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The Beautiful

BY JAMES JONES, JR.

THE BEAUTIFUL is what we make it. No one except ourselves can make things appear beautiful to us. Our own minds and hearts are the storehouses of beauty. To be able to realize the beautiful, and thus have beautiful thoughts, we must expel all things unclean from our minds. Like two sets of quarrelsome workmen, two sets of thoughts opposing each other will accomplish nothing. With our minds free from evil thoughts, we must try to think everything beautiful, whether we really do or not. After a short time of such thinking, we shall be able to see beauty in everything.

Our thoughts are affected by our surroundings and by what we are accustomed to see. The city person, who looks at nothing except pavements, skyscrapers and great masses of people, cannot be expected to think thoughts as beautiful as the person who looks at and draws material for his imaginations from Nature's splendor. Just as the lens serves in taking a beautiful photograph, our eyes serve in the development of a beautiful thought. Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, says:—

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

Some things our eyes cannot see; then our imagination has to work on what is said of these things in books. Good books make good impressions and beautiful thoughts; bad books, bad impressions and evil thoughts.

The most beautiful thoughts that we can think are of our Creator and of His wondrous works in Nature. The former, we can only read of in the Bible and other religious books; the latter, we can see everywhere about us in the flowers, trees, clouds, streams, and the heavens above us.

A Visit To Edinburgh

BY L. I. HANDY, '11

OUR PARTY reached Edinburgh about seven in the evening of August 9th, 1907. We had come through from York, England, and landed at the Waverley Station. This railway station is on the finest part of Princess street, which is the finest street of the city. Coming out of the depot, you face the city gardens, and look down the handsomest street we saw in Europe. We were expecting to put up at Cranston's Old Waverley Inn; and, as it is near by, we got a porter to bring our luggage, while we walked to the

hotel. But we did not like the appearance of that hotel when we got there. It was all upstairs, and the approach was by a narrow stairway. So we transferred ourselves to the Station Hotel, where the accommodations were spacious, the table elegant, and the prices high.

It was nine o'clock by the time we finished dinner, but even then artificial light was scarcely needed in the dining-room. After we got on the street, we bought an evening newspaper, and found that we could still read it by the light of the slowly fading day. The days are so long in summer because Edinburgh is so far north. It is in 56 degrees North latitude, that is, as far north as the middle of Hudson's Bay.

That evening we found Princess street in front of our hotel crowded with people out for a promenade, most of them wearing overcoats or wraps. No one was wearing the ancient Scotch costume of tartans and kilts, except a few soldiers who wear it as a uniform. We strolled up the street far enough to examine the great monument of Sir Walter Scott and his dog. It is a sort of tower, and is 200 feet high. The statue of Sir Walter and the dog is at the bottom, instead of on top of the tower. Then we strolled back to the Duke of Wellington's column. No British city is complete without a column to Wellington and one to Nelson.

We learned to our surprise that everything closes in Edinburgh at ten o'clock in the evening. This hour comes soon after dark in the summer time. Theatres, hotels, restaurants, liquor shops, and everything else closes promptly at ten, and shortly after that hour Princess street was deserted by its throngs.

Next morning we took a carriage, and drove out to see the sights. Our first trip was to the Castle of Edinburgh. This ancient and interesting fortress is in the middle of the city, and is perched on a mighty rock some three hundred feet high. Scotch history has surged and beaten around it for nearly a thousand years. Two regiments of Highland soldiers were quartered there when we visited it. The Highland soldier wears a very picturesque uniform—the plaid short, the short shirt like kilts, leaving exposed the bare knees, the gaudy stockings, the snow-white gaiters, and the little skull cap, with an eagle's feather in it, stuck jauntily on one side of the head.

From the castle we drove to the ancient St. Giles Church, and the house of the famous Presbyterian preacher, John Knox. John Knox preached in St. Giles' Church for twenty years. It was in this church that he delivered those strong sermons which made him so famous. The old sexton showed us all the points of interest in the Church, including the place in the floor of the church where Knox is buried. In all the old churches of Great Britain one finds the tombs of famous people of past times. In Westminster Abbey there are hundreds of tombs, the oldest being the tomb of an English King, who died in the latter part of the ninth century.

Holyrood Palace was the next place we visited. It is the ancient abode of the Kings and Queens of Scotland. It is especially interesting on account of its associations with Mary, Queen of Scots. The apartments of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her husband, Lord Darnley, are open for inspection. The furniture in the bed chamber of Queen Mary is still intact. Her old four-posted bed is a queer relic. The walls of the room are covered with rare tapestries. It is said that the stains left by the life blood of Rizzio may still be seen on the oaken floor in the room adjoining the bed chamber. Rizzio was murdered by Lord Darnley and his comrades.

While in Edinburgh, we took a drive out into the country to visit the ancient Castle and Chapel at Roslyn. The old Castle is a ruin of feudal times, when each Lord had to protect what belonged to him by sheer force of arms. The Castle is five stories high, two stories above and three below ground. The three stories beneath ground are hewn out of the solid rock on the side of a cliff. The retainers of the Lord used to live in these stories. It was surely a dark and dingy place to live. Roslyn Chapel is one of the smallest chapels in Scotland. But it is famed on account of its beauty. It is the most ornate chapel, for its size, that we saw during our trip.

We did some shopping while in Edinburgh, and found that things were extremely cheap there. We priced steamer rugs, and found that rugs of the same quality could be bought there for just half of what we would have to pay for them in Philadelphia. The stores do a great trade in the Scotch plaids, especially with American tourists. The Royal Stuart plaid seems to be the most popular, probably because that was the plaid of Mary, Queen of Scots. A friend of mine made a purchase, for which he so tendered in payment, two ten dollar United States bills, and much to our surprise, they were accepted.

My opinion is that Edinburgh is by far the handsomest, cleanest, and most picturesque city that we saw.

The Lion And The Lamb

BY HOWARD H. PROUSE

"Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.
Good-night, ladies! Good-night ladies! Good-night, ladies!
We're going to leave you now."

NOW just one more, fellows, before we tear ourselves away. I know that you ladies wish that we would finish saying good-night and turn our words into actions. Ready, fellows, for that new and, as yet, unfamiliar song, 'Sweet Adelaine.'"

"Oh, boys," pleaded the voice of Louise Grantley, "please have pity on our ears this time, and upon that poor, threadbare tune. But say, Fred, what is the matter with the Lion and the Lamb. I don't see you two out together any more for your daily exercise. To-day I saw you leave the campus with a lonely, but stubborn look on your face and swing yourself down the street as if you were never accustomed to have the Lamb at your side. Then a little later, I saw him, that formerly inseparable companion of yours, marching out with a similar air, but he turned up the street, instead of coming down this way, as you did."

"Look here, Louise," warned Frank Newton, "if you don't want your eyes clawed out, do not touch the Lion on that wound. Don't you see the fire in his eyes? Bailey, old man, we will have to take Fred away from here, or he will act his part in a life-like manner."

"Don't trouble yourselves, fellows," the Lion interrupted. "I am with you. I am sorry, Louise, that I cannot give you an explanation, but I understand clearly that you know the answer to your question as well as I. But we will part friends. Good-night, ladies."

Down the long street of the University town the three jolly seniors, arm in

arm, hastened away to the dormitories. Back to the broad porch, where they had left their companions, floated through the clear night air the blended qualities of baritone, tenor and bass:

Vive, lamour, vive lamour,
Vive la campagnie."

The night was in itself an approach to perfection with a sky besprinkled with glittering gems and soft whisperings of the wind as it passed through the shadowy linden trees of the campus. The kind of music which cannot be produced by any one else than college men, what it lacks in quality being compensated in spirit burst through the peaceful silence.

The Lamb was in his room bending studiously over a text-book of Psychology, all unconscious of the splendor of the night. But he was suddenly awakened by a sweet strain of music that had travelled to his ears from the lips of the three Seniors as they were climbing the dormitory steps. He discerned the deep bass of the Lion, which he had always admired; but now, as soon as he heard it, he slammed his book upon the floor and turning toward the window, began to watch the stars and to think. Here was a Psychological problem too deep for him to fathom. Upon what law of nature rests the burden of proof that it is possible for a friend, who has ever been so firm and constant as the Lion has been toward him, and who in return has received perfect friendship, to suddenly become a deceitful traitor and still remain happy? Ever since they had been freshmen together, the Lion and the Lamb had been inseparable companions. The Lion had received his remarkable name, because of his blustering, dare-devil nature, imported, straight from the West, and also for his famous end plays on the Varsity foot ball team. The Lamb was so named for his unassuming traits of character and polished manners which at all times revealed Boston culture and Boston enlightenment. But the main reason for so gentle a name was the strong contrast between the Lamb and his chief associate, the Lion. The former was the college champion for single tennis tournaments, and the latter was in his Senior year, the Varsity foot ball captain. They were both men of strong spirit and magnanimous dispositions, and they were exceedingly popular among the fellows.

There was a girl in the University town who moved in a social sphere somewhat more elevated than that of the other girls of the town. Being the daughter of a renowned millionaire, and being acquainted with the society of New York and Boston, and even of Paris, she was naturally looked up to by most people. Her automobile was the finest for miles around, and her own fortune often made newcomers stare at her with astonishment, when they heard of it. Only two of the college fellows had ever dared to call upon Louise Grantley alone, and these were the Lion and the Lamb, who had become very close friends of that young lady. In their Senior year these two pleasure-loving cronies were frequently seen in the company of Miss Grantley, and her friends, and soon a jolly rivalry sprang up between them, one trying to surpass the other in his attentions to her.

Now, it is the custom of the Mask and Wig Club of the college to give, early in the spring, an annual Grand Fete, which has acquired a wide-spread fame. It is the pride of the college fellows to bring to this play the girls who are most popular among them, and no little competition is displayed in securing the favor of these honored ones. When the season drew near for this last

Grand Fete in the college careers of the Lion and the Lamb, they were in an uncomfortable predicament. "Who shall ask Louise Grantley to go? It would be an unpardonable breach of friendship if one of them should take it upon himself to question Miss Grantley, before he had consulted his colleague. So they had had a consultation, and after much deliberation had come to a final decision—that they would call upon Louise Grantley together, and he whose name she should mention first would be privileged to ask for the pleasure of her company at the Grand Fete.

They had no more than comfortably seated themselves in the large reception room of the Grantley mansion, when Louise, unconscious of the workings of the destinies, gracefully exclaimed:

"Oh, Lamb, have this arm chair!"

"What a simple expression to decide our fate," was the Lion's first laughing remark, as soon as they had escaped the house, luckily without betraying any signs of the childish game which they had just been playing. "It brightens your prospects, Sir Lamb, but changes mine into utter gloom. What shall I do? If you were not the nice, little, innocent Lamb that you are, I would go back and betray you and ask her permission before you had a chance.

Thus the question was decided, but the Lamb did not think it necessary to ask immediately for the desired privilege from Miss Grantley, since the time of the Fete was a considerable distance in the future. So the time dragged on for two weeks, before he found it very convenient to take up the task. The opportunity came one evening, while he and the Lion were out with her and one of her cousins for a little spin down the pike. The Lion was driving the machine and Miss Grantley's cousin was sitting on the front seat with him. The Lamb was reclining on one of the high cushioned seats behind, beside Miss Grantley.

What a delightful chance to ask her! As he watched the trees and fences speeding past he gloried in his privileges. It was almost luxury to let each separate word of the question linger on his lips as he asked, "Say, Louise, I suppose you will have no objections, if I ask you to let me take you to the Grand Fete on the twenty-fifth?"

He was almost sorry that the words were out, for it was such a pleasure to think of himself and Miss Grantley sitting in the best box of the theatre, with every admiring or jealous eye of the college students upon them. He felt the fulness of his power over them as he was forming this all-important question. A short period of silence ensued, and he mentally felt the pleasure that Louise was experiencing, because he, the Lamb, had asked to take her to the Fete.

At last she turned toward him with one of her sweetest smiles, and said, "Why, no! I have no objections at all. Indeed it would be quite a pleasure, if some other friend had not asked me a few days ago."

It took some time for the meaning of these words to sink into the Lamb's over-confident heart. But as it finally dawned upon him that some one else had preceded him and had gained the privilege which had just been denied him, he was filled with remorse and self-reproach. He was stunned, for who could be the lucky fellow? Of course he took her refusal very pleasantly and continued a lively conversation with her until they reached the garage.

He walked back to the dormitories with the Lion, and on the way disclosed the result of his conversation with Louise. The Lion did not seem to be particularly indignant because another man had stolen the Lamb's well deserv-

ed privilege. In fact, he said little about it, but struck up a tune, and whistled until they separated on the dormitory steps.

The Lion's attitude did not help to smooth down the Lamb's disturbed feelings, and he was almost angry with the Lion for treating the matter in such a cool manner. He thought nothing more of it, until the next morning when Marcey, a fellow who always tried to create fun, provided that there was no chance that he himself should get the worst of it, accosted him.

"Hello, Lamb," said Marcey. "Why in the mischief did you let the Lion beat you out? The rumor is floating around this morning that your dearly beloved friend has made the announcement that he will take Miss Grantley to the Grand Fete.

"We all know what you are, Marcey," answered the Lamb. "Your reputation is fixed. But who was so kind as to give you all this information?"

Oh," Marcey carelessly exclaimed, "the Lion first told somebody, and somebody told somebody else, and so on until the air was so streaked with the news this morning that my little ears could not help catching the whole situation at once."

Of course, the Lamb did not show any signs of uneasiness, nor did he give Marcey the satisfaction of knowing that he had made a hit, but he had never been so hurt in his life. At first he did not entertain the idea that his friend could turn out to be such a black-hearted traitor. But when the last evening's experiences came back to his memory, he was almost convinced that Marcey had not lied. First, Miss Grantley's refusal, then the Lion's very indifferent attention while he told of his troubles, and finally a slight remembrance that there had been an unusually secret confidence between the Lion and Miss Grantley for several days all together confirmed his suspicions more strongly. No other blow had ever struck the jolly good-natured Lamb, as that by Marcey that morning.

The suspicion caused by Marcey's spiteful assertion was the cause of the Lamb's vexation when he heard the happy voice of the Lion as the three Seniors ascended the dormitory steps on that beautiful evening. The happy appearance of one who is supposed to be a traitor always denotes in his enemy's mind a black and wretchedly deceitful heart. The Lamb sat in his chair with his face in his hands until midnight, dreaming of the glorious times that he had experienced, when the Lion and he were friends. It was not before the bell in the college tower struck twelve that he prepared himself for bed.

The next morning he called Marcey to his room and held a little conversation with him, and it was Marcey's delight to explain that the Lion would not repeat to him the assertion concerning Miss Grantley, which he had made to the other fellows, but that he would not deny it. Marcey was such a crafty young gentleman, although not very popular among the fellows, that he finally managed to obtain in sections the whole story from the innocent Lamb, of the Lion-Lamb compact, and how the decision was rendered in favor of the Lamb. Such a morsel as that was too good to keep, and as soon as he had finished consoling his friend with kind words for himself and harsh words against theLion, he sallied forth to make a noise. He did make a noise; such a loud noise indeed, that several of the professors began to wonder, as they crossed the campus, what new trouble was brewing.

It is a shame that the world is constantly vexed by such busy-bodies as Marcey, who go about like hornets, stinging whomsoever they may, with their

poisonous tongues. Fortunately the Lamb, who had, as he thought, been sufficiently stung, could claim Marcey as an advocate of his cause. Although he did not intend that the confidential conversation, which he and Marcey had held, should go any farther than his own room, he could not help being pleased that within an hour after Marcey had left him nearly half of the college fellows were slandering the Lion for his breach of friendship with the Lamb. The other fellows were on the side of the Lion. Thus the entire student body was divided into two sections. Of all the consolation that the Lamb received from his friends there was none which could heal the wound that had been inflicted by the only friend whom he had ever cared to accept as a chum. He asked his companions to keep the affair as quiet as possible, and increased their admiration for him by saying. "The lion probably did not regard his actions as I do, and perhaps he is in love. You all know what a man will do when he is in love."

All this while the Lion was trying to avoid the expressions of allegiance from certain of his friends, and looked with utter disgust upon the whole affair. He would not deign to go to the Lamb and make any explanation or excuse, but he permitted that injured being to nurse his wound alone, to his heart's content, and maintained his old cheerful appearance. Although every one declared that he was going to take Miss Grantley to the Grand Fete, he would not commit himself any farther than the announcement which some persons, such as Marcey, spread abroad as the truth.

The usual excitement of Grand Fete week increased four-fold in this particular year, by the mixture of fun and rivalry among the students over the little child's game between two of the most popular men in college. The professors were beginning to show an interest in this quarrel, and to them especially its ludicrous side was most apparent. The two young men, who had always respected their professors, were in turn respected by them, so the faculty enjoyed the fun more than any one else. The fellows, who at first had been stimulated to excitement by the exaggerated words of Marcey and through their own high regard for both the Lion and the Lamb, soon began to realize how rediculous such a quarrel might appear to outsiders, and they too began to laugh over it. The Lamb had grown to be heartily ashamed that he had been weak enough to let his own private ill-will against his old friend become known to the other students. In fact, he was sick of the whole affair and had even forgiven the Lion, although he would not permit himself to think so.

At last the morning of the Grand Fete day arrived, and every one was assembled in chapel for morning exercises. The old, gray-haired dean, who always made an extraordinary long prayer on mornings previous to any special event, included these words in his petitions:—"And, Oh, Lord, help us to forgive those who have harmed us. Let not one of us hold bad feelings for another and let there be no separation among us." The poor old man must have thought all the evil spirits of the lower world had burst upon the fellows like a thunderbolt, for such a roar of laughter as met these words had never been heard in those sacred rooms before. He looked up with wide eyes, open-mouth and uplifted hands, the picture of a horror-stricken saint. "Well, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, when the fellows stopped their hilarity by mere force of will, and only because of the reverence they held for this dear old man, "I am shocked, gentlemen. It seems that we have lost not only our regard for sacred places, but also our regard for sacred prayers. How can we expect to hold the favor of God, if we sport with the very petitions that we send up to him? You are

dismissed for this morning. We will not insult our Lord by singing his praise, after this occurrence."

Out of the chapel filed the Seniors with only one grave and silent member among them to uphold the honr of the class; this was the Lamb. (The Lion had not attended chapel that morning.) Immediately followed the Juniors, overflowing with the fun they had been compelled to keep in, through respect for the dean. The Sophomores and Freshmen acted like mere babies as they pushed and jammed one another in the door-way so that they might see what the upper-classmen were doing. At last there was one dark mass of students on the campus, laughing and joking about the chapel incident.

"Catch the Lamb!" cried someone, as that young man was trying to escape up the dormitory steps.

This command was obeyed by a half dozen upper-classmen who did not intend the fun to stop at that point. Up on their shoulders they slung the shame-faced Senior, first with his long legs pointing heavenward, but finally in a somewhat proper position for a man of his rank to be carried. Across the campus they marched with him, making use of the old politician's song of

"Hail! Hail! the gang's all here," etc.,

a warning to outsiders that the students were out on the war-path.

"Now, three cheers for the Lamb," someone demanded, and immediately a mighty crowd gathered about the elevated symbol of innocence, and with all the breath they had, the fellows made the air ring with lusty cheering for their favorite. But, meanwhile, there was a division among the students, and while the Lamb's name was being raised to the very skies, another group, equally as large as that which surrounded the Lamb, was gathered at the dormitory steps. As soon as the yells of the first group were finished, the second group responded,

"The Lamb's all right, we know,
A fellow to make a show;
But the man to rely on
Is the mighty Lion,
The Lion, the Lion, the Lion!

"I'm from Missouri," yelled a member from among the Lamb's advocates. "Where is this mighty Lion?"

"Yes!" shouted another, "show us your man and we will see which will win in the ring with gloves on."

"Oh, he's all right!" replied a Lion man. "He is where your Lamb would like to be. He is out with Miss Grantley this morning."

"Hooray for Miss Grantley," yelled the Lion confederation.

"He had better be here and defend himself ——— Oh! there they go, fellows. Catch them!"

As one of the Lamb's men yelled this, a fine looking automobile was seen rushing down the street. The Lion was in the driver's seat with Miss Grantley sitting proudly at his side. Out into the street rushed several fool-hardy Freshmen, actually trying to stop the machine as it flew past, and some just escaping the clutches of a policeman who was always trying to catch some of those "college nuisances."

"Who takes Miss Grantley to the show to-night?" derisively shouted a Lion's man.

"The Lion is the only one who cares to take her," answered one from the

other group.

Why?—Because the Lamb got stung!" was the rejoinder. "He has been reaching for sour grapes."

At this, the old college bell began to ring, announcing that the first lecture hour had begun. It was not many minutes before the campus was emptied of the two or three hundred students who had just been tranpling the young grass blades out of sight, to the utter disgust of the campus care-takers.

Eight o'clock at last, of that long expected night, and nothing had happened to hinder this Grand Fete from being the most successful of all since the custom had been initiated. The street in front of the large theatre was packed with automobiles and cabs, and not a few blockades were formed among all the different kinds of vehicles. The continued inflow of people made it appear that the theatre, though a very large building, would, in a quarter of an hour, be overflowing, and that many would be turned back to their homes with disappointment. Inside the theatre there was a large crowd of upper-classmen and Sophomores sitting together in seats which had been reserved for them. These were the men who did not care to bring girls; some, because othtr fellow-students had been the first to ask the girls whom they themselves desired to take; and others, because they did not care to mix up in the general competition. Directly opposite the group was seated the entire Freshman class, the members of which were not permitted by tradition to bring even their own mothers or sisters.

Look at Brockson!" was heard from the direction of the upper-classmen. "I'll swear I did not think he would bring Miss Hardcastle all the way from Chicago; but there she is."

"How about Newton!" exclaimed another voice. "I guess he got ahead of you this time, Mason, old man. Didn't he?"

Mason drawled out, "Oh, I just let him take care of Miss Knowles to-night. I didn't want to be harrassed with feminine questions."

"You are a good natured one," some one declared, when somebody else asked in a very audible voice, "Where's the Lamb?"

"You won't see the Lamb to-night.', answered another. "We searched over every building around college, and there wasn't a sign of him anywhere. We had a seat for him right in this "bunch" here, but his seat is vacant.

"The Lamb is stung, and you won't find him here to-night," one of the Lion advocates spitefully announced.

"It would look much more honorable if the Lion did not make his appearance with Miss Grantley to-night," said Marcey, the trouble-maker.

"Quiet, fellows, here comes the Grantley auto down the street!" This was announced by a Sophomore who had just entered to give the news.

"Three cheers for the Lion, when they come!" was called out by several voices; and others yelled, "Three cheers for the Lamb before they come!"

Over half of the crowd of upper-classmen stood up as the college cheer-leader took an elevated position on the Lamb's vacant seat and waving his cane, shouted, "three consecutive Rahs, three times, and then three Lambs on the end." The now almost packed theatre echoed and re-echoed these words.

Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
The Lamb! the Lamb! the Lamb!

Here they come," someone shouted, as the breathless students seated themselves, and up stood the remainder of the upper-classmen with one accord. One of them, jumping up on a vacant seat in front of the others, after he had borrowed the orchestra leader's baton, called out with a clear voice, "fellows, let us cheer our hero with the cheer composed especially for his benefit. Now, one, two, three,

"The Lamb's all right, we know,
A fellow to make a show,
But the man to rely on
Is the mighty Lion,
The Lion! the Lion! the Lion!"

As the echo from the last worl died down and the excited shouters had reseated themselves, the curtains behind the most prominent box, which had been fully decorated with college colors, were pushed aside, and there stood Louise Grantley in all her splendor. She glanced about with a little wonder at all the hundreds of eyes that were staring in her direction, and felt quite conconscious of herself as she stepped to her chair, and daintily pushing aside her skirts, seated herself. No doubt she was proudly thinking of all those admiring eyes which were centered upon herself and little dreamed that not one of those eyes were looking at her, but at the still wavering curtains, in order to catch sight of the "Mighty Lion" as he made his glorious entrance. One minute after she was seated the curtains were again thrust aside, and out stepped an usher with a low bow, leading the way for the Mighty———

But, no, that is not the Lion. What a funny looking little man, with queer, pointed whiskers, and a jet black moustache, waxed so that the ends are pointing upwards, almost as sharp as needles! His nose glasses gave him an air of authority, and his perfectly stylish dress-suit made him no less conspicuous. The little French nod to Miss Grantley, as she sweetly welcomed him beside her, clearly revealed his nationality.

"Whew! Le Compte!" exclaims a Senior in a stage whisper. "What has become of the Lion?" almost shouts one of the Lion's strongest advocates.

"The man to rely on, is the Mighty Lion," responds one of the opposing faction.

"Well, I declare, that's too bad," the leader of the last cheer was heard to say as he sank almost out of sight in his seat.

Meanwhile the Lamb, who had escaped the vigilance of all of his friends, had continued to hide himself in a hotel during the afternoon, and had secretly ridden to the theatre alone in a cab and slipped quietly into a dark seat in the balcony. He was fearfully expecting every minute that some of the fellows would discover his retreat and quickly haul him down into the prominent place which they had prepared for him. But luckily they did not expect to see him there, since they could not find him before, and so he escaped their notice. He was greatly amused at the opposition around among the students on his account, but nevertheless he was ashamed of himself for causing it. The cheers for himself did not agree with his feelings, and he would rather have escaped the sound of them. As the boys cheered for the Lion, he eagerly watched the box which he himself had intended to occupy that evening, but which would soon be graced with Louise Grantley and his former friend, the Lion. Almost breathlessly he awaited the Lion's arrival, after Miss Grantley, more beautiful

than she had ever been before to his eyes, quietly appeared and took her seat. When that little Frenchman walked out in the box, with his extremely polished appearance, the Lamb almost jumped out of his seat. But he felt a hand resting on his shoulder and heard someone behind him whisper in his ear, "Look at le Compte! Her ambitions surpass our sphere, don't they Lamby, old man?

The Lamb looked around with astonishment, for was not that the deep voice of the Lion, and was not that the Lion's very hand resting on his shoulder? For ten seconds he bazed at the Lion's kindly, beaming eyes, as the whole situation flashed through his mind. Here was the man whom he had accused of gross treachery, sitting behind him in just as humble a position as his own, and there was "le Compte" perched beside Miss Grantley, and devouring with his eyes her every movement. Was it possible that it had not been the Lion's invitation that Louise had accepted previous to his own? Evidently it had been the invitation of this Count Petit de Mange. What a fool he had been to listen to Marcey's chaterings.

At last he stood up, and looking straight into the large brown eyes of the Lion, extended his hand, saying, "Lion, I have been the most ridiculous fool in college. If you don't care to shake, I won't blame you at all, but if you will overlook a fool's folly, here's my hand."

"Shake?" exclaimed the Lion. "Why that is what I want to do, for I've been so blamed stubborn that I couldn't humble myself to go and explain matters to my friend, when I knew he accused me falsely. If you care to overlook my shameful pride, here's for the shake!"

After the warm, friendly clash, this was all that was ever said between them concerning the parts they had taken in the matter, but a great deal was understood in those few words. When the Mask and Wig Club had won the hearty approval of the most severe critics present, and the last scene was ended with a ringing cheer from the college students, the Lion and the Lamb quietly slipped away to the cab which had been waiting.

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J. BROOK JACKSON, '09, De Alumnis.

J. BAKER TAYLOR, '08, Business Manager.
JAMES B. ADKINS, '09, Assistant Business Manager

Editorials

THE SPIRIT OF CO-OPERATION

Of the many things which add enchantment to college life, there is one which stands out pre-eminent above its neighbors,—it is the spirit of co-operation, or good-fellowship, as it is popularly known. In all communities where men meet for their own physical and mental development there is a certain something which binds them to one another and forms them into a united body. This feeling, which for the sake of discussion, we have called the Spirit of Co-Operation, but to state accurately just what it is and to restrict or bind it within certain limits becomes a matter which has puzzled the brains of the greatest philosophers, not only of our own time, but of all times.

In all colleges and universities it is present in a greater or lesser degree, and leaves an indelible stamp on all the actions which emanate from the student-body as a whole. While it does exist in larger institutions, it is in the smaller ones that we find the most striking evidence of its presence. We see, for instance, the football team in the middle of a week of gruelling practice, preparatory to one of the most important contests of the season, the weather is biting, or perhaps actually cold. Still if you step upon the campus any afternoon, you will find there not only the football squad present but also in all probability, about three-fourths of the student-body These men, who cannot represent their college in these sports, owing to their lack of physical ability or other causes, take such an active interest in all that concerns the institution that they do all in their power to encourage these sports by their presence, and

also let the men who do the athletic work know that they are not working for themselves alone, but that, as they represent the whole student-body, the student-body to a man is behind them and will second their efforts by every possible means.

In a college town it is a rarity to see a student aone on the street. So closely are they bound together that they seem materially and instinctively to gravitate toward one another. The students have so many interests in common that they seem to lose that preponderance of individuality which is such a marked characteristic of young men of about the same age in other circumstances.

That this spirit of co-operation prevails to a marked extent at Delaware College at the present time is plainly evident even to the most casual observer. One needs but to glance at the groups which decorate (?) the steps of recitation hall and the dormitories to perceive that these habitual gatherings are caused by something more than the natural spirit of gregariousness. These students have some subjects to discuss which are not interesting to them as individuals, but which become of vital importance because they relate to the student-body as a whole.

Let us take, for instance, the base ball situation here at present. Outside of college a base ball team is treated and considered as merely a high-priced machine; in our own case the student-body looks upon our base ball team in an entirely different light. It is not possible for every student to be a member of the base ball squad, but for a stranger to hear the way the students make use of the pronouns "We," and "Ours", when speaking of the base ball team, he would think that every student was on the team. That this is the case and that such a feeling does exist adds greatly to the efficiency of the team, which feels the responsibility placed upon it. Its members know that they are playing for the honor of Old Delaware, that they have the united student body at their back, and that if they win, the pleasure of the victory is not theirs alone, but is shared by all. And if they lose, the entire weight of the blow does not fall on their shoulders—it is divided among the entire student-body.

That this is the proper spirit and that it will continue to exist with unabated intensity as long as Old Delaware shall stand is the heartfelt wish of all who have at any time defended the honor of the "Old Gold and Blue."

Athletics

Edited by EDWARD W. M'GARVEY, '09

BASKET BALL

The basket-ball season at Delaware was brought to a close last week by the playing of the last of the inter-class games. The contest for the cup was between the Juniors and Freshmen, neither of whom had been defeated. Owing to the absence of several of the first year men's best players, the game was not very interesting. The Juniors won 63—25. The poor condition of the Freshman team showed up early in the contest and after the first five minutes of play they were never dangerous. The superb team-work and accurate shooting, which has characterized the Juniors' work this season was again in evidence. Ward was back in the game for the first time since his injury early in the season and showed that his temporary lay off had not interfered with his playing. The

Junior team played an excellent game. The work of all the men was so blended together as to be of the greatest assistance to the team as a whole, and to mention any one man in particular would be an injustice to the remainder. For the Freshmen, Capt. Hagner was the star; and his brilliant efforts tended greatly to offset the comparatively poor showing of his team-mates. These inter-class games have become an annual affair at Delaware, and up to date no class has won the cup two years in succession.

JUNIORS.		FRESHMEN.
McGarvey	Forward	Cottrell
Ward	Forward	Griffin
Robin	Center	Edwards
Josephs	Guard	Gilfillin
Papperman	Guard	Hagner

Goals from field, Hagner 9, Griffin 2, Cottrell, Ward 8, McGarvey 16, Robin 5. Goals from foul, Hagner, Robin 5. Referee, Newman.

BASE BALL

Owing to lack of time last month we were unable to print anything concerning the base ball team; but this does not mean that Delaware is entirely inactive in this line of sport. By no means. We hope this season to have a team which will eclipse the very good record made by our last season's team, and from present prospects our hopes will be realized. Of last year's team only one man, Cullen, first base, has been lost through graduation; and while it requires a man of great ability to fill his place we think we have unearthed the same in Edgar, who played so well at right last season. The pitching staff has been warming up in the indoor cage ever since Christmas, and they have had the aid of "Vic." Willis, the National League star, during the time between Christmas and his departure, which took place the 16th of last month. The boys who are trying for the infield and outfield have been under the supervision of Lieutenant Stayer and Del. Willis, who have done all in their power to impart to them the fine points of the game, learned by many years' work on the diamond.

The men who have made the best showing to date and who will be the choice for the first team are as follows:

Adkins, catcher. "Jimmy" is our old reliable of two years' standing and it is safe to presume that he will be found at the receiving end of the team this season.

Heisler, catcher. This young gentleman is a first year man, having entered from Central Manual. He is making a fair showing, but lacks the experience which time alone can give.

Josephs, catcher. The "Kid" is trying to give Jimmy a scare this season, and if he keeps up batting at his present clip, he will soon be on the regular squad. Batting has been the "Kid's" weakness to date, but the way he has been "pounding" them seems to belie the statement that this affliction was chronic.

Doane, pitcher. The "Big Man" who was the mainstay of last year's twirling staff is in fine form, and says he has everything he had last season and a little more.

Sillery, pitcher. This young man is the find of the season, and to quote "Vic." Willis, "He'll make them all open their peepers." He has an A-1 assortment of curves, with the spit ball and another which he terms "the floater" throwed in for good measure.

Edgar, first base. "Billy" gathered daisies in right field this year, but being a left-hander and a good sticker, he was picked out to fill Cullen's position. He was a little green at first, but picked up rapidly and at present is holding down the initial sack like an old leaguer, while he amuses himself when at bat by putting the ball in the most out of the way spots on the playing field.

Gibbs, first base. This boy is one of last year's scrub men who is making a record for himself this year. He is batting in fine style and covers the bag well, but lacks a knowledge of inside base ball.

Infielders. For the other infield positions the following men will be tried out:—McGarvey, Wright, Taylor, Fowler, Raymond, McDaniels and Dunn. The first four played on last year's team and are each capable of covering the allotted portion of territory. They are all good stickers and as fast in their respective positions as any college men in the country. Raymond has played with the team two years ago and still retains his old time form. He is a perfect fielder and thrower, his only weakness being at the bat. Under the skilful teaching of the coaches he is rapidly overcoming this defect. McDaniels and Dunn are both first year men, and like Raymond are perfect fielders. McDaniel is the faster man of the two, but is woefully weak with the stick, while Dunn, while no so fast, is a natural hitter and on this account has made a very good impression.

The outfield shows an entire set of new faces in Barnholt, Marshall, Edwards, Spruance. There are only two positions open in this department, as Capt. Adkins intends because of their batting ability, to keep one of the pitchers in the outfield when he is not working. Barnholt is sure of one job, and also Marshall, provided he can square himself with the Faculty.

Well, so much for the outside part of base ball. Now, we will take a glimpse at the executive department. Manager Collins has been untiring in his efforts to arrange a better schedule than Delaware ever had before. The following is the list of games, subject, however, to change:—

Saturday, April 4th—Williamson at Newark.
Monday, April 6th—Wilmington Tri-State at Wilmington.
Saturday, April 11th—M. A. C. at College Park, Md.
Tuesday, April 14th—Wilmington Union League at Wilmington.
Wednesday, April 15th—Gallaudet at Newark.
Friday, April 17th—William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Va.
Saturday, April 18th—Wake Forest at Wake Forest, N. C.
Monday, April 20th—Trinity at Durham, N. C.
Tuesday, April 21st—Oak Ridge at Greensboro, N. C.
Wednesday, April 22nd—Elou College at Greensboro, N. C.
Thursday, April 23rd—U. of N. C. at Chapel Hill, N. C.
Friday, April 29th—U. of N. C. at Chapel Hill, N. C.
Saturday, April 25th—Guilford at Greensboro, N. C.
Monday, April 27th—A. & M. at Raleigh, N. C.
Tuesday, April 28th—A. & M. at Raleigh, N. C.
Saturday, May 2nd—M. A. C. at Newark.
Friday, May 8th—Washington and Lee at Newark.

Saturday, May 9th—Lafayette at Easton.
Friday, May 15th—Western Maryland at Westminster.
Saturday, May 16th—Mt. St. Mary's at Emmittsburg.
Saturday, May 23rd—Ursinus at Newark.
Saturday, May 30th—open.
Saturday, June 6th—F. & M. at Lancaster.
Saturday, June 13th—Washington at Chestertown.

Locals

Edited by VICTOR H. JONES, '09. RICHARD WARD, '09

Before our next issue the Lenten Season will be over. Easter is fast approaching and everybody is anxiously waiting for the annual spring vacation, which begins Thursday, April 16th, and closes Monday, May 27th. We take this opportunity to wish you all a most enjoyable time, and hope that you will come back in good shape for the final stretch.

Dr. D. W. Bigelow, of the Washington Bureau of Chemistry, delivered a very interesting address in the College Oratory during the past month. Dr. Bigelow spoke under the auspices of the New Century Club of Newark. His subject was "Pure Food." He explained the work accomplished along this line since the Pure Food and Drug Law was passed. The Pure Food Department does not prohibit the sale of goods by firms which make use of the colors and preservatives, but compels these manufacturers to label the goods with the names of the preservatives used. Thus the consumer is in a position to tell exactly what he is purchasing.

Student—Arising too late for breakfast, comes to class with Maryland biscuits in his pockets, and by accident drops one on the floor.

Professor—Engaged in explaining a problem is interrupted by fall of the biscuit, and upon seeing it, suggests that a lemon would be more appropriate. Mum was the word, for the Professor evidently meant what he said.

The examinations in Mechanics and Physics were held March 20th.

Hudson, '10, and C. R. Jones, '10, were absent from College for several days during the past month, owing to sickness.

The students were given a great surprise the early part of April when a man of unusual stature was seen prowling about the campus. Upon close inspection it was discovered that the said person was our old friend Coach King. All the students extended the coach a glad hand, as his presence recalled the many pleasant days that were spent while he was engaged as Coach of the football team.

The re-examination in Electricity and Magnetism took place Saturday morning, March 28th, and we are glad to say that every one passed.

Prof. J.—Speaking of Flowerescence in Botany. The oat is a sample of this type.

Doane—Is the oat found around this section, Professor?
It is well for Doane that he is pursuing the Agriculture course.

The Military Department will be inspected by Captain Peter C. Harris,

General Staff, during a course of inspection that includes schools and colleges in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware. The inspection will take place Tuesday, April 28th. Although this is a very inconvenient date, we hope that the students will realize the importance of this inspection, and make it the most successful in years. We feel satisfied that the cadet corps is capable of making a neat appearance, and all that is necessary is for each and every student to do his part.

THINK! LOOK WISE! LISTEN!!

The much talked of Junior Annual is fast approaching completion. The book will go to the press on April 15th. Every student should secure a copy of this Annual, as it will be a valuable edition to your library.

"Queen of my life!" he called her,
As she smiled, for she couldn't frown,
For, you see, he was her dentist,
And for her he had a crown. —Ex.

Frances, '07—after a Pure Food Lecture—Dr. W., what did Dr. Bigelow mean when he said "Canned spring peas were stamped 'soaked?'"

Dr. W.—Hu! Hu! Francis, I didn't understand that myself.

Francis—I guess he meant that the people were soaked.

Miss Stayer, sister of Commandant Stayer, was a welcomed visitor Friday, April 3rd.

We are glad to see that, with the aid of crutches, Manning, '11, is able to be about the campus.

It is rumored about the campus that a dance will take place in the Gymnasium immediately after the Easter vacation.

H. Manning, Ex-'11, paid a short visit to the college during the past month. It will be recalled that Manning was lost to us during the typhoid epidemic. Mr. Manning is planning to study medicine at Jefferson Medical College.

In the Electrical Engineering Department, Kelly and Ward are taking up as thesis-study a subject in Electricity and Magnetism. The electrical resistance of most alloys of two metals, behaves as though the alloy consisted of a simple mixture of two metals. That is, the total resistance is simply divided between the metals in the alloy in proportion to the respective volumes of the two constituents. A number of alloys, however, notably gold-silver, have an electrical resistance much greater than can be ascribed to each component of the alloy, considered as a simple mixture. For such alloys (gold-silver) theory would indicate that their resistance should be greater when measured by direct current than when measured by alternating current. The thesis consists in measuring the electrical resistance of a gold-silver alloy wire with high precision by direct currents, and also by high frequency alternating currents. So far results have been negative: that is, it has not been possible to detect any appreciable difference of resistance in the two methods of measurement.

Newman and Baldwin selected for thesis work the construction of an alternating current transformer with taps for variable voltages, from 1-2 to 250 volts. The construction work on the apparatus has been completed. Tests will now be made on single phase induction motor and experimental curves

platted in.

In the Mechanical Engineering Department Gotwals has selected for thesis work the test of an Empire Cream Separator. This consists of making a general investigation of the forces acting and the energy consumed in the operation of the separator. The separator is placed on a web dynamometer which is the most delicate apparatus known for the measurement of mechanical energy consumed by machines.

Again we wish to call the students' attention to the prizes offered for Oratory and Essays. In our last ishsue we gave a list of the prizes and the contests in which they will be awarded. It is the earnest wish of the Faculty that as many as possible take part in this phase of college work. You will lose nothing by trying and you will have gained a great deal in experience; in fact if you lose, you win, because you have gained something by trying for the results of a good attempt will always remain.

After several days of illness, Dr. Rowan has resumed his college duties.

Inter-Collegiate

Edited by CLIFFORD M'INTIRE, '09

The graduating exercises of Carlisle were held early in April. The graduating class consisted of sixty-one Indian graduates.

The champion basket-ball team of the University of Pennsylvania was defeated by the strong University of Chicago team in two successive games on the University of Pennsylvania's floor.

From present indications the basket-ball Inter-Collegiate League is about to be disbanded. In the future Yale will not be represented and it is doubtful about Pennsylvania.

That Cornell intends to enforce the spirit as well as the letter of the one year eligibility rule which bars freshmen from inter-collegiate athletics, has been clearly demonstrated, when it was announced that hereafter the University Athletic Association would not finance freshmen athletics, but that all financial backing must come from the members of the first year class. This means that if freshmen track, baseball and football teams desire to enter into contests with teams from other institutions, they must obtain their financial support from members of the class. Although the primary cause of this rule was due to the fact that $2,000 a year is lost in freshmen athletics, its real one is to demonstrate to the outside world that Cornell believes in enforcing the one-year rule in every particular. It was also decided to abolish separate coaches for freshmen teams, except crew, and to put the men under the supervision of varsity coaches. With the summer baseball legislation recently enacted and this new measure the Cornell authorities believe that they have set high standards for inter-collegiate athletics and that they have shown that it is unnecessary to adopt the Harvard plan to cut down the number of inter collegiate games in order to give athletics their proper place in a university.

The latest thing in the line of museums is the social museum at Harvard. According to the Boston Transcript, it was established as a part of the new department of social ethics under the direction of Prof. Francis G. Peabody, and is the outgrowth of his conviction that the social sciences as well as the natural sciences should be approached inductively.

It is definitely settled that the Andover Seminary will be removed to Cambridge and affiliated with Harvard University. The Andover Seminary has an endowment of over $1,000,000 and five professors, but very few students.

Lafayette made a profit of $1,145 on football and $1,140 on baseball, during the year 1907.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of Delaware College, Prof. Firman Thompson, of the Agricultural College of North Dakota, was elected Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the College and Chemist in the Experimental Station to succeed Prof. Penny, resigned.

Exchange Notes

Edited by SHERMAN CORKRAN, '10

How often we find in our exchanges, essays and reports upon men who have become prominent in the world of letters. Almost invariably these articles are echoes, as it were, of some prominent critic's opinion of the author under consideration. Strange indeed, it is that so many master minds follow the same channels. Articles are but as small ships drawn in the wake of the great steamer. Their movement is not so graceful, but their course is decided and their channel is identical with the one taken by the ship. After much buffeting by the waves, that is, trying by various digressions to conceal from the reader the source from which the material was taken, they float majestically on over practically the same course the great vessel has covered. How much more readable these articles might be if their authors conscientiously gave their own opinions concerning their studies of the facts or playwrights. Simply because some noted critic gives us his opinion of a certain piece of literature is no reason why we should all force ourselves to see the same glories or defects from his point of view. All of us look at things from our own viewpoints and since these standpoints are always different, depending upon individual tastes, no two views are exactly alike.

Most of the literary criticisms found in college magazines are second-hand affairs. They have served the requirements of the English class, but they are too often dry and exceedingly tiresome to the general reader. Moreover they are usually upon subjects that have been discussed pro and con from time immemorial. They give a magazine a dry text-book air that casts a gloom over the other articles, unless those articles happen to be unusually clever and buoyant enough to overcome the depressing effect. Editors should be careful in using such material. Better have a few bright pages than many heavy, tiresome ones just for the sake of filing up. I feel safe in saying that there has not passed a month this scholastic year that has not brought forth some discussion of Hamlet or Shylock, or perhaps some phase of the life of Tennyson or Burns or Scott, or any one of a dozen others I might name.

The March numbers of the "Agnetian Monthly" and the "Mercerian" both contain interesting articles upon the late James Ryder Randall. A comparison of the articles brings to our notice the different views taken of the Southern bard. In the "Monthly" under the title, "James Ryder Randall," the character and the motives which governed his life and prompted that immortal song, "Maryland, My Maryland" are treated very ably; but no mention is made of Randall's early life up to the time of the appearance of his first lyric. The only

other works of his that are mentioned are "Resargum" and "Arlington." It is at once evident that we have not received the full account of James Ryder Randall, as the title indicated that we would. On the other hand, the "Mercerian", under the title "A Southern Song and Its Arthur," gives us a finished article upon just what the title intimates. These two articles furnish us an example of the relation between a subject and the theme of the essay or story. Too many of our exchanges do not pay enough attention to the unity of their essays.

We notice a considerable improvement in the March "Perkiomenite." Quality and quantity is the rule in stories, and the department entitled "Sketches" is an attractive feature. The school poet failed to "make good." He should wake up and catch the inspiration as other college bards have begun to do. Your "Exchanges" are rather below the average, "Perkiomenite." Perhaps the poet and exchange editor went fishin'.

AMICITIA.

How vivid our sphere without God's lovely light
To penetrate the sombre veil of night;
And bring to yearning eyes the sunbeams dear,
That ease the aching heart; that dry the tear.
Oh, how the violet would fade and blight
Without the gentle touch of God's sweet light.

How void a life without a loving friend
To guide one's ways, a willing hand to lend,
To cause the pangs of grief to all take flight
And change the faith of sin to way of right.
In what harsh symmetry a life would blend
Without a kindly word, a loving friend.

—Georgetown College Journal.

After the game is over,
After the field is clear,
Straighten my nose and shoulder,
And help me to find my ear. —Ex.

Son—"Say, Pop, what did Kelly do?"
Pop—"Why, what do you mean?"
Son—"Well, I was telling the boys how I stood on my head for ten minutes, and they said, 'Like Kelly did!'" —Ex.

They stood beside the meadow bars
Beneath the twilight sky,
Above them evening's early stars
Like diamonds shone on high.
They stood knee-deep in clover
But whispered not of vows
As silently they lingered there—
Two peaceful Jersey cows. —Ex.

Little Willie Rose
Sat upon a tack.
Little Willie Rose. —Ex.

Chapel Attendance

The attendance of our students at Chapel is far from satisfactory. Many men who find time for anything and everything do not think that they can spare ten minutes of their valuable time to attend a religious service which is conducted for their benefit. Such a condition of affairs is very deplorable in a community of Christian young men. Since the attendance at Chapel is just as obligatory as the attendance at classes we should find men present at Chapel with the same regularity as at their classes; that such is not the case is only too evident to those who attend Chapel. Scarcely one-third of the student body is represented there each morning.

This delinquency is most marked in the upper classes, especially the juniors. These students who have already spent three years in college and know full well just what is required of them in the matter of attendance at Chapel, should be examples for their younger fellow-students to follow. They cannot make the plea of ignorance; in fact the only excuse they can give is either downright laziness or carelessness, neither of which is very commendable. A man who is too lazy to attend Chapel, when his recitations require his presence in the same building is too lazy to make a good student. One who does not attend on account of carelessness is to be pitied. If at this early age he so far neglects his religious training, what may we expect of him when he becomes a free agent, with no obligation to attend any religious service? He will then doubtless do just as he is doing now, that is, pass it over as not worthy of his time and attention.

Let each member of the student-body take this matter to heart and give it due consideration. We hope that we shall see a much better attendance in the very near future.

De Alumnis

Edited by J. BROOK JACKSON, '09

Dr. R. K. Robinson, of Baltimore, who was a student in 1853 and 1854, paid us a pleasant visit recently. He was greatly impressed by the changes which have taken place since his day.

J. Pierce Cann, '01, was married recently to Miss Ola Worth, of Newark. He is now practicing law in Washington.

Ralph Bowler, '05, was in town recently on business connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Two of our Alumni will be our speakers at Commencement. Harvey Whiteman, Esq., '85, will deliver the Commencement Address and Rev. Dr Harvey Ewing, '8 , of Boston, Mass., will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday evening, June 14

The engagement of W. W. Harrington, Esq., '95, of Dover, was announced recently.

George N. Davis, Esq , 98, is private secretary to Congressman Hiram R. Burton.

Louis DuHadway, Esq., '99, was the guest recently of Mr. Pilling Wright.

Good reports come to us of the work of J. Emery Chipman, '01, in the Georgetown public schools.

Samuel J. Ott, '01, will probably go to China in the interest of the American Bridge Company.

Arthur Hauber, '06, is doing some government work in the Philippines.

College Calendar

SECOND TERM.

April 16 —Thursday, Easter Vacation begins, 4.30 P. M.
May 30 —Memorial Day.
June 8-12—Annual Examinations.
June 14 —Sunday, Sermon for the Y. M. C. A., 11 A. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon, 8 P. M.
June 15 —Monday, Class Day Exercises, 3 P. M.
Anniversary of the Athenaean Literary Society, 8 P. M.
June 16 —Tuesday, meeting of the Board of Trustees, 11 A. M.
Inter-Class Field and Track Meet, 12.30 P. M.
Anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society, 8 P. M.
June 17 —Wednesday, Commencement Exercises, 10.30 A. M.
Meeting of the Alumni Association, 2.30 P. M.
Exhibition Drill, 3.30 P. M.

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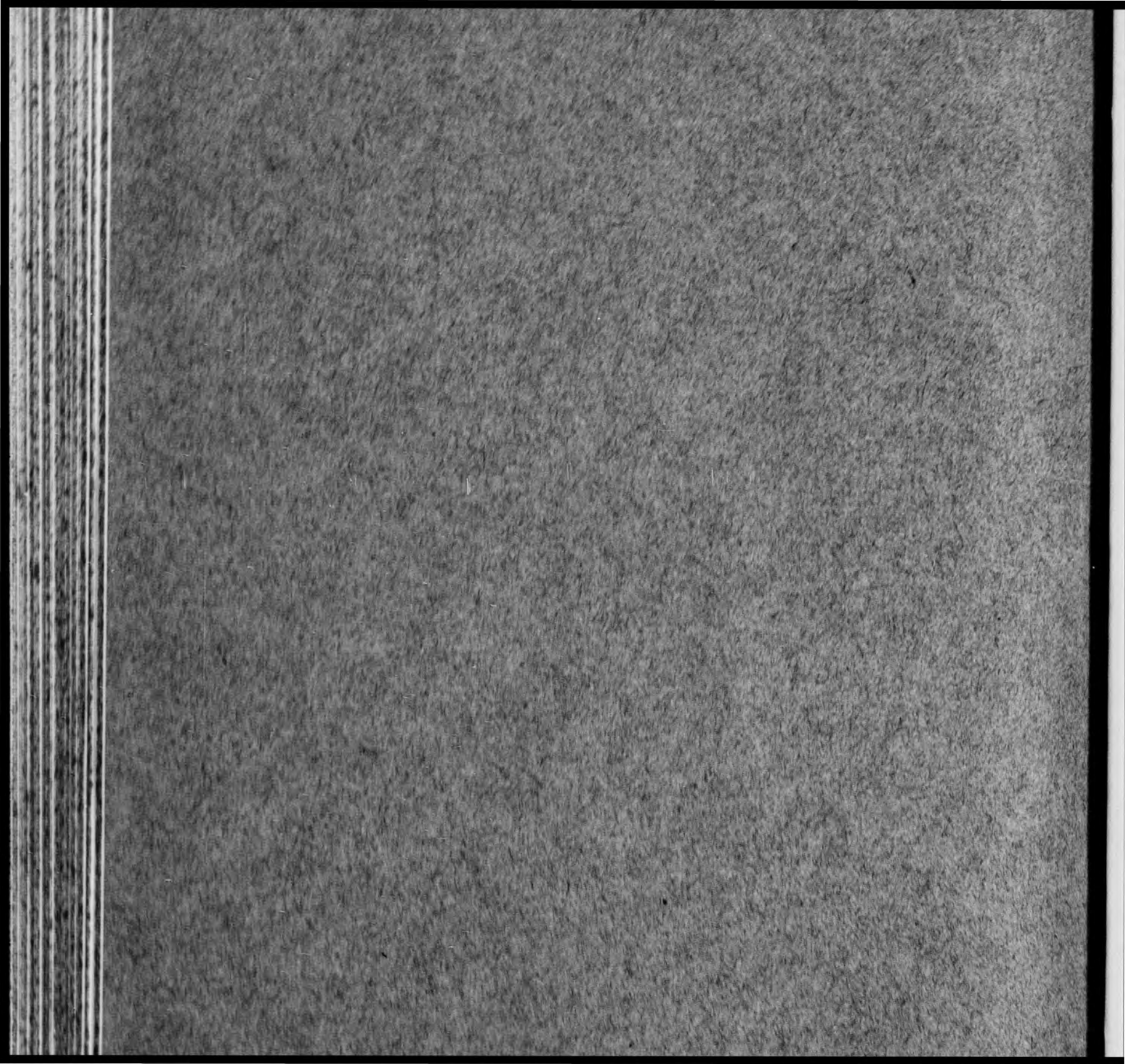

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