

The Delaware College Review

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THE FRESHMAN.

OF ALL the strange and interesting types of humanity the most remarkable is the college freshman. Hardly more than a boy, with all a boy's frailties and weakness, the average first-year man or "freshman," as he is called, has a strong desire to be considered a man. This ambition he endeavors to gratify by acting in an independent, careless, devil-may-care sort of a way towards everyone. In new surroundings, thrown among associates who know nothing of his former character, he seeks to give the impression that he is of no small importance in the world to which he belongs. The result is that he becomes conceited, impudent, self-important and generally disagreeable. There is just one word in college parlance which exactly expresses his condition—he is "fresh."

The freshman remains in this state for an indeterminate time, depending entirely on circumstances. If his class wins in the sophomore-freshmen rushes his self-complacency is increased until he becomes unbearable. If his class loses he himself suffers no particular hard usage; he is scarcely affected. If the class is overwhelmingly defeated and each member roughly treated a great deal of the freshness will probably disappear immediately. But, on the whole, he may be said to remain fresh until his first hazing.

Suddenly his state of satisfied self-importance is broken in upon by half a dozen hazers, determined to take the freshness out of him. He is ordered to do several humiliating things in the presence of and for the amusement of his tormentors. If he discovers that he is afraid, very much afraid, and meekly, without demur, does what he is commanded, his subjugation is complete. His self-respect is gone, and for a time he utterly despises himself. But, in a short space, he begins to find excuses for his conduct. "There were four, or five, or six to one," he argues, "and I could not be expected to resist. I

did the best thing possible in submitting and thus avoiding further trouble." So little by little, especially when he finds that the fellows themselves think none the less of him for his ready obedience, he recovers his self-respect, but he gains with it a wholesome fear of a repetition of the dose, which causes him to be moderate in his conduct and bearing, and which lasts until he himself begins to realize the absurdity of his former attitude. When he reaches this point it may be said with truth that he has passed the last stage of boyhood and begins to be a man. Such is the result of hazing upon one type of freshmen.

Upon the other type the result is the same, although the method is different. When the hazers approach him and endeavor to take the freshness out of him by making him do disagreeable feats he rebels and refuses to obey. They proceed to force him to comply by no very gentle means. Having a good stock of animal courage and plenty of "nerve" he resists fiercely, although outnumbered. In a few minutes he is overpowered and subdued by his now enraged captors. This is not the time when they applaud his brave resistance. Afterwards, when they have cooled off, they remember the good fight he made and think the more of him for it. Just now they are fiercely determined that he shall submit. They cool his heated spirits with a bucket of water, or perhaps use more stringent measures. By the time they have finished the freshman is probably willing to do as he is told. He submits, however, only under protest, and because it is hopeless to resist, and the moment he is released vows vengeance upon his enemies. Some of his freshness disappears, but he has to be hazed several times before he realizes the futility of his resistance. By this time he begins to see wherein he is found wanting, and understands what it is to be fresh. When he reaches this point he, too, begins to be a man.

But he only begins to be a man. It takes just exactly one year for a freshman to cease being a freshman. And it is not hazing alone that makes a man of him. After the hazing period is over and a great deal of the conceit and self-consciousness is knocked out of him he is still very much a boy. He delights in making a great deal of noise, in playing practical jokes upon his classmates, in stealing hats and caps, in using all kinds of smart slang, and in causing all the devilment in his power. And in many respects the

careless, happy freshman year is the most enjoyable time of his college life. The freshman is utterly irresponsible. No one thinks of holding him accountable for anything. Lessons play no very prominent part in the occupation of the freshman's mind. Very little is expected from him. His professors know that it takes one year for him to realize what he came to college for, and they work accordingly. He has plenty of time to grow and expand from the boy, fresh from the high or preparatory school, to the serious, studious man, with an object before him, endeavoring to prepare himself for the struggle which he knows will follow the termination of his college career. In this way, therefore, he passes through many stages during his freshman year, and it is this constant change that makes the freshman the unique type that he is. The transformation from a boy to a man is accompanied by such remarkable phenomena that it affords an interesting study of "The College Freshman."

G. F., '06.

A SECRET OF THE DEAD.

UNREVEALED secrets of the dead that go down into the loathsome grave with the mortal remains of him who has been touched by the repulsive hand of death and rendered forever insensible to the joys and pains of life might be revered by some as sacred belongings of the dead, whose sleep would be disturbed if the secrets were disclosed.

This is a feeling I have long entertained about a secret which was told to me by one who has long since gone to his rest, and I have always guarded it zealously as a secret of the dead, with the belief that I had no right to tell it to a living soul. But at last I am firmly convinced that I can tell it to all who care to hear it, without causing a single moment of restlessness to the departed spirit.

If I could repeat the words that were told to me—words that came from the bottom of a broken heart—I could cause the sternest heart and the bosom most destitute of love and feeling to bow down in humble reverence before the shrine of love, and I could cause tears of joy and of sorrow to flow from eyes that have for years been dry, for it was a story so beautiful, so terrible, so pathetic, that even as I write I am looking through a mist that gathers in my eyes.

I was a mere boy when the story was told me, and could not then fully realize what it all meant, but since manhood's years have come and have brought to me all that life is really worth living for—the happiness which comes only from the true love of a noble woman—I can now look back and see plainly the anguish that shattered a heart and wrecked a life.

Josiah Wilkins—"Uncle Josh," as I called him—was a friend of my father's, who lived alone in a small log house in the depths of a forest, far from the home of any other person. My father would visit him occasionally, driving the long distance over a rough and little used woods road, and sometimes he would allow me to accompany him. Uncle Josh would always welcome us, and would prepare a meal for us that I enjoyed greatly, perhaps because of the oddity of the surroundings.

He was a man not old in years, but his long hair was snow white. He had a kindly and attractive face, though it bore deep lines that could come from no other cause than pain and sorrow. He seemed to be very fond of me, and one day he persuaded my father to allow me to stay with him a few days. I knew little of his past life. I had heard father say one day that a great sorrow had affected his mind, and that was the reason he lived alone in the forest. But to me his mind seemed perfectly clear, though there were times when he would be melancholy and depressed.

We soon learned to like each other, and nothing would please me more during the summer months than to be allowed to spend a few days with Uncle Josh. I loved outdoor life, as all real boys do, and Uncle Josh would take me for long walks over the forest hills, and at times we would go to a stream which ran close by his house to fish for speckled trout.

One day we were sitting quietly on the bank of the stream fishing when we heard voices near us—first a man's voice and then a woman's light laughter. I looked at Uncle Josh to see if he had noticed it. He had laid his fishing rod down, and was drawing his hand across his eyes. His face bore an expression that I had never seen before, and I couldn't have spoken to him if I had tried.

We both looked in the direction from which the voices had come, and saw a young man of about twenty-four and a woman near the same age walking hand in hand on the bank of the stream

opposite from us. They were talking and laughing, and their faces seemed to be beaming with happiness. They passed on without noticing us, and when a short distance beyond us the man stooped and pulled a wild flower and fastened it in her hair.

Uncle Josh had been watching them intently, and when he saw this he arose, pressed his hand to his forehead, walked a few steps through the forest, and then sank down on the dry leaves and wept like a little child. I had never seen a man shed tears before, and I knew that something he had seen had caused him to remember some painful event of his life.

"Come, my son," he said, rising and taking me by the hand, "we must go home." We walked home without either of us speaking, and when we had entered the house he fell across the bed and sobbed again like a heartbroken child. I was deeply affected and shed tears myself, but I tried to comfort him as best I knew how.

Rousing himself with an effort, finally, he sat on the edge of the bed and called me to him. "Come here, my son," he said, "and sit beside me. There is something I must tell to some living person, and you are the only one I can tell it to. You have thought it very strange to see an old man like me shed tears to-day, but after I have told you something about my life, and when you grow older, you can understand and pity instead of mock me."

He choked down a sob, wiped his eyes and continued, "What we saw down by the stream to-day recalled all the joys and sorrows of my life. I have not always lived in this wild place. When I was young I was like other people, and enjoyed life as others do. Yes, I was very happy once: as happy as those people we saw to-day."

The old man's face seemed to glow with a strange light now, and he was talking as though to himself. "Alice was the dearest and brightest girl in the world," he continued. "She would make the sun shine on the darkest day. That summer day when she told me she loved me and promised to be my wife I thought my happiness was complete. It was no common love like that which we read about in books—it was a love as pure as the beautiful sunbeams, and as deep and broad as the whole universe, and it embraced my whole life and my whole soul. We were very happy that summer. We both loved nature, and nearly every day we would take long walks across fields and through woods. Everything seemed to be made

especially for us. The sun would send its brightest beams to us, and the trees would throw beautiful shadows on the greenest and softest grass, and while we were resting in the shade the birds would come and sing their sweetest songs for us, and the bees would make the woods sound with a dreamy murmur. Little brooks gurgled and laughed with glee as they hastened noisily through shady nooks of the forest. Wild flowers, more beautiful than I had ever seen before, grew for us everywhere we went. Ah! those were happy days. The summer drifted on like a dream of some bright fairyland, and now only a month remained before we should be together for always. What a beautiful thought that was! to have forever close to me the one woman who was more to me than life itself. Alice was not like other women—she was so pure, so innocent, so faithful, so noble. She had a nature as pure and as sweet as a beautiful red rose, and as open and confiding as a little child's. But she was too good for this world. The angels looked down one day and saw her, and they wanted her to go live with them, so they could make her their queen and bow down before her.

"A month before the time when we should have each other for always Alice went to the city to spend a week with her relatives, and while there she was to get the dress she would be married in. How well I remember the day she went away! As I walked down to the gate with her I pulled a beautiful red rose, still wet with glistening dew drops, and fastened it in her hair. Then she kissed me good-bye and drove away to the station. I didn't think I would get very lonesome, because I knew she would be home again in a week, but before noon came I felt more alone than ever before in my life. In the afternoon I took a book and strolled across the meadow to a shady spot, and was trying to make the time pass quickly by reading and dreaming when I heard my brother's voice calling me. I answered, and then—O merciful God! How sweet would have been a death that would have killed only my mortal life. But he killed my soul and left mortal life in my body. He came very close to me before he spoke, and I could see by the look he gave me that something was wrong. 'Josiah,' he said, 'the train is wrecked and Alice is killed.' 'What?' I shrieked, as I sprang to my feet and leaped towards him. I believe I would have crushed his life out if I could have reached him, for it seemed that he was some demon sent

from hell to torment me; but with the first step I sank down insensible. Those words had murdered my soul and paralyzed my brain."

The old man again sobbed loudly for a few minutes, and tears flowed from my young eyes as if they were fountains of sorrow, and if I had known the anguish that was tearing to shreds his broken heart my tears would have been bitter, indeed.

"The human mind is a wonderful thing," he continued, at last. "It was only a brief instant from the time those words were spoken until my mind became a blank, but there were more thoughts burned into my brain in that instant than I could tell in a hundred years. Every moment of my past life, all the sorrows and joys I had ever known and all that the future would be were revealed to my mind as one immense vivid picture.

"For three years I lay in an asylum with my mind a perfect blank, and the day when I awoke I thought it was the same day I had heard those words spoken from hell, and that I was waking from a faint. I begged them to take me to Alice and let me see her dear face once more, and to tell me how she was killed and if she suffered any. Then I fainted again, and for two months I was very near to death with a terrible brain fever.

"I left the asylum an old and broken man. The world was very dark to me, for it is only the soul and higher life of man that see pleasures and things beautiful, and I had nothing left but a mortal life and a shattered aching heart. I started out to try to lose my sorrows in the busy world, but every place I went there was but one thought, but one picture in my mind, and I would return again to the place where my life had been lived and lost. At last I built this house, and my few years that remain will be spent here. These woods and fields are where we spent our lives that summer, and even now there are moments when I can sit down and close my eyes in spots where we once rested and be with her again and see her eyes beam with happiness as they did when we spoke of the bright little home we would soon have."

The old man was silent a few minutes now, and leaning forward, with his head resting in his hands and elbows on his knees, he seemed to be looking at some picture in his mind. "Other people," he said, as though speaking to himself, "say I am insane for living here alone and being different from them. Perhaps I am. But my

love was not a common love that could die in a day. There is so little real love in the world. What people call love is only fascination. Men and women marry and live together for a lifetime, perhaps, and believe they love each other, and as long as everything is pleasant and agreeable they may be happy, but let trouble and the real tests of love come, and then there are quarrels and separations and divorces. Those are the people who call me insane. True lovers are never divorced, for true love unites the souls with bonds of tenderness that no mortal power can break. Dark days may come, but true love raises its head proudly above all worldly things, and makes trouble seem very small. Alice is happy now, and I shall soon join her, and then I, too, will be happy again."

A smile broke over his face now, and his eyes sparkled with joy. "Yes, little sweetheart," he said, "we will be very happy. You will be gone from me a whole week, but after that I will have you always, and we will never be away from each other again."

I stole softly from the room and left the old man musing to himself. When I returned an hour later he had supper prepared, and was in his usual spirits.

The next day I left for home, and two weeks later when my father and I visited him he was not at the door to welcome us. We went into the house, and there on his bed lay the form of him who had known such great happiness and greater sorrow. His thin hands were clasped over his bosom, and his face that was cut so deeply with lines of sorrow was overspread with the most beautiful smile of happiness I have ever seen.

CULTURE.

There is nothing which so bespeaks the gentleman as the quality of culture. It is the basis of refinement. Culture is the cause; refinement and good breeding the result. Culture gives finish and polish to the address, fluency and suavity to the conversation, and grace and ease of bearing to the carriage of the perfect gentleman.

There is a wide difference between genuine refinement and the showy varnish which is often mistaken for it. Refinement is not entirely a gift nor a heritage, neither can it be wholly acquired. Education, although it helps materially, by broadening the intellect,

cannot give that perfect breeding which is necessary to culture. Birth and environment alone, cannot produce the cultured gentleman. There must be a combination of the two, a happy medium which shall unite the requisites in such proportion that the result shall be culture.

To sum up the advantages necessary for the desired result, they are these:

First, Birth—A man must be born with gentlemanly instincts. He must have an honorable, open nature.

Second, Environment—He must live in an atmosphere of respectability, of breeding.

Third, Association—His associates, especially his intimate friends, must be gentlemen.

Fourth, Education—Greater than all the rest is the absolute necessity of education. Though we hear of such phenomena as "uneducated gentlemen," and "Nature's [noblemen]," education is absolutely necessary to culture.

Given all these advantages, and the result will be, a gentleman.

Culture is one thing, politeness another. Culture cannot exist without politeness; politeness is too often found alone. Politeness is frequently the varnish which glosses the conduct of those who wish to appear gentlemen. The true gentleman is polite without endeavoring to be so; it is his instinct to be courteous. It is a deplorable fact that in this busy modern, up-to-date world of ours, there seems to be no room for courtesy. What a wide difference between the two extremes, the Virginia planter of the early sixties and the business man of the present day. The one, the foremost example of the polished gentleman, the other, the hard-headed, matter-of-fact business man. The very ideas of a man of affairs and a courtier are incompatible. Not that a business man cannot be a gentleman. Some of the men of business who are most abrupt in the office are perfect gentlemen in their homes. But the tenor of the twentieth century seems to be to regard culture and politeness as old fashioned and medieval. There is a move in the wrong direction for which we shall presently suffer. It may lead us, however, to finally recognise the true value of culture.

G. F., '06

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EDITORIAL.

THERE seems to be no hope left of securing the use of any room for a gymnasium this winter. We believe, however, that a new gymnasium will be erected and ready for use by the beginning of next year.

* * *

The REVIEW extends to all its readers a hearty New Year's greeting, and wishes each one a happy and prosperous year. May you make this year better than any of your past life. The year will not bring us joys or sorrows. It simply furnishes the opportunities for us to make for ourselves whatever we would have, for surely we are all exactly as we make ourselves, and every individual has the opportunity and the privilege to become whatever he would wish.

It is amusing to hear one say, "Oh, it's no use for me to try, I can't do anything. I was born unlucky, and have never had any luck for anything." What a simple excuse that is for the lazy person to give for his laziness! He tries to deceive himself as well as to deceive others; and in a way, he will finally succeed in deceiving himself, but others will still look in pity upon his sad mistakes. Let each one begin now to make 1904 a year that will be worth living.

* * *

From time to time articles appear in college magazines setting forth the advantages and the disadvantages of examinations. Some approve of them wholly, some partly, and some disapprove altogether.

Those who disapprove argue that the ground has been gone over during the term, and it is only a waste of time to go over it again; that if the student cares to learn he will do it without being com-

pelled to stand an examination; and that examination week is a hard and trying period which does not repay the exertion it costs. Whether or not an examination pays depends wholly upon the way it is given. An instructor can make a difficult examination of an easy subject if he is so inclined, and in fact it is seldom that the results show fairly the student's knowledge of the subject. Some instructors are inclined to ask vague and indirect questions, and to put them in such a way that it is often harder to find what the question means than it is to answer it. Again, some instructors will select the most difficult questions that could be asked, and will make them as long and tedious as possible. For instance, the figures given in a mathematical problem will be large and partly fractions, when they could just as well be small and simple numbers. In cases like this examinations are an unnecessary hardship, and the instructor is unfair to the student. But where the instructor is fair and considerate, examinations are not a hardship but are in fact a necessity. In the first place if a student has mastered the subject as he should do, he will not mind an examination, and examination week will be for him the easiest week of the term. If the thought is constantly before his mind that at the end of the term he must stand an examination upon the subject he is studying, he will constantly review his work and keep it fresh in his mind, while if there is to be no examination he will in a way dismiss the subject from his mind after each recitation, as being completed.

It may be said that the college student would not do such a thing as this, because he is old enough to understand why he is studying and will therefore study in a way that is most profitable to him; but, as a rule, the college student is only a public school boy with another name and a few year's growth, and like the schoolboy, he delights in neglecting his lessons, and it is therefore necessary to employ some means to compel him to study.

DE ALUMNIS.

O. C. SHORT, 1904.

Hugh H. Morris, '98, has recently passed the State examinations, and is practicing law in Wilmington, Del.

W. S. Tinney, ex-'00, has been granted the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the University of Pennsylvania.

Willard T. Smith, '92, has recently passed the State examination, and is practicing law in Wilmington, Del.

A. D. Marshall, '99, has passed the Kent county law examination, and is practicing in that county.

Albert S. Cooper, '96, has resigned his position as assistant rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, and has joined the brotherhood.

Raymond DuHadway, '94, is stationed at Lipa, Province of Batanzas, Island of Luzon, Philippines.

Joseph H. Frazer, '03, spent the holidays at his home, Newark, Del.

ATHLETICS.

F. SCHARINGER, 1904.

DELAWARE 16; M. A. C. 0.

DELAWARE COLLEGE closed her foot ball season on Thanksgiving Day by defeating Maryland Agricultural College by the score of 16 to 0. The teams were about evenly matched in weight but M. A. C. was unable to stop the fierce rushes of the Delaware team.

Maryland kicked off, and by hard line bucking and end runs Delaware gradually carried the ball back to the M. A. C.'s goal line. At the end of the first five minutes of play Bevan crossed the line for the first touchdown. Maryland again kicked off and during the play the ball was carried out of bounds. Lawton touched the ball in and kicked it 25 yards toward M. A. C.'s goal line, a Delaware man gaining possession of the ball. From that position, by steady rushes it was carried over a second time for a touchdown. Once more Delaware scored in the first half, this was due to the fine work of Lawton who kicked a field goal from the 20 yard line. The half ended with the score 16 to 0.

Maryland kicked off in the second half and the ball was carried back for a good gain. Delaware and M. A. C. both resorted to kicking and it was at this stage that M. A. C. took a brace and carried the ball to within one yard of Delaware's goal line. Delaware made a fine stand and gained the ball on downs. Lawton from behind the goal line kicked the ball which struck a M. A. C. man. Powell get-

ting the ball, made a run of 90 yards. M. A. C. held for downs and gradually carried the ball back to Delaware's 30 yard line, where it was lost on downs. The game ended with the ball in Delaware's possession near the centre of the field. Neither side scored in the second half.

DELAWARE.		M. A. C.
Hauber, Shallicross	L. E.	Gill
Ferguson, capt	L. T.	Albottian
Mewick	L. G.	Holterman
Bell	C.	Pouleur
Jones, Warrington	R. G.	Diggs
Schabinger	R. T.	Webster
Powell	R. E.	Crone
Pie	Q. B.	Mayo
Lawton	L. H.	Smith
Lawson, Carrick	R. H.	capt. Stoll
Brvan	P. B.	Mitchell

Touchdowns, Brvan 2; goal, Lawton; goal from field, Lawton; Umpire, Staufer. U. of P. Referee, Wharton; Time of halves 30 and 25 minutes.

* * *

No sooner has one season closed when our thoughts are directed to the ensuing year, and we look about us to see who are the men most capable to manage our team and to carry it on to victory.

F. P. Pie was elected to succeed Ferguson as captain of the Gold and Blue team for the season of 1904.

H. W. Lyndall succeeds Roberts as manager, and Stephens succeeds Truxton as assistant manager.

We feel confident that these men will faithfully discharge the trust which has been confided to them by the student body, and that the season of 1904 will be a successful one.

EXCHANGE.

H. W. LYNDALE, 1905.

IT SEEMS too bad to us that so many exchanges disregard the departments of their paper. Is it owing to a lack of co-operation on the part of the editors? Generally speaking, the exchange column is entirely neglected. A great many of the college papers seem to think that their exchange department should quote little pieces of poetry or prose or jokes seen in other papers, and leave criticisms of their contents entirely out of the question. One of our

exchange editors has said that the exchange column should be "livened up" by the insertion of laughable jokes and not contain so many monotonous criticisms about college papers. Perhaps we can not blame him for this assertion, because he may have been tendered a series of monotonous criticisms until driven to desperation, he was forced to say this to shield himself. But for what is the exchange column intended? The name tells us. This department is given to college papers so that the editor may pass judgment on the merits and demerits of others. It is a department supposed to encourage writers of other papers. When the editor sees a good article he praises it and commends the author, while if he sees a poor composition or essay he points out the faults, so that the writer will be encouraged to try again to excel his former production. As to the insertion of jokes we think that the proper place for them should come under the head of the local and personal or humorous department. Now, brother ex-men, it is up to you. Improve your departments, for that is what makes your paper.

The *St. John's Collegian* is a very interesting exchange. Its literature is generally select. "A Somnambulistic Walk" is well written, and the author is all the more to be commended for writing a clear, clean-cut story, arriving at a satisfactory conclusion without all this hee-hawing about the woods. If more of the authors of college papers would boil down their writings their selections would be more interesting. "Which," however, of the same issue is a rather weak composition. Had the author spent a little more time on his work the article may have been made worthy of favorable mention.

We are glad to welcome *The Targum*, of Rutgers' College. This is the first time that our exchange table has been graced by *The Targum*, and we heartily welcome it. On glancing over the paper we find some very interesting reading matter, and a plenty of it. With an improved cover design *The Targum* would be an excellent exchange.

The *Western Maryland College Monthly* comes to us full of both light and deep literature. We offer, as a suggestion, that *The Monthly* make a change of type in the near future, as the present type is not on a standing with the fine literature.

The Phoenix, of Swarthmore, is a very neat little paper, and contains good material. The poetry, which abounds, is very good.

A sensible article is found in "A Strike Out Or A Hit" in *The Holcad*. This article shows good reasoning and careful study on the part of the author.

We are glad to see that *The Phoenix* (Montpelier Seminary) has made a change, in that it now contains an exchange column, which is a credit to the paper. Previously the management of *The Phoenix* has considered this department of the least importance, and has allowed the exchange editor but little space. Now the management is an advocate of a good exchange column, and the result is that they have now a first-class exchange department.

The Chisel is a neat and well-edited magazine. In its literary department we notice, among other good ones, a cleverly conceived love story—"The Mischief of the Handkerchief." Some parts of this article are forcibly written, while some others would bear a little more careful revision. The section devoted to "Books of the Hour" is almost above criticism. Several of our college papers could be benefitted by the addition of this department. Taken as a whole, *The Chisel* is a good paper, and deserves favorable mention.

To date we acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Nazarene*, *Mississippi College Magazine*, *Punch Bowl*, *Ursinus Weekly*, *Maryville College Monthly*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Reveille*, *Tar Heel*, *Haverfordian*, *Hedding Graphic*, *Collegium Forense*, *Dickinsonian*, *Athenaeum*, *Criterion*, *M. H. Aerolite*, *Adrian College World*, *Willistonian*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *The Forum*, *Manitou Messenger*, *Weekly Columbian*, *College Signal*, *Lookout* and others.

LOCALS.

ASHER J. MCCABE, 1904.

Flunks!

How many did you get?

What kind of a Christmas present did you get from HER?

Stuart: "Mr. Bill, the leaves are coming out of this book."

Mr. Bill: "Oh, yes, it's the fall of the year, you know."

We are all glad to see Soper out again, and sincerely hope that his leg was strong enough for him to go around and have a good time during vacation.

Stanley Frazer, much to the regret of the ladies, has resigned as manager of their basket ball team.

Joe: "Oh yes, I was sheriff, but had another negro for my deputy."

Stuart's remarks were not altogether logical when he learned that he had flunked in logic.

Dr. Harter, our President, and Dr. Dawson represented Delaware College at a meeting of the Association of Preparatory Schools and Colleges held at Columbia University on November 28 and 29 last.

The Delaware State Grange held a meeting in the Oratory on December 8, and were in session at closed meetings in the Auditorium on the 9th and 10th.

Freddy, (ex-conductor) taking up collection in the Presbyterian church, punches a fellow on the shoulder, "Fare, please."

Imagine Gooden's surprise when he unpacked his suit case at home and found some of his books in it. Of course Tom didn't put them in.

The Athletic Council has awarded the regulation D to eleven 'varsity men, and the regulation D with a small S in it to eight scrub players.

Carnagy: "I don't think seventy-five cents is too much to pay for your best girl's Christmas present, do you?"

Jesse James, the wild man from Sussex, is fast becoming a leader of Newark society.

Gooden: "I couldn't do that hysterical (hysteresis) problem in a week."

THE CORNELIAN.

No specious splendor of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre only once it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have for my weakness oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize—
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offered it with downcast look,
As fearful that I might refuse it;
I told him when the gift I took,
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
Nor wealth, nor birth their treasures yield;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth
Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fix'd her fickle breast;
Her countless hoards would his have been,
And none remained to give thee rest.—BYRON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold;
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—LEIGH HUNT.

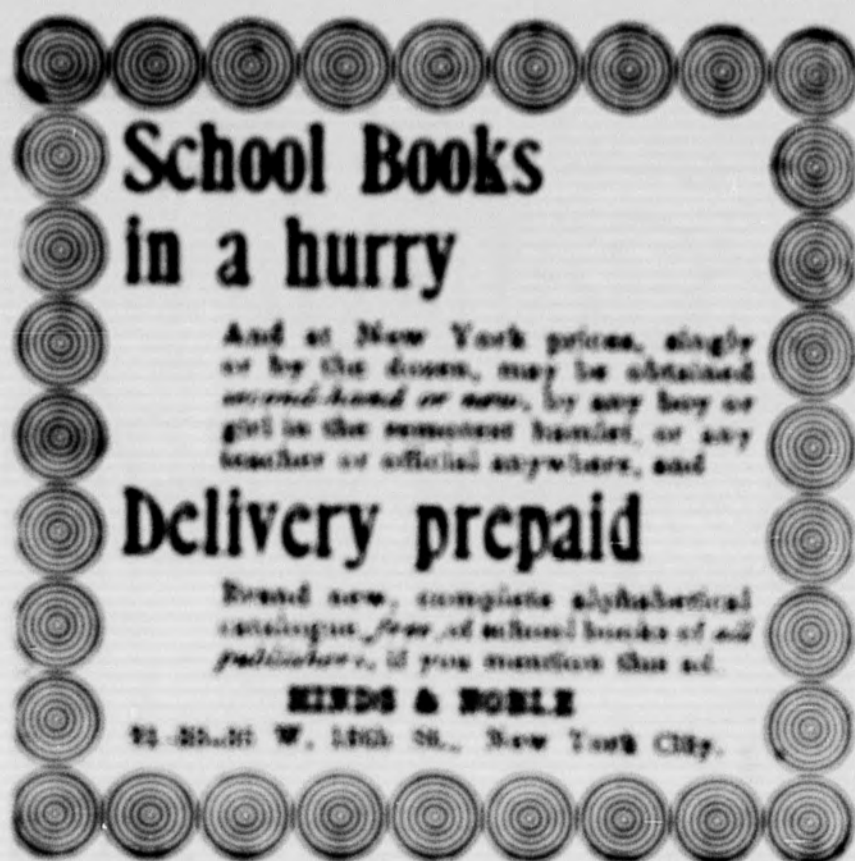
TO A BOOK-WORM.

Oh, gentle worm, most wise, though oft denounced a pest,
 Who didst the pages of the ancients' books infest,
 Their contents chew upon and inwardly digest,
 I envy thee when o'er thy course I look.

For 'twixt the vellum walls of some sweet classic tome,
 'Mid leaves ink-scented, thou didst have thy cloistered home,
 All margined round with virgin fields in which to roam
 Whene'er thou caredst to leave thy lettered nook.

And when thou'dst riddled thy last line, O Ptinidus,
 What happy destiny was thine, denied to us,
 To lay thy sapient bones in such sarcophagus,
 And be forever buried in a book!

—JOHN H. FINLEY in Century.



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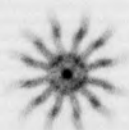
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