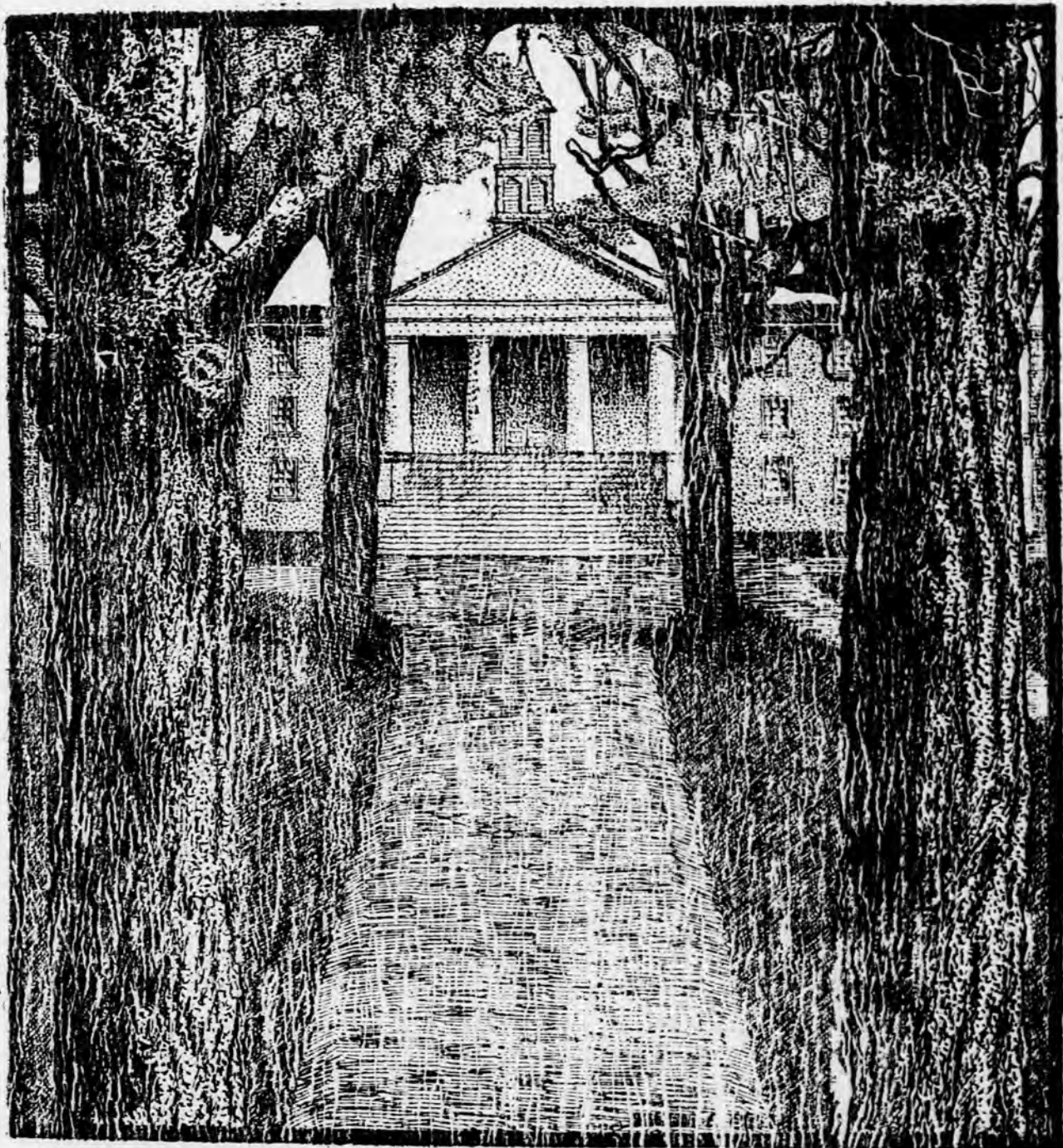


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THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

Vol. XXII.

Delaware College, October, 1905.

No. 1.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THROUGHOUT history we find record of individuals and nations ruined ; some by their consistent adherence to their own convictions, others by the base ingratitude of those whom they have assisted. For the ingrates we have nothing but contempt, but we bow in silent reverence to the long list of martyrs who died gloriously for their noble principles. Yet the fall of these is caused by the spirit of the times rather than by divine ordinance. Anarchy and revolt must needs have a victim before a nation's sense of higher ideals can be awakened, and France in the Hundred Years War claimed her victim.

We gaze impassionately on the receding past and wonder at the deeds of a people to whom we are strangers, and it requires no small effort to transport ourselves back into the spirit and atmosphere of the French people in the beginning of the 15th century. For since then the manners, the habits, the customs, all have changed. What, indeed, remains the same? Nothing, perhaps, save man and woman and the love and hatred by which they are ruled. France was not France in those days. Her patriotism and love of country were yet unborn. She was a

country rent asunder ; province fought against province ; prince against prince and brother against brother with all the bitterness of feudal strife. The English invaders already with fire and sword were making the smiling land a desert. France had reached a period of depression and despair which no principle of national elasticity was able to remedy. Her people had ceased to be brothers. They had lost faith in humanity and faith in God, and when every heart stood still for its own and its country's fate, when the star of hope had almost settled behind the dark clouds that hovered over her destiny, the deliverer came.

Though the future of France looks dark and we tremble for the outcome, we need not despair, for over among yonder vineclad hills of Lorraine, in the little village of Domremy, is living Joan of Arc, the peasant maid, who, as she tends her flocks or spins at her father's door, is working out a plan of salvation for her native land.

Born of lowly parents, and reared in the shadow of the hamlet church, Joan early became familiar with the horrors of border warfare and she listened with bated breath as some wandering priest told the story of her country's peril. She brooded much over the troubles of France and when yet a child there

came to her the conviction that she must go and deliver her country and crown her king. These voices, as she termed them, continued to visit her, ever urging her onward. Were they the whisperings of her overwrought imagination, or were they the promptings of heaven? Ah! who can say? Yet she saw her duty and dared perform it. We see her at the age of seventeen starting out, opposed by all forces secular and ecclesiastical, but undaunted she faced difficulties before which many a brave heart had faltered, and overcoming all these she faced her way into the presence of the king and besought him for permission to go to the relief of Orleans. His courtiers laughed her to scorn, but by the pure simplicity of an unshaken faith she gained his consent and hastened on toward her destiny.

On reaching Orleans she found instead of an army a mob, profligate and worthless, yet by her divine faith and undaunted bravery she inspired each fainting heart with courage and led them on to a glorious victory. On April 30, 1429, she entered the city, by her consummate generalship and noble inspiration, accomplishing in eight days what the French generals had failed to do in as many months, and from the last bloody charge on the English ramparts, amid the shouts of a grateful people, she rode back no longer the shepherd girl of Domremy but the Maid of Orleans. Victory followed victory in rapid succession. Patay, Troyes and Poitiers fell before

her and now the opportunity for which she had struggled and bled had come; the crowning of the king. Hastening back to Chinon she led him in triumph to Rheims that he might be crowned in the old castle of kings and be recognized as God's anointed. She had indeed risen to fame and renown; she had led armies and stood at the right hand of kings, yet as she rode out of Rheims amid the gayety and splendor of the court she was sad and downcast. Her banner was faded, her shining armor was covered with the marks of many conflicts, her end achieved but her heart troubled and full of unrest.

In this state of mind she besought the king that she be permitted to return to her parents and the simple life of her native Domremy, but alas! It was not to be. No more was she to return to her beloved home. No more was she to walk those hills in sweet communion with her "brothers of paradise." Ah no! A greater yet sadder fate awaited her. The activity of the king was brief and on reaching Compiegne he fell back into his old ways of feasting and revelry, Joan was held at court almost a prisoner. Fine robes and empty titles were offered her in abundance, but for these she did not come. They satisfied not the heart of the maid who, while others feasted and forgot their cares, heard the agonizing cry of her dying people and was powerless to aid them. At length, unable to restrain herself, with a few trusty followers she broke away from court and hastened toward Melun where the

Burgundians were strongly intrenched, and overpowered by numbers and fighting with all the fierceness of despair she was taken prisoner by the rebel forces.

At her capture, it seems an universal shout went up over all France from friend and foe alike. All rules of warfare were suspended. She was not treated as a prisoner of war but chained in her cell like a wild animal. No ransom was mentioned, none demanded, none offered. France stood a silent spectator and raised not a hand to save her.

For a year she was transferred from prison to prison and on February 21, 1431, she was brought to Rouen for trial. Day after day she was compelled to measure her strength alone against all the wise men of her time who tried in vain to entangle her. Even the secrecy of her prison was denied her. She was visited by a spy, a traitor, of prophet of evil, but never a friend. The ladies of Ligny had cheered her first prison. The kind women of Abbeyville had brightened the gloomy fortress of Crotoy, but in this her last prison, no woman was ever permitted to come.

After months of torture she was condemned to be burned at the stake for crime. The crime of saving France. This spotless creature, the very embodiment of her country of all that was purest and best, was singled out by her countrymen as a fit victim of their hatred and on learning her fate she stretched forth her hands in sup-

plication over mistaken Rouen and with all the agony of a despairing soul cried: O Rouen! Rouen! Must I die here?

On the following morning, clad in spotless white, beautiful in her suffering, she was led through the endless throng to the scaffold. If she was noble in her successful days she was angelic in her death scene. If she was merciful in life, in death she was forgiving, and the fire that was kindled at her feet on that day formed a halo about her head that will last forever. Her country may indeed awake to its ingratitude, but the maid is no more. The thunders of universal France may proclaim her grandeur and do honor to her memory, but no act can ever remove the strain of this, its basest crime.

C. P. M. '07.

ROWLAND GOODWIN COOPER, '07.

Born 1885 - Drowned 1905.

Break, break, break

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

—Tennyson.

WHEN we returned to college this year we congregated in groups on the campus and were glad to be again united. But to many of us there was something unmistakably lacking: we missed the hearty handshake, the cheerful voice, and the smiling countenance of Rowland Goodwin Cooper, now a memory.

It is difficult, and we are still unable,

fully to realize that he will never again come up the path, through the archway of lindens, and join us in our work and play.

His amiable, warm-hearted, and sincere personality won for him the friendship of the young and old alike, and the ability to gain and hold the affection of children and, more especially, the confidence of the aged is a characteristic always found associated with the best that goes to make up a man. The ability to tell a story or an anecdote; genial, wit and humor, and all the requisites of bright conversation were his. And to be associated with him was to love him.

He was the son of Dr. William H. Cooper, of Kenton, Kent county, Delaware, in which place he was born on May 2, 1885. In his boyhood he took an active interest in the Sunday School, having been Assistant Superintendent and Librarian.

He first attended the Kenton public school and then the public school of Wilmington, from which he went to the Friends' School of the same city. In September, 1902, he entered Bethel Military Academy, of Bethel, Virginia, where he remained until September, 1903, when he matriculated in the Civil Engineering course at Delaware College, where he spent the greater part of the last two years of his life.

He looked forward with pleasure and pride to the time when he would return and take up his studies as a Junior. But on August 11, 1905, in the very threshold of life and the best

of health, while swimming in Murderkell creek, he was drowned.

To-day he is greatly missed in his home. And his father, for whom he had the greatest affection, and for whom he never caused any grief except when he died, looks in vain for his son to come up the lawn to the house as was his custom in returning from the village in the evening, and who, as he begins to feel the weight of advancing years, has lost not only a son but a companion.

At college his room was the undisputed social centre of the Class of '07. Few entered it feeling gloomy who did not succumb to his unfailing optimism and come out in a different state of mind. The pleasant hours spent there has brightened the school life of many and will ever be remembered.

The preceding and following two stanzas were selected from Tennyson's *Break, Break, Break*, which as every Junior will recall, Cooper recited before their elocution class and which are now singularly significant considering the manner by which he met his untimely end:

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

And now Rowland G. Cooper is dead—the professors called him Cooper; some called him Rowland; but we,

who knew him well, often familiarly called him "Coop." In him Delaware College has lost a student ever unselfishly willing to serve its best interests; the REVIEW a proficient Local Editor and supporter; and we a friend, kind, considerate, earnest, generous to a fault, sympathetic, and faithful, who will always remain among our most pleasant and, at the same time, sad memories of Delaware College.

A CASKET AT EVENTIDE.

ABOUT an hour before sunset, with a life-long friend, I trudged slowly up the narrow, winding path that leads to the stately old Convent of the Good Shepherd. The dull, melancholy monotone of a bell tolling somewhere above us signified only too well that death had preceded us and that one more life had passed into the dark unknown. Each mournful note fell heavily upon the sorrowing heart of some friend and aroused true sympathy in ours. We had each outlived the proverbial three score and ten, and I thought of the short time which would elapse before a bell would toll for us; wondered which would mourn for the other, and hoped that I would be the first to go.

As we approached the convent our attention was attracted by a long procession of nuns filing silently up the stone steps and into the little, vine-covered chapel. So peaceful was the scene and so dignified and solemn was the tread of these sombrely garbed

figures that involuntarily we uncovered, and, then, irresistibly drawn by the low, tremulous notes of the organ, we followed them into the chapel and seated ourselves.

For some time their calm faces, illuminated by the sunlight, which was softened by passing through richly colored glass windows, held our attention, but soon we saw, directly in front of the altar, a casket, around which a few candles flickered uncertainly.

We remained throughout the solemn ceremony which followed, and when the nuns moved forward to look upon the features of the dead for the last time we joined them. I chanced to get in front of my friend. The dead sister was about sixty years old; her hair was silvery white; her face was sweet, bespoke a handsome youth, and bore a peaceful expression. As I looked upon her I wondered what could have caused her to enter the convent—what was the secret of her life—and, still meditating, I stepped aside and awaited my companion. As he came in sight of the dead I noticed his face. It paled decidedly. He bent over the casket and gazed intently on the still, cold features. I had known him for fifty years—we had been chums at college—and our relations had been very intimate. Yet I knew of no reason for his actions. Sentimentality was not one of his characteristics.

So long did he stand there that it became necessary for me to speak to him; he then leaned over and kissed

her reverently and tenderly on the forehead, turned reluctantly and feebly followed me out to a bench, a few hundred yards away. We sat there in silence; he in deep thought and I watching the sisters as they carried the casket to the little graveyard, at the rear of the chapel, where, just as the sun disappeared below the horizon, they buried her.

The scene was very impressive and suggested many themes for reflexion. For a long time we sat there in the peaceful stillness, uttering not a sound; and then, as the night shades fell fast, he aroused himself and told me the story in a voice low and tender.

"Rob, we have been friends and I have had the greatest confidence in you, but there are little things in every life that appear to be very trivial and yet in reality are paramount factors in the formation of character which are often kept secret—very often for the want of a sympathetic hearer. However, Rob, that was not the reason which prevented me telling you this story; in fact, I had no reason other than that I wished to forget. But tonight the whole past comes up before me so vividly that I must speak, and if you will be patient I will tell it all to you.

"You remember that after I left college I wrote short stories and succeeded in winning recognition from the foremost publishers. My ambition was slowly materializing and the realization was very pleasant. I shall never forget the night we celebrated

the acceptance of the first story—the story which your music inspired.

"And then a few years later I married. In my wife I expected to find a comrade who would sympathize with my work and encourage me; instead, I found a woman only at home in the parlor, and—tears. Before the world we were an ideal couple; but you know what a farce, what a mockery it was.

"A year later my first novel appeared. It was a failure. I did not give up in despair, but rather, urged by you and what little ambition I had left, I began work with renewed energy. There was always a number of guests at our house. Some snobbish, often fake, somebodies, whose apish chatter and constant search for pleasure was very tiring and disgusting to a man of my temperament. To write in this artificial atmosphere was impossible. So, feigning ill health, I gladly came to a quiet little village situated near a river, fifty miles below here.

"One bright afternoon I procured a boat and rowed leisurely up the cool, well shaded stream in search of a quiet, picturesque place on its banks where I could come during the pleasant summer days and write. After I had gone some distance the stream became very narrow and then widened out, and in the distance I saw an island thickly covered with bushes and trees. When I came near I was attracted by a shady, grass covered spot on the shore. With something of the old spirit, I rushed the boat to the shore, jumped

out and eagerly climbed to the place.

"And there, lying in the grass, near the trunk of a tree, I noticed a copy of my novel. No one was in sight. I picked it up and decided it had been brought there that day, because it had not been dampened by the dew. Who could have been there? I sat down and opened the book in search for some clue, but the fly leaf bore no name. Slightly disappointed, I dropped the book to my side. It chanced to fall open and on the margin I noticed some writing. Again I picked it up—evidently it was a woman's writing—and eagerly read what was written. It was a criticism of one of the characters. I looked through the book and found many more which literally tore it to pieces. I was frankly told that I lacked sympathy for my characters; that they were poorly drawn and unreal; that I must be a cold hearted man, unschooled in the ways of women, etc.

"For a time I sat there considering the things I had just read and drinking in the beauty of my surroundings. It was good to be so close to nature. But soon my revery was interrupted by a rustle in the nearby bushes. And then, as if by magic, there suddenly appeared, a few yards in front of me, a vision of unsurpassed loveliness—a girl. I can see her now as she stood there outlined against the dark, green foliage; her tall, well proportioned figure clothed in a white sailor suit, with the sleeves rolled up; her light hair glistened in the sun; her flushed,

tanned face, beautiful in the knowledge of youth, at first bore an expression of fright, and then, as it changed into one of defiance, I knew that it was not she but I who was the intruder."

For a while my companion said nothing, and I remained silent. The full moon came slowly up and long, soft shadows fell on the grass. A single candle burned silently in the little chapel, and the fresh earth of a new made grave brightened in the silvery moonlight. But my friend did not notice his surroundings. The memories of the past had made him insensible to the present. The sadness of his eyes filled me with pity. Soon he again spoke:

I could tell you what we said but tonight I am not in that humor. However, remember that we were young—she was twenty and I was nearly thirty—and it was not hard to put aside petty conventions. I soon apologized for my intrusion, and when I introduced myself I noticed that she became very much embarrassed, and then I knew—she was my critic. I handed her the book and her embarrassment increased; but I thanked her for her frank and much needed criticisms in such a manner that she soon regained her composure and we entered into conversation. Her knowledge of books surprised me; her originality of expression in regard to her likes and dislikes attracted me, and her pleasant personality completely won my confidence. She would not tell me her name. I told her of my work, and when she

prepared to depart I begged her to come on the morrow or to permit me to see her again. I wished her to look over the work I had already done on my new novel. She promised to come at the same hour the next day, and, declining my company, she pulled a boat from underneath a bough, where she had hidden it, stepped in, and soon disappeared up the stream.

"Nearly every day for a month she came at the same hour, and we became the best of comrades. With her to criticise my work and to encourage me I finished the novel which won my fame and fortune. Every day I intended to tell her of my married life, but I could not summon up the courage. I was afraid she would go out of my life as suddenly as she had entered it.

"The day on which we completed the novel I gave her a book which she had expressed a desire to read. She looked at it for a while and then she suddenly arose and said that she must go. Her face was pale. She did not step into the boat as lightly as usual. She wore the white sailor suit, and what a picture she made as she stood in the stern of the little boat, pushing it slowly up the stream through the water plants with a long pole. When she came to the bend of the stream she enraptured me by waving her hand and I think she threw me a kiss. Then I watched her as she passed slowly out of sight.

"I was surprised when I discovered that she had not taken the book with

her. I picked it up and found in it a telegram which I had received that morning from my wife; and then I understood. I returned the next day hoping that she would come. She did not. And thus she passed out of my life and I never saw her again until this evening—in the casket."

My companion then arose and walked slowly through the high grass toward the moonlit graveyard—and I did not follow. J. H. P., '07.

FRANCIS BIRD STUCKERT.

Born, 1888 ; Died, 1905.

THE only thing in the history of the Class of 1908 that has materially dulled the spirits of each of us is the absence of one of its members, Francis Bird Stuckert, born June 19, 1888, in St. George's, Delaware.

He first attended school in his native town, beginning at the age of eight years, and graduating from the High School in his sixteenth year. His next Alma Mater was Delaware College; and during his whole year as a student in the Freshman Class, when friends in the form of classmates were especially appreciated, he talked, ate, and slept with us until he became attached to each of us by a strong feeling of good will, peculiar to college chums. He was not a silent member of the class but a helper in the time of need and a successful competitor in the inter-class field meet.

Francis always conducted himself in a gentlemanly manner, quite consistent with his home life and as a mem-

ber of the St. George's Presbyterian Church.

He left college in June with his many friends of all classes and with the prospects of an enjoyable summer vacation. But on the 18th of the following July his enjoyments brought him to a sad end. His death was due to over exertion at a dance at Chesapeake City, Md.

The news shocked his many friends all over the State, but the pleasures of none could have been as much darkened as were those of his classmates. The opening of college in September found each one of us going over the names on our class roll, and, as we found someone's missing, the feeling was similar to that experienced by soldiers during the roll call after a battle, when many men have fallen out, never to return. So, as a band of college chums, we who are left sympathize with his many friends and will always have a place reserved for the remembrance of Francis Bird Stuckert.

S., '08.

A DESPERATE RACE.

SOME months ago I was one of a convivial party that met in the smoking room in one of the principal hotels in A—— B——, New Jersey.

It was a cold, rainy, and disagreeable evening for the time of year; the kind that sets the people at the seashore to thinking of home and mother, or wife, as the case may be.

We had gathered for the express

purpose of making a night of it; and the pious intention was duly and religiously carried out. Although it was a watering place, we managed to procure a supply of that singular and anomalous fluid which has been denominated "Roxbury——."

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came the turn of a retired business man of Cincinnati. I took him to be a man of 65 or 70 years, tall, slim and active. We will call him Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank was slow to believe the other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself whenever the opportunity was offered. A Mr. Riley, who had served in the Spanish American War, had just wound up the story of one of his marvelous, and maybe truthful adventures in Cuba or the Philippines, (I have forgotten which). Mr. Blank remarked that the story was all very well, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time" on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well gentlemen," said Mr. Blank, clearing his voice for action and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair. "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of spinning yarns of marvelous or fictitious nature; and that which I am about to tell you, I most solemnly proclaim to be the truth." He then related the following story which I will give as nearly in

his own words as possible. You may draw your own conclusions; I have drawn mine:

"In 18— I came down the Ohio river, and settled at Lasanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of fifty or a hundred log and frame cabins; and where now stands the Broadway Hotel was the cottage of old Mr. —, a tailor, who by the by, received that land for making a coat for one of the settlers. Well I put up my cabin with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, and set about improving my lot, house, etc.

"Occasionally I took up my rifle and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer or bar meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in awhile they picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demons and made no bones of peppering the blasted serpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be caught nappin. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and traveled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no bar nor deer. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by I sees a

buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river. I slipped up with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a bead on his top-knot and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen."

"Well, but what had that to do with the adventure?" asked Mr. Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen, by Jove it had a great deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up the bottom. My dog heard it and started to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in reloading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless there were wolves, panthers, or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies, on the lower bank, made it tedious traveling there, so I scrabbled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with luckeye and sycamore and very little underbrush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapt your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred

yards in my rear, shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed.

"Well, I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of my redskins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—Now, think; I, old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me; and, when he had got just about near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a doornail at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you scalped him immediately I supposed?" said one of the company.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen, for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two redskins, shouting and whooping close on me and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Injin got pretty well up. Then I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was 'drawing a bead' on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and

up came the last one!"

"So you laid for him," said several.

"No," continued the narrator, "I didn't lay for him, I hadn't time to reload, so I layed legs to the ground and started again. I heard every bound he made after me; I ran and ran, until the fire flew out of my eyes and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Fact! gentlemen. Well, what I was to do? I didn't know—rifle empty, no big tree about, and a murdering red Injin not three hundred yards in my rear; and, what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, (now called Mill Creek,) and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up—"

"The Indian fired"—interrupted one of us.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by my fall. I heard the redskin close behind me, coming booming on and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots."

"Blood, eh?" asked Mr. Riley, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said Mr. Blank, "but

"what do you think it was?"

Since it was not blood, we were all puzzled to know what it could be. Then Riley observed—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boot flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, and Mr. Blank, noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"Oh, certainly not! Go on Mr. Blank," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double quick time, and seeing the creek about a half a mile off I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The redskin was coming, jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thinks I, here goes to load anyhow. So at it I went, in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder!" shouted one of us, who was worked up to top-notch by the story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle? There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and

loading his rifle as he came. I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the redskin a blast anyhow as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of it, and could see the smoke from the chimneys; a few more jumps and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me. He gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod and my load not down. Another "whoop! whoop!" and he was within fifty yards of me. I pulled—"and killed him," chuckled Riley.

"No Sir! I missed fire."

"And the Indian?" we shouted in a frenzy of excitement—

"Fired and killed me dead"—he calmly replied.

The screams and shouts that followed this final brought the landlord and servants to see if the house was on fire.

G. M. H., '08.

THE '07 DERELICT BOARD.

Editor-in-Chief, Joseph H. Perkins; Associate Editors, Julian C. Smith, Laurence E. Cain, Everett F. Warrington, Charles P. Messick; Art Editor, Harrie A. Bell; Associate Art Editor, Charles Blake; Business Managers, Thomas B. Smith, Paul H. Keppel, George J. Stevens, William T. Francis.

Fulton and Collins, who have been surveying for the Kent county trolley road, resumed their studies a few days ago.

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EDITORIAL BOARD

JOS. H. PERKINS, '07 Editor-in-Chief.

EVERETT F. WARRINGTON, '07, Literary.

W. VAUGHAN DERBY, '06, Athletic.

CHARLES P. MESSICK, '08, Exchange.

EDWIN HARKNESS, '06, Y. M. C. A.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08, Local.

LAURENCE E. CAIN, '07, Inter-Collegiate.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '08, De Alumnis.

PAUL H. KEPPLER, '07, Business Manager.

EDITORIAL

COLLEGE OPENS.

WITH THE usual exercises in the chapel, Delaware College opened on the morning of September the fifteenth. The enrollment is unusually large; and the present year, from all indications, gives promise of being the most successful in the history of the institution.



A SUGGESTION.

YOUR PRESENCE on the field during foot ball practice will encourage the varsity men and candidates, in that it will show that you are interested in what they are doing. At the games don't be afraid to make a noise—it helps to win.



THE REVIEW AND YOU.

WITH THIS number the REVIEW greets the faculty, students and friends of Delaware College and begins a new volume.

The future is a closed book; but, to a great extent it is within our power to decide what degree of success or failure it holds for this publication.

If every student take an active interest in its welfare by contributing at least one article during this scholastic year and advance his criticism of the paper for the consideration of the editors, who being human cannot tell what others think unless they speak, this will be the most successful era in the history of the REVIEW.

But, if on the other hand the burden of the work rests upon one or two individuals, no matter how interesting and attractive the REVIEW might be, it would fail—fail in its only object, that of accurately mirroring the true spirit of this institution and not the maximum or minimum but the average literary ability of its students. Follow the advice of one of our professors and do not sit around like a sphinx; show some signs of life, dig up your talent, great or small as it may be, put it to some practical use, and you will have no cause for regret; for you will at least have the knowledge that you have made a sincere effort to

do something worth while. You owe this much to Delaware College and to yourself.

So, fellows, here's to a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together.



THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

IN WM. T. MOORE the members of the newly revived Engineering Society have selected a competent presiding officer and it is hoped and expected that all the engineering students will co-operate with him and make the society a real, live, part of their course and not a sham and a disgrace to the college as it was last year. The services of a number of noted engineers will be secured and the opportunity to hear them speak should not be disregarded.



THE NEW COVER.

Among the number of changes—and we hope you consider them improvements—which characterize this edition of the REVIEW you have noticed and, no doubt, admired the new cover design. It was drawn by Harrie A. Bell. In him the editorial staff has lost an able man; and it joins with the other students in wishing him the greatest success in his work at the University of Virginia.



THINK ABOUT THIS.

THE BASE BALL team, about ten fellows altogether, has frequently been excused from a whole days recitations and once from those of three successive days. The same may be said of the foot ball team, which, including the manager, consists of still more men. This is all very well and proper; and we most certainly have nothing to say against it.

But read this:

The business manager of the REVIEW—one person mark you—returned to college two days before it was opened in order to procure the advertisements necessary to support this paper. He also occupied what time he could during school days in the same work. On Saturdays he visited the near by cities, and failing to see some merchants on those days, and the time for issuing the REVIEW already at hand, it was necessary for him to make another attempt; so he selected the afternoon upon which he had the least number of recitations—one—, went to Wilmington and secured the advertisements which have strengthened the Press Association's financial condition—it needed it—and made a few greatly desired improvements in this publication possible.

To do all this was no fun for him; it was work without any pecuniary remuneration whatsoever. And you can imagine that it was very gratifying, pleasing and encouraging to him to find that, upon his return, it was necessary for him to put up as great an argument as he had used to secure some of the ads

in order to get excused from this single recitation. And then his argument—and it was a good one—just barely won out; in fact, he had to make the recitation up.

THE REVIEW does not intend this article to be, and hope that it will not be, taken in a personal way; the circumstance cited above, like many similar ones, has arisen from what seems to be an established custom, formed we know not how or why, and it is to this custom solely that we wish to call your attention.

Now compare this one man and the one “don’t let this happen again” excused recitation with the twelve men and the frequent whole days excused recitations.

Quite an interesting comparison is it not?

Give it at least three minutes thought, remembering all the while that this is only one of many things that have served to discourage—to some extent—and make the work of the editorial staff more difficult, and you will discover a certain prevailing tendency, the origin of which is due principally to the inaction of the student body, and about which we have more to say in “our next.”



A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

THE NEW library is a decided improvement over the old one: more light, more room, a more stately appearance, and no noise from the hall traffic. Silence and good behavior should mark the approval and appreciation of the students.

LOCALS.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08 Editor.

Voss and Messick now compose the Law and Order Committee. It is hoped that other active members will soon be added.

Pie: “Like to have some plans suggested for moving the dirt from the football field.”

Lawson: “Dig a hole along side and shove the dirt in it.”

Howard Milligan, '08, after spending the summer in England, returned to college October 9.

Ellison is the cleanest man in the college; four baths administered weekly.

At a meeting of the Junior Class on October 3, the following officers were elected for this scholastic year: President, Howard Griffin; Vice President, Paul Rossell; Secretary, Edwin Buckmaster; Treasurer, Oscar Hudson.

Why is Stubs like a greyhound? He makes a little hair go a long way.

Stein, the new Junior, is learning the setting up exercises.

Dr. W., who has had to face the servant girl problem, has secured a new “cook.”

The Freshmen, tall and short, fat and thin, have gracefully withstood a month of the Sophomores' strenuous hospitality and instruction in unusual ethics.

Evans gave a great example of oratory in the recent clash between the Sophomores and Freshmen.

Notice: Anyone wishing to borrow money may call at room 61, M. Jones.

The Freshman, McIntire, has made a bad start. He got barreled the first week.

Neil, the man of few words, has a close second in Wingett, the second "Rocky" Davis.

Freshman song, "How dry I am"; Sophomore, "We are on the water wagon now."

At a meeting of the Press Association, Taylor, '08, was elected Local Editor, in place of Cooper, deceased; and Neil, '06, Vice President, in place of Perkins, '07, resigned.

Rothroth (a rustic). "Which end of the car do I get off."

Conductor (politely). "Either, as you prefer; both ends stop."

On Monday, October 2, the Sophomores elected the following officers; President, William Draper; Secretary, Baker Taylor; Treasurer, Karl Herrmann.

The engineering students have re-organized the Engineering Society and elected William Moore, '06, President; Paul F. Rossell, '07, Vice President; W. V. Derby, '06, Secretary, and C. O. Diffenderfer, '07, Treasurer.

ATHLETICS.

W. V. DERBY, '06, Editor.
TENNIS.

THE other day the Tennis Manager, Stewart posted a notice on the bulletin board which read as follows: "All those interested in tennis be on the courts at 2.15." Among those who took the bait were a few freshmen who were promptly given rakes, hoes and other implements of like order and requested to clean off the courts. Seeing that the joke was on them, they fell to work and soon had the courts in fine order. This was the right spirit to show, for generally when a man gets the managership of something here, he has to do almost all the work himself, and gets no credit for it besides, unless he chooses to pat his own back.

This fall weather is just right for tennis playing and affords a good opportunity for those who consider football too strenuous.

THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

At last it seems as if we were to have our long desired and needed gymnasium. Perhaps if some of the present Freshmen decide to take a graduate course they will have an opportunity to refresh themselves by means of the swimming pool in the basement. Still we should not complain, but rather be thankful that the building has begun to take upon itself tangible form, and that its completion is expected by Christmas(?)

The delay in construction has been due to the faults of both architect and contractor, so let no blame fall upon the heads of that honorable body, the

State Legislature, which so kindly made the appropriation. And should this fall into the hands of any of these gentlemen, let them rest assured that the students of Delaware College are deeply grateful for such a gift; a gift not only to the present students, but to those who in the years to come will follow in their steps.

To a school of this kind, a gymnasium is not a luxury, but an absolute necessity during the winter months. For, as a great part of the students make their homes in the college buildings, the tendency is to lounge around the rooms when there is nothing else to do. Consequently, the man's physical make-up, upon the welfare of which depends the brightness of eye and clearness of mind, is sadly neglected. In the fall we have football and in the spring, base ball, but in winter outdoor games are here impossible. A portion of the men play the former, a greater number the latter. However, as a limited number only can play or do play these games and none play them in winter, we must have means for indoor exercise. This is satisfactorily afforded only by a gymnasium equipped with suitable apparatus, in order that everyone may take proper exercise to the mutual benefit of body and mind.

FOOTBALL.

From the time that college opens until Thanksgiving the all important subject is that of foot ball. Upon our foot ball team depends, for the most part, our standing among students of

other colleges, for a good foot ball team is one of the best advertisements a college can have. This is a statement that goes without dispute, whether the objections made against the game are true or not.

Primarily the object in a foot ball game is to win, or at least to put up a good fight. Napoleon got more credit for a battle that he didn't win than did the general who defeated him; so if we go into a game in which we are almost certain of defeat, let us at any rate show the other fellows what we are made of and "die kickin." Another thing of utmost importance is the question of clean playing. Nothing hurts a team more in the eyes of other colleges than dirty playing. There is no enjoyment in a game in which there is continual scrapping, and the man who loses his temper at what is many times purely an accident is injuring his team more than he realizes. We are glad to be able to say that Delaware College has the reputation of having a foot ball team that plays a fair and square game.

We have with us again this year our last year's coach, Mr. Mannakee of Swarthmore, of whose efficiency nothing need be said. Had he not been the coach he is, he would not have been here again this year, so that's all there is to it.

The first game of the season was played with Williamson College at Newark, October 7th, resulting in a complete victory for Delaware, the score being 17 to 0. Thanks to good

material, good coaching and good practice from the scrub, every man did good work, and sensational plays were made by captain Pie, Hauber, Voss, Baldwin and Joseph.

The line-up:

Delaware	Williamson
Hauber	left end Murfit
Voss	left tackle Bechtel
Messick	left guard (Capt) McCully
Neil	center Slagel
Pepperman	
Brown	right guard Lauer
Keppel	
Stein	right tackle Smith
Joseph	right end Graham
Pie (Capt.)	quarterback Williams
Baldwin	half-back Bricker
Cann	
Taylor	right half-back Fogg
Ward	fullback Guest
Baldwin	

Touchdowns—Baldwin, 2; Voss.
Goals from touch-downs—Pie, 2. Re-
feree—Prof. Short. Umpire—Rush-
ong. Time—two fifteen minute halves.

DELAWARE'S FOOT BALL SCHEDULE.

Following is the official foot ball
schedule of Delaware College:

Saturday, October 14, John Hopkins
at Baltimore.

Saturday, October 21, Washington
College at Chestertown.

Saturday, October 28, Rutgers at
Newark.

Saturday, November 4, Washington
College at Newark.

Wednesday, November 8, Pennsyl-
vania Military College at Chester.

Saturday, November 11, George

Washington University at Washing-
ton, D. C.

Saturday, November 18, Fordham
at New York.

Thursday (Thanksgiving Day), No-
vember 30, Maryland Agricultural
College at Newark.

DE ALUMNIS.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '08', Editor.

We were pleasantly surprised, during
the summer, to hear that Prof. Short
had married Miss Caroline Wright, of
Newark. Prof. and Mrs. Short have
the best wishes of the students.

In the latter part of September,
Warren E. Crossgrove, '05, greatly
surprised his many friends by quietly
marrying Miss Ella McCann in Wil-
mington.

E. N. Vallandigham, '73, who is now
located in New York, lately spent a
few days with his friends in Newark.

Charles W. Cullin '85 was recently
very seriously burned by the explosion
of some gasoline in a launch. For-
tunately his wife and children, who
were with him on the trip, had gone
ashore just before the accident.

Rev. Wm. H. Eckel '86, who has
had charge of a congregation in Wil-
liamsport, has accepted the pastorage
of a large church in St. Georges, Mo.

O. C. Short, '04, has been appointed
principal of the Delaware City High
School.

William Lawton, '04, has been in
Kentucky aiding in the development
of a new railroad.

G. E. Dutton, '04, and Joseph McVey, '04, are both taking a post-graduate course in English and History; the former at John Hopkins and the latter at the University of Pennsylvania.

Joseph H. Frazer, '03, who holds a position with the Andes Tin Mining Company, in South America, writes very interestingly about some of the engineering problems he has encountered. The works of the company, which is developing one of the largest tin mines in that part of the country, includes a power plant that has the largest head of water in the world, 2,500 feet.

Sometimes and with great pleasure, we hear from old Delaware men who sojourn around the world. Raymond DeHadway, '94, who has been teaching in the Philippine Islands, is now at Alfeld an der Siene, Germany, and intends to take up a course of study in the Goettingen University.

Joseph Brewster, '98, who has been, for a few years, assistant instructor in Chemistry at Delaware College, has accepted a position as Chemist in the Wilmington Oil Company.

Rev. Alfred S. Cooper, '96, writes very interestingly of his work in China, where he is now situated.

Thomas G. Baxter, '00, was recently married to Miss Atties.

Delaware J. Willis, '04, was recently seen in Newark. Mr. Willis expects to read law at the University of Virginia.

J. E. G. Pardee, '03, is going on a combined business and pleasure trip to Dieppe, France.

Eugene Reybold, '03, who is with the Engineering Department of the United States Government, recently paid Newark friends a visit.

Frank B. Evans, '05, is now principal of the Cecil County High School, Elkton, Md.

Linfred L. Cooper, '05, and Samuel M. Marshall, '05, are studying Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Earnest W. Warrington, '05, is taking a course in Theology, at Princeton.

George W. Hessler, '05, is located with the B. & O. Railroad Company, at Baltimore.

Robert B. Frazer, '05, is studying Medicine at the University of Virginia.

H. W. B. Lyndall, '05, is doing some important engineering work at Cleveland, Ohio.

Ralph W. E. Bowler, '05, has secured a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

S. Paul Jones is engineering at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Harvey Vernon, '05, and Joseph Thompson, '05, expects to enter the employ of the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y.

Hayes M. Wilson, '05, has a position with the Westinghouse Electric Company at Pittsburg.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

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

While other college activities have been absorbing most of our time and attention, nevertheless our members have not failed to put themselves in touch with the new students, in order to set clearly before them the opportunities offered by the Y. M. C. A. The new men seem to be responding well to our invitation, and we have every reason to hope for a better season's work than we have enjoyed for several years past.

The hand-books have been received from the printer, and are now being distributed. They are quite neatly gotten up and reflect credit upon the committee which had charge of their preparation.

The annual reception given by the Y. M. C. A., to the new students will be held at the college, Thursday evening, October 12. This is an attractive feature of college life, in that it brings nearly all students together, helps them get acquainted, and promotes good fellowship. Do not fail to attend. Freshmen need have no fear; the "Sophs" generously agree to consider themselves muzzled on this occasion.

On Thursday evening, October 19, the annual "Northfield Echoes" meeting was held. The delegates who attended the National Convention of the Y. M. C. A., at Northfield, gave an interesting account of the convention. Other speakers were also present.

A Devotional meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. All students are cordially invited to meet with us.

A class in Bible study is being organized. This will be held during the week, which will be most convenient for all concerned. The object of the work is to give us a closer acquaintance with scripture—which every college man certainly should have—; to help us recollect that, even in the midst of other intellectual and physical activities, there is a Great Creator who demands a share of our thought and contemplation; to bring us into a closer heart to heart fellowship in our student life. This work will not be "dry" and uninteresting; the meetings will be conducted on a plan which will give variety and spice to the study hours. Informal discussion of topics which concern us in our daily life—of things that we should be thinking about—will occupy much of the study period. We trust that every one who feels at all interested will communicate with our President, Mr. Lovett, so that work may begin the work as soon as possible.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

L. E. CAIN, '07, Editor.

How many new "Prof's" this year? This is a question asked everywhere by college men as well as: "Where did you spend the summer?"

We hear again this year of Mr. Carnegie's generous endowments. He has

promised to give \$125,000 for the erection and maintenance of a new Biological Laboratory at Smith College, provided friends of the institution raise an equivalent sum. He has also offered to Wittenberg College \$30,000 for the erection of a Science Hall, on condition that another \$30,000 be raised for its maintenance.

A course in railway education has been installed in the University of Chicago. This is something new and it is the opinion of many that it will prove to be very important.

The new dormitories of Columbia University are completed, and the corner stone of College Hall was laid September 28.

Mr. Rockefeller lately handed over \$10,000,000 to a board of trustees, which is to distribute the interest to those educational institution where it will be the most effectual. This latter part to be decided by the board.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

CHARLES P. MESS CK, '07, Editor.

Once again we find ourselves back in our old places, and let it be hoped that we have returned with the determination to make this year the banner year of our college life. May we all be helped by the kindly efforts and criticism of one another, and work with true fraternal spirit for the betterment of our literary productions. As yet the "exchanges" that have reached our table are comparatively few, but at

this early date, when everything is in more or less confusion, we note with satisfaction that several of them have been issued promptly, and not only promptly but they also contain evidences of much careful thought.

"The Agnetian Monthly" stands out prominently among our best exchanges. This paper could well be taken as a model by any institution that has the ambition to get out a thorough, up-to-date monthly magazine. It not only has an attractive cover-sheet, but also contains several fine cuts, poems and essays, that are interesting and attractive.

We are pleased to find on our table the following exchanges: "The Wilistonian," "The College Signal," "Ursinus Weekly," "The New Era," "The Peninsula Methodist," "The Smyrna Call."

READ THE EDITORIALS.

The editorials in this paper are not perfunctorily written, as some appear to think, to fill up space; there are easier and simpler ways of doing that. Their object is clearly to set forth the ideas and wishes of the students, explicitly to call their attention to certain prevailing conditions, and to advocate any cause which will promote their welfare. In fact, the editorials should be the live nucleus of our school spirit.

Read the editorials and if, after conscientiously giving them your consideration, you find that they do not express

your sentiments, or attain to your standards, then, discuss the matter with several fellow students. After finding the prevailing opinion kindly make it known to the editors, who will appreciate any suggestion that you may offer and endeavor to rectify any errors pointed out.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Resolutions Passed By The Class Of 1908.

At a special meeting of the Class of 1908, of Delaware College, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God, to remove from our midst our fellow student, Francis Bird Stuckert. Death for the first time has reduced our ranks and has bowed our heads in mourning ; therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death this class deplores the loss of one who has been active in its affairs, has contributed to its welfare and by his genial and friendly manner has commanded the esteem and respect of those who knew him. Be it further

Resolved, That our sympathy be extended to his grief-stricken parents, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents and also published in the DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

WILLIAM C. DRAPER, JR.,
HOMER W. COLLINS,
AYRES J. STOCKLY.

Committee.

Resolutions Passed By The Class Of 1907.

The following resolutions were pass-

ed upon the death of Rowland Goodwin Cooper by the Junior Class :

WHEREAS, God in his all-wise providence has seen fit to call from our midst to the Mysterious Future our beloved classmate and friend, Rowland Goodwin Cooper. The Class of 1907 of Delaware College, of which the deceased was an esteemed and honored member, hereby expresses its great sorrow and regret for his premature end, and

WHEREAS, The deceased by his true and unswerving loyalty to his class and good fellowship toward all his associates had won a high place in the esteem of the student-body. Be it hereby

Resolved, That in the death of Rowland Goodwin Cooper the Class of 1907 of Delaware College has lost a cherished member, and that Delaware has lost one of her loyal sons. Be it furthermore

Resolved, That these resolutions of respect for our deceased friend be recorded in the minutes of our class ; that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be printed in the October issue of our college paper.

CHARLES P. MESSICK,
LAURENCE E. CAIN,
EVERETT F. WARRINGTON.

Committee.

The students of Delaware College
who are sending their Linen, etc., to

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LAUNDRY**

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Are more than pleased with the
service they are getting. What
we are doing for them we can do
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is called to the fact that our ice cream
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Washington House

Thoroughly Equipped For
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Tea Company's Store

Present this coupon and purchase one pound
of our best Tea at 60 cents lb., and you will get
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GROCER

NEWARK : : DEL.

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WEST OF FADERS' BAKERY

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PLEASE PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS.

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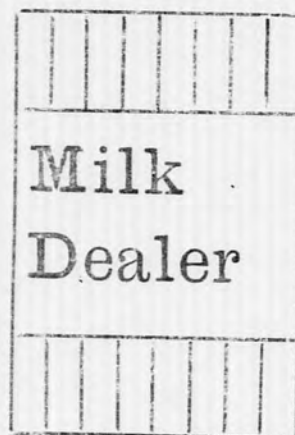
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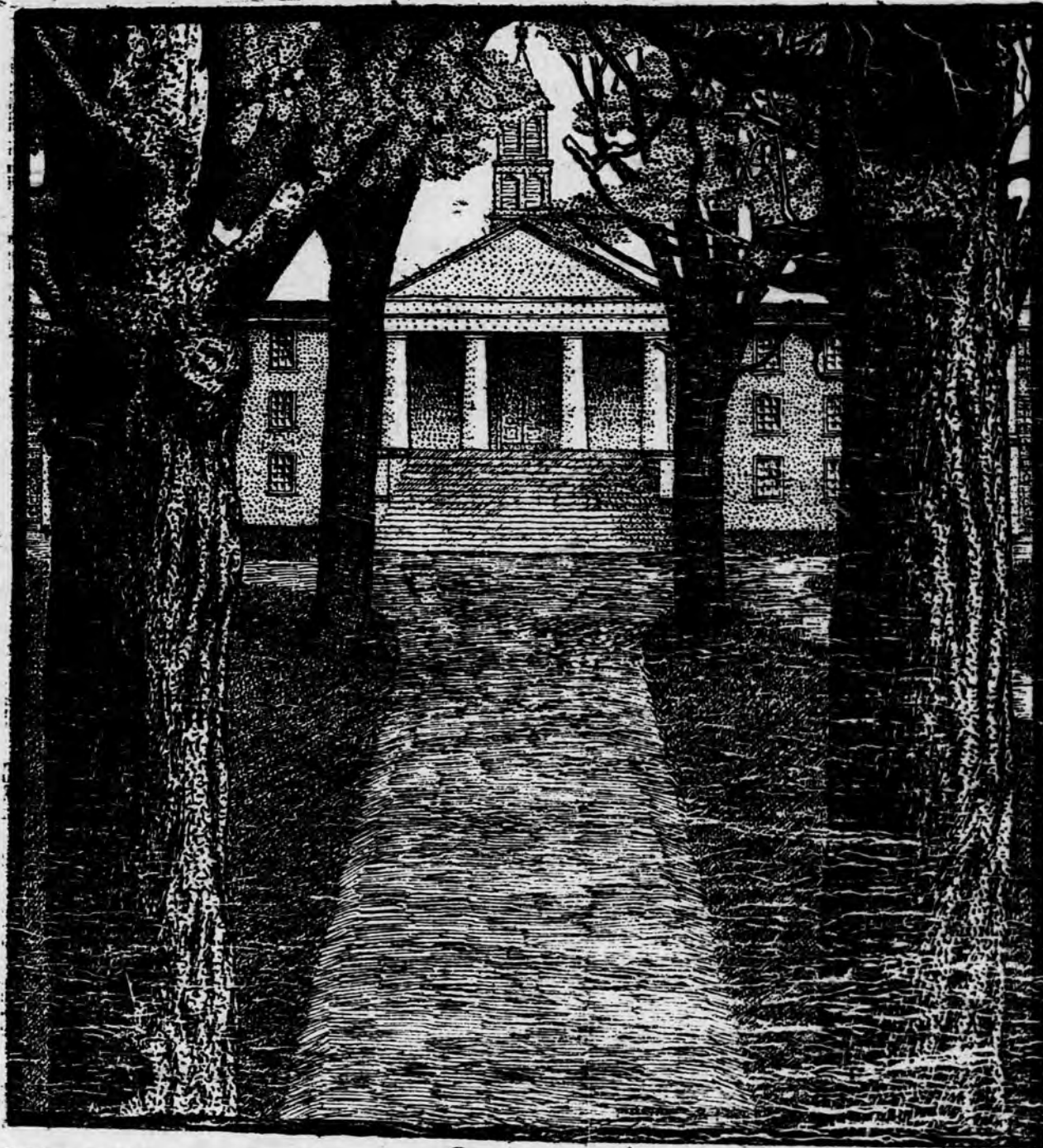
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