

CLUBS
AND
MUSICAL
ORGANIZATIONS



THE DELAWARE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



The Delaware College Orchestra



Leader Wilmer Edwin Harkness, Jr., '06

FIRST VIOLIN.

William Derby, '06
Homer W. Collins, '08

Richard Palmer, '09
Clifford McIntire, '09
Wilmer E. Harkness, Jr., '06

SECOND VIOLIN.

Robert Ward, '08

Joseph E. Newman, '08
Charles H. Ruth, '09

FIRST CORNET.

George Lovett, '06

Samuel Parrish, '09

SECOND CORNET.

Hugh Stewart, '06

CLARINET.

Cecil Watts, '09

PIANO.

Arthur C. Ward, '06

Carlton B. Shaffer, '07

Rauley K. Torbert, '08

The Mask and Wig Club



Late in the fall of 1905 it was noticed that there was sufficient talent in the student-body to warrant the formation of a Mask and Whig Club. A committee—W. Francis, '07, Chairman; C. Diffenderfer, '07, F. Fader, '06, H. Miller, '08, and R. Palmer, '09, was appointed to consider the matter and decide whether or not the existing conditions would permit the formation of a successful club. Its chairman organized the College Orchestra, the Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club and the Glee Club. Each of the latter clubs were in condition to go on the road this spring; but the committee found that the majority of the men whose services were desired and needed in the Mask and Wig Club were so much occupied in other lines of work that they could not join; so it was deemed unadvisable to fully organize the latter club and place a show on the road this year. However, there is every reason to believe that some time during the next scholastic year all four clubs will combine and give the people of Delaware and the surrounding states the pleasure of seeing the "greatest show on earth."



MEMBERS

A. Franklin Fader, '06	Claude O. Diffenderfer, '07	H. Augusta Miller, '08
Joseph H. Perkins, '07	William M. Francis, '07	Richard Palmer, '09
W. Floyd Wingett, '09		Raymond, '09

Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club



Leader Richard H. Palmer, '09

GUITAR.

William V. Cullen, '07

William M. Francis, '07

BANJO.

Richard H. Palmer, '09

Robert M. Carswell, '09

FIRST MANDOLIN.

Herbert L. Whiteford, '09

Homer W. Collins, '08

A. Franktin Fader, '06

Robert H. Burns, '08

SECOND MANDOLIN.

Martin W. Jones, '08

Charles H. Ruth, '09

Clifford McIntire, '09

Joseph E. Newman, '08

Carleton B. Shaffer, '07

Glee Club



Leader William Morrow Francis

FIRST TENORS

John Booth Jackson, '09 William Floyd Wingett, '09

SECOND TENORS

William Morrow Francis, '07 George Washington Francis, '07

BARITONES

Joseph Hinchliffe Perkins, '07 Charles Blake, '07

BASS

Clar de Crville Diffenderfer, '07 George Jackson Stevens, '07

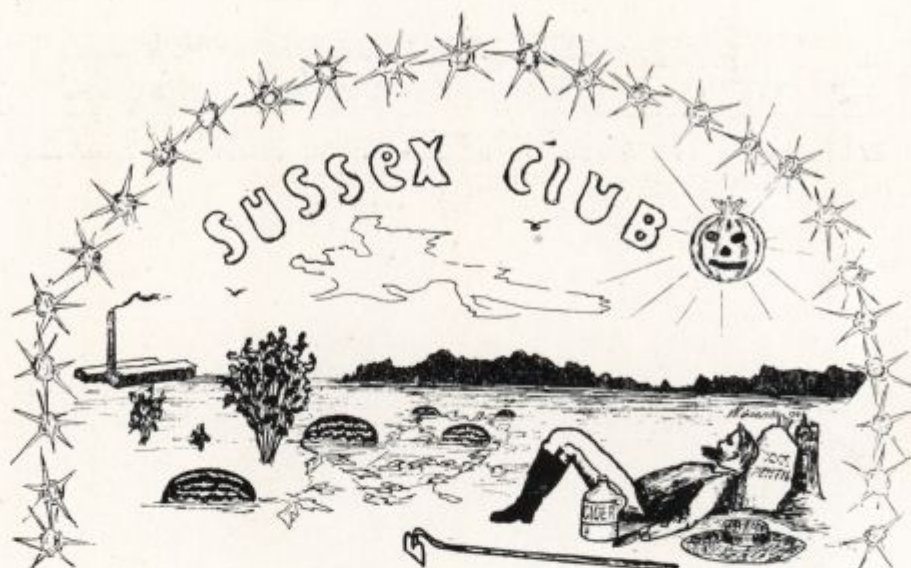


OFFICERS

E. A. Buckmaster President
 F. S. Price.....Vice-President
 W. T. HomewoodSecretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

F. S. Price, '07	G. J. Stevens, '07
W. C. Draper, Jr., '08	E. A. Buckmaster, '07
W. T. Homewood, 'c7	



Still out of my wandering dreams of the past,
 As I sit by the fire in my far-distant room,
 Arise brightest pictures, too pleasant to last,
 Of the "Sands of Old Sussex" my much-beloved home.
 I dream of the meadows, the sweet fragrant blossoms;
 Of the beautiful landscape, the bright summer sky;
 I dream of my home and the old folks a-waiting;
 Of sweetheart and friends, and—the big pumpkin pie.

Motto:—Bonne Camaraderie.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Prof. Elisha Conover

Prof. Clarence A. Short

OFFICERS

Oscar A. Hudson	President
Charles P. Messick	Vice-President
Paul K. Torbert	Secretary
Everett F. Warrington	Treasurer
Walter Josephs	Orator
Martin W. Jones	Janitor



Maryland Club



OFFICERS

Hugh Stewart, '06	President
Julian C. Smith, '07	Vice-President
Herbert Ridgely, '07	Treasurer
Cecil Watts, '09	Secretary

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

Joseph H.kins, Charles Ellison, Isaac Gibbs, Robert Ward

COMMITTEE ON SPREES

William Moore, Arthur Ward, Seruch Kimble.

Pennsylvania Club



OFFICERS

President	Samuel Blaine Stine
Vice-President	Paul Henry Keppel
Secretary	John P. McCaskey
Treasurer	Marcus Aurelius Robin
Orator	William Floyd Wingett
Rectifier of Spirits	John Washington Rothrock

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

William Vincient Cullen, Charles Frederick Keppel, Hopkins Prouse.

Pinocle Club



Organized November 30, 1905

Headquarters, Room No. 21, Delaware College Dormitory



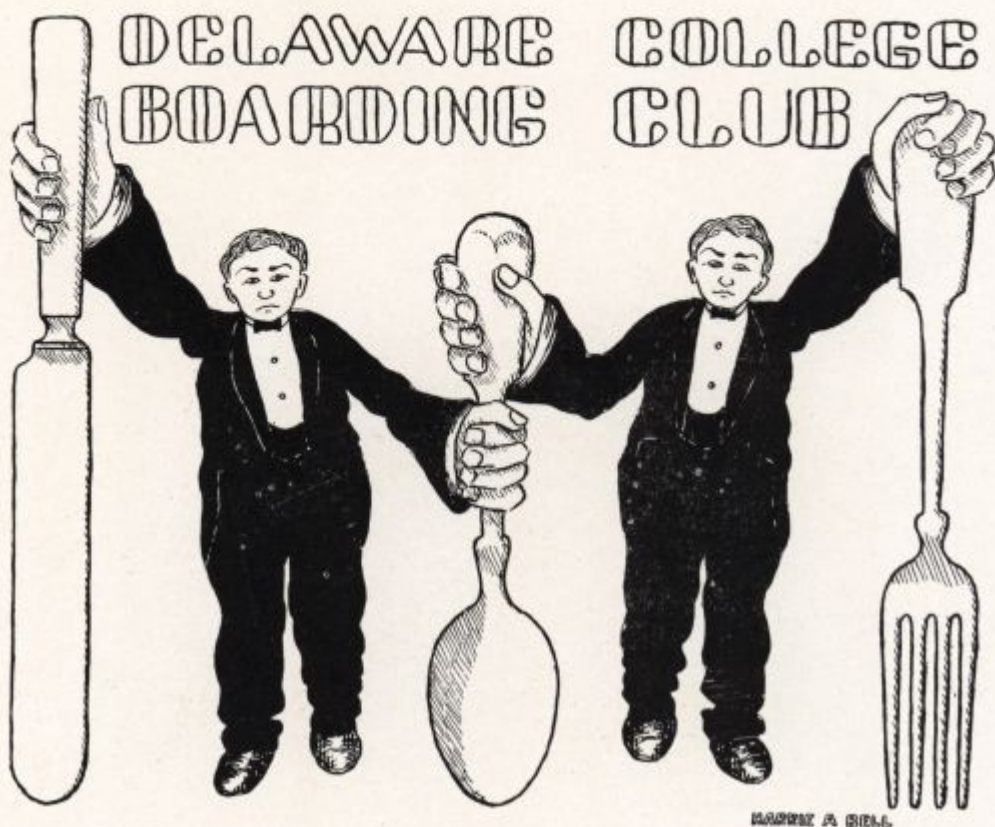
OFFICERS

Thousand Aces	William T. Moore
Double Pinochle	William V. Derby
Hundred and Fifty Trump	Hugh L. Stewart
Dix	George Farnan

PINOCLERS

Harry A. Cramer, Arthur C. Ward, Paul F. Pie, Oliver P. Hewes, Robert Ward, Andrew F. Fader, Arthur Hauber, William J. Taggart and G. Wilson Murray.

Motto:—"Patience and shuffle the cards"—Cervantes.



OFFICERS

PresidentEdward T. Neill, '06
 ManagerPaul Henry Keppel, '07
 MatronMrs. Smithson

JUNIOR V



Motto: "Forget it."

Object: ("Mum's" the word.)

MEMBERS

"Pop"

"Les"

"Joe"

"Charlie"

"Tom"

"Osc"

"Dutch"

"Paul"

The Alumni Association

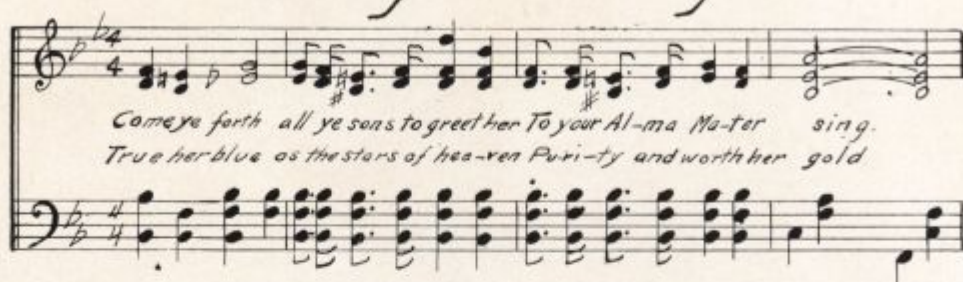


R. T. Pilling, '85	President
W. H. Heal, '83.....	Vice-President
C. A. Short, '96	Secretary and Treasurer

The Secretary of the Association, C. A. Short, '96, is editing an Alumni catalogue which will soon be published. The catalogue will contain the names, addresses, occupations, and other data concerning all past students of the College, and is the first book of its kind to be published by the Delaware Alumni.

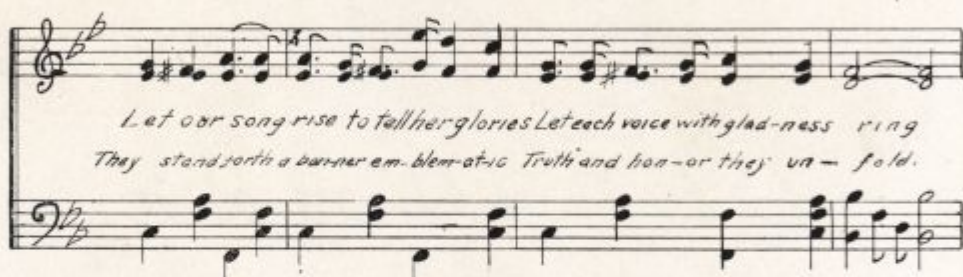
DELAWARE
SONGS

College Song



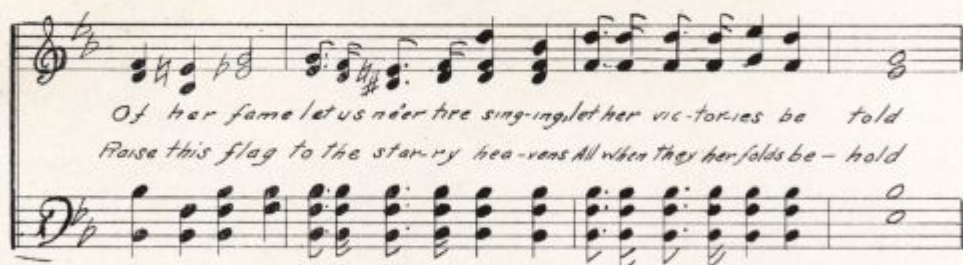
First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Come ye forth all ye sons to greet her To your Al-ma Ma-ter sing.
True her blue as the stars of hea-ven Puri-ty and worth her gold



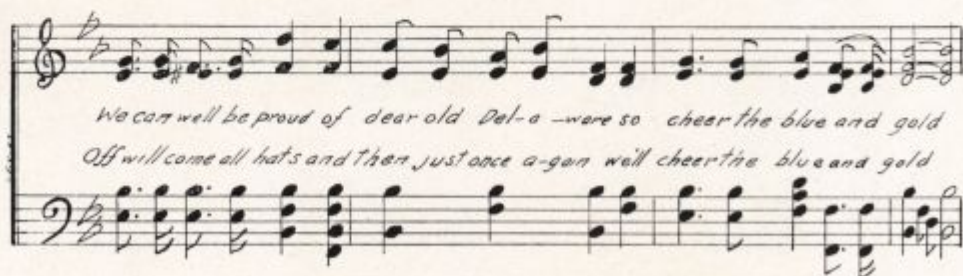
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Let our song rise to tell her glories Let each voice with glad-ness ring
They stand forth a banner em-blem-atic Truth and hon-or they un-fold.



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Of her fame let us ne'er tire sing-ing let her vic-tories be told
Raise this flag to the star-ry hea-vens All when they her folds be-hold



Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We can well be proud of dear old Del-a-ware so cheer the blue and gold
Off will come all hats and then just once a-gain we'll cheer the blue and gold

Chorus

Rah! Rah! Rah! Hur - rah for Del-a - ware!

Rah! Rah! Rah! With name and fame so fair. Hurrah! rah!

Rah! May her glories never grow old Boys! let's cheer that

Ritard

name so dear. Hurrah for the blue and the gold.

TUNE—Hold the Fort.

People say that we are gloomy,
Wait a little while.
We will give one "grouch" to Mary-
land,
Then we'll wear a smile.

CHORUS.

Hold the ball for Bevan's coming,
Pie signals still,
With a sturdy line to keep 'em run-
ning,
Win we must and will.

Our line has got the jump on Mary-
land,
Their captain's looking blue;
We've held 'em now, so come let's
show 'em
What we're going to do.

TUNE—Tale of the Kangaroo.

Old Maryland is jolly, old Maryland
is gay,
But when the game is over, she'll feel
the other way.
She'll see the constellations, the moon,
the stars, the sun;
Her boys will feel so sickly when the
foot-ball game is done.

Old Delaware she's a daisy,
She'll knock old Maryland blue;
She'll set the world all crazy,
It'll learn a thing or two.

You'll weigh your eighteen hundred,
Oh! that's no golden dream,
Before you come a-bucking
The Delaware foot-ball team.

Dutch Company.

When you hear the shout of the big
hurrah,
Then you'll see that our boys can play.
For our ——— is the best of all,
That ever went over the line with the
ball.

TUNE—Tammany.

Delaware, Delaware,
Captain Pie commands the team,
Leading them to victory,
Delaware, Delaware,
Jump in, jump in, get the pigskin,
Delaware.

Delaware, Delaware,
Stick together at the goal,
We will win the long green roll,
Delaware, Delaware,
Ain't it funny, we get the money,
Delaware.

Rutgers, Rutgers,
Our trick plays cannot be beat,
We can beat you off your feet,
Rutgers, Rutgers,
Dusk is creeping, you're all sleeping,
Rutgers.

TUNE—Teasing.

Maryland, Maryland, we were only
fooling you,
Maryland, Maryland, just to see what
you would do.
Of course, you know that we were
fooling, fooling, we've got the
boys that must beat you,
Don't get angry, Delaware's only,
only fooling you.

TUNE—Under the Bamboo Tree.

We'd like to win, and you'd like to
win, we'd both like to win the same.
We like to say, this very day, old Dela-
ware's going to win the game.
For we love the gold, and we love the
blue,
And after the game we bag,
We will return, with money to burn.
Under old Delaware's flag.

TUNE—*When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*

Oh, we have a team that's sure to win,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Just as soon as the game begins,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
You can tell by the way they play,
That this is bound to be our day,
And we'll all give a yell for dear old
Delaware!

When Delaware rips them up again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
When Delaware rips them up again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will
shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we will have a hell of a time
When Delaware rips them up.

TUNE—*Blue Bells.*

Rutgers, your doom is sounding,
Out across the way,
Delaware's cheer resounding,
It has come to stay.
See how our boys are rushing,
Straight through your team each
time,
We'll make about a hundred
Before the call of time.

CHORUS.

Rah! for "Dear Old Delaware,"
Rutgers can't get through;
We have a foot-ball team
That's staunch and true.
In all our battles our colors we hold,
Hurrah! hurrah forever for the blue
and gold!

When the noise of the battle is over
The gold and the blue you will see.
We're proud of the Blue Hen's
chickens
As they march to victory.

For Rutgers is now much wiser
Than she was before she came.
New Brunswick will be a graveyard,
For Delaware wins the game.

TUNE—*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.*

Cheer, boys, cheer, for Delaware,
Cheer, boys, cheer the gold and blue,
We will lick old Rutgers now,
Through their linemen watch us plow,
Show them what for Delaware's
honor we can do.

TUNE—*Marching Through Georgia.*

We've heard of famous marches,
Treks and drills by soldiers great,
Of battles fought and battles won,
Too numerous to state.
But this is one worth harking to;
Just hear what we relate
While Marching through M. A. C.

Hurrah, Hurrah, we'll tear old M. A.
C.

Hurrah, Hurrah, here comes our vic-
tory.

So you hear us shouting,
When we score 'em 1-2-3,
While we go dashing through M. A. C.

TUNE—*Rambled.*

Old Delaware has a staunch full-back,
His name begins with G,
And its every time he gets the ball,
Five yards on Rutgers.
They try their best to stop him in the
rushes through the line,
But they will never get him stopped
'till the goal-post he does find.

O, didn't he ramble, he rambles,
He rambles through the line,
Gaining all the time.
O, didn't he ramble, he ramble
He rambles and he rambles all the
time.

Old Rutgers hasn't got a chance,
She's surely on the bum,
She's worked herself almost to death,
And is just where she begun.
We'll have a chance before we're
through,
To kick a goal or two.
And if you don't believe it,
Just watch how we go through.

The Power of Music



Several students were sitting in the dormitories one noon last fall studying chemistry. Singles had just said for the fifth time: "Now I jus' don't care if I do miss this afternoon; he gives us too much, so there!" And Cain was groaning: "Dog gone it, this stuff is hard. This is the seventh time I've been over it and here's something I don't remember. I know I'll miss," when we were all startled by the sound of a shot on the rear campus. We looked out just in time to see a rather nondescript character, dressed in hunting clothes, who cut loose a volley of "language" and threw up his gun and fired both barrels at one of the windows.

Naturally our curiosity was somewhat aroused, so we went out in the hall to see what was the trouble, and if any damage had been done. There we found **Wingett—laboring under excitement unusual even for him—explaining that he had been "shot at and missed," but that a pipe had been knocked out of his mouth.**

After he became a little more calm he stated that he had given no provocation whatever, that he had been merely sitting in the window singing, when some individual came around the corner of the building and opened fire on him, and that he had barely fallen back in time to keep from being hit.

Several of us went over into "Angel's Roost" in the west wing where it was reported that the man with the gun could then be seen. And barely had we begun to look when he seemed to decide that if we were to see a wild-west show without paying we should have to take part, for he opened fire whenever he could see a head; and between firings told us his grievance.

He said that no man had a right to rend the air with such noises as had one of the students at that college; and that under the Magna Charter, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Town Ordinances of Newark, he had a right to shoot any man, woman or child who should look him in the face and give vent to such fearful sounds as were given forth when he passed under that window.

While he may have been right the student body as a whole did not enjoy playing the part of rabbits in a hunting drama; and then, with so much glass being broken our incidental expenses were mounting up very rapidly. So, after vainly attempting to convince the avenger of public wrongs that we were not all responsible for the actions and noises of one man, we decided to relieve him of his weapons and hand him over to the town authorities.

In the ensuing fracas the gun was captured by a student who was due at a chemistry recitation at that time. And as he was already late he thought that by carrying in a gun which had lately, in the hands of a desperate character, so nearly been the means of death to a fellow student, he might excite sympathy. So in he went and presented the gun to Dr. Wolf for safe keeping. Dr. Wolf immediately disclaimed all responsibility of the gun and ordered it taken out of the room, saying that he was afraid of guns even if they're not loaded, and by the way accepted the student's excuse for lateness.

After chemistry, having no more recitations, I walked down the street toward the squire's office where a crowd was collected and there learned that the town authorities, including the entire police force, of one man with one arm, and

the department of justice, consisting of one squire, were away.

Later, the Mayor was found to be at home, and also one of the aldermen, but neither of these had the key to the lock-up. So volunteers were called for to break in the jail and put the prisoner in. Every college man volunteered. Then armed with a crowbar, an axe, four hammers and two chisels, the procession moved again.

Well, the lock was broken, and after two or three orations in defense of the rights of man, and some considerable physical resistance in which foot work figured largely, Mr. Jones, as it had developed the prisoner's name was, was incarcerated, and a guard was put over him until the police force arrived. It immediately decided that Mr. Jones was entitled to the rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and proceeded to set him free.

When last heard of the "bad man" was on his way to Philadelphia "to lick the — editors of the daily papers who had published accounts of the affair."



Poor Jones!

Who was it had a little gun?

Who was it had a little bun?

Who was it had a little fun?

T'was Jones.

Who fired the shots heard 'round the town?

Who was it gained such wide renown?

Who thought he owned the College grounds?

T'was Jones.

Who was it declared in words quite loud

That he could fight the "whole d—— crowd"

And two or three would kill he vowed?

T'was Jones.

Who was it seized right in his height,

By students almost dead with fright,

Who stopped his constant talk of fight?

T'was Jones.

Who was it then in doleful moans

Did wish us all in hottest zones?

Who vowed he'd break most all our bones?

T'was Jones.

Who was it landed in the jail

And who to break our

And who to break our bones did fail?

Did some one say that he got bail?

Poor Jones.

Now, Mr. Jones, when you get sober

Just take your time and think it over;

And you will find that it's all bosh

To think that rum's a good tooth-wash.

W. F. W., '00.

“ Burr’s ” Revenge



The pride of all “Old Delaware’s” sons
Is Burr, so bold and gruff;
Although his jokes are worn threadbare,
And of the poorest stuff.

Now, Burr a noted chemist is,
And all, who wish to know,
May learn the way to make the stuff
That sniffs of realms below.

The Sophs., a brave and sturdy lot,
With opinions of their own,
Determined on the game of bluff
To show 'twas easy done.

We watched the game with interest,
For many of us knew
From sad experience’s heavy hand
The things that he would do.

With sullen look, defiant air,
They faced him day to day;
But when mid-year exams. came 'round,
Oh, well! Burr got his pay.

All decked out in their Sunday best,
They calmly took their seat;
With expression sweet and confidence,
Their linen clean and neat.

Old Burr came tearing in the room,
His bald head shining bright,
A sudden silence of the tomb
Fell on them at this sight.

He fired the questions thick and fast,
With glances here and there profound,
Until the air seemed laden with
Many a strange unknown compound.

Their eyes grew dim, their heads swam 'round,
Behind the hills the sun sank low.
They heard the supper bell's sweet sound,
But still "Old Burr" wouldn't let them go.

The dusk crept on, the stars came out,
On answers still did Burr insist.
And when despair was on each brow,
They heard the welcome word—dismissed.

With hungry look and languid gait,
With heads bowed down they took their leave.
Too late, alas! they found it out,
That Burr was laughing in his sleeve.

The days passed on, exams. were o'er
And things resumed their old position;
But when reports at last came out,
On each one was the word—condition.

The Sophs. looked blank and kicked and cussed,
And swore it would their name besmirch;
But things done could not be undone,
"Old Burr" had left them in the lurch.



Heard on the Campus

Or, Just For Us.

SINGLES (to Cain): "Last Sunday evening another girl and I were at church, and—"

KIMBLE (butting in): "Who was the other girl, Cain?"

HAUBER: "Shut your mouth, Schaffer, the photographer wants to take your picture."

GRIFFIN (three nights before the Prom., rising up in bed at 2 A. M.): "Confound this Prom., anyhow. Come over here, fellows, and take these measurements! Hanged if I'm not tired of this business." (He was soon put to bed again by Hudson, who does not believe in working overtime.)

A Shady Affair



The midnight hour had come. Cain's light had just gone out, and everywhere in the College buildings was darkness. Grand and stately the Dormitory presided o'er the moonlit campus, now at last deserted and still. No breeze disturbed the giant lindens as they reached up majestically through the cool, clear night air toward the stars.

Quietness reigned supreme. Even Wingett, the Noisy, had been conquered by Morpheus, when, lo and behold, there appeared, as if by magic, at the front campus entrance a throng of shades, clothed in white transparent sheets. Like a cloud of mist, solemn and silent, these shades of former heroes came slowly up the path to the Dormitory steps. There, evidently of one mind, they halted without command and the shade of the great Grecian orator, Demosthenese, parted from the rest, quietly ascended the many steps and walked to the end of one of the brick walls along the side. Then, having surveyed the throng he began to speak with great dignity in a voice well trained and commanding, but, of course, only audible to shades:

"In obedience to the commands of a great, mysterious power—a power infinitely more mighty than the esteemed Faculty of this institution, whose terrible decrees are the bug-a-boos of the very existence of many harmless, unsophisticated youths—we have assembled here in the dim weirdness of the moonlight and the undisturbed quietness of the night. Each one of you has obeyed these commands and without daring to ask the reason, you, who when on earth knew no equals, have at last met and have been overpowered by an unknown, unseen but mighty master. But now—now that you are here you ask why—why we the shades of men long since departed—men who died even before they began to build yon recently completed gymnasium—why we have been compelled to leave the peaceful stillness of our graves and, unseen by mortal man, again appear on this earth so restless and noisy.

"You would know why, and I will tell you: This power, which we are unable to disobey, has made known to me its wishes respecting us—" Here Demosthenese suddenly stopped speaking. The figure of a man, who may have been Prof. C—— out on one of his nocturnal ramblings, was seen coming down the main street of the town. When he had passed the speaker continued:

"In recognition of the great and lasting influence we have had upon the lives of the past and present people of the earth, whether directly through the mightiness of our deeds, or through the misrepresentation of historians, or through the magnifying praise of over sentimental hero worshippers, we are again permitted to visit this world and are commanded to look high and low, and if after a week of diligent searching we find that our places are not, or will not soon be filled by men more competent and powerful than we, then our talents, our ambitions and everything that has gone to win our places in the world's history will be reincarnated in the flesh; and we shall again live our lives, surrounded by vastly different conditions and be given an opportunity to show that we have profited by our past experience and mistakes.

"It is unnecessary for me to speak to you concerning the possibilities that are before us; but permit me to urge you not to be prejudiced in your judgment

of the people. Do not consider a man impossible because he has flunked once, twice or even three times under Dr. W—, or probable because he has drawn an eight spot under Prof. L. S—. If he has drawn a good mark from Prof. C—, search carefully the page of his text books and if perchance you find nothing there, mark well that man; he has a pony, and by all means do not be led astray by what the people now call "hot air;" where it exists deeds are seldom found.

And now, fellow shades, lest George James has turned over a new leaf and should come out before daybreak to sweep off these steps, let us silently disappear, each going in the direction he sees fit, and one week from now let us again meet here at the foot of these steps."

Having finished, Demosthenes descended the steps and joined the crowd. One of the shades, Diogenes, carefully lit a lantern which he was carrying, and then some going into the Dormitory, some into Recitation Hall, some into Mechanical Hall, some into the gymnasium and the others in many different directions they all disappeared with the coming of the dawn.

* * * * *

A week has passed. No moon graces the scene. The night is dark and a drizzling rain is falling. Everywhere in the College is silence and darkness. As the clock strikes one, ghostly figures come slowly out of the many buildings and silently gather before the Dormitory steps. Demosthenese took his place as before and began to speak:

"Worry not, fellow shades, I shall not detain you long on this wild night." He shudders. "The rain goes right through me. I feel like but a shadow of my former self. During the past week you have heard much talk—the people do not take time to think, they only read and talk—they are always talking. Indeed, they cannot talk enough to suit them. The child now has a doll that talks; the adult teaches parrots to talk—why they have even invented a machine that talks! And, fellow shades, that is not all: I spent an afternoon in the room of a fellow named Bill Francis, who was having an argument with a peculiar chap named Blake. Blake claimed that he had pull enough to get the position of leading man with Julia Marlowe, because he knew the uncle of a man who knew the brother of a very intimate girl friend of Miss Marlowe. Francis, with much noise, actually questioned Blake's veracity. For a long time they talked well, how they did talk! Finally Blake offered to bet him and ended up very dramatically by waving his arms in the air and exclaiming: 'Put up or shut up! Money talks; yes sir, money talks!' Think of it! even their money talks. How it can do it I do not know. I have not had the time to find out; but I do not doubt that it does—everything seems to be possible in this age. So, since you must certainly be tired of talk I will not bother you with much talk this evening.

"To be or not to be?" is the question. Whether we shall return to our quiet graves and remain there forever or again live upon this earth we must now decide. Since the night is disagreeable I shall not ask the will of each one of you, but if there is no objection I shall ask every third man upon my list what he desires to do, and why."

There was no opposition, so he unrolled a scroll, looked at it, and again spoke:

"I find that I am the third man." He paused a moment. The crowd eagerly leaned forward.

"Back, back, back to the grave I desire to go, and quickly. The years have increased my reputation as an orator until it now surpasses that of any other man. But, fellow shades, were I to return to the earth my reputation would undoubtedly be ruined. For here I have discovered men possessing far greater ability than I. Patiently and diligently I labored to overcome an impediment in my speech and to develop my talent, but here—here I find at least three youths—Warrington, Draper and Hamilton—as yet untrained, who can beat me a mile. Since, if I were to live again, my reputation would certainly die, I desire, fellow shades, to return to the grave."

He again consulted the scroll:

"Cleopatra, you are the next. What is your will? Shall or shall not we be?"

"Beautiful? Yes, in my time I was the most beautiful woman in the world. But between then and now there have passed ages—ages which have magnified my beauty have also evolved women of such wonderful beauty and grace that in comparison I would be but a horrible shadow. Oh, Anthony, you shake your head. You were ever a flatterer. Reluctant to believe as I was, when I attended the Junior Prom and saw the girls, I noted that their beauty far surpassed mine." She shudders. "I would go back and leave my reputation."

"Euclid?" called Demosthenese.

The famous mathematician gazed over the crowd for a few seconds and then in a Capt, Mc——, "don't give a damn" manner, and with a Prof. R—— drawl he addressed them:

"In this institution there is a young man named Rossell. When I first saw him working thru the night hours solving the most difficult mathematical problems with marvelous rapidity, I concluded that I would return to life and endeavor to outmaster him; but later my hopes fell to minus infinity when I discovered him seated at a desk with a copy of the Bible and of Shakespeare's poems before him, writing a letter addressed to a certain "My dear little girl," I then asked myself if, while in love he is such a wonderful mathematician, what will he not do when this grand passion becomes a secondary consideration? And I immediately decided to return to the grave."

"Irving!" called Demosthenese.

"Harkness is the name of the man whose writings have shown me the uselessness and unadvisability of my ever returning to life. In a story of his recently published in the Delaware College Review there is all of that strange atmosphere that has served to characterize my stories—especially "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—and altho his style is not equal to mine it is nearly so, and whereas I could not possibly improve mine, he is still young and style comes with practice. Time and distance so strengthen a reputation that if I do not return to this world he cannot possibly gain anything greater than the honor of being called a second Irving. Fellow shades, let us return to the grave."

"Sydney Smith!" called Demosthenese.

As he stood there with an unusually stern, Prof. C. A. S. expression on his face, no one would have accused him of being a humorist. Indeed, he looked as dismal and spoke as lifelessly as does Ridgely after a series of examinations:

"All thru life I bore a misfortune—a misfortune of which I was constantly reminded by those who addressed me. Try as I might I could not forget it. As patiently as I could I endured it from the very instant of my birth until I went down into the grave and left it in the world where it still survives in the field of

wit and humor. They have not forgotten it—my name—Smith." Here his expression changed to a sweet Prof. F—— smile. "The name seems to hold naught of good for me— even now it is borne by a person whose existence prevents my returning to this earth. Fellow shades, I am so disappointed and angered that I cannot refrain from expressing the wish that the whole family of Smiths had been buried with me. During the first part of the last week the possibility of my return to life was bright for I discovered only a little wit and humor in the class rooms of Dr. W—— and Prof. C—— and it—well, it was old long before I was young. But later I gave up all hope of another life when, attracted by loud laughter, I entered a room and discovered a fellow named Smith—Julian Constable Smith, perpetrating more jokes, wit and humor than—well, fellow shades, I would return to the grave—the cause: too much Smith."

"Macauley!" called Demosthenese.

The great historian and essayist bowed, and with no deliberation, began speaking:

"Orator, debater, student and class historian, Warrington, the man who makes it impossible for me to return to life, is an exception to the old saying for he is also master of all. Entering my chosen field, he has also excelled, for, fellow shades, in all fairness, I must admit that in rhetoric and logic his essays are at least equal if not better than those which have served to make my reputation. 'Tis true that the thoughts, ideas, and arguments advanced by him are sometimes unworthy of the fine manner in which they are presented, but, fellow shades, he is young, immature, and I prophecy that the future will find in him the greatest essayist of all time. I am pleased to return to the grave, knowing that the field of literature will soon have a worthy leader."

"Nero!" called Demosthenese, after again consulting his scroll.

In answer to this name, one of the shades who had all along been raising no little disturbance, and who was noticeably tipsy, began speaking in a voice none too steady and clear:

"You're a fine crowd of sports"—sarcastically. "On the very first day all of you discovered enough evidence to prove that your presence is not needed in the world; that in this strenuous age you would be naught but sticks; and that history and time, doing the circus barker stunt, have faked the public by making them believe you to be almost superhuman. But, like a crowd of women who spend a ten-cent car fare in order to take advantage of a three-cent bargain, you have rambled and moped around all week long hoping to find that your first day's observation were wrong, and now finding that you have wasted the whole week in a worse than useless quest. And here you are to-night as sober as judges—why, even you, Epicureous, have failed to put into practice your most commendable philosophy. You look as mournful as death." Here Nero threw up his hands in utter disgust and cried: "You're all fakes. I can see right thru you! Come, brighten up." He then began singing, to the tune of "America," the following lines:

"One beer for one of us;
Two beers for two of us;
Three beers for three of us;
One keg for all."

Demosthenese butted in and suggested that Nero come to the point, which, after several vain attempts to start another song, he did:

"You have no doubt heard how I used to compel people to listen to me sing—well, there is a fellow here named Charles Blake, alias, Chappie, who has beaten me at my own game. Without the power to decapitate, to torture, to imprison, he frequently compels several fellows to huddle up in the corner of a room and listen to him, and sometimes Claude Deffenderfer and Bill Francis warble. As individuals their voices are by no means bad, but when they combine they precipitate something that Blake terms 'close harmony' but which I can find no words to describe. Sufficient is to say that when I heard it I shuddered and said: 'I am in a savage country.' So, since there is a person in the world who can and does bother, worry, and annoy the populace more than I ever could, I agree with the preceding honorable shades: let's go back to the woods."

He discontinued speaking, but when Demosthenese was about to speak, he, with a wave of his arm, again called the attention of the throng: "Perhaps you would like to know what has caused me to be so happy when I again face the grave, and also the one thing that tends to attract me to this world. I will tell you; it is 'Wilson's, That's All.'"

"Napoleon!" called the shady but dignified master of ceremonies.

"Fellow shades, I did not go thru many maneuvers before, in sheer wonderment and admiration, I halted in front of the grandest, most dignified and most warlike military personage that I have ever seen. I gazed at him; noted the look of admiration in the eyes of the girls and the envy in those of the men; shuddered—for I recognized that I was a back number—and retreated in double quick time. I had met my second Waterloo. Why, and how? you ask. I will tell you. I will tell you a secret—something that no man has ever known before: You have no doubt seen or heard of the picture of me called 'Napoleon before Waterloo!' That pose of mine, there portrayed, I believe, has become famous. Fellow shades for two hours a day for ten successive days I practice dthat pose. I neither could nor can improve it; and yet, here at this college I find a youth—George Farnan—who naturally strikes not one but many different poses which far surpass mine. Furthermore, there is an officer here named Foster, who, upon forgetting the command: 'Halt!' bravely stood in front of his fast approaching company, waved his sword defiantly in the air and cried, 'Hey, you fellows, stop!' Now the fact that this age possesses a man of such great nerve and wit shows plainly that I am not needed in the world. So, agreeing with Mr. Nero, I say let us return to the grave."

Demosthenese, in an unanimated voice, spoke to the throng:

"Fellow shades, Mr. Shakespeare blaming H. Augustus Miller; Captain Kidd blaming a number of fellows who openly rob students in the chapel after morning prayers; Mr. Beecher blaming W. Edward Harkness, Jr.; Mr. William K. Vanderbilt blaming the great business managers, Paul Keppel and Tom Smith, and many others have privately expressed to me their desire to return to the grave. So, since the night is bad and daylight approaches, and since every one has thus far been of one mind, if there is no objections, we will now depart from this world never more to return."

There was no objection, so, as quietly as they came, they began their noiseless march off the campus. Just before they disappear—one knows not where—Diogenese, who had all along been playing with his lantern in a nervous fashion, was heard to mutter as he blew out the light: "At last! At last! They are all honest men."

Some Questions



When Gabriel's horn at last shall sound,
And all the dead arise,
From out the cold and lonely earth
To mansions in the skies;

When all the sheafs are garnered in,
And Peter's closed the gate;
At heaven's door, as here below,
Will FOSTER still be late?

When all the earth shall be confused
And all the nations fussin';
When nothing can be heard below,
Will FRANCIS still be cussin'?


When all the trains have ceased to be,
And travel is not as of yore;
When he has left these stately halls,
Will VOSS still go to see Miss M——?

When music shall be perfected,
No discord in the chorus ring,
When BLAKE has joined the heavenly choir,
I wonder will they let him sing?

When all the loonies in the world,
Their hops and antics stop;
When all have taken on long tails,
Will HUDSON wag his foretop?

When joy and gladness reign supreme,
And then our anger we revoke,
When all in peace together dwell,
Will SMITH still tell a joke?

When earthquakes dire shall wreck the earth,
And rocks and hills rebound as chaff;
When terror strikes all trembling hearts,
Oh, then! will DIFFENDERFER laugh?

When all things else have passed away,
And gone to fields Elysium,
Will CURTIS then be keeper of
His  majesty's gymnasium?

When you have read these verses thru',
No matter where, on sea or land;
Say, honestly, don't you think you'll have
Most everything that you can stand?

—'07.



Seen and Heard

LOCKWOOD, '03: "All the professors who flunked me have since died."

BLAKE, '07: "If I'm that much of a 'Jonah' then the whole bunch up here now is doomed."

Dr. W——(to "Wooie" Francis): "Mr. Blake, what is K Cl?"
"WOOIE": "My name is not Blake; it is Francis."

Dr. W——: "O, I guess he is as good a chemist as you are, but I beg Mr. Blake's pardon."

Recently a certain Freshman, encouraged by several Sophomores, and thinking himself an arch-conspirator in a plot to test the new fire-extinguisher, placed some paper at the upper end of "Poverty Row," set it on fire and very dramatically ran down the steps shouting "Fire! Fire!" As he reached the bottom, two fellows, each carrying a bucket of water, came on the scene, and the Freshie's laugh was quickly changed to a gurgle.

BLAKE: "Professor, that is too much Latin to take at one lesson."

Prof. C——: "You'll have to 'trot' up a little, Mr. Blake."

Note—This is considered right good for "Connie."

PIE: "Like to have some plans suggested for removing that pile of dirt from the foot-ball field."

LAWSON: "Dig a hole along side and shove the dirt in it."

RIDGLEY (when a Freshman, coming out of his first recitation): "Say, is this recess already?"

BLAKE: "Why—er, Doctor, may I speak to you?"

Sophomore vs. Sophomore



Weaver Wellesly came to Delaware at the beginning of the winter term and entered the Sophomore Class. He was a quiet enough looking fellow, but, in the college from which he had been transferred to Delaware, he bore a reputation for wildness which caused him to be looked upon by the Faculty as the probable leader of every class row that took place. He was received with open arms by the Sophomores and soon became thoroughly at home. He spent a large part of his time in study, and, although he was generally well liked, attracted little attention.

About the middle of the third term it became known that Wellesly was preparing for the entrance examinations of Annapolis. Much interest was expressed in his success, coupled with genuine regret that he was going to leave "Old Delaware."

Now, from time immemorial it has been an unwritten law at Delaware that every student should, at one time or another, receive a thorough wetting, either by shower bath or water bucket.

When Wellesly's classmates heard of his intended departure they resolved that he should receive his "medicine" before he went. Accordingly, one day during his dinner period, he was informed that a gentleman who claimed to have business with him was waiting for him in the room of one of his classmates, Sapper by name. Of course, Wellesly lost no time in repairing to Sapper's room, but no sooner had he entered it than the door was pulled to and locked from the outside. This, and the fact that there was no one in the room, made him aware that he was the victim of a joke.

He sat down philosophically to think it out. That his classmates merely intended to keep him locked up for a few hours he did not believe. He was convinced that there was some deeper scheme on foot, but what it was he could not divine. Giving it up at length, he set about trying to escape. Upon examination he found the transom too small for him to crawl through and the door strong enough to resist his efforts. Going to the window he found, to his delight, that it opened on the fire escape, by which he could reach an open window above.

But on again looking over the situation his escape seemed altogether too easy, and his growing suspicions were strengthened by the glimpse of a rapidly receding figure at the window above. All at once the whole plan flashed upon him. He saw why he had been enticed into the room and why the means of escape in one direction were left. In the same rapid train of thought he grasped a way not only of circumventing the jokers, but also of turning the joke upon them. In a few minutes he made preparations and stepped from the window on the fire escape.

As he expected, the instant he appeared upon the iron ladder the door of the room he had just left opened and the window was quickly shut down and fastened. Then from every window he received the contents of half a dozen buckets of water amid laughter and cheering. He could not go down, as the hanging ladder had been removed, and to go up was useless, as the window above had been shut, so he calmly sat down and waited. Meanwhile the jokers refilled their buckets and basins and drenched again and again the unresisting figure below.

them. In a short time, however, they decided he had had enough, and so the window was unfastened and he was allowed to step back into Sapper's room amid a parting cloudburst.

As for Wellesly himself, he was content. He had gotten no more than he expected, and the consciousness of the return joke he had played upon Sapper, the ringleader, filled him with joy. The thick cadet-gray military suit which he wore had prevented the water from penetrating, although the suit itself was as good as ruined, as it was bound to shrink from the thorough wetting it had received. Finding that the students had all gone, Wellesly left the wet clothes in a corner of Sapper's room and went to his own room to dress.

* * * * *

After supper that night a number of the Sophs congregated in Sapper's room to discuss their fun of the afternoon. In a few moments one of them noticed the pile of wet clothes in the corner, and Sapper laughingly held up the suit for their inspection. They were all chuckling at its forlorn appearance, when Sapper uttered an ejaculation, dropped the clothes and rushed back, picked up the coat, turned it inside out and looked eagerly at the little square of muslin which is sewed on every military suit and which contains the owner's name. His worst suspicions were confirmed. The name was his own. Wellesly, suspecting what would happen when he should step out of the window, had removed his own clothes and worn Sapper's suit.

FARNAN, '06.



Visions of the Juniors' Past



Should you ask me whence these dreamings,
Whence these wild, fantastic pictures,
With their vision of great glory
And the deeds of noble conquest;
In the bustle of the people,
Out among the host of people,
Living in the greatest country
Where the strong and learned conquer,
I should answer, I should tell you:
From the forest and the mountain;
From the coal mines and the sand-hills;
Came the braves from out seclusion,
At the call of "Delaware's" chieftain;
At the call of their great leader;
Came they, bowing to their chieftain,
Seeking knowledge of the wise men
On the chieftain's reservation.
Seeking how to span the distance,
'Twixt the earth and stars of heaven;
If perchance they wished to journey
Far in distant lands and countries;
There perform the many great deeds,
That make men renowned and mighty.
And the great chief stood before them,
With his high and lordly stature,
And his great and growing girdle;
Will it grow forevermore?
And the hair was thin and scattered,
Thin upon his noble forehead;
As he spoke in thunderous language
To the young braves there before him.
"Oh, you braves, you weak young warriors,
Who have entered on this trial,
Listen to the words of wisdom;
Listen to the words of warning;
From the lips of your great chieftain,
Who is ever watching o'er you.
I have given you hall to learn in;

I have given you homes to dwell in ;
I will make you men of learning ;
Heroes in a mighty warfare ;
And the world will look in wonder
Came the host again from cover ;
At the things that I have made you.
Go again into your wigwam,
There shal' off your rustic cover ;
Write again to all the maidens,
Who impatient wait to hear that
You are entered into pathways
That will lead direct to glory.
For to-morrow at the sunrise,
You must come decked in your war-paint ;
Come and fight in savage battle,
All the tribe that came before you
Come determined that to falter
Will be death to all your fond hopes,
And that you must battle ever
'Gainst the foe that will beset you."
Thus the great chief spake among them,
Spoke until they stood and trembled,
And they feared the coming morrow
And the struggle it would bring them.
Then the chieftain turned and left them,
Vanished thru' the open doorway,
All were silent and alone.
On the morning at the sunrise,
Feeling weak ; but strong determined
Not to show their fears to others.
At their sight the sturdy "Sophies."
Gave a yell that made their blood freeze,
And they came like rushing waters
Down upon the "mamma's darlings."
Came determined there to teach them,
Who henceforth should be their masters,
But the young braves rallied strongly,
And they fought a goodly battle,
Fought like demons in the struggle,
And at last came off victorious,
'Mid the shouts of all the othe--

Who had cheered them on to battle.
Now, they won their first encounter,
And were strong to make another,
Hence they struggled on and strengthened
Under watchful eyes and warnings,
Till the year was far advancing
And the spring was newly budding.
And they talked of maids and summer,
And they dreamed of what was coming
Of the freedom it would bring them.
Dreamed that when "exams." were over,
They would journey to their country,
And be great among their comrades
For the knowledge they would bring.
But that when the moon was yellow,
And the grain was tall and ripened,
They'd return from out their country
To their great chief's reservation.
There again to stand in battle
As they had the year before.
There to struggle on and upward
With their flunks and their professors,
Feeling that they would be wise men
When they learned a little more.
Feeling that they must be counted
In the councils of the wise men.
But, alas! Their disappointment,
When they learned their unimportance
And that they must await their season,
When they should return once more.
To their homes again they journeyed,
And they spent the long dry summer
In amusement and in rest.
For they now had grown to manhood;
Grown to strong and sturdy manhood,
And their hopes and their ambitions
Raised them in the realm of spirits,
And they sought the fairest maidens,
Those who once had been their playmates,
Told them of their aspirations;
Told them of their airy castles;

Asked them if they cared to share it,
When they in the world would travel;
Swore their faith would last forever,
And that they would come and claim them
When from out the halls of learning
They should come and not return.
Thus they left the tender maidens,
Left them with their tears and sorrows,
And again renewed the struggle
That was nearing to an end.
And their hearts were sad and heavy,
At the thought of maidens weeping,
And renewed their protestations
That forever they'd be true.
But, alas! How wild and wayward
Is the heart of man and maiden,
For, ere half the year was over,
Many had their vows forgotten,
Had renounced their vows and pledges,
And had told the tale to others,
Told them of their heart's devotion,
Swore, in truth, she was their first love.
And none else could take her place;
And that each would mourn forever
If the maiden would not take him.
Take him for her own true hero,
And the sharer of her fortunes.
Thus the days and months passed quickly,
And the Juniors, proud and thoughtful,
Feeling that they must be honored,
And that all should bow before them,
Went again from halls of learning;
Went from out the reservation;
Where the great chief ever watchful
Had imparted stores of knowledge.
And who loved his sturdy warriors
With a heart so warm and tender.

* * * * *

But they pass from out our vision,
From our long and pleasant dreaming,
And we gaze into the future;
In the dim uncertain future;

And we wonder what 'twill bring them;
Bring our heroes strong and noble;
But we can no longer follow
In the footsteps of our warriors.
For in fancy we but see them,
As they journey down life's river,
And we feel that for the coming,
It was better to be so;
And we knock away the ashes
From our dream-pipe and we go.

—'07.



Some Pet Sayings

GEO. FRANCIS: "Now, when I was in Boston—"

DR. H——: "Hey! you fellows; take that wardrobe back!"

W. F. WINGETT: "That can't touch the one we have out in Pittsburg"

C. BLAKE: "Gee! they have the swellest women in New York I've ever seen."

O. A. HUDSON: "They are no match for the auburn-haired girls in Sussex."

S. B. STINE: "My ——! Perkins, but I'm busy!"

W. E. HARKNESS, JR.S "Now, fellows, indeed I'd like to do that, but really I have not the time."

L. E. VOSS: "I'll cave his face in."

C. W. CLASH: "This band must be paid!"

J. B. FOSTER: "Say—say—did you ever hear this one?"

G. B. FARNAN: "Your deal."

W. V. DERBY: "Got any smoking?"

O. P. HEWES: "Match—gimme match."

Prof. Tiffany's characteristic expression: "You hadn't ought to do it."

COLLINS: "Torrey and Alexander are going to be at the Opera House to-night."

JOSEPHS: "That so? What are they playing in?"

FIRST JUNIOR: "So you believe that dogs go to heaven?"

SECOND JUNIOR: "Certainly."

FIRST JUNIOR: "Well, then, there is no danger of you going to the dogs."



The Captivating of Charles

Or, As It Really Happened.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

CHARLES—19 years old, College man, Sophomore.

MILDRED—Maiden, 26 years old.

ACT I.

Time—The Spring Vacation.

Scene—Trenton, N. J. Charles and Mildred are sitting on a divan in a dimly lighted corner of a conservatory. The music of a dance is heard.

CHARLES (tenderly): Mildred, dear, I love you.

MILDRED (feigns embarrassment): You—but—

CHARLES (grasping for her hand, passionately): Yes, yes, I know you are engaged to the Doctor. But break it—you do not love him—say you do not!—you do not!

MILDRED: I thought I did—

CHARLES (eagerly): And now?

MILDRED (head hung, demurely): I— I—

CHARLES (striking his manly bosom with his hand): You love me.

MILDRED (making goo-goos at him): Yes, Charles.

CHARLES (embraces her): Sweetheart! And you will marry me?

MILDRED: Yes, dearest.

CHARLES (expectantly): Next week?

MILDRED: No.

CHARLES: Next month?

MILDRED: How could we live, Charles?

CHARLES: Oh! That will be all right.

MILDRED: But, how, dearest?

CHARLES: Oh! Father can keep two as easily as one.

MILDRED (winks at audience): And—and Charles, I have sixty-eight dollars.

CHARLES (happily): That will pay for our honeymoon. We shall enter paradise together—go to Palm Beach—for a month.

MILDRED: But, dearest, I fear—Oh! I fear you do not love me; that in a month you will forget me, as you have all the rest.

CHARLES: Forget you? Never! Never! None of the twenty women I have loved or thought I loved, ever influenced me as you have. Why, now I feel ambitious—for you, dear, I would win the world. I will prove my love; never again shall I smoke a cigarette—never!

MILDRED: But, still I doubt you—you—

CHARLES: Oh! How can you?

MILDRED: You must cut down your correspondence with other girls.

CHARLES (eagerly): Yes, dear, I shall cut it down—to forty letters a week.

MILDRED: Less than that!

CHARLES: I'll make it thirty-six, then.

MILDRED: But, Charles, still I doubt you. If you love me, let your love stand this test. You must not see me for a year, and then, if you still love me, we shall talk of marriage.

CHARLES: Certainly you do not mean it. And yet if you do, I shall return to college, and with you ever present in my thoughts, I shall succeed. I swear I shall get no more than—ten flunks.

MILDRED (stands up): This dance belongs to the Doctor, dear, I hear him coming.

CHARLES (frowning): You do not love him? You will be true to me? (Embraces her).

MILDRED (with sweet tenderness): Next year, dearest. (She winks at audience; he looks very happy).

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Time—One year later.

Scene—Same as Act I. Mildred is sitting on the divan as Charles enters.

CHARLES: At last, dearest, I have found you. The year is up to-night, and I love you—I love you—I love you—(falls on his knees in front of her).

MILDRED (cooly): Hush! Not so loud.

CHARLES (perplexed): What? Mildred, what is the matter? What have I done?

MILDRED: You must not call me Mildred.

CHARLES (bewildered): What!

MILDRED: I—I have married the Doctor.

CHARLES (rises in a rage): Woman, you have deceived me. You have led me on, and then—Oh! you have caused my downfall, for now, woman—this monotonous life no longer interests me. I shall—yes, I shall—go on the stage.

CURTAIN.

JUST KIDDINGHIM.



Heard Here and There

DR. W—— (in an unusually good humor): "Why, certainly, you can speak to me. I'm no Czar!

PROF. C—— (correcting a "Sussex provincialism"): "'That 'ere! That 'ere' would hardly stand a close inspection, would it? I only know of one case where it could be used. You might say 'That 'ere (air) gun!'"

Professor looked "real fussed" at the storm of applause that greeted his, at last successful, attempt to make a pun.

FRIEND: "If I don't get a letter to-night I'm going to sue the U. S. mail."

J. SMITH (with a characteristic drawl): "Now, really, if I were you, I wouldn't be so fast about condemning the mail, for I'm sure that it is the *female* who is at fault."

DR. H—— (in physics): "Mr. Hunter, what is work?"

HUNTER: "I don't know, Doctor." Of course not.

ROTHROCK (a rustic): "Which end of the car do I get off?"

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

Single's highest ambition: To remember as much as Professor Conover.

SOPH: "Capt. McC—— ought to be a good poker player."

FRESH: "Why?"

SOPH: "Because he always has a full house."

They say Fulton is the heaviest man in the college.

NEILL: "Say, Grif., what did you pay for that handkerchief?"

GRIF.: "Fifty cents. Why?"

NEILL: "Don't you think that is too much to blow in?"

St. Peter's Busy Day



THERE was a great commotion at the gate. Saint Peter awoke from a doze, in which, after ages and ages of tiresome work, he had fallen, just in time to hear some one call out in a thunderous, commanding voice:

"Hey! Hey, there! Open up! open up! Think I'm going to stand here all day? Open up!"

St. Peter, after slowly drawing the bolts, opened the gates and was nearly knocked down by a large, pompous man with a Vandyke beard and a great, shaggy moustache, who, wiping the perspiration from his brow with one hand and carrying a derby in the other, was rushing in like a Cook's tourist. However, with a strenuous effort, St. Peter managed to block his way and in a mild and gentle manner addressed the intruder:

"Who enters here?"

"Who?—who? Don't you know me? W-w-what are you doing here?—Isn't it your business to know people? W-what do you get paid for, anyhow? I'm Dr. (—)! Don't you know me? I'm dead—just died—let me in!"

ST. PETER: "Calm thyself, rash man! Upon what grounds claimest thou admittance here?"

DR. (—): "Grounds?—grounds?—grounds? Why, man, for a whole year I put up with Howard Griffin, Paul Keppel and Tom Smith in 'Chemical Lab,' and since time immemorable I've taught Sophomores chemistry! Hurry up, man! Open the gate!"

ST. PETER: "Young man, if this be so, there is hope. Wait thou while I consult the book!"

DR. (—): "Hurry up! hurry up, man! I'm in a hurry—hurry—awful hurry!"

ST. PETER (*speaking slowly*): "After a most careful and thorough search I find that your claims are true—very true; but, sir, it grieves me greatly to find the following grave charges: Not long ago a man, young, but exhibiting many signs of hard usage and bearing a heavy burden of blame, came to these gates. I questioned him. He said that his name was Foster, sometime assistant professor of chemistry at Delaware College; that his dilapidated appearance was not caused by sin; and that his youth had been blighted in a certain chemical laboratory, where, under you, he had been subject to much overwork and uncomplimentary language—"

DR. (—) (*interrupting*): "Huh! do you mean my old cook, Foster? Huh! Guess Foster was blighted before he struck my joint. Did he get in here?—in here? Why, man, he mixed up my bottles!—bottles up! Come—come, my good man, let me in! Don't stand there like a sphynx!"

ST. PETER: "Sir, calm thyself; there are more charges. In a most inhuman and savage manner you kidded Oscar A. Hudson, and—"

DR. (—) (*again interrupting*): "Hudson? Hudson? Huh! Huh! couldn't help kidding Hudson—he's from Sussex!—Sussex!"

ST. PETER (*slightly angered*): "Silence! You also worried and made life unbearable for George Murray and Julian Smith. Furthermore, after the Sophomores had, for two successive nights, burned the midnight oil, you—"

DR. (—) (*interrupting*): "I don't believe it! Don't believe it!"

ST. PETER (*continuing*): "—you flunked them, yea, you flunked them—many of them twice—even Bobby Burns and that 'nice boy' from Maryland, Standly Evans. Furthermore, you have wilfully hidden behind a brusque manner your true personality from the students; and then there are your jokes—and many other fully proven charges. Sir, you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; depart thou in peace."

The gates slowly closed and with much grumbling, "all petered out," the rejected man began to descend the ladder. As he passed a man, who was on the way up, he was heard muttering:

"Tiffy—Tiffy and those boys—boys—boys—worry me—worry me—Tiff's the cause of this—cause of this. Tiffy never could do anything right—always balled things up—balled things up!"

A little later a well-built man of medium height, with a slight trace of black hair on the sides of his head, a stumpy moustache, and big brown eyes shaded by heavy eyebrows, who was followed by a large blue dog, approached and knocked upon the gates, which slowly swung open.

ST. PETER: "Wouldst thou enter here?"

APPLICANT: "I would."

ST. PETER (*scratches his head, thoughtfully*): "Are you Dr. (—), of Delaware College?"

APPLICANT: "I am."

ST. PETER: "I know thee well—many are the former Freshmen, now inside these gates, who come here daily begging me to keep you out, fearing that you might smuggle in a copy of Genung's 'Working Principles of Rhetoric,' and set up a department of English. But, sir, you shall have a square deal. Upon what grounds do you beg admittance here?"

DR. (—) (*nervously twisting a lead pencil around in his fingers*): "This is a very poor example, but perhaps it will serve to illustrate and thereby make clear to you my right to enter these gates. Imagine an island in the Pacific, far, far off from civilization—without the route of steamships. Now imagine this island populated with one thousand men, women and children, possessing—"

ST. PETER (*interrupting*): "Pardon me, sir, but we must have facts—cold facts, and for them I shall consult the book. But before I do so, let me call your attention to that." He pointed to a sign nailed near the gate. Doctor looked,

and read: "No dogs admitted here," and then spoke to the dog:

"Oh, goodness, Lil, are you here? Go home!" After the dog had obediently disappeared, St. Peter, who had been turning the leaves of the book, spoke thus:

"You aided John D. Rockefeller to accumulate his vast fortune by causing the Freshmen to burn barrels and barrels of A No. 1 Midnight Oil. You also, by the aid of the boxing gloves, marred Cain's beautiful complexion to such an extent that for one whole month he dared not visit his home. Furthermore, you have, by showing, in many practical ways, an interest in the students when outside the classroom, put many of the other faculty members on the bum. The latter fully proven charge is indeed an unusual one. I congratulate you upon doing something original, but, at the same time, conclude that you cannot enter here. I have spoken."

Dr. (—) turned reluctantly, and after he had descended and disappeared in the direction of "Who-can-tell," there appeared at the foot of the ladder a dignified gentleman, who possessed many outward characteristics of the Englishman, and who, when approaching, had kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. He soon placed a transit in position, measured the inclination of the ladder and proceeded to cover sheet after sheet of paper with figures and notes printed in a most neat and uniform manner. He then shook the ladder, and evidently satisfied that it was theoretically and practically safe, slowly ascended. Upon arriving at the gate he knocked, and St. Peter, with a benevolent smile, greeted him thus:

"What desirest thou? And who art thou?"

"Sir," slowly and deliberately spoke the applicant, "I am Prof. (—), of Delaware College. I desire admittance here."

"Upon what grounds?"

"St. Peter, I have endeavored to teach Shaffer and Lawson. For one year I taught the Juniors spelling and I firmly believe that as a result they can all spell Japan and dote. Furthermore, I spent most of my time, when not in the recitation room, sending notes to the parents of Raymond, Ruth and many other energetic students, and thereby keeping them well informed in regards to the timely movements of their noble sons. And, sir, last but not least, I passed Ridgely and Francis with a good mark. Kindly let me pass."

"Hold thou, sir! I like thy polite and gentlemanly manner and your hard luck tale is most interesting, but I must consult the book."

St. Peter, after reading for some time, again spoke:

"Sir, I find that you have flunked Arthur Hauber, an unusually brilliant, earnest, quiet and retiring student; that you have coöperated with Dr. (—) in aiding Rockefeller to corner dollars by causing Hugh Stewart and George Stevens to burn much midnight oil; and that by not permitting T. B. Smith to sit by an open window you prevented him from ever attaining his full height. Sir, I say no more; you cannot enter."

St. Peter closed the gates, muttering something to the effect that if Prof.

(—) couldn't stand for a little cool air in a room it was warmer down below—of course he meant at the foot of the ladder.

As Prof. (—) was slowly descending he met a gentleman of medium height, with black hair, heavy eyebrows and a close-cropped moustache, wearing a derby hat and carrying an umbrella, who greeted him with these words, speaking rapidly and nervously:

"Good afternoon, Professor. Have you been clear to the top? Is it far? Did you notice how many rungs are in the ladder?"

PROF. (—): "Five hundred and sixty-four rungs, one foot apart."

"About how thick are they?—are they safe?"

"Yes, sir, they are safe, and are one inch in diameter."

"I thought they were 1-16 inch more than that. By the way, did you notice the thermometer up there? It is generally cooler as you get higher."

But by this time Prof. (—) had disappeared and the newcomer, continuing his journey, soon appeared at the gate where St. Peter, wearing his usual placid smile, gently asked:

"What wouldst thou have?"

"According to all the ancient Greek and Roman authors this is the way I should take. Are you St. Peter? I hardly expected that you would look so young. I imagine it is rather tiresome work staying here all the time."

"Young man, your curiosity betrays you. I have just been examining the records and have found the following charges against you: You have brought up remembrances—often unpleasant to your students—of deeds and promises long since forgotten. You have also told blood-thirsty tales of terrific struggles on the foot-ball field, in some of which you were the hero, one time suffering to the extent of having a button torn from your coat, and thereby discouraging many timid fellows from entering a most noble sport. Furthermore, you once gave Cain a mark of only 9.765 when you well know that he should have had 9.8—"

PROF. (—) (*interrupting*): "Well, I think he received all he deserved; he mistranslated a word in the first lesson in the book on January 15; later missed on a construction; he was not prepared on February 6; he was mistaken on the perfect principle of the verb *amo*, which everyone should know; and in 'E' of the third examination question, he confused the ending of the vocative singular and called it the locative. There was no excuse for that, because they are never alike. I can recall only two instances where they show any resemblance to each other: One occurs in Chapter 4, line 17 of—"

ST. PETER (*interrupting*): "Sir, we know all about those things and also know that you passed Blake when in all justice he deserved to flunk, having a mark of only 5.9999, while the college catalogue sets the passing mark at 6. You gave as your only excuse that you didn't like to split hairs. Sir, you cannot enter here. I have spoken."

PROF. (—): "My! My! Couldn't you at least let me in long enough to

look around?"

St. Peter heard him not. Picking up his umbrella he descended the ladder. Near the foot, a tall, anti-fat gentleman, with a determined its-not-right-but-I'll-do-it-for-its-my-duty expression on his face, who was ascending, addressed him thus:

"Good afternoon, Professor (——). I tell you, its an outrage (gritting his teeth); yes, sir, an outrage, that they do not install an elevator. I repeat, it is an outrage that you and I should have to climb this ladder. I have not placed my person in a more dangerous position since, when in 1893, I played right tackle on my college foot-ball team."

The descending man, with a "look-pleasant,-please," smile, nodded his head and continued on his way. The ascending man soon arrived at the gate, knocked, and St. Peter greeted him thus:

"Well, what wilt you have?"

"I wish to enter your gates. But, let me tell you, before I go further, that your company provides a most inadequate means for the conveyance of travelers. Sir, you are behind the times, I—"

ST. PETER: "Tut—tut! I have naught to do with that. I refer you to Hezo Barton and George James, our superintendents of transportation. What right have you to enter here?"

PROF. (——): "Sir, I have devoted the greater part of my life to the advancing of the best interests of Delaware College. I have coached the ladies' basket-ball team of Newark; I have used my influence to secure the disfranchisement of the negro race (here he unconsciously fired something from his thumb with the tip of his first finger, hitting St. Peter on the tip of the nose); why, I—"

ST. PETER (*grabbing his nose in one hand and flaring up in great anger*): "Sir, I will not stand for such impudence—depart hence!"

Apparently not noticing the cause of St. Peter's anger, Prof. (——) looked in amazement as the gates closed, leaving him out in the cold, and then muttering something about the unrecognized rights of man, he descended the ladder and disappeared into the vast unknown.

A little later a tall, non-stout, dignified young gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, with his right hand in his trousers pocket and carrying an overgrown pocket-book containing books in his left hand, ascended the ladder. At the gate he discovered St. Peter, who was tacking up a sign which read: "No shooting allowed; I ain't no bird," and muttering something about locking the stable after the horse had been stolen. He turned and addressed the newcomer:

"Sir, if you would hope to enter here, first observe that sign! What cause hast thou to hope for admittance?"

"Mr. Peter, I will depend upon the justness of your records."

"Young man, I like your manner."

St. Peter then consulted the book and in turn spoke thus:

"Sir, the charge against you is an unusual one: you are charged with being so good natured and just that even your not overconscientious students cannot look you in the face and offer their stock excuses for absences, thereby causing them to attend recitations with unheard of faithfulness. You are also charged with making your daily appearance before the students in a habit so stylish that Charles Blake, with all his 'latest New York creations,' seeing himself beaten at his own game, was constantly sad at heart and financially broken by many trips to New York to get the 'latest yet.' Sir, you cannot enter here and again ruin Mr. Blake's pleasure."

Unlike his predecessor, Prof. (—) thanked St. Peter and said that this reminded him of an experience he had had in Paris where, while walking down one of the principal streets late one night, a figure suddenly dashed out of an alley-way and—here St. Peter interrupted him, saying that Joe Foster had told him so many yarns that he was too tired to listen to any more.

Hardly had Prof. (—) disappeared when Captain (—), dressed in a "jack-ass uniform," came to the gate and, speaking in a deliberate, matter-of-course manner, told St. Peter that, altho' he did not have the countersign, he would like to get in.

St. Peter then asked what he had ever done to earn a long and pleasant rest.

"Look a-here!" said the Captain, "do you expect me to tell you all the good, wonderful and nervy things I've done? Why, for two years I told yarns to the students at Delaware College and then only told them half of my adventures. Twice I managed, aided by good luck and diplomacy, even with Stine, Baldwin and Lawson in the ranks. Sir, I would enter."

ST. PETER: "In the book I find you charged with having told students blood-curdling stories of how you slept in 16 inches of water with only your nose above water during a six months' seige; of how you made bonfires of human bodies in the Philippines; of how you knocked a man off a cab and soiled his collar because he spoke disrespectfully of Americans, etc. You also spoke roughly to Arthur C. Ward, a proficient officer and bashful boy, and hurt his feelings. Furthermore, Captain Moore is now entertaining the people inside with tales of daring and adventure, and if you were to enter his reputation might be shaken. Sir, even if you did make good on the Appointing Committee you cannot bluff me."

He was about to close the gate when he viewed a crowd of men, who were led by a gentleman wearing a pair of gold eye-glasses and a "you-may-if-you-care-to" expression, coming toward the gate. He looked them over carefully, and then spoke:

"Are you from Delaware College?"

"Sir," said the leader, "I think we all are."

"It is enough; you cannot enter here," said St. Peter, who, after giving this wholesale turn-down, wearily closed the gates and sat down to await the next comer.

McNeal's Leap



The Freshman Class of 19— had been exceedingly active during the Fall term, and the Sophomore Class had been exceedingly quiet. The Freshmen had painted their numerals everywhere: on the outside of the gymnasium, on the fences, on the B. & O. water tanks, on the tradesmen's signs in the town, on the pavement in front of the home of one of the professors; in fact, they had literally painted the town. The tranquility of the Sophs should have warned the Freshmen to look out for squalls, but they were confident in their power and took no heed. Inside of the gymnasium on opposite walls, the Freshman Class numerals had been painted in large white numbers; but what was particularly calculated to incite the Sophs was a large grinning caricature done in white paint with the word "Soph" below it in large letters.

At last the Sophs were aroused. On the Monday following the appearance of this last "outrage," as they called it, they swarmed in an angry mob over to the gymnasium. One of the Freshmen, Tayerville by name, happened to be in the "gym" at the time. The Sophs seized him, provided him with sandpaper and ordered him to rub out the offending picture. He refused and told them there were not enough Sophomores in the College to make him erase one line. The now thoroughly enraged students hauled him out of the building and started for the shower bath. The rest of the Freshmen were at their work in the wood shop. When they became aware of what was happening outside they began to organize a rescue, but were ordered by the professor not to leave the building. In the meantime the Sophomores, after a discussion, released their prisoner and the incident terminated.

For a few weeks the Freshmen were on the alert. After what had occurred, they reasoned, the Sophs would surely attempt reprisals. However all was quiet and as time went on, their vigilance relaxed. But all this time the Sophs were not idle, they were busy planning a most complete revenge for the indignity offered them. When everything had settled down and the Freshmen had grown careless, the Sophomores held a secret meeting. The plan of revenge was stated and the date of its execution fixed. All the details were arranged and the plan perfected.

One clear cold night in early December, the Sophomores gathered together for their grand coup. Those who lived in Wilmington had come down on the evening train, and the whole class of thirty or more students marched in a body around to the boarding houses of the Freshmen.

The first place they visited was "Belmont Hall," situated on Quality Hill. Here McNeal, the president of the Freshman Class and his chum, Tom Maynard, boarded. Two other Freshmen, "Billy" Vaughan and "Freddy" Vandever, were visiting them that evening. The "Belmont" being a boarding house, the Sophs had no difficulty in entering, and the first thing the Freshmen knew of the situation was the sudden opening of the door and the sight of half a dozen Sophs in the entrance. Now, McNeal was the possessor of a large 44-calibre horse pistol which he had brought with him from the West, after a former visit of the Sophomores he had loaded it with blank cartridges and placed it in a convenient

drawer. The instant he perceived the intruders he sprang to his feet, leveled the big revolver and discharged it again and again in the faces of the terrified hazers. They turned and fled wildly down the stairs, each one thinking himself the only one left alive. The Freshmen, laughing heartily, barricaded the door.

When the Sophomores had somewhat recovered from their panic they opened communications with the Freshmen by means of the window. And here the Freshmen made their first mistake. When the vast crowd of Sophs urged them to come down, swearing that if they did not they would receive worse treatment in the future. They did so on the condition that the Sophs would not do them any bodily injury or do anything that would ruin their clothes.

The Sophomores, having gained their point, provided them with brushes and black paint and forced them to paint out all of their class numerals which could be found in the dark. Then they adjourned to the gymnasium and ordered the poor fellows to paint out the picture of the Sophs. They refused. The Sophs threatened to shower bath them, black them with shoe blacken and to pelt them with rotten eggs if they did not obey. What could the poor fellows do? There were four Freshmen and thirty-five Sophomores. There was no alternative but to obey.

But McNeal was determined not to do any more painting. He considered that the Sophs had broken their agreement when they threatened to do him and his companions an injury and therefore he was at liberty to break his own promise to do as they wished. Now, in front of the gymnasium was a porch the full length of the building, and the windows of the second story, where the crowd of Sophomores and Freshmen were, opened out on its roof. One of the Juniors, who was standing by, gave him a quiet wink and softly opened a window. Like a flash McNeal caught his plan. He waited for a few minutes and, when the attention of the Sophs was distracted, broke away from the crowd and sprang through the open window. Although it was a fifteen foot drop from the roof to the ground, he did not hesitate an instant, but sprang out into the darkness.

By great good luck he landed on his feet unhurt. Behind him he could hear a great good luck and the sound of men running down the stairs. He lost no time but dashed away into the night. He did not rest until, utterly exhausted, he had reached his room. In the confusion his fellow class mates also escaped and there was no more hazing that night.

FARNAN, '06.



DR. WOLF: "Do any of you know what a carboy is?"

BLAKE: "Yes, sir. I see one every morning coming up on the train."

DR. HARTER (in physics): "Mr. Ridgely, why are you not prepared on today's lesson?"

RIDGELY: "I—I went over it six times."

TOBBY (after having marched four miles past the reviewing stand at the presidential inauguration): "Ven do ve zee der President?"

Stubbs believes that hair will not grow over brains.

The Old Creek Road



The moon is shining brightly,
That swings above us high—
The breeze is blowing lightly,
To fan the autumn sky;
And we hear the tiny river,
Where for ages it has flowed,
While the boughs are all a-quiver
On the Old Creek Road.

The stars are cold, repelling,
The ground is hard and dry;
The demon-wind is yelling
To tear the winter sky;
There's ice upon the river
Where only ripples showed,
And our voices are a-quiver
On the Old Creek Road.

The spring-time sun is setting
Beyond the emerald hill.
And every heart's forgetting
The by-gone winter chill.
So gaily now we wander
Where formerly we strode,
And carelessly we ponder
On the Old Creek Road.

The summer moon is beaming—
No more we stroll along,
But are merely fondly dreaming
Of the singing of a song.
And the same old stream is flowing
As it has always flowed,
While a zephyr's softly blowing
On the Old Creek Road.

—H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR., '08.

Found In "Ridge's" Diary



1905.

- Sept. 13, P. M.—Seventeen Sophs. hazed seven Freshies; three of the latter were put under the shower, and the rest rooted pennies and shined shoes.
- Sept. 14—Annual class-rush. Sophs. were victorious. J. Smith tried to get into the fight.
- Sept. 15—Hall-rush. Sophs. victorious. Voss sold a college catalogue for fifteen cents.
- Sept. 18—A Freshman threw water on a Sophomore and was soon given illustrated instructions in college etiquette.
- Sept. 21—First Freshman drill. A green sight. You should see Farnan in his uniform. Delta Phi gave a set-out to the Freshmen. Prof. Short serenaded.
- Sept. 22—Barrel rush on the front campus. Tie.
- Oct. 3—1907 class officers elected.
- Oct. 4—Whole student body *agreed* to move some dirt off the gridiron.
- Oct. 18—Several boxing bouts in the evening.
- Oct. 20—George Francis attempted to run the Boarding Club. Cooks went on a strike. Everybody hungry.
- Oct. 31—Hallowe'en. General rough-house. Nuf ced.
- Nov. 1—Too much Hallowe'en for Bill Francis, who went to sleep in "Robbie's" recitation room and fell out of chair.
- Nov. 3—Engineering Society reorganized.
- Nov. 10—Committees appointed for Junior Prom.
- Nov. 15—Freshmen posted signs offering for sale the Class of 1908. Murder in the air!
- Nov. 16—Sophomores took two trunks from the rooms of Junior classmen. For a time it looked like a fight. A committee of the Faculty straightened things O. K.
- Nov. 21—Milligan suddenly decided to depart from our midst.
- Nov. 24—Nothing doing in light, water and grub.
- Dec. 6—Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game. Good game. Sophs. won, 11-0. No scrap.
- Dec. 11—"Fire-water" Jones and his gun appeared on the campus at noon. After exhibiting his skill as a marksman by shooting out several window lights he was placed in the lock-up for safe keeping—perhaps because he did not possess a license to give public exhibitions.
- Dec. 13—Orchestra organized and held first practice.
- Dec. 15—No water—everybody dry.
- Dec. 21—Cain did not write home to-day.
- Dec. 22—Two fires in Newark. College closed for Christmas vacation.

1906.

- Jan. 2—Trouble began all over again. Everyone home-sick but Bill Francis.
- Jan. 8—The skeleton traveled around a little in the evening, visiting Gotwalls and Raymond.
- Jan. 10—Two new Freshmen arrived. Given a warm reception.
- Jan. 11—Had a strenuous boxing bout between Rothrock and one of the new Freshmen, Woodrop.
- Jan. 13—First basket-ball game. Forget it.
- Jan. 22—Examinations. "Robbie" and "Burr" are enjoying life.
- Feb. 3—Invitations sent out for Prom.
- Feb. 7—Blake bought a bag of tobacco.
- Feb. 8—Clash has not mentioned the band lately.
- Feb. 20—First base-ball practice.
- Feb. 23—Junior Prom. to-night.
- Feb. 24—The Prom. was the best yet.
- Feb. 28—Harkness has not yet bought a Victor talking machine.
- Mar. 1—Voss and Messick are contemplating an early visit to Philadelphia.
- Mar. 2—Inter-society debate. Athenaeon Society won. Good debate.
- Mar. 7—Photographer took pictures for *Derelict*. Shaffer managed to get in nearly every one.
- Mar. 8—Prof. Freudenberger laughed.
- Mar. 9—Oratorical contest. Draper, '08, won.
- Mar. 14—Rothrock bought a bag of tobacco.
- Mar. 15—Prof. Mills lectured on "Napoleon, the Great." It was great.
- Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day.
- Mar. 23—Debate—Delaware vs. M. A. C. Delaware won.
- Apr. 5—Raymond appeared with a penny box of matches.
- Apr. 7—Varsity base-ball team played M. A. C. and lost—13 to 10. Varsity basket-ball team played U. of P. Medicals and lost—30 to 16.
- Apr. 10—Singles and Cain gossiped only an hour.
- Apr. 11—Warrington vs. Hamilton in oratorical contest. Hamilton won.
- Apr. 25—Hazo had his coat on to-day.
- Apr. 26—The battalion was inspected by a government officer to-day. The temperance oratorical contest came off this evening. Pepperman won first and Hamilton second place.
- Apr. 29—Diffenderfer exploded to-day. Cause: a joke. Blake says that he has worked so hard on "*The 1907 Derelict*" that he just must go to New York and recuperate.
- May 1—*The 1907 Derelict* went to press. Editors are celebrating. Considering the contents of the book they have decided to "make themselves scarce" after the book comes out, and remain "scarce" until things cool down.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED



The Editors questioned the Juniors, and the following are a few samples of the answers received:

What is your favorite book?

"Thorpe and Muir's Chemical Laboratory Analyses."—GRIFFIN and T. SMITH.

"Latin Hoss."—

"Building Construction."—VOSS.

What was your unpleasantest experience at Delaware?

"Hearing Messick tell of his love affairs in Sussex."—HUDSON.

Are you a fusser?

"No, not if that is what you call Messick and Voss."—HUDSON.

"What do you mean?"—HERRMANN.

"No, Francis is."—BUCKMASTER.

"No."—ROSSELL.

"Now, only when I get a chance."—GRIFFIN.

What do you think would be an ideal college?

"One without Freshmen."—SINGLES.

"A college with a dignified senior class."—VOSS.

"A co-ed college where all recitations are lectures and no examinations."—

J. SMITH.

What advice do you give to Freshmen?

"Don't bluff."—W. FRANCIS.

"When Dr. W— or Dr. D— cracks a joke, laugh and you'll pass."—GRIFFIN.

"Am just out of advice."—MESSICK.

"Join the Y. M. C. A."—VOSS.

"Have good cheer; the worst is yet to come."—HUDSON.

What would you like to see in the "Derelict"?

"A picture of Hazo with a coat on."—M. PRICE.

"Twin picture of 'Wooie' and 'Wisdom.'"—FRANCIS.

"Sketches characteristic of Delaware's life not Blake's."—

Shall chapel be abolished?

"No; we need a place to collect money for the band."—ROSSELL.

"No; it gives several fellows time to study for their first recitation."—HUDSON.

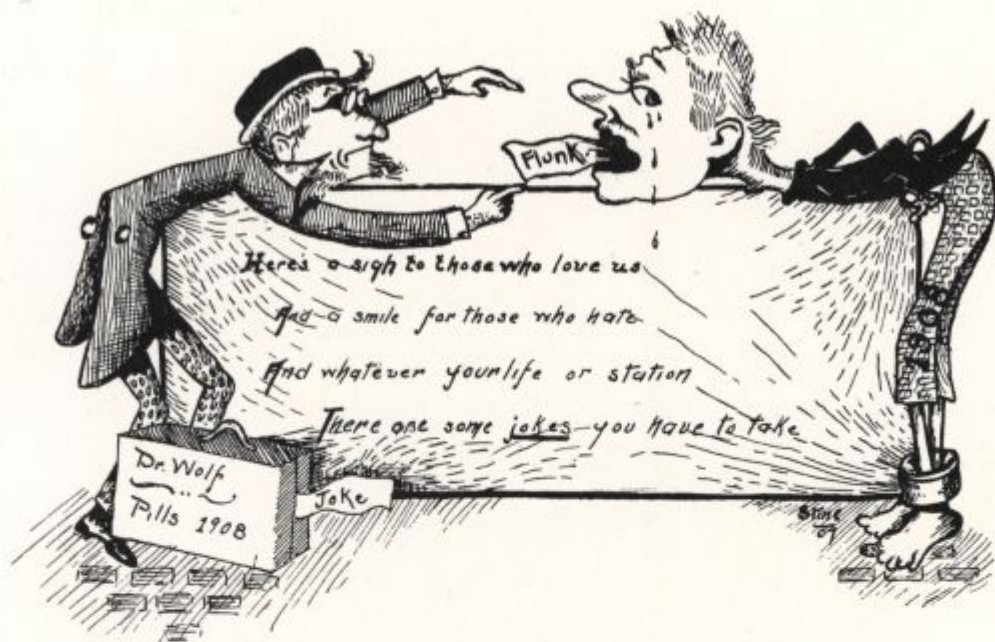
"No; the Juniors would sleep too much and there would be no excuse for cutting half of the first period."—

Are you engaged?

"Ja — — — — — nein."—HERRMANN.

"Every Sunday night."—GRIFFIN.

"Every five minutes."—HOMEWOOD.



HEARD ON THE CAMPUS,

Neil was represented as a base-ball manager in 'Tobby's five-act comedy—but perhaps it was a tragedy.

PROF. C——: "Mr. Murray, have you your Horace this morning?"

MURRAY: "No, sir; I don't use a horse."

BELL (to naturalist who had just said that certain female deer do not have horns): "Professor, do female cows have horns?"

Dr. Wolf: (to Parrish, exhibiting specimen of K_2CrO_4): "What are the ingredients of this?"

PARRISH: "Potassium, Cromium, Orygen and Sulphur."

DR. WOLF: "What is the sulphur for?"

PARRISH: "To give it that yellow color, I believe."

(Cheers from the gang.)

DR. WOLF: "Shaffer, what are the principal ores of iron?"

SHAFFER (heeding voice in rear): "Pig iron."

Hudson looked at the new fire-extinguishers, which are marked "350 lbs. test," and said that they were rather small to weigh 350 pounds. They use buckets in Sussex.

BLAKE: "Now, don't you consider that to be a clever suggestion *from me?*"

PROF. C——: "At half past ten to-night an occulation of the first magnitude

star, Aldebaran, will take place. Do you know what occulation means?"

HAMILTON: "No, but I know what osculation means."

PROF. C—: "Well, that also sometimes takes place at the same time of the night."

MULLIGAN (coming into Prof. Short's room during a recitation): "I am looking for one of these fellows, but he is not here."

Ellison says that Prof. Short told him that he is catching on to trig. He got 6 in the third quadrant.

Prof. Freudenberger, speaking of the direction of currents from two plates, said one that raises the E. M. F. up and the other raises it lower.

LOGIC.

CHAPPIE: "Would you give a girl a gold-filled locket, guaranteed for ten years, or wait until you cornered more money and give her a solid gold one?"

FRIEND: "It depends on how much you think of her."

CHAPPIE: "Oh! I love her!"

FRIEND: "For keeps?"

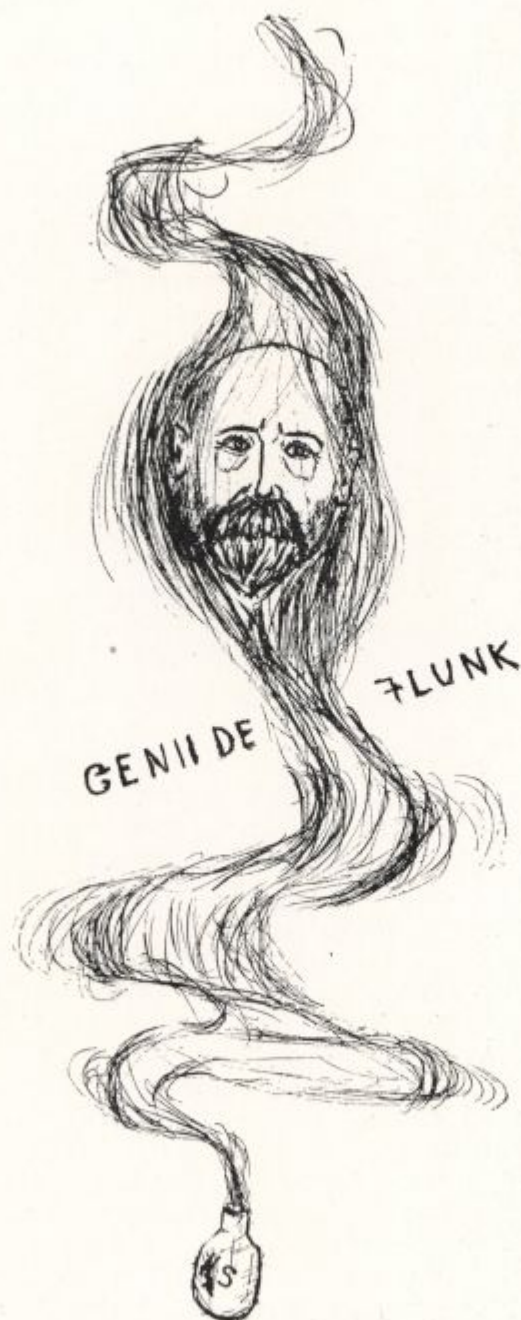
CHAPPIE: "You may just bet I do! She is the—"

FRIEND (*interjecting irrelevantly*): "Well, then, if you are still loving her ten years from now you will be married; and if you forget before the ten years are up, it will make no difference; so get the gold-filled one now, by all means, and make hay while the sun shines."

FAVORITE PLAYS



"All's Well That Ends Well"	The Senior Class
"The Climbers"	The Junior Class
"Much Ado About Nothing"	The Sophomore Class
"Babes in Toyland"	The Freshman Class
"The Spenders"	Blake and Neill
"A Man of Mystery"	Cullen
"In Gay New York"	Blake
"In a Woman's Power"	Tinney
"Fighting the Flames"	Rothrock



Knocks and Other Things



CHARLES BLAKE:

"Oh, love, love, love! Love is like a dizziness,
It winna let a poor body gang about his bizziness."
"Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air and carols as he goes."

EDWIN ARTHUR BUCKMASTER:

"Of all the fellows from east to west,
He stands o'er all the very best."

LAWRENCE ELI CAIN:

"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."
"A mother's pride, a father's joy."

HOWARD WALTON CROSSAN:

"The length of a body denotes not its quality."
"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."

CLAUDE ORVILLE DIFFENDERFER:

"Tho' I am not splenitive and rich, yet I have something in me dangerous."
"He is complete in feature and in mind; with all good grace to grace a gentleman."

WILLIAM MORROW FRANCIS:

"All Gaul seems at last to be united."
"A lion among the ladies is a dangerous thing."

GEORGE WASHINGTON FRANCIS:

"I am sure exertion does not agree with a quiet, peaceful man like me."

HOWARD DAVIDSON GRIFFIN:

"Of that comfortable plumpness that betokens a happy disposition."

WILLIAM THOMAS HOMEWOOD:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
"Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue all
That happiness and prime can happy call."

OSCAR ALVIN HUDSON:

"His modesty's a candle to his merit."

PAUL HENRY KEPPEL:

"His heart was one of those which most enamoured us, wax to receive and
marble to retain."

JOHN ROBERT McFARLIN:

"Who can foretell, for what high cause this darling of the gods was born."

CHARLES POLK MESSICK:

"I am nothing if not critical."

"A skillful leader, stout, severe."

JOSEPH HINCHLIFFE PERKINS:

"Man delights not me, nor woman either."

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much such men are dangerous."

FREDERICK SOMERS PRICE:

"He who speaks little escapes much."

"A moral, sensible, well-bred man."

HARRISON MORTON PRICE:

"In small proportion we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

HERBERT WARREN RIDGELY:

"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown."

"'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation."

PAUL FRANCIS ROSSELL:

"A man after his own heart."

"Love is blind and lovers cannot see the petty follies that they themselves commit."

"In mathematics he was greater than Thesobrake or Erra Pater, for he by geometric scale can take the size of pots of ale and wisely tell what hour of day the clock does strike by algebra."

WARREN AUSTIN SINGLES:

"Lost, strayed or stolen;

O, heavens, what stuff is it?

What is it? For heaven's sake, what is it?"

"Comb down his hair. Look! Look! It stands upright!"

JULIAN CONSTABLE SMITH:

"Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind."

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."

THOMAS BENSON SMITH:

"When I beheld this I sighed and said within myself, surely mortal man is
a broom-stick."

GEORGE JACKSON STEPHENS:

"Of softest manner, unaffected mind,

Lover of peace and friend of human kind."

"A wee small man of greatest deeds."

"Formed on the good old-fashioned plan,
A good and honest and upright man."

SAMUEL BLAINE STINE:

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise."

"It would talk, good Lord, how it would talk."

EVERETT FRANKLIN WARRINGTON:

"Hear ye not the mighty hum of working?"

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

LESTER EMMET VOSS:

"That he is mad, 'tis true. 'Tis true, 'tis pity. 'Tis pity, 'tis true."

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute any mischief."

The Freshman Football Team

A speech made by a Freshman to the members of his Class as reported especially for "The 1907 Derelict:")

"Captain Josephs has issued a call for candidates for the foot-ball team. Are you heeding it? The call comes to you, unless you are physically unfit for such work. You are wanted, and that very bad. There is a chance for everyone to make the team.

"Here is the opportunity for individual honor. Here is the chance for every Freshman who loves to bear the entire burden and shoulder the whole responsibility, that the credit may be all his, that he may figure as a star and 'win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best.' " (Cheers from the gang.) "The excitement of the grid-iron, as everyone knows, is the tensest and in the glamor of victory is there the brightest of all the phrases of college sport.

"But even if you think there is no chance of making the team, go out anyway; for remember 'Any fool can fight a battle, when he is sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck enough to fight when he is sure of losing!' " (More cheers.) "If you answer, fellow Freshmen, the call which has been sounded, it will mean a prestige among you fellow-students in years to come, for the athlete is in the end the man of influence." (The speaker looks wise.) "There is no sadder sight than the man who graduates without being able to say, 'I have helped in the athletic work,' and who has to content himself with an oration at Commencement, as his sole claim to preferment." (Speaker emphatically hits the table with his fist.)

What if you do not make the team? You can make some other man hustle for his place, and make a better man of him. The best of us will relax when there is no one to push us, and keep us up to our work. Though, the place is the other fellow's, a great pride in his victory will be yours, for you made him.

"Now boys the responsibility is yours and nobody else's. You cannot blame 'Captain Josephs' or the team if we lose, for you may rest assured that we did our part and you did not do yours. Therefore come out and ever keep in mind, 'A faint heart never won a fair lady.' " (Cheers from the gang.)

Class of 1907 Honors



THE MOST STUDIOUS.....	Laurence Eli Cain
THE CUTEST:—Tie Between....	} William Thomas Homewood John Robert McFarlin
THE MOST TEMPERATE	
THE SWEETEST SINGER	Charles Blake
THE MOST GRACEFUL	Karl Ludwick Herrmann
THE WITTIEST	Thomas Benson Smith
THE LADY-KILLER	Herbert Warren Ridgely
THE CLASS ADONIS	Claude Orville Diffenderfer
THE BIGGEST BLUFF	William Morrow Francis
THE ALL-AROUND ATHLETE	Lester Emmet Voss
THE GOOD FELLOW	George Jackson Stevens
THE MOST HUMOROUS	Julian Constable Smith
THE ECONOMIST	George Washington Francis
THE QUIETEST:—Tie Between....	} Edwin Arthur Buckmaster Frederick Somers Price
THE CLASS ADVISOR	
	Charles Polk Messick

Students vs. The Law



We are now Juniors—"stately, dignified Juniors;" and look down upon the troubles of the Freshmen and the tricks of the Sophomores with amusement and sometimes contempt. But often, when a crowd of us get together, we recall times we had as lower classmen, when

"In those rare old, fair, old golden days

It was not like this at all."

for now the "Freshies" don't fight half as hard as we used to, nor are the "Sophs" half so aggressive as we were.

One of the memories of our Sophomore days that never fails to produce a smile on the faces of all, is an encounter with the officer of the law the night after we had wiped up the gridiron with the Freshmen foot-ball team. That night it was most properly decided that we should celebrate our victory. So shortly after dark several fellows slipped out of the dormitories carrying buckets or suit-

cases, while the rest of us gathered in the rendezvous and waited expectantly the return of the "errand-boys." We had not been there long before they began to straggle in, with their buckets full of coal-oil and the suit-cases of shavings.

Since the celebration was to take the form of a bon-fire, the next thing on the program was to get a number of empty boxes that had been located during the day, around the different stores. About 11 o'clock we started out; each man captured a box, and struck for the athletic field. Suddenly a figure in a blue uniform, waving a "model 1640" revolver above its head, appeared, and in a Nicholas Carter tone, with gestures a la Prof. Short, cried out: "I call upon you to halt in the name of the law!" We were slightly startled, but each one lunged to his box and started past this personification of law and order. Suddenly the figure swooped down, seizing a black-haired youth from Elkton with one hand and tapping him on the chest with the other, said to him in tragic tones: "Young man, you are under arrest! You spend this night in jail!"

Without doubt the policeman expected to see his victim cringe and tremble in his grasp. But the Elkton blood came to the surface, and instead, he was greeted with a burst of laughter, and to all his terrible threat he received but one reply:—"O, hell!" So taken aback was the policeman, that he fell back and the box-party moved on.

Having deposited our burdens near the scene of the fire to be, we made another trip. This time we were stopped before we had procured any more inflammable material, and another of our party singled out as the victim of circumstances. This man promptly demanded a statement of the charges against him. These were summed up in the words "Disorderly conduct." He took another tack, and instead of laughing took the matter seriously, and told the officer that the year before when he had arrested "Bunny," he had but one friend in the college, and that was the present "arrestee;" and that if he ran him in, and kept on in his present course, he would lose that one, and would hereafter be that sorry sight—a friendless man. Touched at the picture of the pitiful spectacle he would be, and perhaps influenced by the sentiment of the crowd, who one and all, told him that he would not be permitted to lock up their friend, with much grumbling and many threats the officer of the law withdrew and the celebration ended peacefully.

We built our fire, celebrated our victory, toasted "Old Delaware," retired to our beds, and failed in our recitations the next day. We now look back upon that night as one of the most pleasant of our college memoirs, and as one over which not only we but also the ex-policeman, who has now retired to private life, have had many a good laugh.

Books! Books! Books!

We announce that the following books either will or
will not soon be published

"THE LOVE LETTERS OF A JUNIOR,"by Paul Rossell, '07

Highly poetic, full of heart-beats, delicately imaginative, these letters from the pen of Paul Rossell fully prove that the art of letter writing is not dead. For all that Mr. Rossell fully denies it, they have such a strong air of the reality that we are inclined to accept the statement of his intimate friend, Paul Keppel, who says that the author first read a little in the Bible and then the Balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet before writing each letter; and that he himself mailed several of the letters. To Messrs. Voss, Ridgely, Messick, Cain and all other students whose progress is made difficult by distance, we especially recommend this book—to them it should not only be interesting but instructive.

"HARMLES JOKES FOR THE CLASS ROOM," or "LAUGH OR
FLUNK,"by Dr. W—

"What's in a name?" Heaps, sometimes. In this case, pure misrepresentation; for truthfully the book should have been entitled: "Jokes of All Nations and all Ages," edited by Dr. W—. Chestnuts! Don't buy it—it's bum.

"DAMN THE PEOPLE," or "HOW TO MANAGE A FOOT-BALL
TEAM,"by Edward Neill

In this book, written with spice, strenuousity, and an evident non conformity to conventional language, Mr. Neill advances a most remarkable theory: "If you want an office, to which the people might not elect you, why, quietly elect yourself; take possession, and if any one buts in, give them the bluff, expressed in proper language." Anarchistic in the extreme, urging a manner of office grabbing unequaled even by our present system of graft, such a book should be suppressed by the government or, at least, boycotted by all democratic people.

"WHY I DID NOT BUY ONE," or "TALKING MACHINES BREAK THE
SABBATH,"by W. E. Harkness, Jr.

At last we have Mr. Harkness' reason for not buying a machine. For eight months the author was in daily correspondence with the manufacturer and his book shows that he has a perfect knowledge of the talking machine. Buy a book (10 cents) and aid Mr. Harknesses to pay for his postage stamps.

"THE VALUE OF CHEERING ON THE FOOT-BALL FIELD," or
 "WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THEY DID NOT CHEER FOR ME,"
 by Richard Cann, 4th.

"WHAT I REMEMBER," (in 30 vols.)by Prof. C.—
 Better than an encyclopedia and "A Who's Who" combined is this book,
 written with the greatest care and attention to little details.

"HOW TO BECOME ENGAGED," or "CHANGING WITH THE WEA-
 THER,"by Charles Blake
 This book is based on the experience of the author, who, as every one
 knows, makes a specialty of short engagements.

"WHAT TO DO,"by Charles Messick
 A most excellent book of advice, printed in vest pocket size and guar-
 anteed to have in it just what your individual case requires. This book, we
 believe, is slightly better than a similar one written by Geo. Francis.

"HOW TO RUN THE COLLEGE,"by the majority of the Students
 We recommend this book to the Faculty and Trustees.

"SPELLING FOR SENIORS," or "A NEW MANNER OF KIDDING,"
 by Prof. R—

"THE SERVANT QUESTION," or "THE NEGRESS SUPERCEDED BY
 THE WHITE CHEF,"by George W. Francis

In this book Mr. Francis advances many pretty theories which, we think
 will not prove practical. For instance, in attempting to prove one of them,
 he says: "If the negro cooks of the Boarding Club were discharged and a
 white chef hired to take their place, the meals would be better served and it
 would cost less to run the club." On the contrary, if this were done we be-
 lieve that for two or more days at a time no meals would be served at all and
 that by making a change the club would lose at least \$100.00.

