

THE DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW

Vol. XXIII.

MAY, 1907.

No. 8.

The King Crab.

By E. HORN, '10.

"Number Seven's ahead!"

At the sound of this exclamation, unlimited joy seized a certain group of men gathered near the office door of the Lewiston Fisheries. Some shouted, some danced the horn-pipe in the sand. One rather old man, clad in dripping oil-skins was particularly joyful. His rough, weatherbeaten face beamed with smiles as he went from one to another in the crowd slapping them on the back and saying:

"Didn't I tell ye, didn't I tell ye that king crab we caught in the first haul 'ed bring us good luck. We'll get the prize sure. Hooray for Number Seven."

"Don't crow too soon, Heb," said a tall fellow in the centre of the group. "The king crab may bring us good luck, but there's another week's fishing yet and we're but a few tons ahead."

The Lewiston Fisheries are situated in the quiet little harbor at Lewiston. For the last ten years they have conducted an increasing and profitable business in fish, oil and other products of non-food fish. The last two seasons they have offered a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars to the crew of the boat making the greatest total catch during the season. The last week of the season of which I am speaking, drew to a close with four of the Company's eight good boats, all steamers, hotly contesting the ownership of the prize. On the fourth day of this week it was announced that Number Two had

wrested the lead from Number Seven. That evening everything was in confusion on the landing pier. The different crews gathered in excited groups and talked over the relative chances of Number Seven and Number Two. The fact that Number Two was ahead fell like a cloud upon the deck of Number Seven. This boat was the general favorite with the Company, as the crew of Number Seven were noted for the harmony with which they worked.

"Hen" Mitchell was a stern but just captain, and could generally be depended upon to settle peacefully, the many little brawls which so often arise among fishermen. "Cy" Frazer, first mate, was the most generous, good natured fellow that ever handled an oar; but if anyone happened to get "afoul" of him it was considered safer to be in the next county. The remainder of the crew with one exception, were peaceable, honest fellows who depended on the work on the fish boats to supply their larder for the whole year. The one exception was a new fellow by the name of Jim Clark. He seemed to be a black sheep from the start. The first day he was on board he disputed Cy's authority over a certain point and as a consequence was on the sick list until the last and most important day.

Early in the morning eight determined crews steamed their boats out for the deciding catch. Number Seven was out but a few hours when a small catch was made, too small indeed, to even tie Number Two, in weight. All the morning dark banks of storm clouds were hurrying by and piling over in the West. The captain knew if the storm broke upon them before another catch was landed, their hopes of winning the prize would be lost.

Late in the afternoon Cy Frazer came scrambling down from the look-out seat.

"Big school o' wives over t' starbo'd!" he shouted, "Better get after them quick; a Nor'easter is coming!"

The silent calm that always precedes a Northeast storm, had settled about the boat and only the chugging of the engines could be heard as the captain gave the orders.

"Every man to his post; and boys, remember, an hour's work will win us the prize, a minutes folly lose it."

With the exception of Clark, every man sprang to his place with a jump. He alone came sauntering out of the cabin and waited for a second command.

"Jim Clark, get in your place and straighten up or I'll knock your empty head off," thundered the captain as he seized a heavy rigging pin and strode across the deck. Jim sulked to his place muttering threats of vengeance.

By this time the big green swells of the Atlantic were topped with white foam and the wind started a low chant in the rigging of the steamer. The two boats, the main and the strikes were launched with some difficulty. It is the duty of the main boat and its seven men, to row around the school of fish, with the net; one end of which is fastened to the steamer. The man in the striker boat rows to the outer edge of the school and by slapping the water with his oars drives the fish inward, into the net.

The main boat slowly played out the big net around the fish. Slowly, indeed, for every minute the wind blew stronger and the waves grew higher. The boat would rise high on a big mountain of water and then turning like a balance arm, glide into a dark, green valley below. Every minute the boat was in danger of being swamped on account of the net's dragging down the stern. Jim Clark was the first to break the silence.

"Hey mate," he cried above the noise of the storm, "do ye think we're all goin' to drown like rats and never even squeal." "We'll either turn back to the steamer, or sure as my name's Jim Clark I'll send the whole bunch of us to the bottom. Ye know I ain't got much to live for and I'd gladly sacrifice my life to get back a good lick at you."

Some of the men had stopped rowing and stared open mouthed at Jim during this outbreak.

"Steady boys" thundered the mate, "we're losing ground; don't think I'd stop for a cur like that."

"I'll soon see about that, mate. You know I've got the high card; I'm going to play it. As Jim uttered these words he reached for the boat's plug directly beneath his feet. A single pull and the boat would fill and sink. Cy was not to be taken unawares however. Something bright flashed in air and the next instant his oar crashed down on the bended neck of Jim Clark. The poor fellow released his hold on the plug and plunged forward in the wet and slimy bottom of the boat.

"Come on, hearties," shouted Cy, as he plunged his oar into the

side of a big billow, "only about sixty yards more and we'll be to the bow of the steamer."

At this good news the crew pulled harder than ever and as the boat rose high on a wave they saw the steamer rocking in the hazy mist a few yards before them. They rowed up close to the side of the big steamer and made the net fast. The fish were trapped and all that remained to do, was to scoop them up with the steamer's big steam shovel. The strikes having come in, was raised on deck and then the main boat was fastened to the painters. It seemed that ill luck was bound to follow them that day. As the boat and its seven occupants were being raised in the air one of the staples pulled out and the seven men tumbled into the water. It happened on the lee side of the boat and as all of the men were excellent swimmers they were pulled out one by one with ropes. The mate was the only one who seemed to be swimming with difficulty. Instead of mounting the swells as the other men, he sank under as if drawn down by some weight. All but the mate had forgotten the unconscious form of Jim Clark and when Cy was drawn out of the water, senseless, he had in his powerful grip the body of his defeated foe. They were both soon revived and made no mention of the adventure.

That evening, after weigh-in, the same excited group of men stood on the pier. This time they were not separated in different crews, but were all crowding around one spot, in the centre of which stood Cy Frazer and the gallant crew of Number Seven. This boat being the only one to stay out and brave the storms, had landed enough fish in that last catch to place them in the lead. When Cy had finished the story of the great catch he was cheered loud and long. Then someone jokingly mentioned that Number Seven's good luck was due entirely to Heb's King Crab. And they cheered again.

Commencement Week.

ALTHOUGH the program for commencement week has not been fully completed, it promises to be of more than usual interest.

The graduating class, consisting of twenty-eight members, will open up festivities with the annual Senior banquet, on Friday

evening, June 14, at the Windsor Hotel, Atlantic City. President Messick will preside.

The regular exercises of the week will begin with a sermon before the Y. M. C. A., in the College Oratory, at 11.30 Sunday morning, June 16. In the evening, Rev. Dr. Floyd Thompkins, of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon.

On Monday, June 17, Class Day exercises will be held, with Mr. H. W. Collins, '08, in the chair. The speakers will be: Class Orator, E. F. Warrington; Historian, L. E. Cain; Prophet, Jos. H. Perkins. A "Class Day News" will be issued for the occasion, and this promises to be one of the most interesting exercises of the week.

Monday evening, the Delta Phi Literary Society will hold its anniversary exercises.

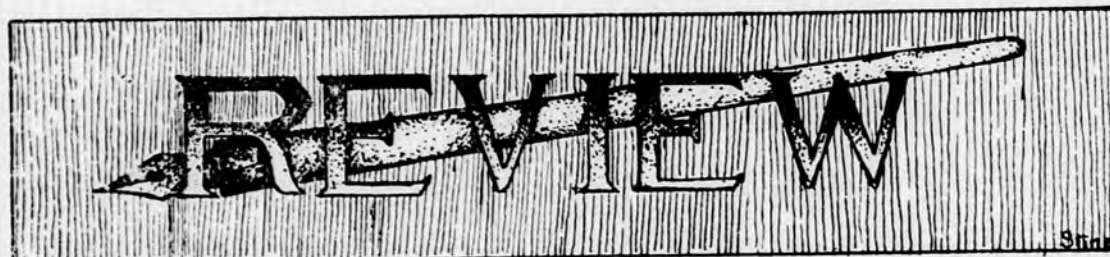
The Inter-Class Track and Field meet will be held on Tuesday afternoon, on the Huber track. Several banners and medals have been offered by the Alumni, to those who succeed in breaking records. Much interest is being shown and this bids fair to be the most successful meet yet held.

On Tuesday evening the Athenæan Literary Society will hold its anniversary. The speakers on behalf of the society will be J. C. Smith, '07, and G. A. Papperman, '09. The outside speaker has not yet been secured.

The regular commencement exercises will be held in the Oratory, on Wednesday morning at 10.30 o'clock. The orators on behalf of the graduating class will be Charles P. Messick, Everett F. Warrington, Wm. T. Homewood, Julian C. Smith and Paul H. Keppel. The commencement address will be delivered by Ex-Attorney-General Herbert H. Ward, of Wilmington, followed by the presentation of diplomas, conferring of degrees, etc., by the President, Geo. A. Harter. Immediately after the exercises, luncheon will be served by the ladies of the faculty, to out of town guests.

At 2.30 P. M. an exhibition drill will be given before the trustees and visitors, and directly following this, the championship game of baseball of the inter-class series will be played.

The exercises will close in the evening with the Commencement Hop given by the Class of 1908, in honor of the graduating class.



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Editorial.

WHERE, OH, WHERE?

In previous articles we have attempted to show *wherein* we are lacking in college spirit and *why* such conditions exist. There occurs to us still another phase of the college-life—one, let us say, which may seem separate in itself from the college as a whole, but upon which hangs invariably the welfare or downfall of any institution—which is at present in a deplorable state. We refer to "class spirit." We regret to say that, to all appearances there is not an evidence in college of any class love or class patriotism. Why? Because there is *no class distinction*! A Freshman, after being six months in college, is hard to distinguish from a Sophomore, Junior, or Senior. He shows no hesitancy whatever to place himself on an equal footing with the upper classmen, and the upper classmen smilingly stand for it. When a man becomes a Sophomore he sighs a sigh of contentment, and then puts himself on a pedestal infinitely

higher, in his own opinion, than any to which an upper classman may climb. Again the upper classmen permit it.

"Now," you may ask, "what is the use of class distinction? Why should Freshmen look up to Sophomores, Sophomores to Juniors, Juniors to Seniors?"

The reason is this: When there are distinctive steps, and distinctive privileges, there are distinctive aims. If every man might look forward to new prerogatives as he advances from year to year, there would be a finer *spirit* among the students *toward class* and, therefore, *toward college*.

Almost daily we hear the cry, "Where *are* the Alumni? Why do they not show more interest in the college?" Let us remember that to the Alumni, as to us, there was no real class spirit. For them, when they were students, there was no class distinction. Hence they do not come back; they are lost. Nine times out of ten, whatever the college, it is a man's own class that brings him back to the Alma Mater. Do *we* ever hear of Class Reunions? Do *we* ever see little knots of men on the campus, on Commencement Day, cheering for a class that has been graduated years before—their class? No! Occasionally some old fellow drops in and asks a few questions in a languid, non-interested sort of way and then may remark, if it occurs to him, "Yes, I was graduated from Delaware in—let me see—eighty-six, I think it was." He doesn't ask for any of his classmates or their whereabouts. He doesn't show any particular enthusiasm about the college, but stands at the gate and looks in, as if to say, "Well, I got what I wanted out of you; now you can go to the deuce."

We understand that, for the last year or two, there has been a movement to gradually unite the Alumni by annual banquets. If this movement is successful, something indeed will have been accomplished. But as yet we have not heard of any great demonstrations of approval on the part of the Alumni. As yet we have not seen, on graduation day, men wearing badges stamped with "Delaware '96" or "97" or any other year.

It is never too late to mend. Let us make the start now—we, who are undergraduates. Let us allow the idea to creep into our heads that we are college men and are members of the class of 'oughty-seven, 'oughty-eight, 'oughty-nine, or 'ten. Let us try to

believe that our own class—whatever it may be—is the best that ever went through the college. Let us determine that, when we are graduates, we will return yearly to meet on the old campus and to cheer the old class. And moreover let Seniors be Seniors, Juniors Juniors, Sophomores Sophomores, and Freshmen Freshmen. When we are graduates, let us be graduates. As undergraduates, let us show all deference to old "grads" when they come back; let us make them want to come back; let us conduct ourselves so that we may aid the Alumni and that the Alumni may feel encouraged to help us, and that both bodies, graduate and undergraduate, may work toward the same end and the same ideal—the exalting of "Old Delaware."



A REVIEW.

Now that the end of the scholastic year is approaching, it is natural that we ask ourselves what we have done in the past year, whether or not we have progressed, and what have been the results. In the Fall, Delaware's football team made a record of which we can be justly proud and one which has been surpassed by no previous team. During the entire season we defeated three of our old rivals: Johns Hopkins, P. M. C., and Rutgers—and lost but one game. During the winter basketball drew our attention and, although the number of games played was unfortunately limited, yet we feel that the season was a success and that the team was a credit to the college. At present our eyes are on the baseball team, and we are certain that Delaware is represented by one of the best teams that the college ever produced. The Southern trip was a success and, in spite of the fact that the team has been crippled for some time, it has made a very creditable showing nevertheless. In track we have been unfortunate, but we are hoping for good results in the inter-class meet in June. In debate we met Maryland Agricultural College and Rutgers, and although we are somewhat disappointed in the results, yet we are encouraged by the efforts of our men and know that we "died fighting." As to the REVIEW, whether or not it has been successful this year, we will leave it to the student-body to judge. This is the last number edited by the old board of editors, and we will turn over its duties to the new board, wishing it success for the ensuing year. The editor-in-chief takes this opportunity

to thank the department editors, business managers, and contributors for the help and contributions that they have given to make the REVIEW a representative publication. A college paper is a thing whose success depends almost entirely upon the attitude of the student-body towards it. If every man would make it his business to do something for the REVIEW—in either the business or editorial departments—there would be little doubt concerning the success of the paper. Many of the college men have responded nobly to our requests, but even now when the number of one month appears we find no extra copy in our hands for following numbers. This is somewhat discouraging, all must admit. The business manager also has troubles, we find, in making the financial ends of the paper meet, all because some of the students do not regard it necessary to help support the college publication. As we have said, this is discouraging, for, since the REVIEW represents or tries to represent the whole student-body, it seems hardly just and highly impracticable to have to depend on a numbered few for the material of each number. We certainly hope that the day will be shortly forthcoming when the students as a whole, realizing that the REVIEW stands to represent them, will bestir themselves energetically to make the representation real.

Lost And Found.

By HOWARD H. PROUSE, '09.

DOWN on my knees before my beautiful, blue-coated auto, I tried to collect a few scattered thoughts and cool my heated temper. I realized that the car was still beautiful, but I realized more fully that it was very still, stock still; not an inch would it move. For three solid hours I had been squirming underneath and around that bulky affair, until my actions as well as my temper were indeed serpent like. Across a damp brow I wiped my greasy coat-sleeve and wondered how much time it would require for two horses to pull the obstinate machine back to town.

Early in the morning, when the sun had just begun to spread its rays across the green fields and blossoming orchards, I was speeding in my car far out of town. The birds and the fresh morning air

would have exalted the spirits of any sordid character. Indeed I felt very fine, for the bright automobile, my newly made suit of clothes and my grand anticipations, increased the pleasure of the ride. But I believe the early-morning travellers recognized the appearances, and by them interpreted my intentions. For indeed a friend, who grinned impolitely as I thought, when he passed me, told me later that he swore to himself by all good and bad, that I intended to elope with Miss Arthurs.

It was not long before a fork in the road appeared. It was one of those places where a traveller is doomed to follow the wrong road. One of the ways was a smooth piked road, and the other was sandy and rutted. Because I did not know which one led to my destination, I followed the sandy by-road, in order that desire for comfort might not lead me astray. A full half hour of jolting, jarring and unpleasant riding, terminated at last in a break-down and a dead stop.

* * * * *

After my three hours of hard work, I at last determined to leave the machine to its fate and to set out on foot in order to keep my engagement, however late it would be. As I regarded my condition, before I stood on my feet, and saw my miserable, grimy appearance, I heard some one drawl out behind me, "Well, young man, air ye stuck?"

"No," I exclaimed, glancing back at the pink-blossomed peach orchard, from which the voice came. "No, I only thought I would come out here and wait for some peaches to ripen."

"Wal ye must ha' got hungry and et some mud-pies while ye waited. I saw ye under that darned bust-up and thought ye was a worm." It was an old man who spoke, and he was leaning upon the rail fence with his arms folded and his broad brimmed straw hat tilted back on a bald head. Down over his white beard were scattered brown streaks of tobacco-juice and he spat incessantly over the fence.

"Well, I admit I felt like a worm," I said, "but all joking aside, will you tell me if Squire Quigley's farm is far from here?" "Squire Quigley"—and the old man scratched his head. "Squire Quigley—say, young man, will that blamed thing go off?" "Go off," I cried, "Well I guess not, I have been trying to make it go off the whole morning, and it hasn't budged an inch." "No that isn't what I cal-

culated ter say. "Will it bust up and blow ter pieces?" "No," I assured him, "it is perfectly safe, now will you tell me where Squire Quigley lives?" He thought a while, and his weather-beaten face assumed a very comical expression. Then his eyes twinkled, and he said, "young feller, tell me yer name and I'll tell ye where Squire Quigley lives." I took out my card-case and handed him a neatly engraved card. He read it and his eyes twinkled very mysteriously at me. Then raising his bare arm, he pointed with a skinny finger back along the road which I had recently traversed. "Go back thar five miles and turn around onto the other road at the fork, keep on that road five miles and you'll fetch up at Squire Quigley's place." I was astonished, but inquired if he could hire me a team or direct me to a neighbor who could. He slowly shook his head, spat on the ground and completely dismayed me by saying, "farmers in this deestricht don't hire their hosses to strangers."

Ten long miles to walk; it made me shudder. But it must be done, for I had promised Laura Arthurs that I would be at her Uncle Bill Quigley's house at 9 o'clock. To explain things fully, we were to be married that night by a neighboring rector, and after telephoning to her parents in New York, we were going to start on an automobile trip. Her parents were bitterly opposed to me on account of a quarrel between our fathers. So after involving her uncle into the conspiracy, she decided to visit him, in order that our elopement might be facilitated.

I thanked the old man as I gathered my tools together, and with his assistance pushed the auto to the side of the road. Thanking him again, I started off back over the road which had caused me so much trouble. The old farmer stood and watched me, but I had not gone far when he called me and asked: "Young man, have ye had ver dinner?" I vigorously shook my head and he continued, "Wal, ye might wait a bit and come over with me and scratch." I smiled at his hen house metaphor, and did not hesitate to accept the invitation, since my engagement was already delayed.

We started off together across the orchard, chatting like old acquaintances. Although I was worried, as all lovers are, when their plans are thwarted, the old man's funny remarks kept my spirits from sinking. The spring morning, which had bloomed out into glorious noon, held all my troubles behind with it. The birds were still singing, and butterflies flitted in the meadow grass as gayly

as the robins warbled. The walk through the orchard and the meadows was very pleasant, and soon the back of a whitewashed farm house appeared amid a cluster of green trees.

It looked very hospitable and caused me to think of Laura. Then I wished that I was approaching the house of Squire Quigley, with that hot walk of ten miles behind me. But longings did not console, so I resigned myself to misfortune, and resolved to accept my fate. In this frame of mind I followed the old man through the barnyard and up to the kitchen door. There we found a stout old lady cooking dinner and the old man introduced me as, "a feller who just discovered a keelage wouldn't run without a horse."

I felt that I was going to spend an enjoyable noon, although I was anxious for Laura. I had just accepted the basin of water which the farmer's wife had given me, when I heard a feminine shriek. Looking up to the side porch it dumbfounded me to see no other than Laura Arthurs coming toward me. Her face, red from crying, now beamed with pleasure. For my part, I was so astonished that before she reached me, I had upset the basin and stepped on the cat's tail.

"Where have you been," she exclaimed, as she regarded my greasy condition, before she consented to kiss me. I could not speak, but was contented to hold her in my arms, while the old farmer, grinning broadly, came up to explain to her as well as to me.

"I found this young feller on the back road foolin' around one of thoss autermobiles, what had stopped to rest. He took her by the bridle, he kicked her flanks, he pulled her mane, but she had balked worse'n Jack ever done. Then he asked me where Squire Quigley lives. I agreed to swap information for his name, so he handed me a piece of card, what looked like a sign-board, and what had his name on't. Then I know'd it was yer lover, so I thought I'd have some fun, and see if he really loved you. I told him to go back to the fork, and turn on t'other road and go five miles on that. See that road out by our front gate young feller. That leads from the fork and runs parerlel with the road what ye took. Wal ye started back, didn't ye young feller, ye were goin' to get yer gal. But I had pity on ye and invited ye to dinner; ye not knowin' ye were so near Bill Quigley's farm. Come in folks, ma says dinner's ready."

Locals.

Edited By LAURENCE E. CAIN, '07.

The Sophomores have begun to make plans for their Class Annual, which will be published next year. We wish them success both from a financial and a literary standpoint.

A large number of students were in Philadelphia on April 27, to see the sports on Franklin Field. We are glad to note that an unusually large percentage of the students went. We have no apologies to offer for our loss, but we wish to congratulate the boys on their good work.

Prof. Tiffany has been away from college to attend the funeral of a relative.

Maryland Agricultural College, our old rival, met us on our diamond, Wednesday, May 8.

Apropos of the approaching "lemon" season, the Seniors announce that they will publish for commencement a Class Day News. Joseph H. Perkins has been elected editor-in-chief. If any student has any complaint to make against a member of the faculty, let him give notice of his case to some of the associate editors, so that justice may be meted out to all.

Professor Herbert S. Jackson recently left Newark quietly for Ithaca, New York. A few days later his friends received cards, announcing his marriage. The wedding took place in Ithaca, Wednesday, April 17. Mr. Jackson has returned to Newark with his bride, and resumed his work as Assistant Mycologist and Instructor in Botany.

The annual temperance oratorical contest took place in the College Oratory, Friday evening, May 3. The affair was a complete success. The first prize was won by Mr. Warrington, '07, and the second by Mr. Prouse, '09.

Mr. Lucien Green, a prominent Alumnus, is taking up some work in the Bacteriological department.

Mr. Joseph Brewster, another one of our prominent Alumni, has been making some experiments in the Chemical Laboratory.

The Y. M. C. A. officers have been elected for the next year as follows: President, G. A. Papperman, '09; Vice-President, Richard Palmer, '09; Corresponding Secretary, Charles Keppel, '09; Recording Secretary, Hollis Lowe, '10; Treasurer, Egmont Horn, '10.

Preparations have already been begun to arrange for the sending of delegates to the Northfield Student Conference, which will be held from June 28 to July 7.

The College Orchestra furnished music on the occasion of the recent oratorical contest. We wish to announce that the Orchestra is prepared to fill any outside engagements. All correspondence should be sent to Mr. Clifford McIntire.

On April 29th the Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity installed the Mu Alpha Chapter at Delaware College. The Chapter was installed by the Grand President Cooney, of Norwalk, Ohio; Grand Secretary Webster, of Chester, Pa.; and Mr. W. L. Phillips, of Richmond, Va. The Sigma Phi Epsilon is a national fraternity, comprised of eighteen chapters of the following colleges and universities:

Richmond College	William and Mary College
University of West Virginia	Ohio Northern University
University of Pennsylvania	North Carolina A. and M. College
Western U. of Pa.	Perdue University
Jefferson Medical College	Syracuse University
University of Illinois	Washington and Lee
University of Colorado	Georgia Tech.
Washington and Jefferson	University of Virginia
Wittenburg College	Delaware College.

Athletics.

Edited By LESTER E. VOSS, '07.

BASEBALL.

The first game after the return of the baseball team from the Southern trip was played against Rock Hill College on April 13, and resulted in another victory for Delaware, by the score of 4-1.

On the following Friday, April 19, the team left to play two

games, one with Western Maryland and one with Mt. St. Mary's College. Friday's game with Western Maryland was simply a walk-over, to the tune of 9-3, but on Saturday the Mt. St. Mary's team put up a very strong game, Delaware winning by a score of 2-1.

On April 27 we sent a very badly crippled team to College Park, Md., to play against Maryland Agricultural College, and were defeated, but as our team on that day was so badly out of order and we had a later chance to match our Varsity team against M. A. C., we were not very much disheartened, and on the following Friday, May 3, went to Albright College, at Meyerstown, and played fifteen innings, neither side scoring. The game had to be called on account of darkness.

The next day, not having yet recovered from the effects of the Albright game, a poor showing was made against Lebanon Valley, they winning 10-7.

DELAWARE 7—M. A. C. 0.

On Wednesday, May 8, the M. A. C. team met a severe defeat at the hands of the Delaware team, this game showing the respective merits of the two teams, for on that day it was not a patched up team that the Marylanders had to go up against, but the same old team that had shown its quality, both against the strong Southern teams and also against the teams near home. The Maryland team at no point of the game had even the slightest chance of scoring, only one man reaching 3rd base.

DELAWARE.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adkins, c . . .	2	3	11	2	0
Edgar, rf . . .	1	2	0	0	0
Fowler, 2b . . .	0	0	2	4	1
McGarvey, lf . . .	1	1	2	1	0
Cullen, 1b . . .	1	1	9	0	0
Taylor, 3b . . .	1	1	1	1	0
Doan, p . . .	0	0	1	1	0
Wright, ss . . .	0	0	1	1	1
Price, cf . . .	1	1	0	0	0
Total . . .	7	9	27	10	2

M. A. C.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Walters, ss . . .	0	0	2	1	1
Grason, c . . .	0	0	5	2	0
Byrd, p . . .	0	1	1	3	0
Evans, 1b . . .	0	2	7	1	0
Reeder, 2b . . .	0	1	2	1	1
Norton, lf . . .	0	0	2	0	0
Trumans, 3b . . .	0	1	2	2	0
Meyer, cf . . .	0	0	3	0	0
Darby, rf . . .	0	0	0	0	0
Total . . .	0	5	24	10	2

Struck out by Doan, 11; by Byrd, 5. Base on balls off Doan, 2; off Byrd, 6. Two base hits—Adkins 3, Edgar, Price. Double plays—Norton and Reeder, McGarvey and Fowler, Fowler, Wright and Cullen.

DELAWARE 5—VILLA NOVA 6.

On Saturday Delaware was visited by the strong Villa Nova team and a fast game was expected. The game was at times very interesting, Delaware having the lead until the seventh inning, when by a series of costly errors at the most critical point of the game they allowed the visitors by scoring two runs, to get ahead, the score then being 6-4. In the ninth, Delaware was able to score only one run, making the final score 6-5.

At all stages of the game the Delaware team showed sadly a lack of team work. Doan pitched a great game but was very poorly supported, his pitching being the main feature of the game. While the three pitchers used by Villa Nova were batted unmercifully, they received excellent support from every man on their team.

DELAWARE.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Adkins, c . . .	0	0	2	2	0
Edgar, rf . . .	1	1	1	0	0
Fowler, ss., lf . . .	1	2	7	0	1
McGarvey, 2b . . .	0	2	1	2	1
Cullen, 1b . . .	1	2	10	1	1
Taylor, 3b . . .	0	0	2	1	3
Doan, p . . .	1	1	1	1	1
Wright, ss., lf . . .	1	1	2	2	1
Price, cf . . .	0	0	1	0	0
Total . . .	5	9	27	9	8

VILLA NOVA.

	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
McGeehan, 1b . . .	0	0	12	0	1
Savage, 3b . . .	0	1	2	1	1
Daniels, cf . . .	0	0	3	0	0
Sullivan, rf . . .	2	1	2	0	0
Nicholas, ss . . .	2	2	0	3	0
Murray, 2b . . .	0	0	1	4	0
Moore, lf . . .	1	1	2	0	0
Casey, c . . .	1	1	4	0	0
McGivin, p . . .	0	1	1	1	0
Total . . .	6	7	27	9	2

TRACK.

Arrangements for the Field Meet in June are fast being completed, and from presents prospects this year's Meet will be the best and most interesting ever held here, as nearly every record will probably be broken.

Now that the weather is bringing all the Tennis enthusiasts out the courts should all be available, but as yet some have not been put in shape for playing and are badly missed.

Inter-Collegiate Notes.

Edited By V. H. JONES, '09.

Very elaborate preparation is being made for the coming diamond jubilee at Lafayette College, to be held from June 16 to 20. Many notable men, both in the college and political world, have accepted invitations to attend, among whom are Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania, and Governor Hughes, of New York. The address to graduates on Commencement Day will be made by the first vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation.

The Lehigh University Register, states that 708 students are attending that institution. The civil engineering course attracts

209, the mechanical engineering course 165, the mining engineering course 110, electrical engineering 113, classical and other courses 111.

The University of Minnesota has added a professor of jiu jitsu to its teaching staff. M. Matsuo, of Tokyo, is the incumbent of the new chair.

This year the Naval Academy will have a crew in the inter-collegiate rowing races at Poughkeepsie, on June 26, for the first time in several years. A new shell has been purchased and a fast crew is expected to represent the middies.

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, after systematic endurance tests by two sets of athletes, one meat eaters and the other vegetarians, has come to the conclusion that to be strong one must not eat meat.

McGill University at Montreal, quite recently suffered a loss by fire that is estimated at half a million dollars. The medical building, one of the largest of the group comprising the University, was burned to the ground. Records and instruments were destroyed that cannot possibly be replaced.

During the winter indoor season just closed in the East, there were ten sports in which the championship title was awarded. The following shows the sports and the 1907 champions:

Basket Ball—Yale; Williams (New England), Second.

Hockey—Princeton.

Chess—Quadrangle, Columbia. Triangular, Pennsylvania—Brown.

Fencing—Annapolis.

Bowling—Columbia.

Wrestling—Yale.

Gymnastics—New York University.

Swimming—Princeton.

Water Polo—Yale.

Association Foot Ball—Haverford.

Professor R. Shipman, a member of Tufts College faculty for 43 years, has resigned.

Charles M. Schwab, formerly president of the United States Steel Corporation, intends to make the Manual Training School, at Homestead, which bears his name, rival the Carnegie Technical Schools, both in size and scope. Mr. Schwab will be present at the

Founder's Day exercises on May 23, when he will make some important announcements.

Andrew D. White, first president of Cornell University, has expressed himself as being very favorable toward the establishment of denominational institutions near large universities. Plans are being drawn up at present for the erection of the proposed Catholic College in the neighborhood of the Cornell campus.

Because of their activity as promoters of peace, women were given a prominent part in the great National Arbitration and Peace Congress held in New York last month. Quite prominent among the women speakers were President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr College, and President Mary Wooley, of Mt. Holyoke College.

Donald Grant Herring has been given the Cecil Rhodes scholarship to Oxford University, England, from the State of New Jersey. Herring hails from Bloomburg, Pa., and is at present a member of the Senior Class, of Princeton University. Herring stands as the ablest and one of the most popular men of his class. As an athlete he has been very prominent, playing tackle on the Princeton 'varsity for the last two seasons and winning the inter-collegiate wrestling championship in 1906. More will undoubtedly be heard of Herring when he has crossed the water.

Engineering Society Notes.

The last lecture of the series for this collegiate year, was given on April the 17th, by Alfred Hartman, '00, of Baltimore, Md., where he is now engaged as one of the engineers on the new \$10,000,000 sewerage works. His subject was, "Sewage Disposal and the New Sewerage Works of Baltimore." His opening remarks were based on the rapid strides made by the sanitary engineers in the past decade and how it was possible for the "dirt to fly" on the isthmus only after the sanitary engineer made conditions favorable for working. He then explained all concerning the great work in Baltimore which will improve the sanitary conditions very much in that city, from the preliminary surveys for the sewers, to the plant which will purify the sewage. He also described not only the method to be employed in Baltimore for sewage purification, but all the ways in vogue at the present time.

Alumni Notes.

Edited By KARL L. HERRMANN, '07.

George Harlan Wells, '99, was married recently to Miss Scott, of Germantown. Dr. and Mrs. Wells will make their home in Philadelphia, where Dr. Wells is practicing medicine.

George L. Medill, '99, and Miss Marie D. Cook were married at the home of the bride's parents on April 2.

Joseph H. Hossinger, '97, was chosen Mayor of Newark at the town election which was held here recently.

Lucicus Green, '03, is working with Dr. Watson in the State Laboratory.

Howard F. Ferguson, '04, has accepted a position with the Keystone Electric Company.

George W. Hessler, '05, is with the Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Co., at Jacksonville, Florida, assisting in the large terminals, which are being built by this road.

Edward C. Davis, '05, is now located at Welch, West Virginia.

Arthur C. Ward, '06, who is with the Westinghouse firm, in Pittsburg, recently visited Newark, and spoke very encouragingly of his work.

Exchange Notes.

Edited By GUSTAVE A. PAPPERMAN, '09.

There has been so much written, and said about the "Exchange Columns" found in our college magazines, that the thought comes to me: What is an "Ideal Exchange Column?" Is it one in which we discuss the merits or demerits of our sister papers, with a few jokes scattered between the criticisms. Or is the ideal a free discussion on some college productions without any jokes or witticisms. The opinions of the majority of Exchange editors in the past year have been, not to have about three lines of criticism on a paper followed by a few jokes, and so on through the column; but rather to take up and discuss a few papers thoroughly, omitting the jokes altogether,

or to give a discussion on some phase of the work done in their own or other papers. Of course we know that the work must be varied. And while I am aware that no set rules can be given, there ought to be a standard by which we could go. I should like to know the opinions of some of the Exchange editors, on this matter.

William And Mary's Literary Magazine. The Exchange editor of this magazine has used a good plan in the last issue, in giving a review of some college poetry. He leaves the readers to judge the merits of the poetry, themselves, which is probably the best plan, since we all differ so much in taste, that what would seem very good to one would not appeal to another. The literary matter in this issue is very good, especially the two essays on Shakespeare.

The Georgetown College Journal. Please read "College Characters" in this paper. I am sure you will find them rather interesting. No. I, The Borrower. II, The Bluffer. III, The Knocker. The following poem also appears in this magazine.

CRUSHED.

We're strangers now ; at least I vow
We are not as we were of yore.
For when I neared she scarce appeared
To notice me, whereas before—
But why say more? Toward her I veer,
She turns away with look askant
To some gallant. I hear her say,
"Oh, look who's here!"

No need to look for "number two,"
Nor "get the hook," nor say "skidoo,"
I'd "fallen through."
And that is how, I do avow,
We're strangers now.

T. L., LAW, '08.

We welcome the Nassau Literary Magazine to our table. This paper ranks among the first of College Publications, and deserves special mention. The literary department is very good and the poetry is excellent. Space will not permit us to publish more than two poems.

SONNET.

We journey through the swiftly dying light,
 A ghostly rout that wings its thunderous way
 Through Birth and Life, until Life's fading Day
 Sinks in the purple Ocean of the Night :
 From Dark to Darkness do we take our flight,—
 A little while upon Time's harp we play,
 A little while our unskilled fingers stray—
 Then haste we on and sink again from sight

We mark our passage on the Dust of Space ;
 The straggler readeth where the vanguard trod,
 And follows on to leave in turn his trace—
 With sweat and tears into the West to plod ;
 Sinks in the Deep, nor ripple marks the place !
 But know, oh Man!—It is from God to God !

J. Wainwright Evans.

AFTERMATH

SONNET.

Dear Flower growing in the garden-close,
 Thy sweetness maketh Summer linger long ;
 The Nightingale to thee doth tune the song
 That from his leafy covert silvery flows,
 An eddying flood, round where thy beauty glows ;
 The dewy winds—a silent whispering throng—
 Do seek thee out, all other flowers among,
 And with their cool caresses thee inclose.

The Stars of Heaven look down, thou Star of Earth,
 And woo thee with their steadfast, patient eyes ;
 And thou dost nigh respond, till Morning's birth
 Bringeth the Sun—and all the Starlight dies ;
 Then dost thou know the Starlight's little worth—
 He, the Compeller leaps into the Skies !

J. W. Evans.

We are glad to welcome "The Breeze," from Blair Academy as
 a new exchange.

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LOVE STORY

CHAPTER I

Maid one

CHAPTER II

Maid won

CHAPTER III

Maid one.—Ex.

Little grains of powder
 Little dobs of paint ;
 Make a lady's freckles
 Look as if they aint.

College Calendar

1907.

Second Term.

May 30—Thursday, Memorial Day.

June 10-14—Annual Examinations.

June 14—Sunday, Sermon for the Young Men's Christian Association 11 a. m.

June 17—Monday, Class Day Exercises, 3 p. m.

Anniversary of the Athenaeum Literary Society, 8 p. m.

Baccalaureate Sermon, 8 p. m.

June 18—Tuesday, Meeting of the Board of Trustees, 11 a. m.

Inter-Class Field and Track Meet, 2.30 p. m.

Anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society, 8 p. m.

June 19—Wednesday, Commencement Exercises, 10.30 a. m.

Meeting of the Alumni Association, 2.30 p. m.

Exhibition Drill, 3.30 p. m.

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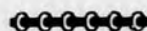
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REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1907

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