

THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW

Vol. XXIII.

MARCH, 1907.

No. 6.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

By H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR., '08.

Is it here? Is it there? Is it down by the sea?
Is it high where the condor swings?
Is it out on the plain where the red sand burns
To blemish the hearts of kings?

Is it out on the crags where the palm-trees bend,
And the sea is a crystal deep?
Is it there where the cold, lean cedars droop
At the hand of the northern sweep?

Is it up where the ice-pack groans and heaves
And the Arctic sun lies low?
Is it down where the green corn gently blows
And the cool, green rivers flow?

It is here! It is there! It is down in the South,
In the North, and the East, and the West;
For every land is the land of God
To the ones that love it best.

The College Man And Theoretical Politics.

By EVERETT FRANKLIN WARRINGTON.

AMONG the many arguments which have been presented in favor of a college education there is one which appeals very strongly to unselfish interests. It is that a liberal training enables young men to become better citizens. This argument is not as strong an inducement as it should be, because it is so vaguely understood. The sound, practical, business sense of the every-day American demands that we define the exact relationship which exists between a college education and ideal citizenship.

In order to make clear in a practical and definite way, the advantage of a liberal training to an individual considered solely as a subject of the government, we must determine in the beginning what we consider the essential characteristics of the ideal citizen. Then, we can ask ourselves in respect to which, if any, of these characteristics, is a college education beneficial.

The consensus of public opinion is that three elements are necessary to the existence of ideal citizenship. First, no man can be an ideal citizen unless he is actively interested in the welfare of his country in times of peace as well as in times of war. In this respect there is no reason why the college graduate should claim any superiority over the generality of mankind. He cannot enlist in the army with any more enthusiasm, and he cannot cast a more effective vote than those who have never pursued academical courses. The second requirement is that the exemplary citizen shall be familiar with the present condition of the Nation, with the problems that confront it, with the evils that retard its prosperity, and with the dangers that menace its existence. To day, thanks to the wide circulation of our newspapers and magazines, the manufacturer, farmer, and wage-earner, are as well informed in respect to up-to-date subjects as the student or the professor. In regard to the second requirement, therefore, it would be unfair to claim that a college education is peculiarly beneficial. The last and third requirement is that the

ideal citizen shall not only be familiar with National affairs as they are, but he should know what they ought to be. He should be able to criticise and to suggest improvements. He should have and be able to express thoughts, ideas and opinions. This is the crowning virtue of a statesman. The ideal citizen must be a theoretical politician. For this purpose, a college education, or its equivalent, is not only beneficial but almost necessary. As a theoretical politician, the student, with time and opportunity to frequent the best libraries of the land, with facilities and encouragements to study the languages, manners, customs, government and lives of the great political leaders of the nations in the past, has a decided advantage over his less fortunate fellowmen. Theoretical politics is his particular field.

This field is in need of laborers; for it is as broad and promising now as it ever has been in the past. In spite of our materialistic tendencies, warfare is still being waged in the realm of thought. Such current terms as Anarchism, Socialism, and Individualism, indicate the necessity for abstract thinking. Federalists and anti-Federalists advocates of a strong Federal government and advocates of a weak Federal government. Hamilton and Jefferson, are still pitted against each other.

In order to make this point clearer, let us make it more concrete. Take, for example, the acts of the Fifty-ninth Congress. It is a well-known fact that laws passed by this body, such as the Pure Food Bill, the Inter-State Commerce Act and the Railroad Rate Bill, point to the steady encroachment of the central power. Now, there are some thinkers who ardently approve of this principle, who have a profound faith in the infallibility of Federal supervision. Of this class of thinkers, the present Chief Executive and Secretary Root, who a few months ago discussed Centralizing tendencies in an address before the Pennsylvania Society of New York, are no inconspicuous representatives. On the other hand, there are those who equally disapprove of the extension of Federal power, who are champions of State rights and individual initiative, and who hold as their time honored creed that the government which governs best governs least. Justice Potter, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who has publicly opposed Secretary Root's plea for Central Government, stands out as a very strong type of this latter school of reasoners. His views are that the Bureaucratic methods of Russia are not to be tolerated here, that State's rights must be maintained if the Republic

is to endure, and that self-government can only be carried on by people in workable units. The Public Ledger, January 9, 1907, published the following conversation between Chief Justice Potter and a newspaper reporter :

"Is the present tendency toward centralization dangerous?" asked the reporter.

"Dangerous is a little too strong a word to use in this connection," replied the Judge, "because I don't believe the people would let it go far enough to become so. But the tendency is certainly mischievous and injurious. It seems rather strange that at a time when the Russian people are struggling to throw off bureaucratic methods and get away from centralized authority, some of our people should apparently be willing to reverse the process in our country.

"Do you think the people in general approve of it?"

"No; the sober minded people of the United States—and they are really the mass of people—do not want anything of that kind. It weakens the power of the people if they call for help from the National government for every evil with which they may be afflicted. Under all ordinary circumstances every community ought, for the most part, to be able to attend to its own affairs."

"Will the tendency toward centralization and consequent paternalism, in your opinion, be checked by public sentiment?"

"I think that as rule, all the American people need is to realize the true situation of things, and they will apply the remedy."

So we see that prominent Americans are not entirely agreed as to their political opinions. To realize the true situation, to determine whether we have gone too far in extending Federal power, or whether we have not gone far enough, to decide who is right and who is wrong, to advise the non-thinking element of our population which side to support and which side not to support—all this is a duty the fulfillment of which calls for liberally trained minds. Certain critics have said that the *body politic* is in the hands of the professional politicians. Even if we should agree with this pessimistic view, we should still hold that the *soul politic* is in the keeping of the theoretical politician. The latter is the more serious charge. The chief responsibility of a college education is that of getting an idea. William Jennings Bryan, in an address to boys, once said : "Boys, get an idea. Let it be a good one and stick to it. In a short time, the idea will carry you."

Fixation Of Nitrogen.

By HERBERT W. RIDGELY, '07.

ONE OF THE most important subjects in the chemical world is the production of nitrogen. This element is probably more important than any other, since its use is very largely distributed, being used to drive bullets, in the form of gun powder ; to explode our mines, as dynamite and guncotton ; to dissolve metals, as nitric acid, etc.

Nitrogen may be looked upon under two conditions, "free" and "fixed"; nitrogen being "fixed" when it is united with other elements ; and "free" when it exists as nitrogen of the air. Many attempts have been made to transform in large quantities, the free and useless, to the fixed and useful kind. This problem is one of immense importance to the whole world, and to every human being ; as it is a question of solution of the problem or starvation.

We are constantly consuming nitrogen in our bodies, and we must restore it by eating it in the form of animal food or vegetable products. But plants and animals depend upon the soil for all of their nitrogen ; the soil having obtained it from the lightning of the storms and from slow transformations of the nitrifying organisms. This nitrogen of the soil, which is fast being utilized, has to be replaced, and the replacing of this nitrogen is the great question. Practically the only way is from the production of Chili saltpetre, since the product of fertilizer (ammonium sulphate) is a by-product of the manufacture of coke in a limited quantity, being about 500,000 tons, worth about \$20,000,000.

The consumption of Chili saltpetre amounted to about 68,500 tons in 1870 and gradually increasing to 1,573,000 tons in 1905. This quantity in 1905 sold for \$27,131,500. It has been estimated that the supply which occurs native over a narrow strip of land between the Andes and the coast of South America, will be exhausted within twenty years. About the year 1925, there will be no more nitre, and a year or two after that, a famine will be upon the land. This is surely true if the present conditions continue.

Why should these conditions continue, with an inexhaustible supply of nitrogen in the air—237,000 tons of it upon every seven

acres of land? The world demands that this free nitrogen should be "fixed." This quantity of nitrogen itself is enough to take the place of the 1,573,000 tons of saltpetre which were utilized last year.

Of the amount yielded in 1900, one fourth of all the nitrogen compounds was used for industrial purposes, and three fourths for the manufacture of fertilizers, used for agricultural purposes.

In order to oxidize the nitrogen of the air a very high temperature is required. It is also important to know the proper temperature of this oxidation, since the cost increases with the temperature. This point is rather uncertain, since the temperature of the union is very close indeed to the temperature of dissociation.

Professor Nernst made a number of experiments on the fixation of nitrogen. On one, he passed air into an indium globe, and heated it by means of an electric furnace until equilibrium was obtained. After reaching the equilibrium (that is after the concentration of nitrogen has reached the maximum corresponding to this temperature) it is necessary that the gaseous mixture, for the reason above stated, be cooled suddenly before another equilibrium takes place. To produce this quick cooling, Nernst passed the gas from the hot globe thro a capillary tube. Professor Nernst states that it is practically impossible with any of the present methods to obtain nitrogen with more than 3%, owing to the fact that it cannot be cooled quickly enough. There are two conditions which must be satisfied; heating to an equilibrium, then cooling as quickly as possible.

Two Norwegian scientists, M. Bickland and Eyde, claim to be able to compete with the natural sources of nitrates and the ammonium sulphate which is obtained from a by-product of the coke oven gases. Their success is evidently due to the cheap water power in Norway. The process used by these men is to have a series of ovens. Each oven has two electrodes, with a high pressure flaming arc between them, which is moved about by a powerful magnet in such a way as to obtain the maximum amount of oxidation. The results obtained in this way gave 110 grams of nitric acid per K. W. H. According to Hooper the maximum amount available was 157 grams per K. W. H.

Many other attempts have been made to obtain the nitrogen from the air by the electric arc. Bradley and Lovejay conducted experiments at Niagara Falls, in a large sparking chamber, which con-

sists of a large cylindrical metal box provided with vertical rows of contact points inside of the chamber, each being connected to the positive terminal of a dynamo, generating 8,000 volts. In the centre is a shaft having negative contacts in the form of rods, each connected to the negative terminal of the dynamo. In the revolution of this cylinder the positive terminals form a contact with their respective negative terminals, and produce a spark. Each spark burns a small portion of the incoming air into oxide of nitrogen. This cylinder is revolved at the rate of about 500 R. P. M., forming about 400,000 arcs per minute. The result is that about two per cent. of the outgoing air is converted into oxides, which are caught by absorbing towers of water, thus forming nitric acid.

From data we find that nitric acid may be obtained from the air and water, both of which are inexhaustible, at a cost of about two and one half cents per pound. It finds a ready market at about five and one half cents per pound, which is surely enough margin to make it profitable.

Professor Frank found by long experimenting, that calcium carbide reacted at a red heat with the atmospheric nitrogen by the equation $\text{Ca C}_2 + 2\text{N} = \text{Ca CN}_2 + \text{C}$ forming carbon and calcium cyanide. He finally discovered that calcium cyanamide heated with high pressure steam, passed into lime stone and ammonia. He observed that by spreading it in moist air some of the ammonia was evolved.

It has been proved by test that weight for weight the nitrogen which it contains is better than the ammonia produced from the coke oven gases, and is equally as good as saltpetre. The exact mechanism of its action is still to be determined, but for agricultural purposes it ranks high with the present methods of obtaining ammonium.

Thus far with all the free nitrogen present, there are very few, if any, processes which may be called a success, in converting this free nitrogen into the fixed; altho many attempts have been made in the past ten years. Some companies claim to have made a success, but they are very few indeed. But undoubtedly within the twenty years in which we may work before the Chili saltpetre is exhausted, a successful method will be discovered for obtaining it.

Dr. Ross.

A Story In Three Parts

PART III

By JOSEPH H. PERKINS, '07.

THINKING the man had been evading arrest, a policeman ran toward him ; and, failing to receive answers to his questions, decided to take him to the jail to await the result of an investigation. The doctor, weak and dazed, made no objections, until, just within the station-house door, he stopped, drew himself erect and, in the hurt tone he knew an innocent man would use, said :

"What outrage is this ? May I not—not"—then an idea came to him, "run for a train without being taken in for a thief?" He became more excited and spoke in a manner more emphatic than sincerity and truth require : "I tell you, I'm not guilty of—of anything ! Im—" here he suddenly stopped speaking ; his frame trembled and his eyes stared wildly with fear. With a whine of recognition, the dog, that had so incited his fear several years before and which was now the station's pet, came toward him, its eyes now green, now gray, now balls of fire in the light of the sun.

"Back ! Back !" he cried in fear, raising his trembling hands before his eyes and crouching behind the officer. "Take it away !—Take it away, I say ! The eyes !—You fiends ! to torment me with the very eyes of my father !"

With this sudden outburst, his strength left him and, having been placed in a chair, motionless he sat there, his figure limp and his chin resting upon his breast. The officers took the dog from the room and then watched the old man, who remained silent. None of the officers knew aught of him ; some thought he was demented and all eagerly looked toward him with expectation.

But he sat there, evidently in a stupor, unable to speak or move, his thoughts rushing on impetuously. At first he tried to think to what extent he had committed himself, both by speech and by actions. He was thinking of some plan by which he might explain his actions, when his thoughts were broken by a question, which, in his abnormal mental state, he had overlooked : "How much do these people know ?" For a time this stupified him ; then for the first time,

there came to him the idea of confessing his crime and, acting on the impulse, he spoke passionately and desperately :

"My life has been worse than a hell ; my future bids fair to be no better—even worse. For, already, my brain—my mind is not what it used to be." Outside the whine of the dog was heard and the doctor wildly eyed the door. "Keep that—that thing out of here ! I will confess all. For perhaps then with all fear of detection taken away, I shall have a few days, less horrible than those of the last ten years have been, before I—before you kill me."

"You wish to make a confession ?"—asked the chief officer.

"Yes—quick !"—replied the doctor, as if he feared he would change his mind.

A stenographer came forward and the officer said : "We are ready."

"I am Dr. Ross, alias Dr. Williams," said the doctor, and if he had expected this statement to be met with great surprise or with any sign of recognition he was disappointed. It was evident that the police know nothing of his crime.

"Well ?"—said the chief, non-committantly. "Tell us all."

Then, his dark eyes flashing and his arms gesticulating wildly, the doctor, at first deliberately, and then quickly and excitedly, told with, one exception, every detail of his crime: He did not say that the man he killed was his father. When he came to that part of his confession he concluded not to mention that fact, since to do so would not strengthen his story and, by increasing the officers' dislike for him, would make the rest of his life in the prison more difficult to live. Indifference to public opinion is not a characteristic of a guilty conscience.

* * * * *

He felt relieved—much better than he had felt at any time since the crime, when, after he had made his confession, he sat alone absently watching the spot of sunlight slowly travel up his cell wall and then disappear for the day. But he did not philosophize—did not consider whether or not circumstances—fate had been kind to him. His muddled mind could grasp little more than that his life of horror would soon be ended ; and that he would no longer be tormented by the fear of detection.

When night came, almost with tears, he begged the keeper to place a light in his cell ; but in vain. The regulations of the prison

were not to be disregarded. To increase the doctor's fear, added to the darkness, there came up a thunderstorm in the early hours of the night. The vivid flashes of lightening and the fierce rumbling of the thunder aroused his fear to such an extent that, cowering in one corner of the cell, he shrieked out in mortal terror, calling down upon now the thunder, now the lightening, and now the God of Creation, a thousand curses. Frenzied with fear, he was not quieted until a bright light was placed in his cell. Then his fears subsided and, finally, he slept.

It was a week after this, when the chief of police came to his cell :

"We have been working on your case for the past week, endeavoring to authenticate your confession. In the first place, we found that the house in which *you said* you killed that man—"

"I *did* kill the man"—corrected the doctor, childishly.

"— was burned to the ground the night you said you committed the crime," continued the officer. "We also learned that the little girl, who, you said, saw you enter the house that night, died several days later of exposure. We found no record of the finding of any dismembered body in the river." Then the officers closely watched the prisoner as he deliberately made this last statement : "And finally, the body of the old man, who roomed next to you, was found in the ashes of the fire. Of course, this body was so greatly burned that it could not be identified ; but there was no one unaccounted for but this old man and you are.—See !"

This news stunned the doctor. For a time he could not grasp its significance. Then slowly it dawned upon him that his word—his story was being doubted ; and he arose, trembling all over with anger, his emaciated fist tightly clenched, and cried hoarsely :

"What ! What do you mean, sir, that you doubt my word. Murderer I am, but I do not lie ! The noble blood of an honorable family surges—"

"Come—come" interrupted the chief, soothingly, "I have not said I doubted your word. I was only telling you what we had learned. Perhaps you can tell us something that will throw more light on the case."

But the old man was not to be thus soothed. He had a dim notion, which became brighter and brighter, that his word was being doubted. He had committed the murder; that he knew was true and

he had given them all the facts. It seemed, therefore, impossible to him that they should not be able to prove the truth of his statements.

"Yes you do—you call me a liar!—You, who profess to deal out justice, call me a liar—I, who am of an honorable family—"

"Come—come man!"

"Keep your hands off me, sir! It is you who have lied. You have come to me with a bunch of lies! Do you think I am crazy to believe such things. I tell you I am sane—sane, sir—do you hear me!" he raged madly. "You must not leave this cell until you promise to look into my case—to believe me!" and he rushed toward the door. But the officer succeeded in getting out. The doctor tore at the door in a fit of frenzy; then dropped limply on his little bench and cried, nervously, his fingers tearing thru his disheveled, snowy locks. He could not comprehend what it all meant; he had only two clear-cut thoughts: he had murdered his father and his confession was not believed.

With pity, the officer looked at the bent, emaciated figure and then passed down the corridor.

"Well, what luck?" he was asked by a subordinate. "You found him sane as I predicted, did you not?"

"No—No; he's clear gone—out of his head. After I told him what we had learned, I had a deuce of a time getting out. He attacked me and when I held his arms he bit me—see! We'll send him to the asylum tomorrow."

"He certainly did act like he was crazy when he came here; but sir, there was an unmistakable note of truth and honesty in his voice when he made that confession. Of course we know his story is a fake but—well, if his story is not true, he certainly believes it is. Sure it is a queer case, sir."

"He's crazy enough now and I found that he's been a little off for several years. I found that he was—as he said—Dr. Ross and that, by neglect, he practically killed—or was, at least, responsible for the death of a patient. This misfortune, causing the loss of his practice, and that fire, I think, are responsible for his demented state. The men with whom he worked in the laboratory, say he acted queerly." The officers passed out of the building.

The most of that night the doctor raved and broke out in fierce denunciations of the police, of the law, of justice, of fate and of himself. And the next morning, so weak was he that, with little diffi-

culty, he was taken to the asylum. There, after many months, he regained his reason—at least enough to realize that his violent outbursts would not gain credence for his story (to be believed was now his one idea); and that if he was to be heard he must get out of the asylum and approach the people quietly. So the spasmodic outbursts of rage, which were not always due to madness but to the despairing and extraordinary position to which circumstances had so miraculously brought him, gradually became less frequent and in time almost completely ceased. He was then permitted to roam at will around the asylum and the neighboring country.

The asylum was situated way out in the country near an old village of a few hundred inhabitants. Here by permission of the authorities, the doctor secured a position as a general utility man in what was proudly termed by the villagers the "Hotel."

He soon arose to be the most unusual and the most widely known character in the village. He had not been in the hotel a week before everyone in the village was acquainted with his story. For he told it to everyone who would listen. With his hair and beard white and disheveled, his figure wasted and bent, it was pitiful to see and hear him trying to convince someone that his story was true and to persuade them to aid him to secure justice. Several people laughed to his face, many would get him to tell the story in order that they might be entertained, and few ever thought of believing him—at least no one took the trouble to investigate into his case. There was one man, however, who seemed to believe the old man and who did much to protect him from the insults and jeers of boys and of unthoughtful men. That was the barkeeper at the inn, a large, warm hearted man, who early promised to do something for the old man if the opportunity appeared.

As the years went on the doctor's reputation as a "character" spread wide over the country. One day there appeared in the village a reporter of a big city newspaper. He had no difficulty in getting the old man to tell the story. And the following Sunday a full paged article appeared in the newspaper. The doctor saw it, but believing that he knew what was in it, did not read it. His eyes kindled brightly and to everyone he met he said: "Now—now, you believe me—everyone will believe me."

And the people laughed behind his back.

For in the article there was much that the doctor had not told

them. The chief of police had given his opinion, telling why the doctor's story could not be true. That night they got the old man to tell the story again, and when he came to the part where he spoke of throwing the body into the stream, someone asked :

"But—but doctor they found his body in the ashes after the fire, didn't they?"

The old man was nonplussed for a moment. Then he tried to convince them that it was not true; but to no avail. His hearers contended that the body had been found.

They were looking for sport—for entertainment. The doctor became mad and finally refused to go on with the story. He went over to a dark corner of the big bar-room, away from the people and the only light in the room, which was an open fireplace. There he sat all the evening trying to think. He knew the body found was not that of the man he murdered, but how would he convince them. Considering this he sat there in silence, never answering the jeers of victory made by the people. For several days he held aloof from everybody and then one evening, when they were again gathered in the tavern, he timidly came forward.

"There was something the matter with my head the other night, gentleman, and, therefore, I failed to answer your question concerning the body found in the ashes," he spoke enthusiastically; evidently he had thought of something. "I now remember that on the night I murdered that man the moon was full, and, as I looked out of my window, I saw a tramp enter the yard and into the cellar of the house—don't you see? That was the man who was burned to death! Ha, Ha—Don't you see?"

"You're a clever story teller, doc," said a bystander, winking his eyes, wisely.

"What—what, sir. I tell you its true," he retorted hotly, and then as they continued to disbelieve him, tears came into his eyes, and incited both by his imagination and by desperation, he added detail after detail to his description of the man, who he claimed to have seen enter the cellar: "I remember distinctly—very distinctly, how he was dressed. He wore a brown derby hat, a black coat, a red tie and one of his shoes—the left one—was torn on the side." All that evening and for many days afterward, he talked about this man, with the result that he convinced only himself that he had seen him.

One night he was telling his story and had come to the part

where he spoke of having seen the man in the light of the full moon, when someone interrupted him :

"Why, Doc, you used to say that the night was dark and stormy?"

Again the doctor was nonplussed and in dismay, he once more retired to the dark corner of the room where he tried to think what was wrong with his story. After some time he returned to the group and told them that his memory was getting bad, that he had seen the man in the flash of the lightning and not in the moonlight.

In this manner the crowd, aided by the knowledge secured from the Sunday paper, picked holes in the story. And, after sitting around for days and days without speaking to anyone, the doctor would bring forth some counter story in order to strengthen his position. In this manner his original story became changed and the people easily recognized these changes and therefore became convinced of the falsity of the whole.

But the doctor himself came to believe the new elements of his story after he had told them several times. He did not understand why the people did not believe him, why some would laugh at him and why some would say he was crazy and would try to persuade him that he was lingering under a delusion. So many people had promised to help him and thereby raised his hopes, but they did nothing. The disappointments were carrying him nearer and nearer the grave. He seemed to recognize that he was coming near the end, for he once told his friend, the bar-keeper, that he (the doctor) could not bear to die until the people believed his story. The fact that he was a murderer had almost ceased to annoy his conscience in the day time ; it was the fact that he was not believed that played most upon his mind. And there was something noble and commendable in the great fight for credence that this old man made against circumstances—circumstances so powerful and complicated that he could not grasp their full import. Had he been able to do so, despair would have taken the place of the hope that kept the sparkle in his eyes and the blood coursing feebly thru his veins.

One afternoon, as his bent form came slowly and feebly down the village street, a runaway horse dashed into view, dragging and swayed from one side of the road to the other, a sleigh containing two ladies. He looked up, but before he could realize what was happening and act, the team passed and, with a crash, ran into a tree,

demolishing the sleigh and throwing out the occupants. One of the ladies was able to arise but the other, pale and evidently lifeless, laid upon the snow. The doctor involuntarily went to her side, and the natives were surprised to hear him giving orders with precision and a voice of command that won obedience. Suddenly he had become the doctor of twenty years ago; and, for the first time in many years, he forgot his troubles as he worked over this girl. But the tax upon his strength was too much, for, when he had finished doctoring the girl, he fell insensible. And when, at the hotel, he was revived, he had no recollection of having administered to the girl. Some had thought that the event would serve to cure his insanity; but they were disappointed, for on the very next day he was telling his story as usual. On the afternoon following the accident, the father of the girl, who was hurt, an influential man in that part of the state, called at the hotel and, after thanking the doctor, offered him money for his services. This the doctor refused; but, as was his custom when a stranger came to the hotel, he led the father of the girl to a distant corner of the room and there in a low, confidential voice said:

"If you say I aided your daughter yesterday, of course I did. But sir, to be truthful--and I'm always truthful—I do not remember it. I guess my memory is bad on some things. And, sir, if you wish to do anything for me, please listen to the story I have to tell you. You will find it unusual, sir, yes, wonderful, but sir, it is true—believe me, it is true." He pleaded pitifully. "And, sir, when you have heard it—it what I did for you yesterday is worth the trouble—will you please investigate my story and have the truth published in the papers so that these people may know that I have spoken the truth?"

The man had many times heard the story indirectly but he listened intently. And, altho he did not believe it, in recognition of the doctor's work he determined to make a conscientious investigation of the case. Before leaving he promised to do so. The doctor, glad at heart, then began praising this man and waiting to hear the investigation.

Two weeks passed but he heard nothing. Disappointment was beginning to appear on his face and it was only the encouraging optimism of the barkeeper that kept up his spirits. One cold afternoon he mysteriously disappeared. That evening, gathered around

the open fire at the hotel, a few people were contemplating making search for him, when suddenly, the door swung open and slowly out of the stormy night into the room there tottered the old man breathing heavily, his clothes covered with snow—the color of his long hair and beard, his face cold and ashen, his eyes glassy and fixed straight ahead. In the centre of the room he fell over upon the floor, exhausted. After they had worked over him for some time without result, someone suggested that he be given whiskey. To this the barkeeper, to whom the doctor had once said, "Never let me have any whiskey, no matter how much I may beg for it. It makes a very hell of me," objected but finally yielded. The doctor was soon revived by the whiskey and then they placed him at a table near the fire, where he sat for a time in silence. Then under the influence of the stimulant, he began talking. He told them that he had been out in the country to see the man who was investigating his story and that he was expecting to hear from him in a few hours. Then encouraged by several heartless common people who surrounded him, he gave an incoherent oration on "Justice" which he had frequently given at picnics and other gatherings of the country folk. Then upon noting the presence of a stranger—a drummer, he took a notion to tell his threadbare story.

"But why do you want people to believe you—why do you want to be put to death for the murder? You'll go to hell soon enough," asked the barkeeper.

"Hell?" the doctor asked, laughing bitterly. "Hell? I do not fear the hell you know—the one your preachers preach. I would welcome it. You people here who follow the dictates of conscience, do not know what hell is." And his little hand struck the table emphatically. "I do! Every night I am in it; every time I close my eyes in sleep, dreams that defy description come to me. Why only last night I fought an owl—a monstrous, horned owl with eyes of fire. And when upon the ground I had knocked it—behold! before my very eyes—I swear—it changed into a child—which did bite at me and curse me. And then—Mother of God!—I killed it." He shuddered, and there was fear in his sunken, black eyes. "I killed it," he continued, his voice becoming gradually weaker,— "I killed the child and then awoke to find perspiration on my brow and my body trembling as with a chill. And as I lay awake in bed the dark room slowly became as light as in the twilight—I swear it

did—and then from every corner there stared at me, two eyes—the eyes of the man I killed, their lids closing and opening—God!" he shuddered, his voice falling to a whisper "And you ask me if I fear your preacher's hell? Ha! Ha! I tell you the hell you believe in could be nothing like the one I have known for years. I do not fear your hell. I welcome it. There is nothing equal to a guilty conscience.

"But, sir, I must tell you my story; but perhaps the message I'm expecting will interrupt me. It's coming to-night, you know."

Then he began telling his story, emphasizing it with gestures. And as he did so, he made a picturesque and pathetic appearance, the light of the open fire casting his shadow grotesquely on the ceiling and wall; his hair and beard standing out in a delicate contrast to the dark corners of the room and the ghost like shadows; his gestures wild and excited; and his expression earnest and fiery. When he began his voice was not strong, and as he continued it became thinner and thinner. When he came near the end of the story the people noted that his hand trembled and that he was becoming weak, but they did not interrupt. Once or twice he stopped and asked:

"Did I not see someone enter then? No? It was only the shriek of the wind that I heard and a shadow that I saw? Strange! I guess the snow has affected my eyes." Then he would continue, his strength and sight slowly failing all the while.

Soon someone did enter. It was the messenger from the man whose daughter the doctor had aided. But the old man did not notice him, so wrapped up was he in his story. The bar-keeper took the note from the messenger and read it. Then gently he interrupted the old man, who had become so weak that he would have had to discontinue speaking anyway in a few minutes.

"I have good news for you, doc."

"Can—it—be—" words failed him but he looked the rest, as he fell back in the chair.

"Yes it is. Listen! The note reads: 'I have looked into your story and have authenticated it beyond a doubt.' "The old man stared dazedly, too surprised to utter a word." The body found in the ashes was that of a younger man than the one you killed. This was clearly shown by the teeth. And what's more conclusive, last spring a dredger unearthed from the bottom of the river a bag containing the head and limbs of a man, which are the ones you described. If

you wish me to make my discoveries public let me know.' "

The surprised loungers looked in amazement at the old doctor, who, trembling all over, with a great effort arose, leaned forward, supporting himself with one arm on the table and, then, reaching out the other, the little attenuated fingers opening and closing nervously, cried, huskily, a great happiness in his voice :

"Now—you believe me ! Now—you believe—me—my—" and he dropped back into the chair, his head fell forward, his chin resting on his breast. He had passed out of hell into the infinite. At last he had been believed ; and there was a smile of contentment on his worn, haggard face.

Locals.

Edited By LAURENCE E. CAIN, '07.

Claude O. Diffenderfer, '07, left college on February 25, for Georgia, where he has obtained a position. Mr Diffenderfer has the best wishes of his fellow-students.

Prof. Spaid, County Superintendent of Public Schools, held a local institute in the College buildings, February 16.

Dr. H. (In physics, trying to explain the difference between measures) : "You can't talk a mile, can you ?"

Robin : "Yes sir, over the telephone."

The new shop instructor, Mr. Derby, arrived February 16. As he is an Alumni of this College we give him a most hearty welcome and wish him success in his work.

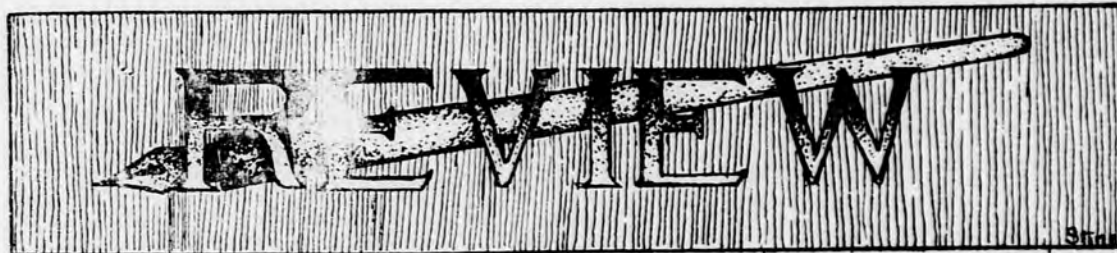
First Student : "I know it is correct to say the house is building instead of being built."

Second Student : "Well then, if a missionary was being eaten by cannibals, you would say the missionary is eating."

Many old graduates were at the College to attend the Junior Prom, held on February 8. The event was a decided success and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.

A Senior : "Aren't those Juniors getting busy in the Gymnasium yet ?"

Another Senior : "If they don't get busier than you got last year they will not have any Junior Prom."



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

Entered at the Newark, Delaware, postoffice, as second class matter

Subscription \$1.00 a year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be addressed to The DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW, Newark, Delaware.

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Editorial.

A COMPLAINT.

Our attention, for some time past, has been called to the fact that here at Delaware we suffer a great lack of college songs and moreover our Alma Mater is frequently abused. It matters little where we are—in room gatherings, at athletic contests, in campus assemblies—sooner or later someone starts up the Alma Mater, regardless of time and place, and the grand old tune is often profaned and certainly abused. The Alma Mater should be respected and loved, should be sung only at critical moments to turn defeat into victory and to inspire the students to courage and to arouse all their latent powers and ability. If this were the case many a game might be won that otherwise would be lost. Every player, no matter how fatigued and discouraged, would thrill to the occasion, would put forth superhuman strength, would arouse every effort, when he would hear the strains of the Alma Mater sung by the student-body. And

that same student-body should go joyously mad at the singing of the honored song.

At present, led by a false idea of patriotism, the students sing the old tune on all occasions. If a teachers' convention is held in the Oratory we are asked to sing a college song or two—we sing the Alma Mater! If a team is winning, we wax exceedingly joyful—and sing the Alma Mater! If a team is losing, someone remarks that "the fellows are putting up a rotten game" and possibly ten or fifteen fellows fearfully bellow that idiotic cheer—"Give 'em the axe, etc." Is this college spirit? Is this college pride? Is this college reverence?

It stands to reason that if we had more college songs we should have better college spirit. Then why have we not more songs? Is it because of a lack of ability to write them, or of an absence of desire for them, or both? Because the remedy looks a little difficult shall we give up and eternally sing the Alma Mater? Surely there should be enough originality among the students to compose a song or two, to be the healing salve for maimed college spirit. Undoubtedly we are lazy—contented to go on as we have begun, unseeing, unfeeling. Perhaps we have not that side-sense of satisfaction, or rather, are cursed with an over-dose of it.

To return to the original idea, are we happy, are we contented that affairs should be so? Is there no remedy? Is any one of us satisfied when, hearing other men from other colleges sing the little light, characteristic songs of their institutions, we must sing our Alma Mater to show those men that Delaware *has a song*?

This complaint is one not rendered for the mere sake of filling space, but one offered to inspire Delaware's students to emulate the efforts of other colleges in the true sense of emulation—not so much an imitation as a striving to surpass.



UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.

The question that often arises among ourselves, as indeed among outsiders is,—are we, the students of Delaware College, a united body? Even a casual observer would say that we are not. We seem to be divided in purpose, divided in hopes, divided in almost every phase of the college life. We argue, we contend, we back-bite, we grow prejudiced. Few will be found who entertain any great unselfish love for the best interests of the college and the student-

body. Each of us seem to be a self-loved Narcissus, stooping to kiss our own reflection in the pool of self-interest. I wonder if some day we shall not topple to our destruction. There is no reason why we should not be united, no reason why every man should not stand with every other man for right and principle, in fellowship and love, no reason why we should not give to our college the benefit of every spark of allegiance and true regard that is in our souls.

Kipling in a moment of true patriotism wrote :

If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! *But she ain't!*

We think that, in the same spirit, the quotation should apply in our case. If Delaware were only "putty, brass, an' paint" we would have reason to drop her, to move against her. "*But she ain't!*" Then the question narrows itself to this explanation. We are hurting our college, hurting ourselves thereby, out of mere personal spite and personal dislike and also, let me add, personal conceit.

The matter is not altogether inexplicable. In fact several reasons for the existing conditions appear to my mind. In the first place, the fact that Delaware College is a State institution is detrimental in itself to a certain extent. The State gives to the college the majority of its students, and therefore, the State students are the most representative of Delaware College. And these "home students" are the ones to be reprehended, for "on their own heads, in their own hands, the sin and the saving lies." They come to college free from all tuitional expense and immediately set themselves to the old time-worn game of trying to get something for nothing. They feel that because they are residents of Delaware they have a right to come to Delaware College and to demand all that is to be had. It is strangely true that when a man feels he has a right to anything he has very little affection for that same thing—possibly explaining the careless attitude of some in regard to the college. Perhaps with most, this feeling of "right" is one that has been rooted in the minds for years, since they have known the same feeling throughout their preparatory years in State high-schools.

Another feature that is derogatory to Delaware's inward unification is her great number of day-students. No man can feel a great love for a place that he knows only in his working hours. And it

is unfortunately true that the great majority of day-students are intellectual leeches, who suck the blood of education for four years and then, bloated and crammed, fall off to further their own selfish means and to forget or injure the college. As a general rule they show no interest in college affairs, they form no binding friendships with the boarders at the college, and rarely stir themselves to add anything to the college life.

In this same connection Delaware needs two things—more preparatory school men and more men from other states. For, in the first case, a man coming from a good preparatory school knows what school spirit is, knows what is the love for an institution of learning. In the second case the men from other states, paying cold cash for what state students get free, will inject a far different spirit into the college than now exists.

We deem it unfortunate that the lack of unity and college spirit should be so pronounced as to deserve mention in the college paper. But since such an exposition seems necessary we trust that a speedy expurgation of the faults will be made in the near future. Be assured that the REVIEW will be as ready to applaud the common good as it is to denounce the bad, and is ready to advance reform or aid the faltering steps of right to the fullest extent of its power.

Athletics.

Edited By LESTER E. VOSS, 07.

ALTHOUGH there are no visible outside signs of spring, but rather a very disagreeable wintry appearance on all sides, the remains of the last January snow still with us, yet the activity in athletic circles, especially in track and baseball indicates, clearly, that the season is fast approaching. For when the baseball men and track men get busy indoors and begin to count the days before they will be able to get down to outdoor work, then it is a sure sign that this season is fast approaching.

That is just now the existing state of affairs. So far as existing circumstances will permit, the baseball candidates are doing fairly good work, and from all indications, will soon round into the usual good form. The men from last year's team, Capt. Taylor, Cullen, Papperman, Adkins, Josephs, Kimble, are all in very good form,

while the new men who have appeared, besides several from the reserves from last year, give promise of making things lively in the race for position.

Several new men have appeared in track uniform and are fast developing. Among the new men who show up best are Warrington, Robinson, Horn, Williams, Hudson, and Corkran, while of last year's team, Collins, Baldwin, Buckmaster, Prouse, and Capt. Voss, are all out.

BASKET BALL.

After a very successful period the basket ball season is drawing to a close. Only two more games will be played, the closing game to be played with Muhlenburg College, on Friday, March 15, on the home floor. Owing to some misunderstanding we were compelled to cancel our game with Albright College on February 22, while on March 2, our game with Rutgers was cancelled by the latter, no reason whatever being assigned.

On February 16 the Millersville team paid us a visit, and were defeated by a score of 36-6. This victory for Delaware partly obliterated the stain of defeat we met on the Millersville floor some time ago, as that was the only game lost that should cause a feeling of shame. Of course some excuse could be given, but not to straighten matters out fully. But on February 16, when everything was so much one-sided, was plainly shown the superiority of the Delaware team, the game being almost devoid of interest, the home team scoring almost at will. The line-up was as follows:

DELAWARE.			MILLERSVILLE.		
Shaffer, (capt.)	.	Forward	.	.	Moyer
Newman	.	Forward	.	.	Williams
Robin	.	Centre	.	.	Lyte
Voss	.	Defense	.	.	Zehner, Heine
Wyatt	.	Defense	.	.	Coco

Field Goals—Shaffer 2, Newman 11, Robin 3, Wyatt 1, Williams 1, Lyte 1, Zehner 1. Foul Goals—Shaffer 2. Referee—Tiffany. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

In the preliminary game the Scrub team lined up against the Orients from Wilmington. This team until that date had not been defeated. The Scrub easily ran away with them, the score being 42-6.

The second series of the inter-class games for the class championship, was played on February 27, and resulted in easy victories for both the Seniors and the Juniors. The line-up was as follows:

1907—38.

SENIORS.

Price	.	.	Forward	.	.	Ruth
Rossell	.	.	Forward	.	.	Edgar
Voss	.	.	Centre	.	.	Eliason
Wyatt, (capt.)	.	.	Defense	.	.	Berry
Griffin	.	.	Defense	Ellison, McCaskey		

1910—12.

FRESHMEN.

Field Goals—Price 3, Rossell 8, Voss 1, Wyatt 7, Ruth 1, Edgar 1, Eliason 1, Berry 1. Foul Goals—Edgar 4. Referee—Tiffany. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

1908—26.

JUNIORS.

Baldwin	.	.	Forward	.	.	Robin
Newman	.	.	Forward	.	.	McGarvey
Kelley	.	.	Centre	.	.	Ward
Cann	.	.	Defense	.	.	Prouse, Bell
Armstrong	.	.	Defense	.	.	Josephs

1907—9.

SOPHOMORES.

Field Goals—Baldwin 3, Newman 5, Kelley 1, Cann 3, McGarvey 1, Ward 2, Josephs 1. Foul Goals—Newman 2, McGarvey 1.

In the first series the Seniors defeated the Juniors, and this defeat of the Sophomore by the Juniors gives the championship to the Seniors. The same class was also successful in carrying this honor last year.

Alumni Notes.

Edited By KARL HERRMANN, '07

Dr. Geo. W. Marshall, A. M., '74; T. Bayard Heisel, B. S., '88; Harvey Whiteman, B. S., '85; and W. Watson Harrington, E. E., '95, were among the visitors at the college recently.

Joseph B. Foster, B. A., '06, is very successful in his mission work in Java, South Dakota. The old mission house has been re-

placed by a new edifice and the villagers in his circuit have shown considerable interest in the work. Mr. Foster expects to come east in June, and it is possible that he will surprise some of his friends.

Wm. Vaughan Derby, B. S., '06, was recently appointed instructor in shop work, to take the place of Mr. Littell, who resigned on February 1.

Among the Alumni who attended the annual Junior "Prom," were Joseph Brewster, '98; Samuel Marshall, '05; Herbert Jones, '05; William T. Bevan, '05; Chester Marshall and Roland Crothers, '99.

It has been reported that George W. Hessler, '05, is in Florida. C. C. Fulton, '06, is now located at Lexington, N. C.

We were pleased to see Hugh L. Stewart, '06, who passed on a train recently.

Oliver C. Short, '04, acting under the hearty co-operation of several members of the Delaware Alumni, has sent a copy of the following resolution to each member of the new Alumni Association.

Whereas, We, the sons of "Delaware," have since our graduation, attended several banquets, held under the name of Delaware College Alumni, where spirituous and malt liquors have been used, and

Whereas, We have seen no good accrue from the use of such but very much harm and humiliation, and

Whereas, We deem it an unnecessary expense and neither elevating nor necessary to the banquet, either materially, morally, spiritually or socially, and

Whereas, Our beloved Commonwealth is under the struggle of throwing off the bonds of the liquor demon, be it hereby

Resolved, That we show ourselves true sons of "Delaware" and loyal patriots to our state by excluding all spirituous and malt liquors from our future banquet boards, thereby, as we claim, honoring ourselves, our comrades, our college, our state and our God.

Short is a member of the National Division "Sons of Temperance of North America" and is greatly interested in the temperance cause. He and other members interested ask full support of every member of the Alumni in this movement.

Inter-Collegiate Notes.

Edited By V. H. JONES, '09.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute has received a gift of \$1,000,000 from Mrs. Russell Sage. This money is to be used for a School of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

Tufts College has come into a bequest of \$200,000 thru the death of the last child of John C. Frye, of Boston.

Beaver College, at Beaver, Pa., is to be changed back from a co-educational institution to an exclusive woman's school. Co-education at Beaver was a failure.

A traveling fellowship in mining, with an endowment of \$25,000, has been established at Armstrong College.

State College now has a department of Forestry, which is arranged in the School of Agriculture. First registrations were made for the Spring term of 1907.

A class for working men has been inaugurated in the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven. About 150 men attended the first classes.

Oberlin College will celebrate the fifth anniversary of its foundation from June 19-25.

Under the will of the late Charles L. Marburg, Johns Hopkins University receives \$150,000.

The question as to whether the honor system should be established is being agitated at State College of Pennsylvania.

We read that Andrew Carnegie has promised St. John's College, at Annapolis, the sum of \$16 700 for the erection of a new building. This gift is subject to the provision that the college raise a similar amount. Already the Alumni and friends of St. John's have given and pledged themselves for about \$10,000.

The University of Virginia will this year conduct a summer school.

An unknown donor has presented Syracuse University with a new gymnasium.

Rutgers College has recently received a bequest of \$3,000, a gift of \$5,000, and donations amounting to \$1,000.

Exchange Notes.

Edited By GUSTAVE A. PAPPERMAN, '09.

We have noticed, recently, that a number of our College papers, which come to us, boast of a large list of exchanges. And while it is true that considerable time is spent in criticising them, yet we feel that a certain plan could be adopted by each individual exchange editor, that would lessen his work to a certain degree. Since so many of our exchange editors are complaining about time, I would suggest, that instead of perusing their whole list of exchanges, that they take up a dozen or so each month, thereby getting over their whole list during the year. Surely by this plan much time could be saved, and without a doubt, better results would follow. For if an exchange column has a criticism on a half a dozen papers each issue, it is doing exceedingly well.

We notice that some considerable space in the exchange column is occupied by jokes with most of which, we are more or less familiar. While we are not adverse to reading a few good jokes, yet we can hardly sanction the use of a whole exchange column to this alone. We find that exchanges from some of the University papers are even guilty of this act. We hope that in the future this may be eliminated to some degree.



The State Collegian. This paper has been criticised a great deal, for the enthusiasm which the business managers have shown toward the paper. We hope, however, that the staff of literary editors would strive to make their paper more interesting. We seldom find an essay or a story in the Collegian. Jokes seem to be prohibited, and an exchange column would be an extravagance.

We would like to see the Collegian improve, surely the paper does not represent the institution from which it is sent.



Albright Bulletin. "The Punishment of Crime," in the February number, is a well written article, and shows careful study on the subject. The writer deserves credit as to the manner in which he has handled his subject.



An Appreciation of Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, in the "Scarlet

Letter," is worthy of note, as it is well written, and exceedingly interesting.

The Evil of Child Labor, although it deals with a much talked of subject, yet the writer expresses his views in a very plain and concise manner.



St. John's Collegian. The poem in the St. John's Collegian, entitled "The Wise Man," is very practical, and well written. Because of its length, we are sorry to say that lack of space will not permit our copying it in this issue, however, it would be well if some of the members in Poverty Row would pay special attention to it.



The Dickinsonian. There is a new column in the Dickinsonian, entitled "Not Yet, But Afterwards." We think this a very good move on the part of Dickinson. We are pleased to note that this paper still keeps up to the standard of monthly papers.



The Mercerian. This magazine is one of our best exchanges. The Article I, on Great Universities, is very interesting and instructive. We appreciate the privilege of attending a German University. The Florida Ostrich Farm is very well illustrated, and it is a very instructive article. The rest of the stories are all worthy of the space they occupy. The poetry in this month's issue is scarce, though it is usually good.

FROM THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Professor C. A. McCue, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has been elected Professor of Horticulture in the College and Horticulturist to the Experiment Station. Before his election, Mr. McCue spent some time attending Farmers' Institutes in this State, where he made a very favorable impression. He is a pleasing speaker, knows his subject, and knows how to present it to his hearers. He is a young man, full of enthusiasm, has a broad training, and it is expected that he will add material strength to the teaching force of the College.



At the last annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Charles F. Dawson was elected Professor of Veterinary Science in the College and Veterinarian to the Experiment Station. Doctor Dawson is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, but has spent most of his

time since graduation in Pathological investigations in Veterinary Science. Doctor Dawson will work under the provisions of the "Adams Act," and in consequence confine himself almost entirely to original research.



Professor F. D. Chester is away on two months leave of absence, which he is spending at his Graphite Mill in Pennsylvania.



Professor H. S. Jackson recently addressed the New York Experiments' Union, at Cornell University.



Director Hayward recently delivered addresses before the Pennsylvania Live Stock Breeders Association, at Harrisburg, and the Pennsylvania Guernsey Club, at Philadelphia.



Director Hayward, Professors Penny, Houghton, and Jackson, have attended a number of Farmers' Institutes in Kent and Sussex counties.



The Experiment Station is making a study of Delaware seed corn, and is collecting 150 samples of seed corn from the farmers in the State. A large number of these samples are now on exhibition, and make a very interesting collection.



A bill is now before the General Assembly, carrying an appropriation of \$20,000 for the purchase and equipment of a farm for the Delaware College and Experiment Station.



The last College Bulletin is entitled "Agricultural Education in Delaware," and is an address that was delivered by Director Hayward before the Farmers' Conference, held at Dover last December.



Arrangements have been made with the National Department of Forestry to make a Forest Survey of this State in co-operation with the Experiment Station.



Bulletin No. 76, "The Third Report on Dust and Liquid Spraying," by Professor C. P. Close, is being mailed from the Experiment Station.

The Freshman Banquet.

THE Class of 1910 held its annual banquet last Friday evening, at the Clayton House, Wilmington, Del. The members of the class attended the Garrick Theatre, and from there they went to the parlor of the Clayton House. After a short introductory speech by the president all took seats around a beautifully decorated table. An excellent menu had been prepared and it was thoroughly enjoyed by the class. As soon as the meal was finished cigars were lighted, and many toasts were called for by Toastmaster Alden. "The Outlook for Delaware," was discussed by C. H. Ellison; "The Faculty," by D. R. Jones; "The College Man," by E. Horn, and "The Advance in Athletics," by H. Porter. Besides these few toasts, the general problems which confront a class, were discussed. The speakers brought out the need of class spirit and some ways to obtain it. The need of closer social relations was also shown by several speakers. At a late hour the gathering broke up with the good old Delaware Song. The members of the class were very much satisfied with the evening and agreed that such occasions as these, properly conducted, are a great benefit in promoting class and college spirit.

E. HORN, '10.

College Calendar

1907.

Second Term.

- April 8—Monday, College reopens 8.50 a. m.
- May 30—Thursday, Memorial Day.
- June 10-14—Annual Examinations.
- June 14—Sunday, Sermon for the Young Men's Christian Association 11 a. m.
- June 17—Monday, Class Day Exercises, 3 p. m.
Anniversary of the Athenaeum Literary Society, 8 p. m.
- June 18—Tuesday, Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 11 a. m.
Inter-Class Field and Track Meet, 2.30 p. m.
Anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society, 8 p. m.
- June 19—Wednesday, Commencement Exercises, 10.30 a. m.
Meeting of the Alumni Association, 2.30 p. m.
Exhibition Drill, 3.30 p. m.
Baccalaureate Sermon, 8 p. m.

COLLEGE MEN IN DEMAND.

Search for 1907 men who will be in the market for positions next summer or fall is already on. This year we ran short of college men long before we had filled all the positions that came to us for them. Positions now open at each of our twelve offices for 1906 college and technical school graduates who are not yet permanently located. Well known firms offer salaries of \$500-\$1,000. Write us to-day.

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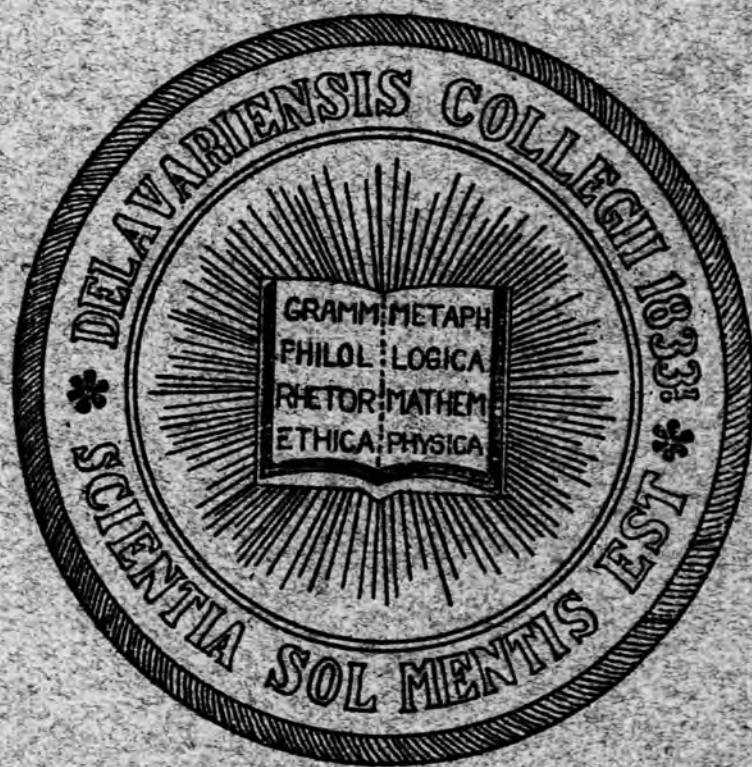
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