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THE ISLAND OF DREAMS

Just off the shores of the Sea of Sleep,
Where the moon-tipped wavelet gleams,
And the night tides rush with a murmuring sweep,
Is the beautiful Island of Dreams.

And soft on the banks of that pleasant isle,
The slumberous zephyrs blow ;
And the pale moon hangs with a tender smile,
O'er its golden sand shores low.

There when the long day's ceaseless heat,
Is lulled to a cool repose,
In paths by poppy heads bordered deep,
Blossoms the evening rose.

'Tis there with lost friends we long vigils keep,
While soft drift the silvery beams,
Just off the shores of the Sea of Sleep,
In the beautiful Island of Dreams.

J. B. K.

DRIFT-WOOD AND ABSINTHE

[CONTINUED]

SENOR JUAN ALVAREZ, began my friend Durand, "a Spaniard of high rank, having suffered severe financial reverses, and lost almost the whole of his very considerable fortune, came to this country, as he said, to endeavor to retrieve his condition. He brought with him the haughty bearing and arrogant pride, characteristic of his race, the small

remnants of his wealth, and a pair of very fine duelling swords of Ferrara, ancient and highly prized heirlooms of a family noted for generations for its skillful swordsmen. He also brought with him his only child, a daughter of eighteen years, whose picture hangs yonder on the wall."

Durand here paused, inhaled deeply on his cigarette, then continued. "Of the daughter I need say nothing further, the portrait tells what she was, Nay !" a hunted look came into his eyes, "what she is."

"I, when I saw her first, was a youth of twenty-two, a youth whose good looks and accredited fascination of manner had already won for me the reputation of a heart breaker, and I had but just met my first defeat, had learned that I had been a toy, a dupe, a plaything of a woman at least ten years my senior. A woman, beautiful and worldly, who had amused herself with my boyish ignorance and ardor, and then, tiring of the sport, had cast me aside with as little compunction as she would fling an empty perfume bottle, and my pride was stung to the quick, and my heart filled with a great, in me, with my intense and ungovernable disposition, an overwhelming bitterness and hatred of my deceiver and her sex.

And then, as a pupil of the Senor Juan Alvarez, now become fencing master, I saw Dolores Alvarez, gazed deep into her passionate dark eyes, and straightway in my heart there formed a strangely malevolent plan. I would take this fair Spanish flower, innocent and pure as I had been guileless and unsuspecting, and on her I would wreak my vengeance; as I had been made to suffer so she should suffer.

"Oh God!" he exclaimed wildly, "cursed selfishness of my youth, cursed blindness of my passion, but" he added more gently, "blessed love that stole gently into my heart, wiping out bitterness and hatred, and leaving only an unsatisfied longing and desire for the possession of those beautiful eyes.

And fate was kind to me, even while she wrought out the destruction of my loved one. In spite of the fact that I

knew she was betrothed to a very wealthy but very ancient relative, who had left his native land and taken up his abode in New Orleans, and that it was to bring about this betrothal that her father had brought her to America, in spite of all this, with every tender wile that I knew, I, who had been taught them all by a past mistress in the art, laid siege to that innocent heart.

With love looks, love words, the scent of flowers, the seductive dizziness of music that pled far more eloquently than words, that lifted thoughts and desires far from this sordid world and bore them to alluring heights of perfect bliss that might be, that hung palpitating upon the golden air of wonderful moonlit nights in that Southern city, that thrilled out yearningly over the waters of the broad river flowing before us, where the amorous moon gazed calmly at her reflected image and tipped every dancing ripple with a tiny crest of flame, I broke down, one by one, the barriers with which that heart was hedged in, and I succeeded, Oh I succeeded. The heart once opened overflowed with all the fiery abandonment of its race, and to the lips, unsealed by my kisses, I taught the language of love. And then, when the sweet surrender was complete I secretly bore her away from her father's home, married her and carried her over the seas. On the shores of a blue Italian lake, in a villa that seemed not made by man but fairies, we rested."

His voice ceased, and with elbows resting on his knees he leaned forward,

gazing with a fixed intensity into the fire. An awesome silence pervaded the vast apartment and outside, the wind, which had been gradually rising, could now be heard raging fiercely. With a mighty rushing crescendo it rose higher and higher, until it ended in a long terrible shriek of impotent rage, then the diminuendo ended in a low mournful sobbing among the tops of far off pine trees.

An atmosphere of mystery and fear began to close in on us. A strange petrifying terror stole over me, numbing my faculties. Fascinated, yet terrified, I glanced at the man sitting opposite me. He was leaning forward as before, still as if graven from stone, but his thin lips had parted into a smile, sinister and wolfish, his eyes sparkled evilly as he turned them on me with a fixed, uncanny stare. A shudder ran through all my limbs, and again my brain whirled and I had that vague impression of deceived senses. For a moment I even doubted the presence of my host.

I came to myself, the fire was now burning redly, flooding the room with a wonderful color, I glanced at the rapiers on the wall, reflecting the light they seemed bathed in and dripping with blood.

Again I looked towards my host and now his position was relaxed, and in the mellow glow of the firelight his features had once more resumed their outlines of faultless regularity.

"Ah!" he began in a low, hushed voice, and with dreamful eyes, "it was a mad, sweet, delirious dream. The wonderful blue of Italian skies, the

wonderful blue of Italian waters. Riotous masses of many hued flowers falling over marble balustrades to catch a glimpse of their beauties in the waters below, A white sail dreaming lazily over the lake, the mountains hanging beyond and above, their snow crowned peaks glittering royally in the sunlight. Shadows of fleecy clouds drifting over the waters, up the mountain sides, vanishing. The song of a boatman floating faintly sweet from the distance.

Then night, a great dome above studded thickly with stars, like jewels, a moon that swung low like a great golden lamp, the distant winding of a horn among the opposite hills. The tinkling of a guitar, the passionate lilt of a voice lifted in song close to me, very close. It was a land of perfect love, of pure delight.

And then one night, the sky obscured by a hurrying wrack of clouds, the moon now shining forth clearly, now completely hidden. Dolores wrapped in a long black storm ulster, sat beside me on our favorite seat, high over the lake. A wind was blowing and the dash of the waves against the shore prevented us from hearing the footsteps approaching us. A feeble ray of moonlight flickering out for a second glittered strangely on a steel blade before us, and with a startled exclamation I leaned forward, peering into the darkness. But even as the words left my lips there was a lightning like lunge, a fiercely hurled out foreign oath, and the sickening sound of a weapon plunged deep into the soft bosom of my wife.

With a horrible cry I sprang to my

feet, the moon breaking away from the cloud wrack shone down clear and bright, and like a tiger I leapt at the man revealed standing before us. As my fingers closed round his throat I recognized her father, and heard hissed from his lips the words 'seducer, har'—, but the last word was never finished, for a blinding madness came over me and my fingers tightened like vices.

When consciousness returned to my brain I was lying prone on Alvarez body, my hands dripping with blood. Close beside us lay the body of Dolores, her sweet face turned to the sky, a small wound over the heart showing how truly the slender rapier of Ferrara, lying blood drenched in the grass beside her, had found its mark.

And so the tragedy was ended. Her father, furious with disappointment that his plans for the wealthy marriage should be destroyed, and believing that I had lured his daughter away falsely, had followed us, carrying with him his precious rapier, found us with difficulty, and—the result you know.

Working like a madman I carried the bodies down to the beach, procured a garden spade and digging a narrow trench deep into the sand, placed the bodies within it and covered them. The wind was rising and the waves would, I knew, destroy all traces of my work. Then, that the servants might be deceived into thinking that we had been drowned, I hoisted the sails on the small sloop in which we had been accustomed to sail each evening, and cast the little vessel loose from her moorings, heading her for the open

lake. Then setting out into the night I reached a small, neighboring village in time to catch the night train and started on my journey home.

"But," he continued in a low whisper, "I did not leave those bodies behind me, they followed, and," in a voice that made my flesh creep, "they brought the rapiers with them. Yonder they hang on the wall, the one bright and shining, the other rusty with the life blood of that fair young girl." My eyes involuntarily sought the rapiers, and when I turned them again I was alone in the room. Durand had vanished, whither or how I knew not.

I sat alone in my chair, the wind outside was blowing furiously, loud fierce howls, like those of a wild beast, and long shuddering moans. The fire flickered lower and lower, the great room became desperately gloomy. Still I sat motionless, fear and ignorance of my surroundings holding me quiet.

Then a strange, unearthly sound mingled with the moanings of the wind, a woman's laugh, high, wild, piercingly sweet, peal after peal, faintly at first it rang forth clearer and clearer until I realized that it was here with me, in the very room. The hair on my head began slowly to rise. The fire flamed into new life, it burned a dreadful green, giving such a ghastly effect to the room that my terror increased.

The laughter rippled lower and ended in a long, slow, terrible scream. The red curtains of the last alcove, the one into which I had not seen, were drawn slowly aside by invisible hands, and within, seated on a stone bench I be-

held Dolores Alvarez, the bodily counterpart of the picture hanging on the opposite wall. She was dressed in a long, tightly fitting, black coat, which fell away from her neck showing the bare white throat, her hair hung in a low knot on the back of her neck, and in it was caught a large red flower. Her hands were clasped close against her heart, and through the slender, white fingers trickled a thin stream of blood.

Then I became aware of the other occupant of the alcove, a tall, gaunt old man, clad in a black velvet suit of foreign cut, he stood leaning forward, both hands resting on the hilt of a slender sword. His head and neck were stretched far forward from the shoulders, his face ghastly white in the green light, and his eyes, large, glassy, almost starting from their sockets were fixed on mine with a terrible stare. The green flame was dying down, those horrible eyes were drawing nearer and nearer to me, the point of the sword was raised, fixed, nearer and nearer, never wavering for a second came the eyes, Oh Christ!—consciousness left me and I swooned

* * * * *

When I recovered consciousness I was in bed and the morning sun was streaming in at the windows. I rose, dressed and descended to the breakfast room, where I found my host still lingering over his meal.

"Oh!" he said as he rose to greet me, "Good morning, I trust that my man saw you safely to bed last night. I regret deeply that I was forced to

leave you so soon after dinner but hope that you managed to amuse yourself in the den."

"Thank you," I replied, "I passed a most interesting evening and slept finely, except" I added lightly as I flicked the top off my egg, "that I was troubled by some rather strange dreams."

* * * * *

"No thank you," I said at dinner that evening, "I will take no absinthe to-night."

[THE END]

ROLAND AND ROSAMOND

ROLAND and Rosamond were lovers. Rosamond was ephemeral but comely, hypochondriacal but not lugubrious, didactic but not dishonest, not given to ribald or truculent grimaces. Her pedal extremities were, perhaps, a trifle too large for playing organ pedals successfully, but her heart was not at all adamant, and her address was peremptory without being diffuse. Roland, on the other hand, was of a saturnine countenance, at once splenetic and combative in disposition, so that his wassails and orgies were almost maniacal in their effects. He was a telegrapher by profession, having received a diploma from Caius College, but aggrandized his stipend by dabbling in philology, orthoepy and zoology, during his leisure hours, so that he was accused of fetichism and tergiversation by his patrons. Still, his acumen and prescience were such that only a misogynist would discern that he was an

aspirant for the gallows. His acetic, rather than ascetic nature naturally inclined him to visit a chemical laboratory, well filled with apparatus, to which he had access, whence he often returned with globules of iodine and albumen on his caoutchouc shoes, and subjected him to the risk of numerous altercations with his landlady, a virago and pythoness in one, and with her servant as accessory or ally. Roland had, however, become acclimated to his place, received everything with equability, reclined upon the divan where he contemplated the elysium where Rosamond dwelt, and addressed donative distichs to her in the subsidence of raillery. There was a certain diocesan who endeavored to dispossess Roland in the affections of Rosamond, but he was enervated by bronchitis, laryngitis and diphtheria, which, on their subsidence, left his carotid artery in an apparently lethargic condition. He had sent Rosamond a ring with onyx, a chalcedonic variety of stone, and once hung a placard where he knew she would see it from her casement; but she steadfastly rejected his overtures, and ogled him as if he were a dromedary. The diocesan betook himself to absolutory prayers, but continued his digressions and inquiries. Roland became cognizant of this amour, and armed with a withe he inveighed against this interloper, who defended himself with a falchion until Roland disarmed him, houghing his palfrey withal. After the joust, the prebendary abjectly apologized, albeit in a scarcely respirable condition, then has-

tened to the pharmaceutic's eerie for copaiba, morphine and quinine, and was not seen again until the next Michaelmas. Roland returned on Christmas Day, took an inventory of his possessions, which consisted of a large package of almond cement, a package of envelopes, a dish of anchovy sauce, a tame falcon, a book of acoustics, a miniature of a mirage, a treatise on the epizootic, a stomacher lined with sarcenet, a cerement of sepulture, a cadaver and a bomb. The next day the hymeneal rites were performed, and Rosamond became thenceforth his faithful coadjutant and housewife.

A TRIP TO HADES

I WAS always called a good boy in my native town, and was therefore greatly surprised when one day a stranger approached me and startled me by inquiring if I would care to take a little jaunt into the regions of hell, and study the lives and customs of the inhabitants of that strange land.

I did not know what to tell him, (the stranger was a man). I knew that my father would be greatly opposed to the journey, and then how was I to know who this fellow was, and what his intentions might be? How did he know where Hell was, and how to get there? Why, he might even be the Devil himself! But there had always been in my mind a great desire to travel, to see strange things and meet with stirring adventures, so certainly here was a grand opportunity. And these notions now became so great within me that I threw prudence to

the winds, and told the stranger that I was willing to accompany him. "But first," said I, "tell me your name, for I wish to know who my traveling companion is." He hesitated a moment and then answered, "my name is Nero." "Why isn't that funny?" I said, "that old Roman Emperor I have just been studying about was named Nero, but I hope you are not like him." Mr. Nero said nothing, but a queer little smile flickered around the corners of his mouth for an instant, and then disappeared. "When do you wish to start on this trip, Mr. Nero, and what things will I need to take with me?" "Well, sonny," he said, (and it seemed to me that he was getting very familiar), "we will start tonight at eight o'clock, and all that you need to take with you is a patent fire extinguisher, for you know it gets kind of hot down there sometimes." "All right sir," I said, "and when will I reach home again?" "Why," answered Mr. Nero, "I can promise that you will be at home tomorrow in time to eat breakfast with your parents, and now I will say good-bye until eight o'clock tonight, when I want you to meet me at the corner of I and L streets," and saying that he waved his hand and walked rapidly up the street.

That night, as the town clock was striking eight, I was standing at the place appointed, and before the last stroke had sounded brother Nero was standing there before me. "Ready?" said he. "Right," said I, and we started off together. We walked a few blocks and finally entered a large grain

elevator building—a place that I was perfectly familiar with. "Now," said my companion, "step on to this elevator, and our journey will begin." "Why that elevator doesn't go down more than a few feet," I said, "you don't call that much of a journey, do you?" "You wait and see," was all that he said, and so I waited, and before I had waited long I found Mr. Nero and myself holding tight to the rickety old elevator, and going down, down, down, with tremendous, never slackening speed.

At last we stopped, and stepping off onto the ground I saw before me a huge iron door. Mr. Nero knocked on the door three times, and at the third knock it swung slowly back on its hinges. We were met with a great blast of light and heat, the latter so intense that I opened the nozzle of my fire extinguisher, that I had not neglected to bring with me. A young fellow with two short horns sticking out above his ears rushed forward and took Mr. Nero's suit case. Mr. Nero asked me if I did not recognize the Devil's page (for such the young fellow was), whereupon I looked more closely at his face and saw that it was Roland Cooper, a boy that I had known well and who had died a few months before, having choked himself on a piece of tough beefsteak at the college boarding club. "Why, Roland," said I, "how surprised I am to see you here." "Oh! don't let that worry you," he said. "I have just been elected manager of the Beelzebub football team," and then he picked up Mr. Nero's suit case and walked off.

"Now sonny," said Mr. Nero, "we are going to meet the Devil." I must confess that I began to feel a little scared, but I nerved myself for the ordeal, and put up a brave front. We walked through a big crowd of noisy, half naked people, and at last stood before the throne of the King of the Lower World, and a terror-inspiring spectacle was this King. From his head grew horns as long as telephone poles, his eyes were bloodshot and his hair long and red. When he arose to greet us he stood at least fifty feet taller than Mr. Nero, who was a man of no few inches, and I noticed that one of his feet was shaped like that of a bull.

"Welcome," said he, in a voice of thunder, and added. "Tiberius, who is your friend?" To my surprise Mr. Nero answered this question, so of course I knew that my companion was no other than the tyrannical Roman Emperor, about whom I had read so much. Tiberius Nero told the King who I was, and said that he wished to show me the wonders of the Kingdom.

The King then called a page, and told him to show us some things of interest. I now had another great surprise. This page proved to be Ned Scott, an old chum of mine who had died the year before from over study, and the first words he said were, "Say, George, don't you want a chance on a mackintosh? Chances run from one to fifty." I laughed and said, "Well, Scotty, you are the same old Ned, but I guess I won't take a chance for I am 'busted.'" I asked him how he liked

Hell, and he said it was "slick," adding "I. P. J.-s is down there, and so is R.-y D.-s and V.-s, and we have a game of pinochle every night.

Then Scotty and Tiberius led the way, and I followed, keeping my eyes wide open, and seeing many wonderful things. There was a great wash-bowl in one place, and around it on their knees, with their noses deep in the water were over a dozen young fellows actively engaged in rooting pennies. Nero said they were Sophomores from Delaware College, who were in this way paying for the fun they had had at the poor Freshmen's expense.

There were big pits scattered around in various places, and little imps with their pitchforks were throwing blazing coals and logs into these pits to have them good and hot for the boiling down of the next victim, and even while I watched I saw a big fat fellow with eye glasses on, pitched into the pit, and as he disappeared over the edge I saw that a bottle of Lancaster beer was firmly grasped in one hand and a big salt pretzel in the other. "Don't you know who that is?" said Scotty. "No," I replied; "who is it?" "Why that's old 'Dutch' Keppel; he died from smoking strong tobacco in a rank pipe."

Poor old Keppel, thought I. He used to be such a good boy. But many a time have I told him not to associate with Cain and Ridgely and this is the outcome of his neglect of my well meant advice.

A sound like the rumbling of thunder broke in upon my melancholy

ruminations, and as the sound gradually increased in volume I turned to ask Scotty the cause. To my great astonishment Scotty had disappeared and likewise all the pits at which I had been looking just a minute or so previous. The rumbling now grew very loud, and in place of the pits other objects met my startled gaze; chairs, people sitting in the chairs, blackboards, windows, and directly in front of me there stood a long table covered with all kinds of queer little tubes and glasses and gas burners, while standing behind the table was a big man with a beard, and somehow or other the thundering that I heard seemed to come from this man. "B-r-r-r! Huh! Huh!" he roared. "Been to sleep, have you? Went to Wilmington last night I suppose, and came out on the midnight train." (Roars of laughter from the people in the chairs.) "Well! It's a wonder you wouldn't bring your bed down here with you." (More laughter.) "B-r-r-r, Huh! Huh! Next, what is the density of H₂ S." Ah! At last I realized what was happening. I, the unlucky one, had gone to sleep in Chemistry class. My fond hopes of a six spot at the end of the term vanished into the air like smoke, but looking up toward the head of the class I satisfied myself on one point—Keppel was safe.

G. M. B., '06.

The Renaissance Under Francis I And Henry II

THE great revolutions within the church, in which Wycliffe had denied the doctrine of "Transubstantiation," and in which Luther

had protested against the temporal power of the Pope and the corruption of the "visible" church, had strong and enduring influences upon the minds of men. Not only did these influences spread over the territory of France, but over all the civilized world.

The "Middle Ages," during which time not only the mind but also the body was suppressed, and indeed it might be spoken of as a process of gradually smothering the real vitality, were dying at the hand of an overwhelmingly strong determination to learn. The minds of men, crammed with numberless ideas and traditions of the past, were struggling to be free. The springtime of the mind, after a long and hard winter was bursting forth in radiant splendor under the sun of renovation as the dome of Saint Peter's under the brush of Michael Angelo. The people were preparing themselves for the words of Lord Bacon: "Every word which proceeds from the mouth must bear fruit, just as the seed which we plant in the ground."

Arts, sciences, and philosophy were renewed and the people began to inquire into the reasons of certain results. The world began to mount into purer light and air. They thought not so much of the future, but they did want to know something of the past. Their knowledge, so far, was very hazy, and consisted only of what the monks and monasteries chose to let them have. And so when the laity once made up their minds to go forward, they had the same determination back of them as the beginners of Christianity and as

the Romans when they started on their conquest of the world.

No doubt a great deal of inspiration in this era was received through war and conquest. The intermingling of the different nations propagated new ideas. Such indeed was the case with France.

When the French crossed the Alps, Italy was giving birth to a new art. The architecture was being changed, and the sculptor was broadening his powers. He worked in the open air and attempted all subjects, studying especially the works of former ages. The painter was changing his methods and results through such men as Michael Angelo and Raphael.

In architecture and sculpture France had of her own accord entered into these new paths, but in painting, she was far behind. In architecture she was changing the Gothic to suit modern thought. They had, as was also the case with other countries, been trying to fit old customs and methods to the present time, but now they endeavored to make their present conform to the past. Although French was being formed, it needed a fullness and rounding out, and so Francis, full of artistic tastes, brought the necessary lightness, grace and richness from Italy.

While palaces and chateaux were being builded and decorated all over the kingdom, there was going on at the same time a "revival of letters." Heretofore, all literature was taught in Latin. Now there was a need of the cultivation of the French language.

The king founded, after the model of the Italian academies, in 1530, a lay establishment—the College of France. Printing had been invented and so learning could the more easily be distributed. The works of the ancients were put into book form, while some enthusiastic scholars traveled beyond Greece and Rome into the mysteries of Asia, and so obtained glimpses of the ancient East. Now, the French mind had obtained models and guides and was ready to begin her first great literary age.

But the French were not simply developing and reaping the fruits of pleasure and learning, for they thought of the public at large and their country. "The erudite Cujas restored the text of the Roman jurisconsults and founded the fruitful science of the history of Law." Such men as l'Hopital, Harlay and DeThou, applied their knowledge and attention, in the midst of most frightful religious discords, to improve the civil law and bring the country out of chaos.

Philosophy, medicine, science, and prose literature, all had their share in the Renaissance. While literature did not advance as rapidly as some other arts, it made a beginning and spread abroad its influence. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were imitated, and a few productions were circulated, but the "New Learning" was nevertheless felt and as such prepared the way for a great revival which Francis I, and Henry II, could not hope to see.

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EDITORIAL

THE new year is with us, the time for good resolutions, and again the REVIEW feels called upon to offer suggestions for two resolutions which it is very necessary that every student should make. They have reference to subjects which have been hashed over and over again, till they are well nigh exhausted, but none the less they are still important, and still in need of support. We refer to the Delta Phi and Athenæan Literary Societies and to the DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

Some one has said that to win a point you should make one great final effort, and then try again. We will call this our "try again" effort.

This term upon which we are now entering is the most important one in the year as far as societies are concerned. The great inter-society and Maryland Agricultural debate both occur between now and March 31. The M. A. C. debate will be with us now in a few weeks and hard and earnest work must be done by the competitors if we are to win back the banner which, last year, though ably defended by Messrs. Kimble and McVey, we lost. The school for training in the work is the

Literary Society. Only there can experience and the practice which makes perfect be obtained. So let the regular members attend regularly and do their best to induce other students to join. One can never tell what rich vein of eloquence lies unworked, bedded deep within some non-Society Freshman.

And now concerning the REVIEW, our College paper, which we should all loyally cherish and uphold. It stands badly in need of support, literary support, and, more especially, financial support. It is necessary, it is imperative that we sell more shares of stock and obtain more subscriptions if we are to clear expenses this year. And this could very easily be accomplished if every stockholder would endeavor to sell a share to some other student or persuade some one at home to subscribe for a year or, better still, subscribe for them. This important matter should not be left entirely in the hands of the editors and business managers. They cannot do everything, and surely it is to the advantage of the stockholder to see that this matter is attended to.

MR. CHARLES WHITELY BUSH, Delaware College, 1903, who won last spring the Cecil Rhodes scholarship to Oxford University, has returned home for his vacation. Mr. Bush speaks enthusiastically of Oxford and has promised to write for the REVIEW an article or series of articles descriptive of the life and work at the famous English University. As a former literary editor of our paper and a writer of short stories he showed very decided literary abilities. Delaware College is highly honored in having one of her alumni at Oxford and we look forward with pleased anticipation for the promised articles. We hope to be able to print them in our next issue.



THE Faculty, at a recent meeting, sounded a solemn note of warning against the so called "cribbing" in examination. At that meeting they suspended two students who were detected in unfair dealings during the first term examinations. The punishment was rather tardy and very severe but we cannot say that it was unjust. Some time before the examination a movement for the establishment of the "honor system" was set on foot here, but the movement was not pressed and did not materialize. Had the honor system obtained we would doubtless not now be deploring the absence of these two popular students.



BY the time that this issue is published a chapter of the Phi Kappa Phi fraternity will have been established at Delaware College.

The Phi Kappa Phi is a purely honorary institution and will have for charter members, all of the present full Professors, and four of the Alumni, and several students will be chosen yearly from the Senior class. It is a sister fraternity to the Phi Beta Kappa, which is an older, and, on that account, a more widely known institution. An honor has been done to the college in its having been granted a chapter. We wish all success to the new fraternity.



WE deplore the loss of Mr. George B. Farnan, Inter-Collegiate Editor of the REVIEW. Mr. Farnan, who filled this position very ably, has decided to sever his connection with the college.

ATHLETICS

L. L. COOPER, '05.

WE DEEPLY regret that we have no basket ball games to publish this issue. This department of athletics has been sadly neglected here as we have never had a basket ball team. We had hoped this year however to organize a team but this was overruled by the athletic council. There were several reasons for their decision, the main one being the fact that we have no suitable place to play as our temporary gymnasium is situated on the third floor of the Recitation Hall and the playing of basket ball games there would damage the plastering considerably. It is sincerely hoped by us all that before another year we will

have a new gymnasium where this popular game may be played.

A fencing class is being organized under the able instruction of Dr. Dawson. This is one of the most scientific and one of the best forms of exercise and every one who has the chance to take lessons should avail himself of this opportunity.

Now that football is over our thoughts are turned to baseball and the question is being asked, "What are your prospects for a successful baseball team this year?" It is rather early to predict how strong or how weak a team we will have this year but it is safe to say that we will have a team which will compare favorably with any of our former teams.

There are seven men of last year's team still in college: Russell, Lyndall, Davis, Gooden, Wilson, Stewart and Cooper, and much promising material in the Freshman class. R. W. E. Bowler has arranged a good though rather hard schedule which will appear in these columns next issue. As we have no cage in which to practice we get very little practice until after the Easter holidays which makes our team a little weak for the first game.

EXCHANGES

E. F. WARRINGTON, '07.

The account of the debate between the Columbian and Needham societies, in the 21st of December issue of the University Hatchet, is, although concise, very instructive and interesting. The

strong points of both the constructive and destructive arguments are clearly presented; so that the debate, Resolved, that labor unions should incorporate as a condition precedent to demanding recognition by employers, is of service not only to the few present when the question was discussed, but also to all who take the trouble to read the account as given by the "Hatchet." While we regret with the editor that the debaters were compelled to face so many rows of empty seats, we congratulate him upon the instructive and concise reproduction of the discussions given in his paper.



By some of our college papers there is kept up a constant warfare against filling exchange columns with the so called *coarse jokes*. Now, while we agree with these severe critics to a certain extent, we do not entirely embrace their policy. We notice that those who are constantly criticising jokes, so abhor them that they never allow one to appear in their long and often tedious pages of criticisms. Such ex-men are as much to be criticised as their neighbors who are so fond of presenting the light material. The one goes to the one extreme while the other goes to the other. The exchanges of the one are read without producing any effect, while those of the other, in many instances, are not read at all. There are a great number of students, who like a good joke, or a short, pithy saying, but who do not care for criticism at all. These students, who are oftentimes good story writers, the ex-men ought

to reach. How is he to do it? The most plausible method is the one which we notice several of our exchanges have adopted—that of scattering a little light material, either original or transposed, as a bait among their criticisms. We would refer to the exchange column in the Western Maryland College Monthly as an example approaching our ideal, were it not for the fact that we think the ex-man is a little too fond of putting big bait on his hook. The exchange column in the Mississippi College Magazine approaches much nearer to being a pronounced success along this line. It maintains a "balance of power" between the two extremes, and doubtless attracts a large class of readers, who care nothing at all for a column filled only with criticisms.



There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they have no business, and the other is that they have no mind.—Exchange.



Wives of great men oft remind us,
We should pick our wives with care,
So we may not leave behind us
Half our natural crop of hair.

—Exchange.



If the Washington Collegian did not depend too much upon its originality, that is, if it were not afraid to draw a little more from historical facts, it would advance a step nearer to being a well rounded paper.

A DILEMMA

A young rhetorician said to an old sophist: "Instruct me in pleading, and I will pay you when I gain a cause." The master sued for the reward, and the scholar endeavored to elude the claim by saying, "If I gain my cause, I shall withhold your pay, because the award of the judge will be against you. If I lose it, I may withhold it, because I shall not have gained a cause." The master replied. "If you gain your cause, you must pay me, because you are to pay me when you gain a cause, if you lose it, you must pay me, because the judge will award it."—Johnson.



The December issue of The Manitou Messenger gave due warning of the approach of Christmas. A poem entitled "Christmas Memories," as well as a selection, "An Eventful Christmas," are worthy of special commendation.



There was a young man from Peru,
Who was always in quest of the new,
He took a book from a new pile
And said with a sweet smile,
"Oh! say, is this the REVIEW?"

LOCAL

T. MARVEL GOODEN, '05.

"Honest John" returned to Newark last week and renewed acquaintances with some of his old friends at the College.

Cooper and Bennett had a daring ride in a "red devil" one night recently. Ask them about it.

It is reported around that Hess. is thinking seriously of joining church.

Scotty had his head shaved while he was home Xmas. Some of the boys say he got bald from "butting in" while others say it came from his sitting in damp churches.

The "Fireman's Band" held an important meeting Saturday night and elected officers for the coming year.

The floor at the Middletown dance was very slippery and even Wilson, the cute one, had seven spills.

Kennedy (to Professor)—"Say, Professor, what size wire do they use in wireless telegraphy?"

Brewster (to Marshall)—"Say, Sam, are you going in town to see Winsome Winnie tonight?"

Marshall—"Not unless I can "Winsome" money between now and then."

Bowler and Davis are at present the greatest rivals that have been known around here for years.

Dr. W.—"Do any of you know what a carboy is?"

Blake—"Yes, sir; I see one every morning coming up on the train."

Jim Wink expects to make a big hit at the Inauguration with his new uniform.

Ask Toby why he spent his Christmas in Hoboken.

A great many of the Seniors received very useful New Year's gifts from the faculty in the shape of flunks.

The Junior Prom. will be given in the Auditorium about the middle of February.

Y. M. C. A.

L. E. CAIN, 1907.

I SEEMED as if the Y. M. C. A. here was crowded out last term by other things. Perhaps they were more important (?) However, we are glad to announce that it has stepped back into its place. The first meeting of the year, held January 8, 1904, was an interesting one, our hall was well filled and those who attended were well repaid by hearing Prof. C. A. Short's address which contained some most excellent points as well as the best advice.

It is the aim of our president to have some one to speak every Sunday afternoon, and it is the desire of all interested to have these meetings well attended. A mid-week Bible class, which is something new here, has been proposed. The object of it will be to help the day students, also those who do not remain here over Sunday, and as the larger number of those who attend this College belong to one of these two classes, it seems that nothing better can be instituted.

DE ALUMNIS

CECIL C. FULTON, JR., 1906.

We sincerely regret to announce the death of Mr. Harry Whiteman, B. A., '91, at his home in Elsmere, Del., on December 16, 1904. Death was caused by Bright's disease, from which he had been suffering for some time. Mr. Whiteman graduated with high honors here and later studied law at Dickinson College. He completed his law studies

with the Hon. Anthony Higgins and was admitted to the bar in 1895.

William H. McDonald, B. C. E., '94, has recently been made Principal Assistant Engineer of the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City Railroad.

Samuel L. Conner, '97, of Keesport, N. J., recently accepted a position with the Pennsylvania Clay Company, as head of the engineering department. Mr. Conner was formerly employed as chief engineer for the Vandergrift Construction Company, of Philadelphia.

James M. Conner, B. C. E., '03, has returned to the employ of the B. & O. Railroad. He is now with the Assistant Engineer Corps, at Baltimore.

Joseph H. Frazer, B. C. E., '03, sailed for Bolivia, South America, on December 20. Mr. Frazer is one of a party of six American engineers who will have charge of the construction of a railroad for the Bolivian Government.

An engagement of much interest, which was recently announced, is that of Miss Mary Shallcross and Bassett Ferguson, B. C. E., '04. Miss Shallcross is the daughter of James T. Shallcross, of near Middletown. Mr. Ferguson is now pursuing his profession at Glenolden, Pa. We extend our most hearty congratulations to Mr. "Ferg."

William Lawton, Jr., B. C. E., '04, has accepted a position with the Assistant Engineer Corps of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, at Easton, Pa.

H. R. Tunnell, '01, now a mining engineer in West Virginia, William T. Fader, B. E. E., '02, of Schenectady, N.

Y., and J. Stanley Frazer, B. C. E., '04, of Johnstown, Pa., were recent visitors in Newark during the holidays.

Robert B. Wolf, who graduated from the Engineering Department, Class '96, has recently been made manager of one of the largest and most modern sulphite pulp mills in the country. The plant is located on the Hudson river at Sandy Hill, N. Y. It was designed and erected last year under the supervision of Mr. Wolf, at a cost complete of over \$1,000,000.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

G. B. FARNAN, 1905.

The English scholars at Oxford University address each Cecil Rhoades student by the name of the State in which he received his scholarship.



The Inter-University Lacrosse Association, composed of Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania, recently made an attempt to consolidate with the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association. But the latter, which is composed of Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, Swarthmore, and Stevens Institute, absolutely refused to consider the proposition, claiming that the teams of the inter-university never have been so strong as those of the inter-collegiate and that in no year have the inter-collegians failed to prove their superiority over the inter-university men.



Professor Charles A. Young, Professor of Astronomy at Princeton, who made the discovery of the solar revers-

ing layer and who has written numerous text books on Astronomy, has resigned. Professor Young has been connected with the University since 1877. His resignation takes effect next June and he retires with the title Professor Emeritus.



The preparatory and high schools, of Philadelphia, will, in a few days, take up rowing, and Central High School, Penn Charter, and Central Manual Training School expect to turn out crews this season.



Two universities of Canada, McGill, and Toronto, will send representatives to the University of Pennsylvania's Eleventh Annual Relay Carnival, which is to be held on Franklin Field on April 29, 1905. From present indications, it is evident that the number of competing athletes will be over the 1000 mark.



A student of the University of Chicago, registered a bet with a student of the University of Michigan on the result of the recent Chicago-Michigan Foot Ball game. It was agreed that the loser should walk from St. Louis to New Orleans. The Chicago man, having lost, started his journey on January 2, 1905. It is certain that the trip will take at least three months. Furthermore it was stipulated that the loser should start without a cent and pick up his living on the way.



The class of 1880 of Harvard University, of which President Roosevelt

was a member, will give the University \$100,000 to use as it wishes. The President's share runs up into the thousands.

THE LABORER'S HOME

There had been no attempt at architectural design, no special plan had been followed, only an effort to erect a comfortable abode, in the building of the home of a humble laborer I once saw in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

A small piece of ground on the public road had been selected as the site, just enough for the building and a little garden in the rear. Towering high above, the majestic mountain held back the fury of the sweeping winter storms and threw a shade against the burning rays of the summer sun. Wild vines ran over the fence and up the sides of the house, and flowers bloomed about the entrance.

The first room was parlor and library combined and the next, dining-room and kitchen. A rude stairway, almost ladder-like, ran to the one room above. The walls were plain white, not papered, only the decoration of white-wash frequently put on. Here and there a strip of wood had been touched with paint. A few rudely made ornaments adorned the mantle-piece and there stood, too, the family candle-stick, with home-made "dip," that lighted the way for the little ones as they joyfully ascended to the sleeping room.

Humble as it was, this home seemed so beautiful in its simplicity and so

peaceful in its surroundings, so happy and contented were the inmates that I could not but feel that however lowly one's station may be, peace and happiness are his as truly as they are the gifts of those who are more fortunate in acquiring the world's goods.

P. F. R., '07.

MY STAR

Thou art to me a star, my love,
A star in the heavens high ;
I would hold thee fast in my arms, my love,
To call thee mine I sigh.

And I, on the earth, am a mountain, love,
A mountain rough and old,
And the arms that I stretch to thee, my love,
Are icy tipped and cold.

But you in your far off heights, my fair,
Ah how can you ever know,
That under the snow is a garden, where
The beautiful violets grow.

Oh love, let the star in the far off sky,
With the purple twilight drest,
Sink soft through the gloaming distance, till
It rests on the mountain's breast.



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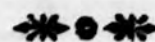
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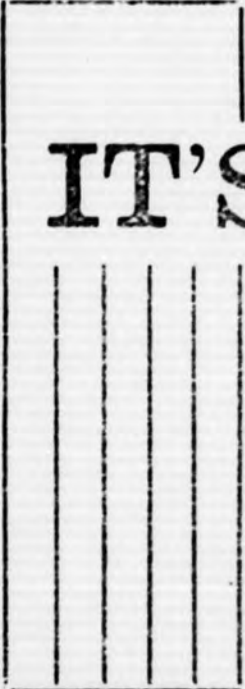
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