

The Delaware College Review

Vol. XX.

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No. 8

OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

ORATION DELIVERED BY F. B. EVANS.

The Star Spangled Banner, that glorious emblem
Which now waves on high o'er a nation of freemen,
Renders to God a heartfelt devotion,
And offers to men a welcome to freedom.

The Star Spangled banner, that great inspiration
To the greatest of deeds in the history of nations,
Now floats on high in the breezes of heaven—
The flag of America, greatest of nations.

THE love of "Old Glory" is as essential in what goes to make up a good American citizen as the love of justice is to a good God; consequently, we insist that the American Flag shall float over every schoolhouse in the land, so that our children may learn to love and reverence it; that they may be taught from their infancy that the Star Spangled banner is the symbol of liberty, the emblem of freedom and independence.

That whether it floats from the flag staff at the top of our nation's capitol or at the mast head of our merchant vessels in the peaceful pursuits of commerce with other nations, whether it be at home, on the trackless ocean or in foreign ports, it bears to all the message that we are free and independent.

Every star represents a sovereign nation of freemen, grouped in that field of blue they form a congress of nations irresistible and invincible.

It tells of triumphs in war and still greater triumphs in peace. It gladdens the eye and quickens the pulse of the oppressed of every clime, and inspires them with the most exalted sentiments of liberty. It protects the American citizen wherever it floats, whether on land or sea it commands the respect of the nations of the earth.

Upon its ample folds is written the history of a great nation, be-

fore the inspired hand of Washington made the draft or the deft fingers of Betsy Ross fashioned it. The events which led to its production are recorded in the privations, dangers and death of a God-fearing and liberty-loving people.

It tells how a small band of patriots seeking an asylum from religious persecutions embarked in an insignificant vessel upon an almost unknown sea; behind were persecution and tyranny, before were thousands of miles of trackless water, an untrodden, unexplored and desolate land infested with wild beasts and still more savage men. It tells how in that strange land they built their houses and erected altars by their own fire-sides where they could read their Bibles and worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. It tells how thirteen struggling colonies successfully resisted the tyranny of the mother country and became free, sovereign and independent states. It tells how it has floated triumphantly at the head of our victorious armies. How it has floated victorious where the clarion call of death rang above the din and turmoil of battle. How the thousands of patriots responding to their country's call sacrificed their lives that we might be free. It proclaims to the nations of the earth that we are a free and independent people. Fellow citizens are we writing any such history today? Are we handing down to posterity a record of any such deeds? If not, why not? There stands the same inspiration. Can you look upon her without feeling your heart swell with pride at her purity as yet unstained? Can you touch her gorgeous folds without feeling the hot blood boiling in your veins? If you can, either you are made of stone or else you are a brute. Your ancestors could not; with a single look they were ready, if necessary, to pour forth their rich red blood a willing sacrifice for her honor and glory.

Had it not been so, there would have been no Saratoga!

Had it not been so, there would have been no Bunker Hill!

Had it not been so, there would have been no Yorktown!

Had it not been so, there would have been no America.

O America, America you have handed down to your children a rich inheritance. O God of my fathers! O God of America help me to serve to the honor and glory of our nation and our flag.

WASSEL JACOBSON P. B. E. '05.

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A DAY OF FREEDOM.

Relentless toil and melancholy strife—
 Disperse, ye tyrants that consume my life!
 Give me the sweetness of a summer's day
 In nature's wilds, exempt from painful strife.

I READ a story the other day of an old farmer in Western Pennsylvania who owned a farm which contained a rocky and barren field that would produce no paying crop. The farmer, who was rather pessimistic, was always lamenting the fact that he owned so much worthless land. One day recently, however, some prospectors sunk a well in this particular field and struck a rich flow of oil, and the old farmer sold his worthless waste for a handsome fortune.

All the wastes and barren spots of life are barren simply because we are either too pessimistic or too ignorant to see the brightness and beauty that lies beneath the apparent bleakness. This fact was forcibly impressed upon me a short time ago, and I believe I will never again complain of the fate which assigned me to this planet for my home.

One recent Saturday morning I had just finished breakfast and returned to my study, where I intended to spend the day in doing some necessary work which, however, was not altogether agreeable to me. Lighting my pipe and sinking into an easy chair with a resigned air, I began putting some papers in order when suddenly I heard a sound just outside of my window so shrill that for a moment it startled me. The rustling of the paper prevented me from recognizing the source of this noise, but even before I had time to wonder what it was, it came again—the full, rich, melodious notes of a catbird. I stole to the window softly, lest I should disturb this voluntary serenader, and there on the highest branch of the maple that stands close to my window, with his head thrown proudly back until he was looking up into the clear blue sky, seemingly unconscious that his notes were reaching any ear, this opulent and much neglected songster was pouring forth a continuous volley of the richest, most profuse, and varied notes that any of our native birds is capable of producing. He remained here about two minutes, and then hastened away in pursuit of an insect that was passing a short distance from him.

It was a beautiful quiet morning about the last of April, and as I leaned far out of the window to drink in a deep breath of the

soft fragrant air, I was lamenting the fact that I must spend such a day indoors, when from across the lawn came a voice that I understood as plainly as if the bird—for it was a bird's voice—had been speaking in plain English. He said, "come out, come out, come out; what a beauty, what a beauty, what a beauty," meaning of course what a beautiful day.

I looked back into my little room: it seemed very dark and gloomy, and outside it was so cheerful, and even the birds were inviting me to come out and share with them the joy of living. Whether it is right to neglect one's work for one's pleasure I will not attempt to decide; but I could work some other time, and such a day as this might never come again. At any rate I accepted the bird's invitation, and in almost as short a time as it takes to tell about it, I was hurrying across the lawn, feeling very much like I remember I used to feel on a holiday.

What a glorious day it was! So light was the breeze that it scarcely disturbed the young foliage. Overhead was a dome of deep blue, unbroken save on the western horizon where a few fluffy white clouds were rising lazily from behind the hills. The birds had all returned from their sunny winter homes, and were flitting about from tree to tree hunting for a cozy spot to build a home and start up housekeeping. I stopped a few minutes to watch two gray sparrows which were exploring an old willow tree at the end of the lawn. They hopped around among the twigs, and whenever they came to a place where two branches forked they would stop and hold a short consultation as to whether this would be a suitable spot to locate their home. Soon they found a place that apparently suited them, for the male bird quickly flew to the highest branch of the tree, threw back his head, and the happiness penned up in his little heart flowed in soft rich notes on the still spring air. Meanwhile his wife sat where he had left her, and as she turned her head to one side to look first at him and then at me, she seemed to be saying "can't he sing! I surely am a proud little bird to have such a mate."

By this time I was feeling pretty happy myself, for when we see happiness all about us, unless we have some especial cause for sorrow, we are apt to feel in a brighter mood. As I passed through an opening in the hedge that encloses the lawn on one side, a thrush

sprang up from somewhere, perched upon a bough just large enough to bend beneath his weight and form a see-saw, and he, too, sent forth a treasure of beautifully blended notes.

I went on across a field, stopping here and there to pull a wild flower that the warm April sunshine had coaxed through the ground, and disturbing two meadow larks that were out for a walk, until I reached the woods for which I had set out. Here, too, the birds were in almost every tree, but many of them were different from the ones I had left on the lawn, and yet, the same happiness which made the little gray sparrow tell his joy to the world seemed to be in the heart of every bird. Even an old crow, which sat watching me suspiciously from a safe distance, lowered his usually disagreeable voice to a plaintive "caw, caw, caw," that almost suggested music.

Stopping at a spring which flowed from beneath the roots of a great old white oak, I stooped down and took a drink of its pure cold water, and then followed the brook on down a ravine until it flowed into a large stream. Here I threw myself down upon the mossy bank to rest, and to watch some bees which were gathering honey from a bed of buttercups that grew beside the stream. One had evidently gathered more than it could carry, for when it attempted to fly away the poor thing fell into the water. Almost instantly a whole throng of little fish appeared and began nibbling at the bee's legs. I was watching for the bee to disappear, when all at once the little fish left as quickly as they had come. Before I had time to wonder at the cause of this strange conduct of the little fish, a beautiful speckled trout appeared, and with one quick movement of his tail the bee and trout disappeared. "O foolish and greedy bee," I thought, "you are not satisfied with plenty, you must work and gather more than you can carry, and then lose it all and with it your own life. How similar you are to ambitious man, who, surrounded by all that is necessary for his lifelong happiness and comfort, yet toils and strives unceasingly until his body and mind are too worn and fatigued to enjoy the fruits he has given his life to gather."

While I thus mused on the fate of the unfortunate bee a rustling of wings aroused me, and turning quietly I saw two robins

which had just alighted in a tree near me. They sat with their heads very close together, as though they were holding a consultation about something. Frequently they would turn their heads and look out over the stream, as if the object of their discussion lay in that direction. I, too, looked that way and saw on a limb extending over the water a nest which had evidently been the home of these birds the previous year. After remaining in close discourse for a long time, the birds flew over to the old nest and made a thorough inspection of it. They at last decided to live here another year, for one of them began throwing out the dead leaves which had fallen into the nest, and the other flew away and returned in a few minutes with his beak full of material for making repairs.

How long I might have wandered through the woods, I hesitate to say, for wherever I went there was always something new to interest me; but the declining sun told me it was time to retrace my steps. When I again reached the lawn the sun had disappeared behind the hills that the clouds rose above in the morning, and just as I was about to enter the house a catbird called from the topmost branch of an old poplar a few low rich notes, and then dropped to rest in the thick shrubbery.

A COLONIAL HOUSE.

SITUATED on the shore of the Elk river, facing the West, is an old colonial mansion which, by its simple grandeur and surroundings, attracts the attention of everyone who views it from the river. From an artistic point of view it is most picturesque when the rays of the setting sun break through an archway of high trees, which leads from the water to the house, and are reflected on the windows and heighten the color of the bricks—bricks which have crossed the ocean, and were placed in position by hands long since laid to rest.

At the front of the house, facing the river, there is a broad piazza, with its large white pillars reaching two stories high and forming a strong contrast with the red bricks of the house and with the surrounding trees. A large heavy door with two deep low windows on each side opens out on the piazza. The second story front has four large, nearly square windows. Above these, a medium

peaked roof slants toward the front. On each side of the main there is a long wing, with the same style of low windows along front, and at the end of each wing, facing the north and south respectively, there is a piazza similar to the one at the front, but smaller.

At the rear and ends of the house many large trees form a background which adds to the general effect. On each side of the archway of trees at the front, a long broad lawn slants from the house, and is situated on the top of a small hill, to the water below where swans abound.

The admirer of the antique would not be satisfied with viewing the old mansion from the river but would like to look at its interior. More than two centuries have passed since the house was built, yet it has changed but little. The spacious halls, the broad stairway, the lovely ball room, the large bright bedrooms with their high ceilings, the kitchen with its long open fire place, and the slave quarters are still to be seen and cause us to think of the people who lived there; the people, young and old, who spent gay evenings in the ball room and on the piazza, the lawn and the river, and the men who during the day labored in the fields near the house and in the evening frolicked in their quarters.

Although these people did not have the many conveniences we have at the present day, there is something about their place and mode of living that is very attractive. Many attempts have been made to build houses on the colonial style, but there is something missing, something which causes the true old colonial house to stand out from all others.

J. H. P. '07

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

TODAY we hardly realize the privilege which we enjoy in being able to attend the church of our choice. But it has not been long since our forefathers endured tortures and death in defense of their personal liberty in religious thoughts and worship. Let us briefly review some events in the history of England in order to gain an idea of this blood-bought privilege.

In 1534 Henry VIII, King of England, became tired of his first wife, Katharine, of Spain. It came into his mind after eight

teen years of peaceful married life that he was unlawfully married in accordance with the Holy Writ, because his wife had been the wife of his brother. In order to free himself of Katharine he demanded that Pope Clement VII annul the writ which had made it lawful for him to marry Katharine. Pope Clement refused and the result was a schism of the church. King Henry made it treasonable and punishable by death to recognize any authority of the Pope. Thus began a religious strife which lasted hundreds of years, and because of which hundreds of brave men lost their lives.

When Queen Mary came to the throne in 1554, she was imbued with a spirit of revenge for the wrongs inflicted upon her mother, Katharine. After her marriage to Philip II, of Spain, her spirit of revenge, increased by the added power of her husband, burst forth into terrible persecution. All the rights annulled by Henry VIII were again renewed, and all who resisted publicly paid for it with their lives. Lord Burleigh, a contemporary, wrote "By imprisonment by famine, by fire, by torment, almost the number of four hundred were lamentably destroyed." Rogers, a fellow worker with Tyndale in the translation of the Bible, died bathing his hands in the flames "as if had been cold water." These terrible persecutions will ever cling to the name of Mary Tudor.

As is very often the case, a revulsion of feeling followed such dreadful deeds, and when Elizabeth came to the throne she was welcomed. Her first Parliament was Protestant and all the severe enactments and penalties of Mary's reign were annulled. But in turn very little freedom was shown to the Catholics. The Test Act was made which weighed upon the Catholics for two hundred years. This act required an oath of allegiance to the Queen and a denial of the temporal authority of the Pope. A terrible struggle began with the conditions of Mary's reign reversed. A society called Jesuits banded together for the purpose of undoing the work of Elizabeth. Vague rumors of plots to take her life spread among the people and all strangers were in fancy Jesuits and often arrested as such. Many priests were imprisoned and suffered much torture from long confinement in filthy gaols. According to a Catholic estimate of the times two hundred priests were executed.

From the time of Elizabeth to the reign of Victoria there was

constant struggle between the two parties with varying periods of supremacy for each. Because of this struggle a feeling of personal liberty sprang up among the people, new branches of religion gained power. In Scotland Calvinism took root, in England Puritanism, and later Methodism gained adherents, until today the people of England and of all countries inhabited by her children are directed by no earthly kings in their worship, but only by the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

W. H. B. '04

THE ELK RIVER.

I BELIEVE I can truthfully say that the Elk river is one of the most beautiful streams in Maryland. From Scott's Wharf in Elkton, to Turkey Point, at its mouth, is about twenty miles. The river for about five miles is very crooked and comparatively narrow, but after that, it broadens into a beautiful stream from a mile to two miles wide. Its shores are alternately bounded by woodland and grain fields, which gives it a varied border. Its resources are found among the hills of upper Cecil and lower Chester counties, while its yawning mouth opens into the picturesque Chesapeake Bay.

Some streams are seemingly of but little use. The Susquehanna is of that character. Not so is the Elk, it turns millwheels, boats, large and small plow its waves, rafts of lumber float lazily along and its waters are filled with the best of fish.

In the fall of the year its upper marshes form a feeding ground for rail and reed birds. As one approaches the Bay, wild fowl, especially canvas, redhead and other ducks are found in great abundance. In addition to the above-named attractions the river has recently become noted for the number and beauty of its launches and sailing yachts. The happy possessors of these, during the long months of summer, get and give much pleasure to themselves and others. I think I have shown that my claim for the Elk river is not overdrawn.

C. B. '07.

THE DEBATE.

THE inter-society debate was held in the college oratory Friday evening, April 15. The question was:

RESOLVED: That the administration was justified in acknowledging the independence of the Panama Republic.

Affirmative, Mr. Henry Kimble and Mr. O. C. Short, of the Athenaeum Society. Negative, Mr. E. F. Warrington and Mr. Frank E. Evans, of the Delta Phi Society. The speakers were well prepared and ably represented their respective societies, and the debate was an interesting one to hear.

The judges were: Mr. Henry C. Conrad, of Wilmington, Dr. J. Russell Smith, University of Pennsylvania, and Prof. C. B. Finley, Jr., of Elkton. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

The oratorical contest was held the same evening. There were but two contestants, Mr. C. W. Clash, of the Athenaeum Society, and Mr. F. B. Evans, of the Delta Phi Society. The prize was awarded to Mr. Evans.

For the best speeches in the debate, Kimble was awarded first prize, and Evans second prize.

The inter-collegiate debate with Maryland Agricultural College will be held on May 20.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

THE Marlowe Dramatic Club, composed of local talent, on Saturday evening, April 16, in the Newark Opera House, presented the sparkling farce in three acts, entitled "Charley's Aunt." The house was well filled and the able manner in which the characters were represented was truly a pleasant surprise to all who saw the play. "Babbs," the university student, masquerading as Charley's Aunt, kept the audience amused by the funny positions in which he was continually finding himself, and when Sir Francis Chesney proposed to him it was truly a laughable scene.

So well was the audience pleased with the entire play that the Dramatic Club has been asked to give a second performance, and if they should see fit to do so, there is no doubt that they would be supported by even a better attendance than they had the first time.

Those who took part in the play, and the characters they represented are as follows

Lord Fencourt Babberly, otherwise known as "Babbs".....	H. C. Hackett
Jack Chesney, student at Oxford.....	J. Jex
Charlie Wychem, his chum.....	P. B. Evans
Sir Francis Chesney, Jack's father.....	C. A. Short
Mr. Stephen Spettigue, Miss Verdum's guardian.....	J. A. Poord
Brasett, Jack Chesney's man-of-all-work.....	C. O. Diffenderfer
Kitty Verdum, Mr. Spettigue's ward.....	Mrs. Tyson
Amy Spettigue, his niece.....	Miss Ola Worth
Donna Lucia D'Alvadores, from Brazil.....	Mrs. Jex
Ella Delchey, an orphan.....	Miss Evadne Praetorius

Published monthly during the school year by students of Delaware College.

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ASHER J. MCCABE, Local.

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

EDITORIAL.

THE present editorial board now make their bow and retire. In regard to the past and the present condition of the REVIEW, we have no remarks to make. Those who know the paper can well decide. It has been a pleasure for us during the year to work for the paper, and the only regret we feel is that we couldn't do more and better work.

* * *

It was with pleasure we learned that during this term one entire afternoon each week would be given over for society work. During the winter term our meetings were held late in the afternoon, after all the recitations for the day were finished; but as soon as the weather became favorable for out door exercise, this time was devoted to base ball practice, tennis, and other sports, which make it impossible to carry on our society work. This is the first time for three years that the Faculty have given us an entire afternoon for this purpose, and we can assure them that their action is appreciated by all and that the time is profitably spent.

* * *

Although our relay team made only third place in the race this year, yet we feel proud that we made such a fine showing, and considering the lack of facilities for training and exercise, the work done by these men was remarkable. Here, we must begin training only when the weather becomes favorable in the spring; all exercise and practice must be done out of doors, and on rainy days training must be suspended. The teams with which we compete have good gymnasiums and in-door tracks, and training is begun early in the winter. It is not always the fastest men who win the race, but those

who have the greatest endurance, the result of training. Considering these facts, the fine showing we made was remarkable, and we may well feel proud of our relay team.

* * *

We feel very grateful to those who took part in the drama which was given for the benefit of our athletic association. It is truly gratifying to feel that we have such friends as those who are in no way connected with the college—Mr. and Mrs. Jex, Mrs. Tyson, Miss Worth and Miss Praetorius—and yet spent so much time and did so much work in rehearsing for and perfecting the play which was for our benefit. We can assure them, and feel confident that we are expressing the sentiment of the entire student body, that their help is heartily appreciated. In this drama was some of the finest amateur acting we have ever seen, and we believe it would do credit to the majority of professionals. Those connected with the college who took part in the play performed their parts well, and several of them surprised us.

* * *

The inter-society debate was a great success, and all are pleased with the able manner in which the speakers attacked and defended the question. All the speeches were well prepared and were well worth listening to, and we are glad to know that we have men in our college who are able to conduct a debate as this one was conducted. We feel confident now that in an inter-collegiate debate we can easily uphold our end against the best debaters.

This we believe will prove an excellent thing to increase and renew interest in society work, and to awaken more society feeling. That "old time rivalry" of which we hear the old graduates speak, but has not been manifested for many years, seems to be finding a place among us again; and indeed, a rivalry is necessary in order that the societies may grow and flourish. But right here we may ask, how far should this rivalry be carried, and to what extent should it be felt outside of the society halls? There can be but one answer: when we leave the society halls all such rivalry should cease. Do everything you can, honorably, for the benefit of your society, and spare no pains to make it surpass your rival society. But do not be so low and narrow as to allow this feeling to influence you

in matters not pertaining to the societies. Would you vote for a man to fill some important position on an athletic team, for instance, merely because he was a member of your society, when you firmly believe that some one else was more competent to fill the position? Here is where exists the great evil of this rivalry, we don't know how far to carry it. Class feeling is shown where it should not exist, society feeling exists where it has no right to be. And yet, when we see this feeling manifested in improper places, we can but attribute it to an unjust prejudice influencing a narrow mind.

* * *

More than usual interest is being shown in base ball this season, and there are so many candidates on the field each day that it is difficult to select the best men. The entire student body is supporting the team, and we feel confident that by the end of the season they will have several games to their credit. Manager Shallcross has put the tennis courts in excellent condition. Many students have taken advantage of the fine weather lately, and the courts are occupied nearly all the time.

ATHLETICS.

P. SCHABINGER, 1904.

MR. H. LYNDALL, foot ball manager for the season of 1904, has succeeded in getting Mr. Nathan H. Mannakee to coach the foot ball team for the coming season. Mr. Mannakee is a graduate of Swarthmore and while at that college took an active part in athletics. Mr. Mannakee coached the Friends School Team last season with much success. He is at present a professor in the Friends School, in Wilmington.

* * *

The track team took part in the field meet at Franklin Field Saturday, April 23. The team was entered with St. Johns, Gallaudet and Franklin and Marshall. St. John's and Gallaudet gained their lead in the first quarter holding it throughout the race. Though we were not able to make better than third place every man deserves credit for the race he ran.

* * *

DELAWARE 4. JOHNS HOPKINS 7.

The base ball season has now opened and though our first game

was lost it was a game in which there was no disgrace in losing. Hopkins played a better game especially in batting. Delaware's batting was weak while Hopkins' hits came when hits meant runs. Heckel did some fine batting for Hopkins, at two different times, each time bringing in runs. Willis pitched a good game for Delaware, though at times he was a little wild.

DELAWARE.		JOHNS HOPKINS	
Powell.....	c	Boyd	
Willis.....	p	Campbell	
Davis.....	1st b	Brown	
Groves.....	2d b	Randall	
Gooden.....	3d b	Bowie	
Cooper.....	s s	Lyon	
Lyndall.....	1 f	Baetzer	
Russell.....	c f	Heckel	
Stuart.....	r f	Strong	

EXCHANGE.

H. W. LYNDALL, 1905.

WITH this issue of the REVIEW the term of the present editorial board expires. For ten months the ex-man has enjoyed the liberty of criticising college magazines, and now we have decided to give a hasty review of the year's work as done by our exchanges. To undertake the task of reviewing each magazine would occupy too much space, so we have decided to take them as a whole.

Though the greatest number of our exchanges have been interesting and commendable still we have noted with regret that they have been very tardy in arriving. In March we received February publications, in April, those of March. Why can't college papers or magazines be issued on time? It would be no more trouble to get them out on time than to issue them a month late. *The Mississippi College Magazine*, *The Western Maryland College Monthly*, and *The Phoenix*, of Montpelier Seminary, have always been first on our table. As in regard to neatness *The Monthly Maroon*, *The Chisel*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Manitow Messenger*, and *The Muhlenberg* excell all others.

It would be very difficult to ascertain just which one of our exchanges deserves highest honors in the literary line, or contents.

The magazines from Woman's Colleges seem to contain better literature than those of other colleges. *The Chisel*, especially, deserves mention, as the contents of this exchange has always been of the highest order. Why is this? Is it because the weaker sex have more literary talent than men? This can't be the reason. Possibly, and most likely, it is that men do not take the proper interest in their college magazine. They will not help the editors, will not contribute to the paper or try to write. Then when the issue is out this same class are the first to scornfully criticise their paper; while with women this is not the case. They take more interest in their paper; they co-operate with the editorial staff in trying to make it interesting and worth reading. They try to write and in this way learn to write. It is very seldom that we read the exchange column of our exchanges without noticing some favorable criticism passed on the literature of papers which represent Woman's Colleges.

Taken as a whole, the work done by our exchanges for the past ten months has been very good. We have noticed in many a steady improvement. During the first two or three months of this collegiate year several of our now fairly creditable exchanges were read with disgust. In *The Phoenix*, of Montpelier Seminary, we have noticed the greatest improvement. At first it was a very poor exchange, bound in a cover devoid of merit, but each month it has come to us with a new cover and a rapid improvement in its literature till now it is a very interesting exchange.

Few college magazines pay the proper attention to the departments. In the exchange column especially has there been a sad lacking. The exchange column in the most of our exchanges has been abused by inserting college news and clippings, or often coarse jokes which have no more right in the exchange column than an account of a base ball game or advertisements have. *The Chisel*, *The Georgetown College Journal*, *The College Student*, *The Manitou Messenger* and a few others have very good exchange columns and they have always been interesting to the reader.

Now as our terms expire we wish all our contemporaries much success in the future, and though we have been criticised by our exchanges and have returned the criticism, still we have done so

with a light heart and wished not to seem unjust in our work, but as the exchange editor of *The Haverfordian* says "no matter in what light we review our exchanges, all criticisms seem harsh."

DE ALUMNIS.

O. C. SHORT, 1904.

GEORGE MORGAN, A. B. and A. M., '75, a native of Concord, Sussex county, Delaware, is about to publish a new novel in Boston, to be entitled "The Issue." He has already published one novel, "John Littlejohn," which dealt with the days of the revolution, and his new book is based upon ante bellum days and the civil war. He was brought up in the borderland and his impressions of the occurrences of these stirring times are definite and he has gained much material through his position as editor of the Philadelphia Weekly Times, which published annals of the civil war.

* * *

Herman L. Wright, A. B., '03, has recently accepted a clerical position with Fred Macy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., through Hapgoods, Penn. Bldg., Philadelphia.

* * *

J. Harry Mitchell, A. B., '03, at the recent meeting of the M. E. Conference was transferred from Bayside, Md., to Armory M. E. Church, Dover, Del.

* * *

Charles W. Bush, A. B., '03, recently spent a few days at Delaware College, taking the qualifying examinations for Cecil Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford, England.

* * *

Thomas Leach, Jr., A. B., '03, principal of Rockland school, was at Delaware College at the recent meeting of the Public School teacher's institute.

* * *

William P. Constable, A. B., '03, who is studying law in Elkton, Md., was a welcome visitor at the College on the evening of the inter-society debate.

Gustavus H. Smith, A. B., '03, of McClellandsville, Del., was at the college on the evening of the inter-society debate.

* * *

Cecil C. McDonald, '01, principal of Canterbury school, Canterbury, Del., recently spent a few days with friends and relatives in Newark.

LOCALS.

ASHER J. MCCABE, 1904.

Tricks!

Base ball cranks are happy.

Marshall is thinking of joining the "Rough Riders."

Hesaler received the following note Sunday afternoon from his best girl. "Dear George: Don't come up this evening as the Freshman will be here."

Ferguson (in a cafe) "What are you going to have this time Gene?"

Shallcross: "Oh I guess I'll take a little clarinet."

Rocky (at supper) "Groves please pass the jam?"

Groves: "Oh its too jam much trouble."

Prof. W., has a bad case of Spring fever.

Truxton is now known under the name of "Nimble Nag."

Berry (out looking for arbutus) "They say arbutus grows along branches."

Marshall: "Well we ought to find some here, this is a branch road."

Wilson (at training table) "Where am I going to sit?"

Lawton: "Get a stool little boy and sit beside me—I'll feed you."

"Charley's Aunt," a comedy presented by the combined talent of college and town, for the benefit of the Athletic Association was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all who saw it. The editor through this column wishes to express the appreciation of the student body to all who took part in it.

Has anybody seen our goat?

Bowler has a girl's time piece. You want to watch him.
 For "cold facts" apply to Henry Kimble, Esq.
 Groves' latest fad is collecting labels off of "ink" bottles.
 Cooper is using molasses to keep his hair from falling out.
 Scotty is getting to be quite a society man especially on rainy evenings.

Elliott: "Do you know anybody who wants to buy a stable."
 Willis: "How are you going to sell it, on the 'stallment plan?"

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

E. H. SHALLCROSS, 1904.

THE richest university in the world is what the University of Chicago is to be when the plans of John D. Rockefeller and President Harper are matured. When it is finished the university will have a capital, including in that term endowment and equipment, of \$50,000,000 and will be the richest educational institution in the world.

* * *

The offer of Andrew Carnegie to provide funds for a union engineering building as a home for the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Institute of Mining Engineers, American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the Engineers' Club, of New York, having been accepted, Mr. Carnegie has placed at the disposal of the three national engineering societies and the club the sum of \$1,500,000 for that purpose. The recipients have provided a site at West 39th and 40th streets, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, on which the erection of a building, probably twelve stories in height will be begun July 1.

* * *

Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge has offered the University of Virginia \$40,000 for a Young Men's Christian Association building, provided friends of the institution raise an endowment of \$20,000.

* * *

The Supreme Court of New Jersey has rendered a mandamus directing the State Comptroller to issue a warrant on the State Treasurer for \$80,000 in favor of Rutgers College.

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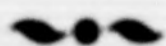


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