

# THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

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## THE BLUE AND GOLD.

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When long rays of the new-born sun  
Shot golden streaks to line the blue,  
And, climbing up the heavens, sought  
A gorgeous mingling of the two,  
The twain, in bringing forth the day,  
Smiled on the earth, her seas, her air,  
Smiled through the ages and the times  
And gave their hues to Delaware.

When Luna rose to grace the night—  
A deep gold in the eastern sky—  
And gave to prehistoric man  
An ominous shrine to worship by,  
She whispered to the ethereal deeps  
The plan of lordly shades to share,  
And in the solemn dusk of night  
They gave their hues to Delaware.

—H. A. M., '08.

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## "BILL" WHIFFLETREE'S DENTAL EXPERIENCE.

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**H**AVE you ever had the toothache? If not, then blessed is your ignorance, for it is indeed bliss to know practically nothing about the toothache, the acute, double-distilled, rectified agony that lurks about the roots or fangs of a treacherous tooth.

Every time we read "Othello" we are half inclined to think that more than half of Iago's devilishness came from that "raging tooth" which would not let him sleep, but tortured and tormented "Mine ancient" until he became embittered against all the world, and blackamoors in particular.

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But there is poor William Whiffletree—or “Bill,” as most people call him—who has been through the mill, fought, bled and died (slightly) with the refined, essential oil of agony caused by a raging tooth. “Bill” was a sturdy young fellow of twenty, poor but respectable parents, and a student in D—— College, located in N——, State of Delaware.

One day, unfortunately for poor “Bill,” there came to N—— a distinguished-looking individual, rejoicing in the euphonium of Dr. Hannibal Orestes Wangbanger. As a surgeon he had—according to an album full of certificates—operated in all the scientific branches of amputation from the scalp-lock to the heel-tap, upon Emperors, Kings, Queens and common folks; but upon his ability as a dentist he “spread and grew luminous!” In short, Dr. Wangbanger had not been long in N—— before his gift of gab and unadulterated propensity to “elongate the blanket” set everybody, including poor Bill, in a furor to have their teeth cut, filed, scraped, reset, dug out or burnished up!

Now, “Bill” was a muscularly-developed youth, gotten up in the most sturdy country style, and his teeth were teeth! However, “Bill” soon imbibed college notions, dabbled in fancy neckware, curled forelocks and other fancy “flab-dabs” supposed to be essential in “cutting a swarth” among the fair sex.

When Dr. Wangbanger had an audience with Mr. William Whiffletree in

regard to one of Mr. Whiffletree’s molars, which “Bill” thought had a “speck” in it, he soon convinced him that the said molar not only was specked, but that it was not parallel with its nearest neighbor by at least the eighty fourth part of an inch!

“It is well I saw it in time, Mr. Whiffletree,” said the Doctor, looking wise. “Why, in the course of a few weeks that tooth would have exfoliated; calcareous supuration would have ensued, the gum would have ossified, the nerve of the tooth would have become apostrophized, and the roots would have concalenated in their hiatuses. The jaw-bone, no longer acting its fossil-exoduses, would necessarily have led to the entire suspension of the capillary organs of your stomach and brain, death would supervene in two hours.”

Poor “Bill!” he scarcely knew what fainting was, but a queer sensation settled in his “*ossis frontis*,” and his “*ossis legso*” almost bent double under him. He took a long breath, and in a tremulous voice inquired:

“Great Caesars! Doctor, what is to be done for a fellow?”

“Plug and file,” calmly said the Doctor.

“Plug and file what?”

“The second molar,” replied the Doctor; of course he meant “Bill’s” pocketbook.

“What’ll it cost?” asked “Bill.”

“Done in my very best manner, upon the new and splendid system invented by myself and practiced upon



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the crowned heads of Europe, it will cost you three dollars."

"Does it hurt much?" cautiously inquired "Bill."

"Very little; indeed, it sometimes affords pleasure," answered the Doctor.

"All right, let her go!" said "Bill," bravely; and, "coughing up" three dollars, he sat down in a high-backed chair. The Doctor's assistant—a sturdy young Irishman—clamped "Bill's" head to the back of the chair, "to keep it steady," remarked the Doctor, as he began to bore and file.

"Wow! Oh! Ho-ho—hold up! Hold up!" yelled "Bill" at the first gouge the Doctor gave the tooth.

"Oh! be aizy, zur," said the Irishman; "it's myself as understands it—I'll hold on to yees."

"Oh! O-h-h——! roared "Bill," as the Doctor proceeded.

"Be quiet, sir; the pain won't signify," said the Doctor.

"Go-goo-good Lord-d-d! St-st-stop!"

"Oh, yees needn't be afeard of that—I'll hold yees tight as a divil!" said the assistant, and he was holding, for in vain "Bill" screwed and twisted and squirmed around. Pat held him like a cider-press.

"All done, sir; let the patient up, Mitchall!" said the Doctor, with a confident twirl of his perfumed handkerchief. "There, sir, there was science, art, elegance and dispatch. Now, sir, your tooth is safe—your life is safe—you're a sound man!"

"Sound?" echoes poor "Bill;" "sound!"

Why, you've broken my jaw; you've set all my tee on edge, and I've got no more feelin' in my jaws than if they were iron steel-traps."

That night was one of anxiety and misery to William Whiffletree. The disturbed molar glowed, twitched and throbbed like mad; and, by daylight, "poor Bill's" cheek was swollen up as though he was trying to conceal a small-sized cantaloupe, his mouth puckered, and his right eye half "bunged up."

"Why, William," said the president, as "Bill" walked into Chapel; "what ails your face?"

"Been plugged and filed," said "Bill," crossly.

"Plugged and fined? You have certainly not been fighting?"

"No, I have not been fined nor fighting, Doctor, but I bet I do fight that fellow who gave me the toothache! Oh! Oh! moaned "poor Bill," as he held his swollen jaw with his hand, and went around waving his head like a plaster-of-paris clown.

"Oh! you have been to the dentist, eh? Well, go to Dr. B——! A little piece of cotton, saturated with laudanum, will ease the pain."

Dr. B. applied the laudanum, and "Bill" went to his boarding house. The laudanum did no good, and his landlady proposed a poultice. Accordingly his face was soon done up in mush, and he started for the college, everybody "gaping" at him as though he were a rare curiosity.

"Hello, Bill," said old Firelock, the

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gunsmith, as "Bill" was passing by his shop, "got a leg in your 'calabash' or got the toothache?"

"Bill" looked daggers at "old Firelock," and by a nod of his head intimated the cause of his distress.

"Is that all? Come in! I'll stop it in a minute and a half. Sit down! I'll fix it—have cured hundreds."

"What are you going to do?" asked "Bill," eyeing the wire and lamp which old Firelock was bringing out.

"Burr out the marrow of the tooth—it will never trouble you again—I've cured hundreds that way. Don't get scared! You won't feel it but a moment. Sit still and keep cool!"

"Cool! with a hot wire in my tooth?"

But "Bill," assured by Firelock, took his head out of the mush, opened his mouth, and Firelock, admonishing him to "keep cool," crowded the hot wire in the tin foil jammed into the hollow by Wangbanger, and gave it a twist clear through the melted tin foil to the exposed nerve. "Bill" jumped, bit off the wire, burnt his tongue, and knocked Firelock nearly through the partition of his shop, and so frightened Monsieur Davon, the little barber next door, that he rushed into the street crying——

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Ze zunder strike mon shop!"

"Bill" was down and out—Firelock crippled. The apothecary over the way came in, picked up poor "Bill," applied some camphor to his nose and brought him back to life and the pangs

of toothache. "Creosote," said Squills, the 'pothecary, "I'll ease your pain, Mr. Whiffletree, in a second."

Poor "Bill" gave up—the kreasote added a fresh invoice to his misery—burnt his roasted tongue—and he yelled right out.

"Death and glory! O-h-h-h! Murder! You've poisoned me!"

"Put a hot brick to that young man's face," said a stranger, "will take out the pain and swelling in three minutes!"

"Bill" revived and seemed pleased with the stranger's suggestion. The brick was applied, but "Bill's" cheek being now half raw with vari-  
messes, it made him yell when it touched him.

He cleared for home, went to bed, and the excessive pain finally, with the laudanum, creosote, fire and hot bricks, put him to sleep.

He awoke at midnight in a frightful state of misery, walked the floor until daylight, and was tempted two or three times to jump out the window or crawl up the chimney.

Until noon the next day he suffered, trying in vain some "known cure:" oils, acids, steam, poultice, and a hundred other applications usually used to cure a raging tooth.

Desperate, "Bill" became revengeful. He secured a club and went after Dr. Wangbanger. Ten or a dozen more of his victims were camped at his door, awaiting their turns to be revenged.

But the bird had flown—the tooth doctor had eloped.



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Finally, taking the advice of a friend, "Bill" "nerved up" again, went to "old" Dr. Hardcastle's office, took a seat, said his prayers and closed his eyes. The Doctor quietly used a pair of forceps, and with a long, agonizing cry, "Bill" forever parted with the cause of all his trouble G. M. H.

### THE SPIRIT THAT ANIMATES.

LET us imagine the goddess of Liberty looking down from the blue heavens at a place directly above the most central part of our nation—a nation over which she has reigned supreme for more than a hundred years.

She looks to the North. There is no thrift and ambition. Here the people have taken every advantage of modern invention. Great cities have been built; new cities are even now building. In the section of the Great Lakes, she sees towns and states busy in the great interests of commerce and manufacture. In the Dakotas and Montana, she may see agriculture at its highest stage of development. The brains of our nation's inventor's have given the northwestern agriculturist all in their power, to facilitate the harvesting of mammoth crops. So here in the North, the goddess sees the stolid honesty of the successful farmer and the busy diligence of the city schemer.

She now looks to the West, that great new field of promised wealth. There the people are scattered around the plains, raising great herds of cattle for Eastern markets, or growing grain. Thus it is as far as the foot-hills of the Rockies, and then the towering peaks seem to beckon with their whispered

promises of "gold, gold!" Here she sees a people who are perhaps of a rugged nature, but they have faced the most barren probabilities of a prosaic world; and if they regard life solemnly, it must not be marveled at.

The South now comes under the view of the goddess. This little world exhibits the effect of the boiling sun. The people are burdened, slightly, but undeniably with an innate drowsiness. The same sun has given them their cotton, which places them among the foremost of commercial people. Furthermore, the same sun has given them their strong, yet tender and loving hearts, and their wealth of hospitality.

Finally she looks toward the East. Here she sees the fire and smoke of millions of furnaces, the clustered towns and the nervous haste and bustle of educated people. Here she discovers the hub of the universe.

As each section of our great country is viewed, one sees that in each division the aims and lives and characters of the people are vastly different, and must realize that, as one nation, we are in need of some common spirit and a binding tie. The observation of the North, East, South and West, shows us that we are absolutely a commercial nation in an age of buying and

selling, in an era upholding the theory :  
 "Let the best man win."

Now, seeing our need of an animating spirit, let us look for evidences of one in the present situation of the government.

When we closely study the literature of the past half century, we are forced to realize that, as a nation, we are well nigh without a literature.

In viewing the works of modern authors, where can we find an American writer whose verse or prose would thrill the people into an enthusiastic union? Even our song writers are far from being able to stir the nation. Had we a composer who could produce even a Yankee Doodle, we would be saved from facing the bare truth, that we are without a writer to stir up patriotism.

In this respect we are behind England. For she has her Kipling to chant her songs of war and success.

We see in his poems the soldier portrayed, and his calling exalted. Who could help being moved by "The Young British Soldier" or "Tommy Atkins?"

They make our nation feel so much the more the loss of stirring literary influence.

Then, too, aside from this we are hampered by the presence of the ruinous system of the big corporations and trusts. In the history of the world, there is nothing more harmful to a nation than the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a few. Rome and Greece both felt the effects of it; and present conditions in Russia

are not to be passed over unnoticed.

But, even with these formidable barriers in the path of our democracy must know that there are ties league the American people which will for all time, which must, eventually by cause of natural growth, produce some son to shout our songs, and destroy the vital-eating germs of corruptions.

First, we, as a people, have an unquenchable love of competition, whether it be in politics, or in an athletic contest, we enter it with a vigor and zeal, that make us preeminent in the world of war. Our contesting is of that kind, that, when in the game, we and struggle for our own supremacy with untiring energy. By this victory and struggling, men are united by common hope, and when the best wins, all may be relied upon to follow to him through thick and thin.

The English athlete, we are plays his cricket or his football or for his 'varsity for what sport he get out of it. But in America, we not only the universities and colleges striving on the gridiron and the world, with the great intent to "win" but we even find the smallest grammar school training its tiny athletes in effort to win something, and to establish supremacy over somebody.

Next, as a nation, we are blessed with a great, national conceit, received in the brains of the most loyal and existing in every corner of the land.

It is not uncommon for us to hear



street waif, vaunt his abilities to an admiring crowd of ragged followers. He boasts of how he has "licked" somebody, and "thrashed" somebody else; how his "gang" is the strongest in the city. By the influence of such a paragon, the lesser waifs try to imitate him. They, too, acquire a boastful conceit. These boys become men; their conceit turns in other directions—to their trades and their class and finally to their nation, till we see the seed of patriotism shoot up to the full grown plant.

The third great tie is the realization, by the people, of the need of the education of the youth. Experience has taught that life is a sea on which there are no coaling stations. What provisions and fuel we need for the voyage must be cargoes at the beginning, in the harbor of youth. We must provide ourselves with mental and moral courage at the first. And if the mental stamina fails us in the midst of the course, if some degrading typhoon strips us of our spars and armament of forbearance, on the high seas of manly hopes, we must float on, hopeless wrecks, until some kindly gale overcome us entirely and we sink beneath the waters of failure.

It is the education of the youth that establishes high ideals and furnishes effective ability to carry them out. It is the culture of the youth, that makes the promise of the man.

But perhaps the greatest of our national bonds is the marvelous unity of religion. The mere fact that our religion is a great monotheistic wor-

ship is not so significant as that it is a combination of varied beliefs in worshipping the one God.

I am thoroughly convinced that one established belief is as damaging to a nation, and national unity, as a polytheistic worship. It is only natural that the people will adhere closely to a country where free belief and free expression of thought are fostered, and will be ready to give their lives in its defence. An established religion cannot but breed dissension. What better example of this can be found than the early settling of our New England States by the Puritans? England afforded one established belief, and the result is the founding of the strongest nation of the world, tolerating all beliefs, consolidated by them.

Reviewing, now, the four bonds of our nation's success: The love of competition; national conceit; the education of the young, and the influence of the varied sects of religion, we find all four so closely associated with one another, so amalgamated and catalogued under the cognomen of "liberty," that they make a single, never divided spirit—to animate.

And, so, our goddess of Liberty shall stand forever, unblinded by any sun, unharmed by any storm, invested, by the gods, with the powers of justice, holding aloft the scales of law and right, and shouting in unworded speech: "Justice to the world, and justice to the people!"

H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR., '09.

## LII E ONE I HEARD.

*Bright Things Over Which People Have Laughed.*

## On the Nile.

The monkey lost his hold and fell into the crocodile's waiting jaws. Even then his wits did not desert him. "I have just dropped in for dinner," he said, with an engaging smile.—Yale Record.



## A Kind Creditor.

"I owe you a grudge," said a man to his enemy.

"Don't worry, I never knew you to pay anything."



## Saving Trouble.

The sick man had called his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property."

The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there!" said he, "leave that all to me."

The sick man sighed resignedly.

"I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow, "you'll get it anyway."—Judge.



## The Quantity Not Considered.

A father, sending his son to college at Salamanca, Spain, bade him live as cheaply as possible. On reaching the town, the boy inquired the price of an ox, which he was told was ten ducats. Next he priced partridges, which he found to be a real apiece.

"Then it is evident," he exclaimed, "that I must live on partridges!"

## Literal Translations.

First Student (confidentially): "Do you know how I read my Latin so?"

Second Student (anxiously): "No. How?"

First Student: "Just use a little common sense."



## Information and—Finding It.

Coleridge was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, while riding through a street, he was accosted by a wit: "I say, do you know what happened to Baalam?"

Sharp and quick came the answer: "The same as happened to me: an ass spoke to him."



## A Thorny Subject.

When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."



## How Will They Manage It?

The following resolutions were passed by a board of councilmen in Canton, Mississippi:

"1. Resolved, by this council, That we build a new jail.

"2. Resolved, That the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail.

"3. Resolved, That the old jail be used until the new one is finished."



## SOPHOMORE VS. SOPHOMORE.

WEAVER WELLESLEY came to Delaware at the beginning of the winter term and entered the sophomore Class. He was not a very good looking fellow, but, a college from which he had transferred to Delaware, he had a reputation for wildness which caused him to be looked upon by the faculty as the probable leader of every class now in place. He was received with arms by the sophomores and soon became a member of the college. He spent a large part of his time in study and, though he was generally well liked, attracted little attention.

About the middle of the third term it became known that Wellesley was preparing for the entrance examinations of Annapolis. Much interest was expressed in his success, coupled with genuine regret that he was going to leave "Old Delaware."

Now, from time immemorial it has been an unwritten law at Delaware that every student should, at one time or another, receive a thorough wetting, either by shower bath or water bucket.

When Wellesley's classmates heard of his intended departure they resolved that he should receive his "medicine" before he went. Accordingly, one day during the dinner period, he was informed that a gentleman who claimed to have business with him was waiting for him in the room of one of his classmates, Sapper by name. Of course,

Wellesley lost no time in repairing to Sapper's room, but no sooner had he entered it than the door was pulled to and locked from the outside. This, and the fact that there was no one in the room, made him aware that he was the victim of a joke.

He sat down philosophically to think it over. That his classmates merely intended to keep him locked up for a few hours he did not believe. He was convinced that there was some deeper scheme on foot, but what it was he could not divine. Giving it up at length, he set about trying to escape. Upon examination he found the transom too small for him to crawl through and the door strong enough to resist his efforts. Going to the window he found, to his delight, that it opened on the fire escape, by which he could reach an open window above.

But on again looking over the situation his escape seemed altogether too easy, and his growing suspicions were strengthened by the glimpse of a rapidly receding figure at the window above. All at once the whole plan flashed upon him. He saw why he had been enticed into the room and why the means of escape in one direction were left. In the same rapid train of thought he grasped a way, not only of circumventing the jokers, but also of turning their joke upon them. In a few minutes he made his preparations and stepped from the window on the

fire escape.

As he expected, the instant he appeared upon the iron ladder the door of the room he had just left opened and the window was quickly shut down and fastened. Then from every window above him he received the contents of half a dozen buckets of water amid laughter and cheering. He could not go down, as the hanging ladder had been removed, and to go up was useless, as the window above had been shut, so he calmly sat down and waited. Meanwhile the jokers refilled their buckets and basins and drenched again and again the unresisting figure below them. In a short time, however, they decided he had had enough, and so the window was unfastened and he was allowed to step back into Sapper's room amid a parting cloudburst.

As for Wellesly himself, he was content. He had gotten no more than he expected, and the consciousness of the return joke he had played upon Sapper, the ringleader, filled him with joy. The thick cadet-grey military suit which he wore had prevented the water from penetrating, although the suit itself was as good as ruined, as it was bound to shrink from the thorough wetting it had received. Finding that the students had all gone, Wellesly left the wet clothes in a corner of Sapper's room and went to his own room to dress.

\* \* \* \* \*

After supper that night a number of the Sophs congregated in Sapper's room to discuss their fun of the afternoon. In a few moments one of them

noticed the pile of wet clothes in the corner, and Sapper laughingly held up the suit for their inspection. They were all chuckling at its forlorn appearance, when Sapper uttered an ejaculation, dropped the clothes, and rushed to his wardrobe. Then he dashed back, picked up the coat, turned it inside out and looked eagerly at the little square of muslin which is sewed on every military suit and which contains the owner's name. His worst suspicions were confirmed. The name was his own. Wellesly, suspecting what would happen when he should step out of the window, had removed his own clothes and worn Sapper's suit.

FARNAN, '06.

### Open Letters.

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

### How to Kill Our Paper.

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your classmate's paper—just be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.
3. Never hand in news items. Criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.
4. Tell your neighbors you can get a better paper for less money—be a squeeze.
5. If you can't hustle and make the paper a success, be a corpse.—Exchange.



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### EDITORIAL

#### FRENZIED ARCHITECTURE.

The other day a carpenter and a painter were discovered working upon the gymnasium at the same time. One of the men may have made a mistake and appeared there at the wrong hour, but we prefer to be optimistic and think that both men were obeying the contractors' orders. However, one thing is certain, if they continue this reckless, extravagant, employment of labor there can be but one result—the building will be completed by Easter.



#### FOOT BALL TALK.

We are proud of our foot ball team. The hard, fast, clean manner in which it has played against much heavier teams, especially Rutgers, which outweighed twenty pounds to the man, has won the admiration and respect of friend and foe alike.

It is true that it has not been very successful in scoring, but that, under such circumstances, its men should have fought the games so desperately and pluckily to the very end gives us cause to consider each defeat an equal victory.

At the same time it should be said that there is no disposition in any quarter to lessen the credit due the victorious teams. They have won and won by playing a good, hard, game.

There was, however, a little discontent aroused by a number of decisions made in the Rutgers game. Whether rightly or wrongly founded, this decision should at least serve in calling the attention of the proper authorities to the fact that only experienced and competent officials should serve at the games. Many disagreeable and unfortunate incidents might thereby be prevented.

The men on the side lines during these games have also shown that they possess the true sportsman spirit. Even in the face of almost certain defeat they have exhibited no sign of disheartening. The encouragement that they gave

the players by their incessant cheering and singing cannot be fully estimated.

If there is one game which we desire to win above all others, it is the one with M. A. C. on Thanksgiving day. The team will be "set to go" and we can depend upon it to put up a great game. Let each student turn out at the game and bring as many friends as possible, to sing and cheer, "When Delaware rips them up."



#### ONE DOG AND ANOTHER.

Some students are indiscretely discussing, and thereby keeping alive, certain subjects, which have been finally and unrevokably settled and should be forgotten. To them we are going to tell the story of two dogs.

The first, a very fine dog, was greatly annoyed one night by the dim light of the half moon. So, when the people of the neighborhood had gone to sleep, he opened his mouth and growled.

He barked at the moon.

Soon he succeeded in arousing a few people. They threw a few miscellaneous articles in his direction; but he paid no attention; he continued to growl.

Finally the people arose in great anger, fell upon the foolish dog and killed him.

Obviously, he barked no more; and the people again slept.

But the moon continued to shine.

The second dog, a fine one—but no better than the first—while prowling around late in the night, discovered, in a building, a spark of fire.

He began to bark.

A few people were soon awakened. They could not see the fire from their windows, because it was only a spark. Consequently they chucked a few things at the dog.

But he continued to growl: by instinct he knew that something was wrong.

The fire increased and the dog barked all the more.

Finally the people, awakened from their sleep, came out of their houses, saw the fire, and at the critical moment put it out.

And the dog? They patted him on the head; and now he lives in the land of plenty, a trusted watch dog, always alert for another spark.

Thus it came to pass, that the second dog was fed and the fire extinguished.

Here you have two dogs. Both were fine dogs, and each possessed an unusually fine musical growl. They were the same in every respect. But one growled and was well fed and cared for and the other was quickly killed. Why?

Because the first dog growled at the moon. It was not as bright as the sun, but the people could not control the moon. They made the best possible use of the dim light by sleeping. So the first dog's barking did no good. But it did



do evil: It annoyed the people, aroused their anger and caused them to kill the dog.

And the second dog growled at a small fire. The people did not see it and probably would not have seen it, until it was too late, if the dog had not attracted their attention. Had the fire burned much longer it would have done more or less harm. The dog alone could not put the fire out; but he did arouse the people who could. So the second dog did much good; for he called the attention of the people to an evil which they could control.

The habits that students form during their four years at college will, to a great extent, decide their future. There is, probably, no greater factor in the foundation of a successful career than the ability to philosophically consider and to determine what will be the end ultimately gained by a certain act or number of acts. In other words, having given the cause to be able to determine the effect.

It is this ability to look a little into the future, combined with the power to advantageously meet the arising conditions, that has secured the miraculous success of some men in different spheres of action. It has made it possible for a few men in this century to command salaries larger than they have heretofore been paid, even in fairy tales. In all probability had those men who originally planned and laid out the College grounds possessed this faculty the buildings would now show up to a better advantage.

In youth this power should be cultivated, beginning with the little things. By doing this you will make less applicable to you the saying of Disraeli's: "Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret."

Before speaking and acting, think what the consequence will be—what will be gained. As did the first dog, many do not do this. For instance, some of the students do not approve the manner in which a certain thing has been done. Without thinking what will be the effect, they rashly discuss the matter and bring it before the public. Whereas, if they would only stop to think what would be the outcome, they would find that there is nothing good to be gained. As some one has said, "What's done is done," and if perchance there has been any mistake it is now too late to rectify it. The majority of the people recognize this and nothing would be gained but the arousing and propagation of a feeling of bad will.

Don't bark at the moon!"



#### SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT.

The REVIEW does not wish to earn the reputation of being a chronic croaker and pessimist, but we firmly believe that in the following paragraphs and in an editorial which will appear in the next issue, we are presenting a cause which fully justifies us in taking any chances.

We do not think that we overestimate the character of the REVIEW by placing it at par with the majority of student periodicals. The none too enviable position of the REVIEW has been won for it in the past and is maintained at the present not by all the students at college, as should be the case, but by the earnest work of a few individuals. But Delaware College should not be contented with a fairly good, "I-have-seen-worse-and-I-have-also-seen-better" publications. It should have the best. Under the existing conditions the publication of a much better paper is practically impossible. In order that a better one be published it is absolutely necessary for a few radical changes to be made in the constitution of the Press Association.

Of course it is possible that another board of editors could produce a better paper in that it might show greater individual effort and ability, but, after three months searching for "copy," we doubt if they could make it a more representative paper. This is true because there are at present only a few classical students; and apparently many of them are awaiting the time when they, with their head full of theories and alarmingly brilliant ideas, will be received with open arms by the world now impatiently awaiting them, before they even attempt to do a little practical work. We must confess, however, that few inducements are offered the engineering students to take up this kind of work.

The reader possibly thought that the editorial in last month's REVIEW, entitled "Think About This," was childish. And perhaps it was. But, did you ever consider the amount of encouragement offered the students to contribute to the REVIEW or to accept a position on the editorial staff? We dare say that you have not. Few, who have not served the paper in some official capacity, have done so, principally because no attempt has been made to incite their interest. A little investigation will show you that the greatest encouragement received by those who work for the REVIEW consists of kind words; which, by the way, wonderfully lightens their work.

Optimistically speaking, there are a few inducements, but these, when compared to those offered students to participate or become interested in other authorized local organizations are as nothing.

We certainly do not intend to say anything against these organizations. Their value to the College and the students is well known and probably has not been overrated. But in order to form a comparison, we will state in the next number of the REVIEW some of the things done to aid and to attract the students to these organizations and to the REVIEW. It was originally our intention to do so in this number and to complete this series of articles by suggesting a number of changes in the general management of the paper, giving the reasons why these should be made; but it would require too much space and, no doubt, too much of your patience, so it will be concluded in the December issue in an editorial entitled "Wanted: A 'Sherlock Holmes.'"



## THE '07 DERELICT.

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It is the intention of the Junior Class to publish, something during this scholastic year, an annual which will favorably compare with those of other institutions. But, in order to succeed, in order to put out a book which will reflect credit upon the College and accurately portray its life, the editors must have the hearty support of the whole student body and the members of the Faculty. "The '07 Derelict" is not to be a Junior Class book but an annual managed by the Junior Class. It belongs to every one and any one who is alive to the interests of Delaware College. And every student whether he be a Senior or a Freshman, a Junior or a Sophomore, is earnestly requested and should consider it his duty and privilege to contribute something to this annual.

If you write, contribute a short story, or a poem; and if you chance to see anything humorous or unusual write it up. If you draw, contribute some pen and ink sketches, head and tail pieces, cartoons and title pages. If there is anything you would like to see or would not like to see in the Derelict give the editors the benefit of your suggestions. In some manner at least, show that you have a little college spirit and do not intend to take everything from this institution that you possibly can without giving anything in return or making an effort to aid in its advancement. In other words, don't be a parasite!

The editors intend to publish individual pictures of the Faculty, the Senior Class and the Junior Class. The Art Editor will soon make request for them and it is hoped that every one will, without delay, give him one of their pictures, which will be returned as soon as possible.

Kindly do everything in your power to facilitate the work upon "The '07 Derelict." When it comes out let us all be able to show it with pride to our friends, knowing that we have done our duty and have contributed something towards its success. It will succeed—what other institutions can do, we can do!

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## LOCALS.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08, Editor.

Notice: All stories, poems and essays for the December REVIEW must be handed in by Friday, December 1. Department Editors should have their "copy" in by Monday, December 4.

Prof. S——: "Ridgeley, what resistance would an ice-boat have to overcome when sailing with the wind?"

Ridgely: "The action of the waves."

The beauty of the flock—Edwards.

The Editors and Business Managers of The Derelict have begun work.

Dr. W—— "What color is tellurium?"

Bright, '08: "Bright."

Dr. W—— "Come! Come! Bright does not mean anything."

The Beau Brummel of the College—Blake.

The Literary Societies have commenced work with unusually bright prospects for a successful year.

Shaffer: "Now, boys, all together—three cheers for Pie and team!"

Jones, '09: "Which man is Team?"

The worst fusser in College—Hauber.

Considerable interest is being taken in the prospects for a Mask and Wig Club. At a meeting of the student body on Wednesday morning, November 5, a committee—Francis, '07, chairman; Fader, '06; Diffenderfer, '07; Miller, '08; Palmer, '09—was elected to see whether or not the formation of such a club is possible and advisable.

Prof. S——: "Where is Milligan?"

Kimble, '08—"He has a pain and has gone down to Dr. Kollock."

Prof. S——: "Oh! is that the case? I thought he had the chicken-pox and had gone to Dr. Henry."

The Sophomores have been sponging on Dr. W——.

Collins: "Smith, what's a decalogue?"

Smith: "A trigometric function."

Fulton (explaining): "Dec means ten"——

Collins (interrupting): "It usually means 52."

Lockwood, '03: "All the Professors who flunked me have since died."

Blake, '07: "If I am that much of a 'Jonah,' then, the whole bunch up here's doomed!"

"The Mystery of Poverty Row;" or, "Who Set Up Wingett Seven Times?"

Little Boy (after eating dinner in

the College dining-room): "Mother, is George Francis Manager of the Delaware College Boarding Club?"

Mother (smiling): "No, dear; you must not ask such questions. Run on and play!"

## DE ALUMNIS.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '08, Editor.

The Rev. G. Edgar Folks, '98, was recently married and is now located at Sommerville, Mass.

Richard Paul Reed, '99, and Miss Elizabeth Chandler Martin, were married on October 17, at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Reed is vice-president and superintendent of construction for the A. S. Reed & Bro., contracting and building company.

On the same date, Sanford W. Sawin, '03, and Miss Ellen Barret Quigley, were married at Elsmere. Mr. Sawin, who is assistant to the engineer of construction on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and his bride departed for their new home in Kenova, Va.

Reginald Constable, '00, and Miss Bessie Evans were married at Elkton on October 25.

Henry G. McComb, '01, and Miss Margaret O. Pierson, were married in Wilmington on October 12. Mr. McComb is located at Toledo, Ohio, as engineer of the Auto Car Company.

It is announced that John W. Huxley, '02, is going to be married to Miss Harriet Margaret Munn, on Novem-



ber 14, at Wilmington.

Sterling Evans, '01, recently was married to Miss Foard at Middletown.

That our graduates do not believe in race suicide is further shown by the following notes :

Edward F. Mulligan, '95, was recently visited by the proverbial stork who left him a "cute" little daughter.

Harry L. Maier is to be congratulated on becoming the father of a fine boy.

Levi H. Cooch, '98, also has had a little daughter added to his family. Mr. Cooch is on the editorial staff of *The Farmer*, which is probably the largest Western agricultural paper.

Judge William R. Martin, '74, who was suffering from a stroke of paralysis, has recovered. Judge Martin was stricken while sitting on a bench in Chestertown, Md.

Paymaster John R. Martin, '77, of the United States Navy, spent a few days in Newark recently.

George H. J. Edmonston, '93, is now an assistant engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The graduates who took degrees this year were as follows:

Prof. Clarence A. Short, '96, M. S.

Alfred H. Hartman, '00, C. E.

Harry L. Maier, '01, C. E.

Samuel J. Ott, '01, M. E.

Mr. Hartman is assistant engineer in the construction department of E. J.

Dupont Company in Wilmington. Mr. Maier is assistant engineer of the street and sewer department in Wilmington, and Mr. Ott is engineer in the designing and estimating department of the American Bridge Company.

Charles W. Bush, '03, is now a Rhodes scholar at Oxford.

Mr. John W. Huxley umpired the Delaware-Rutgers football game on Oct. 28.

O. C. Short, '04, attended the Delaware-Rutgers football game, accompanied by the senior class of his school.

Rev J. Mitchell, '03, is taking post-graduate work in English and history at Delaware.

Clarence M. Prouse, '02, is taking a post-graduate course at W. P.

Pusey Jones' '02, is on the engineering corps of the New York, West Chester and Boston Railroad, and is at present located in New York city.

Leo Pie, '05, is on the engineering corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg.

Harvey H. Hickman, '05, is now located with the Sante Fe Railroad at Los Angeles, Cal., and has been working on the Gallup bridge, which was recently completed in New Mexico.

I. Paul Jones is with the ways and means department on the St. Louis division of the Big Four Railroad, and is now located at Mattoon, Illinois.

Thomas M. Goodwin, '05, was recently a visitor to Newark.

## ATHLETICS.

W. V. DERBY, '06, Editor.

### FOOTBALL.

Now that "the melancholy days are come, the saddest of all the year," when the forerunners of the icy winds of the North come whistling around the corners, scattering in their wake the sear and yellow leaves that we but a few months ago welcomed so gladly in their advent to a brief but glorious reign; now that the aged and rheumatic fly, ruminating upon his past sins, gives a last despairing sigh and drops into the soup; now that the gymnasium is slowly approaching completion; now that the tennis racquet hangs upon the wall and baseball is but a memory, football is the all absorbing theme.

JOHNS HOPKINS, 11; DELAWARE, 0.

For the following account we are indebted to Mr. Josephs, '09: On October 14, Delaware went to Baltimore and played Johns Hopkins. Although Delaware was outweighed twenty pounds to the man, her team managed to gain more ground in the first half than her opponents. Had it not been for Worthington, Johns Hopkins' full back, an old Haverford man, there would have been a different score.

Hauber made a wonderful run around right end for twenty-five yards. Taylor was also a steady gainer.

WASHINGTON, 6; DELAWARE, 6.

We wish to call particular attention to the way in which our team was treated at Chestertown, October 20 and 21.

Our boys went down the night before in order that they might play the next morning and return to Newark the same day. They were received with open arms, the choicest of viands were placed before them, made the more delectable by the presence of fair students sitting near, and in the evening they were given a reception in the ladies' hall. Everybody reported a delightful time. Even our coach was not proof against Cupid's darts, and was with difficulty persuaded to return with the team.

The next morning, our boys being in a generous frame of mind (and justly so) allowed the Washington College boys to tie the score, 6 to 6. Who could have had the heart to do otherwise after such kind treatment?

We do not wish to exaggerate the attentions shown the team, but merely to show that we appreciate such things. In this way a more friendly and fraternal spirit is established between colleges, making college life seem less of a daily grind and more of a real pleasure. Again, it gives the game of football a different aspect — it shows that football is not all brutality, as some would have us believe. Therefore let those prejudiced ones, however sincere they may be in their opposition, withhold their views a while until they know more of what they speak.

WASHINGTON, 0; DELAWARE, 11.

On November 4 Washington College returned our call with the fullest expectations of carrying off the victory, but just to show them what we could



do and not from any grasping feeling on our part, we sent them back to tell their comrades the sorrowful tale that Delaware had won by a score of 11 to 0.

The line-up:

Delaware.		Washington.
Hauber . . .	left end . . . . .	Long
Voss . . .	left tackle . . .	Gibson
Messick . .	left guard . . .	White
Papperman	center . . . . .	McMaster
Brown		
Brown . .	right guard . . .	Voss
Ward		
Stein . .	right tackle . . .	Moore
Josephs .	right end . . . .	Rasin
Pie (capt.)	quarter back . . .	Wilson
Baldwin	left half back . . .	Porter
		Hitch

Taylor right half back Capt. McGinnis  
Francis . full back . . . . . Gill  
Referee—Professor Short. Umpire—  
Pierce Cann. Touchdowns—Francis,  
Baldwin. Goal—Voss. 25 and 20  
minute halves.

GOLDEY, 9; DELAWARE SCRUB, 5.

On the day that we tied the score at Chestertown, the scrubs played Goldey College at Newark. It may have been that the scrubs were imbued with the same spirit of generosity as the 'varsity, or perhaps it was lack of spirit of any kind that gave Goldey a score of 6 to our 5: Certainly there was a deplorable lack of spirit along the side lines, and to this one thing is ascribed the defeat, for no matter how good a team may be, it always does better work with a little cheering.

RUTGERS, 10; DELAWARE, 0.

The next Saturday, October 28, we matched our measly 142 pounds against

the 176-pound Rutgers team and held them down to a score of 10 to 0 in their favor. Taking into consideration the difference in weight, the good record of the Rutgers team and the fact that the scores were made in the last ten minutes of play, we feel that it was really a victory for us. We are not boastful, but let us add that the Rutgers coach said that the Delaware team could beat any other team in the United States of its own weight.

The game was marked by clean playing on both sides, by interest on the part of the spectators, and by the strenuous vocal efforts on the part of Schaffer (C. Y.) and the rest of the student body not in the game. Cheered on by the united voices of their fellows, the 'varsity boys held down their big opponents until the last moment, when sheer weight triumphed over science. Every man did his best. The line-up:

Rutgers.		Delaware.
Green (capt.) .	left end . . . . .	Cann
Brogger . .	left tackle . . . .	Voss
Black . .	left guard . . .	Messick
Loblein . .	center Neill, Papperm'n	
Steinke . .	right guard . . .	Brown
Morris . .	right tackle . . .	Stein
W. MacNeil,	} right end . . .	Josephs
Wallace		
Segoin, }	} quarter back . . . . .	Pie
Tharp }		
Fisher, }	} left half back . . .	Baldwin
Baker }		
Rice, }	} right half back . . .	Taylor
Edwards }		
Allen, }	} full back . . . . .	Francis
(J. MacNeill)		

Referee—Mr. Huxley, Wilmington.  
Umpire—Mr. Wallace, Philadelphia.  
Head Linesman and Timekeeper—D. B. Miner. Touchdowns, Allen, Baker.  
20-minute halves.

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

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

The class in Bible study has been organized, and, so far, the prospect for a year of pleasant and profitable study is very encouraging.

The class is sufficiently large to render our coming together helpful and enjoyable, and to fill our discussions with life and snap. Not only this, but all of the members are interested, and desirous of becoming more acquainted with that great Book, the importance of which, even as a purely educational consideration, is so often overlooked.

The course of study adopted is one of those furnished by the International Association; namely, "Studies in Old Testament Characters."

The class meets in the Y. M. C. A. Hall every Thursday evening at 6.30 o'clock. Visitors are welcome.

For information concerning the course apply to President Lovett, or to W. E. Harkness, leader of the class.



An attempt is being made to organize a class in Mission study. It is desired that all who have an interest in such work will communicate with Mr. Lovett. Any suggestions along this line will be gratefully received.



We are glad to note the increased interest that is being shown in the Y. M. C. A. throughout the country. Many prominent business and professional men are heartily in sympathy with it, and are not only lending their

influence, but are, in many cases, contributing financially to the advancement of the cause. Men cannot help observing the great results that are being accomplished in the physical, intellectual and spiritual development of multitudes of young men. It is a great work,—a work that is becoming a more and more potent factor in our civilization. For what can have more far reaching results upon the coming generations than the careful training of the young men of to-day?

## EXCHANGE NOTES.

CHARLES P. MESSICK, '07, Editor.

We notice that many of our exchanges are published weekly and take the form of a pamphlet rather than a magazine. These pamphlets give a good view of the affairs of the college; the whereabouts of the Alumni and the local news, but in them no room is given to literary production. Among these papers are "The Langum" and "Ursinus Weekly." Each contains, as a rule, good editorials and local news, but we think by putting their energy into bi-monthly publications, better results would be obtained.

"A Lover's Courage," in "The Athenaeum" is quite a good love story and excellently portrays the passionate nature of the Indian maiden, Wanita. Yet the author must have drawn somewhat on his imagination to have pictured, at one point, Wanita an old and wrinkled woman and a little later the same beautiful maiden as before; but,



considered as a whole, the story is well written, the description beautiful and realistic, the sentiment tender and faithful.

The October number of "The Forum" is a neat, attractive, well written paper and interesting from cover to cover. The editorials are especially good.

The following, from "The College Times," of the U. of V., will no doubt be of interest to our readers: "The committee which was appointed to make a selection of the designs submitted for the heading of our college paper was very favorably impressed with the one handed in by Harrie A. Bell, of Wilmington, Del., and decided that his was the best of the four submitted. Mr. Bell has accepted a position on the editorial staff of Topics and will receive the prize offered for the best design." Mr. Bell was formerly a student here and held a prominent position on our staff.

The poem, "Evening," in the "Aerolith," is very well written and is worthy of attention.

Verse is a drug, the writers say,

Upon the markets of to-day;  
Hence in the smaller towns, that's why  
The drug stores keep the book  
supply.

—Success.

"The Punch Bowl" comes to us this year in a neat, new cover, containing several good "cuts" and brimful of fun and jokes.

We find great pleasure in perusing

"The Maryville College Monthly." Altho it is a very creditable paper, it would have been more in keeping with its dignity had it contained a true, comprehensive account of a certain football game instead of one written in such a mock-tragic style. That may be all right for effect but we think the effect is lost on most of its readers.

#### LATIN.

They are all dead that wrote it;  
They are all dead who spoke it;  
They all must die that learn it;  
Oh, happy death, they earn it.

—Ex.

Some other exchanges received up to date are: "The Collegium Forence," "The Delaware Churchman," "The Smyrna Times," "The College Signal," "The Willistonian," "The Nazarene," "The University Hatchet," "The Manitou Messenger," "The Athaenaeum," "The New Era," and "The Presbyterian."

#### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

L. E. CAIN, '07 Editor

One of the greatest days in the history of Lehigh University was October 12. Dr. Henry S. Dringer was inaugurated as president, and on the same day ground was broken for Drown Memorial Hall, which will be erected in memory of Thomas M. Drown, at a cost of \$60,000. In the evening a luxurious banquet was given in honor of the new president.

The present Freshman Class at

Harvard is smaller by seventy-five than that of last year.

Louisiana State University did not open until November 1, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever in that part of the United States.

Four hundred Freshmen have registered in the Academic Department of Yale. The number at Sheffield Scientific School are almost as many again. These figures are about double those of 1900.

The number of registrations at University of Pennsylvania this year is an increase of 16 per cent over last year.

Under all the strict rules and honor systems, the practice of hazing still survives. Some institutions have begun to prevent rushes.

"Co-education is the life of an institution," as a student of George Washington University intimates.

Let us hope for the day when our Y. M. C. A. will become of as much importance as it is in a new institution in Pennsylvania where sixty-five men, out of 100 in the institution, were present at the first Y. M. C. A. meeting.

A late report has it that five of "Penn's" football players are at present in the hospital, nine of whom perhaps will be able to play in the big games to

come in the near future. Many similar reports are seen in many of the college papers.

New York University recently received \$20,000 by will of the late William A. Wheelock.

At the University of California, this year classes in gymnasium work were organized, the members of which get credit for the work done on the diamond, gridiron and track, and this credit is added to their qualifications for graduation. This is a great incentive for undergraduates to work on the athletic field. Many fellows under our present system say that they do not have time to take an active part in athletics.

The year book for 1904-5 of Michigan School of Mines is particularly interesting. It contains an album of views of the deepest shafts and most powerful machinery in the world and all the facilities immediately surrounding the college, which was established in 1885 right in the heart of the great mining regions near Lake Superior. The students of that institution have free access to everything that is connected with the mining, the extraction of the metal from the ores and the transportation of it.





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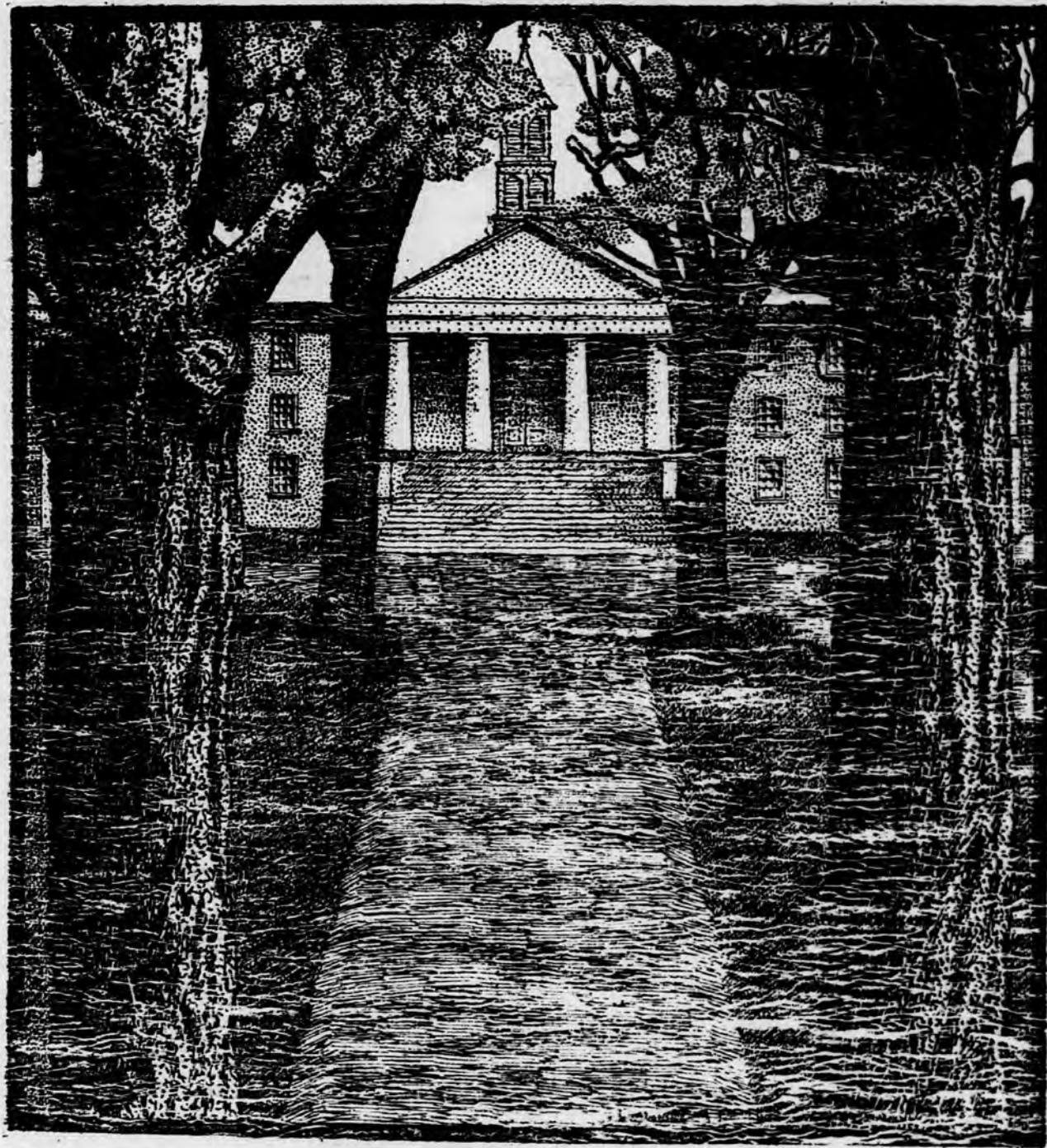
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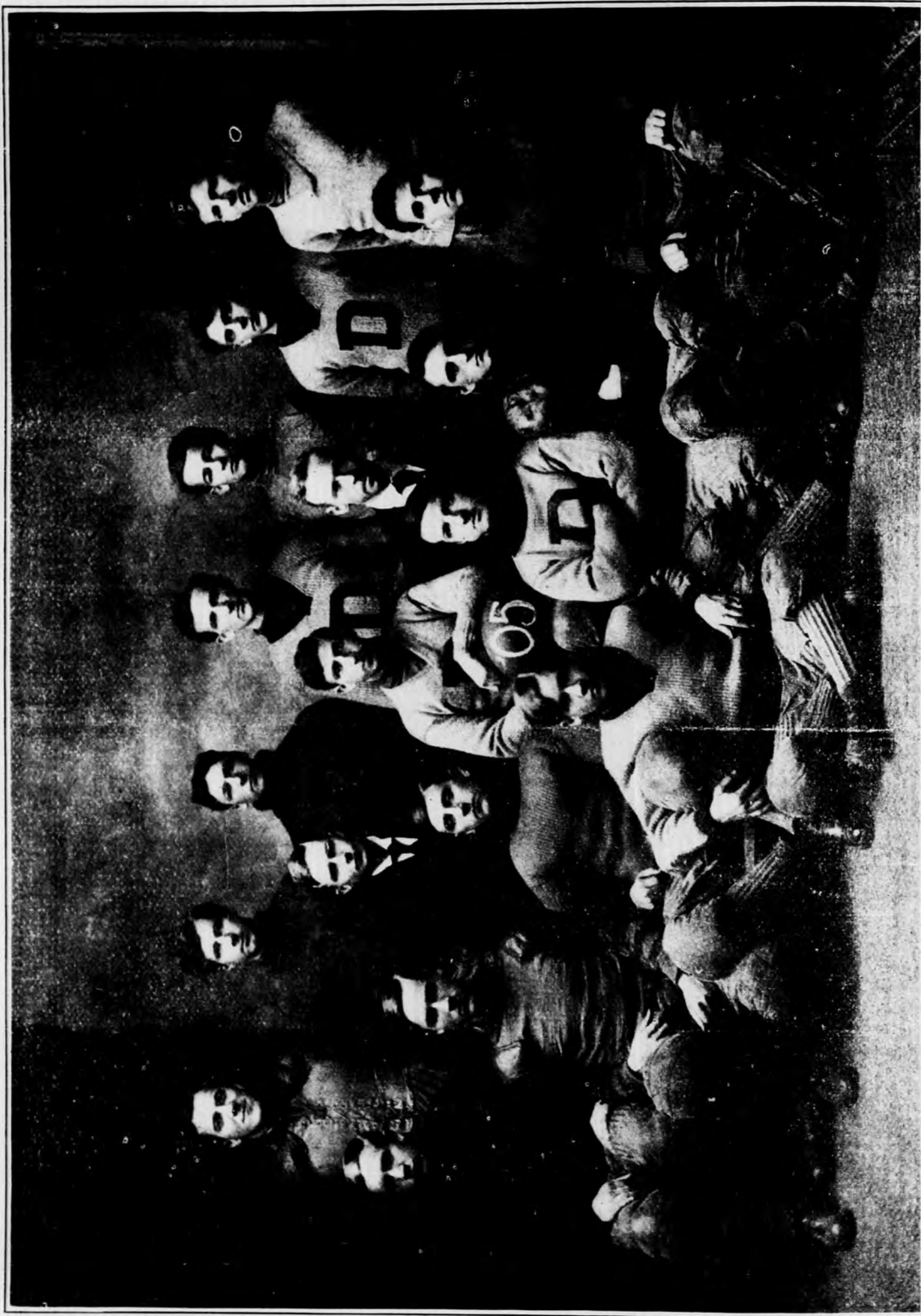
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