

Delaware College Review.

Vol. I.

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To the Violet.

Little vi'let by the river
Dancing to the zephyr's tune;
Slyly winking to the quiver
Of the bright beams of the moon;
Gazing on the rippling water
With a sweet and happy face—
Tell me, tell me meek-ey'd daughter
Of the lovely flow'et race;
In what sunlit, smiling place—
In what far-off, distant shore
Have you kiss'd the dew-gems sparkling,
In the hour of silence darkling,
Since I've seen you here before?

Have you roam'd with spirits airy
Through the warm Indian Isles,
Where the air's like breath of fairy
And the sunlight ever smiles?
Did you dance amid the sungleams
At the gateway of the day,
As they flash'd to gold the dunstreams
In the rich vales of Bathay?
Did you, merry-laughing, stray,
Little vi'let, through the grove;
Where the nymphs and dryads nightly
When the stars are shining brightly
Through the swift dance-mazes move?

But no matter, little vi'let,
Where you've been, that now you're here!
Thou hast come with tidings, my pet,
That the glad warm days are near—
That the wild March king is flying
To his home in sore affright;
That the glad May queen is hieing
To our land with joy and light—
Coming from the islets bright
Where she's been for many a day—
Welcome, welcome, little vi'let,
Of all flow'ets thou art my pet—
Harbinger of glad some May!

—G.

Physical Exercise.

In view of the noticeable lack of energy in regard to out-door sports among many of the young men of our college at present, as compared with those of former days, the inquiry naturally presents itself as to the causes which have conspired to produce such a change. If the stories of former students and the traditions of by-gone years, handed down with considerable additions by each fun-loving generation, are to be credited, our college is a very tame affair, to what it once was, and its students a very sedate set. To the credit of our boys, however, we cannot say that they differ in this respect from the generality of boys elsewhere. The busy world within our college walls is but the miniature reproduction of the world without, and our sayings and doings are but the

sayings and doings of American youths in general. The fault, then, must, in our opinion, be attributed to the defects of American training, as resulting for the most part from the circumstances in which we are placed, and it is our intention to examine into these circumstances and point out their effects.

As with all nations, activity and indolence are to be found side by side among youths as well as those of maturer years, so, Americans indicate no exception to the general rule. In them, however, we notice that the line of demarcation between the two qualities is broader and more sharply defined, and the extremes of both more completely exemplified. The necessary circumstances of many in our land, on the one hand, and the affluence resulting from success in business pursuits on the other, must necessarily engender in the youth who falls heir to either condition, a disposition and tendency in keeping with his circumstances. There are those who, born in the lower walks of life, yet endowed with a spirit and zeal truly American in its fervor, are imbued at an early age with the desire of emulating the success of the self-made men so common in America. Such are the active youths of the day. Laudable, however, as is their energy, and praiseworthy the incentives which lead them onward, we cannot but regret the excess to which their labors sometimes tend. Work is with them the only duty, the only pastime. In their efforts to attain the wealth or fame they aspire to, they submit to a lifelong drudgery and a career of unhappiness. The sports in which youth was wont to indulge are thrust aside in scorn, and occupations suitable to their aspirations must be assumed. The once hearty laugh, the rough exterior that denoted the happy heart within, and the fun and jollity that accompanied it, are no more visible, and a man in all save physical maturity is presented to our view. Indeed it would seem as though such youths having read the old saying that the boy is father to the man, and having entirely lost sight of the figure contained in it, were endeavoring to illustrate it practically.

But laudable ambition is not the only cause which has led American youths to abandon fun in their pursuit after happiness. There is another cause of a far different nature, one too, which does not speak so well for America nor the times in which we live. The gradual entrance of wealth which attends the successful in our land, has opened a passage to luxury and consequent idleness. The youth who finds himself in affluent circumstances, even before entering into practical life, begins to aspire in a far different way to fame. Casting away all desire for honors, he contents him-

self with the superiority over the poorer of his fellow-beings that his wealth affords him. Conceiving in his vain imagination that the position he possesses requires a dignity which must be established on all occasions, he too essays to be a man, and deems below him the sports of the few who still cling to the old customs of our hearty ancestors.

There is also another class which belongs to neither of these extremes, but which exhibits the same effect. We allude to the city-bred youths who, initiated at an early age into the ranks of society, its apparent nothing-to-doism, ease and idleness, seek for no fame save that of being beaux, and no exercise save that of escorting the fair ones to theatres or balls. Such as these constitute the fashionable dandies of the day, and demonstrate by their very appearance and actions, the absence, and at the same time the necessity, of boyish sports and boyish levity. The silly chit-chat of ordinary conversation which they impose upon the gentler sex, tends to exhibit as well the lack of exercise their minds have received, as the gradual decadence this deficiency has wrought within the social circle.

Such elements as these, then, developing themselves among the ranks of youth, cannot fail to bring about a change. The interest formerly displayed in out-door games is rapidly fading away. True it is that the old Southern spirit once manifested in our northern colleges by the advent of so many bold, hardy Southerners in quest of learning, served in a great measure to sustain this interest, but since the war, that same element, broken down by poverty and affliction, has deserted our colleges, and the once free and easy southerners are compelled, like their poorer northern brethren, to work for their sustenance at the expense of their happiness. The youth of our day are no longer the actors, but the mere spectators in the drama of fun, and thus the old sports in which our ancestors revelled have fallen into the hands of professionals who play but for the money of those who should be the real actors. The inter-collegiate contests that occur at the close of each year are the only redeeming features of the age, and even these are engaged in by the few, while the majority remain inactive.

The result is, and can only be, a serious check to both mental and physical development. Exercise, that needful associate of youth, is left unattended to, and by such neglect the mind itself suffers. This then may account for the puny forms that walk our streets, and the sick, dyspeptic aspect ascribed to all Americans. We read and listen to the stories of former days when youth was yet youth and

pleasure its great aspiration, of the jollity and fun then experienced, and in fine, of the stout, manly appearance and muscular development that was the result, and comparing them with the staid, sober character of the young men of our day, their scorn of all that levity so essential to youth, and their slim, attenuated forms, find little to commend and much to censure in the change. If we want real men, both in mind and body, we must give to youth its full proportion of healthful exercise. We must seek to dissipate that foolish idea that all work and no play will advance us further towards the desired goal, or that other vain delusion, that wealth places us in a position superior to all boyish sports. We must, in fine, have real boys, if we want real men. Then, and then only will the boy be father to the man, and then will the man look back to his younger days as the source of all the health and happiness of his declining years.

H. GROUK.

Sir Richard Steele.

No character in the English Literature of the 18th century draws on our sympathy as does that of Sir Richard Steele, or, as he was familiarly known, Dick Steele. He was born at Dublin, 1675. Of his school days, very little is certainly known. It is not probable that his character in boyhood varied much from his character in manhood. Undoubtedly he was a boy of whom the faculty knew not whether to retain him or send him home. A short, thick, square faced, black eyed boy, who in his studies always preferred a side hold to a square hold, and who was always glad to receive all the help he could get, both pecuniary and literary; yet a boy of great generosity and deep sympathy for any who were in trouble. Says Thackeray, "Besides being very kind, lazy and good-natured, he invariably went into debt with the tart-woman; entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory, engagements with the neighboring lollipop venders and pieman." In short "If the man and boy resemble each other, Dick Steele must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb, "I beat, I am whipped," in any school in Great Britain." But he outran the faculty, *i. e.*, he did not wait for a dismissal but left his college at Oxford without his degree, to join a company of Horse Guards where his conduct became even more reckless than before.

It was at this date that he first wrote anything worthy of public notice. His essay was entitled, the "Christian Hero," and astonished the town in that it expressed such lofty sentiments, such true piety, and that Dick Steele was its author. Soon after this, Steele betook himself wholly to his pen, which he could use far more dextrously and efficiently than a horse guard's sword as the "Tattler" and "Spectator" amply prove. Do you ask what trait he possessed that the Court or even the populace

should listen to one so reckless, so unstable? If so, in the first place you must remember the age in which he lived. Although a seeming exception to the rule, that the fountain which supplies the city with water must be higher than the city, there is no exception. Dick Steele, with all his failings, was far above the populace, which in turn was above the court. Shaw, for the want of a better term, calls the age "blackguardy." "Gambling among women was frightfully prevalent." "Intellectual acquirements were held in contempt." "Congreve was ashamed of his fame as an author, preferring that of a gentleman." "Fops and fine ladies prided themselves on their ignorance in spelling, and attention to books were scouted as pedantry." Nor was Steele devoid of good qualities. He was the very opposite of Swift. Mortality with him was intuitive,—a man who could laugh, a man who could cry. His sympathy was quick and great, not only for man but for woman-kind,—a thing of rare occurrence in that day. To love a good woman was, to him, a liberal education. Such an one he saluted with his heart, others with the hat only. Of stuff, iron and brass there was a plenty in his time; of a piece of magnetized steel, he was the type and almost the only representative. Pope went to great trouble to see Dryden; but we would go to far more trouble to see Steele than either Dryden or Pope.

It does one good to see the results of his efforts to better the condition of the age—to see how quickly he turned the tables—and he did it, too, with exceedingly small doses, now of good sense and good taste, now of pleasing morality and of literary merit. Says he:

"Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream, Our motley paper seizes for its theme."

Who doubts that he, the ethical and literary critic, was born for that very time? "Under his treatment," says Gay, "gambling became disreputable, fops ridiculous, conversation manly, simple tastes prevalent, and literary culture a recognized resource."

Of his domestic life we can only say that he was a loving husband, looking on his wife as his earthly divinity—one who poured out to her his whole heart—his whole purse.

One of Steele's many mistakes was that of changing from a literary to a poetical career. The latter, though remarkably consistent, was unhappy. Steele died in Carmarthen, Wales, 1729.

JOE ELBERON.

The Art of Reading.

Among the useful arts, there is none more enviable than that of good reading. Good reading is always admired. It never fails to call forth loud commendations. Persons who make no pretensions to proficiency in the art, acknowledge its beauty and usefulness. But, while this is true, I feel safe in saying, there is no part of education so sadly neglected. How very few ever attain a higher standard than tolerably good readers; by this, I mean those

who can read instructively only through an extra effort on the part of their hearers. There are many cultivated, and in a high sense, educated, men who display a sad lack of training when called upon to read. Not unfrequently, the uncomplimentary sobriquet, *intolerable bore*, is pronounced upon men of genius and talent, simply because they read in a disjointed and fragmentary manner. The careless style in which students so frequently read their class productions, evinces the truth, that very little attention is paid to delivery. How often do we find essays, that have cost hard work, command only the attention that courtesy vouchsafes. But why is it, that men, who have pride in other things, and are ambitious to appear well, should so sadly work to their own disadvantage? Is this beauty and gracefulness of style a stingy gift of Nature? We are inclined to think there is no one who would say that an unrelenting destiny makes men bungling and stammering readers; but, rather, we believe the universal rule of labor and reward is applicable here. The man who can adapt himself to the different styles of reading, who can, one minute, bring tears to the eyes of his hearers, with his pathos; the next, stir fiery indignation in their hearts, by his scorn, has attained this enviable power only by honest labor. Right here, we think, is where the difficulty lies. Men take it for granted that they can read, so they spend no time in the culture of the voice, and the formation of the style, and, as a natural consequence, that which costs nothing is worth nothing.

Excellence in reading is attained in the same manner as excellence in any thing else, that is, by constant and careful practice. Many good readers, by neglecting to keep in practice, become very monotonous and tiresome. The physical advantages by such a drill in the development of the vocal powers, we must, for want of time, pass with a bare mention; also, for lack of inclination and ability, we will defer setting before you any plan for the successful prosecution of this study, and will close by sanctioning these words from an eminent elocutionist, that "practice is the golden key to all excellence in reading." HARRY ASHTON.

Correction, Criticism and Interlineation.

Probably much more antagonistic feeling, writing and speaking, have been caused by the too free use of these three literary privileges, or duties, as we may call them, than by any other kind of literary exercise. Most writers are very glad to be corrected, and are often their own severest correctors. And it is the duty of the friends of any person to correct errors, moral, political, or literary. Persons having a just conception of the value of kindly offered correction, will suffer such, without murmur and with thankful heart. For the person who considers himself above error has started in the path of the bigot which will, sooner or

later, conduct him to the consequential self-sufficiency of the fool.

Criticism is often mistaken for correction, and although it is in part similar, yet in its completion, it is entirely different. While correction means more to help an author to hide his errors from the public, criticism means rather to expose to the public view *either* fallacies or consistencies. Although it deals mostly with errors, yet at times it abounds in praises of perfection. The time was, when criticism was regarded as next to reprobation, at least it was so considered by those who suffered from it, as for instance, those productions which are said to have hastened the death of Keats, and which brought out Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It seems that Pope held a sublime contempt for those who engaged in criticisms, for he says in his *Essay on Criticism*: "Some have for wits, then poets passed / Turned critics next, and prove plain fools at last."

One fact is evident. He who would be a critic, must be very careful how he writes. A person must become acquainted with this fact soon after trying to criticise others, and literary intimidation is the result. No person should offer criticism, except with pure motives, and then only because of seeming necessity. But in viewing the part of criticism, which some may choose to call correction, for the press, but which is nothing more than clipping and interlining, it cannot be regarded as strictly in harmony with the ideas of those who enjoy the spices of peculiar composition. Few do not like to read curiously expressed thoughts. Very few orators or writers have no eccentricities, and those that have not, have empty lecture halls and sleepy readers. We know that editors claim the right to "fix up" those articles which are to appear in the columns of their paper, which right should be granted, when interests personal, political or religious are at stake. But when a journal is issued for the purpose of showing literary talent, by which we may judge of the mental action of a person, it is hardly fair to launch upon the public an article purporting to be the production of a certain person which has been fostered by some one else. This is not all; the author who wishes to stand before the world as he is, would not accept of the "tinkering" which would be done by the editor, even if the production were improved thereby. It is a known fact through all Christendom that "as a man thinketh so is he," and as a man thinks so he writes and speaks. Therefore, a literary production is only the picture of the man; a picture which is discoverable throughout all his writings. Then, in order to judge of the real merits of a writer's power, we should have his production pure, unstained and unimproved, with all its dignity and comicality, its eccentricities and commonalities, its inconsistencies and realities, its wisdom and its foolishness. Suppose, for instance, that an artist should paint a picture purporting by the subscription, to be the portrait of a celebrated divine, but at the same time, having the head

of Voltaire, the nose of Napoleon and the big neck of a pugilist, with gloves and muscle to match, would it not be a most ludicrous picture? Yet, to the mind which is accustomed to the contemplation of literary work, the incongruity of practical composition is as evident as the inconsistency of the parts of the above mentioned picture. A picture of the mind is faithfully portrayed in an essay, and interlining is equivalent to the picture of two different men on the same place. But, so far as grammatical errors are concerned, the corrector has a perfect right to make it proper.

Upon the whole, we may lay it down as a rule, that a man can express his own thoughts better than any one else can do it for him.

H. KENNEY.

Pride.

Pride exists everywhere; you find pride the ruling passion among our most eminent men, in the midst of the sturdy working class, situated in the heart of the farmer, while smoking his pipe with contentment, revolving in his mind the duties of to-morrow's work, and reviewing with satisfaction his good day's work; upon the Legislator's face while seated in his appointed chair in the Halls of Congress, or engaged in angry discussion with his opponents.

Pride which denotes enough self-esteem in one who will not stoop to dishonor his character, pride that will urge one to mingle and select righteous, honest, noble companions; this pride which can not be called conceit, arrogance, is not the subject of my remarks, for rather should I praise this quality, not censure it. Pride, the seat of vanity, haughtiness, contempt, all these qualities admired by many to such an extent, that many assume them, however false to their natures, to deceive their friends and cover their defects.

Often the doting mother recites with pleasure to her neighbors, little incidences, which signify pride, thinking that this is a mark of strength, of nobleness, when it is the first indication of weakness, narrow mindedness, and sometimes the forerunner of a useless career. How often have we met persons haughty, trying to breath a higher atmosphere, so unkind and disagreeable in consequence of these qualities that we dislike them from the first sight, but if constantly thrown in with them you will in time pierce this pride which hardens the heart, forbidding till warm impulses of friendship, all unaware you take an interest in their lives, and day by day be surprised at the many beautiful qualities which before had remained concealed, hidden by contemptible pride. In every community, we meet with one kind, gentle person, that appreciates the exertions of others in their struggle for right, willing to aid them by cheering words and actions, giving presents to the poor with no name attached, never appearing in a false position to laud oneself's exploits. With these qualities, no wonder that one after one goes to him or her for advice or consolation in time of trouble.

This kind one does not walk by some unfortunate one with head erect and scornful airs but speaks kindly toward the injured one with brotherly interest. These kind, gentle persons, without pride, gain the hearts of all they meet, and thus live happily, doing so much good. Education leads to pride, for how many after leading a life at college and graduating in due form, look upon the life of the farmer, mechanic or workman in a manufactory, with disdain.

They must be either a doctor, lawyer, etc., and when they do practice lead a miserable life of drudgery, all for the reason that the country is overrun with this class of practitioners. It is the blacksmith, the farmer, the mechanic, the baker, etc., that form the strength of every country. Never will these occupations be sneered at except by weak and narrow-minded persons, for in our country's infancy, these people—the farmer and the mechanic—gained our independence. No one should be ashamed to go from college to the handle of the plow, to the loom, to the work-bench.

By pride we are deprived of many workmen, of many farmers, who would by their education be equipped ten-fold more for their respective duties than those that have not an education. All these duties above named are just as honorable and require just as much education as the lawyer requires; for a farmer should not only know the art, but the science that governs the production of soils; the mechanic should be versed in the laws that govern motion—the intricacies of machinery—before he can be a successful one. So let not pride rankle in your bosom as you leave the halls of college; let not pride poison you towards honest work; and if you go into the world without this prejudice or pride you will be sure to prosper, and lead an influential life in your community. GACAL.

STRIKE with hands of fire, oh weird musician, thy harp, strung with Appolo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy! O, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O, Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheek to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.—*Ingersoll*.

ADVERSITY is some times hard on a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—*Caryle*.

As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities.—*Froude*.

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DELAWARE NEED never be afraid that her Legislature will pass a law prohibiting railroad companies issuing passes. The members of the Legislature have too nice a time riding around the country on a "free pass."

DELAWARE'S LEGISLATURE adjourned *sine die* on the 18th inst, after having held the longest session on record. The State can now take a sigh of relief, and busy itself in trying to find out what great good has been given our people by this extra long session.

THE REMAINS of J. Howard Payne have, at last, reached our country from a foreign land, and have been buried with an honor, and such imposing ceremonies, that have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. Howard Payne is the author of that beautiful, and immortal poem entitled "Home Sweet Home," and hard indeed must it have been to him, after having composed such beautiful lines, to be compelled to breathe his last in a foreign land.

THE LIBRARY is now open, and for a good purpose; it will be found open almost any hour during the day. Many of the best papers in our country will be found on the table, and also many college papers. We would particularly recommend the students to read the college papers; they will always be found instructive and entertaining. As all well-governed places have to have certain rules, our library has a few rules, all of which are necessary for the individual interest of those who desire to remain in the library, and should be observed rather than enforced.

A FEW days ago a lamp was broken in the oratory. Inquiry has been made as to who broke the lamp, but no knowledge could be gained. It is evident that the person who broke the lamp, was trying to steal the oil it contained, for had he broken it, in any honorable act, he would not be ashamed to confess his guilt. The person who committed this deed, trivial as it is, has proved himself worthy of the

name of thief for his cowardly action, has put his hands into the pockets of the innocent students, and takes out enough money to pay the damage, which he should honestly bear.

WE ARE glad to notice, and make mention of the fact, that our students are fully alive and up to the times. They have organized a base ball association, and judging from the interest taken in the organization, we feel confident that the students mean business, and are determined to make this season a successful one. We have high, yet not miscalculated, hopes in the success of the Association Club this season, and we offer them every encouragement to practice faithfully, feeling assured that they would now prove themselves game to many nines, that are wont to call themselves professionals.

OUR DRILL exercise is now in a flourishing state of progression. Beyond the action of a few disorderly boys, we might say the students are getting quite soldier-like. We noticed, a few mornings ago, a cadet smoking in the ranks, which is certainly a grave disorder and a matter of ill-respect toward the captain. Notwithstanding the cadet's "brag" knowledge of military tactics, he whiffed his cigar with a degree of complacency that would have put General Grant to shame, and he did all this under the very eyes of the captain, and did not even receive a reprimand. We hope that we will not have occasion to mention such a matter as this again, and we will not if the captain is impartially strict and the cadets properly polite.

A GOOD TEMPLARS organization has been instituted in our town, and we are glad to see that it is already doing a good work among the college students. This is an order that should be in every civilized town, and particularly in those places where they could benefit the college student. There are a number of students in Delaware College who denounce such an organization, and we are sorry to say that a majority of this number, are the kind of young men which the order of Good Templars proposes to elevate. There are others who argue that there are times and places when it would be impossible to keep the pledge. Others say that they do not intend to be bound by a pledge, that they have will-power enough to abstain from any habit that could fasten its iron chain upon them. It is not necessary for us to point out the absurdity of such argument, it is evident on its very face. Go ahead, young men, depend upon your own will-power, and be unwilling to listen to anything that may be a benefit to you, and before you reach your maturity, your sentiments in this direction will doubtless flow in a different channel.

THERE is a law in the Constitution of the Delaware College Press Association, that says each member of the association, shall be responsible for the sum of one dollar, the price

of a year's subscription to the REVIEW; and it also says that no member shall be entitled to a copy of the REVIEW unless he has paid one dollar to the association, or pays the sum of ten cents for each copy. A few members of the association have complied with this law, the other members have neither paid the dollar, nor the ten cents per copy, but have been given the paper on their good faith and honesty, which faith and honesty can only be sustained by compliance with the law above mentioned. The student is not compelled to pay the money out of his pocket, but can solicit subscriptions from any person, and if they cannot get the money elsewhere, the student's parents and other relatives would surely not refuse to pay for the paper they have received, and in which they have so much interest, it being published and edited by their children. We intend, however, in a following number, to publish a list of the members of the association, noting the names of those who are indebted to the REVIEW. We do this not to reflect discreditably upon those who have not paid their just debts, but to give due credit to those who have acted honestly and loyally toward their paper.

WE BELIEVE there is no one who has more respect for a professor, so long as he does not abuse or misuse his calling and authority, than we have. We are not at all anxious to make mention of the errors that our superiors may chance to make, but, on the other hand, we are reluctant, indeed, to bring any thing before our readers that will not create a favorable impression in regard to the members of our respected faculty; yet, we must remember our position, and the object of the paper, *i. e.*, to further the interests of Delaware College, and as a medium through which the students can give vent to their literary abilities, and to speak their opinions in regard to college affairs in general. We see, then, that one of the objects of the REVIEW is to protect the *rights* of the students. Saturday has been regarded by us, and in fact has been, since our abode here, a day of pleasure and recreation for the students. During the recitation days, the students are kept, by the enforcement of stringent rules, hard at work, and it is to Saturday that every student hopes to find pleasure and rest that will equip him for the next week's work. It was on one of the students' holidays, Saturday, the 7th inst., that a member of the faculty took the grave, yet unnecessary responsibility upon himself, to check the privileges of the students upon that day. The professor certainly had no object in making himself so officious, other than stopping the beating of a drum, and causing quiet to remain supreme throughout the building. Thus we see that the day, which a thoughtful Board of Trustees set apart for the students, is being usurped by one of our professors. This is not not right, nor do we think that the more advanced and experienced members of the faculty will look upon it as such, hence we have

abundant reason for bringing such an action to light. If the professor referred to, desires to be popular among the students, and gain their good will, he will have to reverse his actions by protecting the rights, rather than usurping them from the students.

FOR SEVERAL months our subscribers have received and read the REVIEW, without being dunned for their subscription. We now desire to make an appeal to those who are in arrears. You have received the REVIEW regularly, for which, in return, you have paid nothing. You are legally indebted to the paper, but we appeal to you not on these grounds. We are now about completing the first volume of our paper and it is nothing more than an experiment by us. The paper, though successful as it seemingly has been, will be enlarged and otherwise improved next year. We have, however, given you a fair specimen of a college paper during the past few months, and if you think our labor and our enterprise is worthy of your support and encouragement, please have the kindness to send the sum of \$1, as soon as possible; if you think our paper has not made itself worth the subscription, we will be thankful for any amount that you may deem proper to send, even though it be but the price of a single copy. If you are poor, and cannot afford to pay a dollar, send us as much as you feel able, it will help and be greatly appreciated; if you are too poor to send us anything, we give you the paper freely, hoping that at some day your financial circumstances may be changed by a smiling fortune, then, we are willing to be aided as you see proper. If you are able, and think the paper worthless, we give it to you freely, with the assurance that we will try and make it worthy your attention and support. Thus not one of our readers have sufficient grounds to refuse the paper. We want every graduate and old student to have a copy of the paper, so as to remind him, even in his days of adversity, of his youthful days and pleasant scenes spent at Delaware College. Your interest and love for your *alma mater* shall not die, if you will permit us to keep it alive. We desire that every body, as far as possible, shall have a copy of the REVIEW. No person, whatever be his circumstances, need be without, or refuse, our paper. We have been plain and honest in our remarks, and as they are worthy of the attention of every honest and kind feeling person, we ask that you treat us in no better manner than we treat you.

There comes a time in the history of almost every life, when a decision must be made for or against certain habits or practices. The motive which is most immediate in its influence at such times is that of personal interest, and the question generally comes in the form, "would it be better for me to do or not to do this thing?" This will necessarily come up, and each one decides in his own mind how it will be for himself in regard to the question in

dispute. If we had no influence in the world the matter would rest just here. The problem once settled for ourselves we would have then no more to concern ourselves with. Having settled in our own minds that our characters and passions are such that we may safely indulge in wine drinking, card playing and dancing, we might engage in all these things freely if we could only rid ourselves of our influence. But here comes in the truth that we are our brother's keepers, that we have a responsibility resting on us in regard to them. This motive for our actions we too often neglect; strong ourselves, we are apt to ignore the weakness of our fellows. It is here that a man's true nobility of character, or his want of it, comes out very plainly. To have constantly before us the knowledge that some fellow man is caused to stumble by the example which we, stronger than he, are setting, and yet to continue in the same old course because we find pleasure in it, seems to us to be the most abominably selfish, unmanly, unchristian, uncharitable and wicked thing that a man can do. You and I may be able to play cards or dance and be none the worse for it, but our brother at our side may be weak; the influence we exert upon him by our indulging in such things may cause his ruin. Our selfishness may cause our brother's fall. The noblest manliness, the highest Christianity is the most self-sacrificing and unselfish. He who would have the honor of man, and that higher honor which comes from the Author of man, must do his best to help his fellow men to a higher life, to lead them away, not by word only, but also by example, from any thing which may be to them a pitfall or a stumbling block. Give up habits which don't hurt you but may hurt others for the sake of others, and your whole character will be strengthened, not one single real joy will you lose in consequence, but your whole life will be made sweeter and better for having been a faithful and true help and keeper of your brother.

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Local Matters.

Saturday is ours.

Going to see B. C. ?

Commencement time is near.

Smoking in the ranks is disorder.

"Going to the spelling bee to-night?"

"Stalacta" was the favorite of the five naughty boys.

A young lady student wants to know the feminine of Freshmen.

Our second Lieutenant, has all equipages of his office. The ornaments are quite becoming.

You naughty, naughty, boys, going to see such a play as you did Thursday evening the 19th inst.

Base ball clubs, send on your challenges for a match game of ball. We are now ready to meet you.

Kind reader, your subscription year is about out and if you think we deserve it, please send us one dollar.

The person in charge of the spelling bee says that her pupils are seemingly quite well acquainted with their lesson.

Our Professor of Geology, accompanied by two students, made a pedestrian tour to Summit Bridge on the 14th inst.

As the gentle south winds are blowing, our enterprising janitor is preparing to make our campus look like a little EDEN.

A Fresh. showed unwonted honesty the other day, by copying an example on the board, and putting quotation marks around it.

The young lady who is indebted one silk handkerchief, and one half dozen linen handkerchiefs, will please settle up as soon as possible.

Extravagance is a nurse of pride. Some people must buy Saratoga trunks, even though they have nothing to put in them but a pair of overshoes.

Delaware College has three amateur violin players residing in the building. Our readers can sympathize with us without any further grievance on our part.

It has been said that procrastination is the theft of time. What have the students procrastinated that a professor should try to steal a whole day from them.

Boys, look out or you will have no weekly holiday. Steps have already been taken by a member of the faculty to abridge the privileges of the students on Saturdays.

A Soph. who studies Trench, and ought to know better, when told womanish comes from woman, wanted to know if mulish came from the Latin, Mulier. The wretch!

The Delta Phi Literary desires us to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the History of the Delaware Railroad, by Manlove Hayes. It is a neat little work, and contains much that is of interest to our Peninsula people.

The young ladies have had somewhat of a picnic this term, owing to the fact that the room on the hall-way leading to the president's recitation room has been unoccupied. We fear the fair ones are getting bad again.

We are not ambitious, nor do we desire to make our name famous, but our Business Manager would dearly like to send his autograph, under "RECEIVED PAYMENT," to about three hundred of our subscribers.

All students of the college have a good opportunity of reading the papers of almost every college in this country. The papers can be found in the library at any time. They will be found interesting and instructive.

Students who are going to make any purchases should look in the REVIEW and see if they can find an advertiser that can furnish them, for the student will be benefiting themselves by patronizing those who help their paper. A person that has enterprise enough to advertise, will sell the cheapest, every time.

Rafting is getting to be quite a favorite sport, among the young ladies. 'Tis no uncommon thing to see several couples meandering up the creek road, preparatory to taking a ride upon a raft down White Clay Creek. This sport may be lots of fun for the young ladies, but we sincerely sympathize with the young men.

It is a most wretched feeling to want to do a thing and can't do it. The wretchedness is increased a hundred-fold, when you have told a person that we were going to do a certain thing, and then afterwards found that you would not. There is no telling what changes a Day may bring forth.

Student who does not speak to A--wants to borrow a book of him, he goes to B--and asks B-- to borrow it for him, when B-- answers, "I don't speak to him." Student then goes to C-- and asks the favor, whereupon C-- replies, "He and I are on the outs." Student says, "There are more common sense boys in the building than I thought."

Our local editor has had a very severe attack of pneumonia, and is, as yet, unable to return to college. Notwithstanding the fact that our brother has been out of bed but a few days, he expects to resume his studies about the first of May. If the local department has fallen, in this issue, below its standard, we hope the above will be sufficient to cause the reader to overlook all errors.

The V. A. Gossip Society have got into their new hall. This society has been meeting under very embarrassing circumstances for the past two months, but in their new quarters they have every convenience and seem to be highly pleased. There is one good feature of this society: in their hall each member has to work herself up, or, in other words, they rise step by step. The V. A. Hall is the only room in the building that can be entered both from above and below.

At a meeting of the students held on the 16th inst., a Base Ball Association was organized. The following officers were elected: President, H. W. Ewing; Secretary, C. W. Cullen; Treasurer, R. W. Huston. A committee was appointed to select three nines, a first nine and a second nine of the College; these two nines are so arranged that they will be about evenly balanced, thus to make interesting games; these two nines are, however, only practicing nines, and will play no games beyond the College; the third nine is the Association Club, and will be composed of the best players on the first and second nines. The Association Club will play all match games with clubs foreign to the College.

We have just heard of a conspiracy among our young ladies, and it was of such a nature that each member of the band solemnly promised and shook hands, in order to make the bargain more binding. The conspiracy, or pledge they were to take, was, that no one of the number should ever mention the name of the gentleman, whom each of the young ladies most liked. We do not know of any explanation to offer our readers for the action of the young ladies in this manner, but we sincerely hope that the young ladies will be benefited by their pledge.

If the young ladies are spoken of as the weaker sex, physically, they are fully equal to the opposite sex in forming schemes and tricks that will bring them some temporary pleasure or amusement, oftentimes at the expense of the "stronger sex." A few evenings ago, at a meeting, two young ladies were very anxious to get out before 10 o'clock; (the hour that our ice-cream saloon now closes;) a few moments after the young ladies had left the meeting, they, with their gentlemen escorts, were found at Mrs. Roach's ice-cream parlors, seemingly as happy as birds on a beautiful sunny April morn. *Les plus sages ne le sont pas toujours.*

On the 29th of March the Delta Phi Literary Society gave a very creditable entertainment to a large and appreciative audience. The drama produced was entitled "Enlisted for the War," and is beautiful in itself, but when supported by a strong cast of characters the play no doubt merited the hearty applause given it. The following is the cast of characters: Robert Truworth, a soldier of the Union, H. Greeley Knowles; Wilder Rowell, guardian of Gaylie Gifford, W. H. Heald; Hosea Jenks, an auctioneer, V. B. Woolley; Hiram Jenks, Hosea Jenks' son, a "mere" boy, J. B. Cush; Thomas J. Crimp, a very funny darkey, W. DuHamel; General Grant, E. M. Purnell; Lieutenant Colonel Boxer, G. A. Carpenter; Gaylie Gifford, an heiress, Miss Anna Lindsey; Mrs. Truworth, Rob's mother, Miss Maggie Blandy; Mattie Truworth, Rob's sister, Miss Grace Chester. The part of Wilder Rowell, a very heavy character, was well sustained by W. H. Heald; Mr. Woolley carried the part of Hosea Jenks, the man of many trades, in a most creditable manner, while that of his son, Hiram Jenks, by J. B. Cush, was true to nature and won the applause and admiration of the entire audience; Mr. DuHamel, as Crimp, was very good, and furnished much laughter and merriment; General Grant was well personated by E. M. Purnell, as was that of Lieutenant Colonel Boxer, by Mr. George A. Carpenter; both gentlemen donned a military air that never flagged until the curtain dropped. Miss Anna Lindsey as Gaylie Gifford was really excellent, and her loyalty and coquetry elicited the admiration of the audience; Mrs. Truworth found an able support in Miss Maggie Blandy, who received much praise for the strong delineation of her part; Miss Grace Chester as Mattie Truworth was admirable, and proved herself to be fully acquainted with her part. The young ladies deserve especial mention for their handsome appearance upon the stage and the manner in which they carried their parts. The excellent music by the orchestra was highly appreciated by the audience. In response to a number of requests to repeat the performance of this admirable play, the Delta Phi Literary Society have decided to repeat the play "Enlisted for the War," in connection with two excellent farces. The date will be announced in a few days, and the public will have an opportunity of witnessing one of the finest dramatic entertainments ever presented in this town.

Personals.

Hazard, '85. Willis Hazard, formerly of the class of '85, is now registered in the Haverford Catalogue.

Ray, '84. Lizzie M. Ray, of the class of '84, has returned from Leves, Del., where she has been engaged in teaching.

Gray, '83. John Gray has returned to college, his father having recovered from his late illness.

Purnell, '81. W. H. Purnell, Jr. A. B., was in town on the 15th. We would like to see "Will" oftener.

McDowell, '81. T. R. McDowell, A. B., paid us a visit on the 20th. "Tom" is a member of the middle class at Princeton Seminary and has recently been licensed by the New Castle Presbytery.

Ball, '82. L. H. Ball, Ph. B., paid us a flying visit on the 16th. "Heis" is looking well.

Black, '74. Sam'l H. Black has been re-elected Mayor of New Castle; this is Mr. Black's third term.

Pyle, '80. J. P. Pyle, Ph. B., received the degree of M. D. at the University of Pennsylvania, on the 20th. We understand "Joe" will practice in Philadelphia.

Miggett, '85. Annie Miggett was in town on the 21st.

Polk, '84. Mame W. Polk once of '84, but more recently a student at Wellesley, Mass., is teaching music at the Newark Academy.

Heald, '83. Wm. H. Heald, of the class of '83, owing to illness, has not yet returned to college. We hope to see "Billy" around very soon.

Simmons, '85. Ida Simmons has left college for the present, and is now teaching school near Chestnut Hill.

Exchanges.

Owing to the number of exchanges received this month it will be impossible for us to comment upon them all. We would like, however, to mention all of those which have, in our humble opinion, made in their columns a noticeable improvement over their February numbers. It is interesting to know that there have been made great strides in college journalism in this country, within a comparatively short period of time. And even in the youth of the REVIEW, its sanctum is filled each month with journals filled with miscellaneous matter that might well be taken by periodicals not confined to the narrow limits of the college-world, as bright examples for their future guidance.

The REVIEW experiences this revolution in college journalism—and it is to the enterprising spirit of many of our exchanges that we feel compelled to expend our time—College journalism, in its sphere, has kept apace with the time, and it breathes as freely the spirit and tendency of the age as any other journalism. As in our daily and weekly newspapers, the vast improvement in college journalism was brought about by the energy and enterprise of a few journals, that have conformed themselves to the spirit of our progressive age. College journalism, in this country, is, as yet, in its infancy, but it needs only time for it to develop and mature; to exert as powerful an influence in its allotted sphere, in changing, remodeling and, in fact, revolutionizing, our educational

institutions which offer to our youth but few inducements and fewer advantages than that exerted by our leading newspapers, upon the spirit and tendency of our political institutions. In fact, a college devoid of a journal lacks one of the essential elements in supplying its graduates with the many things required to make his life a success—it serves as the shop where the literary youth serves his apprenticeship, it affords him the crucible in which he tests his ability, it opens up to him an avenue wherein he, in his moods, may revel with delight; aye, it is but a narrow stream upon which he becomes fitted for an intelligent and successful mariner for life's fabled waters—and it is, when we ignore the past and penetrate the hidden future, that we behold college journalism a power in its confines.

The March number of the *University Magazine* comes to the sanctum of the REVIEW a complete success. Typographically the *Magazine* is susceptible of no improvement. It is a "Jumbo" in every sense in the rank of Pennsylvania College journals—The "Magazine" has advanced so much in its work as even to make a happy companion in every home. Its contributions are such as will delight and instruct.

The *Lafayette College Journal* has paid its respects again to the REVIEW, and we showed it no little attention. The *Journal* is ably edited and in this respect alone it has deservedly won the reputation of taking the lead in the Keystone Journalistic world. We are always glad to acknowledge the receipt of such an enterprising Journal.

The *College Cabinet*, for the first time, presents itself to the sanctum of the REVIEW. "Barney" takes it in his hands, and, in the name of the REVIEW, welcomes it as a member of the family. At our journalistic table the *Cabinet* shall have a conspicuous chair. The *Cabinet* is well filled with rare and precious literary gems—revisit us, *Cabinet*.

The *University Press* pays us its promised call. We have not credited the *Press* with all it deserves—An almost novel feature of the *Press* is, that it is published weekly, an enterprising spirit has characterized the *Press* from its very birth, and it is due to such journals as the *Press* that college journalism has progressed so rapidly.

The *Berkeleyan* comes away from the Golden State—It is as good as gold—The *Berkeleyan* is armed with a good corps of editors and their journal reflects no little credit upon the institution which it represents.

The *Northwest Review*, a Biographical and Historical Monthly, and a well filled journal, makes its way to the sanctum of the REVIEW, although not a college journal. "Barney" says it deserves mention, and we proceed to say of the *Review* that it contains a number of interesting and instructive biographies of many eminent men, the memories of whom have almost faded from the minds of the American people. The project is one that will commend itself to every man who reveres the memory of the truly great. We recognize in the name of its chief editor a man of undoubted ability and a man who, by the interest he has taken in tracing the history of Minnesota, has endeared himself to the hearts of the people of his State.

The April number of the *Brunonian* is the first that has saluted the REVIEW. We extend to it the invitation to return; we will make its visits as agreeable as possible—It is a monument to Brown University, as lasting as the stern New England rock upon which it is reared.

The *Princetonian* comes to us again and teaches us an important lesson in depicting, vividly, the fate of a student who studied only for a high grade.

The March number of the *Reveille* pays us a late visit. Perhaps the lateness of its appearance accounts for the extraordinary brightness of the paper—The *Reveille* is a journal of rare virtue. Its editorials are brief and unique, and it is a fair sample of the New England College Journals.

The wide a *Wake Forest Student* of April has arrived—it is an extensive and energetic journal, containing some excellent literary productions. Says the *Student*, "an enthusiastic student of history traces the origin of base ball back to the time when Rebecca went to the well with a pitcher and caught Isaac"—*Ex.* Trace it back further and you will find it recorded that "Noah put the dove out on a fly."—*Ex.* And further back Abel was the "first base man."—*Ex.* If we remember rightly God himself must have been at the bat when he created the four(w)ls of the air.

Inter-Collegiate.

The Williams *Argo* devotes some time and space in comparing the rules regulating attendance on prayer at Williams, with the practice at other American Colleges. Although the system is more strict here than at the majority of institutions, the *Argo* says, "it does not seem to profit by the system to any great degree, as it by no means approximates to greatest percentage of christian men."

Two instructors from West Point will shortly visit Dartmouth, to examine into any system or method of instruction there, of which the Military Academy can advantageously avail itself. Harvard, Yale and Princeton will be tendered the same compliment, (if such it is,) and although it is done by order of the Secretary of the Navy, it will be open to serious doubt, whether even a Harvard or a Yale can suggest any idea of more perfect discipline, or even of more competent instruction to an institution so immediately under the eyes of the nation, and so justly deserving of our national pride and boast.

The recent differences between Professor Sumner and the Yale students seem to have somewhat opened the eyes of college men, and renewed for discussion a matter which has received far too little notice in questions relating to the personal responsibilities and prejudices of a professor.

A Harvard daily regrets that Harvard has no Professor Sumner to speak for the Free Traders, while the *Advocate* justly retorts, "It is a question whether Harvard could afford to have any member of its faculty follow Professor Sumner's example, and become, in the newspapers and on the lecture platform, the ardent advocate of one side of a living political issue, the issue being a subject all sides of which it is the duty of that instructor to present to his classes, fully, and without the remotest suspicion of prejudice."

The honorary Latin salutatory is falling into disfavor, more and more every year. Already the spring papers are presenting the hackneyed subject, and hurling their invectives against this "remnant of scholasticism." But no action has been taken by any of the Faculties, and the odious practice will last a few years longer.

Of late years there has been a large increase in attendance at the German Universities. From 15,000 students in 1872, the number has advanced to 23,834 in 1882. Some alarm has been caused by this, showing, as it is denied, that the demands of modern life for men of education have increased in like proportion. An official warning has been promulgated among the students taking up the study of law as a profession, since its ranks are already hopelessly overcrowded.—*Ex.*

Dartmouth does not seem to have taken to heart her recent expulsion from the league—a very sensible action, by the way—for she has found herself most generally upheld, and there are not a few who stigmatize Harvard's action in the matter with the taint of jealousy, and accredit her influence over Princeton and Amherst to the rather free use of "hush" money; but this last we fail to endorse, for whatever object she may have had, or whatever objection she may have entertained against Dartmouth, unstable and groundless as they were, would scarcely have warranted so unfair and impolitic a stroke, so ill-becoming both the fair fame of the college, and the former open manner of the Association. But some selfish purpose she must have had, which sooner or later must show itself.

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Common Soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.*

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real lady-like housekeeper:—When used for Scrubbing and Cleaning there will be no Croton Bugs, no Red Ants, no Roaches—all such pests come from using Common Soaps. Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors, Goblets, Wine-glasses, Fruit Jars and all Glass Vessels: ordinary Soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

FOR WASHING BABIES & BABY CLOTHES

No baby will ever have its body covered with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild. *Dont use Soda* to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

For the Toilet it is Simply Perfection

All perfumes are injurious to the skin: *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*, but has an agreeable fragrant odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid*. It never leaves any odor on the skin: the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin: *a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used*, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense stinging that even the Imported Castile Soap causes: it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean; it leaves a pleasant aromatic taste and a sweet breath.

No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it.

Any person who despises a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate the Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a sponge has a disagreeable smell it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you: it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the sun or air.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing: plenty of the rich, foamy, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoine, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck wear will keep clean very much longer.

And now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

A Wash-boiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper*, and this injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Wash the White flannels with the other White Pieces. Be sure to always make the last water soapy: the clothes will Not smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron much easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it will make the ironing easier, and the pieces look much handsomer.

It washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, Borax, Ammonia, or any washing compound, and never use any other soap on any part of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water: draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board AND THE DIRTY WILL SOAP OUT: turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap: DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW, and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes. NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, and is FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING ALL THE SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDELLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING AND WITHOUT SCALDING OR BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels,

let stand 20 minutes, and wash the same way making the last rinse-water soapy.

The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

FOR SHAVING

Its soft, heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any other Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible: the face never burns or smart, no matter how dull the razor, how closely shaved, or how tender the skin, and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet smelling.

For Horses, Carriages, Harness, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather, rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival: by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the windows and lamps will be as clear as crystal.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

TO THE PHYSICIAN, THE DRUGGIST AND THE NURSE its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar well known soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS, in place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be constantly kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh:—a single trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns, for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Pile, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid it only requires once using to convince the Physician that it is a most valuable aid to his treatment, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Use it for Washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for Washing Utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

Letters are on file at our office from well-known Physicians, describing their experience with The Frank Siddalls Soap in their practice, which leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Odd Uses—Quaint Uses—Special Uses

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease!—use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

When The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, the hands of those at farm work will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employments, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

Try it for washing your Eye-glasses and Spectacles.

If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap: be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement: a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.;—it does away with scrubbing them and keeps the colors bright.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap do not require scalding or putting out in the sun: they will be clean and as sweet as new.

It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EAST END!

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Boys

and


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