cognoscent,—back again in those great realms of learning where men know that Cabell stole his stuff from Charles Doughty and where tradition (ha! ha!) is upheld and where they play ice hockey every Friday night. Back where men are brilliant and where old John Dough, M. A., Ph. I. Litt. D., wrote his famous pamphlet on the "Erosion of Shakespeare Quarto" and back to the good old place where you can wear a red necktie and not get tapped on the shoulder. Back, back, back! Away from this illiterate group from three brain-minus counties.

Thus the thoughts of the men who have tasted of the intellectual food of our environment and have found it unsavory. But oh! Oh, what asse they were—the ones I met. A bunch of superficial, egotistical grinds traveling billboards for their dear old Alma Maters. I hope these drone never return but continue to infest those other educational hives. They are not only nauseating to gaze upon but sickening to listen to—for they do not allow the other fellow to palaver. But who wants to palaver with them anyway?

BOY SUICIDES

Three youthful college students killed themselves within the last day or two, all for reasons that will strike an older person as nonsensical. One, ironically enough the son of an eminent child-specialist, found life "meaningless and futile." Another was "too queer to marry the girl he loved." Another had "experienced everything life had to offer." Yet it is a stupid grown-up who does not perceive that something very real lay back of these tragedies.

That was the dreadful moony period of youth, when one bathes in an agony of self-pity, and when life, in all truth, seems unbearably "meaningless and futile." All of us have been through that period; most of us, if we are honest, will admit that there were times when we considered the advisability of doing just what these youths did. The mood passes. But its ephemeral nature and the fact that it always seems slightly comic should not make us forget that it is terrible while it lasts. In that hour of despair a boy needs parental understanding probably more than at any other time in his life.—The N. Y. World.

Intercollegiate Nosegay

FRATERNITY BIZ

Ninety-five per cent of the students in a university will join anything, regardless of what it is, provided there is a secret initiation and some such distinction to be gained as wearing a pin, a key, or getting into a picture in the "Jayhawker."

And no form of torment has yet been devised terrible enough to scare or baffle the "joiner." The willing

neophyte is lined up on the campus by moonlight and made to dive headlong through rows of lilac bushes; blindfolded, he is chased up and down the winding stairs of old Fraser, assisted by the proper application of a paddle; he is made to sing strained, high-pitched, unmelodious airs beneath sorority-house windows; he is even taken to a secluded spot in the country on Saturday afternoon and paddled till the sun rises Sunday morning. But he grins and bears it. It is a part of the initiation. Others have stood



Count Bruga's Column

SOME PORTRAITS

TO THE LEAST AMERICAN, IF NOT THE GREATEST, OF ALL AMERICAN POETS

They say that Edgar Allan Poe was buried in Baltimore, And only the other day A signal tomb was lifted for sight-seers to find, As though he were resting there. Surely Poe is not resting in Maryland soil, Nor is he resting in any mortal thought of him. . . . Being a strange and illusory presence, Such as prevails in the rareness of poetry, He is restless everywhere, Searching, moving, having a passion to explore

Regions that reach beyond the attic or the cellar door. —William Griffith in The Bookman.

A neat couplet in POETRY: A MAGAZINE OF VERSE.

Of Joaquin Miller all is gone Save one firm platitude, "Sail on!" —Robert L. Burgess.

it; so can he.—The University Daily Kansan.

ON BEING COLLEGIATE

Without attempting to assume the chair of the lexicographer, the philologist, or any of the other gentlemen whose profession is words, we should like to register a vehement protest against the unqualified and apparently accepted definition of the adjective "collegiate." One dictionary gives the meaning "related to a college," and others assign a similar meaning.

We can read or hear of collegiate literature, collegiate athletics, or collegiate dramatics with perfect equanimity, even at times a little sense of pride, but we, as maligned undergraduates, object strenuously to attaching the "related to a college" meaning to the word as the cloak and suit trade uses it. We are loath to accept the responsibility of the ultravoluminous pants and the super-short coats which decorate the dance halls and the pool rooms. Our trousers may have been greater in circumference than the established sixteen inches, and our coats may have lost the cape effect from the waist down; but do not, dear general public, blame us for the sartorial extravagances that sections of the garment business have managed to thrust on the shoulders of their customers. The sailor who prays for a "hatful of wind" can hardly be blamed for the cyclone.

Nor blame us, please, for the permanently flipped hat brims or the never-turned-down coat collars or the eternal bare-headedness of a portion of the younger generation. What may be idiosyncrasy with a few inhabitants of the campus or a matter of temporary convenience with the student body is promptly seized upon and made a uniform by those who never went to college and are afraid the man in the street—or the girl on the corner—will find it out.—The Minnesota Daily.

AH, CHORUS LADS!

We note in an Indianapolis paper the following ad: "Men's hair waved—natural and permanent—always a neat, smart appearance. We are the first to give this service in Indianapolis. Confidential service—private rooms—latest equipment." . . . With broadmindedness and little display of alarm we have watched the growing tendency of women to usurp the privileges and mannerisms of men. We have also not been entirely insensible to the growth of effeminate characteristics in men. Much has been said and written about the decline of chivalry and true manhood, but the majority of us have put it off as a "false alarm." However, we are brought sharply to our senses and begin to realize the true state of affairs. . . . When it becomes necessary to establish a hair-curling parlor for men, we say that it has gone too far. The time has come at least when we can be proud of a nickname which for so long has been a thorn in our sides, for after reading ads for men's beauty parlors and women's barber shops we feel impelled to throw our hats in the air (literally and figuratively) and shout, "Thank heaven I am a Boller-maker."—What the Colleges are Doing.

PAWNBROKERS

God bless pawnbrokers: They are quiet men. You may go once; You may go again. They do not question As a brother might. They never say What they think is right. They never hint All you ought to know. Lay your treasure down, Take your cash and go, Fold your ticket up In a secret place With your shaken pride And your shy disgrace: Take the burly world By the throat again. God bless pawnbrokers . . . They are quiet men. —Marguerite Wilkinson.

THREE EPITAPHS

For my grandmother This lovely flower fell to seed. Work gently, sun and rain . . . She held it as her dying creed That she would grow again. For a virgin lady For forty years I shunned the lust Inherent in my clay: Death only was so amorous I let him have his way. A lady I know She thinks that even up in heaven Her class lies late and snores, While poor black cherubs rise at seven To do celestial chores. —Countee Cullen.

Clara At sixteen she was a potential celebrity With a distaste for caresses. She now writes to me from a convent; Her life is obscure and troubled; Her second husband will not divorce her; Her mind is, as ever, uncultivated, And no issue presents itself. She does not desire her children, Or any more children. Her ambition is vague and indefinite, She will neither stay in, nor come out. —Ezra Pound in "Moeurs Contemporaines."

Senior (singing)—I never knew what love could do. Wise Frosh—Bout time you found out, isn't it?—Rutgers Chanticleer.

The Cream of the Jester

Sore: "Artists and astronomers have much in common." Eyes: "How so?" Sore: "They both make detailed studies and observations of heavenly bodies."—V. M. I. Sniper.

I loved Delta—graceful dancer Fell for her on just a glance. Now she gripes me like a cancer All she ever does is dance. V. M. I. Sniper.

She (coily): "Did you miss me when I was gone?" He: "Were you gone?"—Cougar's Paw.

"Do you use Palmolive soap?" "No, I don't use any soap. I'm trying to keep my schoolboy complexion."—Harvard Lampoon.

She: "What happened to you? Were you in an accident?" He: "No! I was being shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."—Steven's Stone Mill.

"Give me a kiss." "I don't give my kisses away!" "Then sell me one." "They're not for sale." "Then how about trading me one?" "Aw-right."—Sun Dial.

Conductor assisting a woman on street car with a large number of children:

Conductor: "Madam, are these all yours, or is it a picnic?" Madam: "Yes, they are all mine and it was no picnic."—Drexel.

Many a good time has been had on the road to ruin.—Outlaw.

The Black Four Hundred

Sambo: "I want a razza." Clerk: "Safety?" Sambo: "No, sah, I want it for social purposes."—Cougar's Paw.

"Did you see the 'Big Parade'?" "No, dammit—I bought a ticket but the thing never passed."—Virginia Reel.

Women aren't so much, but unfortunately they're the only other sex we have.—Puppet.

Wire to Father: "Where is the money I wrote for last week?" Answer: "In my inside vest pocket."—Will.

The Boy: "See that man playing fullback? He'll be our best man in about a week." The Girl: "Oh, this is so sudden."—Jugler.

Now that Mr. Lewi is married the score in the English Department love game follows: Celibates, 2; Ball and Chain Gang, 3. Come on celibates! Let's get some teamwork in this old League!

Dr. Hyman Cohen advocates a more radical policy for the "Review." He seems peeved at the vast amount of down-state intelligence which is sweeping over the campus like a Sussex County hurricane.

Silly: We have formed a club to preserve the virility of American poetry. What would you suggest for our motto?

Cynic: "Save the Service and you save All."—Carolina Buccaneer.



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COLLEGE MEN

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"The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation become almost impossible. Human slavery is wrong, insecure, and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends." —Oscar Wilde

SLAVES

In a quarter-century the General Electric Company has produced electric motors having a total of more than 350,000,000 man-power. Electric light, heat, and transportation have also contributed their part to the freeing of men. These are America's slaves. Through their service American workers do more, earn more, and produce quality goods at lower cost than anywhere else in the world.

The college-trained man is the first to grasp these facts which raise man from a mere source of physical power to be a director of power, thus realizing the true economic value of the human mind.



You will find this monogram on all kinds of electrical machinery. To insure quality, ask for it on equipment when you buy for factory, office, or home.

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The Somnambulist

If you want to get some reading in before the barrage starts at Mid-years then I advise you to turn to J. W. Beach's "Outlook For American Prose," Felix Shay's "Elbert Hubbard" and Isaac Goldberg's "George Jean Nathan." . . . Beach analyzes Cabell, Van Vechten, Mencken, Hergesheimer, Anderson and other contemporary American writers in a very fine fashion. . . his slam at the gentleman from West Chester is rather good. . . Felix Shay gives us a very delightful, amusing biography of the grand old man of East Aurora, New York: Elbert Hubbard. Shay neither whitewashes nor condemns the old Ali Baba or Fra Hubbard. Here is something that should find a place in the local library. . . few college students know that it was this editor of "The Philistine" with his gallery of famous men such as "Dicky" LeGallienne, William Morris, etc. swayed a nation not so long ago just as Mr. Mencken is now doing with his inferior flapping. All that we can say of Goldberg's "Nathan" is that this book is as good (and as humorous) as his "Mencken." The former editor of the Cornell Humorous magazine is painted much the same way as Mr. Goldberg did H. L. . . . there is many a good laugh in it. . . just received two new books from E. P. Dutton's: "The Curse of the Reckavilles," a mystery story by Walter Masterman and also, "The Pacer" by Viola Paradise. . . you'll hear from them later. . . Grant Overton contributes an article on the famous family of Gibbs in this month's "Mentor." . . . you know there is Philip Gibbs, Anthony Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton Gibbs. . . all in the same family and all successful authors. . . since George Sterling died there is a continual flow of his poetry in the current magazines. . . it seems a poet has to commit suicide in the United States before his stuff will be recognized. . . the next thing we know Prof. Code will be grasping for the Nether World. . . Ibanez brings his "Pope of the Sea" via Duttons this month. . . sounds like another "Mare Nostrum" . . . after much ballyhoo, Will Durant and Clarence Darrow will clash in the lecture arena this week. . . Durant, I believe contends that man is no machine while Darrow is of the opinion that man is no more than a mere college student (a machine!). . . Edna Saint Vincent Millay and Deems Taylor have completed their operetta "The King's Henchman" and it is ready for the ticket brokers. . . (they don't call out-of-town "butter and egg men" along Broadway anymore—it's become "the visiting firemen.") . . . Mrs. Ben Hecht is about to publish her first novel. . . Van Loon is publishing his history of the United States in the Woman's Home Companion—the illustrations are very clever. . . Mr. Mencken is missing from the Mercury this month due to his voyage to the great open wastes of California—his absence is hardly perceptible.

The Review's Honor Roll for 1926

(With apologies to "The Nation")

We list below a number of Delawareans who seem to us to have deserved well of their brethren and the college. We trust that this honor roll will commend itself to our readers and that another year we have their counsel in our selection.

For 1926 we place upon the honor roll the following:

Literature

Professor Code for appearing in the "Copeland Anthology."
Professor Erwart Matthews for his profound reviews of modern novels on the lecture platform in Wilmington.

Drama

Prof. Van Keuren for attempting a Shaw play at Delaware and for doing it well.
Angela Wisneski for daring to assume the part of Candida.
The Footlights Club for dismissing the idea of any future "Smax and Crax" revues.

Architecture

The new Sigma Nu house.

Music

Givan for saving music at Delaware by graduating.
The Glee Club for cancelling a dual concert with Haverford.

Journalism

Francis Reardon for his industrious press agenting for the military department.
The Women's College correspondents for securing two dollars a column for articles contributed to Wilmington papers.
Francis Roemen, '28, for being a walking billboard for Dartmouth and for not contributing to The Review.

Science and Discovery

Prof. Detjen for his research work in the vegetable realm.

Dr. Paine for his earnest work in the Physics department.
Prof. Wade for reconstructing the mineralogy exhibits in Wolf Hall.

Business

Business Admin. Wilkinson for sending a delegation to Philadelphia to inspect the meat consumed in the Commons and also for his many attempts to assist organizations on the campus.

Athletics

Fred Creamer for being the best all-around athlete on the campus with the distinction of being a non-fraternity man.
The Athletic Council for securing such a large sum of money by playing Rutgers at New Brunswick.

The Pursuit of Justice

The failure of the Kangaroo Court to arouse as much interest as it did in the past.
The Student Council, the governing body of Delaware College, for its speedy work in Honor cases and for its attempt to financially aid organizations on the campus, also, the abolishment of first-night hazing.

Service Abroad

The efforts of Prof. Kirkbride in the Foreign Study Plan.

Public Service at Home

Prof. O'Brien for his literary guidance and his liberalism.
Lee Rose for his efforts to make our campus beautiful.

Religion

Ira Ellis and Russell Pippin for not furthering the Y. M. C. A.
Rev. Gehman and Rev. Collins for their jolity.

Heroism

"Speed" Robinson for not standing in the front of that machine gun but remaining behind it.

Three Local Fives Lose

(Continued from Page 4.)
PRELIMINARY GAME

Glasser's All-Stars

Goals	Field Goal Pts.
Williams, forward	0 1 1
Squillance, forward	1 3 5
Riggin, forward	0 0 0
Jones, center	0 1 1
Glasser, guard	1 4 6
Maloney, guard	0 0 0
Totals	2 9 13

Salesianum Reserves

Goals	Field Goal Pts.
Speakman, forward	0 0 0
Herlihy, forward	5 2 14
Hahan, forward	0 0 0
Tosic, center	1 0 2
Moynihan, center	3 0 6
Hannigan, guard	0 0 0
Smith, guard	1 2 4
Manlove, guard	0 0 0
Totals	11 4 26

Referee—Connors.

"Mother, what is that tramp doing with that piece of wrapping paper?"
"Hush, darling, that is a college graduate with his diploma."—Notre Dame Juggler.

The Village Artist

He cursed the church, he drank much gin,
He followed wenches by the score.
He was a man of utter sin.
Our matrons turned him from the door.

He made a rainbow glory grow
As if old streets were regions new.
Forgotten loves of long ago
Touched an old woman whom he drew.

He died at last, of too much gin. . .
We are a Christian folk, and we
Treasure, forgiving of his sin,
His pictures for posterity.

Beneath the sagging roof
The stylist has taken shelter,
Unpaid, uncelebrated,
At last from the world's welter.

Nature receives him,
With a placid and uneducated mistress
He exercises his talents
And the soil meets his distress.

The haven from sophistications and
contentions
Leaks through its thatch;
He offers succulent cooking;
The door has a creaking latch.

—Ezra Pound.

People who wear balloon trousers
shouldn't stand on their heads.—Bucknell Belle Hop.

Examination Schedule MID-YEAR 1926-1927 SCHOOLS OF ARTS AND SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING

Fri.	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.
Jan. 28	Jan. 29	Jan. 31	Feb. 1	Feb. 2	Feb. 3	Feb. 4
H-1a	E-1a	Ed-47	B-1	AL-1	Ed-31	ML-1a
H-1b	E-1b	H-5	C-1a	AL-5	M-5a	ML-1b
H-1c	E-1c	M-3a	C-1b	E-19	M-5b	ML-3a
H-3	E-1d	M-3b	C-1c	M-13	Soc-1	ML-3b
H-29	E-1e	M-3c	C-1d	CE-23	C-23	ML-5a
H-33	ML-65	M-11a	Psy-1	C-35	E-53	ML-5b
H-35	E-11	M-11b	Ps-5a	B-9		ML-7a
E-7	E-35	M-17	Ps-5b	ME-5		ML-7b
ME-1	E-3	CE-29	AL-21	AE-5		ML-7c
CE-5	ME-3	Agri-1	CE-7	AI-29		
AE-1	EE-11	Hort-17	EE-1			
AE-3	EE-7	Hort-19	CE-27			
AGR-13	CE-9	AI-27	Hort-23			
	E-53					
	C-37					
	AGR-5					
	AI-31					

C-1	ML-21	H-21	ML-6	AL-3	M-7
Ba-1	C-43	ML-7	Phil-1	AL-23	ML-23a
E-5	Ed-43	Phy-1	B-5	H-35	ML-23b
Bu-1	AI-17	ME-61	B-7	ML-1a	ML-63
Bu-3	C-35	ME-53	B-9	ML-1b	Hyg-3
Bu-7		ME-55	B-11	ML-3a	Geol-31
Bu-9		ME-57	B-13	ML-3b	Hort-33
Bu-11		EE-3	C-33	ML-3c	B-11
Bu-13		CE-25	ME-27	ML-3d	B-13
Bu-15		Bu-1	AI-19	ML-5a	Hort-33
E-49		Agri-15		ML-5b	
E-71		AI-25		ML-9	
ME-23					
Me-29					
C-41					
C-21					

The above schedules are tentative. All students who have conflicts please report as follows—School of Arts and Science to Prof. Barkley, Room 1, Purnell Hall; School of Engineering to Prof. Blumberg, Engineering Building; School of Agriculture to Prof. Detjen, Wolf Hall.
(Signed) James A. Barkley, Chairman.

From Co-Ed's Pens

(Continued from Page 4.)

smile. Your teeth have been meeting your gum again. That's what the matter with you. You can never be socially popular with teeth. You old gift horse. Teeth.

Women won't like you. One woman tells another. And they don't like you. Not if your teeth keep meeting your gums like that.

When a school girl is just getting her complexion she should give up the old dangerous method of doing away with excess baggage. No diets, no corsets, no fresh air, no exercise. No bones. Gorton's codfish. Simple and easy. Any woman can do it.

The booklet comes to you free. It is mailed in a plain wrapper. Without even your name on it. So no one needs to know you are suffering with greying hair. Your greying hair problem is solved. By our greying hair-net.

That's what's so different about me. I have magnetic personality. Got it for twelve dollars. And now I never throw old razor blades away. Never.

I was getting along beautifully when alcoholitis set in. Alcoholitis. The medical term for pleasant breath. I couldn't imagine what was the matter. No one could come within twenty feet of me. I always got a seat in the subway. I never got into traffic jams. My work began falling off. And my teeth. And my arches.

And then I read the advertisement. Mrs. Brown of Kansas said, "Launder it in Lux." I did. They hired me at once. And doubled my salary the next day, when they found out I had read a book.

They asked me in.
But should she ask him in? Has Emily Post talked frankly with her? No. . . . What is she to do then? Should she ask him in?

Things have come to a pretty pass. And all because mothers withhold the facts of life. That is the danger line. Teeth meeting gums. Don't ask me. Ask Mr. Foster. Ask for the free book.

But send no money. . . . !

N. Y. Tribune.

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Footlights
ShowSATURDAY
JANUARY
FIFTEENTHWolf Hall
Curtain 8:15
Tickets Fifty Cents

SEATS ON SALE AT RHODES' DRUG STORE



Basketball

Delaware Drops First Game

(Continued from Page 1.)
Delaware 29; Osteopathy 11

Delaware		Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
R. Holt, forward	1	1	3
Barton, forward	0	0	0
Hill, forward	2	0	4
Di Joseph, forward	0	2	2
Milne, center	1	0	2
Jaquette, center	2	1	5
H. Holt, guard	1	0	2
LeCarpentier, guard	2	1	5
Taylor, guard	0	0	0
Creamer, guard	2	0	4
Harris, guard	1	0	2
Total	12	5	29

Osteopathy		Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
Bradford, forward	1	0	2
McHenry, forward	1	0	2
Sullivan, center	3	0	6
Thomas, guard	0	0	0
Von Lohre, guard	0	1	1
Jennings, guard	0	0	0
Loughton, guard	0	0	0
Total	5	1	11

THREE LOCAL FIVES LOSE

Phi Kappa Tau lost to Brownson of the semi-pro Penn-Del League in Wilmington on Tuesday night by a 48-17 score. The local frat five was supposed to play a team with not quite so strong an aggregation but when they started their attack they soon discovered that they were up against a more experienced foe. This should teach local managers that before scheduling a team they should determine the status of said five.

While this annihilation was taking place the patched-up Frosh team gave the highly press agented Salesianum "Five a run for their money on the 'Sallies' court. The final score was 22-20 with the High School chaps on the long end of the score. Max Glasser's Somethings lost a game to the reserve team of the school—we have still to figure out whether Glasser had a basketball team on the floor or a squad of water polo hounds.

The score:

U. of D. Freshmen		Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
Hill, forward	1	1	3
Harris, forward	3	2	8
Milne, center	0	4	4
Schagrin, guard	1	1	3
Taylor, guard	1	0	2
Totals	6	8	20

Salesianum		Goals—	Field Foul Pts.
O'Neill, forward	1	0	2
Carey, forward	3	3	9
Smith, forward	1	0	2
Hollahan, center	0	0	0
Walsh, guard	1	3	5
Connell, guard	2	0	4
Hannegan, guard	0	0	0
Totals	8	6	22

(Continued on Page 3.)

"Since Jack and I became engaged we have had some very frank talks."
"I imagine Jack knows a lot, doesn't he?"
"Well, he knows enough to ask intelligent questions."—Penn State Froth

From Co-Ed's Pens

INTERCOLLEGIATE OR INTERMORAL SPORTS?

The tendency in the modern sport world of both men and women is in favor of inter-unit competition, rather than inter-university. Inter-house, inter-class, inter-corridor, and inter-fraternity contests are more and more taking the place of inter-collegiate games.

It is now decided that bubbles of energy and excess steam of "animal spirits" that were formerly allowed to escape in the hostile atmosphere of rival colleges, may be confined within the limits of each Alma Mater to the mutual promotion of loyalty, companionship and good health.

To develop this argument—as to the advantages of inter-class rather than inter-collegiate sports—we plan to publish in the succeeding issues of The Review, reports from various girls' colleges throughout the United States, pertaining to athletic activities in these institutions. Next week there will be an article on the subject of Sports in Lake Erie College of Painesville, Ohio.

A group of discussions arguing the other side of the question will follow these reports.

NOW COMES MISTER VAN VECHTEN

Carl Van Vechten has, in his fifth novel, written about a group of people hitherto neglected by contemporary authors.

He still uses New York as a background but this time has gone "below the line" to the Mecca of the New Negro for his material. Harlem with its barbaric, vividly picturesque cabarets, with its underground dives reeking with squalor and vice, with its splendid homes and miniature Greenwich village districts is without doubt a happy hunting ground for budding young writers.

Mr. Van Vechten does not write as a propagandist, neither is he interested in presenting a solution to the Negro Problem. He merely relates a story which of necessity involves a presentation of the difficulties encountered by the modern negro in his relation to the white man and to the members of his own race.

The characters are carefully chosen from each group in this little world, with the intent perhaps to show that social classification is as severe here as across the line. There is the group of intellectuals who are striving to create a negro art, and who are discouraged and snubbed, more by the ignorant of their own race than by the whites. There is the educated light negro who "goes white" so that he can obtain a position worthy of his talent in the white world. There is the 400 class who live in houses similar to those on Fifth avenue and who spend their summers at large country estates on Long Island. There is the prostitute, the visiting diplomat from a foreign country, professional men and women, and drudges laboring in the sweat shops and ditches of Manhattan Island.

It is the material rather than the method of presentation that makes this book an important addition to our contemporary library.

THE EFFECT THE "AMERICAN" MAGAZINE HAS

(Pathetic oration delivered to the staff of the observation ward at Bellevue Hospital yesterday by a young man who was captured early in the afternoon stealing copies of the American Magazine from newstands.)

That's all very well—but suppose I order Filet Mignon and it is fish. Then what? Answer me that . . . No, no! Thank you, I won't sit down. Never sit down while a lady in the room is standing. You'll find that on page 163. Right after How to Know Your Forks. Rise when a lady enters the room. Remain standing until she seats herself. . . . But how can you tell she's a lady? There's a question. That's always a question. So the only thing to do is to stand all the time. Keep right on standing.

Standing room only. Standing room in the sitting room. And never say parlor. Drawing room, sitting room, living room, but never parlor.

So you see I can't sit down. Got to sit up. Sit up and take notice. And get that fifty-dollar raise. Must have a fifty-dollar raise once a week. And read the books faithfully. Fifteen books a day. Five shelves. Fifteen feet a day. The five-minute shelf of books. And that's how I succeeded. Just read all the books. Fifteen times a day. And they gave me a five-minute raise.

But now I am practically ruined. My hair's getting thin. Tut tut tut tut! Isn't that terrible? Thin hair. Four out of five, you know. Four out of five are bald at birth. Or shortly after. Think of it. Four out of five. Often a bridegroom, never a bride. That's what comes of having dandruff on your collar. Even your best friends can't brush you. Four out of five of 'em can't brush you.

What I need, of course, is vitamins. Let's speak frankly. As one woman speaks to her daughter. Let us be honest where happiness is at stake. All vitamins aside, are you quite sure of your vocabulary? Can you use words simply, logically, forcefully? I thought not. That's what was the matter with Jones.

Poor Jones was a plugger. He worked hard but never seemed to get anywhere. Eminent surgeons examined him and said he had only a few days to live. He suffered agonies from croups, psychoanalysis and metonymy. People asked one another everywhere, but poor Jones never went out. It was a difficult thing to discuss.

And then one day by a happy accident poor Jones clipped a coupon. Thought he was clipping his moustache and clipped a coupon. Do you know what Jones had? Do you? How would you know what Jones had. You never clipped a coupon.

Poor old Jones had been suffering all the time with superfluous breath.

He was a business failure. Do you know why? Because 73% of all business failures are caused by worry over little things. Think of Jones with superfluous breath. Then you'll realize how well off you are.

And that isn't your only trouble either. Four out of five are afraid to

(Continued on Page 3.)

"A Man is Known by the Clothes He Wears"

Appearance Counts

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"Do you know that it was an apple that caused all the trouble in the Garden of Eden?"
"No, I thought it was a green pear."
—Danison Flamingo.

Numb—Roman women must have worn queer clothes.

Skull—What makes you think so?

"My history professor says they heated their houses by carrying charcoal in brassieres."—Washington

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BETTER TIMES AROUND THE CORNER

He is an optimist—always looking forward to better times. When they come, however, he is unprepared. He hopes, but he doesn't save. Hopes are good as they go, but a growing savings account is needed to back them. How's your account?

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end forever to cigarette after-taste.

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