

THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

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No. 6.

DELAWARE'S EMPTY CHAIR.

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“THE healthy know not of their health, but only the sick,” this is an aphorism of the physicians. If it be true, why is not oftentimes its reverse likewise true. That the sick seldom know of their disease? Sometimes, have you not seen stalking about upon this big round earth of ours, units acting as if they owned it, conceited and deformed either in body or mind, with big round moats in their eyes, and yet withal as happy as man can wish to be, wearing upon their faces the calm feeling of superiority feigned or otherwise? Such a unity is happy in spite of his diseases. They may be due to his faults as he has inherited them or they may be due to his environments. However this may be, my dear unit, if some cynic should ever point them out to you and if they be unremediable, do not think too much about them. They may send you over the borders of insanity.

Not so very long ago, I came upon one of these sharp reminders, which, I know, were I to ponder long upon it, would drive me to the mad house. Seated comfortably in a down-state train, I was suddenly aroused from a deep reverie by a sharp tap upon the

shoulder. Looking around, I beheld my offender, as uncouth a looking specimen of humanity as ever I saw, having a heavy bearded face and deep penetrating black eyes, and wearing a high, rustic silk hat, a rusty old fashioned, long-tail coat and one of those Revolutionary, Byronic, flowing sort of collars, with a tie to match.

“Well,” said he, “boy, what state is this?”

“This,” I replied, “is the State of Delaware.”

“Delaware,” he ejaculated in a sarcastic manner.

“Yes,” I added, now burning with the innocent pride of statehood, “and we have some highly distinguished men here, but notwithstanding the height of their prominence, wherever they wander outside of state lines, it always adds to the deference shown them, when they make known the state whence they come.”

“That may well be,” answered the passenger, “but I see that you are without experience and that the pip of patriotic delusion, such as is taught in the schools, is still hanging to your bill. There is one place where I should think a Delawarean, if sensible, would

say nothing about: birthplace; or, if by slip of tongue, he should let out the state of his nativity, that he would do well to try the ostrich's stunt, that is, to bury his face in the sand."

Feeling like a weather-cock after a storm, I allowed this man, whose countenance I now perceived to be noble, to engage in a monologue, which to the best of my memory, I shall endeavor to repeat.

"You see," continued the stranger, during the session of Congress, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred, I chanced to be in Washington, and was present at all the sittings of the lower chamber. I remember on one occasion I was deeply interested. The House was engaged in its decemical struggle over the reapportionment bill. Its purpose was to keep the number of Representatives as it then was, stationary, which purpose, had it been realized, would have caused Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Nebraska, Kentucky, Virginia and South Carolina to lose one Congressman, and would have thrown a gain in the way of New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Minnesota, West Virginia, Louisiana and Texas. There was enthusiastic protestation on the part of the Representatives from the states to which the loss would occur, and the discussions, confusions, wranglings and debates were hot, stubborn and deadly earnest. The would-be losing states gained their point. I listened to all their objections and thought within myself that there was indeed reason in them, for it means so

very much to a state to lose a part of the representation in the lower department of our law-making body.

"But in that upper chamber, how much sadder is the loss of a Senator. In the House a member is about one four hundredth of the whole, but in the Senate he is one ninetieth of the membership. In the House there is no opportunity for public speaking, for no member of influence and ability to exercise same over an audience of members seated at desks too far from him to be reached by the sound of the human voice. There a great orator is as much out of his place as a bull in a china shop! In the Senate, on the other hand, is leisure and occasion for a man of ability, who savors of his state to make himself heard throughout the room, which is of much smaller dimensions than is that of the Representatives. Therefore, when seated among the audience, I looked down one day upon one of Delaware's chairs in the Senate and saw that it was vacant. My heart cried out, Delaware what meanest thou? Is it not a little dignified and graceful? I glanced at the other rather searchingly. Yes, someone was in it. But even he was not noisy. He was far from that. He kicked up about as much racket as a mustard seed in a bushel measure.

"But, 'O little Diamond State,' I can tell you why you feel no sort of reproach for that vacant sitting place. States are something after the fashion of abstractions. They are capable of little, if any, feeling at all; and the

older they grow, as experience evinces, the more do they lack that personal attribute. Perhaps an empty chair in the United States Senate would have been of greater concern to a Delawarean of fifty years ago than it is to a Delawarean of to-day. To fail see the moat in your own eye, thou inhabitant of Delaware, as is natural, is yours; mine is to remind you of it.

"Despite all you may say to the contrary, so far as I myself am concerned, a state that does not send its required Senator to the United States Senate is more deserving of reproach by far than the individual who fails on election day to cast his vote at the polls. Sometimes I am in the habit of looking upon the state when regarding its relations, rights and responsibilities with respect to federal government, as being nothing more nor less than a person of considerable importance and by as much as that importance outranks the importance of the ordinary two-legged individual, by so much more do I hold it accountable for the lack of interest it manifests in national affairs. A typical example of my conceptions in this respect, I can impart to you by referring to my knowledge of Sussex County. Right well am I acquainted with your cypress swamps, your sand hills and your glades, better with the hospitable people who dwell on and around them, and best with the contempt in which those people hold the eligible non-voter. Once in my early life I spent a year with a respectable farmer in that community. He always

paid his taxes with readiness, and in lieu of the tendency of farmers to hide their horses, their cows or pigs, when the assessor puts in his appearance, this farmer always had his property moveable as well as immoveable, assessed to the full value thereof. But he had one serious defect, he never took time to vote, the polls being no short distance from his residence. Time and time again, have I seen him approached by honest politicians who as they left him persisting in his stubbornness, always heaped upon his head innumerable, contemptuous epithets. I now hear, however, that he has finally confessed his sins, been converted and is in the eye of politics a real good citizen. Imagine now, if you will, this same man in the chamber of the Senate viewing this chair, which no one occupies. He is sensational and I am inclined to believe that the contemplation of such an object with all its connotation would work heavily upon his emotions. I can easily picture him in his broad-brimmed straw hat, blue overalls and hobnailed shoes, with tears rolling down his weather beaten face as he would apply in the case before him the philosophy which he has gathered as it falls from the lip of the politician. How unique he would thus appear to those by whom he might happen to be surrounded. Foolish almost crazy man, to weep over such a cold unweepable thing. Yet our madams are constantly weeping over the death of a pug-nose dog. Society is thinking too much about

trivial and too little about essen"—but here the train was pulling out from my destination and I was compelled to hurriedly leave the old man jabbering this fashion, flying off sometimes, it would seem, almost into the meaningless. I have often since thought of him and wondered, if I had heard him to the finish, how he would have compared the vice of a non-voter to the vice of a state with one senator.

Its comparison, no doubt, could

briefly be summed up in the following sentence: The failure of an individual to cast his vote on election day shows disinterestness on the part of that person in the wellbeing of his country whereas the failure of a state to send a required senator to the United States Senate manifests on the part of the state either disorganization or corruption in connection with the election body. E. F. W., '07.

THE LIGHT ACROSS THE WAY.

SHE sat by the window and watched the sun slowly disappear below the cold gray outline of skyscrapers broken here and there by the steeple of a church. This evening she was in an unusually thoughtful mood and it was only natural that the sunset should arouse fond memories of the more picturesque ones she had seen, when she was a girl, at her old home way off in the Massachusetts hills. These memories did not make her home-sick for her parents had died three years before and the pleasant home of her childhood now existed only in her memory. But within her there arose something akin to it—an indescribable feeling of sadness and longing. This was certainly not due to any great disappointment—the failure of some hope. She had bravely come to the city with little more than her ability to write; her great ambition and her untiring energy and determination. That was six years

ago; and now, after years of work, failures and of disappointments enough to discourage a less determined person she had succeeded—succeeded beyond her expectations but not beyond her dreams—her reach always exceeded her grasp.

The March wind must have crept in around the window sill for she shivered a little and moved her chair close to the fire-place in which there brightly burned a gas stove made in imitation of logs and whose light was the only one in the cozily furnished room. Chancing to see some letters lying on a table nearby she picked them up and began to open them. The first was one of grateful appreciation from an unknown reader of her novel. It was like many she had received during the past two years and it afforded her much pleasure. Many amateur writers had addressed her but the second letter she opened was from a young woman who had every reason to believe that

she possessed unusual literary ability but into whose life there had entered a disturbing element in the form of a man, and was altogether different from any letter she had ever received.

She did not then open the other letters but laid them upon the table. After reading the second one over twice she wearily laid back in the Morris chair and reiterated to herself a few lines of the letter:—"He is everything that a man should be; good, kind, strong and sympathetic. From your pictures I know that you are beautiful and some time into your life there must have entered a man—you have chosen your work; and succeeded. Now tell me—please, tell me! has it been worth while? Shall I choose him or my work?"—She sat there thinking, thinking, thinking:

Yes, she had chosen her work; and succeeded. From the world's point of view she had really no cause to be as sad at heart as she was this evening and if she knew the cause she had told no one.

When she first came to the city she secured a position as associate editor of a woman's page on one of the big newspapers. During the evenings of the first year she wrote the novel which with girlish enthusiasm she had planned in the quietness of the hills at home. Whether it was due to the sudden change of environments, the coming in contact with strange and severe business conditions not found in country towns, and the consequent evolution of new ideas and ideals or to

her immaturity of mind and inadequate insight into human nature or both, the novel was a failure. She was disappointed but not discouraged. This first great failure was not to be the climax of her life. For upon the ruins of her youthful dreams there slowly arose the resolute hopes of the woman upheld by an unwavering perseverance and determination.

She then threw all her energy into the writing of short stories and after many trials some of her stories were published. While full of the joy of her first little victory she began to write her first novel. In it the picturesqueness, the quietness, and the democracy of the hills was contrasted but not too harshly with the studied beauty of the individual building but total artlessness of the whole, the cold formality, the noise and the constant furor of the city. In it she described her own little battles, and the incidents that had served to develop for her a new point of view, in fact, she put herself—all her refreshing optimism into the book and consequently it rang true. It was published and soon the favorable criticisms, the increasing popularity and sale of the book forced her to realize that she had at last accomplished something worth while. Her novel was not the "best selling book" of the time; it was too strong to gain that end; but the royalties received from its sale were enough to make it possible for her to resign her position on the newspaper and to move from the little top story room, which she

had occupied for years, to a large suit of rooms in an apartment house where she enjoyed among many other luxuries the services of a maid.

And now, after all, had it been worth while? This question, unexpressed in a definite way, had arisen in her mind frequently during the past year; but somehow she had managed not to meet it fairly. She had never permitted herself to consider it candidly but had always thrown it to one side with a determined shrug of her dainty shoulders and mentally replied something to the effect that of course it had been worth while. Had she not succeeded? Had she not everything she desired for the present? and was there not a bright future before her? But tonight she could not put it off so easily. The letter aroused the memory of a battle she had fought in the past and try as she could she could not change the line of her thoughts.

Six years ago she had been forced to decide between her work and a man. The man had lost. He was at that time in the office of some large law firm in the city and his encouraging words and presence helped her wonderfully to meet and overcome the many discouraging difficulties that barred her pathway during the early years of her career. They continued to be only friends as in the past but some times when he noted how hard she was struggling he begged her to reconsider but each time she flatly refused to listen to him and each time it became more difficult for her to refuse—but he did

not know it. That was one of his battles in which he could give no aid. Three years after she came to the city he was made one of his law firm. If he had succeeded but she had done nothing yet but fail. When she did write he was the first to congratulate her but he never again spoke to her of his love. Perhaps this was due to his pride, for he recognized that he now had nothing to offer her since she had won a success far greater than his. Sometimes she thought he had ceased to care for her and during the last year she had noticed his great fondness for a girl friend of hers. Of course, she thought, it made no difference to her—but yet, somehow it hurt; and lately for a whole month she had not seen him and she had missed him but she had tried to persuade herself to think that she only missed him as she would a friend, and somehow she had failed.

Suppose he should marry; then she should no longer have his intimate friendship and company, she thought. Never before had she looked at her position in that light. Sitting there by the fire she considered everything in her life, both past and present; and slowly and surely she arrived at the conclusion that what had appeared at a distance to be a ball of gold was only a bubble and that this big, kind hearted man was more—far more to her than a friend. Now that it was perhaps too late she had discovered that all along she had been deceiving herself. Yet it was too late, she thought, he now

cares for another and, even if he does not, his pride will not permit him to speak again. She being a woman, could never speak although in the past she had promised to tell him if she changed her mind. She too was proud.

The bell in a nearby tower slowly and deliberately struck eight. The letter fell out of her hand to the floor, but she did not notice it. Broken in spirit and feeling weak in body she arose from the chair and chancing to glance toward her desk in a corner she saw in the light from the fire the accepted manuscript of her latest novel. But upon the sight of it she felt none of the old enthusiasm.

She walked across the room to a window and looked out into the night. The street was narrow and she could see into the library of a modest little house on the other side of the street. The library was lighted with a lamp with a red shade and to-night the light across the way held her attention. Two years ago a young couple had moved there. She had seen them go in and out so much that she had felt a friendly interest in them. Frequently in the evening she would go to her window and glance across, and the view aroused no strange emotions; but to night the light across the way showed her the young wife sitting by a table rocking a small cradle and, as she looked on, a mist came before her eyes. She closed the blinds and mechanically walked to the piano and her fingers fell absently upon the keyboard. A chord

was struck, and before she knew it—almost unvoluntarily she was singing—none too distinctly and clearly—his favorite song and accompanying it with the chords he always used when he sang.

Soon after she began to sing the door from the outer hall opened and a man stepped quietly into the room and stood by the door. She had not heard him enter. Listening intently he looked at her as she sat there in the fire-light, her remarkably beautiful face and light hair contrasting with the dark woodwork of the piano. But although her face never failed to attract him he did not notice her person so much as he did her voice. During the past few months he had thought that for some reason or other she was not happy—that something was amiss. True he had no good reason to think, so: a fleeting expression on her face, a sigh or the tone of her voice; but to-night the sadness of her voice as she sang left no room for doubt. Why she was unhappy, he did not know. If the trouble laid in anything that he could govern he knew that she would confide to him; otherwise, if she did not speak of it, he would not dare intrude upon her privacy by asking the reason. He was broadminded enough to know that there are some thoughts that the most intimate friends cannot share. To hear this unmistakable note of sadness in the voice of the person who above all others he would see happy and contented, hurt him.

Full of pathos and like a voice

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wafted through the night air from a distance he heard the words

"And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to
make
For my poor sake!"

and in order that she would not be embarrassed by seeing him in the room and thereby knowing that he had found her in a moment when she had lost her selfcontrol, he was thoughtful enough to step outside and close the door as her fast waivering voice arose on the final verses

"The wee cot, and the crickets
chir,
Love, and the glad sweet face of
her!"

She was idly and carelessly running scales and playing chords when he again entered.

"Hello Billy"—he cried in a voice full and clear. Her first name was Wilhelmina. When she was a child she gladly accepted the comradely version "Billy" because then to be a boy was her greatest ambition. But when she came to the dignity of her teens she commanded that there be a reform; but still "Billy" it remained and ever "Billy" it will be with her intimate friends.

What an actor she was! Behind a smile and a well controlled voice she would have hidden from him her true state of mind but he had heard enough a few minutes before to know that beneath this raillery of hers there was a heartache—he knew her well enough to know that her moods were not so

quickly and easily changed.

"Hello yourself—no—no I do think I shall speak to you." She assumed a mock serious expression. But lest the court be too hasty in decision let all the evidence be heard. You are accused of failing to keep present the odor of cigars in this room of failing to occupy yonder chair and of disappearing for one whole month some month without the court's permission. Sir, are you guilty or not guilty?"

Guilty, Your Honor; but—

"That will do sir," she interrupted gravely. "Your offense is a very grave one and I have no pity for such a you. For your misdeeds I therefore condemn you to pay a most horrible penalty—to—to come over by the fire and tell what all you have been doing for the last month!"

So while he sat in the full light of the fire and she relieved to hide in the shadow at one side, he told her in a very modest manner what he had been doing in Mexico where he had been representing his firm in some real estate venture. By artful questioning she succeeded in making him tell several little adventures he had had and it did not take her long to put two and two together and come to the conclusion that he had overcome many difficulties and succeeded in putting through a project which many able men had tried and failed to do and the success of which would add material to the reputation of his firm. She liked his modesty. From the way she

questioned him he concluded that she wished him to do the talking but she did not know that he had managed to invent an excuse to return home just to see her for that one evening; and although he generally humored her, this evening he could not refrain from asking a few questions concerning herself. So after a few minutes of silence he spoke:

"Billy, how goes your book?"

"No, no, please—please do not speak of it tonight."—

He tried to see her face in the darkness. "I am sorry; I did not know, I will not speak of it tonight"—he said quietly. His expression was troubled. In her voice there was a plaintive plea for mercy and, although he did not understand, it would not have been he if he had not recognized it and acted sympathetically. They both remained silent for a long time. He hoped that she would make known to him her trouble as she used to do; and she was afraid to speak lest she lose control of herself. For awhile he looked sternly and thoughtfully into the fire. A reflection of red light by a picture on the nearby wall attracted his attention and finally it led to his discovery of the light across the way. There he saw the same scene that had so strangely influenced her a short time before and the stern lines on his face were softened. He looked away and into the darkness where he could see outlined her cuddled form and spoke almost involuntarily:

"Billy!"—this time it was his voice that trembled. The dark corners

echoed it before she replied:

"Yes, Tom"—almost inaudible.

His heart gave a great leap.

"I'm going away tomorrow for a year"—he waited a moment but she said nothing—

"And, Billy, down there it's so lonesome"—

Her lips quivered and her hands were tightly clenched but she did not speak.

"Billy,—sing to me—sing something so that—that I may take the memory of it with me—please!"

She could not trust herself to speak. Mechanically she arose, and walked to the piano.

She struck a chord; but a great lump arose in her throat and she could not sing.

He waited for a moment. Then he heard a sob—a sob full of heartache.

Somehow he got to her side, placed his arm about her, drew her to the window and there in the light from across the way he looked down—down into her moist eyes and understood—worlds.

J. H. P., '07.

THE JUNIOR PROM.

On Friday evening, February 23, the Class of 1907 held its Junior Promenade in the new gymnasium. The past Junior Prom's of the college have won an enviable reputation, with which this year's dance compares most favorably in every respect. The dance was well attended by people from many parts of the state and several from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., and Elkton.

The campus was lighted by electric lights and over the main entrance of the gymnasium were the words: "Junior Prom, 1907," made up of letters formed by electric lights.

Inside, the gymnasium was very tastefully and beautifully decorated, with blue and gold bunting, flags, army muskets, shields with the Class numerals '07, and laurel. The main floor, with an unobstructed space of 90x45 feet, was brilliantly lighted by three big arc and many incandescent lamps. High above the main floor, the running track, which completely encircles the great room, served as a gallery from which many people looked upon the dancers below. Cook's orchestra, from Philadelphia, was concealed behind a large screen of evergreens on the north end of the running track. A large "D" of blue and gold electric lights was in the centre of this screen. Refreshments were served by Hanna, of Wilmington, in the basement, and since only a few persons were permitted to go there at a time, and since there was an adequate number of waiters, the rush of past years at this time did not reoccur.

At the northeast corner of the main floor sat the patronesses: Mrs. Wolf, Mrs. Penny, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Foord, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. McCaskey, Mrs. Freidenberger, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Conover.

The pretty girls, the bright colors of the handsome gowns, the military uniforms, the shining woodwork of the new building, and the tasteful decora-

tions formed a remarkable fine scene. But perhaps the finest came when during the last dance all the lights were put out but the big blue and gold "D" way up in the north end of the hall. In the dim light only the forms of the couples were seen as they glided back and forth in the waltz. This final scene with the memory of the music heard and the acquaintances made, will endure the Junior Prom. of the Class of 1907 to all present.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The Engineering Society has at last become a live and beneficent student organization. Although many Engineers do not attend the meetings, the more earnest ones are greatly interested in the work, recognizing the fact that the Society offers them an opportunity to learn how the theory they are now studying is put into practice, to keep posted on current engineering events and inventions, to learn parliamentary rules and to gain experience in public speaking.

The Society met on Thursday evening, February 15, 1906, and was presided over by Vice President G. W. Francis, '07. A letter directed to Prof. Robinson, describing the work and experiences of Joseph Frazer, who is now in Bolivia, was read. Herbert Ridgely, '07, then read an article: "The Motor Skates."

At a meeting of the Society, called to order by President Cramer, '06, it was decided to hold a meeting of the Society every Thursday evening instead of every other Thursday as heretofore. It was also moved and carried that the names of the readers for each meeting be posted on the Society's bulletin board one month in advance.

LIKE ONE I HEARD.

Bright Things Over Which People Have Laughed.

Suspicion.

A small boy who had been very naughty was first reprimanded, then told that he must take a whipping. He flew upstairs and hid in the far corner under a bed. Just then his father came home. The mother told him what had occurred. He went upstairs and proceeded to crawl under the bed toward the youngster, who whispered excitedly:

"Hello, pop! Is she after you too?"
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Simple Larceny.

The colored physician not having been able to locate the malady and check it, a white physician was called. After looking at the patient a short while, the white physician inquired.

"Did Dr. Jones take your temperature?"

And the old colored auntie answered: "Ah don't know, sah; Ah ain't missed nothin' 'cept mah watch."—Lippincott's.

In Dakota.

She had applied for a position, and the manager of the big store was favorably inclined toward her petition. He prepared to book her application.

"Married or unmarried?" asked he, with commercial brevity and point.

And the answer was put as brief and pointed. "Unmarried—four times," said the tender young thing.—Sunday Magazine.

It Makes A Difference.

F. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer, and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling papers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one. "Dat's a cinch. First off you put your left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

Everybodys.

Charged.

The man stammered painfully as he stood in the dock at one of the police courts. His name was Sissons. It was very difficult for him to pronounce his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and make an uproar one night, and to have to account for it before the Magistrate the next morning.

"What's your name?" asked the Magistrate.

Sissons began to reply. "Sis-sss-sss-sss."

"Stop that noise and tell me your name," said the Magistrate, impatiently.

"Sis sss-sss—"

"That will do," said the Magistrate, severely. "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

The policeman, who, of course, was an Irishman, immediately responded with true Irish wit, "I think, yer Honor, he's charged with sody wather."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

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EDITORIAL

OUR COLLEGE SPIRIT.

The person who says we have no college spirit is not necessarily a pessimist. He may have based his judgment upon a superficial observation of our college life, forgetting the old adage: "Beauty is only skin deep." He may have seen worthy and helpful student organizations slowly decline and die because of need of support; several proposed plans fail to materialize for a similar reason; and, to a certain extent, a non-existence of a general enthusiasm which makes itself known by cheering along the "side-lines" and thus encouraging the men who take an active part in student affairs. For several student schemes and organizations have failed and our noisy enthusiasm, which appears at regular times, is put on and taken off with our dress suits.

Had he noted the great number of flourishing student organizations and carefully compared them to the number of students now attending the College, he undoubtedly would have had a striking comparison. For we are supporting a remarkable number of enterprises, etc. The number equals that of many institutions having a far larger student-body.

Considering this we must have the very essence of college spirit. We admit we have not the huh-rahs and wild enthusiasm which generally accompany it; but this is due to the fact that every able man has attached himself to some particular cause and has not the time to do much to aid and encourage the men in other lines of work. Do not allow yourself to think that there is no college spirit at Delaware for, at least, we have enough to support many organizations and drag along a heavy anchor of parasites.



THE AWAKENING OF THE ALUMNI.

Patiently nursed by a few enthusiasts the Alumni Association has peacefully slept throughout the years. Stimulated by the coming in of new members

has aroused itself to elect new officials and then, soothed by the pleasant sound of good resolutions, it has gradually returned to sleep.

It has offered several prizes—oratorical and athletic—and the students very greatly appreciate them and recognize that they are the incentives to much good work. But do these prizes represent the majority or one-half or even one-fourth of the past students of this institution? Do they not represent the sincere work and interest of a comparatively few individuals, who, recognizing the greatness of the debt they owe the College, take this means of showing their gratitude?

Theoretically, the Alumni Association of Delaware College should be comparatively stronger than the alumnis of the large universities and many other institutions. For, whereas the graduates of the latter schools have fully paid for all the knowledge and training they have received and frequently more, the graduates of Delaware College have practically received a free education upon which to base their careers.

Naturally, therefore, one would think that they would grasp every opportunity to show their appreciation by aiding the College—but, blinded by the light of their success, many of them now fail to see the little college that has made it possible for them to attain to their present position in the world.

However, now when the students and everyone interested know that the College is not forging ahead very rapidly, and it needs the influence and support of the Alumni, the few men who take an active or practical part in the work of Alumni Associations are endeavoring to arouse the interest and secure the aid of every past student. Prof. C. A. Short, a man who through his sincere and active interest in all of our enterprises which tend to benefit and raise the standard of the College, has won an enviable position in the hearts of the students, has been elected Secretary of the Association and authorized to collect data concerning the life of the past Delaware men and publish it in the near future. The good that should result from its publication is obvious. Prof. Short deserves considerable credit for undertaking this great task, and it is hoped that every one will assist him as much as possible to make it a success and to arouse the interest of the whole Alumni.

During the past scholastic year the students have acted in an irreproachable manner and, recognizing the fact that the higher the standard of this College the greater the value of their diploma and degree will be, they are earnestly and conscientiously endeavoring to promote the best interests of the College. Now if the Alumni arises and puts its now latent power to the wheel; if the Powers That Be imbibe a little of the strenuous 20th century spirit; if the students continue to do as they have been doing—and if all three bodies work together, in the words of the small boy: "There's is goin' to be somethin' doin'" and a diploma and degree from Delaware College will raise in value far above par.

LOCALS.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08, Editor.

Paul Rossell, '07, has been elected Manager of the Basket Ball team in place of Carl Shaffer resigned. On March 1 the Athletic Council recognized the team. Marcus Robin, '09, is now Captain.

George (waving his arms frantically): "By Jove! if nobody will tend the door at the Prom., I'll volunteer to do it myself."

Wooie: "Now, look here, you had just better keep out of it; you know what B—— said."

Lester E. Voss, Captain of the track team, has been taking the candidates for the team out for runs.

It is rumored that Paul Keppel intends to leave College to accept a position as freight agent on a local railroad.

Candidates for the base ball team have been called out.

Ridgely: "La me day! I must be getting popular, I'm in the locals again. Now I can send a REVIEW to her this month."

Ridgely and Stubbs have moved from the Dormitory to the Fraternity House. Someone reports that they forgot or at least failed to take their wardrobe with them.

Griffin: (Three nights before the Prom., rising up in bed at 2 a. m.) "Confound this Prom., anyhow. Come over here fellows and take these measurements! Hanged if I'm not getting

tired of this business." (He was soon put to bed again by Hudson, who does not believe in working overtime).

Dr. W——: "These Haltite crystals were given to the College by the Strassfort Company after their exhibit was closed at the Chicago World's Fair."

Wooie Francis: "Doctor, was that the fair that was held in Louisiana?"

Lawrence Cain, '07, was elected by the student-body to represent the College chapter of the Y. M. C. A. at the convention of that association in Nashville, Tenn.

On Tuesday afternoon, February 6th, the Agricultural students, accompanied by Prof. Foord, went to Elkton, Md., where they visited the works of The Scott Fertilizer Co. There the making of fertilizers and sulphuric acid was shown and explained to them.

On Wednesday, February 7th, many of the student organizations had their pictures taken for the 1907 Derelict.

Messick: (In the midst of the debate). "These conditions existed in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and ———"

Kimble (in the audience): "And way stations!"

Many of the greatest and most wonderful discoveries and inventions have been due to accidents. George Lovett, '06, after falling off a high bridge and doing a little thinking thereupon, has come to the conclusion that one of the fundamental principles of mechanics is not true. He firmly believes that when falling his velocity increased more than

32 feet per second. He bases his judgment on the greatness of the force with which he collided with the ground. Some of Mr. Lovett's friends say that it is altogether probable that he will make a few more experiments in the near future and, if his theory proves to be tenable, he will publish a treatise on mechanics, based from a few radically new principles.

The city of Philadelphia is quite popular with several students.

Warrington, '07, and Hamilton, '09, have been selected to represent the College in the debate with the Maryland Agricultural College.

All "copy" for the April REVIEW must be in by Wednesday, March 28. The editors desire to get the April number out before the Easter vacation.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

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

At a recent meeting of the Executive Council Mr. Lawrence E. Cain was elected to succeed Mr. Lovett who has resigned from the presidency of our Association.

The student body responded liberally to an appeal for funds to send our delegate to Nashville. A sum sufficient to defray all expenses was quickly subscribed.

Several members of the Y. M. C. A. were nominated by the Council and their names submitted to the students who were to select one. From the nominees Mr. Cain was chosen as delegate. He left for Nashville Tuesday

afternoon, February 27, and returned about March 6.

Mr. Cain has shown a steady interest in the work throughout his nearly three years at Delaware, and we think he is the right man for the trip. We hope he may catch a new inspiration from his contact with the many eminent and earnest men gathered there and bring back with him numerous helpful suggestions to aid in carrying on the work here.

We expect to have an interesting meeting shortly after his return, when he will give us in his report some first hand news of the great convention.

We note with pleasure the organization of a Y. M. C. A. at the Western University of Pennsylvania. "A constitution has been adopted, officers have been elected and we are ready for active work" says their monthly paper, the "Courier." It devotes considerable space to setting forth the reasons why a Y. M. C. A. is necessary to the institution, and continues then several pages giving information in regard to the coming convention at Nashville. They are evidently going into the thing in earnest. We heartily wish them every success.

DE ALUMNIS.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '08, Editor.

The handsome home of Mrs. Delaware Clark, '79, which is in Glasgow, Del., was totally destroyed by fire on February 28. The conflagration began in a chimney fire and it was with

difficulty that a few articles on the first floor of the building were saved.

Mrs. John Moody, Ex., '78, died at her home at State Road, Del., on Feb. 16, 1906.

Dr. W. M. Ogle, M. S., '78, is now surgeon for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., at Primero, Col.

D. O. Moore, Ex., '79, has recently been appointed postmaster at Laurel, Del.

Mrs. John S. M. Neill, B. L., '79, from Helena, Mont., has been visiting her mother Mrs. George G. Evans in Newark.

John E. Greiner, Ph.B., '80, who is chief engineer of the B. & O. R. R., came to Newark to attend the Junior Prom. in a private car which was placed on a siding until the Prom. was over. Mr. Greiner was accompanied by his wife, daughter, and a friend.

Rev. Wm. DuHammel, A. B., '86, of New Harmony, Ind., recently spent several weeks visiting relatives and friends in Delaware.

W. H. McDonald, B. C. E., '94, is now assistant to chief engineer of the Virginia & Carolina Coast R. R. Co., with headquarters at Norfolk, Va. At present he has charge of construction work near Scianton, N. C.

Ebe Walter, Ex., '98 is now a traveling solicitor with headquarters at Palmetto Florida.

W. H. Conner, '00, was recently admitted to the bar at Wilmington and it is said that he is very successful.

Ira L. Pierce who is located in one of the western states representing the E. I. DuPont Co., has been east on business.

Dr. Emil Quillen who has made a specialty of bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, is now surgeon of the Rock Mount, N. C.; hospital. Mr. Quillen was recently seen in Newark by some of his friends.

H. W. Reybold, Ex., '00, for the past year has been erecting engineer for the Headrie and Bolthoff Manufacturing Co., of Denver, Col.

Fred Evans, '01, since January 1, has been transitman for the P. R. R. with office at Altoona, Pa.

Henry G. McComb, '02, who since graduating has made a specialty of automobile designing, last month obtained a position with the Olds Motor Co., at Lansing, Mich.

Herbert Tunnel, '02, has entered the fertilizer business in Philadelphia. Mr. Tunnel expects to take up chemistry pertaining to fertilizers with Dr. Wolf.

J. Stanley Frazer, B. C. E., '04, on Feb. 1 received the position of transitman on the Hudson and Manhattan R. R. Mr. Frazer is working on tunnels which the H. & M. R. R. are constructing.

E. H. Shallcross, '04, has been with the Byproducts Coke Co., of South Chicago, Ill., as light and oil engineer since Jan. 1.

Ashar J. McCabe, Ex., '04, has regis-

tered as medical student at the Long Island College hospital.

Harry H. Hickman, '05, resigned his position with the Sante Fe R. R. Co., and since Feb. 26, has been with the American Bridge Co., at Ambridge, Pa.

Thomas Marvel Gooden, '05, has accepted a position with the Prudential Insurance Co., at Baltimore.

H. Morton Stephens, Ex., '06, who has been in the West Indies has resigned his position with the Harris Engineering Co., and is going to South America.

Percy Roberts is going to take a position as chemist with the Blumenthal Leather Co., in Wilmington.

Samuel Connor, '97, was seen in Newark by some of his friends who say that he is looking well.

The following are some of those who honored us with their presence at the Junior Prom.: Josiah Marvil, Joseph Brewster, Charles D. Stockly, Richard Rodney, James Connor, C. G. Cann, Clifford McIntire, Lucien Green, George Dutton, Walter Collins, Frank B. Evans, Leo Pie, Jerome Bell, Geo. Hessler, Ralph Bowler, Harvey Hickman, William Bevan, D. Poffenberger, Harry Hackett, S. C. Downs and Herbert Jones.

INTER-COLLEGIATE.

L. E. CAIN, '07, Editor.

The student body of Bates College has voluntarily voted to abolish hazing.—Ex.

Of the 25 universities of the entire world, which enroll 3,000 or more students, nine are found in this country.—Ex.

The fund collected by the alumni of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for current expenses within the next five years amounts to \$211,000. There are eleven hundred subscribers.

Colonel I. H. Wing, of Batfield, Wis., an alumnus of Bowdoin College, has given the college \$50,000 to endow a chair of mathematics.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Bartlett Doe have each given \$50,000 to Bates College. Mr. Carnegie has also offered to give Swarthmore College \$50,000 for a library building, on condition that an equal sum be raised from other sources.

By the will of the late Dr. S. Stanhope Orris, formerly professor of Greek at Princeton University, the institution receives a bequest of \$25,000 to found ten new scholarships for undergraduates.

The mechanical engineering building of the University of Pennsylvania was completely destroyed by a fire which broke out the night of February 6. The loss sustained was nearly \$100,000. Most of this amount was covered by insurance. As the new engineering building is almost completed, the faculty has decided to transfer the department to it.

The trustees of Rutgers College have elected Dr. W. H. D. Demarest president of the College, to succeed Dr.

Austin Scott. Dr. Demarest had been acting president for several months.

A collection of Russian documents and state papers has been presented to Columbia University by M. Witte, the Russian premier. The collection includes all the Russian state papers now in print, as well as copies of the Russian codes and reports on agriculture, census, finances and Siberian affairs. M. Witte last September received from the University the degree of doctor of laws.—Ex.

The new administration building of the University of California, for which the last legislature made an appropriation of \$250,000, has been dedicated with addresses by President Wheeler, Governor Pardee and others.

Dr. Abram W. Harris, President of the Jacob Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Md., has been elected president of Northwestern University.

President James, of the University of Illinois, announces the establishment at Urbana, of a new school of railway engineering. It will be opened for work next September. The school will have three departments, intended to cover the entire range of railway work. Aside from the faculty in the various departments, prominent railway officials will give special courses to emphasize the value and the practical features of the curriculum.

ATHLETICS.

W. V. DERBY, '06, Editor.

BASKET-BALL.

Last month the Varsity Basket-ball

team took a northern trip, in which they were very successful. The trip lasted four days, and during that time the team traveled over 700 miles. Games were played with the following teams: February 7th, Penn. Military College, at Chester, Pa.; February 8th, Bucknell University, at Lewesburg, Pa.; February 10th, Millersville Normal School, at Millersville, Pa.

DELAWARE COLLEGE VS. PENN. MILITARY COLLEGE, AT CHESTER.

On Wednesday, February 7th, Delaware played the best game of its northern trip, against its old rivals, Penn. Military College, in Chester. The old gold and blue played in whirlwind fashion all through the game and rushed their opponents off their feet. Every player was given a hand in this game and each played a splendid game of ball.

Lineup as follows:

Delaware.	P. M. C.
Shaffer . . forward . .	Coates
Stewart	
Miller . . forward . .	Sweeny
Newman	
Robin . . centre . .	Roydhouse
Baldwin . . defense . .	Pool
Voss	
Hauber . . defense . .	Wright
Score—Delaware 25; P. M. C., 11.	
Field Goals—Miller 4, Newman 1, Shaffer 2, Robin 3, Baldwin 1, Coates 1, Sweeny 1, Roydhouse 1, Wright 1.	
Foul Goals—Robin 3, Pool 1.	



On February 8, at Lewesburg, Pa., Delaware lost to Bucknell University

by the score of 44 to 10.

The Delaware team arrived just before the game was called and during the first half exhibited signs of stage fright. The Bucknell team played circles around Delaware during the first half and won it by the score of 34 to 4. During the second half, however, Delaware "got busy" and quietly surprised the spectators by holding down the final score to Bucknell 44; Delaware 10. Considering the fact that every man on the Bucknell team was at least six feet in height, the Delaware men put up a remarkably fine game with the exception of the first half.

In this game, Shaffer, Robin, Stewart and Baldwin, for Delaware, and O'Brien and Lose for Bucknell played exceptionally well.

The line up:

Delaware.	Bucknell.
Miller . . . forward . . .	Lose
	Rolfe
Newman . . . forward . . .	Lenhart
Robin . . . centre . . .	O'Brien
Baldwin . . . defense . . .	McNinch
	Wagner
Hauber . . . defense . . .	Claypool
Stewart	

Field Goals—Miller 2, Shaffer 1, Robin 1, Lose 5, Lenhart 3, Rolfe 1, O'Brien 7, McNinch 3, Wagner 2, Claypool 1. Foul Goals—Robin 2. Referee—Hoskins.

The last game was played on February 10, at Millersville, Pa., with the Millersville Normal School. The teams were very evenly matched. But the

Delaware team was in very poor physical condition—the result of the two previous games and of traveling so far. The game ended in a tie—18 to 18. Kurtz, of Millersville, threw a goal just after the whistle blew, but this did not count. Delaware then had to catch a train so the tie was not played off.

Lineup as follows:

Delaware.	M. N. S.
Newman . . . forward . . .	Kurtz
Shaffer, Miller	Long
Robin . . . center . . .	Hersberg
Baldwin . . . defense . . .	Alverey
Stewart	
Hauber . . . defense . . .	Martin
Shaffer	

Field Goals—Newman 3, Shaffer 2, Miller 1, Robin 2, Kurtz 6, Hersberg 2. Foul Goals—Robin 2, Kurtz 2. Referee—Laws.

In this game, Robin, Shaffer and Newman played well for Delaware. Kurtz and Hersberg for M. N. S.

THE INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE.

The third annual inter-society debate for the Alumni prize was held in the College Oratory on Friday evening March 2, and was won by the Athenaeum Literary Society. Dr. Dawson acted as chairman and the College orchestra furnished the music. The debate was undoubtedly one of the best and most closely contested ever heard in the College. Each speech showed that the subject had been carefully and ably studied and that no stone had been left unturned by either team in its search for material to

strengthen its side of the question. The delivery of several of the speeches was exceptionally fine.

After no little deliberation the judges, Mr. W. W. Knowles, of Wilmington, Dr. Howard Bratton, of Elkton, and Professor Food, of Newark, decided the debate in favor of the Athenaeon Society. Their decision, however, was not unanimous. They awarded the first prize of twenty-five dollars to S. M. Hamilton, '09, of the Athenaeon team and decided to divide the second prize of fifteen dollars between C. P. Messick, '07, of the Athenaeon and W. F. Wingett, '09, of the Delta Phi team.

The College Orchestra, which was composed of Newman, '08, Ward, '08, Parish, '09, MacIntire, '09, Ward, '06, and directed by Harkness, '06, was liberally applauded by the audience and is to be congratulated upon the quality of its music.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

CHARLES P. MESSICK, '07, Editor.

"The Old Penn Weekly" comes to us full of local news. It is the kind of paper that will be read eagerly by all who are in any way connected with the university.

An exchange department would be a good addition to the "Maryville College Monthly." Surely so good a magazine in other respects should be able to make this department interesting.

"You hold my future happiness" he sighed.

"Why don't you hold it yourself?"

The maiden archly answered.—Exchange.

The new staff of the "Muhlenburg" have done themselves credit in their first venture.

Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll ;
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist, the hole.—Exchange.

"The Pipe of Peace" in "The Purple and White" is a well written story. The narrative is interesting and the descriptions are clear and attractive.

We are glad to see the improvements in the "Targum."

The editorials of "The Hedding Graphic" are interesting and well arranged.

It would be an easy matter to improve on the present "Battalion." While it contains some fair material, its appearance is anything but attractive. The print is bad and the paper of poor quality.

"The War-Whoop," one of our latest additions, is not so wild and uncouth as its name would intimate. It is brimful of life and enthusiasm. We shall receive it with pleasure.

We read with interest "The College Student."

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

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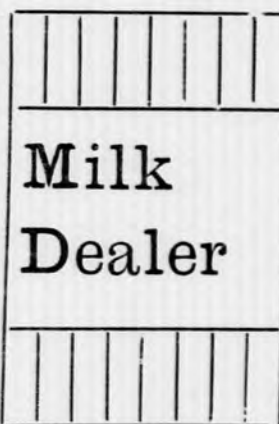
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