

# THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

Vol. XXII.

Delaware College, May, 1906.

No. 8.

## OUR ARISTOCRACY.

A FEELING of deference toward recognized superiors has found a home in the hearts of every people. Not so many years ago nobility of birth held consideration in this country. Certain sections, the South in particular, had their classes, a first, a second and a third, all arranged according to their pedigree. But there has been a change with us. Armorial ensigns now hang without meaning upon our walls. Before that wonderful principle of "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality" claims to rank and title by virtue of being a scion of the "peerless stock" has been gradually disappearing, as dew before the morning sun, ever since Democracy with flags flying and drums beating the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo shot forth at Lexington. Inherited class distinctions, in their day, have played a great part in the world. They have sent warriors to battle, some plodding on foot, others riding on horses and in chariots. They have been the occasion of some of our most charming poetry. They have made queens walking in beauty and high born maidens sitting in palace towers. Around such historical characters as Josephine, Eugenie and Marie Antoinette, they have thrown a halo of

fascination and sublimity, and have caused them to shine forth in their magnificence, dazzling and subduing the imagination of their subjects. But that noble gracefulness in this Republic, amid the sound of whirling wheels and tooting whistles, has come down from its bower; the old manor house fire has ceased to burn; the stately old mansion has tottered to its ruins, and we moderns echoing the lament of Edmund Burke may now exclaim, "the age of chivalry is gone."

Our country needs an aristocracy. It is the duty of every citizen to find out who our aristocracy is and to recognize it as such. Anterior to this leap of recognition, however, be it always remembered, there is a duty of thinking. Let us not be deceived.

To be deceived, it would seem, is inherent in the nature of man, as he journeys on the upward course of life. We note such was the case with the early nations, in the history of the past. The nations of antiquity choosing their first ruler, selected the king or man who can. The Romans, according to their myths, elected Numa Pompilius to the office of kingship for no other reason than because he was good and wise and holy.

Tarquin, Nero and Domitian, they rocked into office. Samuel annointed Saul because he was choice, tall and goodly. Ahaz mounted the throne of sovereignty, being the son of a sovereign. But I would be unjust to politics, if I imputed falsities to the state alone. This same development, if you can call it such, from the real to the false, is noticeable in religious affairs as well as in the affairs of the state. The Jewish tribes, saving a few special occasions, served one Divine being from their exit out of Egypt, until the Israelitish kingdom, making rapid strides, was well abreast with the powers of its time. It was a later day and under a more complex form of leadership, when they began to follow Baalim. In the legends handed down to us by Plutarch and Varo, the story goes, that the Romans for 170 years after the foundations of their city had no images of their gods; and not until the time of the later kings did they set up their statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. It is a universal observation that, as a people cease holding their assemblies under the shadow of the oak and begin to transact their affairs in the refinement of parliments, chambers and congresses, then they advance from a simple to more complex social and political relations and then they become more susceptible to false impositions. Since, therefore, an advanced stage of civilization is no bar to deception, and as men will bow, will "kotow" to someone, I am led to ask whether we, notwithstanding our

enlightenment, are not in some respect being deceived. We know that, barring any consideration of blood relationship, the three bonds that bind us together, are the church, the state and the social circle. We know also that all three of these ties have at times had their formalities covering individuals and their actions that would not bear the light of inspection. But of these bonds, the church and the state have had their image breakers. They have had their Luthers and Wesleys, their American patriots and their French Revolutionists. The social circle has never experienced any violent upheaval. Its iconoclasts are the tastes of the people; The masses bow before whatever social class they will and if they so desire, will continue bowing before that class forevermore.

Before whom then, I ask, are we making our obeisance? The one asking such a question, you must refer to the Empire City of the Western world, to our fashionable metropolis, the great hub of our social wheel. Here we note a wonderful transformation has taken place. The old Knickerbocker Society, so famous fifty years ago on Fifth Avenue, has moved out from its habitations. The Plutocracy from Wall Street, has moved in. The old Knickerbockers and their glory have departed forever, while \$20,000,000 families or \$30,000,000 families, some from Pondunk, others from Oskosh, and still others from Kalamazoo, have taken up the deserted habitudes. We no longer bow before the cradle, we now bow be-



fore the money-bag. In view, then, of this significant change, it is no unimportant question for an American to put to himself. "Who is our Aristocracy?"

The *Aristos* or best man, who is he? Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Mallock, have each in succession refuted his predecessor's theory as regards the great man's relation to progress. But the man himself, who is he? Is he not, in all cases, a seeker after, and, in most cases, a finder and a revealer of the truth? His criterion is either the vitality or the veracity of his vision. He does, Prometheus-like, take principles from above and set them on foot among living men. Such are the *Aristos*. Their treatment at our hands is the same as that which Lucius Junius received at the hands of the Romans. They called him Brutus, that is to say, the Dullard; because he acted not after the manner of the Court. But it was this same so-called witless man and he only who could rightly interpret the oracular voice from the Delphian Temple. Is it a coming together of such individuals as these in the circles of society about which we make so much ado?

This coming together in the social circle, what does it mean? We have our fashions, our manners and our customs. We have our bendings, our bowings and our genuflections? we have our long cut coats and our short cut coats, our trailing gowns and our gowns that do not trail. But this

coming together in the circle of society, what, in its essence, does it mean? Is it not at bottom, the symposium for the cultivation of the human mind? Here lies the true ideal, the second side of our life. Here like meets like, Greek meets Greek, heart to heart and soul to soul. Here there is an interchange of ideas and sentiments, and is not that the best society, the society capable of leadership, the aristocratical society, if you will, where the noblest sentiments and the most valuable ideas are interchanged to the best advantage?

Such is the real aristocratic gathering. To incline the knee to any other, as such, to curtsy to empty forms, formalities, and sleek outside coverings, mere hulls and cockle shells, is in every place and at every age, to delude and mislead the essential conceptions of the understanding. One more inquiry only remains. Are we and our insular brothers across the water being deceived? If so, then our deception lies in the bases upon which we make our choice.

The Englishman makes his choice upon the basis of birth. In England, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons are born. They move in the charms of royalty. They take precedence at court and sit high in public places; and the populace gazes with awe upon them. But where are the *Aristoi*? Your Gladstones are sitting at the foot of the throne. Your Swifts and your Temples when at public receptions take their allotted positions below the salt and the pepper. They

make their journeys in inferior apartments reserving the upper ones for sporting barons and fox hunting squires. Whence that old adage of the Preacher's is still applicable; "I have seen servants upon horses and princes walking as servants upon the earth."

We Americans choose upon the bases of wealth. The statue of liberty stands in New York Harbor holding high its burning torch enlightening the world. Our Declaration of Independence proclaims that men are born free and equal. Therefore, we are not blinded like our transatlantic brethren. We choose upon the basis of wealth, and, as surely as wheat bends before the wind, we are bending before (those god-cherished sons of destiny) the sons of millionaires, of oil well owners, managers, of steel mills, and of railroad presidents. They dwell in the aristocratical mansions of our greatest city. We view their towering dwellings with wonder and amazement, the passport to which dwellings and the social circle that revolves around them is any where upward from \$20,000,000. The inhabi-

tants of these mansions and their doings are always bruited in our ears. But where are our scholars, our retired statesmen, our heroes of the army and the navy? After a few claps and hurrahs, they have sunk into oblivion, they dwell with Elijah and Elisha, in the caves of the land. Do not disturb their melancholy retreats. The ravens will feed them. We must devote our attention to our Jehorams, our Jehus and our Ahabs.

But as every dog has a day, the time may come when the rulership of the money-bag will find its image breakers. Then with sharpened visions we will be able to peer thru coverings and wrappages and see the essence that lives within them. Then, while the sun of our materialistic subservity casts its yellow gleams upon western windows and another orb begins to rise in the east then the man with an idea creeping forth from his dusty hiding place will shine before the people. They will recognize him to be what he is the *Aristos* and the frequent assemblies of such persons to be what they are, our Aristocracy.

E. F. WARRINGTON, '07.

## A FOSSIL DREAM.

The sun now is burning himself all away,  
As he has been for many and many a day  
Since first he took fire in the long silent night,  
And winking thru space, furnished earth her first light.



If Sol could just speak thru the unmeasured space  
As it keeps him from growing too warm to our race,  
And give us a chapter of things he has seen  
Since the mist took its shape and old earth did begin,

He'd stir us with tales of disquieting quiet ;  
Of the listless old sea with no life in 't or nigh it ;  
Of millions of years with their snails and their shells,  
Ere the grasshopper hopped o'er the grass in the dells.

Then skipping a billion of years in his tale,  
Thru the time that dread silence grew more dread and stale,  
He'd come thru the ages to more recent time,  
Which geologists tell us is ainos behind.

He'd tell us of worms he saw wearing plaid husks,  
Of bugs big as Mars, of the horses with tusks,  
Of the three horned dingus with eyes all of green  
In his wrapper more startling than Paris has seen.

Of stories for Friday no fish tales he lacks  
(Those marvelous monsters had hair on their backs !)  
How cold blooded Ichthyosauri did broil  
As they fought one another in battle quite royal !

But Cambrian life was a thing out of date  
When Plesiosaur's appetite did abate.  
Its ninety foot dragons and snakes, too, are gone  
And Archeopteryx exists but in song.

Silurian's Trilobite, shrivelled and dead,  
Deeply buried in stone, hides his fossiled old head.  
Ichthusaurus, as needing both fetters and stocks,  
Is chained in the mountains of stratified rocks.

The sun is still burning himself all away.  
Standard oil now is king night and day.  
The grafter owns country the healer owns town.  
What sights old Sol sees as the ages roll round !

The things may have lived that have loomed in this dream—  
May be not. But who knows? Have we men who have seen ?  
And why need we care for the things of a day ?  
Old Sol thru new ages will burn as to-day.

FOSTER, '06.

## THE ANARCHIST.

## I.

**I** t was June, and through my windows came the sweet, penetrating odor of roses. And welcome it was. All day I had sat at my desk, with the half-finished plans before me. This was the first work I had had since I came to London in May, and naturally I desired these plans to be especially good. But a day in a close room is sufficient to make even the perfume of roses a welcome relief, so I went to the window to inhale a little of the cool air that was blowing. Outside the dirty, ragged newsboys were running to and fro among the crowds selling their papers. Calling one of these to me, I purchased a paper, and noticed a surprised look on the face of the boy before me.

"I say, mister," he said, "you'd better dodge." Then he was gone. Very queer behavior I thought, but I was not long in finding the cause. As I casually spread the paper out before me, I noticed in the center of the first page, my picture. What could it mean? Was my employer so satisfied with my work that he thought it necessary for the public to know I was in London? But no, what was this? Under the picture (and certainly it was mine) was written:

"Michael Cardolli, the famous anarchist, who was imprisoned here last March, on a charge of attempting to murder the King, has escaped. It is thought that he is in hiding in the Italian quarter as he himself is of that

race, and probably has friends who will gladly conceal him. He is a danger to the government and any information concerning him or his whereabouts will please be forwarded to the police. He may be identified by the above photograph."

You can imagine my consternation and—to tell the truth—my alarm, on seeing my photograph overtopping the description of what I knew to be, one of the most desperate members of the anarchistic societies in Europe. There must be some great mistake, I told myself, or—could it be that this was the photograph of Cardolli? Such resemblances have been known. And then I noticed that his dress was different from any I had ever worn, and I remembered that my dark complexion had often led people to the belief that I was Italian, although I am truly British. But still the likeness was remarkable, and might cause trouble for me here in London where I knew no one. Of course, I would be able to prove to the authorities that I was not Cardolli by communication with my family and associates in Birmingham, but nevertheless it might be troublesome. The newsboy who sold me the paper might, in hope of reward bring the police to my office at any moment, and surely Mrs. Curley, the mistress of the house where I boarded, would lose no time in ridding herself of so objectionable a boarder, by speedily informing the authorities. Oh! this was unfortunate.



But I went back to my work, and tried to convince myself that no one would compare my face with that of the noted desperado. But I could not rid myself of the feeling that something would happen, and soon. And something did happen.

I was just marking down the measurements of a figure in my drawing, when the door opened and a poorly clothed Italian lad stood bowing and fumbling with his hat before me. He was mumbling some words in Italian, and as my work has carried me into all parts of the world, the language was familiar to me. I caught the name Terranova and I was instantly on the alert. This man I knew was the desperado in league with Cardolli at the time of the latter's arrest. Then from the lining of his hat he produced a dirty, tumbled note which he handed to me. I saw it was written in Italian so I spread it on the desk and read:

"You fool, hide yourself. Don't think the people won't know you because you have taken an office. We need you. Now is the time to strike. We have changed our headquarters. By all means come to-night to 26 Bonvard street. TERRANOVO."

I understood at once that my likeness to Cardolli had fooled even his desperate band of anarchists. Should I tell this boy the mistake? No. They would not believe it and if they should, with the knowledge I possessed. It would be extremely dangerous to me. And then, why not act the part of Cardolli? I might get available informa-

tion for the police, in that way. But there was a difficulty. Cardolli was at large and had not yet joined his band. At any time he was likely to appear, and—my life would not be worth a snap of the fingers. But the boy was waiting for an answer so I hurriedly scrawled a reply. It ran:

"Count on me. I will be there at eight. Have the entire gang on hand."

CARDOLLI."

"Take this back with you," I told the boy, "and give it to Terranova himself. If you don't, you know the penalty. Go!"

"Si, signor," he said, and was gone.

By this time my brain was in a whirl. What should I do? To fail to meet the appointment might be fatal—to me at least, and I was not prepared to face the probabilities of an Italian stiletto. But there were other things to be considered. If I did as Terranova demanded, and closed my office, my engineering work would, doubtless, be injured, injured far beyond my ability to repair. But I was determined. The scent of adventure and excitement was in the air, and I, a man who had lived and fought in most of the countries of Europe, was far from being able to resist the temptation of following the trail to the end.

So I closed the office and went to my boarding house for a revolver and some money. The landlady was out so I met with no embarrassing questions. Then I locked my door and went out, and as I came into the night I looked up at the moon, which was

shining so brightly, and it gave me courage, and I smiled at its wrinkled face, and thought: "If I win, all the world will know. If I lose, well—God help me." And I made my way to the Italian quarter.

## II.

Number 26 stood out dark and foreboding. There were no lights to relieve the monotony of the darkness, and I seemed almost spectre-like with the moon and the stars of a June night gleaming down upon it.

The house stood alone, surrounded by a few trees and many bushes, where guards could easily be stationed to give the alarm in case the meetings should be discovered by the authorities. Immediately across from the house was an alley, darker and more foreboding if possible than the house itself. To tell the entire truth I was scared, but to make it appear better I will say I was nervous. All the way along the square, I walked slowly and on tip-toe, fearing lest I should be heard by some one in the old yard. I walked on the opposite side of the street from that on which the house was situated.

As yet I had heard no sound, had seen no person. It seemed like the whole street was deserted. A struggle was going on in my breast. Should I cross and knock at the door? Once I started, and drew back. The suspense was nerve-rendering. Fear had taken possession of me, and (I shame to tell it) I was on the point of retracing my steps to my boarding house and letting things take their course, when sud-

denly I heard a step and saw a blue uniform policeman crossing the street below. I dodged into the alley and waited until he had passed, then I stood watching the house. I had waited but a few minutes when suddenly a dark form glided up to the door of the old house. He knocked. It was a peculiar knock, and I trembled when I thought of the narrow escape I had made. Of course the society had a secret rap, why had I not thought of that before? Suppose I had crossed a few minutes sooner? But I knew I must wait here until I could learn the knock. Soon another figure glided up and rapped, but I could not catch the sound. At last, however, my vigil was rewarded. A strong breeze was blowing through the trees in my direction and when a third man rapped the sound came distinctly to me.

"Rap—rap—rap, rap, rap—rap," it sounded, and when the door had closed behind the figure I merged from the alley and ran swiftly across the narrow thoroughfare. I did not hesitate now, my mind was fixed. Up the rickety steps I hurried and faced the huge oaken door. Then I raised my hand and struck the panel.

"Rap—rap—rap, rap, rap—rap." My heart was in my mouth, and the second which followed my knock seemed an eternity. Then the door swung open and I hastily entered a dark hallway.

"Welcome, Cardolli, welcome," said a soft Italian voice. It seemed like that greeting was not as plotter to plotter,



but as friend to friend, man to man. This must be Terranova, I told myself, so I responded :

"Well met, Terranova. And how are you?"

"Ah, ha, you honor me," came the voice, laughingly, "the dark causes many mistakes. Terranova is upstairs. I am .acco."

I grasped the situation. I had made a mistake, but an excusable one. So I laughed.

"The prison must have indeed wrought wonders, my man, that I should take your voice for Terranova's."

Then came the knock, and Pacco ushered in a man, huge and muscular, I saw, as his body stood in the doorway framed by the light of the moon. I noticed also that he was not Italian.

"Perkins" said Pacco, "welcome back our chief," the hand of the big fellow, an Irishman as I found, caught my right in a vice-like grip.

"Right welcome ye are," he said heartily, and led the way up the staircase. "We've important bizness t' tend to to-night. Ye busted jail jist in time." I nodded. Of course he couldn't see me but I suppose he understood. We stumbled several times getting up stairs, but when we reached the top, Perkins led the way through a narrow passage and at a turn, the light pouring through a doorway, for the moment, blinded us.

Then we entered a room, which in day time, would be dark and bleak, but when a light had illuminated it, was cheerful and almost cozy. Its small

windows faced a court in the center of the building, thus preventing the rays of light from any observer in the street. In the center of the room was a large table, around which were seated eight men. All were desperate looking fellows with faces as hard as iron, and with jaws of steel.

"Ah! at last," exclaimed a large Italian, at one end of the table. "Good evening to you, Cardolli. It has been long since you were with us. The prison seems to have served you better than others. Here, Michael, are four new members of our gang, Le Fevre, Boswell, Courtney, Tanberg, this is your chief."

I looked from one to the other of the men and saw in each the same marked determination. Le Fevre, a Frenchman, was short and narrow of chest, while his every movement was snake-like and impulsive. His little black eyes seemed to pierce one's very soul; especially did it seem so to me, who was an intruder in this band. His waxed mustache twitched disagreeably, giving, at times, the appearance of a knowing smile, and now making me quake in my boots. Then I looked at the two Englishmen, Boswell and Courtney. The former had a face, frank and open, one that you would expect to find on a young minister; one that men would trust and women love. And I wondered how many people had been deceived by that high forehead and handsome face. The latter possessed the physiognomy of a sneak; one who is ever glancing over his shoulder to

see if he is watched ; one made nervous and fiendish by this constant fear of suspect, and I wondered which of the two was the worse. Then I turned to Tanberg. His features were decidedly German, and his large face showed signs of inebriety. It was I decided, that of an opium eater. But instead of dulling the wits of this large, burly German, the deadly drug seemed to sharpen them. One would tell at a glance that this man was shrewd and cautious, and the one to be feared more than any of the gang. Now he was regarding me quizzically, and as his eyes burned into my heart, I felt that I was lost. But I remembered that he was a new member of the gang, and had probably never seen Cardolli.

The rest I was supposed to know, so I shook hands all around.

"I'm glad to get back among you, men," I said, "we are all here, I presume? Yes? Well, let us get to work. The sooner the better." And I wondered at my coolness.

It was a heterogeneous crowd that was before me, ready, I knew, to murder kings, or emperors, or presidents, and a chill ran through me. It seemed as if almost every nation was represented in this gang. Besides those already mentioned there was a Swede, a Dane, and a Russian. This made the ten and as we seated ourselves at the table, determination was written on every face.

"We have decided," Terranova said, addressing me, "to strike ; to drive terror into the very heart of the world,

and you have just come in time to lead us. In the afternoon of the twenty-ninth of June, between the hours of one and three, each man of our gang must kill, by some means, a ruler of his country. Ha! Cardolli, what do you think of that? Is not that a plan to be proud of? And, Michael, we will be able to carry out that plan."

"Diablo," I cried, although my heart was sick within me, "let us strike. Down with all rulers."

"Good," cried Terranova, "boys our leader is with us." We had talked in Italian, but the last sentence he said in English.

"When the Czar goes to review his troupes on the twenty-ninth," Terranova continued, "Vininsky here, will be among his body guards. Assassination will be easy. When the Emperor William goes to Hamburg, Tanberg will be on the train. When Monsieur, the President of France dines, Le Fevere will wait on the table, and will stand behind the president's chair, of course. Boswell and Courtney will be on hand when King Edward receives the Prime Minister of England at the Castle, and our Irish member, Perkins, will call on the Lord Mayor of London. The Swede will do good work in Sweden and Kreblo, the Dane, in Denmark ; while you, Cardolli can do the glorious act of killing the King of Italy. I am going to Spain. Do you agree?"

My blood was running cold in my veins and my brain was in a whirl. O, the horror of it all ! Here were men



joking about murder and planning assassination, the like of which has never been known since genesis of time. And the piercing eye of Boswell was looking at me, nay, he was reading my very thoughts.

"What do you think of our plans?" he asked, in English. And I noticed a smile gathering at the corners of his mouth.

"Your plans are superb," I cried, also in English, and the twenty-ninth of June will be remembered, eh, Terranova?"

But Terranova looked amazed and his face was darker than ever.

"You did not speak English when you were arrested," he said. If I had been standing, I would have fallen. As it was, I was trembling violently.

"I—I have le—learned since?" I stuttered.

Then the Frenchman spoke to me in French. O! I was not to be caught this time so I shook my head.

"You could speak French before you were arrested," Terranova hissed. Well that was all.

In a trice I was looking into the barrels of nine revolvers and nine faces were scowling at me behind them and nine fingers pressed against nine triggers, and I saw that my end had come. I was standing now and had seized a chair for support. All was hazy before my eyes, and I was tottering. Then I heard a great peal of laughter and as I looked, then before me were, no, not nine desperadoes, but nine of my Oxford classmates.

"Yes," Jack Worcester was saying, "we all decided to try our luck in London, so we rented this house for Bachelor quarters and formed a club, and when we saw Cardolli's picture in this morning's paper we formed this plan of initiation. And now, Tom, or rather Signor Cardolli will you join the honorable order of Flat Heads?"

"Most certainly," I gasped, but first get me some B. and S."

H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.

## LOCALS.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08, Editor.

The June number of the REVIEW will be fully illustrated and nearly twice the usual size. Persons desiring extra copies should order them from Keppel who, if requested, will mail them to any given address without extra charge.

Lester E. Voss has been elected captain of the 1907 basket ball team.

All copy for the June REVIEW must be in by Monday, June 4.

Under the direction of manager Harkness the tennis courts have been put in good condition and a new wire netting put up to stop the balls. The courts are much used.

The question of the month: "What's in the Derelict about me?"

Dr. Dawson has announced that S. L. Hamilton has won the first and C. P. Messick the second Bush Literary prize.

## LIKE ONE I HEARD.

*Bright Things Over Which People Have Laughed.*

### All Wrong.

Captain William Ellinger, the noted oyster grower of Chesapeake Bay, said recently:

"The oyster business is in a bad way. Oysters are getting scarce. They are not planted in the right manner, and they are not gathered in the right manner. The government must soon step in and give us a change or eventually there will be no more left. Things are all wrong as they are—as wrong as the English with the letter 'h.'

"Once, in Banbury, I dined with an English farmer. We had ham for dinner, a very delicious ham, baked. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father,' he said.

The farmer frowned.

"Don't say 'am, son,' he said, 'say 'am.'

"I did say 'am,' the lad protested in an injured tone.

"You said 'am,' cried the father fiercely. "Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am.'

"In the midst of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me with a little deprecatory laugh, and said:

"They both think they're sayin' 'am.' "



### A Different Luminary.

An old mountaineer of Tennessee had just been convicted for illicit distilling when the judge, who was about to pronounce sentence, asked him what

was his christian name.

"Joshua," replied the prisoner.

"Joshua?" queried the judge, who was in a jocose mood, "are you the fellow we read about who kept the sun shining?"

"No, your Honor," said the prisoner, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm the man who made the 'moonshine.' "—  
Short Stories.



### Not Wanting To Compete With Dickens.

Recently a large publishing house advertised in the local papers for a porter for the store. There were many applicants; among them a big, muscular Irishman, who walked into the store and glanced about rather uncertainly. Finally his eyes rested on a big sign over a table filled with books: "Dickens' Works all this Week for \$4."

The Irishman read it, scratched his head then edged toward the door. A clerk stopped him and asked pleasantly if there was something he wanted.

"Oi come in t' git th' job, but Oi'll not care f'r it; Dickens can worruk all th' week f'r four dollars if he wants to' Oi'll not. Ye'd better kape him." And he strode out the door.—The Searchlight.



"Ethel," the girl's father called from above stairs.

"Yes, father. What is it?" she answered.

"Just tell your young man to be careful and not trip over the morning's milk when he goes out."



---

Published monthly during the school year by students of Delaware College

---

Entered at the Newark, Delaware, postoffice, as second class matter

---

Subscription \$1 00 a year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be addressed to The DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW, Newark, Delaware.

---

### EDITORIAL BOARD

JOS. H. PERKINS, '07, Editor-in-Chief.

EVERETT F. WARRINGTON, '07, Literary.

W. VAUGHAN DERBY, '06, Athletic.

CHARLES P. MESSICK, '07, Exchange.

EDWIN HARKNESS, '06, Y. M. C. A.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08, Local.

LAURENCE E. CAIN, '07, Inter-Collegiate.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '08, De Alumnis.

PAUL H. KEPPEL, '07, Business Manager.

---

### EDITORIAL

#### A MILE STONE.

It seems only yesterday that we took control of this paper, stated our policy and began to learn the ropes; and yet, since then nearly a whole scholastic year has passed and another volume of the REVIEW has been issued. Custom and precedent command "Tell them what you have done and *why* you have done it so poorly—make excuses!" but that is unnecessary: you, who have been interested in our efforts have noted our faults and mistakes. They have been many; but there would have been more had it not been for the encouragement and support given us by several members of the Faculty, Alumni and student body. To Dr. Dawson, whose sincere interest, wise counsel, and well directed criticism has kept our editorial board afloat, and to Professor Short who has greatly aided Editor Herrmann to secure the material for the "Alumni Notes," we are greatly indebted and only regret that our hearty thanks and appreciation are all that we now can give "on account."

Rather than be bored with a "Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness" the Press Association has decided to retain for another year the same management with a few changes in the members of the staff: So for another year we sit the judge of the College, the arbiter of customs, the mentor of the Faculty and the father of Freshmen.

We regret the loss from our staff of Warrington, Taylor, Derby and Harkness, who, as their respective departments have shown, have worked faithfully and well. To H. A. Miller who is already well known to the readers of the REVIEW, A. J. Stockly, Lester Voss, G. A. Papperman and Robert Burns, who have recently been elected to our staff we give a hearty welcome, and believe that they will work zealously for these pages.

We hope and shall strive to make the next volume of the REVIEW more worthy of this institution; but, the support given by the students, will decide whether or not they will have cause to be proud of their College paper.

## THE MAN AND THE BOY.

Some time ago the editor received a letter from an old Delaware student now attending another institution. Among many other interesting things, he described the character of a student mass meeting which he had recently attended. We venture to say that to any one else but a Delaware student the description—tho well written—would have attracted little attention and have had no significance.

The freshman year is preeminently a year of transition from the boy to the man. With the sophomore year should come many of the emotions, the ambitions and the aspirations of a man. The upper classmen are supposed to be in the position to say "when I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things." However, it is very evident that some have completed the freshman year—and a few the higher years—without acquiring the characteristics of the man, and that a number of overgrown children have managed to enter our midst and disturb our student meetings.

If the object of these meetings is to educate a crowd of fearless clowns and to give an opportunity to a number of would-be wits to win their just position in the estimation of the more earnest and sane students, then, they are a success—a "rousing" success. But in reality they are a discredit to the College, a disgrace to the students and a display of childishness, uncalled for and undesired.

A little wit and humor is often an useful attribute of a public meeting; but, there is fun for the man and fun for the child and here it frequently happens that the latter predominates. Just as essential to a student meeting is enthusiasm; but, if we discriminate between noise that is only noise and noise which is the expression of enthusiasm it will not be difficult to decide which prevails in our meetings.

We hope that in the future each individual student will endeavor to uphold the dignity of our student meetings. Be a man—that's all.



## WILL YOU SUPPORT IT?

In two weeks "The 1907 Derelict" will be out. On another page we publish a short and by no means full description of the book from which you may gain some idea of its character. The Juniors have endeavored to make "The 1907 Derelict" not only the finest publication ever issued by the students and authorities of Delaware College but as fine in both appearance and contents as any similar publication issued in this country. To do this has required a great amount of money and in order to gain the necessary popular support the editors have tried to make the book not merely a Junior class book but a Delaware College book, which they hope will interest every one connected with or interested



in the College. Upon the financial support given—the number of copies bought by the Trustees, the Faculty, the Alumni, the students and the friends of the College practically rests the success of “The 1907 Derelict” and the encouragement given to students to publish similar books in the future. If the editors have accomplished that which they have tried to do: accurately portrayed our college life and have gotten out a book which will serve to give the public a full and clear idea of this institution and its student organizations, then, since the book will be an inestimable advertisement and a beautiful souvenir of the College it should have the required support.

### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

W. E. HARKNESS, JR., '06, Editor.

Plans will soon be made for organizing our forces and making ready to put forth a vigorous and systematic effort among the new students next September. The idea in beginning this work early is to make sure of having sufficient time to mature plans and to avoid leaving the preparation until the last moment when it is liable to be crowded out by other things and forgotten. There is no time to arrange for campaign work when we return after the vacation—the new men must be reached at once. We sincerely wish that abundant support may be given us in the undertaking.

The course in Bible study furnished in “Studies in Old Testament Characters” has proved a delightful one. Those who have been pursuing the lessons outlined in this book have invariably testified to its merits as an instrument for giving one an insight into the spirit of those ancient characters and their times, to say nothing of the personal spiritual development which one receives from the daily con-

templation of these men, their lives and relations to God and other men. Twenty-six of the thirty studies have been completed, so that we shall all be able to just finish the course by the close of the term.

### “THE 1907 DERELICT.”

In order that the students and the public may have some idea of the size and scope of “The 1907 Derelict” we publish the following brief description: The book will be neatly bound in leather and blue cloth and will contain at least 240 pages; printed on 140 lbs. highly calendared white enamel paper. Unlike the last Derelict, it will open from the long side. To His Excellency, Hon. Preston Lea, Governor of Delaware, the book will be dedicated. Directly before the title page there will be a tinted picture of the Dormitory steps. Of each member of the Faculty there will be an individual picture and a short history. There will also be an individual picture and a short, humorous, right-to-the point write-up, about each member of the Senior and Junior class. There will be group pictures

of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, and of all student organizations and athletic teams. Numerous drawings, front pieces, tail and head pieces, and photographs of the College buildings, laboratories, class-rushes, and scenes around Newark will appear throughout the book. There will be the words and music of the principal College song and the words of several others. The literary part of the book will contain many sketches, stories, jokes and poems which have as their theme either the personalities of the Faculty and students or something directly associated with the college. Small pictures of scenes in Newark will appear here and there among the advertisements. In one portion of the book the name, position, and address of the members of the Alumni will be given, so that the book will be of unusual interest to all past students of the College.

### NEW REVIEW STAFF ELECTED.

The Press Association, presided over by President Griffin, '06, met on Monday, May 7, and elected the following officers, whose term of office begins with the June number of the Review: President, Claude Diffenderfer, '07; Vice President, Seruch T. Kimble, '08; Secretary and Treasurer, T. B. Smith, '07; Editor in Chief, Joseph H. Perkins, '07; Associate Editor, Charles A. Messick, '07; Literary Editor, H. A. Miller, '08; Local Editor, Lawrence E. Cain, '07; Athletic Editor, Lester E. Voss, '07; Exchange Editor, G. A.

Papperman, '09; Inter-Collegiate, A. J. Stockly, '08; Business Manager, Paul Keppel, '07; Assistant Business Manager, Robert Burns, '08.

There has been laid on the table for two weeks a proposed amendment to the constitution, which, if passed, will authorize the Local Editor to request each student organization of the College to elect a reporter, who shall write up the doings of his respective organization and give the same to him, the Local Editor. If the organizations elect able men the public will know exactly what they are doing and the local columns of the paper will be greatly improved.

### DE ALUMNIS.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '07, Editor.

We regret to report that Chas. P. Murry, '78, accountant for the Edge Moor Iron and Bridge Co., and The American Bridge Co., has for over six months been ill with nervous prostration.

Raymond DuHadway, '94, who has been attending the Goettingen University in Europe has returned to the states and is now a professor in an Ohio college.

Robert Miller, of the Wells Miller Co., returned to Washington, after spending four weeks in Wilmington with his friends.

George MacIntire, '96, has again recovered his health and is now tutoring in Wilmington.

Donnell Marshall is in the insur-



ance business with his father who is state insurance commissioner.

Dr. Harter recently met J. Vance Craig who is in the feed brokerage business at Washington, and Dr. Harlan Wells who is resident physician in the Hahnemann hospital.

William Harrington, '02, and of Mass. Inst. Tec., '05, is with Mr. Pierce, of the DuPont Powder Co., at Washburn, Minnesota.

Frank O. McSorely, '99, has returned from the West to take the civil service examinations of the postal department.

At a meeting of the Phi Kappa Phi fraternity to be held May 25, 1906, the following will be initiated: '95, W. W. Harrington, Esq.; '98, Hugh M. Morris, Esq.; '99, Dr. G. Harlan Wells; '00, Mr. T. B. McKeon; '00, Mr. C. I. Hvland; '04, Mr. R. B. Chillas; '04, Mr. Geo. E. Dutton; '04, Mr. Oliver C. Short; '06, Mr. C. W. Clash; '06, Mr. W. T. Moore.

Messrs. Cecil C. MacDonnel and J. Emory Clupman, of the class 1901, and W. S. Kennady, Jr., class 1905, will be initiated June 19, 1906.

The second annual anniversary dance of the Kappa Alpha fraternity was held Friday evening, April 27. Among those who honored us by their presence were Lucien Green, Stewart Graves, Joseph Brewster, Samuel Marshall, Morton Stevens, Ralph Bowler, Linford Cooper, Frank Evans and George Hessler.

## ORATORICAL CONTEST.

In the oratorical contest held in the

College Oratory, on Tuesday evening, April 26, under the auspices of the department of scientific temperance instruction of the W. C. T. U., the first prize of thirty five dollars was won by S. L. Hamilton, and the second prize of fifteen dollars by G. A. Papperman. A large audience was in attendance and the speeches were greeted with much applause. Rev. W. J. Roman, Ph. D., was the presiding officer and Messrs. Brooks, Carroll, Spaid, County Superintendents of the Public Schools of Delaware, acted as judges. The following is the program:

### PROGRAM.

1. Music - College Orchestra
2. Oration—"Alcohol the Enemy of Humanity," Jacob Taubenhau
3. Oration—"Warning Against Intemperance," - C. P. Messick
4. Oration—"Liquor Laws in the Eye of Political Science,"  
E. F. Warrington
5. Music - College Orchestra
6. Oration—"Scientific Investigation and Instruction,"  
G. A. Papperman
7. Oration—"Drink Versus Manhood," - S. D. Hamilton
8. Oration—"Alcoholism and Degeneracy," - W. E. Harkness, Jr.

*The Review invites letters from the members of the Faculty, Alumni and Student-body. Letters of not more than 500 words, bearing the writer's name, and free from offensive personalities will be published. The writer's views need not necessarily coincide with those of the Review.*

## ATHLETICS.

W. V. DERBY, '06, Editor.  
BASE BALL.

Delaware started out this spring with almost a new team, of which Freshmen formed the greater part. Stewart, Murray and Taylor are the only old men remaining.

The first game was scheduled for April 4, so manager Lovett, the old mother bird, thinking it time her nestlings were leaving the nest, took them on a short flight to South Bethlehem, where their wings were slightly singed by a score of 13 to 1.

The next game was with M. A. C. at Newark, and altogether a better showing was made, although Delaware was again defeated 13 to 10. The game itself was very interesting and exciting, M. A. C. being an old rival in both athletics and oratory.

On April 28, we played P. M. C. at Chester with a result of 5 to 2 in Delaware's favor.

The scrub, or rather the Delaware College Reserves, having for a captain the renowned twirler, "Zeke" Kimble, and for a manager, Mr. Herbert Ridgely, have been giving the Varsity good practice, and with the exception of the first, have made a good showing in outside games.

The first was with Goldey College, played at Wilmington. Score, 14 to 5 in favor of Goldey's.

The second game was played with the Wilmington High School at Newark, April 27, resulting in a score of 13 to 6 in favor of the Reserves.

On May 4 the Reserves played Cecil County High School at Newark. Score, 13 to 7 for the Reserves.

The fourth game was played at Annville, Pa., on May 5, where we met the strong Lebanon Valley team. Here we had a battle royal, the game going 13 innings before the deciding run was finally gotten by Lebanon, who won, 3 to 2. Both pitchers had perfect control. Stewart striking out 20 men and Reese a close second with 18. Another feature was the batting of M'Andrews for Lebanon, who drove in every run for his side and got a home run to his credit.

### RELAY TEAM.

On April 28 Delaware was again represented at the annual U. of P. meet held at Franklin field, making a very good showing. Although given a very poor start they managed to come off with third place in a very close race, the time being 3.35. This is a decided improvement over the showing made there by our team in previous years and shows a great advance in the interest and in the standing of our track team. Captain Voss is to be greatly commended for the care he took in training the team. The men ran in the following order: 1, Baldwin; 2, Buckmaster; 3, Cramer; 4, Voss, Captain.



## EXCHANGE NOTES.

CHARLES P. MESSICK, '07, Editor.

For the last time we seat ourselves at the exchange table for the perusal of our exchanges, and when we look back over our work, we indeed feel that the retrospect is not pleasing. The question: What have we accomplished? naturally arises, and we must admit even to ourselves that we have been derelict in our work, and if not a failure the exchange column has, at any rate, not been what it is possible to make it. However we think that the fault which we attribute to ourselves can be laid at the doors of almost every exchange editor on our list. A few jokes, a cut at some sister institution, a superficial appreciation of some few literary productions, constitute our work, and tho it requires much labor and thought, we believe that this universally neglected department of college papers is one of the most important. Thru these columns only can our appreciation or criticisms be expressed and surely this

work should be done faithfully and well. Honest criticism of our paper, or of any of the departments, always appreciated since by these alone can we improve our work. We are "in the business," not to glide along smoothly and self-satisfied, let our work be what it may, but to profit by the thoughts and suggestions of others and to increase the worth of our paper that it may reflect credit on our editorial board and on our institution. We also believe that this same spirit pervades the whole world of college journalism, and with this worthy object as our goal it behooves us, nay, our positions demand that we be not unfaithful to our trust. Therefore we would council our successor and all other ex-men to be energetic in the performance of their duties and thus make this department the very life of their papers.



## The Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia

### DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE

Has a carefully graded course of four sessions of eight months each. Noteworthy features are: Free Quizzes; Limited Ward Classes; Clinical Conferences; Modified Seminar Methods, and thoroughly Practical Instruction. Particular attention to laboratory work and ward classes and bedside teaching. Clinical facilities unexcelled.

The clinical amphitheatre is the largest and finest in the world, the hospital is newly reconstructed and thoroughly modern in every respect, and the new laboratories are specially planned and equipped for individual work by the students.

The College has also a Department of Dentistry, and a Department of Pharmacy. For announcements or further information apply to

**SENECA EGBERT, M. D., Dean of the Department of Medicine.**





## NOTICE TO STUDENTS.

Below you will find a list of the advertisers in the REVIEW. They deserve your patronage not only because they are reliable but because they help to support this paper.

### LIST OF ADVERTISERS

City Steam Laundry.....	Newark, Del.
Golden Eagle Tea Company.....	Newark, Del.
S. A. Roach, Ice Cream, etc.....	Newark, Del.
J. F. Willis, Contractor.....	Newark, Del.
Deer Park Hotel.....	Newark, Del.
Washington Hotel.....	Newark, Del.
Delaware College.....	Newark, Del.
George R. Powell, Ice Cream, etc.....	Newark, Del.
G. Fader, Baker.....	Newark, Del.
H. Warner McNeal, Coal, etc.....	Newark, Del.
Edward McPike, Barber.....	Newark, Del.
Eben Frazer, Druggist.....	Newark, Del.
Ernest Frazer, Groceries.....	Newark, Del.
C. P. Steele, Butcher.....	Newark, Del.
Lovetts', Furniture.....	Newark, Del.
Motherals, Groceries.....	Newark, Del.
R. R. Lovett, Cigars, etc.....	Newark, Del.
William H. Cook, Green Grocer.....	Newark, Del.
S. L. Cann, Milk.....	Newark, Del.
J. Rankin Armstrong, Dry Goods.....	Newark, Del.
P. M. Sherwood, Laundry.....	Newark, Del.
J. W. Brown, Grocer.....	Newark, Del.
B. F. Eubanks, Barber.....	Newark, Del.
Strahorn & Bro., Livery.....	Newark, Del.
Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company.....	Wilmington, Del.
J. Paul Brown, Photographer.....	Wilmington, Del.
Cummings, Photographer.....	Wilmington, Del.
Mullin's, Clothing.....	Wilmington, Del.
Ainscow's Restaurant.....	Wilmington, Del.
H. W. Vandever Co., Athletic Goods.....	Wilmington, Del.
Garrett Miller & Co., Electrical Supplies.....	Wilmington, Del.
Edward Hanna, Caterer.....	Wilmington, Del.
Stewart & Stien.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Rodgers.....	Wilmington, Del.
Wright & Davidson, Clothing.....	Wilmington, Del.
Goldey College.....	Wilmington, Del.
M. Matthes, Meat.....	Wilmington, Del.
S. H. Baynard, Jeweler.....	Wilmington, Del.
Wm. Lawton, Jeweler.....	Wilmington, Del.
Snellenbergs, Clothing.....	Wilmington, Del.
Wanamaker & Brown.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Marshall E. Smith & Bro., Athletic Goods.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Stephen Lane Folger, Jeweler.....	New York City

# Snellenburg's CLOTHING

Wilmington, Del.

---

*J. Paul Brown*

---

The Leading **Photographer** of Delaware

SPECIAL RATES FOR STUDENTS PICTURES

617 Market Street  
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

---



## It Tickles Him

when he gets a piece of our fine Ham or Boneless Bacon for breakfast. What more appetizing, what more satisfying than good ham, good bacon—the only kind we sell, for we take special pains in selecting dried and salt meats.

**M. MATTHES**  
**MEATS**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Wilmington, - - - - Del.

---

*Cummings*



Will Take Care of  
Students

The  
Photographer

307 MARKET STREET  
WILMINGTON, DEL.



## EBEN B. FRAZER

APOTHECARY

NEWARK - - - DELAWARE

Fine Perfumery

Brushes and Toilet Goods

Agent for Wilmington City Laundry

'Phone 437

## Edward E. Hanna CATERER

831 Jefferson Street

Wilmington, Del.

Estimates cheerfully

Furnished For Wed-  
dings, Parties, Etc.



## J. W. BROWN

### West End Market

DEALER IN

### FINE GROCERIES

Agent Wanamaker and Brown  
Uniforms.

NEWARK  
DELAWARE

## EDWARD M'PIKE

Odd Fellows' Building

Opp. the Bank



HAIR CUTTING AND  
SHAVING.

Open 7 a. m., to 9 p. m.  
Saturday 7 a. m., to 12 p. m.

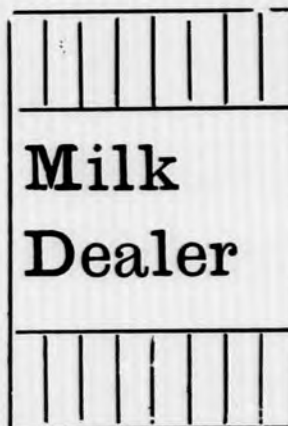
## J. RANKIN ARMSTRONG

### Department Store

LADIES' AND GENTS'  
OUTFITTERS

CASKEY BUILDING  
NEWARK, DEL

## S. L. CANN



NEWARK, DELAWARE

## J. F. WILLIS

Contractor and  
Builder


NEWARK - - - DEL.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

### **Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

 **Do You Want**  
The Choicest and  
**Freshest Meats?**  
**C. P. Steele's**  
**Meat Market.**

*Goods Delivered to  
Any Address*

**Watch**   
**for the 1907**

## **DERELICT**


---

---

**A 300 page leather bound, finely  
illustrated, intensely interesting  
Annual.**

---

---

WILL BE OUT ABOUT JUNE FIRST  
GET YOUR ORDER IN EARLY. 



# Delaware College

Seven Courses of Study  
Leading to Degrees . . .



CLASSICAL (B. A.)

LATIN SCIENTIFIC (B. A.)

AGRICULTURAL (B. S.)

GENERAL SCIENCE (B. S.)

CIVIL ENGINEERING (B. S.)

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING (B. S.)

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING (B. S.)



Beautiful and healthful location, ample grounds and commodious and comfortable buildings, good gymnasium, well equipped laboratories and work shops. Excellent general and departmental libraries. Large and well-lighted reading room.



INSTRUCTION THOROUGH, EXPENSE LOW  
MILITARY DRILL, A VALUABLE AND  
ATTRACTIVE FEATURE.



Tuition free to all Students from Delaware. For Catalogue or other information apply to

**GEO. A. HARTER, President**

The College also offers a Two Years'  
Course in Agriculture, and a Short Winter  
Course in Agriculture

Up-To-Date  
Job Printing

# Elkton Appeal

J. M. POST, Prop.

ELKTON, MD.



Commercial Work of all  
Kinds and Styles, Book  
and Job Printing, Every  
Form of Business and  
Social Printing

**T**HERE is something SPECIAL about a Business and Shorthand School that has 115 GRADUATES with a firm in its own city, go with a firm in Philadelphia, and which receives students from ten States and the West Indies.

**A 1905 GRADUATE IS PAID \$1,500 A YEAR**

*Goldey College*

**AN EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT FOR GRADUATES**

YOU WILL BE INTERESTED in reading the new 64-page illustrated catalogue—it tells how we train our students for "BUSINESS SUCCESS." Write for this book to-day—it is free. Address: GOLDEY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, 807 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

GEORGE STRAHORN

CHARLES W. STRAHORN

**STRAHORN & BRO.**



**New Livery, Feed, Sale  
and Exchange Stables**

Hack meets all trains on P., B. & W. R. R.

Will Meet Midnight Trains on  
Orders Left at Stables

'Phone D. & A. 27-D. 3  
Delmarvia 35 B.



The students of Delaware College  
who are sending their Linen, etc., to

CITY STEAM  
**LAUNDRY**

812 Market Street  
Wilmington, Del



Are more than pleased with the  
service they are getting. What  
we are doing for them we can do  
for you Give us a trial. . . .

BRADWAY & HAMMOND, Props.  
E. B. FRAZER, Agents.

**H. W. VANDEVER CO.**

**Spalding's Athletic Goods**

BASEBALL SUPPLIES AND GEN-

ERAL SPORTING GOODS.

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.

BICYCLE REPAIRING.

**H. W. VANDEVER CO.**

809 MARKET STREET

Wilmington, Delaware

**Your Attention**



is called to the fact that our ice cream  
parlor is the most comfortable place in  
town to visit if you want to be refreshed.

ICE CREAM, CAKES,  
CONFECTIONERY, SODA  
WATER AND OYSTERS.

**BY S. A. ROACH**

349 Main Street, Newark, Del.

**Washington House**

Thoroughly Equipped For  
Boarding and Lodging

**NEWARK, DEL.**

**SPECIAL**

AT THE

**GOLDEN EAGLE**

**Tea Company's Store**

Present this coupon and purchase one pound  
of our best Tea at 60 cents lb., and you will get  
a one pound can of King of All Pure Baking  
Powder Free.

**ERNEST FRAZER**

**GROCER**

**NEWARK : : DEL.**

**BENJ. T. EUBANKS**


WEST OF FADERS' BAKERY

**Tonsorial and Pool Parlors**

ROMPIAN MASSAGE TREATMENT A  
SPECIALTY

# A SCHOOL OF FASHION

Our store is a veritable School of Fashion. You will find here, at all times, the latest ideas in the cut of a coat—the shape of the trousers—the right kink to the vest.

 Our Spring Woolens now ready.  
Suits to Order, \$20 up to \$50.

*Tuxedo and Full Dress Garments a Specialty*

## WRIGHT & DAVIDSON

Eighth and Market Streets, Wilmington.

BUY YOUR SUPPLIES AT

### Motheral's

And Save Money

Goods Delivered To Any Address

### WILLIAM H. COOK

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
DEALER IN . . . . .

### Foreign and Domestic Fruits

All Kinds of Nuts. Country  
Produce . . . . .

Bannanas a Specialty

Main Street - - - Newark, Del.

### GEORGE R. POWELL

MANUFACTURER OF

Pure Ice Cream Picnic  
Parties and weddings supplied.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

Come in and try our famous  
Stews - - - - -

Main Street . . . Newark, Del.

### G. FADER



Fancy Cake and Bread  
Bakery...

### Lowney's Fine Candies

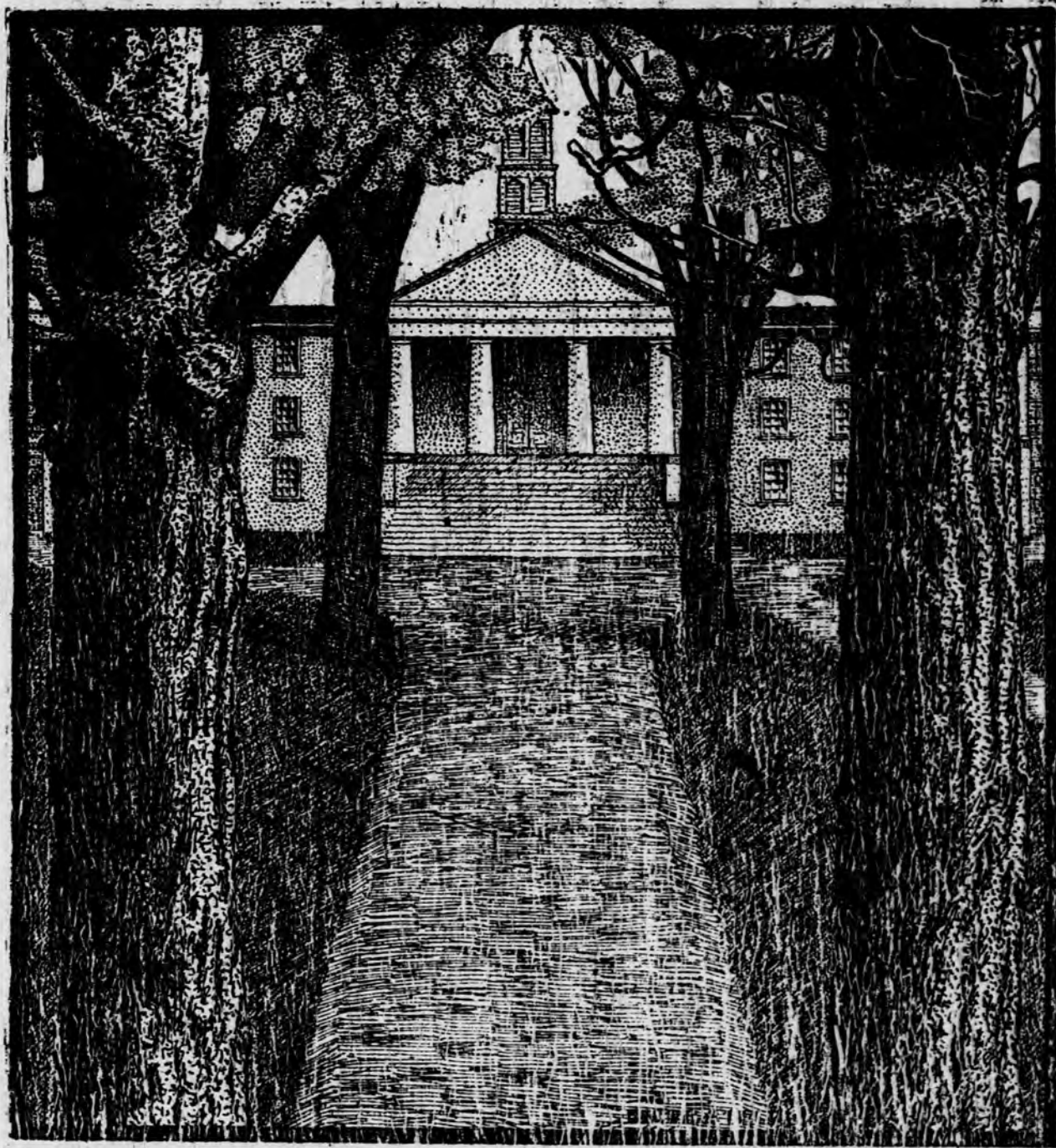
Weddings and Parties Supplied  
at Short Notice. Excellent Soda  
Water. . . .

NEWARK  
DELAWARE



Number

# DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW



JUNE, 1906.

Del.





# STUDENT DIRECTORY.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Claude O. Diffenderfer, '07.....President  
 Ayers J. Stockly, '08.....Vice President  
 William T. Homewood, '07.....Secretary  
 Paul K. Torbert, '08.....Financial Secretary  
 Lee O. Willis, '97.....Treasurer

### FOOT BALL TEAM.

George J. Stevens, '07.....Manager  
 Charles P. Messick, '07.....Captain

### SECOND FOOT BALL TEAM.

J. Earl Newman, '08.....Manager  
 Robert H. Burns, '08.....Captain

### BASE BALL TEAM.

George L. Lovett, '06.....Manager  
 Hugh Stewart, '06.....Captain

### SECOND BASE BALL TEAM.

Herbert Ridgely, '07.....Manager  
 Seruch T. Kimble, '08.....Captain

### TENNIS TEAM.

William M. Francis.....Manager

## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Laurence E. Cain, '07.....President  
 Joseph B. Foster, '06.....Vice President  
 E. F. Warrington, '07.....Corresponding Secretary  
 Oscar A. Hudson, '07.....Treasurer

## PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Claude O. Diffenderfer, '07.....President  
 Seruch T. Kimble, '08.....Vice President  
 Thomas B. Smith, '07.....Secretary and Treasurer

## THE '07 DERELICT.

Joseph H. Perkins, '07.....Editor-in-Chief  
 Thomas B. Smith, '07.....Business Manager

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

W. F. Wingett.....President  
 Walter Josephs.....Vice President  
 Charles Keppel.....Secretary and Treasurer

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

R. T. Pilling, '85.....President  
 W. H. Heal, '83.....Vice-President  
 C. A. Short, '96.....Secretary and Treasurer

## SENIOR CLASS.

A. Franklin Fader.....President  
 Oliver P. Hewes.....Vice President  
 W. Edwin Harkness, Jr.....Treasurer  
 Joseph B. Foster, Jr.....Secretary  
 George Farnan.....Class Historian

## TRACK TEAM.

Lester E. Voss, '07.....Captain and Manager

## ATHENÆAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

C. O. Diffenderfer, '07.....President  
 J. P. McCaskey, '08.....Secretary and Treasurer

## ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

Harry A. Cramer, '06.....President  
 George Francis, '07.....Vice President  
 Claude O. Diffenderfer, '07.....Secretary  
 Howard Griffin, '07.....Treasurer

## BASKET BALL TEAM.

Carlton B. Shaffer, '07.....Manager  
 Marcus Robin, '09.....Captain

## MASK AND WHIG CLUB COMMITTEE.

William Francis, '07.....Chairman

## JUNIOR CLASS.

Howard Griffin.....President  
 Paul Rossell.....Vice President  
 Oscar Hudson.....Secretary  
 Edwin Buckmaster.....Treasurer

## BOARDING CLUB.

Ayers J. Stockly, '08.....President  
 George W. Francis, '07.....Manager

## SOPHOMORE CLASS.

William Draper.....President  
 Baker Taylor.....Secretary  
 .....Treasurer

# LOVETT



Cigars,  
Cigarettes,  
Tobacco, and  
Athletic Goods,



**POOL TABLES**

MAIN ST. / NEWARK, DEL

Established 1892



**Stephen Lane Folger**

180 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK. . .

Watches, Diamonds  
Jewelry, Club and  
College Pins, Gold  
and Silver Medals

**H. Warner McNeal,**

—DEALER IN—

**Ice - Coal - Wood**

**YARDS: NORTH COLLEGE AVENUE**

**Newark, = = = Del**

Thoroughly Equip-  
ped for the Accom-  
modation of the  
Traveling public. . .  
Livery Attached. . .

**Deer Park  
Hotel**

MAIN STREET.  
NEWARK

ATTACHED  
LIVERY

**A. L. AINSWORTH'S**

LEADING  
RESTAURANT  
IN  
DELAWARE

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Room  
802 MARKET STREET  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

**S. H. BAYNARD  
JEWELER**

PIANOS, ORGANS  
MUSIC AND BOOKS  
JEWELRY, CLOCKS  
SILVERWARE

Kodak and Photographic Supplies  
a Specialty

S. W. COR. FIFTH & MARKET STS.  
WILMINGTON, DEL.



# WANAMAKER & BROWN

Leading and Best-known Manufacturing Retailers of Men's  
and Boys'

## CLOTHING

In America None but best designers, cutters and tailors  
employed; none but strictly all-wool cloths used; none  
but good silk thread and reliable trimmings. Quality, fit  
and fashion shall be satisfactory, or you can have your  
money back

## GREATER OAK HALL

Sixth & Market Streets, Philadelphia

---

### Marshall E. Smith & Brother

ATHLETIC GOODS AND MENS' FURNISHINGS

Established 1873 ☞ Telephone

**25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia**

Base Ball, Foot Ball, Basket Ball and Athletic Teams Outfitted.  
Sweaters, Jerseys, Caps, Flags, &c., for Schools and Clubs  
Designed and Made. Estimates and Information Furnished.  
Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

C. B. SHAFFER, Delaware College Agent - - - Room 11

P. M. SHERWOOD

### Steam Laundry

Shirts - - - 8c. Each  
Collars - - - 1½c. "  
Cuffs - - - 1½c. "

NEWARK - - - DELAWARE

China Glass Lamps Cutlery

### Lawton

No. 611 Market Street

Wilmington = = Del.

Electrical and Gas Supplies

## Security Trust

AND

## Safe Deposit Co.

519 MARKET STREET,  
Wilmington, - - Del.

CAPITAL - - \$600,000  
SURPLUS - - \$500,000

Executes Trusts of every description. Offers best facilities for Banking. ALLOWS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS. Accounts Solicited. Correspondence invited.

### OFFICERS:

Benjamin Nields, - President.  
James B. Clarkson, - Vice-Pres.  
John S. Rossell, Sec. & Trust Officer.  
L. Scott Townsend, - Treas.

## Garrett Miller & Co.,

Electrical Contractors and Engineers

### ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

. Repair Work a Specialty .

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND ORANGE STS.,  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

BOTH PHONES 805

THE

## J. M. Rogers Press

SIXTH AND ORANGE,  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

HIGH-GRADE PRINTING OF  
ALL KINDS.

Catalogue Work A Specialty

ESTABLISHED 1860

## Head To Foot

Clothing, Tailoring, Furnishings, Hats and Shoes. Styles always correct and up-to-date. Qualities reliable and Prices Moderate for good goods. One Low Price plainly marked, and satisfaction guaranteed to every Customer. Your trade and influence earnestly solicited.

Biggest  
Because  
Best

# MULLIN'S

Clothing  
Hats  
Shoes

WILMINGTON

## LOVETT'S Furniture Dealer

(Opposite College)

Specialty in Furnishing

## STUDENTS ROOMS

THE STEWART & STEEN CO.,

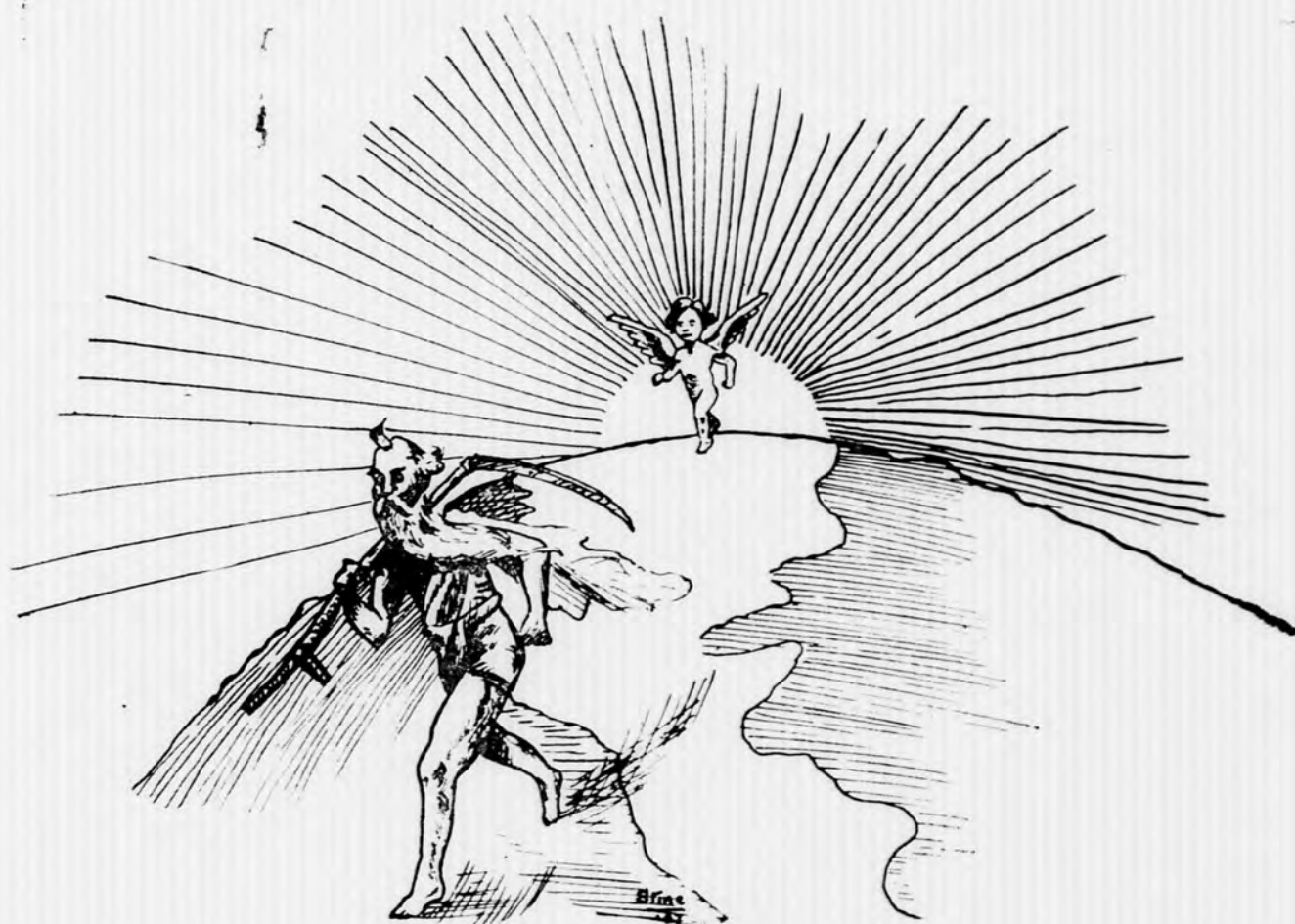
College Engravers

and Printers

1024 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers and Publishers of Commencement and Class Day Invitations, Programmes, Diplomas, Class and Fraternity Stationery, College Annals and School Catalogues, Exterior and Interior Views in Half Tone and Steel. Prize Medals for Field Sports. Class Pins and Buttons in Gold and other Metals





## CALENDAR FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

---

- June 17—Sermon for the Young Men's Christian Association, 11 A. M.  
Bacalaureate Sermon, 8 P. M.
- June 18—Monday, Class Day Exercises, 3 P. M.  
Anniversary of the Athenæan Literary Society, 8 P. M.
- June 19—Tuesday, Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 11 A. M.  
Inter-Class Track Meet, 2.30 P. M.  
Anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society, 8 P. M.
- June 20—Wednesday, Commencement Exercises, 10.30 A. M.  
Meeting of the Alumni Association, 2.30 P. M.  
Exhibition Drill by the College Cadets, 3.30 P. M.
- June 22-23—Friday and Saturday, Examination of Candidates for Admission.



PRESIDENT GEORGE A. HARTER



# THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

VOL. I.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, 1887-1888

NO. 2.

## THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

THE sun shone brightly on the  
waters, looked down from  
the black battlements of the great sky  
upon the grim walls of Fort Sumpter.  
The batteries at Cummings Point and  
Fort Moultrie, two thousand yards  
away, frowned in sullen anger at that  
pile of red brick in Charleston harbor.  
The tiny flame that played about the  
match which Captain Geo. S. James  
held above a cannon on Morris Island  
at 4.30 o'clock that fatal Friday morn-  
ing was destined to kindle a conflagra-  
tion that would sweep over the nation.

The thunder of the cannon that  
ushered in that 12th of April has  
echoed across the Continent and around  
the world.

Telegraph wires throbbed like the  
living pulse of the nation, as they  
flashed the news that the flag of the  
United States had been fired upon, and  
the bombardment of Fort Sumpter  
begun.

South Carolina had seceded from the  
Union, Virginia, Arkansas and North  
Carolina followed. Tennessee was di-  
vided; Civil war broke out in Missouri  
while Kentucky tried to be neutral.

Who can conceive of the struggle in  
the hearts of such men as Robert E.  
Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph

Waller and Johnston that morning  
at West Point where the flag went to  
the army, men who knew the flag  
and had asked their lives in defense of  
the Stars and Stripes? As a result  
by ties of blood of those very men  
that had seceded they like champions  
of other Southerners who soon raised  
the old flag "proud as the dawn when  
clouds might pass harmlessly by." But  
when the crisis came, loyal to the  
states that gave them birth they drew  
their swords in defence of the flag  
those states had lifted.

Blacker and blacker grew the sky in  
which rolled the dark thunder cloud  
of war. Pent up fires of emotion that  
had smouldered through long months  
burst forth with volcanic fury.

The whole political horizon was  
lurid with the lightnings of human  
wrath. Patriotism rode high on the  
blast of the tempest.

From the snow-clad mountains of  
Virginia to the sparkling waters of the  
Southern Gulf came men, giants in in-  
tellect, bold, courageous, intrepid, in-  
tent on defending what seemed to  
be a just cause.

Out of the throes of this mighty  
political earthquake the "Flag of the  
Seven Stars" was born, and first ap-



PRESIDENT GEORGE A. HARTER