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“The Black Hole of Calcutta”

(A STORY)

HOWARD HOPKINS PROUSE, '09

THE little village of Calcutta or Fort William, during the 19th of June, 1756, was the same quiet little spot of colonization that it had been for several years. The palm houses hidden in the shade of foliage were lifeless except for the occasional appearance of a Sepoy servant or a half dozen book-keepers loafing in their door-ways, conversing amid the lazy wreaths of smoke which floated upward from their pipes. The large factory of the East India Company which lay a short distance from the shore of the Ganges was alive with busy men. Some were in their offices making out invoices, others preparing ledgers, or indexing the books of the Company. A ship, half laden, scraped her sides lazily against the wharf timbers as the inundations of the waves bore her slowly up and down. Sepoys hurried in and out of her holds, handling great bundles of spices and raw materials, which were stored away into the dark recesses. The same routine of the slow, but pleasant and almost happy life, was to be found at Calcutta, which its inhabitants had been leading ever since the commercial enterprises had induced the East India Company to purchase that spot from the Great Mogul.

But the great, red sun of the 20th of June poured its last glaring rays of the evening upon an entirely different scene. The air of quiet and security gave way to a stir of warlike unrest and ferocity. The lovely streets of yesterday were now thronged, not with the men of the Company, but by black, ferocious soldiers. It was the day of terror for Calcutta. Surajah Dowlah, the subohdar of Beyil, a selfish, pampered being, who for the sake of vengeance or to satisfy his blood-thirsty desire to behold torture for torture's sake, had swooped down on the hitherto unmolested village like a bird of prey, and with his great host had taken prisoners all those who had not time to escape. The poor Englishmen and the few women who had broken all home ties in their native isle to follow their husbands to the far-off shores of India, were huddled together in the main hall of the factory, dreading the worst from him whom they knew to be heartless.

It was the summer solstice, the season of the year when the natives themselves can scarcely endure the intensity of the heat, and Englishmen, tempered to a more moderate clime, can only sit and face and endure it until it passes, and pleasant breezes begin to blow. Crowded together as the white prisoners were in that hall, though there were large doors to admit fresh air, they waited the decree of the subahdar in almost a state of suffocation.

Amid the perspiring mob there was one woman who had fainted in the arms of her husband. Her delicate features had become like iron and her pale, tender lips twitched convulsively as the gentle hands of her husband unfastened the clasp at her neck and fanned her bosom and face with his hat. They were both very young in appearance not past twenty-five at the most, and both seemed to bear lines of nobility in their faces. He was a stalwart, black-haired youth, and held her in his arms as one would an infant. After many attempts at restoring her to consciousness he finally noticed a faint quiver on her face and slowly, gradually her eye-lids lifted and a pair of deep hazel eyes stared wonderingly up into his anxious countenance. He stooped and pressed his lips to hers, whispering a few words of relief.

"Are—we—still—in the factory?" she managed to gasp, as he raised her to a sitting posture upon his knee.

"Yes, darling. But I see a stir in the Director's office, and I believe the Subahdar has made his decision, and someone is coming to announce it. Be brave, little woman, and let us hope for the best."

"Mark, if it means death, will you stay with me until the last?"

"Don't talk about it! Don't mention it! They dare not hurt you until they have killed me. Let one of those black-hearted black-faced slaves touch you, and he will find a quick road to hell.—Hush! The rajah's servant speaks. What's that? By God, the beast had heart enough to let us live, and they say he will let us free in the morning."

"It would be better, Mark, for us to thank God, than to swear that way. She nestled close in his arms and began to sob out the reaction of the nervous tension of the last few terrible hours. But the intense heat again overcame her slight physical powers and she swooned a second time.

Black soldiers advanced upon the prisoners and started them out of doors. Gladly did the half-suffocated men and women escape from the oven heat of the factory and crowd into the fresh air of the shaded street. Mark Howard lifted his little wife with his strong arms and followed the crowd, anxious now to place her where she could get pure air for her lungs. He sat down with the crowd beneath the arched branches of a laryan tree and laid her on the ground, awaiting the further orders of Surajah Dowlah.

"Isn't this much better than roasting in one of the subahdar's torture ovens?"

Mark was startled by this sudden expression from his wife, whom he did not suspect of having recovered, and who was now looking up into his face with twinkling eyes.

"Just think," she continued, "tomorrow they will all leave and we can start our little home all over again, though they have plundered it. That is more comfortable than being sliced to pieces by these black slaves."

"I should say so," rejoined Mark, "and when I have my commission next year in the home office, as Sullivan promised me, we can go home and tell them all about our thrilling adventures in the far East."

"I can think comfortably now that we are out of that hot old factory. Was I unconscious long?"

"Only while we were waiting here a few moments as they commanded."

"Mr. Hanover's calling you, Mark. He's coming over this way. Oh, don't go with him anywhere! Please don't leave me for anything until the ugly creatures leave the town. I couldn't bear the idea of your being away from me as long as there is any danger."

"Mr. Howard!" exclaimed Mr. Hanover, approaching the couple with a tremor of uneasiness apparent in his voice, and a countenance disturbed with emotion, are you willing to make a sacrifice for these your friends," waving his hand toward the one and a half hundred people scattered around and guarded closely by the native soldiers; "and your little wife here?"

"What are you driving at, Hanover? What can I do for them more than the rest of us? And if that be to fight I can surely stand as firm as any, though it would be suicide to attempt such folly in this mob of savages."

"Howard, not that. There is something that you and no one else can do to save all of us from a terrible end. Take this from me—that sneaking rajah is not so good-natured as he pretends to be. He declares that he will give us freedom tomorrow. But it is my belief that he intends to stay here for weeks, if necessary, and harass our lives until we produce the hidden treasure which he suspects us of having, and then he will cut us down like dogs, and leave our flesh to decay and our bones to whiten beneath the parching sun. I have heard one of the rajah's soldiers say that Morari Row and a large band of natives are marching eastward, and are within a hundred miles of us, directly southwest. You are the only man among us who is acquainted with Morari Row, and who could have the slightest influence over him in getting him to assist us, in our distress, against Surajah Dowlah. He knows you as a personal friend of Captain Clive, and for anyone who is Clive's friend he would fight to his last breath. One man could easily slip past those reckless guards, now that the twilight is darkening into night, and hasten for Row and his army. We will care tenderly for this little woman and meanwhile hold Dowlah's vengeance from us by promises of the supposed hidden treasure until you arrive with Row and his host.

"Oh, Mr. Hanover, how can you ask him to leave me, when I am so defenseless and dare not leave him from my sight? You will not do it, will you, Mark?" pleaded those beautiful lips, and the hazel eyes at the same time besought as much with their expression.

Mark had arisen when Mr. Hanover approached. Now he stood with stooped shoulders and head and eyes closely scrutinizing the ground. There was a battle raging within him between duty and personal inclination. Several minutes he remained thus, not stirring an inch, Hanover eagerly gazing into his countenance and his despairing wife with outstretched arms begging him to remain with her. All around them were their friends and neighbors seated together in little groups, discussing their own respective affairs in connection with the late disaster and their hopes for tomorrow's release and the departure of that black thronging mob that guarded them. A hot evening breeze, more intense than one of our August breezes at mid-day, brushed itself through the foliage and breathed upon the cheeks of the trio as it passed.

As if suddenly awakened by the breeze, Mark Howard lifted his head, and utterly ignoring Hanover, knelt beside his wife and taking one of her hands in his began to speak to her in a firm but gentle tone:

"Alice you were always brave. You left your own father and mother to battle against the world with me, even to forsake all that had been nearest and dearest to you; to come thousands of miles into the dangers of this Oriental land. I have lived for you and I will die for you. I could never leave you here by yourself, not even to save these, our friends, from calamity, if I were not shaken with the dread which Mr. Hanover's words have just stirred within me. I should have known from the beginning that Surajah Dowlah never intends

that we should escape alive, after he has discovered whether we have secret treasures or not. It would be impossible for us to escape together from these vigilant eyes. If it is possible I shall escape and bring a great army to rescue you, my love, my darling."

For one moment he grabbed her into his arms and held her close to his breast, whispering inaudible words in her ear. Then, gently placing her on the ground, he stood up before Mr. Hanover.

"Sir, I shall go. Within a week I shall bring Morari Row and his army here, if he is anywhere near the place you have spoken of. Delude the Subahdar with any kind of lies until I come, and above all things see that no harm comes to her."

He immediately moved away until he came within a few yards of the line of guards, just as they had begun to light their torches to dispel the darkness. Then he crouched to the earth and began crawling in the grass, in and out, around the roots of a banyan tree, now stopping to look and listen, now creeping silently forward, until the unsuspecting guards were passed, and he was out in the darkness of the wilderness, alone, unarmed, and with over a hundred miles before him to travel.

Mrs. Howard understood the situation after her first objections. True to her husband's brave spirit she forced back the bitter tears of disappointment and despair, and submitted to the care of Mr. Hanover, who had come to Calcutta at the same time with the Howards, and as is the nature of all old bachelors, had become infatuated with the happy young couple. Mark had been gone only a half hour when a message came from the Subahdar to imprison the captives for the night. Mrs. Howard, sighing with an anxious desire for that night to pass and the morning to come, when she hoped to see all signs of the terrible Rajah and his fierce allies disappear as they had promised. Poor little woman! Little did she realize into what she was entering, as she arose and taking Mr. Hanover's arm followed the crowd to the place where the natives led them. Little did any of that multitude fancy the awful experience which was about to be theirs. It was the beginning of the episode of the "Black Hole."

An officer of the East India Company later described this horrible night and its loathsome effect upon the English people of Calcutta in the following words:

"The principal officer of the Subahdar commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them along the veranda. This was the common dungeon of the garrison, and well called the "Black Hole." Many of the prisoners, knowing the place, began to expostulate; upon which the officer ordered his men to cut down those who hesitated. But before all were in the room, it was so thronged that the last entered with difficulty. The guard immediately closed and locked the door, confining one hundred and forty-six persons in a room not twenty feet square, with only two small windows, and these obstructed by the veranda.

"The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another and the intolerable heat which prevailed as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement, and violent attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect, for it opened inward. The first effect of this confinement was a profuse and continued sweat which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the breast, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and more air. Every-

one stripped off his clothes; every hat was put in motion, and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they should all sit down on their hams at the same time, and after remaining a little while in this posture, rise together. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour, and every time several, unable to rear themselves up again, fell and were trampled to death by their companions.

Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage; but the thirst increasing, nothing but 'Water! water!' became soon after the general cry. The good guards immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows. Instead of relief, however, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction; for the sight of water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature none could wait to be regularly served, but each, with utmost ferocity, battled against those who were likely to get it before him. In these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others or suffocated by their own. Before midnight, all who were alive and had not shared the air from the windows were either in a state of lethargy or raving with delirium. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of anyone renewed the struggle, through all, under which ever and anon some one sank to rise no more. At two o'clock not more than fifty remained alive. But even these fifty were too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which and for life continued until the morn, long implored, began to break.

"An officer of the Subahdar came and inquired if the English chief still survived; and soon after the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that men were employed near half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door before they could clear a passage to go out one at a time; when of one hundred and forty-six who went in, no more than twenty-three came out alive—the ghastliest forms that were ever seen alive."

* * * * *

Another day was departing from the Bengal land, and the blood-red sun was hovering above the western horizon. The little town of Calcutta was now completely forsaken. No vestige of its former healthy and happy population could be seen either in the deserted streets and houses, or at the factory. All, even the Subahdar and his beasts of humanity, had disappeared a week before. But yet there is a stir in the tall reeds of the river bank. A stealthy, creeping object moves about and finally emerges in full sight. Oh, horrible figure! Can it be a beast? Not so, for it has the shape of a man and wears the tattered fragments of that which was possibly once a suit of clothes. Can those pinched and haggard features and those shining, watchful eyes belong to a member of the human race? Does that creeping, trembling, almost fleshless frame hold a soul in its confines? Surely it mutters something as it stands in a half-bent posture and peers down the street. It is a man, and a man who is acquainted with Calcutta. He looks neither to the right nor left, but runs as swiftly as his weak legs can carry him toward a comfortable looking little house midway the main street. He enters the half-open door and holds his long fingers to his brow as the darkness of the house meets his eyes, blinded by the sun. He stands dazed in the door-way for a second, and then a weak, feeble utterance escapes his lips. Again a single word is formed—this time a little louder. Again, still louder,

and again he distinctly calls, each time in a higher key, until the whole house rings with his shriek of "Alice! Alice! Alice!"

The echo of his voice is the sole response. He dashes madly from the door and out into the street, calling out that one word and foaming at the mouth, as a rabid dog. From one desolate house to another he goes, searching and calling. But no person meets him, no soul comes to greet him and offer an explanation for the deserted condition of the town. At last he reaches the factory; he pushes open the heavy door and falls unconscious within, upon a bundle of canvas. He has reached the extent of his endurance. The fever is on him.

* * * * *

A month had now passed since Surajah Dowlah withdrew to his far-off home in the West. Calcutta was still unpopulated. But one black Sepoy slave seemed to hold sway among the vacant homes and in the deserted factory. There was one home which held his main attention, and which sheltered something that claimed much of his time. In a little room of his house was a man who could be called little more than a skeleton. It was evident that he was convalescing from a period of illness. For the empty bottles of medicine stood on a stand near the bed which, for convenience, had been placed in the front room. He was sitting in a cushioned chair looking from the window. Suddenly a form darkened the doorway, and the Sepoy entered with a tray of food.

"Misser Howard, here's for you eat," he said, setting the tray before him.

"Good, Jack, I feel like eating to-day."

"Not too much eat, Misser Howard; it make sick again."

"Very well, old boy, I'll be careful."

A pause followed and the convalescent began eating his slight repast. He glanced from the window occasionally, and from where he was sitting he could see the "Black Hole."

"Say, Jack, will you help me this afternoon, to go over to the place where they buried them. I think the walk would help me, and, besides, I think it would keep me from worrying so much if I could at least see where my Alice was put."

"Yessir, we walk there s'afternoon and see um."

"Jack, I know you think I am an old fool for asking you so many times, but are you sure there was only one woman left. And were all the rest men who came out of the Black Hole and were taken away as prisoners?"

"Misser Howard, one woman all Dowlah send 'way wid prisoners. She Misser Smith's wife. All rest men. We talk about um s'afternoon; eat now."

Mark Howard continued eating, but he seemed worried, and finally pushed away his plate with a sigh.

"Jack, come take me now, and it will help digest my food. I am stronger this afternoon than I have been since I fell with the fever in the factory. I could feel more thankful to you, old fellow, if you had let me die there. But you couldn't know, and you did what you thought was right."

Jack helped him to the floor and guided his tottering steps to the door and out in the street as gently as a nurse. They walked slowly, for the sun's rays were intense. Though they took the shaded side of the street, it was too hot to walk fast.

"Misser Howard," said Jack, "I tell something now; you too sick before."

"What! Jack, is there something else, and can it be about Alice?"

"Yessir, you too sick to hear before."

"Go on, tell me now. Is she still alive? What is it?"

"Two women 'scaped Black Hole; Mis' Smith and Mis' Howard. Mis' Smith sent with other prisoners; Mis' Howard old Dowlah took with him for him wife and put her in him harem."

"Now," yelled Howard. "Did that beast take my darling? Did he dare to touch her body? You said she was dead. Oh, you said she was dead. You lie; I know she's dead."

"No, no, Misser Howard, me don't lie. You too sick before."

"Then, Jack, why did you tell me at all? I had rather a thousand times believe Death holds her than to know that devil should touch her fair hand but once. Oh, Jack, you kill me. Tell me you lie. Won't you, old fellow?"

"Misser Howard, don't look so," uttered the frightened Sepoy; "you be sick again."

"Sick! Sick! Oh, I am sick. Sickness is too good for me. Oh, why did I leave her, when she pleaded so hard for me to stay and protect her?"

"Misser Howard, come! We go home. You go to bed 'gain, and sleep. You feel better then."

"Sleep? I shall sleep no more as long as I know that my love is in a harem. Sleep is murdered for me. Sleep—I—never—shall—"

He tottered, his eyes closed, his ashen face bent forward toward the ground and he fell limp into the arms of Jack. The Sepoy took him up as a mother would her child and bore him back to the house and laid him on his bed. He applied cool towels and bathed his face until he again opened his eyes. But they were eyes of unconsciousness and senseless. He was again in a delirium. Poor Jack watched him several days longer, more tender to him than a brother. It was on the fourth day that he awoke with a clear brain and a feeling of new life. Jack was not in the house. Instantly a plan was suggested to him. Why not end it all now. Jack was not there and his pistol was in the closet.

"She is not living now. She would end her life rather than be insulted by that wretch. I shall join her."

He arose and went to the closet. He found his pistol and a powder flask. "But I can't do it here, where we spent so many happy days. The place is too sacred. I shall go to the wharf."

He sneaked from the house, not tottering this time, but with the full strength of a man. All his energies were gathered together for this last act. He reached the wharf without meeting Jack. But when he turned the corner of the store-house he saw the Sepoy standing near the water's edge watching something down the river. He looked and beheld it was a sail. A large vessel was rapidly approaching.

"I must do it now," he thought, "or they will prevent me."

He loaded the pistol and placing it to his forehead pulled the trigger; a dull click and that was all.

"I shall die! I shall die!" he murmured, and after investigating the pan and the ball, he pulled the trigger, but no report followed.

"Oh, heavens, will they be here before it goes off. Oh, God, I call upon thee to take me from my misery?"

All this time the ship was nearing the wharf, and Jack was closely scrutinizing it. Mark Howard unloaded and with fresh ammunition reloaded the pistol. Again he placed it to his forehead and pulled the trigger. This time the powder in the pan flashed but no report followed. The powder was too old to be of use. The ship was almost at the wharf by this time. Mark threw the pistol

away from him and dashed for the edge of the wharf.

"Watch that man! Watch that man!" called someone from the ship.

Jack turned around just in time to jump and catch him before he plunged to a watery grave. Mark fought like a tiger, and though just from a fever, he almost overpowered the strong Sepoy. But a woman's shriek from the vessel held him spell-bound. He released his hold; he turned and looked in the direction of that voice. His eyes were fixed with wonder at one person on the ship. His face changed from that of a mad-man to an expression of rapture. "Alice!" he whispered, as Jack carried him to a seat.

The vessel was quickly unloaded of the human cargo. All eyes and interests were directed toward the two who could see nothing else or hear nothing else, know nothing else but each other.

"He told me that Surajah Dowlah took you and put you in his harem," murmured Mark.

"No, dear, that was poor Mrs. Smith. She and I escaped the awful fate of the rest, because we were near the window, where Mr. Hanover found a place for me. She was taken away for the monster nabob and they sent me with the other prisoners to Madris, where we were ransomed by Englishmen."

"Morari Row was not there, where they said," continued Mark, "and I came back, but you were not here, and I had the fever and—"

"Look! Look!" Mark, at the sun. See how golden and beautiful it and the clouds are as it hides its face behind them. I remember how it looked that awful evening you left me. It was bloody then, but, oh, it is beautiful this evening."

Blaney's Circle

THE NEW MEMBER'S STORY

EGMONT HORN, '10

I HAVE often read the stories of charmed birds and beasts; of enchanted princes and princesses. From my childhood days I remember the tales of bewitching flutes and haunted houses; but not until a few evenings ago did I ever hear of a "hoodoo" verse.

With my usual circle of friends I was sitting in the little "inferno" in the rear of Blaney's "smoke-shop". During the evening we were joined by Frank H—, a new man in our select evening society. The rolling clouds of blue smoke had just begun to arise from our pipes and blend into a deep haze above us, when the new member glided silently into the room and took a seat beside the table. Gossip had been so unusually slow and languid that evening that trivial subjects were seized upon to awaken the interest of the gathering.

"Had a death in the family, or did you lose all of your assets on the boat last week?" asked one of the circle between huge puffs of smoke.

"Not exactly," replied the new member, to whom the question was addressed. "What makes you ask?"

"Oh, I passed you on the street last week, spoke to you and asked if you were coming over to Blaney's in the evening. You cast a foolish far-away look at me, and continued on down the street. As you looked very worn and haggard, I didn't follow you. Take my advice and keep away from that "White Owl" club."

The new member smiled. "I see there is no way of clearing myself except to tell the whole story—and a strange one it is. I give you my word that I am sober. Please don't throw anything till I've finished."

Blaney's circle was used to strange stories, so no one threatened—and the new member continued:

"I had just left the office Tuesday evening, and was hurrying for my car, when I suddenly bumped into an old friend of mine who seemed to be wandering aimlessly down the street. I grasped his hand and spoke to him. He looked at me absently and without any greeting rattled off a foolish verse—

"The bos'n was tall and very thin,
And as hungry as could be;
He ate the captain and the captain's mate
And jumped in the angry sea."

When he laughed in a hollow tone and hurried down the street.

"At first I was dumbfounded. I couldn't see any joke in his action. I concluded he was harmlessly crazy. The lines ran through my head as I watched him dodge along the street.

"The bos'n was tall and very thin'—what could be the fellow's object, to reel off such a foolish combination of words in equally as foolish a manner? Had I known his object I might have been spared a day's and a night's misery.

"I boarded my car. The situation seemed humorous to me and I smiled as I ran over the lines in my head. In a mechanical way I pulled out a car ticket and handed it to the conductor, forgetting to ask for a transfer. At my boarding house, while I was dressing for supper, the verse was still fresh in my mind. When the waiter asked me for my order at the table I started out with

"The bos'n was tall—

but I caught myself, and with an effort kept back the rest of the verse long enough to tell him what I wanted. All through the meal the verse buzzed through my head. My friends looked first at one another and then at me, and nodded knowingly to each other. I couldn't answer a question sensibly. I left the table and picked up the evening paper. From the base ball column to the housekeepers' notes everything was—

"He ate the captain and the captain's mate,
And jumped in the angry sea."

I read one paragraph six times in a vain endeavor to concentrate my mind.

"I threw down the paper and wandered into the next room. There I joined a game of cards, as I thought the diversion might clear my brain. I picked up the first hand and then the next thing I remembered was some one tapping me on the shoulder and saying, 'Bid the limit—a dandy chance.' 'Oh,' I stammered, 'He jumped'—no, I'll pass. I felt like shouting the verse from beginning to end, and get it out of me; but it was so foolish I was afraid the people would think me crazy.

"After a series of misplays and dumb actions, I left the game and started for bed. Before I turned in I took a strong night-cap with the hopes of inducing sleep. It was in vain. First, I would hear a voice shouting in my ear.

"The bos'n was tall and very thin,
And as hungry as could be;
He ate the captain and the captain's mate,
And jumped in the angry sea."

Then I set the verse to music and hummed it over and over. Once I closed my eyes in a short doze. I saw an old hulk of a ship, covered with bones

and scraps of clothing, and a hideous looking sailor dancing with fiendish glee over the deck. I soon awoke and the verse still hummed in my head. I tossed and fumed and cursed, but I could not forget that foolish mess of words.

"Towards morning I remembered that some one said to try to count up to a thousand when it was hard to get to sleep. I would count a few hundred and then, suddenly, I would be repeating my monderful verse. Finally I succeeded in counting eleven hundred, but instead of going to sleep I found it was time to get up.

"It is useless for me to relate my hazy adventures of that day. I don't remember whether or not I went to breakfast. I walked past the office several times humming or thinking of my verse, before I realized where I was. In the office, I have no doubt, that my stenographer thought I was insane. In fact, I was as near insane as a man can be without being placed in a padded cell.

"I read my mail without the slightest idea from whom the letters were, or of what they contained. I put the empty envelopes on the bill file and threw the letters in the waste basket. The stenographer called my attention to what I was doing, but in answer I started to tell her—

"The bos'in was tall and very thin—

"The poor girl looked at me first in amazement and then in fear. I grabbed my hat and walked into the street, bent on ridding myself of the "hoodoo" or jumping in the river. How I got across the streets without being run down, I don't know.

"Suddenly some one grabbed me by the arm. I couldn't tell now, who it was(I am sure I didn't know then. However, I pulled him to one side, grabbed his coat—it's a 'hoodoo'—a curse; I can't forget it—

"The bos'in was tall and very thin,

And as hungry as could be;

He ate the captain and the captain's mate,

And jumped in the angry sea."

I rattled the thing off in my friend's ear and rushed on. I went a few yards and stopped. The poor fellow was walking around in a dazed manner, like one in a trance. My head began to clear. I looked at my watch—it was late in the afternoon. I hurried back to the office and sat down at my desk without a word to anyone. I was rid of the verse. Then I thought over my actions of the day. I had spoken the whole verse to just one man and since then the verse no longer troubled me. The spell was broken. The first thing that entered my mind was to go after the fellow who first cast the verse at me. But, I thought of the 'other fellow', and changed my mind."

The new member stopped; some one in the circle proposed pinochle, and again the back room at Blaney's was a cloud of bluesmoke.

Delaware-Rutgers Debate

J. V. ENNIS, '11

The annual debate between Delaware and Rutgers was held on the evening of April 21st, at New Brunswick, N. J. The question was, "Resolved, That the Tariff Should be Revised According to the Plank in the Democratic Platform." Delaware upheld the affirmative side of the question. The Delaware debaters were Messrs. Gustav A. Papperman, '09, William F. Knowles, '11, John V. Ennis, '12, alternate. Herman Vanderwort, '09, F. E. Mason, '10, Suman J.

H.T.

Shafer, '09, R. F. Stryker, '10 alternate, debated for Rutgers.

Mr. Papperman, for Delaware, opened the debate. He stated that the affirmative would prove that a protective tariff had become injurious; that it was no longer necessary, and that the country was not prepared for a "tariff for revenue." He showed that a tariff for revenue had been tried before with success, and that a protective tariff was not in accord with our principles of government. He also showed that home markets and infant industries no longer needed protection. In conclusion, he proved by statistics that the protective tariff was injurious to American wage-earners.

Mr. Vanderwort opened for Rutgers by outlining the negative arguments. He stated that trust-controlled products should not be placed on the free list, because such an act would destroy small manufacturers and home competition, and would also lead to international trusts. He showed that the plank was wrong in regard to necessities, because all necessities that were now taxed too high were trust-controlled, and would have to be placed on the free list. Duties on other necessities were all right. He claimed that the articles sold more cheaply abroad than at home were taken from surplus stock and that other nations followed this plan. Mr. Knowles continued the affirmative argument by showing that a protective tariff was injurious because it produced harmful trusts and lead to political corruption. That it injured the masses of people and destroyed friendly, foreign commercial relations. He closed by showing that even some industries suffered on account of duties on raw materials.

Mason, for the negative, proved that the theory of non-protection is wrong, because the real condition of trade is warfare. That non-protection could not destroy the home market which is preferable to the foreign market.

Mr. Ennis, '11, closed the main argument of the affirmative by showing that the plan in general was good. That by placing trust-controlled products on the free list we would be able to control the trusts. That cost of living would be cheapened by lower duties on necessities would not injure business. He summed up the affirmative arguments.

Mr. Schaefer closed for the negative by arguing against the plank as a whole. He showed that the plank was not even supported by the Democrats themselves. That the proposed tariff would not raise revenue. That more tariff revenue was now needed on account of the building of the Panama Canal and other improvements, and because of the great decrease in revenue from liquor licenses. Finally, that the whole plan was radical and might produce a panic.

The rebuttal on both sides was strong. The Delaware debaters here showed their real power and overthrew many of the negative arguments.

The judges were Dr. Edgar Dawson, of Princeton University; Prof. J. M. Green, Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School; Prof. I. W. Travell, Principal of the Plainfield, New Jersey, High School, who, after some deliberation, returned a decision in favor of the negative.

ALUMNI, ATTENTION! HOME-COMING DAY JUNE 16

REVIEW

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

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ALUMNI--ATTENTION!

Home-Coming Day June 16th.

THE RACE

Our Easter vacation ended, we now begin the last lap of the present collegiate year. In a few weeks more we shall be entering the home-stretch with the finish line in sight. Some who trained faithfully have run well and will make a place. Others who made a poor start and have lagged all the way are now beginning to realize how much ground they have lost and how far behind they have fallen. They will be in the "also ran" class unless by phenomenal spurts they can regain some of the lost distance. Though we do not expect everyone to attempt the part of the pace-maker—in fact, it is usually the pacemaker who loses out in the final sprint to the tape, yet we do expect all to finish somewhere. If you cannot make a place, at least be game to the end. Don't be a "quitter" and disgrace yourself in the eyes of your friends. The faculty are assembled at the judges stand and to those who finish well go the honors. Be among the first and do your best—that is all that can be expected of you. Perhaps some of you have been disabled and physically unfit but now that you are in the race it is up to you to make good, no matter how great the handicap. Increase your

speed and steady yourself for the final. Don't lose heart because there are others ahead of you. Dig out for the front and don't take all the dust.

THE REVIEW

THE REVIEW has been the subject of considerable adverse criticism during the past winter, and as usual in such cases the editors are blamed for everything, and must bear all the "kicking." The situation is just this. In order that the Athletic Association might this year get upon a firmer financial basis than heretofore, we have not pressed the student-body very hard for subscriptions. Since there are still some of the fellows whose college spirit (?) has not yet prompted them to subscribe, we feel the necessity of making this public appeal. With an old debt of \$250 and very little money coming into our treasury, we have been forced to reduce the size of our issue to a minimum in order not to exceed our contract.

Now that the Athletic Association has cleared completely its debit page, we are going to start to make up the REVIEW deficiency. Help us by handing to our business manager your subscription, and thereby become a stockholder in the REVIEW. If you have friends who are interested in the college, get them to subscribe. Don't be little enough to borrow your room-mate's REVIEW, instead of having one of your own. The small subscription price is easily within the means of everyone.

OUR ADS

Another thing to which we wish to call your attention is our advertisements. Look them over carefully each month and patronize our advertisers whenever possible. Go a little out of your way is necessary to help them, for by helping them you are helping us. If there are two in the same line of business, divide your patronage between them. If they are not aware of the fact that you are a Delaware boy, let them know it, and mention seeing their ad. in your college paper. It will only seem a small thing to you perhaps, but just do it for the REVIEW.

COOPERATION

It would be especially gratifying to our editors if our students would show a little stronger disposition to help make the literary department of the REVIEW a success. Give us a short story, poem, or sketch of some sort once in a while. It will give you confidence in yourself as a narrator and correspondent as no other work in college can do. How weary we have become of that old excuse we are constantly meeting when hunting up material for an issue—"I can't write anything." The fact is you are too lazy to try, for we know you can if you but try hard enough. If you are not willing to help the REVIEW by an occasional contribution or note of interest for some department, then please be gentlemanly enough not to criticise the efforts of those who do contribute.

INSPECTION

The Government inspection of the Cadet Corps was held on the afternoon of April 21st, by Capt. Julius A. Penn, of the General Staff U. S. A. The morning was cloudy and about noon a drizzling rain set in to mar the occasion.

Promptly at one-thirty the battalion marched on the field and formed for review. Governor Pennewill accompanied the reviewing officer, and there were present a number of other State and Militia officials. The battalion inspection followed the review, and then a battalion drill; but by this time the drizzle had turned into a steady downpour and Capt. Penn ordered the corps to the gymnasium. There the cadets drilled by companies under the captains and later the lieutenants. Butt's Manual, with the band accompaniment, made a great hit with the many spectators gathered on the running track. Bayonet exercises and extended order drill followed, and in both the Cadets made an excellent showing considering the limited space in which they were drilling. The rain having ceased somewhat by this time, assembly for guard mount was sounded, and the different company details formed on the parade ground facing the shop. The guard mount and posting of reliefs was highly satisfactory. Company extended order drills and battalion close order formations were next in order, and the way in which the Cadets went through these maneuvers on the rain-soaked drill ground was especially gratifying. The inspection ended with an assembly of the Cadet officers in the commandant's office, where their knowledge of out-post duty and advance and rear guard formations was tested. Owing to the inclemency of the weather these exercises were not carried out in the field.

Taken as a whole, and considering the circumstances under which the inspection was held, the showing was indeed excellent. In bestowing the credit for such a creditable inspection, let us not forget the untiring efforts of our commandant, First Lieutenant Edgar S. Stayer, 23d U. S. Infantry, and our Cadet Officer Major R. M. Carswell.

Since Lieutenant Stayer's assignment to this work two years ago, he has brought the Cadet Corps up to a remarkable state of efficiency in infantry drill and military tactics. He has one more year of the present assignment yet to fill, and we are looking forward to the remainder of his stay with bright prospects for continued improvement in the military department.

ALUMNI, ATTENTION! HOME-COMING DAY JUNE 16

ATHLETICS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. RUTH '10

AN ELECTION

"Billy" Edgar was elected captain of the base ball team on the 1st of April. This election, owing to Wright's withdrawal from college, leaving the nine without a captain. The members of last year's team who are still in college elected Edgar. "Billy" has won his "D" at base ball, and has stayed on the Varsity nine for two years, and the student body is well pleased with the election. "Billy's" job this year is a mighty difficult one, since there are so many new men trying for the many unfilled positions.

THE OPENING GAME

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 19; DELAWARE, 3.

Delaware played her first game of base ball on Saturday, April 3d, and was sadly defeated, 19 to 3. This was Delaware's first game, and a number of new men were given a trial; and several failed to make good. The team had little or no practice before this game, and the lack of practice was plainly evident. Delaware had no team work at all, and gave the Maryland boys a poor exhibition of base ball. For the first three innings the game was close and somewhat interesting, the score being 2—0, in favor of Washington. Delaware tied the score in the fourth inning, but after this, by hard hitting, Washington scored nine runs. Eliason gave way to Cann, but Washington continued to pile up runs. Greenwood and Haley scored all of Delaware's runs.

Delaware.						Washington College.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Marshall, c.	0	2	8	1	1	Norton, p.	2	2	0	4	0
Edgar, 1b	0	0	12	1	1	Pruitt, 3b	3	1	1	3	2
Haley, 3b	2	1	1	3	1	Noonan, ss.	2	1	1	1	2
Greenwood, ss.	1	1	2	0	0	Cuss, c.	2	0	6	0	0
Edwards, lf.	0	1	1	0	0	Turner, lf.	2	1	1	0	0
Dunn, 2b	0	0	0	3	4	Knotts, 1b.	0	1	12	0	0
Ward, cf.	0	1	0	0	0	Jump, cf.	3	2	4	0	1
Shipley, rf.	0	0	0	0	0	Kelly, 2b	2	0	2	2	0
Eliason, p.	0	0	0	5	2	Johns, rf.	3	1	0	0	0
Cann, p.	0	0	0	1	0		—	—	—	—	—
Obier, cf.	0	1	0	0	0	Totals	19	9	27	10	5
Totals	3	7	24	13	9						

Batteries—Delaware—Eliason, Cann, and Marshall; Washington College—Norton and Cuss. Umpire—Vickers, Delaware, '92. Time of game—2:10.

TABLES TURNED

DELAWARE, 21; TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, 4.

Delaware took a fall out of the Temple University nine, which slightly overbalanced the fall our boys received at Washington College. This was Delaware's first home game, and the students were well pleased with the showing Delaware made against the boys from the City of Brotherly Love. Cann's pitching was the feature of the game, for he had the visitors guessing at all times. After the first few innings the visitors could not connect with Cann's delivery. Cann retired in the seventh inning and Obier took his place on the "mound." Obier also had the visitors guessing when at bat.

Delaware.						Temple University.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Marshall, c.	2	2	10	1	0	Khambra, rf.	1	1	2	0	0
Edgar, 1b	2	2	8	1	0	Holbert, cf.	0	1	1	1	1
Haley, 3b	4	4	3	4	1	Clayton, c.	1	0	5	0	0
McGarvey, ss.	2	2	1	3	2	Fantum, 2b	1	1	2	0	1
Edward, lf.	2	3	2	0	1	Crane, 3b	0	0	1	2	1

Greewood, 2b	4	1	1	3	0	Grady, 1b	0	1	9	1	1
Obier, cf., p.	2	3	2	0	1	Braumann, ss.	0	1	3	2	3
Shipley, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	Bloemker, p.	0	0	0	3	2
Cann, p.	1	0	0	1	0	West, cf.	1	2	1	0	1
Dunn, cf.	1	1	0	0	0						
Totals	21	18	27	13	5	Totals	4	7	24	9	10

Score by innings:—

Delaware	0	1	5	4	2	3	2	4	x—21
Temple	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—4

Umpire—Adkins.

RATHER CLOSE

DELAWARE, 4; RANDOLPH MACON, 6.

Ashland, Va., April 9th.—Delaware College played its first game on its Southern trip with the Randolph Macon College team here to-day. Delaware lost by the score of 6 to 4. Delaware batted first in the first inning and the men went out in one, two, three order. Haley was the first man up in the second inning and knocked a home run over center field fence. This was one of the longest hits ever seen on this field. Dunn scored for Delaware in the fifth inning. Randolph and Macon scored two runs in the second, and three in the third. They scored one run more in the sixth inning. Delaware came to bat in the ninth inning and scored two runs by timely hits by Edwards and Greenwood. Eliason pitched a good game for Delaware. Eliason got out of a sick bed to take the trip. Drewry, for Macon, pitched good ball at all times.

Delaware.					Randolph and Macon.						
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Marshall, c.	0	0	4	0	1	Pritchard, ss.	0	0	1	4	0
Edgar, 1b	0	1	6	1	0	Gillette, 2b	0	0	4	0	1
Dunn, 2b	1	1	3	2	1	Beville, c.	0	1	11	1	1
Haley, 3b	1	1	3	2	1	Hite, lf.	1	0	2	0	0
McGarvey, ss.	1	1	2	4	1	Newman, 1b	2	0	6	0	0
Edwards, lf.	1	2	0	0	0	Cox, rf.	2	3	0	0	0
Cann, rf.	0	0	1	0	0	Barrow, cf.	0	1	2	0	0
Greenwood, cf.	0	1	2	0	0	Lancaster, 3b	1	2	1	1	0
Eliason, p.	0	0	2	4	2	Drewry, p.	0	2	0	2	1
Totals	4	7	*23	13	6	Totals	6	9	27	8	3

*Barrow out, bunted third strike.

Score by innings:—

Delaware	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	2—4
R. and M.	0	2	3	0	0	1	0	0	0—6

Earned runs—Delaware, 4; R. and M., 3. Home run—Haley; Three base hit—Edwards. Two base hit—Burrow, Dunn, Greenwood. Double play—McGarvey and Haley; Eliason, Edgar and Haley. Umpire—Dugan.

THE DELUGE

DELAWARE, 3; TRINITY, 20.

Durham, N. C., Saturday, April 10th.—Delaware College was to-day defeated by the fast Trinity College team. The Delaware Collegians were tired from travel. They arrived in Durham at 11 o'clock Saturday morning, having been on the road for 13 hours. The game was listless and many of the spectators left the grounds before the game was half finished. Score by innings:

Delaware	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0—3
Trinity	2	0	5	6	0	0	3	4—20

Two base hits—Eliason, McGarvey.

A SURPRISE

TRINITY, 2; DELAWARE, 0.

Durham, N. S., April 12th—The Delaware nine surprised the Trinity boys in the second game of ball. After the easy thing that Trinity had on Saturday (20—?) they expected to again run away with the boys from the Diamond State. Such was not the case, as can be seen by the score. But for an overthrow in the first inning, on which two men scored, they would be still playing. Cann's pitching was superb, only three hits being made off his delivery. Score by innings:—

Delaware	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Trinity	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

AGAIN DEFEATED

A. & M., 9; DELAWARE, 0.

The first game at A. and M. was called off on account of rain. The second game, which was played on April 14th, was a walkover for A. and M. Delaware was weak both at bat and in the field, one outfielder having five errors. Captain Edgar did not play in this game, as he was taken ill during the previous day and returned north. Score by innings:—

Delaware	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
A. and M.	0	3	0	2	1	3	0	0—9

A CLOSE GAME

DELAWARE, 2; UNIVERSITY OF CAROLINA, 3.

Chapel Hill, April 15th.—U. of C. to-day defeated Delaware College, 3 to 2. Cann pitched a great game, holding the Carolinians down to six hits, most of which were scattered. Greenwood made a long drive for three bags, which scored Delaware's two runs. The score by innings:—

Delaware	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2
University Carolina	..	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	x—3

POOR FIELDING

DELAWARE, 4; U. of C., 12.

Chapel Hill, N. C., April 16th.—Carolina easily defeated Delaware to-day,

on the fair grounds, 12 to 4. The game was disinteresting throughout. Poor fielding by Delaware's infield was responsible for Carolina's runs in the sixth and eighth innigs. The score by innings:—

Delaware0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0—4
U. of C.	—1	0	1	0	0	4	0	6	x	—12

WITHOUT A PITCHER

DELAWARE, 1; LAKE FOREST, 9.

Wake Forest, N. C., April 17th.—Delaware College suffered defeat to-day at the hands of the Wake Forest nine. Delaware was without a pitcher, Eliason being sick, and Cann having pitched two games in succession. Greenwood and McGarvey pitched, and both were landed on for many hits. The score by innings:—

Delaware0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1
Wake Forest	1	0	1	1	0	1	3	2	x	—9

FRESHMAN SCHEDULE

George W. Savin, manager of the Freshman base ball team, has arranged the following schedule:—

April 7—Friends' School, at Wilmington.

April 22—Elkton High School, at Elkton.

May 4—Wilmington High School, at Wilmington.

May 14—Wilmington Business School, at Wilmington.

May 22—Goldey College, at Wilmington.

TRACK

On Wednesday, April 21st, Prof. C. A. Short, who has been coaching the track squad, selected the following men to represent Delaware at the U. of P. races on Franklin Field, on Saturday, April 24th: Prouse, (Capt.); Jones, Kidd, Manning, McCafferty. We regret that so few men tried for the team this year. Track should be popular among the "light-weight" students. There are many men who find that they are too light for foot ball, base ball and basket ball, and do not try for these teams on that old cry, "I'm too light." This ancient cry will not hold good against track, for the light men have more in their favor in this branch of athletics than do their heavier brothers. This year Delaware was represented at the Johns Hopkins indoor meet, and were "also rans." We are hoping for a better showing at Pennsylvania, where Delaware runs against Indians, State Normal, Brooklyn Poly. Institute, Brooklyn Law School, New York Law School, Washington College and Dennison College.

Manager Jones has received invitations from Bucknell and Gettysburg, to enter field meets. Jones had to decline these invitations because of the lack of material for the track. We do not doubt, in fact, we seriously believe, that there is an abundance of material in the college for track, but like the modest violet, or lazy sloth—we are inclined to think the latter—they do not show themselves. The Freshman track team has entered two meets, one with the Wilmington High School and Wilmington Business School, and the other with West Nottingham Academy.

TENNIS

Where is the Tennis manager?

The winter frost has entirely disappeared and still the tennis court resembles a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. Somebody should "get busy." If the manager is busy on an illustrious thesis he should have an assistant on whom to unload the "dirty work."

BASKETBALL

FACULTY TO THE FRONT

On March 25th we received a treat, one that made "Barnum's Greatest in the World" look like a country merry-go-round. The Faculty and Senior basket ball game was this rare treat. The Senior team was composed of men from the Senior class, who had never before played the game. The Faculty team was composed of six "huskies" from that austere body. The game, tho' devoid of science and passing, was interesting at all times. The final result of the game was, Faculty, 8; Seniors, 6. Rothrock and Watson came together rather severely in a scrimmage and both received some bruises. At another time "Pop" Wingett, the two-hundred pound guard, fell heavily on the head of Professor Short; but the "Prof." did not retire from the game—he did nothing but grin and bear it. The star of the game for the Faculty was Tiffany, who did most of the scoring. "Vic" Jones was the "bright light" of the Senior aggregation. The line-up:

Faculty.		Seniors.
McVey	Forward	Rothrock
Tiffany, Watson	Forward	Stewart
Short	Center	Tinney
McCue	Guard	Wingett, Watts
L. Smith	Guard	Carswell, Keppel

Goals from field—Tiffany 1, Watson 1, Short 1, Jones 2, Stewart 1. Goals from foul—Tiffany 2. Referee—Haley. Timekeeper—Shipley. Time of halves—20 minutes.

SOPHOMORES VICTORIOUS

In the deciding game of basket ball for the class championship, the Sophomores defeated the Seniors, 21—15. The game was fast throughout, a little too fast for the Seniors, who were "all in" during the latter part of the second half. The Seniors played well during the first half and were ahead at that time, 6—2. But the pace the "Sophs" set for them was too fast and they were not in the game at the finish. McGarvey did most of the scoring for the Seniors. Houston carried off the honors, in this line, for the Sopromores. The line-up: —

Seniors.		Sophomores.
Prouse	Forward	Houston
McGarvey	Forward	Houston
Ward	Center	Kidd, Patterson
Papperman	Guard	"Joe" Marshall
Jones	Guard	"Ort" Marshall

Goals from field—McGarvey 5, Houston 5, Hagner 2, "Joe" Marshall 2.

Goals from foul—Hagner 5, McGarvey 1, Ward 4. Time of halves—20 min. Referee—Haley. Timekeeper—Edgar.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, on March 24th, the following men were awarded their "D" for playing a sufficient number of halves during the basket ball season:—McGarvey, (Capt. '08 '09), Haley, (Capt. '09 '10), Greenwood, J. H. Marshall, Ruth.

C. H. Ruth was elected manager of basket ball to succeed J. B. Jackson, who so successfully managed this year's team. R. E. Willey was elected assistant basket ball manager to succeed C. H. Ruth.

FOOTBALL

The following men were awarded the "Del" for playing the greatest number of halves on the scrub foot ball team:—S. B. Bice, (Capt.), R. Carswell, J. H. Ennis, Dunn, Smith, Millington, George, Taylor, Attix and Bratton.

Egmont Horn, manager of foot ball, has just announced his schedule for next year. We find that a few of our "old" rivals are missing—Rutgers and Johns Hopkins—and that several new names appear. Mr. Horn is to be congratulated on the excellent schedule which appears below:

October 2—Williamson, at Newark.

October 9—Haverford, at Haverford.

October 16—University of Maryland, at Newark.

October 23—Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.

November 6—Washington College, at Chestertown, Md.

November 13—Western Maryland, at Newark.

November 20—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster.

November 25—Lebanon Valley College, at Newark.

We are pleased to note the "at home" game on Thanksgiving.

EXCHANGES

EDITED BY (pro tem.) T. F. WATTS, '10

"The Haverfordian" comes to us this month clothed in a neat, attractive cover. Too many of the college publications seem to disregard the fact that the appearance of the cover is an important factor in deciding the standard of the paper. True it is, that we should not judge a magazine entirely by its cover, no more than we would think of criticizing or commending a book solely on the condition of its binding; but the fact remains the same, that the first impression plays the chief role in determining our opinion of any magazine. Therefore, if the cover pleases our eye, we are likely to be in a more favorable state of mind, to view the contents from a better position, and not to be so quick in recognizing mistakes, which would otherwise be very obvious. Therefore "The Haverfordian" makes a good impression at first sight. But even were it clothed in a different dress, we would be compelled to acknowledge its merits, which are very pronounced. Beginning with the March number "The Haverfordian" branches out into a new field. Heretofore it has combined both aims of all college publications: first, the chronicling of college events; second, the serving as a rep

representative of the literary ability of its students. From now on it will be entirely a literary magazine. As a starter in its new field, the March number was a decided success. "The Madrid Ateneo" was a very interesting description of club life in the Spanish capital. The striking differences in the aims, customs, and privileges of the Spanish, as compared with the American clubs, forms a very interesting subject for discussion, especially when you stop to consider the real advantages of American clubs. "A Temperance Interlude in the Episodes in the Life of an Irish Waitress" series, was a humorous article. The ending especially was good. The comic actions of the intoxicated cat and the evident surprise of the Bishop, tend to leave the reader in a humorous state of mind. We are glad to see that the editors have decided to re-establish an exchange column. We cannot agree with the Georgetown exchange editor, who is of the impression, that the exchange column is slowly but surely doomed to disappear from the college papers. The exchange column, when properly managed, serves to give us a little idea of the manner in which we are viewed by our contemporaries.

We are in receipt of "The Whittier Miscellany," the quarterly magazine of the Wilmington Friends' School. Taken all together, the contents are good, though of course there are some articles which are not quite up to the standard. "Aunt Bet" was a rather interesting account of the visit of an old country aunt to her up-to-date, stylish, city niece. Although the subject is rather time-worn, the article was interesting and consistent, except in one place, where the author allowed his personal element to creep out. This was in his account of the basket ball game. "The Biography of Our Hired Man" and "Methods of Reading" are both simple, silly articles. Why the editor allowed such stuff to be published we cannot understand. Such wild, nonsensical wanderings, such expressions as "Water the zebras", "Milk the Assyrian Goats", combined with the weak ending, bring the fairy story vividly to our mind. When we wish to read a fairy story we expect to find it in an edition of children's stories, not in college, or rather, high school publications.

The exchange editor of the "Niagara Index" seems to be gifted with an unusually satirical pen, judging by the way in which he proceeds to call to task the exchange editor of the "Wesleyan Literary Monthly". Just what the above mentioned, unfortunate editor did, to draw down on his head such a tirade of abuses is not quite clear, but the way in which he is called to account for his audacity, is a warning to all other would-be critics.

In reading over the "Wells College Chronicle", our attention was attracted by the "Buried Treasure." It brings vividly to our mind all the pleasures and joys of childhood. It was a rather refreshing little story, especially when compared with the multitude of heavy, weighty essays.

We notice quite a scarcity of poetry among our exchanges. However we quote the following:

TO HER.

Beyond the realms of word her beauty lies:
 'Tis like the glory of the summer night,
 When stars that blaze along the purple skies
 Pulse with the wonder of the infinite.
 Oh, God! Although I cannot words devise,

I thank Thee that Thou hast given me my sight,
To see the tenderness deep in her eyes,
When my lips softly met her cheek so white.

To hear her breathing fall and rise
I'd still my heart and with her warm breath share
I would not miss for any earthly prize
The gleam of gold along the wind-blown hair;
Words are but empty parodies
Of Love, that girds the soul like autumn air.

—The Haverfordian.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—The Wells College Chronicle, The Niagara Index, The Tome, The Mountaineer, The Targum, The Ursinus Weekly, The Brown and White, The Owl, The College Student, The Old Penn Weekly, The Agnetian Monthly, The Washington Collegian, The Haverfordian, The Western Maryland College Monthly, The Karux, The Academician, The Fordham Monthly, The Georgetown College Journal, The Whittier Miscellany, and The Nazarene.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NOTES

EDITED BY CLIFFORD McINTIRE, '09

ECONOMIC ESSAY CONTEST

An invitation is given to students of Delaware College by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, and other educators, to compete for the prize essays offered by Hart Schaffner & Mark to encourage the study of business subjects. The competition for 1909 is now under way and will end the coming June. Subjects for 1910 have just been suggested by the committee, as follows:

1. The effect of labor unions on international trade.
2. The best means of raising 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 contestants are divided into two classes. Class A includes any American without restriction. Class B includes only those who, at the time of competing, are undergraduates of any American college. A first prize of \$600 and a second prize of \$400 are offered for the best studies presented by Class A; a first prize of \$300 and a second prize of \$200 are offered for the best studies presented by Class B. Any member of Class B, however, may compete for the prizes of Class A.

Men or women who have not had a college training are eligible to compete under Class C, to which a prize of \$500 is offered for the best essay, and for which the following subjects are suggested:

1. The most practicable scheme for beginning a reduction of the tariff.

2. The value of government statistics of wages in the last ten or fifteen years.
3. Opportunities for expanding our trade with South America.
4. The organization of the statistical work of the United States.
5. Publicity and form of trust accounts.

The winning essays will be published in book form at the discretion of the committee, which, in addition to Professor Laughlin, consists of Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Horace Wright, Esq., New York City, and Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University. The papers are to be handed in by June 1910.

DE ALUMNIS

EDITED BY F. C. MCSORLEY, JR., '09

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Essex Fells, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Caroline, to Mr. Joe Truxton, '04. Mr. Truxton has just been appointed Assistant Head Master in the Essex Fells School.

W. H. Cooper, '96, of Wilmington, Del., and his wife spent Easter week at Atlantic City. Mr. Cooper had been for some time in poor health and was greatly benefitted by the trip.

Walter C. Collins, '05, has been appointed agent and expert at the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C., to be stationed at Gipsy Moth Parasite Laboratory, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Rev. Edward H. Eckel, '86, has been appointed secretary of the Seventh Mississippi Jurisdiction, which comprises Missouri, Oklahoma and a number of other southwestern States. He is now stationed at St. Josephs, Mo.

Wm. Briggs, '04, has recently completed, in three years, the prescribed four year course necessary for entrance into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Paul Rossell, '07, is home on a vacation from Porto Rico, where he is employed as a Government engineer. He was the host at a dinner party given to the '07 class at his home in Wilmington, on April 21st.

Morton Price, '07, of Delaware City, and Harry Miller, '07, were spectators at the Government inspection of the Delaware College Battalion.

Howard Griffin, '07, was home recently on his vacation. He is employed by the General Electric Company.

The following is a partial list of the Alumni who attended the Kappa Alpha dance on April 22nd:—T. M. Gooden, '05, J. H. Raymond, ex-'10, Joe Truxton, '04, J. Baker Taylor, '08, Homer W. Collins, '08, Richard Cann, '09, Lucien Green, '03, Charles Clash, '03, W. V. Cullen, '07, T. B. Smith, '07, Joseph McDaniel, ex-'12, Charles Blake, '07, Samuel Marshall, '05, Walter Josephs, ex-'09, Harry Lawson, ex-'07, Charles Brown, '06, Herbert Jones, '04, Richard Rodney, '04, Pierce Cann, '01, Maynard Griffith, '06, Cummins Speakman, '02, Charles Bush, '03, Edgar L. Stubbs, '08.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

EDITED BY J. V. ENNIS

On Wednesday evening, March 31st, Prof. C. A. Short delivered an address before a large number of the members and friends of the Y. M. C. A. Prof. Short gave a short account of the Professors' Meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Convention held recently in Westminster, Md. He then took up more fully several phases of college life and of Y. M. C. A. work. One of his most important subjects was "Clean Athletics". He urged that it was the duty of the student body to co-operate with the Faculty in purifying athletics. Only by such co-operation could the best results be obtained. In conclusion Prof. Short made a few impressive general remarks in behalf of a clean, upright life at college. Prof. Short is to deliver another address in the near future, and the Association hopes to give him an even larger audience than before.

A meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was called on the evening of April 7, for the purpose of electing new officers. The following officers were elected:—President, Harry S. Garrison; Vice-President, Robert G. Dunn; Corresponding Secretary, Howard T. Ennis; Recording Secretary, John V. Ennis; Treasurer, Frank Gilbert.

We feel that some tribute is due those officers whom we lose by graduation. We note with regret that President Papperman and Secretary Prouse are no longer on the list of our officers. Although their places have been filled by able and conscientious men, yet their loss is keenly felt. During their entire college life these men have been faithful, unselfish workers in Y. M. C. A. work. For a great part of this time they have held offices and taught Bible classes in the Association. The Y. M. C. A. appreciates their past labors and sacrifices, and hopes that they may ever be able to fill their positions in the real struggle of life in as worthy a manner as they have filled those of the Association.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

Director Hayward was at Washington recently visiting the Department in the interest of the Experiment Station.

Dr. T. F. Hunt, director of the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, was a visitor at the Delaware Station April 14.

Dr. Cook was at Washington on April 12 and 13, consulting with the Department experts.

Director Hayward is on a trip to the Western Experiment Station studying plans for barns. The last Legislature appropriated \$10,000 to the Delaware Station to build a barn.

Prof. Grantham was at Wilmington on April 13th at the executive meeting of the Corn Growers' Association.

Dr. Dawson talked on anthrax at a meeting of farmers at Leipsic on April 23rd.

RIFLE CLUB NOTES

MAJOR R. M. CARSWELL, D. C. C. C.

On Saturday morning, March 27, the College Rifle Team took part in an intercollegiate indoor rifle match held under the auspices of the National Rifle Association of America. The team consisted of the following ten men:—Major R. M. Carswell, 1st Sergeant W. S. Corkran, Sergeants Clark and Schaeffer, Corporals Eastman, Heisler and Patterson, and Privates Vandegrift, Carswell, S. R., and Ayrest. Each man fired ten shots standing and ten shots prone, two sighting shots in each position. The team score was 818 out of a possible 1000, this score putting Delaware in sixteenth place. The members of our team were nervous, and the shooting resulted in poor scores. The nervousness was due to this being the first match that the members of the team had ever participated in.

The two weeks from March 29 to April 8, inclusive were devoted to qualifying the members of the corps of Cadets who are under 18 years of age, as Junior marksmen, under the requirements of the National Rifle Association of America. Those who qualified received the bronze indoor marksman's badge. The following men were awarded badges:—Privates Carswell, S. R., Ayrest, Maier, Millington, Thomas, Sloan, Whittingham and George, R. M.

Our college team will take part in an out-door rifle competition against the Colleges that have rifle clubs. The team will consist of ten men, and each man will fire ten shots, standing, at 200 yards, no sighting shots permitted. Each college will shoot on its own range. The shoot will take place on May 29. A team consisting of six men and a substitute will be sent to Sea Girt, N. J., on June 19, to take part in the intercollegiate rifle match held there on that date. The distances to be shot over are 200, 300 and 500 yards. Ten shots at each range and sighting shots will be allowed. The positions are—200 yards standing; 300 yards sitting or kneeling; 500 yards prone. As we will have the privilege of using the range belonging to the organized militia of the State, we have the right to expect that our team will make a good showing, and we hope to win the match.

The college has been invited to send a team to take part in the National matches held at Camp Perry, Ohio. If possible to do so, we hope to send a team out there.

It is now possible for every member of the Corps of Cadets, who is 18 years of age or over, to win a National Marksman's badge. The college will also present marksman's and sharp-shooter's badges to those who make qualifying scores. Now that we have the advantage of a range within a mile of the college, there is no reason why we should not have a large number of cadets qualified to win at least one of these medals. Everyone should come out and try for a place on the rifle teams.

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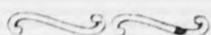
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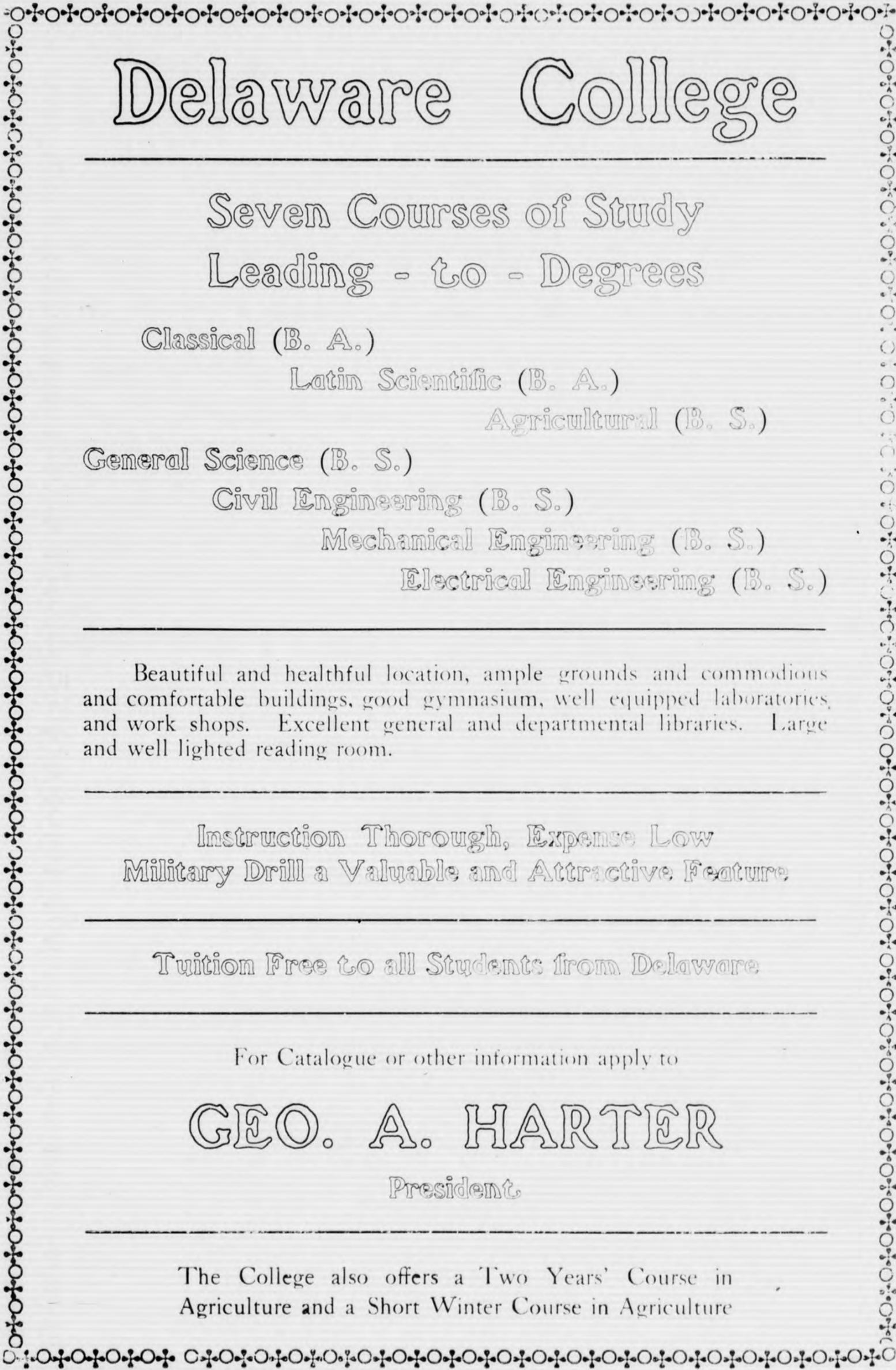
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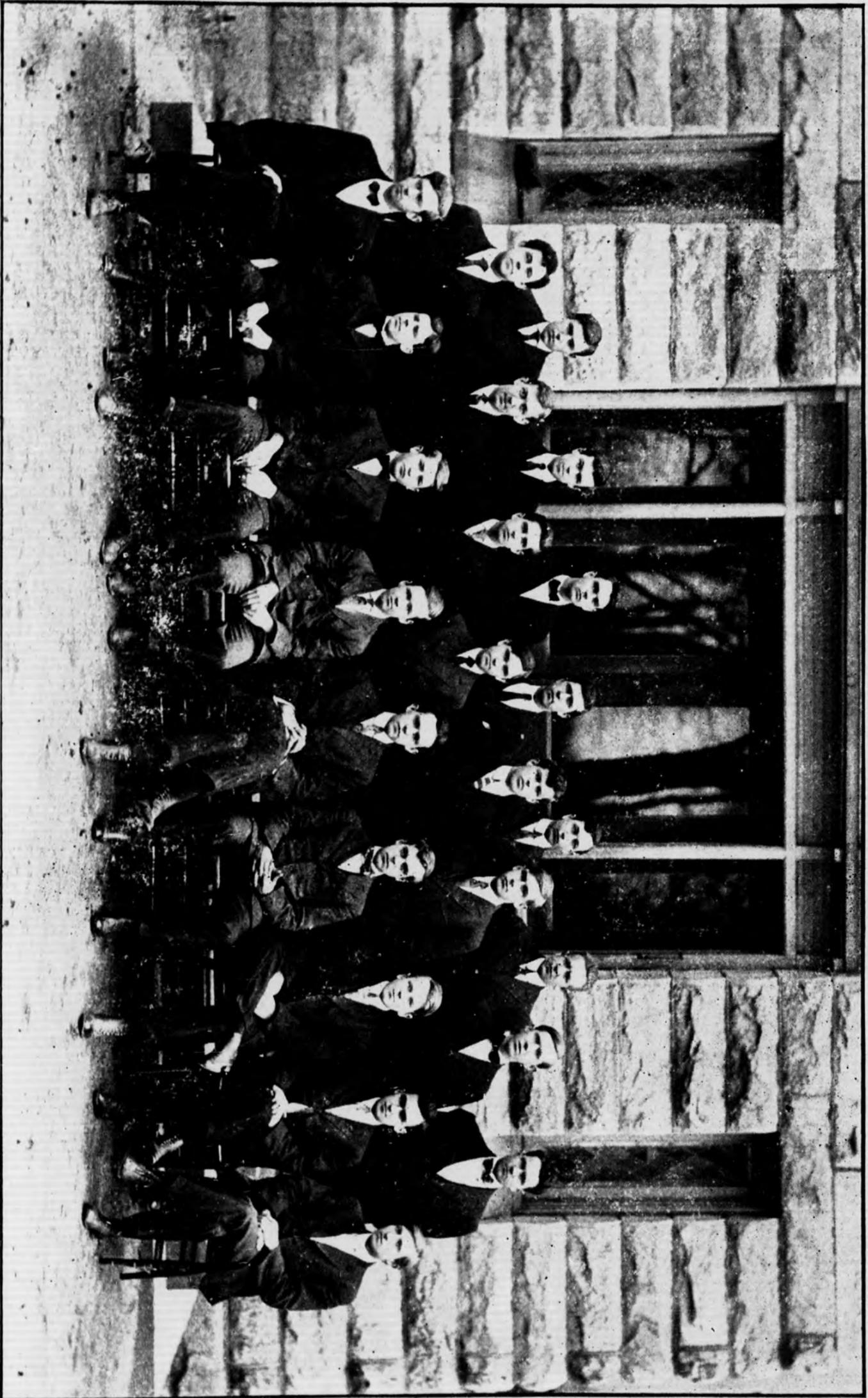
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