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The Candidate

IT WAS the first day of football practice. Scattered all over the field and attired in various suits of football armor, were the men from whom the team was to be selected. Prominent among the squad was "The Candidate." He was fitted out in an entire new suit of football clothing even to the pads which he wore to protect his shoulders. It was his first year at college and with all the fire and enthusiasm of a Freshman, had eagerly awaited the first call for candidates. At his "prep" school he had not been considered a star of the first water, but had displayed sufficient skill to warrant the boys that he might make good on a college team. He realized that it would be a hard task to make the team, yet he was prepared to make every effort in his power to accomplish the ambition of his college career. The fact that he was not picked for the Varsity squad the night of the first scrimmage was not at all disappointing to a man of his "type". In fact, he considered himself lucky that the coaches sufficiently recognized his possibilities in placing him on the scrub. Here he reasoned that he would have the opportunity to display his powers, and he was confident that he would soon be considered eligible for the first team. The season gradually wore away. "The Candidate" appeared punctually and faithfully at every practice. He played in all the scrimmages and in a few games which were arranged for the reserves with outside teams. By this time the coaches began to realize that he was a trifle above the average scrub man. They told him that he had all the earmarks of a coming "star," and believed that he would make good, but at present lacked experience and was a trifle too light. These encouraging words caused him to work all the harder, appearing earlier than usual for practice, and always being the last to leave. Finally on the eve of the last game of the season he found that he had been picked for one of the "Varsity subs". This was gratifying to "The Candidate", who fancied that of course he would get into the game. Incidentally, however, he was disappointed.

Now the first season was over and he had not accomplished his ambition, but, of course, was not disheartened, for he reasoned that Freshmen very seldom make the team. Besides there were upper classmen who had to be given a chance, and he knew that he was a little inexperienced. Therefore, while a little disappointed, he was not discouraged, but resolved to make a great effort the following year.

The next season he was among the first who reported for practice. His experience of the year before had strengthened his natural love for the game, making him more eager than ever to be one of the eleven men who represented the college. He took his old place on the scrub, where the renewed fire and vim which he put into his work, caused the coaches to assert that their prediction of the year previous would soon be realized. Towards the middle of the season he was elevated to a Varsity sub, and in such capacity he participated in the last few minutes of several of the minor contests, when, to all appear-

ances, the game was won. These spasmodic periods of playing served to renew his old spirit. He argued that now as he participated in several games he would certainly get in the "big game" and win his letter, the height of his ambition. But again he was disappointed. A few days before the end of the season, the coach discovered a new "phenom" who, of course, had to have his trial. Thus closed the second year of "The Candidate's" football career, and still he had not made good.

When the following fall arrived, "The Candidate" hesitated about coming out. He had had two years' experience on the scrub, and yet had not made good. Besides his college work occupied more of his time, than in the Freshman and Sophomore years, and he realized that if he went out for the team that he would have to work every spare moment in order to keep up with his classes. Accordingly he decided to give up football, but the coach, who did not wish to lose such a conscientious, consistent worker, soon hunted him up, and finally induced him to come out. His hope, which had sunk somewhat under two years of failure, gradually rose. The only reason that he was not a regular was because his playing lacked some of the finer points of the game, so the coach said.

However, if he would only come out this year, he was positive that "The Candidate" would make good. As an upperclassman, he would receive all the considerations which fall to the upperclassmen's lot. The end of it all was that he became a candidate again as usual, with an ambition as high, but with a hope somewhat less than in former years. The program for this year was about the same as usual. He was a regular occupant of the sidelines at all the games, with an occasional "half" to work off some of his superfluous energy. Again the season closed without his winning his letter. The coach explained that in the excitement of the last game, he had entirely forgotten to put "The Candidate" in, as a reward for his faithful and efficient services. Such talk was, of course, not so readily believed as in former years.

In his Senior year he was resolved not to try for the team under any considerations. For quite a while he lived up to his resolution. His time was taken up with his classes and he could not spare the time for practice. In rebuttal to this argument the coach appealed to his college spirit, which proved to be the turning point. Once more he appeared on the field which had been the scene of his former attempts. This year he played in several entire games until his prospects appeared better than ever before. On the day of the last game he was holding down his old familiar place on the sidelines, desperate lest he should miss his chance—the last of his college career. Along in the second half the regular man was forced to retire. The captain signalled to the bunch of "subs." Joyously, eagerly, "The Candidate" peeled off his sweater, happy in the thought that at last he was going to win his letter. He hastened out on the field. Then he learned his mistake. The signal was for the younger and more favored Sophomore standing by his side. Slowly he walked off the field.

Gone now, forever, was the chance to realize the ambition of his college life. He had worked to his utmost power to accomplish his purpose, and then had his chance snatched away at the last moment by a younger man. He had unselfishly given four years of his time and strength to his Alma Mater, and then failed to receive the recognition which meant so much to him. All he had received was the right to be forever designated as a "Scrub." Sore in mind, but not in body, he slowly walked back to his now cheerless quarters. T. F. W. '10.

How "Young" Brandon Made Good

JACK BRANDON was the oldest of a family of three boys. Ever since his first school-days he had been used to being admired and to having, in his own small kingdom, a retinue of boys of his own age who recognized in him a good leader. He was a dashing young fellow, with a finely developed body and a sound love for athletics. Thus, from the day he entered college he had taken an interest in everything pertaining to out-door and in-door sports and military science. He was an adept at everything which he undertook and consequently he won a position on two of the Varsity teams during his Plebe year, and held them against all competitors during the four years of his college course. He won prizes galore and innumerable honors during the first three years and when, at the beginning of his Senior year, it was announced that he had received the commission which gave him the highest rank in the corps of Cadets, no one was at all surprised. So Jack sailed through his college course and received his diploma from the lofty position of the head of his class.

But we have had enough of Jack; it is his younger brother Will, in whom we are most interested. Will was the youngest brother and the black sheep of the family. He entered State the year after Jack's triumphal exit and as a consequence he was continually confronted with the fact that he must not lower the standard set by his older brother. His class-mates at first looked up to him on account of the relationship to the much-renowned Jack Brandon. Gradually, however, as they realized that he was not equal to Jack in any way, this attitude ceased. To be sure, he tried faithfully and was occasionally successful, but these occasions were few and far between.

Will was more often to be found just barely passing an examination than obtaining the high marks that Jack had always received. On more than one occasion he had had his examination books returned to him with a very uncomplimentary mark. This series of failures distressed Will, so that one day he went to see the Faculty about the matter. He was received in anything but a kindly way. When he started to complain of a mark which he received from the professor he was instantly cut short and told that he received the mark which he deserved.

"Furthermore," said the professor, "I want you to understand that in marking you, I take no account of the fact that you are Jack Brandon's brother. You seem to be laboring under the impression that the good reputation which your brother had will enable you to slide through without much personal effort on your part."

Then, seeming to relent a little, he placed a hand on Will's shoulder and said, "Brandon, you have the mind and the ability to make as good a record as did your brother. Whether you do or not rests with you."

Will was almost overwhelmed with conflicting emotions. He could see himself now as he imagined the Faculty and his fellow-students saw him; and he left the house with a promise on his lips to do better. Will was, beyond doubt, serious in saying he meant to try, but nevertheless outside attractions always seemed to draw his attention more and more away from his studies, until, at the regular semi-annuals he always felt like a criminal being led to the execution chair. However, until his Junior year he managed to escape the

degradation of being classed among the "Goats."

At the beginning of his Junior year he found a great many more complications arising, and he began to lose heart. One day, during one of Jack's visits to him, they were standing on the side lines watching the foot ball practice. It was being held in a desultory sort of fashion, the men seeming to have lost all interest, and Will, who had not been playing with the Varsity for two or three days, was denouncing the unfairness of everything in general and the fact that an under-classman had displaced him at left halfback in particular. Suddenly there was noticed an unusually fast play. The Scrubs fullback had broken through the line and had blocked a punt. The ball had bounced into the arms of one of the Scrub halfbacks, and he now had a clear field before him. He was threatened by only one pursuer. This man was about three yards behind him and was striving to lessen the distance between them. This he did after a supreme effort, but after that he was unable to gain any more ground, and ran the remaining thirty yards to the goal line, just behind his man, but afraid to dive for his legs, which were coming up at him alternately, looking like spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel.

After the goal had been kicked and the ball put into play again, Will ventured to express his disgust at the fellow's lack of nerve. He noticed, however, a peculiar expression on Jack's face, and after the practice was concluded and Will was forced to return to the Dormitory and doff his uniform without having had a chance, his brother started to give him an impromptu lecture.

"Will," he said, "you and I saw something this afternoon at which you felt justly disgusted. I am not going to blame you for criticising the fellow who showed such a lack of nerve, but I am going to blame you for allowing the same thing yourself without apparently doing anything to overcome it. Since the beginning of the year you have flunked several examinations which you should not have flunked. And on top of that you have made no effort to redeem yourself. Think it over, Will, and decide whether or not you think it fair that you should criticise a man for doing the same thing which you have been doing during the whole of the year. I am to leave tonight on the midnight train, and I will not see you again until the Thanksgiving game. When I do see you again I want to be sure that you have done something to make up for the state in which you are at present, in both studies and athletics. That man Ryan is good, but you are better and all you have to do is to get out on the gridiron and show the coach what you can do."

Nothing more was said, but when they parted that night Jack noted that a look of determination had come into Will's face. To be sure, this was the second time that that same look had come into his face, but this time he meant to have it stay. So it was that Jack knew by the grip Will gave him when they shook hands on parting that Will was determined to go in and win. Will found that the task before him was far from being an easy one. Had he only to get out on the athletic field and regain his old place at left halfback it would have been easy, but he knew that until he passed his re-examination he could not hope to be eligible for the Thanksgiving game. However, he set to work with a rush that surprised not a few people, his professors among the number, and most of all, himself. However, when he made a fairly good start at his studies, he found that he could not hope to play football and study for examinations at the same time, so his football was of a necessity neglected and, when he had passed off his last failure and was again a full-fledged Junior, he found that it

was not going to be easy to regain his old form on the gridiron. For the first few days he was humiliated to the extent of being classed with the third team material. During the second week, however, he played at halfback for the Scrub and his punts more than once pulled the team out of a tight place and sent the Varsity back up the field for some forty yards.

With the final game to be played that Saturday he seemed to have almost no hope of winning back his old place on the Varsity, and with it his "D". Ryan had gained a foothold which seemed almost as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar. So it was that when Jack arrived on Saturday he found his brother among the blanketed figures on the sidelines. Both sides of the field were lined with spectators. On the south side were State's upholders, while on the north side stood the supporters of the Brown. Numerous songs were being sung by both contingents. Every now and then a cheer would break forth from either side, reminding the on-looker of the rumbling of the thunder which precedes a storm. Several Sophomores were seen to be slyly sneaking around among the crowd which lined the ropes on the State side and to be making the Freshmen feel anything but at home. Directly back of State's crowds, Ben, the college pup, was engaged in bloody conflict with the mascot of the Brown.

All these various amusements ceased with the appearance of the two teams, and even Ben seemed to know that he had done his share toward upholding the fame of the college, and he released the Brown pup and trotted contentedly back to the side lines. The two captains met, a coin was spun and State received the west goal. The kick-off was accompanied by the usual yelling from the supporters of both teams, but after the first two or three downs the spectators, as well as the players, seemed to settle down to the serious side of the game. State was outweighed fully ten pounds to the man, and she would have been outclassed had not her hero displayed the proverbial grit and determination for which all of State's teams are noted. Time after time the enemy took the ball within ten yards of her goal line, but there they were held, and each time Ryan was called upon to punt the ball into safer territory. Finally, with about three minutes to play, State failed to hold, and the Brown carried the ball across the last chalk-line for a touchdown. Their fullback had no difficulty in kicking the goal, making the score 6 to 0 against the Blue and Gold.

The ball was kicked off and State suddenly seemed to have taken a brace. In three downs she rushed the ball to the centre of the field. A forward pass gave her twenty-five yards more, and in the next three downs she advanced the ball twelve yards. State's quarterback knew that he had no time to score by straight plays and, unwilling to risk a fumble, he decided to try a goal from the field. At the signal the big fullback dropped back and the little quarterback and the two halfbacks crowded between him and the line, ready to block the first man to break through. But none came through. The line held as firmly as a stone wall, and slowly and gracefully the ball spun over the cross-bar, counting State three points. Shortly afterward the whistle blew and the teams returned to the gymnasium.

We will say nothing of what transpired in the gymnasium, but everyone who has had any experience knows what is to be expected from the coach when the score is standing 6 to 3 against him. However, when the second half started every man rushed into the game to do or die. The struggle was fairly equal for about eight minutes, and then the Brown seemed to make bigger gains and to rip larger holes in State's line. Ryan was weakening, and his punts were falling short. The coach was pacing up and down the side lines

with a wild expression on his face. At the first sign of Ryan's failure, he turned to Will.

With a rapid gesticulation he shouted, "Get out of that blanket and warm up. I want you to go in on the next down."

Will sprang to his feet and ran briskly to the nearest end of the field and back again. Time was called, and the coach sent him in to replace Ryan, who, as he limped off, groaned, "Watch that left halfback of theirs; he is as slippery as an eel. I couldn't stop him."

Will heard only part of this, but it was not necessary that he should have heard all of it; he had been watching the plays and thought he saw where the trouble lay. State's left end had been failing to break the interference, and Ryan had tried to sift through there and down the runner. After a quick sign to State's captain the left end was pulled back of the line and Will sprang in to take his place. The ball was in possession of the Brown on State's eight yard line. Only two more downs and the ball would change hands providing the Brown did not cross the goal line in the meantime. The referee's whistle blew and the Brown quarterback began barking his signals. The ball was snapped and Will saw the left halfback leap forward to take it. Will sprang, eluding the opposing end, and hurled himself at the interference. His dive was well calculated and they were piled up on top of one another before they knew what had happened. Stevenson, the little end, downed the runner but was dragged for at least four yards before he brought him to earth. When the teams lined up again Will saw that the ball lay on the three yard line. One more gain like the last one would put the game out of State's reach, if that play could not be stopped this time. As the ball was snapped Will decided to try what Ryan had failed at. He sprang forward and this time, instead of diving at the knees of the foremost interferer, he eluded him entirely and wiggling through the opening, dived for the runner. He caught him fairly by the knees and threw him fully three yards behind the line of scrimmage. It was State's ball, and her goal line was for the present out of danger. State, knowing there remained but three minutes to play, decided to kick on the first play. The kick Will sent off was a high spiral which covered fully forty five yards before it settled into the arms of a Brown player. It settled there, but not to stay. State's right end caught it on the bound and ran thirty yards with it before he was stopped by the Brown quarterback. On the next play the ball was given to Will on a long end run. The play started successfully, but just as Will turned in he saw his interference pile up before him and he threw himself violently to the left in the direction of an opening.

He darted through, shook off two tacklers and had only one Brown player between him and a touchdown. This was the Brown fullback, who was playing back in the expectation of a punt. The Brown man was running almost at right angles to him and Will saw that he was bound to be intercepted. He remained in his first course and pretended to be depending on the straight arm to shake off his enemy. But, just as the body of the fullback shot at him from the side, he stopped short. The Brown player struck the ground in front of him and with a quick sidewise leap Will cleared him and rushed straight on toward the goal line. He was now only twenty-five yards away from the goal line, but his strength was going rapidly. He heard the pounding of two men behind him and knew he must run faster, ever faster. His breath was gone entirely, and he had forgotten that such a thing as breathing was at all necessary. All he knew

he was that he must cross that last line. Everything was now a red haze before him, out of which show those everlasting whitewashed lines. He was no longer running with the ease and grace peculiar to himself, but with an unsteady wobble and sidewise under which seemed to forecast certain failure to reach that last coveted line. And always those poundings behind him came nearer. Were they human, that they could stand this terrific pace? Suddenly he heard the regular pounding behind him cease and he knew that his enemy was diving at his legs. With a last superhuman effort he leaped toward that remaining line and, just as the Brown player struck him, he fell hugging the ball closely to him with his body just barely over the line. Everything seemed to fade before him in a black mass, but he was conscious of the fact that he had crossed the line. What did it matter if it were only a margin of inches? Had he not scored? And had he not snatched the game right from out of the Brown's hands at the time when they seemed more dangerous than at any other moment of the game?

With one accord State's rooters rose and the chorus of the Alma Mater swept across the field. It did not matter that, when Will was brought back to consciousness he stood uncertainly trying to decide which of those six or eight white poles formed the goal. It did not matter that he failed by a matter of inches to kick the goal. State was two points in the lead at the final kick-off, but ten seconds remained to be played, and during those ten seconds State advanced the ball to her own forty-five yard line at which point the whistle sounded, declaring a victory for the Blue and Gold, and the fact that Young Brandon had made good.

J. G. L., '12.

Almost A Fatal Mistake

EDWARD FRANKLIN had been an apprenticed drug clerk for two years and had yet one year more to serve before he could become a qualified assistant. He was a bright, ambitious lad and had always done his work well; so well, in fact, that his employer often left him in charge of the store for short periods of time. While left alone in the store, Franklin never attempted to fill any prescriptions, but always held the customer until the proprietor came in. The fact that the young clerk did not fill any prescriptions did not mean that he did not know how, but that the law prohibited it. He always watched the other clerk mixing preparations, however, and occasionally he put up a prescription under the direction of his employer.

One morning, shortly after he had opened the store, his employer telephoned to him that he had been summoned to do jury duty and would not be able to be at the store until late in the afternoon. He cautioned the clerk to be careful about everything and gave him permission to fill any prescription that came in. For a while everything ran smoothly. His only customers were for postage stamps and such things that he could sell. About noon, a person brought in a prescription which called for, among other things, Bicarbonate of Potash. It was an easy task for the apprentice to make the mixture. A four ounce solution. Now, Bicarbonate of Potash is a white crystal resembling chloral hydrate, a very deadly poison. Both of these drugs were kept in similar bottles in the same cupboard. By mistake, Franklin got hold of the chloral hydrate bottle and filled the prescription with it instead of the Bicarbonate of Potash which was called for. He did not notice what he had done, and when

the solution was finished, wrapped up the bottle and handed it to his customer. After making several purchases the man started to leave the store. In the meantime the clerk had gone back to put away the things which he had used. When he read the label on the Hydrate bottle, his heart almost stood still. Thoughts of what might happen filled his head. He saw the sick person taking the medicine, becoming worse, gradually sinking into a stupor, and then, finally dying. All this was as real to him as thought he had seen it with his eyes. He had no time to think. The man with the bottle was already half-way down the block. Whatever he was to do had to be done at once, and the lad's quick wit did not fail him. He started out after the customer, overtaking him at the next corner.

"Please let me see that bottle," he asked the man.

"Why, what do you want with it? Is there something wrong with the medicine?" asked the purchaser.

"No, only I think that I put the wrong number on the label," answered the clerk. Although this was not so, he did not wish to let the man see that he had made a mistake in compounding. The customer handed him the bottle and Franklin took the paper off.

"That's all right, the number is correct after all," he said, and held out the bottle to the man; but instead of waiting for him to take it, dropped it on the hard pavement, shattering the bottle into bits. The man was angry, but Franklin took him back to the store and mixed the medicine correctly for him. By his quick headwork, the young apprentice had kept the man from knowing how near to death the sick person had been, and also kept a good customer for his employer.

W. S. A., '12.

A Bear Hunt In Tennessee

TWO young men, Steve Allen and Thomas Carey, had been sent to Tennessee by an engineering firm in New York to survey the course of a branch railroad. They were both recent graduates, well bred, and loved good sport. Naturally they welcomed any excitement that presented itself or that they could get while not at their work. They were getting along nicely with their surveying and were almost done. Within another week they would have the work completed and be back in New York. As they were going from their work one afternoon they heard a workman speak of going bear hunting, so they decided at once to go on a short hunt before returning to New York. The boys were stopping at a private boarding house, because there was no hotel in the small village in which they were staying. Steve was called to a larger town several miles away, and was gone for three days. When he returned to his boarding place he found Tom, as he called his companion, sitting in their room. He said to Tom:

"When shall you be ready to start on the hunt, Tom?"

"Why, I am all ready today," said Tom. "I have been planning and preparing for the trip while you were away. I have even engaged old Mose—you know the old negro we saw last week—to go with us to carry ammunition and build fires. I think we had better not start until tomorrow, however, because we need a night of good sound sleep before starting on such a trip. Besides, Mose says he is now making his winter supply of cider, and will not get done before tomorrow forenoon. What do you say to starting tomorrow at one

o'clock?"

"That is very satisfactory to me," said Steve. "I shall be ready at one. In the meantime, let us go around to Mose's house and see him make his cider. Did you say he is making his cider for the winter? Does he sell it or drink it?"

"Oh, he drinks it, or he and Dinah, his wife, together, drink it. They say cider goes good with walnuts about Christmas," answered Tom. "But come, we will walk around to Mose's house. Perhaps we can do something to help him. At any rate, we can enjoy seeing him and Dinah work and hearing them talk. I do so much enjoy seeing these old negroes down here work. They are so polite, too. And their voices sound so pleasant when they talk. Mose and Dinah are especially interesting, because Mose is afraid of Dinah. You can tell that when you hear her talk to him and see the expression on his face."

The boys left the boarding house and walked around to a little one-room house on the outskirts of the village. Everything around the place showed results of Dinah's work, or of the work she had made Mose do. Everything was neat; but, of course, nothing was expensive. They saw Mose and Dinah under an apple tree back of the house, working at their cider making. Their apparatus for making cider was one that Mose had made himself. It consisted of a trough into which the apples were poured and then pounded into pomace by means of a club with a heavy end. The pomace was put into a wooden basket-like box and pressed until the cider was all squeezed out. The cider ran out into a bucket. Mose was pounding the apples in the trough and putting the pomace into the press, and Dinah was pressing out the juice by means of heavy levers. When the boys came within speaking distance of the negroes, they spoke to him, and Tom said:

"I see you are still working at your cider. Do you think you shall be done in time to go with us tomorrow?"

"Yes, suh, Marse Tom, we is gittin' 'long fus-trate. We expects to git almos' done today," said Mose, being careful to use the plural pronoun, and not to assume personal authority over the process.

"We came around to see if you need any help," said Steve. "Dinah, do you like cider, or do you let Mose drink it all?" he continued.

"Marse Steve, does you think I would be working like dis to mek cider jest fo' Mose to drink by hisself? No, Marse Steve, I ain't meking it fo' him to drink 'lone. It is too good 'long 'bout Thanksgivin' an Chrismus to let Mose drink it all. Besides, Marse Steve, don't you think Mose'd git lonesome drinkin' it all by hisself? An' dat I'd git lonesome settin' in de corner lookin' at him drink it, when I was not gittin' none? I try to help Mose in all his work, don't I, Mose?" said the old negress to her husband.

"Yes, Dinah, yo' sholy does, an' you can hip me 'specially well in drinkin' my—our cider," answered Mose, more to Dinah's look than to her words.

"Dinah," said Steve, do you have any fears for Mose's going hunting with us, tomorrow?"

"No, suh," said Dinah; "I has no fears for Mose when you and Marse Tom is 'long to look 'bout him, but if he was to go by hisself, a bar would sholy git him and hug him. Mose don't know how to tek kier of hisself."

"Well, we will take good care of him, Dinah, so don't you worry at all," said Steve. "Tom, I think we had better go around and get our dinners, since we can't be of any assistance to Mose and Dinah," he continued; "don't you?"

"Yes, we had," said Tom, as he tested the cider. "I think Dinah's cider will give me a good appetite. Good day, Dinah and Mose. We shall expect

you tomorrow at one, Mose."

"Yes, Mose, don't disappoint us tomorrow," joined Steve. "So long until then. Good-day, Dinah."

The boys went to their boarding place, and, after eating their dinner, they spent the rest of the day in sitting around and planning for the coming hunt.

The next day, a few minutes before one, Mose made his appearance at the boys' boarding place. He was in high spirits, and seemed to be proud of being able to accompany the boys on their hunt. He wore a pair of old buckskin trousers and a cap made of raccoon's hide. When he saw the young men come out of the house he took off his hat and his white teeth showed between his parted lips as he grinned and said:

"You see, I didn't dis'pint yo, gen'emen."

"We see you are very punctual, indeed," answered Tom. "We are all ready to start now. You may take the package of ammunition and food, and this rifle. The rifle is for you to use if the bear tries to hug you."

The party of three was soon on its way to the woods on the mountain side. They all talked merrily of what they would do in case they should see a bear. Mose made the two young men laugh by referring to the bear that he might happen to see, and his cider at home. He said very sincerely:

"If dis gun don't go off when I sees de bar, and you is bof out ob sight, I is afeard Dinah'll git all de cider herself."

"You needn't be afraid," said Steve. "The gun is all right. All you need to do is to take good aim and pull the trigger."

They had now been walking about three hours and were nearing the woods. The dogs were already in the woods, hunting.

The part of the country in which they were was very pretty. The mountains in the distance, fringed with clusters of green pines, standing out against the clear sky, presented a good picture indeed. And the beauty of the picture did not become less attractive to the boys as they got nearer. The contrast of the dark, rugged mountains with the bright green trees, showed more plainly, and the harmonizing of their colors was more clear.

They had entered the woods and were slowly ascending a slight slope by a winding road, along which grew trees and vines, and over which the vines met, forming a continuous archway for a great distance, when the dogs began to sniffle and yelp, and Mose said:

"Pears to me we is goin' to find some game 'fore we goes far. Dem dogs is gittin' a little excited and anxious like. I had better git my gun ready. Marse Steve, if de bar was to come out here now, who would have de fust crack at him? Or would we all shoot at him at onct?"

"Well, Mose, I suppose the man would first shoot at him who was first ready to shoot, unless you want to take the first shot yourself."

"Oh, no suh, I will let you shoot first. Maybe you don't git to shoot at him as often as I might if I would come huntin' em alone."

By this time the dogs were evidently on the trail of a bear, for they were barking almost steadily, and were going slowly in a fixed direction. Mose would show his nervousness by looking at his gun first on one side and then on the other. As the party was passing through an opening, Tom said:

"I think we had better separate, Steve, so that we can cover a longer range of territory and thus stand a better chance of seeing the bear, if he should pass over this way. I will stand here and let you and Mose go further up the ascent.

What do you say to that?"

"I think that is a good idea. I will go well up and let Mose stand about half-way between us," said Steve.

"Dat is a good plan," said Mose; den if my gun don't go off when I shoots de bar, I can run to one of you an' tell you to come and shoot him for me."

Steve and Mose started up the hill, leaving Tom to stand near the foot of the hill. When they reached where Mose was to stand, Steve said to Mose:

"You may stand here, Mose. If you see the bear, be careful to take good aim before pulling your trigger."

"Yes, Marse Steve, I will aim at de bar jist as soon as I gits my trigger pulled. You had better come to me soon as you hears me shoot de bar, so you can help me stick him in de heart if I don't kill him dead."

"Well, I will come to you, all right. You just shoot the bear, and Tom and I will both come to help you skin him," said Steve. "You don't have to stand in the same place all the time. Walk around if you want to, but don't make too much noise."

Steve went up the hill several hundred yards and stood near a bend in the road. The ground was studded around with large rocks, and, except right near him, it was obscured by thick undergrowth. Steve was standing admiring the beauty of the woods around him, the color and size of the trees, the regular slope of the hill, the size of the boulders lying around, and the general picture that all these presented, when he heard the report of a rifle in the direction of Mose and Tom. He hurried off in that direction and met Tom about where he had left Mose.

"Did you shoot, Steve?" asked Tom.

"No, Tom, I heard the report and thought it was from your gun or Mose's. It was in this direction. Here is where I left Mose, but I see nothing of him now. Where do you suppose he can be?" said Steve.

"Maybe his gun 'didn't go off', and he had to run from the 'bar'," suggested Tom, laughing.

Just at this time they were startled by a sound that came from behind them, and turning around, they saw a large black mountain bear, standing erect with its back towards them. They went nearer to the bear and saw Mose's rifle lying on the ground not far from the brute's feet, and then saw Mose held in the strong embrace of the woolly creature. Mose appeared to be unhurt, but greatly frightened. He was struggling and kicking the bear on its hind legs, but it did not cause the bear to relax its grasp on him. His fur cap was lying at his feet, and his face was bloody just a little, where it had been slightly cut by the bear's claws. As soon as he saw Tom and Steve, he called out to them:

"Hey, Marse Steve and Marse Tom, git dis critter's arms from 'roun' me, or Dinah'll haf to drink all dat eider by herself. He is squeezin' me so small dat I'm 'feard my close is goin' to drap off'n me."

Tom, putting up his rifle to shoot the bear, was addressed by Mose in these words:

"Lawd, Marse Tom, if you miss de bar an' shoot me, I won't eben git to splain to you how it all happen'd. Be shore to tek good aim at your trigger fore you shoot."

Tom was amused, but he fired just as Mose had finished his plea. The bear fell and rolled over with Mose still in his grasp. The boys released the negro from the bear's embrace and asked him if he was hurt.

"No, suh," said Mose, "I ain't hurt, but I guess dat bar had a good, strong squeeze in his arms. I specks he tuk me fer another bar, a baby bar, mebbe, an' wanted to love me. Does my hat an' huntin' suit mek me look like a bar?"

"No, they do not," said Steve. "The bear would have killed you soon, if we had not found you. Don't you know enough about bears to tell that?"

"Yes, suh," answered Mose; "I knows all about bears now, but I nebber hunted dem afore. I have heard lots of talk 'bout dem, an' I knows all about dem pufectly well."

"Let us skin the animal and leave the body here," said Tom. "It will be almost dark, too, by the time we get it skinned; so we had about as well encamp here for the night, as we can't well find the way out of the forest after dark."

"Well, Mose, while Tom and I are skinning the bear, you may get some wood and other material for making a fire. I suppose we might cook a bit of the bear's meat for supper."

They all set at work, and by the time the boys had skinned the bear, Mose had his wood collected, and a good fire made a few yards from where the bear was lying. It was nearly dark by this time; so they began preparing for supper. They unpacked the small amount of food that they had in Mose's pack, and, after cooking it and some of the bear meat, they spread a hunting coat on the ground and put the food on it. All three seemed to enjoy the supper, for all ate heartily; and Mose, especially, partook freely of the newly killed meat. After supper was over, they sat around the fire, smoking and talking about whatever subjects of interest that came to their minds. Sometimes the boys alluded to ghost stories, and Mose, somewhat terrified by such stories, made more ghostly by the glare of the light on their faces and on the nearby trees, by the long shadows of the trees that extended well into the forest around, by the form of the bear that could dimly be made out in the distance, and by the dense darkness that hemmed them in on all sides, moved over between the young men, and sat near to the one or the other, according to which one was telling the story. After they had talked for several hours, Tom suggested going to bed. As the weather was warm, they had not brought any bedding, so they made a pile of leaves and needles fallen from the trees, and slept with nothing over them but the tops of the trees and the heavens. When they awoke the sun was shining on them. They got up, prepared their breakfast and began making preparations to start for home. About one hour after breakfast was over, they set out for home, and when they arrived, it was nearly noon. Mose after he had been paid by the boys, thanked them for both the money and their asking him to go with them on the hunt, and went home to Dinah and his ciders. The boys went to their boarding place, and, having eaten their dinner, they went to their room, where Tom said:

"Steve, I suppose we can finish our work tomorrow and go home on the day following. Don't you think we can?"

"Yes, Tom," said Steve, "I am sure we can leave for the North on day after tomorrow. I am glad we have our bear skin to show to the people at home. It will show that we had a bit of sport, aside from our work, while we were down here, and it will help us to remember old Mose. We will have a rug made of the skin and keep it in our room at our boarding place in New York. What do you say?" "I think that is an excellent plan," said Tom.

Two days later the boys left the hills and pines of calm, Sunny Tennessee, and returned to New York, much pleased with their stay in the South, and especially pleased with their bear hunt.

B. W. W., '12.

A Whaling Trip

EARLY in the Spring of 1906, I received an invitation to accompany a friend on a whaling trip. Such a trip had always been a fascination to me, and it is needless to say that I quickly accepted the invitation, and promptly made preparations for my long voyage.

I proceeded as fast as steam would carry me to the Norwegian port of Hammerfest, where I found the whaling ship *Bergen*, on which I was to sail, taking on provisions and the necessary paraphernalia. The captain, a hardy Norwegian, who recalled to my mind the Norsemen of old, warmly welcomed me. I afterwards found out that he had served fifteen years in the United States Navy. He proved to be a congenial man, well educated, and a strict disciplinarian.

At the time I arrived he was busily engaged in selecting his crew from a swarm of applicants. It was indeed wonderful to see the way in which he examined each candidate. He would ask each man a lot of questions, examine his papers, and if they satisfied his requirements, would have them sign articles with him. In picking his crew of thirty-two men, he made each man give an account of his experience. They were a rugged, stern, healthy looking lot of men. Everyone was an expert whaler, and many had seen long service on the sea.

They took their baggage which consisted of numerous bundles, but principally of long, cylindrical canvas bags, on board. Each went to his assigned quarters, according to the position he had shipped for. After they had become settled the real work of fitting out began. Great quantities of provisions were taken on board, spare sails, ropes, weapons and twenty dories, or small boats. Large supplies are necessary, for a trip of this kind often covers a long period of time.

After everything had been safely stowed away, and the formalities of leaving port had been gone through, we set sail. While we were getting under weigh I was introduced to the first mate. He was a young man, bright, well educated, and a graduate of one of our greatest American Universities. He was popular with the crew and would do anything for them. During my conversation with him, I found out that he was even then studying astronomy. We soon were out on the open sea. The watches were then set, and the men began their various tasks. Some were overhauling the weapons and gear, others were busy making the decks ship-shape, others were busy with the work of restoring the stores, and others were repairing the great tanks which were to hold the whale oil. It was a busy crew which sailed with us, and were only too glad to make preparations for the slaughter which they hoped would be their task to help in. For modern whaling expeditions are nothing more or less than expeditions of slaughter.

We sailed along peacefully for several days, nothing of importance happening. Life on board was normal, the men were busy all the time at ordinary sailor's tasks, for the captain said that he believed in having no idle hands on board. Things went on this way until we reached the Fjords. Then extra look-outs were posted in the three crow's nests, and one in the bow. Everyone was now anxious as to when we should sight a school of whales. The whole conversation was on how much oil we should get and when we should make our first kill.

Two days went by in this way. Suddenly, on the morning of the third day one of the lookouts in the crow's nests hailed the deck and called attention to a "spout" to windward. This caused great excitement. Men came pell-mell to the deck to see if they could discern anything but we were too far away. The direction of the ship was altered so as to get nearer to the whales. Soon we came in sight of them. Every little while we could see columns of water go shooting up into the air, just as if some immense fountain were playing in the sea. It was a pretty sight. The sun would strike the spray and cause it to glitter like diamonds. The captain on the bridge, watched it through his glasses, and soon commenced to issue order after order in quick succession. Bedlam seemed to break loose, and everything seemed to spring into life. Men hurried line, then and everywhere. Boats were lowered and the crews took their places, some armed with harpoons, others with a sort of spear. I secured a seat in one of the boats, and shall never forget the way the men raced toward that school of whales. Each crew wanted to get the honor of making the first strike. We reached the school, and circling around the leader, cut him off from the rest of the school. We gradually drew nearer and nearer to him, until he was within striking distance, but just as he was about to be harpooned he dived. He did this several times, but at last he neared our boat. The bowman watched his opportunity and thrust the harpoon deeply into him. The man made one of the quickest movements I have ever seen. He seemed to be made of spring steel. He doubled up and sprang forward just as a watch spring does when suddenly released. The harpoon flashed into the air and landed fairly in the whale. As soon as this instrument struck he dived, and it seemed as if the rope to which it was attached could not be paid out fast enough. After a great length of it had gone over the side the whale stopped. The crew noticed this and started to pull for the ship, but the whale dived again and started off, dragging us with him. After playing him for some time we managed to reach the ship and pass the end of the line on deck. It was then fastened to a steam winch, and he was slowly dragged to the ship's side. Here he was finished by a thrust of a spear. The other boats crews had had the same good luck, and brought their captive to the ship. The work went on until all the school had been captured.

Now began the real work of the hunt, namely, the cutting up of the whale and draining off the oil. The davits were rigged and each whale in turn was brought on deck, and laid on his back. If he was too large he was chopped into sections in the water which had by this time become purple with blood and covered with foam. As soon as he reached the deck men cut deep gashes in him with axes and sword-like knives. Then they removed great chunks of blubber which were rendered down to oil. The bone was carefully removed and placed in tanks of some preservative. The parts which were of no use were thrown back into the sea. During the operations the men and decks became covered with slime and blood, making the scene interesting but disagreeable to watch. The men worked steadily at this for two days and nights, stopping only to eat and drink. They seemed to me like so many red devils, reveling in their torture of some poor victim. Water was constantly thrown upon the decks to wash the mess away and make them safe to walk on.

This scene was enacted two or three times during my trip, and became of little interest to me. After such a scene, things would get to their normal condition again. The men would rest up and repair their apparatus, sit around and

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talk just as if nothing had happened; in fact, if a person could have stepped on board at that time he would not think that such a scene of activity had ever taken place on the decks.

We cruised around in this way until our tanks were full, and then set sail for Paris, which is one of the greatest markets of the world for the disposal of whale oil and whalebone. On our arrival at that port we found that we had had a most profitable voyage. We had five thousand tons of whale oil and whalebone in the tanks. In all it had been a very pleasant trip for me, and one which should like to take again.

R. G. H., '13.



REVIEW

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TROPHY ROOM

For years there has been talk of a trophy room but no permanent place was ever set aside exclusively for that purpose until our new library was opened this fall. Through the kindness of the faculty we now have a splendid room on the second floor of the library building, facing the street. The next step will be the suitable furnishing of the room.

Why should not some of our Alumni or student organizations lend a helping hand? Perhaps some class of by-gone days would be glad of an opportunity to perpetuate its memory by the gift of a trophy case. If not a class, then an individual gift or a present from our Alumni Association. The pictures of as many teams as it is possible to obtain might be presented by some of our local societies. Any Alumnus of Delaware having pictures of teams or trophies of games that he would like to present to his college should send them to our trophy room as soon as possible. He may feel assured that any such gifts will be highly appreciated. The records of all games played by Delaware teams previous to 1903 would also be a valuable asset to our now incomplete file of records. The accounts of the games as given by the REVIEW would be especially acceptable. If only one man from each class would send us a volume of REVIEWS, say of his Senior year, we would have not only an interesting but extremely valuable record of the earlier days of Delaware. Let there be no excuse for delay in the matter. We have the room and a few trophies.

Before another month has passed we hope that our trophy room will be open to visitors and present an attractive appearance.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Some time ago we heard the remark, "spirit is dead at Delaware". We were almost persuaded that such was the case until recently our eyes have been opened. The dear old Delaware spirit was not dead, but simply slumbering. Now it has been awakened and has stimulated the hearts of most of the men who have the right attitude toward the institution which is training them for their future work. For is it not true that when a man becomes filled with love of his college his burdens and trials are made lighter? His most unpleasant and tiresome college duties become mere pastimes when his soul thrills with respect for his Alma Mater. Of course, there are some to whom the spirit has not as yet come. But look at them for an instant and see whether or not they are worthy of this great and ennobling thing we call college spirit. Are they not those whose selfish pleasures and desires lead them away when duty says stay? Do we not find them hurrying off on the 1307 every afternoon, instead of trying for our teams or doing their part to encourage the teams? Do we not find such men wasting their money frivolously while their college obligations go unpaid? Do we not hear them tell of the pleasures of a fishing or gunning expedition in which they participated last Saturday while their team was struggling with every ounce of energy to uphold the reputation of the college? Do we not hear of their attending dances in nearby towns on the very night of a college dance? Do we not hear of their attending or even playing football games when they should be on the college team or cheering their college teams from the sidelines? All of these niggardly acts have been observed right here in our midst within the last month. Do you wonder then that we say some are unworthy of the spirit that cheers the loyal on? They need first to prepare their minds by taking an interest in all things pertaining to Delaware before they can become true and loyal subjects of the genuine Delaware spirit. Of course, we know that some who read this article will throw it aside as so much bosh and complain that it does not apply to them. The chances are that they are the very ones of whom we have written. If the shoe does not fit we do not insist upon your wearing it, but should it pinch even a little we ask you to sit down and think over the matter. Be honest with yourself and inquire whether or not you owe your college anything. Can any man say frankly and candidly that he has done his entire duty to his college? Think how much she is giving us and how little we are willing to give in return. That little we very frequently give grudgingly. Is it right that we should receive all and give none? If not, then before we have gone deeper into debt, let us make some effort to balance the account. Let us each try harder to serve the interests of our college and advance her standards along all lines. If you haven't the spirit, get it now. Be a man among men. Don't let your fellow classmates learn to despise you because of your smallness. How often have we heard them say, "he has about as much spirit as a common cur." Yes, that is the way most of them talk of you behind your back. It is up to you to show them that you are something more than putty. Now, let everyone get awake and show some signs of life—yes, and more, show some signs of the true and loyal Delaware spirit that we know you are capable of.

the spectators of the Delaware-Swarthmore game of one week before, but the second half was a decided change for the better. Contrary to all preceding games, the Blue and Gold was much stronger in the latter half of the game than in the former. The Marylanders scored but once in that half, and that was merely luck.

No one took notes on each and every separate play of the contest, but the line-up follows:

Delaware.	Washington College.
Rothrock (Capt.).... left end	Hayes
Groff left tackle	Gibson
Corkran left guard.....	Jones
Attix center	Johnson
Dunbar right guard	Porter
Todd right tackle	Maddox
Kidd right end	Crouch
Haley, Bice quarterback	Weegan
Cann left halfback	Porter, A.
Taylor right halfback	Turner
Carswell fullback	Norman

Referee—Duke, of Brown. Umpire—Jackson, of Washington. Linesmen—Marshall and Brewster. Timekeepers—Horn and Campbell. Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.

SIXTH GAME

WESTERN MARYLAND, 11; DELAWARE, 6.

On Saturday, November 13th, Delaware played its second game at Newark with the team from Western Maryland College. Western Maryland had considerable advantage in weight, and the hard luck of the Haverford game repeated itself once more with the Methodists. The Blue and Gold had everything in their favor until the middle of the second half, when a fluke and a poor decision by an official gave the visitors two touchdowns and the game. The spirit of the student body was particularly noticeable during all stages of the game; for never before in the history of "Old Delaware" has such untiring efforts been made by the undergraduates for a victory. As the team headed by Captain Rothrock, trotted on the field at 2.30 o'clock, the men were greeted with the Alma Mater.

Delaware won the toss and received the ball in the northern half of the gridiron. Price kicked off to Haley, who returned the ball 15 yards. On the next play the Green and Gold received a 5 yard penalty for offside. A forward pass ended in a fumble and it was Dudley's ball on the 40 yard line. Line plunges proved a failure; so Haley received a punt and returned it to the middle of the Western Maryland half of the field. A forward pass netted 20 yards. Carswell carried the pigskin over in two downs, and Delaware had scored the first touchdown since the Gettysburg game. Haley kicked the goal.

The "Caesar Rodney spirit" of the warriors was in full flame by this time; consequently another touchdown was their "Excelsior". Haley kicked off to Price. He returned the ball 10 yards. The next two downs netted nothing. An exchange of kicks gave the ball on a fumble to Delaware in midfield. A failure of an attempted forward pass lost 15 yards for the home eleven. An

other exchange of punts, and three end runs gave the oval to the Blue and Gold on their opponents' 2 yard line. Before the teams could again line up, time was called, and the first half ended with the score: Delaware, 6; Western Maryland, 0.

Both teams came back determined to win at any cost. Haley kicked off to Price. A forward pass and an end run gave the ball to the Marylanders in mid-field. The pigskin was "see-sawed" within the central 30 yards for nearly five minutes, when a succession of three forward passes and two line plunges gave the Green and Gold their first score. Sprague kicked the goal. Price kicked off to Carswell. Several end runs carried the ball to midfield. Here the Cadets fumbled in a trick play and Capt. Birdsall recovered the ball. Two forward passes, a poor decision, and a tandem line plunge formation again placed the ball behind the goal posts. Price missed an easy goal, but the visitors had won. Just as Haley kicked off again the whistle blew and one of the hardest fought contests of the season was another defeat. Carswell and Todd were the stars of the game. The line-up:

Delaware.	Western Maryland.
Rothrock (Capt.)	left end Gill
Larrimore	left tackle Dudley
Corkran	left guard Wheelton
Attix	center Twigg, White
Millington	right guard Pritchett, Wright
Todd	right tackle Graefe
Kidd	right end Sprague
Haley	quarterback Shultz
Cann	left halfback (Birdsall) Thomas
Taylor	right halfback Thomas
Carswell	fullback Price, Twigg

Touchdowns—Price, 2; Carswell. Goals from touchdown—Haley and Shultz. Referee—Hastings, of Lafayette. Umpire—Lind, of Colgate. Time-keepers—Wingett and Howe. Linesmen—Ennis and Frank. Field Judge—Wright. Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.

RIFLE RANGE

There has been an announcement of an inter-Company shoot to be held on the Company E range, north of Newark, on Saturday, December 4th. This is the first shoot of its kind ever held at the college and a warmly-contested one is being looked forward to. If there is any "Company spirit" in the fellows, every cadet will at least go out and try for his team, so that each company will have the best team that it can possibly produce. Upon the success of the occasion will rest the decision of the Commandant for further rifle matches; consequently, it is up to each and every man to be at his best for his team.

Locals

EDITED BY J. V. ENNIS, '11

We are sorry to learn that Bennett, '13, is ill at his home in Milford, with typhoid fever. We hope that he will soon be able to resume his studies.

The Phi Sigma boys have recently improved the appearance of their house by adding a new coat of paint.

McCafferty, '12, is back at college again with a cane. We understand that "Mac" was scored on in the game with New Castle.

Prof. Conover (in Latin, Bacon arriving ten minutes after bell)—Let me introduce the "late" Mr. Bacon.

We are glad to note at last the hot water in the shower baths in the "gym."

A smoker was held in the Oratory on Friday evening, November 12, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The object of the affair was to arouse a little extra enthusiasm for the football game on Saturday with Western Maryland. The student body assembled at seven p. m., and accompanied by the band, marched around the campus several times. The crowd then retired to the oratory, where the smoker was held, and where speeches were made by members of the faculty and several old "grads" and football men.

The Sophomores have brought to attention a college custom not generally observed at "Delaware"—that of securing a class hat. The "sophs" have a neat little hat of blue with bold band and the numerals 1912 on the front. The hats arrived on Friday, November 12, and were much in evidence at the smoker Friday evening and also at the game Saturday, with Western Maryland.

The Senior Class gave an informal dance in the gymnasium on Saturday, November 13. The dance was largely attended by the Alumni and friends of the college who returned for the football game on that day. The patronesses were Mrs. Conover, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Houghton. The committee was composed of T. N. Lyndall, H. J. Lowe and P. E. Armstrong. The College Orchestra furnished the music.

Millington—Fools often ask questions that wise men can't answer.

Jolls—Yes, that's why I flunk so many of my "exams."

Lewis and Price, '12, have lately come to the front in German.

Lowe was singing in chapel the hymn, "My Soul be on Thy Guard; Ten Thousand Foes Arise." He began too high. "Ten thousand," he screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand, old chappie," said Lyndall.

Ask Shaw, '10, what proof he has of his sickness.

Exchanges

EDITED BY T. F. WATTS, '10

About the best October exchange which came to our department is "The Muhlenberg". This number was unusually full and well balanced. The principal article was a long discussion of the principle of "Final Causes." While we will have to admit that the subject matter was beyond the range of our narrow engineering mind, we could not help but see that the authority had a thorough understanding of his subject, which he treats in a thorough and explicit manner. Although, as we said before, we are not familiar with the subject of "Final Causes", this article was so well written and clearly explained that it afforded pleasant reading. Another good article in the same magazine, but of a different nature, was "When Spinster Entertained Bachelor." Unlike its predecessor it was not of very great length and of course its subject matter was capable of being understood by all. The merit of the article comes in its appeal to our humorous rather than to our literary sense. The subject matter was very commonplace, but was presented in an easy, entertaining manner. Following the above-mentioned article was one called "The American Tendency." The tendency, as defined by the writer is the inclination of the American people not toward the church, but toward freedom in religion and conduct. We quote this extract: "This decay of ethical and religious ideals is hastened by the injudicious and godless teaching of the so-called non-sectarian colleges and universities." We can not agree on this with the author, who in our opinion, is rather hasty in drawing this strong and wide spreading conclusion. Neither can we believe that the author really believes this himself. If this were true, we cannot conceive of how religion would have stood as long as it has. The improvement of "The Muhlenberg" as a whole is so pronounced that we can not help commenting on it. The editors should be congratulated on their work. As a final word we would say, "Keep it up."

In glancing over the M. H. Aerolith an article called "The Paths of Glory Lead But to the Grave", attracted our attention. The point which the author endeavored to bring out, was that the grave was the end of all our efforts, that if we persist in our efforts to win fame and glory, the inevitable will sooner or later overtake us. The article was well written and interesting. Toward the end the author digressed from his subject somewhat and broadened so as to include the American millionaire in his discussion. This detracted somewhat from the value of this otherwise effective article.

Some time ago we noticed a rather hasty and severe editorial in the Tar-gum, upon the subject of the Commuters. This is an old time-worn theme, but one which can always be relied upon to produce something good when all other subjects fail. In the pursuit of the realization of their purpose and in the height of their inspiration, the editors never fail to apply several ancient, time-worn expressions, such as "parasites" "intellectual leeches", etc., to the poor unfortunate commuters. From the failure of the football team to win all their games, even down to the stopping of the college clock on a cold winter morning, everything is directly and accurately traced to the unfortunate commuters. The duty of students living in the dormitories is to be around and have a good time and then to claim all the honor when everything goes right. The editor

says that he is not acquainted with the commuters. Whose fault is that? We will venture to say that the commuter, as a rule, is better known by sight at least, than the average dormitory student. The editor should remember that if we surround ourselves with a Chinese wall that our associates are not going to scale the wall in order to get inside.

We are glad to see that the above mentioned article was answered in the following issue of the Targum. Possibly this is digression from the object and purpose of our department, but we could not resist the temptation to make a little comment on this editorial. Of course, we do not mean to say that all the day students are not parasites, but we do say that the number is usually equalled by the students who live at the college.

The October issue of "The Owl" contained a very comic article entitled, "Circumstantial Evidence." We fancied that we could detect evidences of an attempt at burlesque upon the police force of a large city, not many hundreds of miles distant, but possibly we may have been mistaken.

TEMPORIS ACTU.

We are but a foolish generation,
We sometimes hear the old boys say,
And the only days worth a mention
Are the days of yesterday.
Often have you heard the story
Of the past with all the glory,
Of those happy days of yore,
Happy days, alas, no more.
We laugh to scorn at this—ah, yes!
And deem it all but foolishness,
Yet when another holds the stage,
And time on us has turned the page,
And our sun sinks in the west,
We, too, will think the old days best. —The Mountaineer.

A FLOWER.

Once in a desert, you let fall a seed
And left it there, as if you did not know
'Twas dropped on parched and sandy soil to grow
And yet of all God gives the earth to feed
A tiny growing plant it had no need.
The hand from which it fell gave overflow
Of life and strength, it grew and bloomed as though
Upon that spot Caesar himself did bleed.
Again you came and found a full-grown flower,
One of the seeds of love which you had sown;
You plucked it, but it could not wither where
You wore it ever near you, in your hair,
Yet will you always wear it there apart
From where it should be—resting by your heart. —The Haverfordian.

Inter-Collegiate Notes

A. B. EASTMAN, '11

The University of Wisconsin base ball team left for Japan the latter part of August to play a series of games with the Kei-o University of Tokio. A great deal of interest was aroused in the trip, as it was the first of its kind ever undertaken by an American college team.

A thing that is expected to mean much for athletics at Columbia University is the enlarged and improved athletic field which was dedicated on Commencement Day, June 2. Columbia athletes have always suffered from a lack of suitable grounds on which to practice and it is expected that the new field will supply a long-felt need. The expense of improving the field was borne by the classes of 1884 and 1889.

It is interesting to note that the United States Military Academy at West Point is now a full-fledged college. Action has been taken whereby it is an approved college and as such is entitled to have its work recognized for professional licenses and for university certificates.

With the aid of a gift of \$50,000 from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Howard University, Washington, D. C., is building a large library. A science hall is also being constructed, the expense being covered by a government appropriation of \$90,000.

Never in the history of the world has such progress been made in agricultural education as in the United States during the last eleven years, says Mr. D. J. Crosby, specialist in agricultural education of the department of agriculture. The growing activity in all phases of agricultural education in this country has been reflected in the larger demands made upon the department of agriculture for information upon every phase of the subject. In 1890 the total income of land grant colleges aggregated only \$5,000,000; today it is \$18,000,000. The number of students has increased from 4,000 to 14,000.

Many of the larger colleges and universities were opened as usual for a summer course during vacation. The success of these courses has been constantly growing. Columbia enrolled 1968 students last summer while the University of Chicago had a total registration of 2,845. These courses are given either to prepare students for entrance or for the benefit of teachers who wish to brush up on their winter work.

There are now thirteen States in which the teaching of agriculture in the rural common schools is required by law. To increase the supply of such teachers and supervisors as may be needed, the University of Minnesota, through its Department of Agriculture, has recently established, in connection with its college of agriculture, a school for the special training of those who expect to engage in this important work. It is not the aim of this school to make specialists, but rather to fit for teaching industrial subjects or supervising industrial courses in secondary schools. Those wishing to prepare themselves for this work and desiring information as to the details of the course of study, terms of admission, etc., may obtain full particulars by writing D. D. Mayne, Principal of the School of Agriculture, University Farm, St. Paul, Minnesota.

for a prospectus of the School for Supervisors and Teachers of Industrial Subjects.

The Southern University has purchased forty acres of land to be used for experimental farming. Students who are desirous of working their way through college will be given an opportunity on the farm, where they will receive a stated sum per hour for their labor. It seems as if this plan would be beneficial to college and students alike, and it seems a pity that more colleges do not follow the same plan.

It was thought by many that the changes recently made in the rules of football would greatly diminish the large number of accidents which annually resulted from the game. The death of Cadet Byrne of West Point, and the serious injury of Midshipman Wilson, of Annapolis, however, has called the attention of the public to the fact that the hoped-for success has not yet been obtained. It seems that the changes have either not been practical enough, or are not along the proper line. It is the opinion of many upholders of football that either Rugby football should be played or that the mass plays which were responsible for the above accidents, should be eliminated from the American game.

The opportunity to compete for the Economic Prizes offered by Hart, Schaffner & Marx has been brought to the attention of students of this college by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, who is chairman of the committee in charge of the contest.

Papers for the prizes are to be submitted before June 1, 1910. There are five prizes, totaling \$2,000. The contestants are divided into three classes, fuller details of which may be had from the head of the department of political economy. The prizes are divided as follows:

Class "A"—first prize \$600.	Second prize \$400
Class "B"—first prize \$300.	Second prize \$200
Class "C"—one prize \$500.	

Classes "A" and "B" refer particularly to college graduates and undergraduates, and the following subjects have been suggested by Professor Laughlin's committee:

1. The effect of labor unions on international trade.
2. The best means of raising the wages of the unskilled.
3. A comparison between the theory and the actual practice of protectionism in the United States.
4. A scheme for an ideal monetary system for the United States.
5. The true relation of the central government to trusts.
6. How much of J. S. Mills' economic system survives?
7. A central bank as a factor in a financial crisis.

The members of the committee, aside from Professor Laughlin, are:

Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Horace White, Esq., New York City, and Edwin B. Gay, Harvard University.

De Alumnis

EDITED BY C. T. MCCHESENEY, '11

Those who scan the Alumni column of the REVIEW, month by month, will often meet with the numeral '96. Such persons, perhaps, if they be unacquainted with this class, will reason that it is composed of many members who are continually on the move, and who are of necessity fit objects for frequent chronicling. The fact is, that the class of 1896 is composed of but twelve members who are, to be sure, continually on the move, and every one of them standing upon his own merits, as we feel, very fit subjects for copy. Their influence is wide-sweeping in more than one sense, for one of the twelve is carrying on his life work in Wuchang, China. It is the interesting stories of the lives, work and influence for good, to date, however, of the three men of '96 who are represented in our Faculty at Delaware College that we present this month to our readers.

CLARENCE A. SHORT, M. S.

(Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.)

Professor Short was born near Georgetown, Del., July 2, 1873. After receiving his education at the public schools of Sussex county, in September, 1889, he entered Delaware College, where he remained one year. During the next three years he taught school near Laurel and at Shortley, Del. He re-entered Delaware College in April, 1893, and graduated in 1896, valedictorian of his class, with degree B. C. E. He has since occupied the following positions: Commandant of Cadets and Professor of Mathematics and History at Worthington Military School, Lincoln, Neb., 1896-7; Professor of Civics, History and Higher Mathematics at Hottel's School for Boys, Birmingham, Cal., 1897-8; Professor of Mathematics, Commercial Branches and Rhetoric at Fayetteville Military Academy, Fayetteville, N. C., 1898-9; Principal of North Carolina Military Academy, Red Springs, N. C., where he taught mathematics and English; Instructor in Mathematics and Engineering, Delaware College, September 1903-March, 1904; Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Engineering, Delaware College, March, 1904 to 1908, when he was made full Professor. In the summer of 1904 he took a special course in Mathematics and Civil Engineering at University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. In June, 1905, he received from Delaware College the M. S. degree. He has taken great interest in military matters and was Captain of E. Company Organized Militia of Delaware for two and one-half years, and has since been promoted to Major and Inspector General on the General's staff.

EDWARD LAURENCE SMITH, M. A.

(Professor of Modern Languages.)

Professor E. L. Smith was born at Newark, Del., March 19, 1877. In 1892 he entered Delaware College and was graduated in 1896 with the degree of B. A. During 1896-98 he was a graduate student in Latin, German, French, Italian and Spanish at that College. He was University Scholar in Romance Philology and student of the Romance Languages and Literature, and the Germanic Languages and Literatures at Columbia University, 1898-99. The

degree of M. A. was conferred upon him by Delaware College in 1899. In 1899-1900 he was University Fellow in Romance Philology and student of the above-mentioned subjects at Columbia University. He was a student of Romance Philology and Literature at L'Universite de Paris, College de France and Ecole des Hautes Etudes at Paris under M. M. Gaston Paris, Paul Meyer, Morel Fatio, Antoin Thomas, Gustave Lanson, etc., 1900-01. During 1901-02 he was instructor in German, French and Spanish at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and student of Old Provençal at Columbia University. In 1902 he was elected Instructor in Modern Languages at Delaware College, and in 1904 he was elected Professor of Modern Languages at that college, which position he now occupies. Prof. Smith is a member of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity and Secretary and Treasurer of the Phi Kappa Phi Fraternity of Delaware College.

W. OWEN SYPHERD, Ph. D.

(Professor of English and Political Science.)

Doctor Sypherd was born in Talbot county, Maryland. He prepared for college in the Snow Hill High School, Snow Hill, Md. In the spring of 1893 he entered Delaware College and was graduated in 1896 with the degree of B. A. From 1896 to 1898 he was principal of the Public Schools of Port Penn, Del. He entered the Junior Class of the University of Pennsylvania in 1898, and was graduated in 1900 with the degree of B. S. In 1901 he received the degree of M. A. from Harvard University. From 1901 to 1903 he was instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin. In 1906 Harvard conferred the degree of Ph. D. on him. Since then he has held the chair of English and Political Science at Delaware College. He is the author of three articles in *American Philological Journals*. One entitled "Chaucer's Eight Years' Sickness," appeared in *Modern Language Notes* in December, 1905; another entitled "Old French Influence on Middle English Phraseology," appeared in *Modern Philology* in July, 1907; the last was "Le Songe Bert and Chaucer's Dream Poems," *Modern Language Notes*, 1909. He is also the author of "Studies in Chaucer's House of Fame," a book published in November, 1907, by the Chaucer Society of England.

Robert B. Frazer, Jr., '05, died on November 2, 1909, at his home in Elkton, Md., aged 23 years. His illness was a protracted one, having begun shortly after he entered the University of Virginia for the study of Medicine. He was a capable and earnest student, having graduated from the Elkton High School with honors and being elected a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Fraternity upon graduation from Delaware College. Mr. Frazer was Editor-in-Chief of THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW, a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity at the University of Virginia. Under the trials of sickness he evinced the most exemplary fortitude and died without a murmur of complaint. Such a life and such a death is in the highest sense of the word ennobling, and it is beautiful to think upon a sentence by Robert Louis Stevenson, a favorite with Mr. Frazer and a man similarly stricken in life—"The sound of the mallet is scarcely quenched before this full-blooded, happy starved spirit, trailing with it clouds of glory, shoots into the spiritual land."

Dr. W. Heisler Ball, '82, has opened an office in Wilmington with a view of conducting the coming census for Delaware, of which he is the director, from this station.

Horace Greely Knowles, '84, has recently had extensive honors conferred upon him by the King of Roumania.

W. W. Harrington, Esq., '95, was married on October 26 to Miss Sarah Godwin, of Reisterstown, Md.

J. Baker Taylor, '08, was recently married to Miss Mary Taylor, of Dover, Del. As one account of the wedding starts "Bake" has run away with another of the Dover Bachelor Club girls.

Herman M. Sypherd, '95, is building a new home in Atlantic City, N. J. Harry L. Maier, '01, was a recent visitor at the college.

Visiting Alumni at the Delaware-Western Maryland game were: Lucien Green, '03, C. P. Messick, '07, H. G. Lawson, ex-'06, Frank B. Evans, '05, Standley Evans, '08, G. H. Papperman, '00, C. E. Watts, '00, V. H. Jones, '09, S. M. Parrish, '00, W. F. Wingett, '00.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Edited by H. T. ENNIS, '12

Senior Junior Bible Class every Monday evening, at seven o'clock, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall; Sophomore-Freshman class, every Tuesday evening. Drop in some evening and join us. You are always welcome.

*The reception tendered the Freshmen recently was a success. We are sorry that more of the first year men could not be present. However, the interest manifested by many of the Freshmen is encouraging. Many are already becoming active workers.

The report of the men who attended the Northfield Student Conference was made at a recent meeting of the Association. The report showed that the three men who were sent to the Conference obtained considerable experience and much benefit from the trip. Bacon, '10, told of the trip, Dunn, '11, of the way we spent our time, and the third speaker talked of the benefit to be obtained from the Conference.

The Y. M. C. A. handbook for 1909-10 is out. They contain a fund of useful information. Any student who has not yet obtained one may do so by seeing the editors or an officer of the Association.

Mainly through the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. the faculty have made a slightly different rule in regards to Chapel attendance. The students are now allowed twenty absences each term. When this number is exceeded the student will be suspended for one week. By this scheme the somewhat repulsive idea of compulsory attendance is eliminated, and the rule is yet strict enough to secure a good attendance. The suggestion of the Y. M. C. A. Committee that two hymns be sung, and that all announcements be made in Chapel was also adopted. At present the change seems to be for the better.

Agricultural Notes

Dr. Cook accepted an invitation from Fruitland Grange to address them at Camden, Del., on November 13th.

Professors Grantham and McCue recently visited the Maryland Experiment Station at College Park.

Dr. Dawson has sent the State Board of Agriculture a large number of doses of the new hog cholera serum which was made in the college laboratory.

The work of remodelling the barns on the college farm has been begun, and will be completed early next month.

Several members of the class in Animal Husbandry, with Prof. Hayward, attended the International Horse Show at New York last week. After attending the Horse Show, Prof. Hayward went to Portlandville, N. Y., to purchase some cattle for a farmer near Delaware City.

Prof. McCue has accepted the invitation to judge fruit at the Maryland Horticultural Society meeting next month.

Prof. Thompson and Mr. Eggers expect to occupy their new quarters in the East Wing of the main building early in December.

Prof. Hayward has been invited to address the Kent county Teachers' Institute at Dover, Thanksgiving week.

A large Oregon spruce flagpole is about to be put up at the concrete pits on the College Farm. On this pole will be installed a very elaborate set of meteorological instruments for use in the experiments in Horticulture and agronomy being carried on by Professors McCue and Grantham.

Prof. Grantham's class in Agronomy attended the State Corn Show in Dover, on November 18th.

Doings Of The Ancient, Free And Accepted Order Of Antiquated Chestnuts

In our last issue there appeared a notice which brought before the eyes of the vulgar multitude the fact that the above-mentioned society had been founded with the express object of which the title of the organization makes mention. Since then we have been made acquainted with several choice tid-bits of news through the happy medium of the four noble charter members. Although most of those aforesaid tid-bits are of such high intellectual qualities as to be almost incomprehensible to the average under-graduate, still we beg that some of the following be given due thought and nursed in their efforts to percolate through cerebrums of the readers:—

On November 4, Brother "Kid Statler" Knopp was heard to whinny aloud during Professor Penny's Sophomore Chemistry class. The Professor immediately pricked up his ears at this unusually mulish sound, and, after snorting and roaring for a few minutes, trotted "Kid Statler" from the room. As the "Statter" ambled from the presence of his Professorship his faintly melodious voice was heard to say as the draught of sulphuric acid wafted it toward the front of the room: "G-O-O-D N-I-G-H-T!"

One week later our friend Professor Short and brother "Tell it to

"Sweeney" Rice were having an argument in Professor Short's class. They argued the matter, the subject of which was "What will become of the pieces should baby's face break into a smile," up one side and down the other. Finally the class became sleepy and brother Millington rose slowly and majestically and, addressing the pair, said: "Well, if you two fellows are through with your discussion, we will proceed with the lesson."

All of these articles are of interest we hope, but we think that the one of the most interest is the following: Brother Lewis has endeavored since our last issue, to keep a list of the fool questions asked by some of our classmates. He has had a hard job, however, since some of the men have averaged 226 per day. The class became interested in his work, but one morning last week all attention was taken from him to our fellow classmate Ward. In analytics Professor McVey asked Ward if he could tell whether or not two lines intersect. Bennie's immediate and brilliant answer phrased in the form of the proverbial Yankee question, was, "Can you see the lines, Professor?" Of course Ward completely distanced all rivals by this master-stroke, but we are printing the standing of the men just as brother Lewis handed them to us and we congratulate them on the brave showing they have made against Ward.

1. Ward—average incalculable.
2. Millington—average 267 per day.
3. Ayerst—average 259 per day.
4. Rice—average 232 per day.
5. Knopf—average 220 per day.

Although Carswell has propounded several good fool questions, still he has not been consistent in his attempts and his average has become sadly neglected. One of his most creditable efforts, however, is as follows: In Chemistry Professor Penny was lecturing on ozone, when Randall broke in with this alarmingly bright and coherent question, "Professor, do the manufacturers put sugar of lead in bells to give them that sweet tone?"

In concluding, let us say that we hope more candidates will appear in this new field. There is always a good show for the right sort of fellow. Let us have more spirit shown, fellows. Although you may not be a member of this wonderful organization, still you can show your spirit by aiding the exalted members in their endeavors. For the benefit of anyone who failed to see our last article, we publish a list of the charter members, all of whom will be glad to receive your help: "Kit Statter Knopf", "Queen" Millington, "Ancient Eggs" Lewis, "Tell it to Sweeney" Rice.



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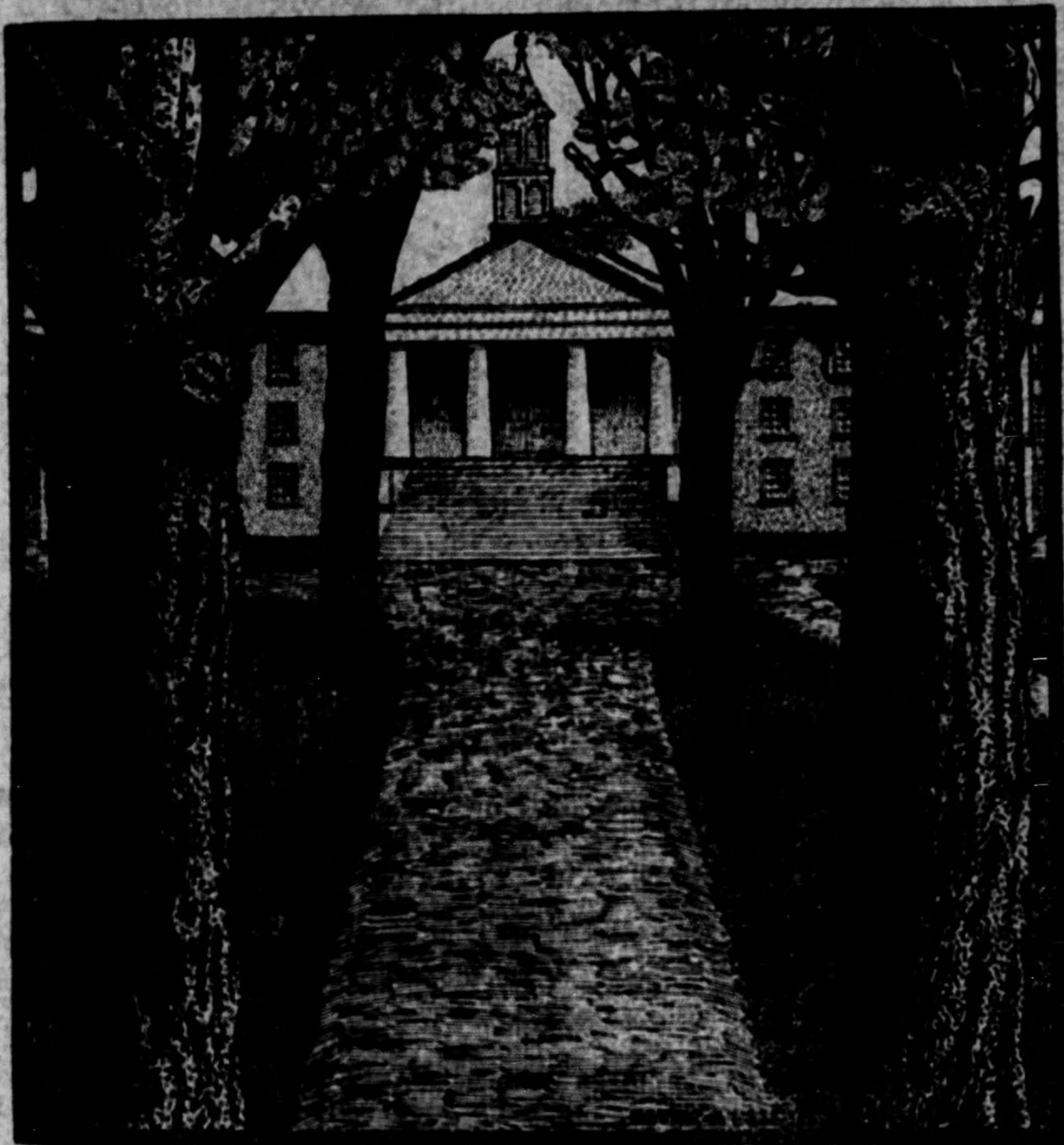
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**DELAWARE COLLEGE
REVIEW**



DECEMBER, 1909



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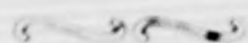
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