

— *The* —

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The Mystery of the Skeleton.

HELLO, boys! who's in for some fun to-night? With these words big Tom Warner burst into a room where a half dozen of his fellow-students were enjoying a quiet game of cards. Every card dropped to the table, and each boy turned an eager and attentive look to the one who had just entered. After he had taken his choice cigarette from the selection on the table, lighted it and found a comfortable seat, Tom proceeded: "You remember when Doctor Crussar finished his lecture on that skeleton to-day, I went up and pretended I wanted to examine some part of it more closely; so when I got through I put it away in the closet for him, and I threw the latch on the door, so that I could get in again if I wanted to. When I was coming up the walk just now I met little Freshman Harvey going out to call on that little brown eyed sweetheart of his—you know how superstitious and timid he is—and I thought it would be a good joke to get that skeleton and put it in his bed, and when he comes home and sees it—oh, Lord!" Here Tom broke off with a hearty laugh, and all the others joined in.

"Just the thing, Tom!" exclaimed Jack

Pierce, "you're always the boy to get up a joke. Poor little Harvey when he comes home," and they all laughed louder than ever until Tom motioned that he had something to say.

Instantly they all stopped laughing and turned their attention to Tom. Indeed, whenever Tom had anything to say he always had the attention of everybody in his presence. Tall, handsome, good natured, the best athlete in college, he was the general favorite of all. He was always first in all the wild pranks which boys delight to play; and whenever anyone invented a new joke, Tom was always consulted before it was put into execution. He could get out of a scrape as easily as he could get into one, and, what was more, he could get everybody else out who was with him. He had a most persuasive voice, as well as an entertaining manner.

Later in the evening they made their way to Doctor Crussar's room and returned with the skeleton. They took it into the little freshman's room and set it in a chair. Someone put a pipe in its mouth, and another put a hat on its head. Then they stood back and laughed at the grotesque figure until their sides ached.

"Now, boys," said Tom, when they had sufficiently recovered from their outburst of mirth, "it is almost time for little Harvey to come home. Remove the headgear from the gentleman and put him to bed. I'll get under the bed and when Harvey comes in I'll groan and move the bed, and then—O, Lord." And they laughed louder than ever. "You fellows wait in the room across the hall," continued Tom, "and chase the freshman when he runs."

Tom took his place under the bed, and the other boys went into the opposite room to await developments. They had not long to wait; but such developments that came that night were little expected by anyone present.

Scarcely had the boys entered the room and become quiet when they heard a groan from the opposite room. "Guess Tom is practicing," remarked one of the boys, as another groan reached their ears. "He's got it down fine," said another, as they heard a louder groan. They sat still and listened. Another, and still another groan, each louder than the preceding one, came from the room. "That will do, Tom; you are all right," Jack Hanson called out, "you will scare the freshman away before he gets home."

A shriek that will never be forgotten by those who heard it answered this remark, and a crash, as of some heavy body falling, closely followed. For an instant the boys in the room glared at one another. Then they made a rush for the room across the hall, and quickly turned on the light.

Such a sight as met their eyes can never be pictured to any except those who saw it, and to these it is seared blood

red on their brains, where it will always linger to disturb their thoughts by day and their dreams by night. Lying unconscious on the floor with a visage of mortal terror, his face almost black, his eyes fairly bulging from their sockets, his arm raised and finger pointing towards the window, was Tom. The skeleton was gone from the bed and could not be found in the room. They carefully raised Tom and carried him to his own bed. When they undressed him they discovered marks on his throat, which looked as if five bony fingers had clutched it in a vice-like grasp. After they had worked on him some time and failed to restore him to consciousness they sent for a physician.

Tom became delirious, and raved like one mad. He sprang from the bed, and seizing a chair he hurled it through the window, and it took the combined efforts of six strong boys to put him back into bed and hold him there. The doctor arrived, and after a hurried examination he said: "The patient has been choked into unconsciousness, and his nervous system has been completely shattered by some great shock." He questioned all the boys closely, but could learn nothing, except that they had found him and carried him to his room. They knew the story about the skeleton would not be believed, and they thought it better not to mention it.

For three days Tom lay unconscious, and whenever he awoke from the influence of opiates he would rave as he had done on that eventful night, and those who were with him caught from his incoherent words such phrases as "That hideous monster!" "Stop the skeleton!" "O, my throat, my throat!" "Take it

away, O, take it away!"

On the fourth day Tom awoke and recognized those around him. He raised himself in bed, and asked in a surprised manner, "Why, what is the matter, boys?" Jack Hanson tenderly pushed him back on the pillows and replied: "Nothing is wrong now, Tom; but tell us what happened the other night." With a cry almost equal to the one he had first given Tom sprang up in bed, clutched his throat with both hands, and then fainted.

At the end of a week he was able to be up and walk around, but he was not the same person. His face that had been so bright and cheerful was pale and drawn, his merry laugh was gone, his once quick step was now slow and uncertain, his whole manner was changed; he remained alone as much as possible, and spoke only when it was necessary. He never mentioned that awful night, and no one dared to question him about it. Once, when someone alluded to it in an attempt to draw him out, he turned pale and left the room. After that the subject was never mentioned in his presence.

Late one night, about a month after the event, Jack Hanson sat in his room studying, when suddenly there was a knock at the door. He had heard no footsteps in the hall and was somewhat startled. The door opened and Tom Warner entered, seemingly paler and more nervous than usual. He seated himself at the table beside Jack and said: "Jack, I want to ask a favor. I want to stay with you to-night, here in this room. I feel that something is going to happen to-night, and I am afraid to stay alone. Of course you and the other boys think

I am crazy, and you have good reason for that belief, but after that terrible experience—no, don't ask me now," he interrupted, as Jack began to speak, "if everything passes well to-night I am going away to-morrow, and I will write and tell you all about it. No living person knows," he continued rapidly, with his face buried in his hands, "what I passed through that night. No, there is no mortal who could pass through it and live. O, merciful God! It was terrible."

Before he went to bed Tom securely fastened both the door and window, at the same time murmuring to himself: "Little use for this if it comes." Jack tried to comfort him, but he only smiled bitterly and got into bed. "Good-bye, Jack," he said, "if I never see you again. If I am gone in the morning nothing will be disturbed."

Jack waited long that night before he went to bed. At first he intended to sit up all night, for he knew enough about Tom's case to feel that something unusual was about to happen. Finally, however, he persuaded himself that it was only a mental delusion after all, and decided to go to bed.

The next morning he awoke early and turned to call Tom. He was gone. He has risen early and gone to his room, thought Jack, as he hastily dressed. But when he got to the door it was securely bolted on the inside. He hastened to the window and it was fastened down. He was bewildered. He searched every corner of the room, but Tom was not there, nor was there any way by which he could have left the room. Then he remembered Tom's words of the night before—"If I am gone in the morning nothing will be disturbed."

They searched far and near for Tom but he was never again heard from, and unto this day the mystery is unsolved. Whether he was visited by the vengeance

of one Almighty for some terrible crime he had committed, or whether he was made a sacrifice by some demon, will never be known. F., '04.



Locked In.

ALICE BROWN and Robert Lausing had been classmates at school, and, three years after graduation, they both happened to be at the annual school reception. It was terribly crowded and hot. The big reception room was full of people, jammed in, and all talking at once. The noise and pushing were intolerable.

Robert caught sight of Alice standing in one corner, looking terribly bored by the conversation of a long haired, self-conceited fellow with spectacles. It was pretty late in the evening, and Robert had spoken to all the people that he felt he ought to, and was left to enjoy himself as he pleased. He worked his way over to Alice and said, "Oh, pardon me, Alice, but there is someone waiting to say good-bye to you. He is going to leave now, and can't get over on account of the crowd."

Alice excused herself to the man, although suspecting that there was something wrong about Robert's explanation, and, after getting out of earshot, demanded, "Why didn't he come over to me, instead of my coming over to him, I want to know?"

"Because," said Robert, with a chuckle, "he did come over to see you, and he is now making a way for you through this crowd."

She stopped short. "Do you mean to

say that there was no one but you—that no one wants to see me?"

"I'm someone. I wanted to see you, and, besides, you looked rather disgusted with that chap. You know you are mighty glad to get away from him."

"I'm not. Well, you certainly are cool to walk up and take me away from a man, simply because you want to talk to me."

"The end more than justifies the means?"

"Thank you. I think I'll go back and talk to Mr. Speer."

"No, please don't. I'm—no, I can't say I'm sorry, but please don't go to that ninny. Let's get out of this beastly place and go somewhere cooler."

"You don't deserve it, but—it is hot."

"Oh, let old Speer or whatever his name is go talk with somebody else. I feel sorry for him, but I can't help him."

They went out and sat down on the stairs. After a few moments of conversation Alice burst out, "It's as hot here as it was in that room. Is there any place around this building where it is cool to-night?"

"I know one," Robert answered.

"Where is it? Let's go there!"

"Will you promise to go if I tell you where it is?"

"Yes; anything to get out of this."

"The telescope observatory up on top of the roof. Come along."

"Oh, I didn't think about"—then to show she was not afraid—"still I'll stick to my word." And they went upstairs in as unsuspecting a manner as possible, through the storage room and up the little flight of steps into the observatory. Robert threw open the little windows. The night air poured in, cool and refreshing, and the moonlight made queer, oblong shadows on the floor. Alice settled herself comfortably on one window sill, and, pointing to one opposite to her, said to Robert, "Now you go and sit over there."

Robert immediately wanted to know why he should go over there. "Because I tell you to, and because I can see you better."

"Oh, I see. Distance lends enchantment and so forth. Well, needs must when the de—er—."

"Robert! How dare you!"

"Excuse me. Have you ever seen that picture of Gibson's? The greatest difficulty in golf is to keep one's eye on the ball, or something like that."

"Yes, but where's the connection?"

"Oh, I was just finding the same difficulty that that fellow was in, keeping my attention on what I was doing."

"Very nicely said, Robert."

Sometime later. The two were sitting—well, were not sitting exactly opposite to each other now. Suddenly Alice said, "What time is it Robert? It must be awfully late."

Robert looked at his watch and then remarked, "Oh, no, it's not late."

"Let me see. Oh, Robert, it's way after twelve o'clock, and you know they close the receptions early, because of so many young pupils being here. We must go right away."

Robert groaned, but as she started away he was obliged to follow. As they walked through the storage room he said, "It would be a high note if we were locked in, now wouldn't it?"

"Oh, they wouldn't do that, would they? They would see our wraps downstairs there."

"Probably they wouldn't look to see if any coats or things were left."

As they came to the head of the stairs they saw that every light was out. They stopped aghast. The place was deserted, and they were locked in.

Finally Robert spoke. "Well, it don't take any very great brightness to see that we are left, and, what's more, locked in."

"No," Alice replied. "True, oh, wise man. Does your sluggish mind rise to the occasion and grasp that fact?"

"It does. Let's go down and see if we can drop out of any window. Oh, no, we can't, for every window is six or eight feet from the ground, and it wouldn't do for you to try any such stunt as that."

They went downstairs. Alice sat down on the lowest step and began to laugh. "Oh, Robert, you got us into this; how are you going to get us out?"

"Wait here for a minute, Alice." He was in a hole for a fact, and he must get out somehow. Alice could not drop from the windows onto the hard pavements. All the doors had locks which could not be opened from the inside. He tried them all in the lower halls, then in the basement. A thought struck him. He stood a moment in doubt, and then turned and walked back to where Alice sat calmly waiting him.

"Have you all your wraps," he asked.

"Yes; I had nothing but this scarf."

"Well, as soon as I get my hat we'll

get out of here."

Having gotten it he led her—as it was very dark he told her he thought he had better take her hand—down in the basement and over to one of the small two-and-a-half by two basement windows.

"Now, Alice, we have got to go through that, as it is the only window I can open that we can get out of without hurting ourselves."

"All right, if you say so I suppose we can do it, but it looks very small."

"Wait until I show you how we will do it." He threw open the window and laid his coat over the window sill and out on the street pavement below. Then he turned to her. "Now I shall pick you up and double you up and pass you through the window and lay you on my

coat out there on the pavement. See!"

She shrank back a little. "Well, its rather —."

"Oh, there's no other way." He laughed a little. "We'll have to take this." And, without stopping to speak longer, he suddenly picked her up and passed her through the window. How he did it she could not tell, but she found herself on his coat on the pavement looking up at the stars.

She sprang to her feet, giving herself those little pats and shakes which somehow reassure a girl that she is all there and in due order, and turned to see Robert coming easily through the window, head first. He picked up his coat and closed the window.

"It's about time we started for home isn't it?"
C. W. B., '03.



Victor Hugo.

IN THE land of Romance there are three Kingdoms—that of the Song, of the Drama, of the Novel. Only once has one strong conqueror won the triple crown, and that was when Victor Hugo was hailed as first in song, first in stage craft and first in prose fiction. Time has corrected not a few of the estimates formed by his contemporaries, nevertheless, it cannot be disputed that he had a truly imperial genius, a mind that spanned the wide earth, and touched the heavens above and the depths of misery below. Hugo was the most romantic of poets and the most realistic of romancers.

His national popularity may be attributed partly to his longevity. He became the "Grand Old Man of France."

But his fame was founded on the most substantial work. In lyrical poetry he excelled Lamartine and Alfred de Musset in the number, the variety, the power, and the delicacy of his odes. In the drama he had no close competitor. He rivals Dumas in his depiction of adventure and George Sand in his delineation of emotion and idyllic life.

Other poets, dramatists and novelists in various degrees claimed popular attention, but Hugo rose above them in his splendid enthusiasm for humanity and marvelous versatility. More than graceful courtesy moved the Laureate of England to lay his wreath on Hugo's coffin bearing the inscription, "To the World's Greatest Poet."
P. R. R.

A College Education Pays.

BY A COLLEGE education we mean an education which extends through four years at college, and not a course at a business college. And as to whether it pays, we mean whether a man would be brought more into national recognition by having a college education, and with this idea in view we shall treat the subject as to whether it pays the individual without any reference to the fact as to whether or not it pays the State.

The number of college graduates in our country has been computed to be about 150,000, or about one per cent. of the male population. Now, as there are one per cent. of college graduates and ninety-nine per cent of non-graduates, we should expect to find college graduates holding one responsible position out of every one hundred. Is this true? Let us answer this by references to a few of the highest positions in our country.

First, let us consider the condition of affairs at the time of the Revolution, when our government was in its infancy. Then there was a committee appointed to write the Declaration of Independence. Sixty per cent. of this committee were college graduates, and the man who actually wrote it was a college graduate, as was also the president of the assembly that adopted it. Thirty-five per cent. of its signers were also college graduates.

Next, let us refer to Congress. In the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses, according to the official congressional directory, we find in the Senate that thirty-six per cent. of its members were college graduates, and the House of

Representatives had thirty-six per cent. If we examine the speakers of the House we will find that college graduates have furnished about forty-six per cent. of them, and that the percentage is steadily increasing. Now let us examine the list of Presidents and see what we will find. We find that fifty-three per cent. have been college graduates. Then the Vice-Presidents, among whom the percentage of college graduates has been fifty-six per cent.

Finally, let us examine the Judges of the Supreme Court. Here we find that the percentage of college graduates has been sixty-nine per cent. of the whole number, while of the Chief Justices 85.7 per cent. have been college graduates.

Now, as to whether a college education pays, let us answer thus, that while the college graduates number only one per cent. of the male population we find in Congress thirty-six cent. of college graduates; Presidents, fifty-three per cent; Vice-Presidents, fifty-six per cent.; Judges of Supreme Court, sixty-nine per cent., and Chief Justices, eighty-five per cent. And now in view of the fact that so large a percentage of college graduates have held these positions, the most important in our country, when only one per cent. of them should have held them, we hardly think that anyone could say that a college education does not pay.

J. M. McV., '04.



At a meeting of the Boarding Club, held a few days ago, it was decided to hold open two positions in the club to be filled, if possible, by foot ball players.

Danger of Spirit of Greed in our Politics.

OF RECENT years there has come over our politics a great change.

It is pronounced, obvious and terrible—terrible in scope and terrible in threatened consequences. It laughs at sacred and eternal things. It is unable to understand that which cannot be bought and sold in the markets of the world. With charmless face and blunted conscience it maintains that nothing is sacred, nothing worth having, save gold.

To what goal is this tendency to lead us? Surely, unless it is checked, and checked it will be we firmly believe, a wrathful and deserted God will wreak vengeance upon the people whose sublime motto has been, "In God We Trust," and who were wont to boast with patriotic zeal that our nation was chosen of the Lord.

Young men, crowned with the laurel of a college education, standing upon the threshold of your young citizenship, holding in one hand your diploma, symbol of brains and character, and in the other your first ballot, sign of political privilege and responsibility, the destinies of the nation bear down with oppressive weight upon your shoulders. You have had a glimpse of better things than money, have tasted the waters of knowledge, and have learned well the lesson that it is not what we have, but what we are that gives life its true meaning. You will not sell your priceless birthright for a mess of pottage, but strong, determined, full of faith and reverence, will teach the lesson of unpurchasable integrity, and will be at once the pillar, the hope and the salvation of our national institutions. E. C. H., '03.



Changing Five Dollars.

HAVE you ever seen a man trying to change a five-dollar bill among his college mates? It goes something like this:

"Got change for five dollars, Bill?"

"No, I haven't." This is a very mild reply.

"Got change for five dollars, Sam?"

"Wh—at?"

"Have you got change for five dollars, I say?"

"Who wants it?"

"I want it, of course."

"You don't mean to say you've got a five-dollar bill? Look here, old man, where did you get it? Let's see if it's a

counterfeit. It doesn't seem right for you to be carrying so much money around. A real five-dollar bill, is it?"

"Oh, you go to thunder! Hey, Tom, have you change for five dollars?"

"Great Scott, man! Don't say five dollars to me. Don't you know I have a weak heart, and can't stand any sudden shock?"

"Jack, oh, Jack, can you change a five-dollar, bill?"

"Good heavens! a five-dollar bill. I haven't seen a two-dollar bill for so long that I forget what it looks like. I would be ashamed to look a five-dollar bill in the face."

"Hello, Jim, change five dollars?"

"Five dollars; oh, no, no. No, indeed. I don't carry anything smaller than twenty dollars. Sorry."

"Oh, hang any such poorhouse place as

this. I'm going down to the bank and get it changed."

So he goes down to the Newark National and finds it closed, as usual.

C. W. B., '03.



ATHLETIC.

(GEORGE E. DUTTON.)

BASE BALL.

THE season of 1903 opened on April 8th with a game with Fordham. Delaware should be represented this year by a strong team, as she will lose only one member of last year's team, and there are several in the Freshman Class who will make a strong bid for the team. In order for the team to be successful it must have the support of the students. Last year's team was not supported by the student body as it should have been. This year we hope it will be different. Everyone who can play ball at all should come out and practice. All will be given the same chance. We have a pretty strong schedule, and we must have a winning team. In order to accomplish this let every fellow try for the team if he can play at all, and if he cannot play let him encourage and help by his presence on the field.



TRACK TEAM.

Candidates for the track team are hard at work, under the direction of Professor Short, and are making good progress. Several of the Freshmen are showing up well, while the candidates from the upper classes are running in much better form than they did at this time last year.

TENNIS.

As soon as the weather becomes settled the tennis courts will be put in good condition. The manager expects to have a team represent the college this spring, and everyone who can play at all or is interested in the sport is asked to come out and try, so that the team chosen may be the very best our institution can produce.



BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

- April 18—Washington College, at Chestertown.
- April 25—Tome, at Port Deposit.
- May 2—Hill School, at Pottstown.
- May 9—Maryland Agricultural College, at College Park.
- May 16—Open.
- May 23—St. John's, at Newark.
- May 30—Washington College, at Newark.
- June 6—Lebanon Valley, at Annville.
- June 16—Maryland Agricultural College, at Newark.



M. A. C. WON.

The base ball team of the Maryland Agricultural College won the third straight game on its Southern trip by defeating Hampden-Sidney at Farmville, Va., on the 11th inst. by a score of 12 to 7.

....THE....

Delaware College Review.

This paper is entered as second-class matter at the Newark, Delaware, Postoffice.

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To insure promptness in receiving REVIEWS all subscribers will kindly notify the Editor of a change in their address.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, APRIL, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

WILLIAM P. CONSTABLE,
Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager.

All copy for the May REVIEW is due by Monday, April 22.

THE Editor, at the earnest request of the Business Manager, has assumed that additional position until the end of the term in June. Upon the assumption of his new duties he might remind his delinquent subscribers that their checks or money orders will soon be expected. This paper is none too rich at present, and money must be forthcoming to discharge outstanding debts. If it were not harsh he would say that many of the unpaid subscribers are graduates of short standing, and such an unpropitious start in life will portend anything else than success and honor.

**MASK AND WIG.**

THE Mask and Wig tour is over, and, although not so financially successful as last year, by reason of the inclement weather, yet the outcome is gratifying. Some smileless, stern countenanced and cynical spectators at our first performance were unjust in their criticisms. The show at Newark we acknowledge was not

the best given, but, nevertheless, it did not deserve to be stigmatized as "a disgrace to the College, and the President should not permit it to go down the State."

The social advantage of this trip is evident in that we are brought more intimately in contact with many of the State's best people. The far-famed hospitality of our Southern neighbors is familiar to all, but the charming and gracious hospitality of Delaware may be equaled, but never surpassed by any land under the sun.

**AN ANNUAL.**

FOR the second time in Delaware College's history a class annual will be published. The Junior Class will endeavor this term, by great exertion, to issue their book before commencement. All students, irrespective of class, should affiliate themselves with this progressive class, and aid both by suggestions and subscriptions, so that the result will be a lasting honor to our alma mater.

This class should be wary, lest the same misfortune should befall them as did the former students issuing the "Aurora," which trouble financially deluged them. A rogue is often concealed under the semblance of an upright person.

**HONOR SYSTEM.**

THE Editor contemplates writing in the May issue, an editorial on the merits of the honor system, which, he ventures to assert, would be beneficial to Delaware College and should receive due and deliberate consideration by the Board of Trustees.

He will be glad to have the opinions of the Faculty and the students concerning this movement, who, to make it a success, should co-operate.

LOCALS.

CRUMMY spends so much of his time on Quality Hill that his friends in the Dormitory, out of kindness, moved his trunk up there. He will not have to waste so much of his time in the Dormitory now changing his clothes.

Conundrum: Who broke Dr. Wolf's specimen of tourmaline?

Tom—(While dressing the other evening). "Nobody knows what trouble we society people have."

McCabe went to church Sunday night, and during prayer it took three boys to hold his head down. He said afterward that it was the first time he had ever been to church.

We were glad to see our old friend, Jackson, ex. '04, when he paid a visit to the Dormitory last week.

Cleo Davis is at home ill. He is suffering from numerous complaints and general debility.

Little Bunny, the Den's pet, is getting fat on the shirts and collars he eats.

Wright and Green are forming a collection of mineral specimens by borrowing pieces from Dr. Wolf.

As soon as Tom can get his trunk moved, he is going to board downtown. He says he will be more convenient to his place of business then, and can pay more attention to his flock.

The Junior class is making an attempt to issue a class annual this year. Unfortunately, the work was not begun until near the last of March, and if the book is issued this year it will mean some quick work on the part of the Juniors. This will be the second class annual issued at Delaware College, the first being that of the class of ninety-nine.

Three boys went into chemical laboratory one afternoon recently to test some whiskey. The test must have been successful, for all three seemed quite happy when they came out.

Jesse and the Goat make so much noise on the row that they have been asked to take quarters some other place.

Truxton went out calling the other night and his friend appeared in negligee. "Oh," she said, when she saw who it was, "I would have been dressed if I had known you were coming. I thought Mr. Lockwood was coming tonight."



EXCHANGE.

(H. L. WRIGHT.)

IT SEEMS to be a favorite plan for all exchange editors to have one fault, in particular, to find of college papers and magazines and it is usually the pleasure of the readers to find this complaint in every issue. The ideas advanced by some are worthy of notice, but the ma-

jority expect too much from too little talent. Now there is one old friend, the *Haverfordian*. Poor fellow! he is truly a martyr to college journalism. Sometime ago he inaugurated a crusade against "Locals," but when someone gently intimated that many of those unfortunate,

much-abused, and disgusting locals were better reading than some of the material published in his paper, he gracefully withdrew from the world of criticism for an unreasonably short time. Peace reigned. But now he comes at us again—"Laziness, of all faults, is most to be condemned in an exchange editor," he says. Then he adds that he has *certain proof* that many ex-men keep a certain number of stereotyped comments on hand and merely change the names of the papers when necessary. The inconsistency of such an accusation. How many times have we seen the same old time-worn, *stereotyped* criticisms, such as were found in his last issue, occupying the most prominent places on his own page. Such originalities (?) as these: "neatness," "arrangement," literary merit," "favorable impres-

sions of the character of the institution," etc., etc. Shake the chestnuts from your clothes, *Haverfordian*. The poor fellow also loathes clippings. He says they often contain jokes, and jokes should never be *inserted* in a college paper. Poor fellow!

We are pleased to acknowledge the *Tar Heel* for our table. Although not devoted to literary efforts, it has an interesting exchange column, and is good in many other ways.

Up to this writing, we acknowledge the following: *Georgetown College Journal*, *Haverfordian*, *Punch Bowl*, *The Porcupine*, *Dicksonian*, *Ursinus Weekly*, *St. John's Collegian*, *The Nazarene*, *The Nugget*, *The Easterner*, *The Lookout*, *Maryville College Monthly*, *The Oracle*, *Collegian Forensic* and *Washington Collegian*.



Mona Lisa.

IN THE Salle Carre of the Louvre at Paris there hangs a picture upon which time and ill usage have wrought with disastrous effect. The colors, which once were bright and luminous, have faded to a dull coffee color, the surface has become rough and scaly, and the whole painting is in a sadly dilapidated condition; but yet in that Louvre, with its many treasures of art, this same discolored portrait ranks as one of the most valuable gems of the collection.

'Tis of a lady, a lady with a strange and haunting beauty. A beauty which at first attracts and then repels and which acts upon one with the same fascinating force that a snake exerts on a bird.

When one first glances at the lady,

who sits inclining slightly forward in her chair, she looks to have all the ennobling virtues of a saint. But a second glance shows that there is something inexpressibly cold and sinister in the smiling eyes and lips. It is the face of one who knows much of the world; too much, perhaps. All her emotions and passions have been exhausted, and now she smiles, only smiles, and looks out of her frame at us with eyes that never waver but smile, always smile.

The world knows the picture as Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa, and that is all it knows. The riddle that is buried deep behind the fascinating eyes and lips will never be disclosed. Mona Lisa has for centuries baffled men, and she will continue to do so. R. B. F., Jr., '05.

English Romanticism.

BY ROMANTICISM we mean a movement which is opposed to the methods and ideas of Classicism. One author, George Saintsbury, has given us this definition: "The terms Classic and Romantic apply to treatment, not to subject, and the difference is that the treatment is Classic when the idea is represented as directly as possible, together with an exact adaptation of form, while it is Romantic when the idea is left to the reader's faculty of divination, assisted only by suggestion and symbol.

Deeper investigation shows us that there are evidently three essential qualities in Romanticism, namely: *Subjectivity*, *Love of the Picturesque*, and a *Reactionary Spirit* from the old Classicism. By the first is meant that the aspiration and vague longing of the writer will be manifest in his literary productions—in other words, he reveals his own soul—by the second, that element of strangeness added to beauty—this is shown in his love for moonlit waters, old castles, the unnatural or horrible, as in tales of ghosts or deeds of blood—all but the everyday affairs of life. By the third is meant the reaction from Classicism.

English poetry has been divided into four great periods—(1) a Creative Period, or a Period of Romanticism (1560–1625); (2) a Transitional Period (1625–1700); (3) the period of Classicism (1700–1800), and (4) another period of Romanticism (1800—). It is the change from the period of Classicism to the latter, with which we are to deal. The first period had for its champions such men as Spencer, Shakespeare and Milton. Dryden stands as a

representative of the Transitional Period, while Pope, Addison and Swift are characteristic of the Classic Age. In the period with which we are concerned we find Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and Burns. The influence of these last-named poets was greater than that of any school ever known in England before or after their time.

It is to them that we owe this great reaction in the character of English poetry, which occurred between 1750 and 1825. It was a reaction from such Classic characteristics as these: (a) Purely intellectual, no mystery or awe—perfect calm; (b) Respectability; (c) Bored by any kind of enthusiasm; (d) Form exalted above matter; (e) Clearness above force; (f) Fondness for city life as opposed to natural beauties; (g) Imitation of the Classics and French; (h) Use chiefly of the Heroic Couplet. The recoil from the latter is one of the most striking characteristics of the Romanticists. They used almost every other possible form, chiefly Blank verse, the Sonnet and the old Spenserian Stanza. The once popular heroic couplet was overcrowded with words, abused, disused, and finally dropped from use.

Of the beginnings of English Romanticism we know little. They are so faint and far below the surface that it is nearly impossible to name any author as the pioneer. However, we are able to perceive Romantic touches in Pope's "Eloise" and "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady." Parnell (1679–1717) also exhibits signs of a Romantic Spirit in his "Night Piece on Death," as also does Lady Win-

chelsea in her odes to Nature worship, namely, "To a Nightingale," "The Tree" and "A Nocturnal Reverie," and Allan Ramsay in "The Gentle Shepherd," published in 1725. About the same time a Scotchman, James Thomson, began the publication of "The Seasons," a poem full of beautiful descriptions of Nature, seen under the changing aspects of the four seasons. From the publication of "The Seasons" we find a growing delight in Nature and a further departure from the poetic manner of Pope and the old Classic school.

With this change came the reaction in form, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the Heroic Couplet. Blank verse was cultivated by Thomson in his 'Seasons,' Young in his "Night Thoughts" and Akenside in his "Pleasures of Imagination." At the same time Stillingfleet's "Collection of Sonnets" marked the revival of the sonnet. Perhaps one of the most marked changes is indicated by the revival of the Spenserian Stanza, which began in 1706, and the continued great popularity of which reached its climax in Byron, the greatest poet of the Romantic Era. Then came the influence of Milton's poems, especially *Il Penseroso*, which gave to literature a dreamy melancholy cast, very evident in Blair's "Grave," Young's "Night Thoughts" and Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Coupled with this was the rage for Medievalism, begun by Horace Walpole in his "Castle of Otranto," and the love and study of Chivalry, shown by Hurd's "Letters on Chivalry and Romance." Old ballads became popular, as did the tales of Northern and Asian Mythology, and everything old, wild and sentimental.

Thomas Gray, the greatest poet of the time, threw his whole influence in favor of the new Romantic spirit. He was the first man of note in the Eighteenth Century to appreciate natural scenery, and his "Journal in the Lakes," published in 1775, shows the same spirit as Wordsworth showed later.

By 1770 the Romantic movement was in full sway. The spirit of the movement seems to have been a growing tenderness for the miseries of the neglected and poor, and, as Pancoast says, "that ever-deepening sense of the nobility of man and of the reality of human brotherhood." The new delight in Nature, the renewed religious sentiment and the new sympathy with man were further represented by that artistic poet, William Blake, (1757-1827) and by Robert Burns (1759-1790) until it culminated in the poets of the so-called Lake School—William Wordsworth (1770-1850), Sam'l Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), and Robert Southey (1774-1843). With the writers last named and Sir Walter Scott, the break with the old Classical school of Pope—or the change from Classicism to Romanticism—became complete.

H. L. W., '03.



THE FLUNKER'S LAMENT.

With folded arms and head bowed low,
A scene of melancholy woe,
He sat within his little room
As if awaiting some dread doom
That seemed to hang above his head.
Thus sat he all the morning through;
And when, at night, the evening dew
Was spreading out a silvery mist,
He raised his head and feebly hissed:
"I wish to heaven that I were dead."

Cheer up, my boy! Why be so sad?
 Why hang your head and look so mad?
 Examinations all are past,
 Vacation time has come at last,
 And Easter day is almost here!
 This is the time, so preachers grave,
 Say Christ arose with power to save;
 To wash man's blackest sin away,
 To answer prayers of those who pray—
 The day that brings us all good cheer.

He slowly raised his solemn gaze,
 And from his eyes he brushed the haze.
 "Why speak to me of trash like this,
 Of future happiness or bliss,
 Of preachers, priests, or hooded monks?
 What joy vacation brings to me,
 Is but a strong desire to flee
 And leave this horrid place behind,
 This place where all are so unkind,
 For 'R -- by' gave me seven flunks."



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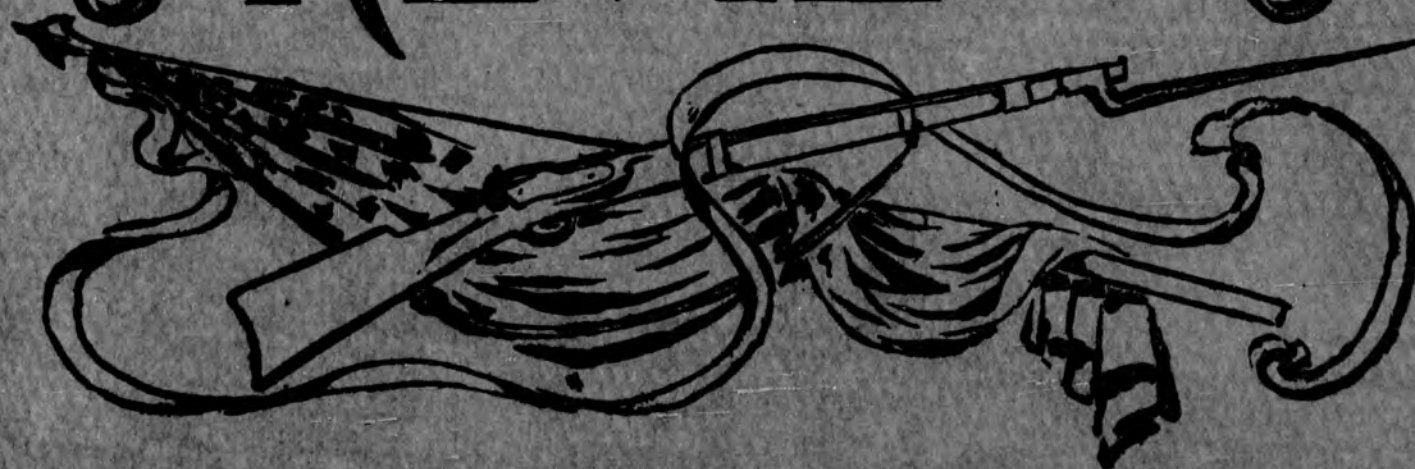


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