

The Delaware College Review

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FAIRYLAND.

I dreamed last night of a fairyland
All radiant with sunshine and gold ;
Where richest flowers grow, and calm waters flow,
And the wind never blows too cold.

I dreamed that I lay on a soft flowery bed,
And bees hummed a low lullaby ;
And through a dark nook a dear little brook
Ran singing merrily by.

Around me in dazzling array fairies tripped
As lightly as clear-falling dew ;
And from little white throats came, with soft flowing notes,
Sweeter songs than my ears ever knew.

Then close to my side came with quick little steps
The most beautiful fairy of all ;
And as sweet on my lips as dew the bee sips,
I felt a soft fairy kiss fall.

Then I opened my eyes. The songs that I heard
Were from birds in the trees above ;
The bees were there, too, for the dream was all true ;
And the fairy that kissed me—my love.

'04

ADVANTAGES OF A LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE worth of a college course to a young man depends upon the man himself, and the influence of any special study or exercise upon his career cannot be determined until it is too late to make changes in majors or to remedy any defect in the course he chooses. What is supposed to be the work he is fitted by disposition to pursue most successfully will often, when he is more familiar with it, become thoroughly distasteful to the student, not through any change in the student himself, but simply by the unmasking of the cardinal principles of the subject and by destroying the glamour of romance his fancy had woven about the profession. But more often the student enters college and the influences there cause him to settle upon some special line of work of which he had hitherto never thought. In fact, the surrounding conditions exert a determining influence upon the actions of all. Students in charge of the same instructor for a time have the same ideals and the same set notions as their instructor, modified to some extent it may be true, but always with the same essentials or ground work. This is brought so often under our observation that we begin to doubt the responsibility of self and are led to ask, "Can any life be judged alone without consideration of the shadows of other lives that overlap it?"

The individuality of a student may be destroyed by want of assertions of self. Day after day in class room work, with the instructor impregnable within the defences of his special subject, the student is forced to look to his professor as his infallible guide, and smother the promptings of his mind, knowing well that with his lack of detail the position he might take would be untenable; and the instinct of the true student is to question, to weigh and to decide. In the class room and in the library the details are obtained, the student ponders over them and weighs them in his own mind, but to reach clear-cut decisions he must meet some antagonist and fight for supremacy, a battle in which the artillery and ammunition are ideas and details gathered from study.

There are laboratories in which the truth of chemical and physical laws are proved by experiment. And in the same relation stands the literary society and independent thought. Truth is not

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found in dreams nor in speculation. Dreams may contain elements of truth, but truth itself is found, if ever, in patient drudging, study of facts obtained by observation and tests. The society hall to the earnest worker becomes a miniature world. There all meet on the same footing, and statements must bear the keen scrutiny of not one antagonist, but many. In this laboratory of thought are seen the warring forces of truth and of nature as they are seen and exemplified by individuals—the world as it is, not as youth loves to paint it. Deep down through flowery speech and sophistry, showing things as they are, detecting false coloring, as well as deceit practiced on the reasons of the masses, facts are brought forth and truth made to stand out as the cardinal principle of man's relation to man.

Such is the literary society in its relation to the educational feature of college life. But, in addition to this, there is another, which is scarcely second to that—the social feature. In society, students are drawn together with one purpose in view, the advancement of the society as a whole. All classes meet on a common footing, and for the time being the freshman, the sophomore, the junior and the senior are merged into one class—Athenean or Delta Phi. They are actuated by one common thought, by a common sympathy that brings all in closer relation and reveals the innermost man. Then the weakness of one brings every associate into question, and thereby causes the strong to see their duty to their fellows and to become broader minded and more considerate, while the weaker are made stronger and encouraged to extra effort. The fraternal feeling is thus made manifest, and in the bitterest debates no feeling of enmity is aroused, but only the desire to strengthen and make unassailable the arguments used the next time.

In the hall are many "old members" that have realized all this, and their testimony of the value of society training is given in no ambiguous terms. There are some who that never affiliated themselves with either society, and almost to a man they express regrets that they were so blind to their opportunities and to their own welfare. The societies are not to-day what they ought to be. That feeling of friendly rivalry of which "old students" speak in glowing terms is not felt now, and incentives that used to exist are inactive and seem dead.

Brethren, it is with us to make or destroy this means of education. With the sacred memories of three score and ten years, and hundreds of "old members" with us in this struggle, it should be easy to do our duty. Opportunities there are with us. Opportunity to test our ideals and prove their truths or dreams. Opportunity to know our fellow-student as brother knows brother, and to learn from him of strength and power unsuspected. The way to success is clearly blazed by innumerable precepts and examples. But advice helps no mortal; it simply suggests self help. So look to self and make that self satisfied with work done. Memory of poorly-spent days is bad enough, but far worse is the memory of success one never had through neglected opportunities.

NATURE'S CHILDREN.

(Continued from October issue).

The time passed quickly, and the end of June had come. Not a day went by now that Mary and Ralph were not together. They took long walks and drives every day, and when evening came they would sit out on the porch and talk until long after all others had retired. They seemed to be perfectly happy when in each other's company, just like two little school children out for a holiday.

One Saturday evening after they had sat long talking of the pleasant times they had spent together, they recalled the evening they first met.

"What a long time ago that seems," said Mary, "we know each other so well now that it hardly seems possible we have not known each other all our lives. Did it ever occur to you, Ralph, what good friends we have become in so short a time? isn't it rather unusual? It is so strange for me, too, to make friends in this way; for after I've known a man a little while I don't care any more about him, for I find they are all the same. Mr. Wolcott, whom you met here last week is my intended husband; that is, mamma wants me to marry him soon, but—he is just the same as others."

Ralph sat quietly for a few minutes looking out into the darkness. "I will have to go now," he said, rising suddenly, "I fear it is growing late; good night."

"Good night, Ralph, you won't forget to come early tomorrow

afternoon? you know I promised to take you to my own favorite spot that I have been telling you about, down by the brook. It is so cozy and homelike that I just love it. I hope you will like it."

As he turned to go that night there was something weighing down on his heart that seemed to crush out his very life. He walked slowly down the road trying to think, but his brain seemed to be in a mad whirl and nothing was plain to him. When he reached the spot where the accident that night had first brought them together he sat down to reason things out. Why did he feel this way now, he asked himself; he had never felt so before. What had happened to disturb him so? Could it be—ah, no—not that—yet, why did those words, "He is my intended husband," seem to burn his troubled brain and send little pangs down into his heart? What difference did it make to him? He had heard girls say such things before and had forgotten all about it in ten minutes. "Nothing but an illusion of some kind," he told himself, as he arose to go. "Perhaps I am not well tonight. I will go home and have a good night's sleep and be myself again in the morning."

Morning came and he had not closed his eyes. All night long he tossed restlessly, vainly trying to sleep, while thoughts that he had never known before passed in rapid succession through his mind. He was calm now, he had decided what to do, and was only waiting for the time to do it.

Sunday afternoon came at last, and Ralph found himself once more at the house where he had spent so much of his time lately. Mary met him at the door, and together they started out to find the little spot by the brook. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining out clear and warm, but a gentle little breeze, just strong enough to keep the leaves in motion, made the heat bearable. After walking quite a distance they came to the edge of a woods and entering by a little path that was scarcely noticeable, Ralph found himself in a delightful little glen just about the size of a cozy room. A brook whose banks were fringed with ferns flowed out of one side, ran noisily over some moss-covered stones, and disappeared beneath the low hanging branches on the other side. On all sides the walls of foliage were dense, and the limbs of large trees meeting overhead allowed only tiny beams of sunlight to here and there find their way through.

They seated themselves upon the bank of the brook.

"Don't you think it is a dear little spot?" asked Mary. "I found it one day in my rambles, and since then I have spent much of my time here. You are the first person I have ever brought to see it, because other people would laugh at me and say I was trying to be romantic, or something equally ridiculous, but with you I know it is different. I believe you will appreciate the beauty and understand why I like it. When I feel lonely or blue I come out here, and it always makes me feel better. It is wonderful how many things I can see if I sit real quiet and watch. The birds come down quite close to me. A little wren came one day and played see-saw on a little bough so near me that I could see its little breast moving by its tiny heart throbs. Then a squirrel came and sat on that limb there and watched me for a long time. Finally it hastened away and returned with an acorn and dropped it down beside me. I picked it up and ate it, and the squirrel brought me two more. I suppose he thought I was hungry and that he was doing an act of charity."

Ralph sat looking into the brook, yet from his expression it was evident that he saw nothing.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Mary, laughing.

A sad little smile spread over his face, but he said nothing.

"Oh, aren't you going to tell me? and after I have bought them, too?"

"Yes," he replied slowly, "you shall know: I was going to tell you today. It is this, when I say good-bye today it must be for the last time, and we must never meet again."

Mary looked at him inquiringly for a minute. "But, Ralph," she asked, "why must that be? What has happened to change you so? Can't we still be friends?"

"I wish we could remain friends, but since you told me about Mr. Wolcott last night—I never knew it before, but I know it now, that—I love you—and that I love you in vain, because you belong to another."

"Oh, Ralph, didn't you understand last night? didn't I tell you all? Mr. Wolcott and I are not engaged. I said he was the man mamma wanted me to marry, but I never will, because I don't love him."

He was looking into the brook again now, and she sat watching him a moment, and then leaned over until her head rested on his shoulder.

"Mary!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say—that you—care for me?"

"Yes, dear."

An hour passed, and but few words had been spoken, and these were words that no one else would care to hear, and the little scenes were not intended for other eyes.

It was nearly dark before, hand in hand, like two happy children, they started towards home.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

(BRYANT.)

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbits' tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the woodtop calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and
stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and
glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will
come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he
bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side ;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief ;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

RIDING THE BLIND BAGGAGE.

WHAT shall I do to-night? muses the freshman. Shall I study? No. I have been studying all the week, and I will take Friday evening off. Shall I go and see some young ladies? I don't know any. The sophomores are not kind enough to introduce me. They want all good things for themselves. Then what in the deuce shall I do. If I had sixty cents I would go to Wilmington, but I have only eleven cents. Stop! Eureka! I heard a trio of mighty juniors discussing the easiness with which a college boy might go from Newark to the metropolis of Delaware on a blind baggage car. No cost at all. And only the slight danger of being hauled up by a "cop" or of falling off of the train, or of getting on the wrong train and perhaps landing in Chicago, instead of Wilmington. Those risks are extremely insignificant, thinks the freshman. I will go.

At seven twenty-three that night the figure of a young man might have been seen hugging close to the steps of a dining car as an express pulled out of the B. & O. Station at Newark, bound for Wilmington. The figure was that of our friend, the freshman. As the Royal Blue Limited sped over the rails at the rate of sixty miles an hour the wind whistled in the ears of the "fresby" in rather a startling manner. Every once in a while, when the engine gave an extra puff, a cinder that felt like a brick hit our hero's eye.

Well, in the course of time the train pulled in at the Wilmington station, and the freshman ran for cover. Summing up accounts, he discovered that he was alright, only his arms were cramped, his trousers torn and knee bleeding, where he had been struck by the rail of a bridge in making his jump for terra firma from the car step. And 'tis true his eye was blackened and collar the shade of a lump of coal, but that wouldn't hurt anything. Stepping boldly forth, he boarded a Delaware avenue trolley, and was bound for the home of his best girl. On his arrival there he had a hard time in gaining admittance, for the servant, who opened the door, thought our hero was a coal heaver, hobo, or something on that order.

At last, however, the young lady, whom he had been trying to call on, came to the door, recognized him, and "Freshy" walked into the parlor, where, after borrowing needle and thread and sewing up the gash in his trousers, he remained in tender discourse with the angel of his heart until train time. Then, after an affectionate parting, he dug out for the Pennsy station. He got there just in time to catch the 12.18 for Newark, and jumped the blind baggage. There happened to be a Delaware soph on the same platform with our adventurer, and this soph fell asleep on the way to Newark. When that station was reached our freshman, being very tender hearted, thought it best not to disturb the slumbers of his '06 friend, and so got off the train, leaving the soph to journey to Washington alone. Our hero, sixty cents in and very little out, was sleeping soundly at 1.30 a. m. About noon of the next day a forlorn soph butted in at the college. He said that he had been out for a long walk, but everyone wondered why he was so anxious to duck one poor unoffending freshman under the shower bath. G. M. B.. '07.

SONNET¹—NOVEMBER.

(BRYANT).

Yet one smile more, departing distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue Gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

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EDITORIAL.

A NEW GYMNASIUM.

A College without a gymnasium can hardly be called a college, but at the present moment we find ourselves in that unenviable position and we still speak of our institution as being a college. The situation is made worse by the fact that there seems to be no prospect at all that we shall have one.

Every high school and preparatory school of whatever standing have their well equipped gymnasiums, and even at the country district school we often see a horizontal bar and other rude contrivances built by the children themselves, on which they try their skill at gymnastic feats.

Until the beginning of the present school year we could boast of a gymnasium which, although poorly equipped, answered to some extent our purpose. But an addition was to be built to the work shop and the gymnasium was moved to make room for it and, for some cause, when it once got started it kept going. At present it occupies a corner of the land belonging to the Experiment Station and is used for some kind of a store-house.

Is it necessary for a college to have a gymnasium? Without any argument or hesitancy the answer must be an emphatic yes. In the first place a college cannot expect to receive its share of students without one, for if a student has his choice he will certainly prefer attending a college where he can have access to a good gymnasium than attending one where this privilege is limited or denied him altogether. It is an excellent thing to have good work shops and laboratories, but it must be remembered that these can be of little practical use unless we have students to use them.

Are we to have a gymnasium? or are we to continue without

one? At present there seems to be no prospect of getting one. At the next session of legislature a request may be made for an appropriation for this purpose, but about the result there is little doubt.

The only other method that suggests itself is for the alumnae to raise the money. Can they do it? Certainly, if two or three wide-awake men will undertake it. Under existing conditions the alumnae should build us a gymnasium. They do absolutely nothing towards helping the college, and this would be an excellent way to show their appreciation of what the college has done for them.

Let some old Delaware man begin the work. It will take time, we admit, but by beginning now and working earnestly, the gymnasium might be under construction by this time next year.

FOOT BALL.

Quite a little interest has been manifested in foot ball this year by the student body, but still we cannot say that the team receives proper support—there is not enough enthusiasm shown.

Many members of the scrub team have been coming out faithfully this season, and but few days have passed that we have not had a strong scrub out. To these men enough praise cannot be given. They come out day after day to give the 'Varsity practice, some with apparently no chance of ever playing on the 'Varsity themselves. These are the men who show real college spirit by working for their college.

Some have the idea that they play foot ball for themselves alone—to cover themselves with glory, perhaps. This has been plainly illustrated this year by men who have come out a few days and then stopped because they were not put on the 'Varsity.

A football team represents its college and every man who attends that college, and it is the duty of every student to help that team in any manner that he is able. If he can play well enough to be on the Varsity, he should be there, otherwise he should be out regularly on the scrub. Should something prevent him altogether from playing, it is his place then to come out on the field at practice hour and thus show that he has some interest in the team.

There are some students in college who, should they be asked if we had a foot ball team, could answer only from hearing others

say that we had, for they have never seen it.

They never go to see any games and never go on the field to see the practice. In fact they don't know where or with whom the games are played. There was a painful illustration of this a short time ago, when a student was heard to ask as late as Wednesday where the team had played the Saturday before.

It lies with you, Students, to make this a successful season, and by your support and co-operation only can we have a successful season. Let each man come out and do his part.

ATHLETICS.

P. SCHARINGER, '04.

FOOT BALL.

THE Delaware football team has, through the efforts of our coach, Mr. Lang, and Captain Ferguson, made a fine showing, and if the students will only co-operate with these men by their presence on the field in a football suit or by coming out and encouraging the men who are working there is no reason why we should not have a winning team.

Let us have a little more enthusiasm among the students; let every man show his college spirit in some manner. It isn't possible for every man to play football, but there are men here who can play and play a good game. Now you are the men we want; come out and play for your college. Every man has an equal chance for the team. No one plays so well that he can't be excelled.

We are very grateful to the second team for the way in which they have worked with the first team. They are helping the first team to win games, and we would urge them to keep up their good work.

DELAWARE, 27; WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 0.

The first game of the season was played with Washington College on October 3d in Wilmington on the Union street grounds. The Delaware team, by defeating Washington College so decisively, showed its ability to play good hard football. In the first half Washington kicked off to Delaware. The ball was soon carried over Washington's goal line for a touchdown. Again Delaware received the kick, but was unable to score again in the first half.

In the second half Delaware took a brace and played a good hard game, Washington being unable to stop her rushes. Time and time again men were sent through the line and around the ends for big gains. When time was called Delaware had carried the ball over the goal line for four touchdowns.

Lawton, Powell and Wyatt did good work for Delaware, while Corey and Hitch played well for Washington College. The line-up was :

DELAWARE.		WASHINGTON.	
Powell.....	L. E.....	Long.....	
Ferguson.....	L. G.....	Porter.....	
Davis.....	L. T.....	Brice.....	
Bell.....	C.....	Tyler.....	
Bowler.....	R. G.....	Stephens.....	
Schabinger.....	R. T.....	Moore.....	
Wyatt.....	R. E.....	Hughes.....	
Wilson.....	Q. B.....	Schultz.....	
Lawton.....	L. H.....	Crow.....	
Willis, Bevan.....	P. B.....	Carey.....	
Lawson.....	R. H.....	Hitch.....	

Touchdowns, Bevan, 2; Lawton, 2; Lawson. Time, twenty-minute halves.

DELAWARE, 5; RUTGERS, 0.

On Saturday, October 10th, Delaware lined up against the heavy team from Rutgers. Though the team was greatly handicapped in weight, Delaware started out to win, and the men played such hard and fast ball that the Rutgers team was not able to stop them until a touchdown had been made.

In the second half the ball was within Rutgers' five-yard line, and they kicked it out of danger. Both sides were playing hard. Rutgers took a brace in the latter part of the game, but it was too late. Time was called, and Delaware had won her second victory.

The feature of the game was the playing of Wyatt and Powell, and the line bucking of Moon. The line-up was :

DELAWARE.		RUTGERS.	
Powell, Hauber.....	L. E.....	Green.....	
Davis.....	L. T.....	Brogger.....	
Ferguson.....	L. G.....	Morris.....	
Bell.....	C.....	Stewart.....	
Bowler.....	R. G.....	Augus.....	
Schabinger.....	R. T.....	Hitchner.....	
Wyatt.....	R. E.....	Hoklten.....	
Pie.....	Q. B.....	Weaver.....	
Lawton.....	L. H.....	Schoolmaker, Vannlester.....	
Lawson, Green.....	R. H.....	Cobb.....	
Bevan.....	P. B.....	Moon.....	

Touchdowns, Lawton. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

DELAWARE, 23; W. C. A., 0.

The first mid-week game of the season was played Wednesday, October 14th, with Wilmington Conference Academy at Newark. The academy team equaled Delaware in weight, but were far behind in training, as time was called by the team quite frequently in the second half. Delaware's playing was not quite up to its standard in the first half, but in the second half every man went out with a determination to play hard ball. The half was a short one, but the ball was carried over the goal line three times for touchdowns. The line-up was:

DELAWARE		W. C. A.	
Powell, Hauber.....	L. R.....		Banks
Ferguson.....	L. T.....		Long
Davis.....	L. G.....		Greer
Bell.....	C.....		Stout
Bowler.....	R. G.....		Quimby
Schabinger.....	R. T.....		Moore
Wyatt.....	R. E.....		Simpler
Pie, Wilson.....	Q. B.....		Taylor
Lawton.....	L. H.....		Banks
Willis, Bevan.....	P. B.....		Parvis
Green, Lawson.....	R. H.....		Hoffecker

Touchdowns, Powell, Wyatt, Bevan and Lawton. Goals kicked, 2. Time, twenty and fifteen-minute halves.

DELAWARE, 0; SWARTHMORE, 11.

For the first time this season Delaware was defeated, but in such a defeat there is no disgrace. Again and again the Delaware men would charge into Swarthmore's heavy lines, at times making gains, other times being stopped by superior weight.

Delaware played one of the best games of the season, and, considering the weight of her opponents and the condition of the field, we can well be proud of the game she played.

The Delaware men were right after the ball, and twice when fumbles were made by Swarthmore Delaware men fell on the ball, but the referee gave it to Swarthmore. This practically gave them their first six points.

In the second half, though the Delaware men were slowly pushed back, they played with the same determination, so that

Swarthmore was unable to score until within the last five minutes of the half. The line-up was:

DELAWARE.		SWARTHMORE.
Hauber, Powell.....	L. R.....	Lamb
Ferguson.....	L. T.....	Hill
Davis.....	L. G.....	Gee
Bell.....	C.....	Markle
Bowler.....	R. G.....	Lippincott
Lawson.....	R. T.....	Bower
Wyatt.....	R. R.....	R. Smith
Pie.....	Q. B.....	Crowell
Lawton.....	L. H.....	W. Smith
Green.....	R. H.....	McDonough
Bevan.....	P. B.....	Goodale

Touchdowns, W. Smith and McDonough. Goal from touchdown, 1. Time, twenty-minute halves.

LOCALS.

ASHER J. MCCABE, 1904.

F. Evans (out sailing): "Soper we need some ballast, won't you fill the well with water?"

Soper (after working sometime): "It certainly takes a lot of water, for I have put five buckets in and it has only raised about two inches."

Evans (laughing): "Lennie, you had better stop."

Don't mention sail boats to Soper.

The Freshmen have furnished quite a little amusement by their spirited boxing bouts, rooting pennies, etc.

Crumbaugh: "Truxton, if you only had a rubber cap you would look like a lead pencil."

Prof. Wood entertained Shallcross one evening playing checkers. Where were they? And who won the game?

"Jesse" James has returned to College after spending a pleasant vacation in Ohio.

T—n: "Stuart, loan me your rain coat?"

Stuart: "No, I don't want to get it wet."

Mechanical Hall is almost ready for occupancy.

Ridgely, '07, (coming out from a recitation) "Is this recess?"

Folk : "This rule is left handed."

Brewster : "You opened it from the wrong end."

The Football Reserves would like to arrange a game with some school team that is not afraid of them.

Papa K—r : "Mr Shallcross, who is the pitcher on your foot ball team ?"

Shallcross (smiling) "Mr. Bell, a Freshman."

B. Ferguson has a watch like Prof. Short's—A woman in the case.

Prof. Wood is to deliver several lectures down the State next week.

West, '07, (the man who WAS going to make the "Varsity," future Lawyer, Judge, President, etc., is going to room on "Poverty Row."

"Dick" Rodney, ex-'04, visited the "Den" last week.

The boys are very glad to see the return of the "blonde on the hill."

The Freshmen Foot Ball team put up a good game against the Business School, and we wish them success in their future games.

H. Ferguson : "I'll knock the Devil out of you if you mention my name in the locals."

"Lawton, where is Greecwich ?"

"In Greenland."

DE ALUMNIS.

O. E. SHORT, 1904.

Edward H. McCabe, '99, has entered the '06 Class in the Electrical Engineering department of Columbia University, New York.

J. E. Grove Pardee, '03, is Professor of English and Military Science at Martinsburg, W. Va.

W. P. Constable, '03, paid us a visit one day recently. Mr. Constable has just returned from a trip abroad, and can tell many interesting stories of his experiences during the summer.

Cecil C. McDonald, '01, is principal of the public schools at Woodside, Del.

Charles S. Hyland, '00, is Assistant Supervisor on the Northern Central Railroad, and is located at York, Pa.

J. M. Conner, '03, is working with an engineering corps on the B. & O. Railroad.

C. W. Bush, '03, who is at present reading law in Wilmington, Del., is an applicant for the Cecil Rhodes scholarship.

E. C. Hardesty, '03, is very successfully filling the position of Professor of Modern Language and Commandant of Cadets at the North Carolina Military Academy, Red Springs, N. C.

Lucien Green, '03, is taking post-graduate work at Delaware College.

Thomas Leech, Jr., '03, is principal of the public schools at Rockland, Del.

John E. Mackall, '03, is assistant principal of the Cecil County High School.

Joseph H. Frazer, '03, who has been working on an engineering corps stationed in West Virginia, returned home a short time ago, suffering from scarlet fever. He is convalescent now, and will return to his work in a few days.

Rev. J. Harry Mitchell, '03, and Miss Mortie Zachies, of Port Penn, Del., were quietly married in Wilmington on September 9. Mr. Mitchell was one of our most popular students last year, and he is greatly missed. We all extend hearty congratulations, and wish them a long and happy married life.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

EUGENE H. SHALLCROSS, 1904.

AN appointment as assistant demonstrator of physiology in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania is open for applications. The appointee will devote his mornings to laboratory teaching and his afternoons to research. He will receive a salary of \$500.

Cornell's 815 freshmen show conclusively that her scare last year did not scare. Her entire number is 2,345, or 162 more than last year.

The Philippine government has enacted a law for the education of a number of Philippine youths in the United States. Its primary object is to fit young natives for positions in the civil service of the Philippines. Those who come to America are to be required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and to sign an agreement that upon the completion of their education they will return to the Philippines and within two months thereafter take an examination for appointment in the civil service of the Islands. Five hundred dollars is to be paid annually by the Philippine government for the support and tuition of each native student.

A distinct innovation has been introduced into the marking system at Brown University. A new mark, meaning low grade, has been adopted, and also a system of departmental honors, similar to that in vogue in many other colleges throughout the country. The new mark is adopted for the benefit of students of low rank, and the departmental honors will be awarded to men who have shown marked ability in the line of study that they have chosen for their life work. The names of all students awarded final honors will be printed in the commencement program and in the college catalogue.

The first selection of scholars under the Cecil Rhode's bequest will be held between February and May next year, and the elected scholars will begin residence at Oxford in the following October. A qualifying examination will first be held in each state and territory, or at places easily reached, for the purpose of giving assurance that the candidates are fully prepared to enter upon their studies at Oxford. The Rhodes scholars will be selected one from each state and territory from the successful candidates. Those who propose to apply for these scholarships should, during January next, notify the chairman of the committee of selection in the state or territory for which they apply, or the head of the University appointing to the scholarships, of their intention to present themselves for examination. Inquiries about Oxford, its colleges and courses of study will be cheerfully answered by Mr. F. J. Wylie, the chairman of the committee of arrangements in the United States.

EXCHANGES.

HARRY W. LYNDALE, 1905.

WE find in the *Nazarene* an interesting and instructive lesson in "Character." The article shows careful study on the part of the author, and the subject is portrayed with beautiful language. In the same issue "The Little Duties of Life" and "Recreation" are interesting essays, and well worth reading. How many of us neglect the little duties of life?

* * *

At last we are able to commend our old friend, *The College Signal* for its literature. Heretofore the *Signal* has been full of bright college notes and happenings. The literary department has either consisted of one or two short stories—not very creditable—or else has been altogether devoid of literature. The stories are the attractive feature of college magazines or papers, and how disgusted we are when we pick up an exchange and find that it contains college happenings only. We hope that our brother editors of the *Signal* will improve this attractive department, and indeed a fine beginning has been made in "The Stability of Our Country." This essay, set forth in the last issue of the *Signal*, is masterfully written and is a credit to the paper and to the author.

* * *

Though the editors of the *Mississippi College Magazine* have apologized for what they call their shortcomings, they have nevertheless produced a magazine which reflects credit on themselves. "Hell Gate" is a beautiful poem, and illustrates only too well the path which many are unconsciously following through one of the greatest evils—drink.

* * *

To date we acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Haverfordian, The Nazarene, Ursinus Weekly, College Signal, Easterner, The Reveille, The Criterion, The Mississippi College Magazine, The Intercollegian, The Collegium Forense, The Tar Heel and The Willistonian.

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