

# THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

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## HENRY KIMBLE



THE day of Sunday, October 2, 1904, will be long and painfully remembered for the sad news it brought that Henry Kimble was no more. Though we had been hanging over his sick-bed, wrought with alternate hope and fear, yet the news came with a shock of suddenness, and we felt bereavement. But when we remembered that "They who keep my sayings shall not taste death," we were comforted.

We would like to devote a little space to the character of this our classmate but it is not easy to tell at what point to begin the description of a character so full and varied. But if we begin with his religious there will be at least this logical fitness about it that always held first place in his thoughts.

There was never with him a putting on of religious style. You might even have thought him undevout and at times irreverent—though in this you would have been mistaken; or you might have judged him to have had too little of religion. But to those who really knew there was a profound and unwavering religious purpose, and it was always operative and without compromise.

He early affiliated himself with Head of Christiana Church, and from that time took an active part in affairs of the church, being at the time of his death a member of the Board of Trustees and Vice-Superintendent of Jackson Hall Sunday School.

Those who knew him best, and to whom his whole heart was open and his whole life manifest, know better than others the depth and potency of his religious convictions. The thoroughness of his sincerity went without saying it. I do not think he often took the trouble to profess it. Men do not spend much time in asserting their most characteristic virtues. Perhaps the best description of his religious life is found in the words of the Latin author,—*esse, quam videri, bonum malelat.*

Of the quality of his mind there is much to say. He was an extraordinary intellect. No better proof of this can be given than his accomplishments at school and college.

He entered the Cecil County High School, of Elkton, Md., in the fall of 1899, and graduated two years later with distinction. While in attendance here he made an enviable record, carrying off several medals. From here he went to Delaware College, which he entered in the fall of 1901.

The record he made at college is without an equal. Though he completed



the four years course in three, he carried off first prize in Sophomore literature and graduated at the head of his class.

He seemed to take a deep interest in everything pertaining to literature. When he entered Delaware, one of the literary societies was practically dead, and it was due almost entirely to his efforts that it was again placed in working order. And today the Athenian Literary Society, and every one of its members speak but to add honor to his name.

Whatever called his attention was mastered by him. He was an extensive reader, and being endowed with a remarkable memory, had a vast literary knowledge. Philosophy, history, poetry and romance, all came at his call to illustrate a point.


He was always interested in and among the first to get hold of whatever was stirring in the world. Especially was this interest manifested in the politics of the time. Every question in this field was thoroughly discussed by him, and he could always give a good reason for his position on any question. Although only 22 years of age he had already served as a delegate from his county to the Congressional convention. His real purpose in politics was to war against its vices, as was shown by his address on Commencement day.

In social life, his intelligence, his ready command of the language, and his ability to discover the peculiarities of others, made him a brilliant converser. The genial and jolly wit and humor; the flashing repartie; the humorous anecdote; and the numerous other resources of a charming and inspiring talker were his. He also had the power of adapting himself to all grades of company and to all kinds of men; treating every one as a man.

As a friend he is most difficult to describe. His friendship was of a peculiar type. There was perfect freedom of intercourse between him and his friends, and though at times his conversation was pregnant with friendly sarcasm, yet he laid himself open to the same treatment he gave his friends. There never was a time when he did not seem to enjoy having some one to criticize his actions. His friends might be said to be everyone with whom he came in contact, and to all of these his death seemed a personal loss.

The young life which these words attempt to describe, was certainly one of the fullest with which we ever came in contact. If reckoned by the number of years, how short! But if reckoned by accomplishments, how long!

"How strange to think that fiery heart is dead,  
Mongst living millions erst the most alive;  
Instinct with all for which earth's noblest strive,  
Vital and valiant soul, strong hand, clear head.  
Ah, we shall miss him in the vanward fight,  
Where clashing hosts hew out man's upward way,  
Where evermore toward purer, brighter day,  
Rolls on earth's age-long battle for the right.  
With knowledge ripe that compassed all his age,  
With wisdom bold beyond the present sight,  
With wit that flashed a keen, but kindly light,  
And broad, warm humanness, a laughing sage.  
All gifts in one, a gracious, manly man,  
He stood among us, conscious full and strong,  
A feared and hated foe of every wrong,  
A trusted champion in Right's conquering van."





## LITERARY

C. W. CLASH, 1906.

## THE ENGLISH SONNET

THERE is probably no form of English verse more generally read and more widely appreciated than the little poem called the sonnet. While it is not adapted to the expression of some protracted narrative or for any theme that requires much space for its development; it is certainly an admirable vehicle for the poet to use in setting forth, with sufficient precision, although briefly, many beautiful thoughts for the thousands of busy people who would not think of looking into "Paradise Lost" or any such long poem, but who, nevertheless, enjoy a short one which they can read in a little time. "Brevity" seems to be the watchword of today. Everybody is demanding condensation. One wants to get at the kernal of things as quickly as possible. So right in line with this tendency it is natural to expect that the sonnet will occupy a more and more important place in poetry as this breakneck rate of living among the Anglo-Saxon people gradually increases.

On the other hand, we have little reason to fear that the sonnet will prove too long at any epoch of our future civilization. For fourteen lines of iambic pentameter will never be too much for any man, who has any desire to

read poetry, and has any time worth speaking of to devote to it. Indeed we may say that the sonnet is neither too short for the lover of poetry who has much time, nor too long for him who has little time to read.

Now let us get a little more comprehensive idea of just what are the important characteristics of the sonnet, and then we will trace briefly its development.

The sonnet consists of fourteen lines of iambic pentameter. The first eight form what is called the octave; the last six form the sestet. In a typical sonnet the octave is followed by a period; and very often writers separate the octave from the sestet, thus making two distinct stanzas. This last, of course, is only a mechanical device, and has no effect upon the intrinsic value of the sonnet. Now the octave itself is considered to consist of two equal parts, of four lines each, the quatrains and the sestet also consist of two equal parts, of three lines each, the tercets.

The form of the sonnet requires one other consideration. The lines must rhyme according to a fixed scheme; thus, a b b a, a b b a, c d e, c d e. To make this clearer it may be well to introduce a sonnet here. I shall take one from Milton, which, although not a perfect specimen of the typical son-



net, will answer for our purpose as well as any I can find.

"How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.  
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

On examining this poem we notice that after the fourth line there is a period. It often happens that a period closes the first quatrain; but quite as frequently we have a colon, a semicolon, a comma, or no pause at all. Typically, however, we would find one of the longer pauses, which indicates a change, division, or turn in the thought.

At the close of the octave (or of the eighth line) we have another period. This, too, is often replaced by a shorter pause; but in the far greater number of sonnets the period would appear; for although the change of thought is very often disregarded at the close of the first quatrain, this rarely happens at the close of the octave. The lines of the octave, as I have indicated in the margin, rhyme *a b b a, c b b a*; which is the typical scheme of the Petrarchan sonnet. So we have here the

octave in its typical form.

Now let us turn to the sestet. Here, instead of the change of thought and the pause following at the close of the first tercet, it comes one line later. So instead of the sestet's being composed of two tercets, we have a quadrain followed by a couplet. The rhymes of the sestet, however, more nearly adhere to the typical scheme; being *c d e, d c e*, instead of *c d e, c d e*.

So much for the structure of the sonnet; now for the contents. Originally the usual theme for a sonnet was love; the feeling of the disappointed lover, and so on. Later contemplative thought on various phases of life, on the beauties of nature and on the soul, found their expression in this type of poem.

Now having obtained a fair idea of what the sonnet is, let us learn a little of its history.

We owe the sonnets to the Italians. As early as 1200 A. D., certain writers there were developing an artificial form of verse, which was to be finally reduced about a hundred and fifty years later into the typical stanza of fourteen lines which I have described. Through what twistings and turnings it went before it was reduced to this form it is difficult to say. And how those writers happened to hit on fourteen lines for their new stanza is hard to explain, unless we conceive that after various experiments they found this number to be the most responding, symmetrical and attractive. And this is probably the case; for this number seems to be the ideal, since, if we add anything



to, or take anything away from the length of the sonnet, we get something much inferior. The violin was not gotten into its present shape and size until many, many experiments were made to discover what size and shape gave the best results. When once that form had been found, all attempts at further improvement in this line were fruitless. A form and size for the violin was established from which any departure was a source of superiority. Why not consider the sonnet to have a similar development?

About 1350, Petrarch brought the sonnet into the form which is known as the Petrarchan, or Italian sonnet. This same type was employed by Michael Angelo, Tasso and other Italians, and the early French sonneteers, Ronsard, DuBellay and others.

It was not until 1553 that the sonnet was introduced into England by both Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey about the same time. Each of these men wrote a considerable number of these poems, most of which were of mediocre quality. They soon varied considerably from the Petrarchan model, however; and the form which they took and which the succeeding sonneteers generally followed, was destined to become another model itself when the master hand of Shakespeare found this type agreeable and employed it successfully in the production of numerous sonnets of great merit. When a man having the literary standing of Shakespeare, embraced and employed with so great success this form of the sonnet developed by Wyatt and Surrey,

Spenser, Daniel, Drayton and others, its general recognition was assured.

So, we naturally expect what actually happened. After Shakespeare, we find a great number of sonneteers who employed the "Shakespearean Sonnet"—for so we will henceforth term the new type—exclusively, while it is a rare thing to find an Italian type in any of the numerous writers following Shakespeare, until we have passed over half a century to Milton. Among these, Davies, John Donne, Drummond, Herbert and others, although they did not adhere strictly to the new type, seem to have no desire to employ the Petrarchan model.

It was reserved for Milton, who recognized the beauty of the symmetry of the Italian sonnet, to step boldly forth from the tracks of the writer before him, and show his individuality in the production of a number of powerful and very attractive poems written in this old type, seemingly almost forgotten. Although he wrote only seventeen sonnets, nevertheless the intrinsic quality of these few, together with the momentum given by Milton's own personality and influence among writers, gained for the Petrarchan sonnet wide favor; and we find this form generally preferred by most writers since the time of this great poet.

Now, although Milton followed the Petrarchan scheme of rhymes, he did not exercise any great care in having his logical divisions necessarily coincide with the divisions of the form of the sonnet. For example, there is very often no change in thought or in



the development of the idea at the close of the first tercet, as in the sonnet introduced above. Very often, even at the close of the octave there is perceptibly no turn or division in the thought. Nevertheless Milton marks a turning point in sonnet writing. Thomas Warton, William Cowper, Thomas Bousset, William Knowles and others fell right in line with Milton in employing the Italian model, more or less closely.

The next really great sonneteer was Wordsworth, who wrote a very large number of excellent sonnets. Indeed, some consider that Wordsworth deserves the first place as a sonneteer. However that may be, many of these poems are certainly as beautiful as any in the language. This poet not only followed the Italian rhyme scheme closely, but also obeyed the logical arrangement as typically demanded by the pure Petrarchan model in many of his sonnets.

After Wordsworth, Coleridge, Leigh, Hunt, Proctor, Keats, Hartly, Coleridge, Blanchard and others wrote numerous sonnets, some using the Shakespearian, others the Petrarchan; and most employing forms between the two. It is interesting to know that Keats, a prominent writer of the sonnet, in his early years employed the Italian, and later wrote almost exclusively in the Shakespearian.

We can probably do no better than to close our brief sketch of the subject with a few remarks on Elizabeth B. Browning, the only woman poet whom we have had occasion to notice in con-

nection with this subject. Her fame for this kind of poem was gained by her production of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." These were written when she was in love with Robert Browning, her future husband. This title was assumed in order to give the impression that they were only translations. These poems are all on the theme of woman's love. Although some do not care much for them, they are valuable in that they portray love from a woman's point of view, besides for most persons they are very attractive poetry.

W. E. H., '06.

### HAVE WE BEEN JUST?

**B**Y the unearthing of new manuscripts, time is gradually bringing to light the accuracy of our knowledge of the Revolutionary War. As events recede into the past, this period of American history is becoming more attractive and picturesque.

The name of Benedict Arnold is doomed to live forever in history, as the only conspicuous instance of treason during this period. "Sadly conspicuous," Washington Irving says, "to the end of time." His punishment has been terrible, but just. One great crime obliterated the memory of hard, patriotic service. Our judgment of him has been severe, and in some cases cruel, but now there is a willingness to look behind the black shadow of his treason, to recognize back of the traitor of West Point the hero of Saratoga. In the same proportion that history is severe, it should be just. Upon this basis, that Benedict Arnold has not had



fair treatment, that his life as a patriot and soldier should be truthfully told, we ask a hearing.

We have no thought of offering an excuse which would warrant Arnold's treason, nor would we ask you to place his name in the same category as that of Washington and other brave patriots, but we would like to show that his name is worthy of mention and should not be execrated.

From time immemorial man has been partial in his judgments. There has been in his inner soul a love for self and a desire to keep the yoke over those who have fallen. In this spirit has Arnold been judged. On the exposure of his crime it became the passionate desire of the whole nation to blacken his character. Instantly he became an outcast and an outlaw. Every pen denounced and every tongue cursed him.

The life of Arnold, as we are wont to think of him, may be divided into that of the patriot and that of the traitor; Arnold of Saratoga and Arnold of West Point; one praised, the other cursed. But we say it is the same man and impulse.

When the Revolution broke out, Arnold was an active, promising young man. Without a thought of what the future would yield, he took up arms in defense of a great and glorious cause. Surely, if he had died in the first battle his death would have been worthy of our respect and our praise.

Arnold did not enter the strife recklessly, but with a feeling that his lot was with the oppressed. From his first

military undertaking at Ticonderoga to his heroic effort to reduce Quebec he was misunderstood and treated unfairly. Nor did the injustice end there, it followed him until he was led to make the mistake of his life.

Did this injustice weaken his patriotism? It was only natural for him to think that his services were not appreciated. Congress could not dispense with his services, but they wanted to shower his laurels upon their favorites.

In preparing for the battle of Saratoga, Arnold's energy and wisdom in military tactics were sought, but when the crucial point arrived he was superseded and left his tent without a command. What must have been his feelings when the sound of battle made it clear to him that his men were being driven back. Now do we behold the true character before us. We see it in its greatness. Casting aside the dignity of his former rank and the smarting insult of injustice, he sprang into the saddle and rushed like a thunderbolt among his warriors as a private. New inspiration and zeal entered the souls of the men. Foot by foot the raw militia advanced and swept before them the trained and seasoned soldiery of a powerful and despotic kingdom. Victory.

Now were the praises of Arnold at their highest. The pang of injustice was lost in the excitement in which he struggled for the Liberty, whose fruits we now enjoy. His praises were sung throughout the army, and he, so modest and self-sacrificing, gave all the credit to the men. The past, so full of



bitterness, must be forgotten and all energy put forth for the future. These were the thoughts of Arnold, but

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

What followed seems so insignificant. General Gates merely mentioned Arnold's name in the report to Congress and withheld the honor of the victory from him. Has mankind turned me aside to spit upon me as a cur? Am I fighting for a few unprincipled men and not a Glorious Cause? Can man not receive his just dues? Is it that the government no longer needs my services and wishes me to tear away our bond of union! What could have been the thoughts of such an earnest patriot? Read his loyal letter to General Washington. "Every personal injury shall be buried in my zeal for the safety and happiness for my country, in whose cause I have repeatedly fought and bled, and am at all times ready to risk my life."

Praise should be in the heart of every loyal American for this patriot and soldier, who faced and stormed the "Gibraltar" of America, and who stayed the tide of the onflowing scourge of the colonists. Every heart must be filled with gratitude and praise, giving thanks unto the zealous soldier, "Arnold the patriot." It is a matter of justice to give to the victor the spoils of war, but such has not been the case. Some historians have even denied that Arnold was present at Saratoga. What littleness there is in man's nature.

After this act of injustice Arnold lived in obscurity, during which his character was assailed and blackened.

How earnestly did he try to make his position clear and wipe away the disgrace. Did he not try to gain some satisfaction from Congress and fail? What agony and humiliation he suffered under that reprimand, which his true friend, General Washington, was compelled to give? That public disgrace left a wound, which no kind words, no sympathy from Washington, or other friends, could ever heal. Proud, high spirited, a sense of injustice and agony wrangled and irritated, until it poisoned and prepared the way for the consummation of his crime.

"The rising sun is bright, warm and genial; The eclipse is dark, cold, dreary and repulsive."

Now we find Arnold in command of West Point. How can anyone believe that he did not accept the post in all sincerity and truth; that at that early date he had any idea of betraying his country? That Arnold was a traitor is not denied, but we should not be satisfied until we glance back of the dark cloud and try to see some motives for the crime.

It cannot be proved that Arnold was a Judas. He himself says that he entered the cause of the enemy conscientiously, and with a feeling that he might help the struggling colonists. 'Tis true we do not see how such a reconciliation could have been affected, but men's minds are not of the same temperament. Neither is this difference in the minds an excuse for such an unpardonable crime as treason. Look how willing he was to give his life for that of an English spy. As soon as the crime was committed he saw his mistake and he realized his weakness.



Certainly no one is able to judge Arnold, when he said that he believed the cause was lost. Others held not the same idea, but every man to his opinion. Had the attempt been successful and peace restored to the colonists, what would have been the judgment of the world as to his conduct? Thousands who have cried, and justly, crucify him! would have said with equal zeal, "crown him with honor." Such is the influence of success or failure.

We have tried to picture Arnold in two lights, giving the motives for each, but to offer an excuse for neither. There is so much in the man to admire and his position is so uncommon that it becomes difficult to speak of him. In reviewing the history of this popular, yet ill-treated character, there must come to your notice a resemblance between the man in the two different spheres. After study and observation we venture the bold statement that the same impulse which made him the victor of Saratoga, goaded on the treacherous deed.

Even if you do not believe that Arnold became a traitor with a view toward helping the cause of the colonists, do not place it at the door of wounded pride, go deeper, it was the training that he had received at his mother's knee. Headstrong and determined to have his own way, and to be the head or nowhere. Such a weakness led him to victory, and the same to remorse and death. He was not taught in childhood to curb his fiery disposition. Should we not pity him

in his affliction, which he could not conquer? Honor him for the manner in which he held it in check and fought for the cause. Should we not be a forgiving people, honoring his merits and burying his faults.

Let not his name, as is often the case, be a morsel to roll under a bitter tongue. True, by his perfidious deed, he gave up everything dear in this life, but did it ever occur to you, that had Arnold not turned traitor, the cause may never have won? Think of the new inspiration and determination to fight to the death, that entered the heart of every loyal American. Surely we can go so far without countenancing his treason; and to be true to the principle of fairness, which is a characteristic of us Americans, and to be true to the emblem, which proclaims to the world the same principle, we can forgive the terribly tempted man, who in the hour of his death gave abundant evidence of his sorrow for his one mistake. We can forget that one deed and think of him as the hero of Ticonderoga, Vancouver Island, Quebec and Saratoga.

C. W. C., '06.

### THE DEATH OF THE LAST OLD ENGLISH KING

THE decisive battle of Stamford Bridge had been fought, and the English were victorious. They had saved their country from the aggressive tendencies of Harold Godwinson and the revengful spirit of Canute. These two presumptuous leaders lay slain on the field, and their conquerors



having left the scene of victory were engaged in a great feast at York. Well might they be merry, for they had met and defeated a warrior who, for the strength and size of his body, for his daring adventures and for his ability to lead was known throughout Christendom. There was, however, among those present at this festival at least one who, although apparently happy, was not really so. The heart of the English King must have been touched with sadness by the death of his brother, who had fallen fighting for the invaders. And then that wary sovereign must have realized even amid the merriment of the occasion that, although England rid herself of one foe, she had yet a more dangerous one to face. While the English warriors were enjoying to the full, the highest entertainment that York could afford them, the mind of their brave chieftain was weighed down with grief for a dead brother and anxiety for the kingdom. We cannot suppose then, that King Harold was much surprised when a messenger brought him intelligence of his formidable enemy in the southern part of the realm.

In short order this persistent chief had his troops proceeding along the Roman Way toward London. Here collecting what additional forces he could obtain, he marched to Senloe, and took his stand on the hill there "by a hoar apple tree." In the open land below lay William and his men. Thus facing each other lay two hostile armies. The incentive to their hostility was England. One was about to

fight to obtain and the other to retain it. On the "field of the lake of blood" ambition and patriotism met face to face; and the champions of these causes were the Norman lance and the Saxon battle ax.

The fate of the English was to be decided by this single engagement. Having overpowered those here arrayed against him, William would have an easy march to London, for there were no castles nor fortresses to dispute his advance. England's only strongholds were the breasts of soldiers.

The loss of the contest by the Norman Duke meant the settling of a great hope that he had cherished from his youth—of occupying the throne of England. To the English Earl a defeat meant the destruction of Anglo-Saxon liberty that he so dearly prized, and subjection to his haughty enemy whom he held in disdain. Both generals devoted a whole day to the arrangement of their troops; and when the sun rose on the following morning, the fourteenth of October, it found each party prepared for action.

The English had the superior position and were well drawn up. Twice the Normans assaulted the Saxon line and twice they were repulsed. For a time it seemed as though fate would render the palm to the defenders, but the invaders had recourse to stratagem and fighting a retreat led their opponents, who failed to heed their leader's warning not to pursue, from their advantageous stand, and thus turn the tide of battle. On the almost deserted hilltop, Harold and his men still



remained invincible. But William ordered his men to shoot their arrows into the air whence they would fall on the exposed heads of the English. The undertaking had its desired effect, and the last of the Old English Kings fell beneath his standard pierced in the eye with one of these deadly weapons. He died bravely battling for his subjects, and in the cloud of his death sank the national freedom of the Anglo-Saxon.

E. F. W.

### Shakespeare's Characterization of Hamlet

It appears to me that it was neither in diction and versification, nor in construction, that the progress of the English drama owes most to Shakespeare, but a single word must unquestionably express its greatest debt to him and his greatest gift as a dramatist—this word is *characterization*.

Everybody knows what this word means and just how it appeals to each and every one of us. It was in the drawing of his characters—and these range over almost every type of humanity, furnishing suitable subjects for the tragic or the comic art—that he surpassed all his predecessors, and has never been approached by any of his competitors in any branch of the drama illustrated by his genius. On this subject a great deal might be said, for it is that on which the greatest of Shakespeare's critics have, as no doubt was befitting to them, dwelt with the utmost amplitude and with the most intense sympathy.

The characters of Shakespeare are the ideals of this aspect of the dramatic art, and his power of characterization was to him a gift like that of Hephaestus to Achilles—it made him not only the foremost among the Danai, but also the one invincible among them. Consequently it is that in the very play, to which popular instinct turns as his masterpiece, this excellence seems as it were to overflow the materials at the command of the dramatist. In Hamlet alone, the most marvelously true as it is the most marvelously profound example of Shakespeare's power of characterization, the central character is conceived on a far broader basis than is furnished by the action of the play. I can only offer the results of a repeated study of this tragedy when I say that in reading it or seeing it on the stage, it seems impossible not to forget the plot in the character. It is as if Hamlet were pausing, not before the deed which he is in reality hesitating to perform—which is neither a great nor a difficult one—but before action in general. It is this necessity which proves too heavy for Hamlet to bear; the acorn—to use Goethe's simile—bursts the vessel in which it has been planted, and Hamlet succumbs beneath that fardel which is imposed on all humanity.

We believe that all the phases of character portrayed by the dramatist before the depicting of Hamlet, were stepping-stones to the great culmination in this Prince of Denmark. It seems that from these varied forms the artist draws such traits of character—



good and bad—that when combined they produce what appears to be this master character. Note the philosophic turn in Hamlet's mind—how he weighs each thought before the action—sometimes delaying technicality until the tide of affairs passes forever from him; glance at his deeds in the fit of passion, as when he strikes the death blow to Polonius, or, fired by love, he leaps into the grave of Ophelia and offers to do such deeds as cause us all to wonder as to his sanity; see him as he finds himself face to face with the deed which, when committed, means the death of him for whom he sought long that he might avenge his dear father's death. Then it is that he is equal to the emergency; then it is that Shakespeare clothes him with a mantle of determination and the result follows, the accomplishment of the deed.

Thus we see that Shakespeare depicted this character for us to demonstrate just how much one can do when placed under very peculiar circumstances and how a meditative brain such as Hamlet's may be moved apparently spontaneously to do what it would otherwise not do.

P. R. R.

### EXCHANGES.

E. F. WARRINGTON, '07.

THE September issue of "The Lookout" contains some interesting productions, among which a description of "A New England Thunder Shower" is especially worthy of praise. The author gives evidences in his simple and straightforward narrative of having been a witness of the event about which he writes. The Ex-

change column in this same magazine is, however, not by any means a success. Against it we raise the much heard criticisms—not using the space for its intended purpose. There are but few people who are not fond of jokes; but, as there is a place for all things, let everything be in its place.



"The True Aim of College Athletics" in "The Forum" vividly impresses us with the fact that athletics in colleges are not doing their duty. One extract we cannot refrain from quoting: "At least 60 per cent. of the students do not participate in college games or the practice required, and in this 60 per cent. are all those who need physical exercise the most."



"Flitting Hours," in last month's edition of "The Nazarine," is a very well written exposition; but historical fact is sacrificed somewhat to flowery language, when Queen Elizabeth is represented reclining upon a royal couch, with a kingdom upon which the sun never sets at her feet. We cannot conceive of the sun shining day and night upon the limited territory of the British Isles, which practically constituted the kingdom of Great Britain during the reign of the Virgin Queen.



In outward appearance "The Manitou Messenger" creates a very favorable impression. The interior might be improved. Its productions are neither numerous nor of any variety. It would be a great help to the magazine if its literary department occupied more of its leaves.



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### EDITORIAL

WE are right in the midst of football season, and though we have not been successful thus far, it has not been the fault of the team. We have had a very hard schedule—our men are light. In every game our men have played with a dash and spirit unexcelled, but the odds have not been in our favor. Our opposing teams have averaged from twelve to twenty-seven pounds per man more than ours. All our games have been played away from home. This should not happen another year. We should do away with this "season at home—season away from home idea." We can't expect to have a successful season if all the games are to be played away.



OUR annual game with Maryland Agricultural College on Thanksgiving Day promises to be the greatest game for years. Most elaborate preparations are being made for the day. This is the game to which Delaware looks forward more than to any other and this year more than usual interest is being manifested. For several years this has been our attraction

on Thanksgiving Day for we have always played M. A. C. on our grounds.

We have several new songs and yells which are being rehearsed every Thursday evening till Thanksgiving Day. With all our new songs and yells, with Hayes Wilson for cheer leader, we are sure there will be much noise made.

We want a crowd out. Students, talk it up among your friends—get them to come to the game. You all know in what a poor financial state our athletic association is. It should be to your interests to help out. Make the crowd the largest ever assembled on our athletic field, and make the day a gala one.

### ATHLETICS

L. L. COOPER, '05.

#### **Swarthmore 40—Deleware 0**

DELAWARE played her second game against Swarthmore at Swarthmore, Pa., October 15. Our team was outweighed thirty-five pounds to a man, but notwithstanding this fact, Delaware played a plucky game and in the first part made some pretty gains. The odds were too great however, and their heavy backs ploughed through Delaware's line for



substantial gains. For Delaware, Hauber and Wyatt played the best game.

Line up:

DELAWARE		SWARTHMORE
Hauber	l e	Bower
Davis, Jones	l t	Maxwell
Messick	l g	Lippincott
Hessler	c	Markel
Bowler	r g	Kreuger
Dawson	r t	Gee
Wyatt	r e	Perkins
Pie (capt.)	} g b	Crowell
Taylor		
Bell	} l h b	Lamb
Marshall		
Carrick	r h b	Jackson
Bevan	f b	Sinclair

#### **Fordham 12-Delaware 0**

October 22d, after a long and tiresome trip, Delaware lined up against Fordham College at New York City. Delaware was outweighed considerably but played a good, hard game. Lawson and Hauber both played well for Delaware. Line up:

DELAWARE		FORDHAM
Hauber	l e	O'Malley
Jones	l t	McGee
Messick	l g	McGoff
Hessler	c	Baker
Bowler	r g	Glennon
Samson	r t	Norton
Wyatt	r e	Raftes
Pie (capt.)	g b	Gargan
Marshall	l h b	Brennan
Carrick	r h b	Cassassa
Bevan	f b	Brambach

#### **Seton Hall College 26-Del. 0**

October 29th, after another long trip, Delaware played Seton Hall College, N. J. Here we were outweighed twenty-five pounds to a man, and this

coupled with the unfair treatment of the Seaton Hall officials, made it impossible for Delaware to win. Delaware surely got the worst of the decisions and were treated uncourteously all around by Seaton Hall.

Line up:

DELAWARE		SETON HALL
Hauber	l e	McDonough
Jones	l t	Clark
Messick	l g	Owens
Hessler	c	Cain
Bowler	r g	Maxwell
Samson	r t	Halton
Wyatt	r e	J Stafford
Pie (capt.)	} g b	B Stafford
Taylor		
Marshall	} l h b	Rutledge
Bell		
Carrick	} r h b	Carr
Warrington		
Bevan	f b	Sheridan

#### **Scrub 0-Friends School 0**

The Delaware College Scrub played its first game Friday, October 21st, with Friends School in Wilmington, the game resulting in a tie, neither side scoring. The teams were pretty evenly matched—Delaware being a little heavier but not as fast as Friends. For Friends School, Lobdell and Tyn-dall played the best game while Bennett, Warrington and L. C. Pie distinguished themselves for the Scrub. Line up:

DELAWARE SCRUB		FRIENDS SCHOOL
Cooper (capt.)	l e	Thatcher
Hermann	} l t	Wilson
Brown		
Keppel	l g	Vernon
Killen	c	Berl
Purse	r g	Seaman
Pie, L. C.	r t	Morrow



Warrington	r e	Colkitts
Bond	g t	Gilpin
Baldwin	l h b	Conn
Bennett	r h b	Tyndall(capt.)
Neill	f b	Lobdell

Referee, Kern; Umpire, Lawton;  
Linemen, Clark (F. S.), Rossell (Del.);  
Timekeepers, Miller (F. S.), Taggart,  
(Del.) Time, 15 min. halves.

### Scrub 24—Goldey 6

Friday, October 28, the Scrub played Goldey College in Wilmington, defeating them 24 to 6. Much improvement was seen in the Scrub play from the preceding week. The Goldey team was unable to stop the rushes of the Scrub. For Goldeys, Jones and Creamer put up the best game, while those deserving special merit on the Scrub were Baldwin and Ward.

Line up:

DELAWARE SCRUB		GOLDEY COLLEGE	
Cooper(cpt.)	} 1 e	Williams	
Draper			
Brown	1 t	Townson	
Keppel	1 g	{	R Jones
Killen	c		Conn
Hermann	r g	Manifold	
Neill	r t	Ford	
Warrington	r e	Fleetwood	
Bond, Cooper	g b	Bower	
Baldwin	l h b	Wardell	
Bennett	r h b	{	Creamer
Ward	f b		Clayton
		R. Jones	
		P. Jones	

Referee, Harvey; Umpire, Davis;  
Linemen, Burns (Del.), Taylor (Goldey);  
Timekeeper, Taggart (Del.), Palmer  
(Goldey).

Touchdowns—Baldwin 2, Bennett,  
Ward, Bower. Time, 20 min. halves.

Goals—Bond 2, Bennett 2, Creamer 1.

## LOCAL

T. MARVEL GOODEN, '05.

Everybody is talking politics now-a-days.

Dr. W.—“Evans what are the results of earthquakes?” Evans, '05—“Oh doctor, they are terrible.”

Conductor (at South Orange)—“Tickets please. Bowler (who was traveling on a club ticket)—“Just out of tickets mister, but will put your name down for one.”

The painting department of the Freshman class has been doing good work recently and now their numerals are to be seen on the most conspicuous places in town.

Some one dared to remark that Wilson had a “nasty disposition.”

The “Scrub,” commonly known as “Soper’s Colts,” took a fall out of Goldey College last week to the tune of 18 to 6.

P. R. Roberts '05’s big man “physically,” not being fully appreciated at Delaware, has severed his connection with the institution to accept an important position in Swarthmore affairs.

Prof. C.—“Yes, foot-ball is a very dangerous game. I experienced two accidents in it myself. One day a fellow struck me in the stomach with his elbow and the next day the same fellow pulled a button off my coat.”

Hallowe’en was celebrated by nearly every student in college, while a great many of them went to Wilmington to see the parade, enough stayed in Newark to turn Recitation Hall upside down.



Hessler has accepted a position in one of the local churches as "organ pumper."

Berry is preparing for the gunning season by shooting snipe on Poverty Row.

Several of the undergraduates expect to accompany the football team to New Brunswick, Saturday, to see the game with Rutgers.

Neill and Griffith have been beautifying their rooms lately, in this they were aided by some of the "fair ones" on the hill.

## DE ALUMNIS

CECIL C. FULTON, JR., 1906.

Blair Pie, '92, of New York City, showed a number of our fellows the sights of the town on the recent Fordham football trip. Mr. Pie is at present connected with a large advertising firm of New York. J. D. Truxton, '04, and A. J. McCabe, ex '04, also accompanied the team on this trip.

T. Chester Marshall, ex '05, is managing the Milford football team this year.

Wm. R. Wharton, '03, is assistant professor in chemistry at Maryland Agricultural College.

Rodney Sharp, '00, of the DuPont Powder Co., of Wilmington, spent Sunday, October 16, here, looking up some of his old friends.

L. Green, '03, and J. Stuart Groves, '04, were also recent visitors.

J. Pearce Cann, '01, is spending a

few days here and is lending his best efforts to the strengthening of the football team.

## Y. M. C. A.

L. E. CAIN, 1907.

AT the Northfield Echo meeting, which was held on October 11th, our delegates gave interesting accounts of some of the features of the conference. The subjects treated, here given in the order of occurrence were: "Missionaries," "The Work that is Done at Northfield," "The Speakers at the Conference," and "The Pleasures of the Trip."

The first subject is one that should, just now, especially interest the members of the Young Men's Christian Association in this institution. But let us sweep before our own door-step before we look to that of our neighbor. It is missionary work here in the college that is needed and must be done. There is plenty of material in the upper classes that ought to be put into use and the Freshman class offers an excellent field to those who are looking for something to do. Since the motive of the Association is so noble, there ought to be as much and even more effort exerted in the interest of it than in either society work or athletics. But slight nothing for there is time for all if properly used. Can it not be that each member will influence at least one friend to attend the meetings, and by all means, when you are not away from college, help by your own presence.



## INTER-COLLEGIATE.

R. B. FRAZER, JR., 1905.

Andrew Carnegie recently offered \$50,000 to Dickinson College on condition that the college raise \$50,000 from other friends. The condition was met and the college thus becomes the recipient of \$100,000.

Harvard University shows a decrease of 205 students over last year and Princeton a decrease of 24.

The new surgical building at the Johns Hopkins Hospital was opened the first week in October.

In the construction of California Hall, erected recently by the University of California, a block of granite weighing over twelve tons was used. It came from near the Yosemite Valley, and is one of the largest pieces of granite ever quarried in California. It was used in the arch over the main entrance.—Dickinsonian.

Columbia University has received a gift of \$16,250 from Mr. H. E. Garth, for the establishment of a scholarship and \$10,000 from an anonymous donor for the purchase of books.

The total attendance at Cornell exceeds that of any previous year by 206 students. The regularly enrolled students this year number in all 3,300, and the entering class numbers 916 against 815 last September.

Henry B. Metcalf, candidate for Vice President of the United States on the Prohibition ticket in 1900, recently died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to Tufts College.

The Yale University Museum has received from the Royal Museum of Decorative and Industrial Arts, at Brussels, a large collection of antiquities, collected in southern Spain. The Museum has also received a collection of prehistoric implements, collected in the valley of the Susquehanna and presented by Christopher Wrenn, of Plymouth, Pa.

At a recent meeting of Lehigh students it was decided to form a fund for the payment of the tuition of any football player or athlete who would otherwise be denied a college education. This fund is to be wholly supported by the student body.—The Lafayette.

Dickinsonians very naturally are highly elated over the football game which they recently played with Annapolis, the victors of Princeton.

## Exchanges Received

Besides those mentioned elsewhere we are pleased to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: The College Signal, The Dickinsonian, The Holcad, The University Hatchet, Punch Bowl, The Targum, M. H. Aerlotte, The Washington Collegian, The Collegium Forense, The Haverfordian, Agnetian Monthly, The Athenaeum.



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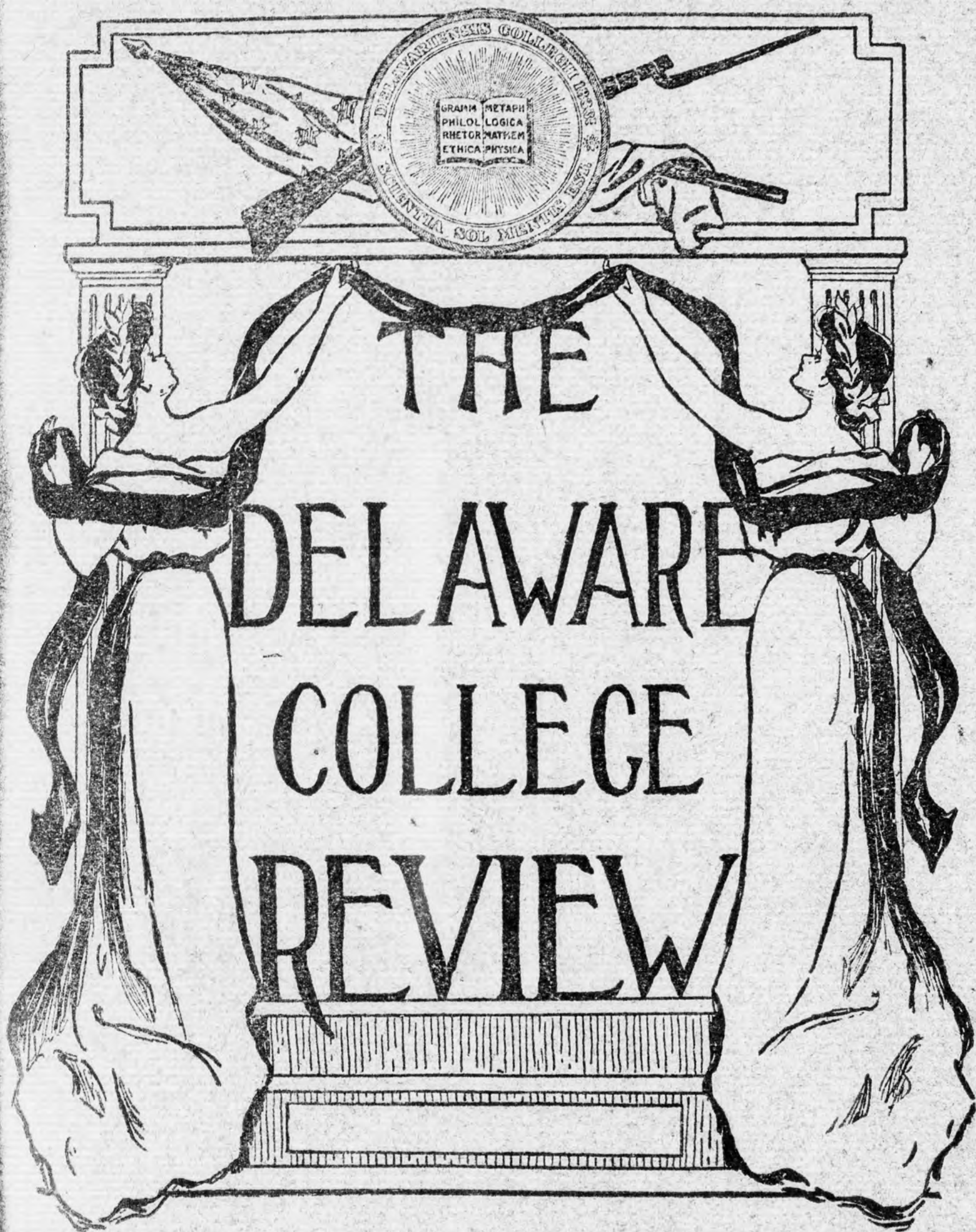
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