

— *The* —

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“A COMEDY OF ERRORS.”

SOMEWHERE in the United States, embowered in a grove of cotton-wood, stands Smarti Seminary, a finishing school for the country girls of several counties in the adjoining states. Its curriculum is of the highest in studies, but few care for that, for what its patrons desire most is the little finishing touches in high art and classical music, which, unfortunately, but few of the pupils and none of their parents understand. Yet it is these and social polish that is asked for, and President Pleasem, hastening to meet the demand in that line, has built up a school noted for thoroughness wherever it is known.

The most remarkable feature of this seminary is the faculty. To prevent any tendency toward flirtation, or even of discussion of frivolous topics such as “man” or “love,” and thus do away with subjects for gossip, the President chose specialists in different lines from the now great army of workers known as “bachelor maids.” There were but few young men and scarcely any boys in this locality, for strange, as it may seem, a young ladies’ seminary tends to drive young men “far away” to seek a career or a living.

Everything was going smoothly so far

as the successful working of the President’s plans were concerned, until John Timidart moved into the neighborhood. No one knew much about him, in fact no one knew what his native state was, or whether the twenty-second cousin of his aunt by marriage had not been hanged for stealing sheep. They knew this—he had plenty of money, had bought a large farm, and had announced his intention of growing vegetables, melons and “garden sass” in general for Overbig City market. No amount of questioning could get any other information from him.

During that fall I was traveling for a large grain buyer, and for quite a while was stationed in Smarti Village. John and I had been boys together, and as soon as I got off the train he came to me and said, “Well, these people have been moving heaven and earth to find out all about me. Now if I can’t stand on my own merits in this place why I’ll leave. I don’t care to bring up a lot of musty family history and facts so old that we have to burn meal to kill the scent every time we talk of them, just to please a lot of curiosity friends and scandal mongers. Now, for my sake, tell them nothing.” Of course I promised. Now I know you are real anxious to know all about John, so to ease your mind I will say he was

from one of the best families in the "Old North State;" he had completed with honor a course at its University, and throughout his whole career as lawyer and business man had never done an act of which to be ashamed. Then why had he hid himself in this way you ask? Just a desire to be John Timidart, man, and nothing else. Have you had no such ambition—a desire to cast aside all the trials which perplex you and worry you half to death, and to start all over again? In fact, to seek oblivion of self in some mountain hamlet or remote farming section.

John took supper with me at the hotel, and as soon as he had gone to look after his work I was besieged by the loungers trying to find out something about John. "Well," said one, "where did you know him?" "I met him while traveling and we formed quite a friendship," I replied. "Do you know his folks?" was the next question, and then I told one of Mark Twain's lies and said truthfully enough, "I never asked him about his family history, for I never considered it any of my business, and he never volunteered any information. I like John for himself, and care not what his family relation may be."

None cared to question me farther, but one hungry looking self-important neighborhood disturber remarked, "Wall, I allers sez when a man keeps his mouth shet as close as Timidart does he his dun sump'en mean—mebbe killed sum un or robbed a bank." "Yes," said I, "maybe so, but he is too much of a gentleman to stab a man in the back, whether with dirk or tongue. I fear this is a subject you and I had better not discuss, so good-night."

Sometime later the seminary gave one of its social functions. "A reception to the new teachers," they called it, and John and I had special bids to go. I say special bids, for we each drew three of a kind. Of course we went, and John, bashful John, ran the gauntlet of being introduced to twenty bits of femininity, one after the other, and he said he never saw one of them during the whole time, and did not know one from the other, except that Miss Smith had the strongest grip and Miss Kirp the biggest hand. The teachers seemed to find John especially interesting, and each tried her luck in an attempt to solve the mystery. Only one, Miss Gardner, refused to lend herself to such doings, and she entertained John as many women can, making him forget his bashfulness and causing him to appear at his best. They spent the greater part of the evening together, and parted the best of friends.

John attended several "pay functions" during the fall months, and much to his surprise, yet it must be said, also his pleasure, he seldom failed to have a few words with Miss Gardner. Really it would have been impossible not to speak with her for awhile, for every one of her companions tried their best to get out of his company, leaving her to entertain him. Why they should have done so is beyond my ken, for they were continually complaining of the dearth of young men, but I suppose they could not throw aside their match-making inclinations to enjoy the company of one that would gladly have been a friend to them all, but who was no seeker for matrimonial honors.

How fatal was this to President Pleasem's deep laid schemes for getting rid of gossip. All the talk of the town was of Timidart's

engagement, and the seminary was humming with nothing else. Even the smaller girls would look at each other and even at their teachers with a knowing smirk whenever they saw John come into the hall or even in sight of Miss Gardner. The girls began to fill their school paper, "The Fact's Bulletin," with love stories, telling of heroes, mysterious unknowns, always showing unusual courage at critical moments, and winning the fair maids, sealing the doom of damsels with a kiss, that blissful touching of the lips which thrills the souls of two in particular and stops the whole universe in sympathy.

And John was dolefully ignorant all the while of these arrangements. He had no idea of the plans for his happiness whereby these "bachelor maids" were to dispose of him without his consent and without his experiencing the pleasures of courting the lady of his choice, or even having that fear of her not accepting his addresses, and the overwhelming joy, so often written of by the girls, when his fears would be removed and he would know the victory was his. Ah, all this was to be dispensed with. His friends (?) were to attend to all that, and he had only to present himself at the proper time and play the essential part in their sublime drama.

Nothing happened to mar the prospects until spring, when work and John's ill health prevented his seeing town or the seminary folks for several weeks. Unfortunately, his acts were not considered to be in proper keeping with his friends' views of the "eternal fitness of things," so they one at a time took him to task for his "insulting and his disgraceful" conduct.

Poor John came to me at once to seek advice. "Will," said he, "what am I to do? I care nothing so far as I am personally concerned, but I know this must be disgusting and annoying to Miss Gardner." Never having had any such experience myself I could not give him much help. I offered my consolation. "Oh, zounds!" exclaimed John, "why can't a man be friends with a lady without gossip making their lives miserable with talk of marriage. I never said a word of love to Miss Gardner, and don't expect to, for she does not care for that kind of talk. She is too sensible to think of such bosh, and, well, if no one ever gives me more encouragement than she I shall never get married." Of course, after learning of this talk he felt a restraint was upon him, and, although his respect and friendship was unchanged, he and Miss Gardner became almost strangers. But in this the people could see only a stronger proof of their engagement. He was teased by many of his associates, and now the "day" was being continually set for him. To him it became unbearable, so he quietly disposed of his property and disappeared once more. I heard of him last just before he started out with a party of prospectors in the barrens of Southern Arizona.

No, they were not in love. Would they have loved? I cannot say. Possibly, had there not been the interference on the part of supposed friends, their friendship might have ripened into affection, but to one of John's temperament, very sensitive and afraid of placing others in a false light after hearing the first gossip, it was impossible. That winter I was sent to another point, so I know but

little of the seminary now, and can't say whether President Pleasem's plans are once more effective or the ladies are playing another "Comedy of Errors."



THE COLLEGE PESSIMIST.

A senior in all his dignity and conscious power stood on the 'Old College Steps' and looked dreamily out over the campus. There was a cloud on his brow, and it deepened as his gaze wandered. The under-classmen coming down the steps with joke and laughter, characteristic of college boys, took one glance at that tearful countenance and passed on with hushed whispers. Even "Old George" passed up on the farther side. The darkness increased until, like the approaching storm, Mr. Senior at last broke forth with a grumble.

"Here am I in this, the last year of my college course, with more than three years of hard work ground out for the pleasure of my task masters, the faculty. I can see nothing before me but six months of the same kind of labor with the same kind of reward—a few words of praise like a fatherly pat on the head if my work has surpassed the expectation of the professor, or rebuke if my work is not up to the standard set. None seem to be impressed with the fact that I am a senior and that seniority carries with it certain inalienable rights, guaranteed to us by all of our preconceived notions. I petition the faculty, and they think I should work. What can they expect? I sit and write petitions raising kick after kick. I sit in solemn conclave, and with voice and gesture I raise objections and kicks until like unto the making of books, there is no beginning or end. Protest after protest I have offered, yet in face of all this,

they think I should do work—work, the despised name! Why should a senior, especially I, work when I can petition and when it is well known that when I am gone the influential organizer will have left the college. They tell me in years gone by that students perfected their plans before petitioning the authorities, and put before the faculty documentary evidence, showing the plans were not only practical and of advantage to the college as an institution, but, also, that it needed only the faculty's consent to become effective. But why should I do all this? Those students were, no doubt, under-classmen, and feared for their petition. Their position lent no weight to their plea, and the facts and figures were necessary. Then they had not learned that the faculty has much spare time and desires nothing more pleasant than searching for facts, in order to find need for correcting conditions to which I call to their attention by my kicks. Well, if they do say I am like a child flat of my back on the floor with both feet up kicking, is there any way in which I can get what I want quicker?

I have played on the college athletic teams, and have I not shown everybody that in three years I have learned more of football than Walter Camp; yes, little Walter Camp, the authority on rules, ever knew, for was I not placed in a position to study football in its modern perfection and thus not have my mind muddled by the details of the game in its development? Yet none give me credit for my ability. How I have roasted coach after coach that we have had and volunteered my assistance, in order that the team might be a success, but the coaches have been too dumb to recognize my

worth. Ah, how the iron has entered my soul, yet when my recollection strays back over the social triumphs of the years gone by I need not feel that life has been in vain (here a smile flickered a moment and died), but all seem to have forgotten even that.

Consolation I have to this extent, that a few more months will see me going forth to those that will recognize and respect my attainments, and they shall look up to me if I have to go to the backwoods and sandwastes to find my people. Milton sounded the true note for success in life, "To reign is worth ambition, though in hell." There is the secret of success. Seek the locality where you shine as a brilliant exception and you may go to Congress. Who knows? But the bitterest thought is this, my class will not support me as a body. They call it my weakness. Bah! They know not what they say. They are cowards, but I shall fight it out on the same lines until next summer. I may be able to enlist some with me, but it matters not what course others may take, as for me, myself, I had lief not be as to be like others. And they must give me what I want or I shall kick and petition all the more.

The class bell rang, and the pessimistic senior solemnly picked up his books and wended his way to another half-prepared recitation, while the memories and shades which cling about the "Old College Steps" sighed and whispered, "How fortunate there are so few of his kind. Were more like him all the pleasant memories and care removers would be banished from a retreat we love so well." The few students standing by thought a zephyr played with the leaves, but their gloomy thoughts passed away and they were filled with gladness.

Delaware Stories.

v.

THE OLD GRADUATE.

THE old graduate was talking. There was an interested crowd around. There always is when an "old grad." gets to recalling reminiscences of his college days. At present he was recalling jokes on the professors—"horses," he called them.

"I don't know whether any of you fellows ever knew Professor V—. Well, he was one of the most nervous, excitable men you ever saw. He was always fooling with something—a pen, or the inkstand, or the leaves of a book, or walking up and down. Any unusual noise positively drove him wild. Now it happened that there were five steam radiators within hearing when both of his doors were open—three in the hall and two in the library. One day he was in his room alone, looking perfectly happy with a volume of Keat's poems. Both doors were open. We turned on full head the escape valves of all five radiators, and such a hissing and spitting you never heard. It was an awful row. V— got a little fidgeted in his chair without looking up; he was so intent on Keat's. Then he wriggled around still more, and came down on all four legs of his chair. He had stood it as long as he could. 'This is damnable! What makes all this noise?' And up he got and stalked out in the hall. He turned off the radiators there, and we discreetly turned off those in the library. When he looked in we were perfectly innocent, and he went back and slammed the door, or rather, he tried to, but it had one of those compressed air valves or safety catches, or whatever you call them,

that will only let the door close slowly. He drew it to with all his might, and it sort of bounced and then slid quietly shut, as if ashamed of him. It was the flattest ending of an angry fit I ever saw.' "

"These stories," he continued, "are not so interesting or funny unless you know the man. If you do and know his characteristics you can appreciate them. There are some I'm not going to tell you, such as the kidnapping of Professor —, or the fake telephone message, or several others. But there are a few that it won't hurt to tell."

"You know for several years Professor D— roomed up here in the dormitory. He had four rooms on what was known as "Connie's Alley," although they've changed the name to "The Sepulchre," because such quiet fellows live along there. Professor D— had a door built right across the hallway, so that it shut him off from the rest of the corridor. One night we got several long screws and a piece of rope and fastened up his door "for keeps." We screwed in the screws in six different places, and then roped the door-knob to the nearest window sash. We got fifteen or twenty benches out of the oratory—they had regular benches then instead of the fancy chairs they have now—and piled them up against the door, so that if he did succeed in opening the door he couldn't get out. We thought that he would have to yell for help from one of his windows. Not on your life! You have to get up early in the morning to get ahead of Professor D—. He got out of one of his windows onto a little ledge that runs along the face of the wall and worked his way over to the next window, and when we reported for classes,

thinking he would be absent, there he sat as bland and smiling as ever. The joke was on us, as subsequent proceedings showed. Never mind what they were.

"They played another "horse" on him while he was there. One night there was the most terrific stamping and tramping around in the lower hall there by the dining-room door. Everybody wondered what on earth was going on, and went down to find out. There was a horse careering wildly up and down the hall. Some of the gang had gotten him and led him in by the little side door. The beast was scared already; probably they had scared it before they left it, and all the fellows began to yell and whoop until by the time Professor D— got there the horse was perfectly wild with fear, and had already broken part of the railing off the stairs, and the outlook was bad for the rest of it. D— couldn't do anything with the animal, and asked us, but, of course, we were all afraid to go near it—apparently. Finally he propped the door open, and in a few minutes the horse discovered it and went out that door to beat three of a kind. I should judge it is going yet.

"Did you ever hear the story told on Professor D—? He was coming down from Wilmington one day, and there was the usual crowd of fellows along. The gates—the railroad gates—were down as they crossed over the tracks. Some fellow just ahead of Professor D— pushed the gates up and walked under. The push that he gave it carried it up a little, and then down it came just in front of the Professor. It bounced when it struck the ground, and just grazed his chin and nose and knocked his derby hat off. It almost rapped him under the jaw.

Several of the fellows laughed, and he got red in the face, and groveled around to pick up his hat, and then stalked off down the street, rarin' mad. If it had caught him under the jaw it would have been worse than a Sharkey uppercut, now I tell you."

"And his neck was made of gum," hummed one of the fellows.

"That reminds me of the story told on Professor P—. You know that post in the middle of the front entrance to the campus. Well, Professor P— had a habit of putting his hand on it and swinging around it every time he came in. He always walked with a good deal of a swing anyhow. Billy Scott, '96, discovered this trick of Professor P—'s, and he and another fellow—never mind whom—mixed up the worst mess you ever saw. The foundation of it or principal ingredient, or whatever you would call it, was tar, but they had molasses and eggs, "eggs too long disassociated from the source of supply," as Professor V— used to say, and flour, and, oh! I don't know what all. It was the gummiest, stickiest stuff they could put together. They plastered the top of the post with this mess one morning; they laid it on pretty thick, too, and after a while along came Professor P—, swing around the corner and popped his gloved hand right into it. We were watching from the windows of Recitation Hall, and even from that distance you could see the changing expressions on his face. First surprise, then disgust, then anger. He pulled off his glove and flung it away, and walked up the path at a 2.40 gait. Next morning in chapel the President said someone had maliciously, etc., etc., and that if anyone knew anything about it he would be doing

the college and himself justice to tell all he knew about it. George Mavern got up right away and said with a pretended show of hesitation that he didn't know who did it, but he knew someone who had a hand in it. It brought down the house.

"There is one other story about Professor P— that has always struck me as being pretty funny. I'll tell this one and quit. P— was very quick and abrupt, brusque you would call it, in his manner, and hated to be delayed in anything. He had an assistant named S— who stuttered terribly. The Professor, naturally, often lost patience with him, but he got over it all in a minute and treated him as well as ever again. S— couldn't say a word without chewing air and gagging for ten minutes, especially when he was hurried or excited. One day Professor P— was going down to the post-office, and before going washed his hands very carefully and hung the towel on the hook. But the towel was one of that kind with a fringe of threads on the end, and P— had on a frock coat with two little buttons in the small of the back. As he turned away the fringe of the towel caught in one of these buttons, pulled off the hook and hung down behind. He never noticed it, but started out. Just as he got outside the door S— saw it. "P-P-P-P - - - P-P-Professor, the t-t-t-t-er, um, -t-t - -." "Oh, here, S— tell me when I get back; I'm in a hurry now to get my mail." And out he stalked, leaving S— so full of laugh that he couldn't have told Professor P— if he had had a decent tongue. The Professor walked down town, swinging as usual from side to side, and the old towel switched back and forth, first on

one side and then on the other. People looked at S— curiously and then began to laugh. He noticed it, but couldn't see anything wrong with himself, and so paid no attention. He walked up to the postoffice with that peculiar stunt of his, and the postmaster as soon as he saw him set up a shout of laughter."

"Here now," demanded Professor S—, "what's the matter with you? Are you like all the rest of the fools on the street, giggling at nothing?"

"Oh, we're laughing at you, Professor," gasps the postmaster; "you've got —, ha, ha —, a tow —, ha, ha. I think it's the funniest thing I ever saw —, ha, ha, ha."

"What inarnation ails you, you laughing jackass? Say something, say something; don't sit there giggling like a jackass."

"Look on your coat tail," the man managed to say, and then collapsed in a chair. The Professor looked around, and then got red in the face, grabbed off that old towel, and off came the button and rolled leisurely across the floor and then laid down, as if tired of the whole business.

"The Professor forgot all about his mail, and started back red hot for S—. 'Why in the name of heaven didn't you tell me that towel was caught on my coat?'"

"I tried to, Professor, but you started off too soon. I didn't have time to tell you."

C. W. B., '03.



BOB WHITE.

THE Bob White or *colinus virginianus* is a species of the Tetraonidae family, and is found only in North America. Utter confusion is caused by

the incorrect local names given to this bird, which, in New England, is called quail wherever the ruffed grouse is known as partridge, and in the Southern and Middle States is called partridge wherever the ruffed grouse is known as pheasant. Both of the names, quail and partridge, belong exclusively to the families living in Europe, and should nowise be mistaken for our birds. These local names should be surrendered, inasmuch as our bird is sufficiently characteristic to possess a separate name. The Ornithologist Union of America has, very properly, decided that this distinctly American bird ought to be called Bob White.

Much smaller than the pheasant, with strong wings and agile legs ending in four toes, it is sought as a prize bird by true sportsmen. When it rises from the covert only a quick, accurate aim can bring it down from the air, and the gunner who easily kills many of these birds may pride himself as a reputable marksman.

Early in the spring the male is seen on the fence rail or limb of the budding tree, piping his love notes. The American bird, unlike his European kin, is an ardent lover, and often fights with the other suitors, in order to obtain his sweetheart's hand. The coy demure female seems to listen indifferently to this ruffled orator's sweet tones and fond devotions, knowing perfectly well that such action never deterred the admiration of a worthy lover. He is assuredly a monogamous bird, seldom, if ever, deserting his mate to seek another.

After the birds are paired a nest is built in a depression of the earth among the swaying hay fields, and is lined with feathers and other warm material. At

times as high as thirty-two eggs are deposited in one nest, which the male and female cover at intervals for twenty-four days. Then the little fellows crack the shell, and almost immediately begin to run; sometimes with part of the shell clinging to their backs. Lead by their parents, who subject themselves to every danger, they quickly determine what seeds, cereals and berries to eat. Their worst enemies, the hawk and fox, often play havoc among them, and sometimes exterminate the little bevy. The clucking of the old hen is a signal of impending danger, and the youngsters run for a tangle brake or shield themselves under the wings of their mother, which barely cover them. Whenever the covey is flushed or disturbed the parents feign injury, and by this means lead the intruders at a safe distance from the nestlings. Frequently several broods are hatched by a single pair during one season, particularly in the warmer climes, but even here the flocks do not outnumber those of a higher altitude, as not more than twelve eggs are laid at each time.

The birds, assembled in flocks, guided by their patriarchal parents, in the fall locate in the dense forests and lowlands, which migration preserves them from the unceasing activity of gunners. In this time of the year they feed in the stubbles or along the edge of the woods, but a favorite haunt is the exuberant buckwheat patch. Later they subsist on berries, ticks, sunflower seeds and various grains. This food they bolt into the craw, where it is moistened, to be afterwards ground in the gizzard mill, assisted by gravel swallowed with the digested provender. In the evening another meal is taken,

then the covey flies to a safe covert, where all alight, and bunching, so as not to consume too much heat, are arranged in a circle, with their tails in the centre. In a nightly-changing camp they are guarded by a continual line of sentinels, ever alert and vigilant for the fearful approach of deadly enemies. On a cold and frosty morning the covey will not stir until old Phœbus melts the hoar frost. Huddled together they will receive the snow storms, as the snow retains their warmth, from which, when the scum or ice overtops, it is impossible to release themselves, and only after the snow has disappeared is the tale unfolded by the discovery of several little feathery skeletons. Many a poor bird that escapes the erring shot of the fall season awaits cruel death from the wintry storms. The shooting of birds ought to be legally restricted during a period of snow, because many market and pot hunters avail themselves of this opportunity to slaughter them. Again, every State should pass an act making it a punishable offense for anyone to gun without a license, and make the license fee so high as to exclude all such undesirable gunners.

In the proper season the gunner relies mainly on the dogs to scent the whereabouts of the birds and to stand them. When the trained dogs range the field the birds terrified, compress their wings to their bodies, which, manifestly, retains the scent, hence the best dogs, at times, fail to detect their presence when the birds are only a few feet distant. The covey, as soon as flushed, rises nearly at right angles, and with a whir speeds to cover, and on alighting easily conceals itself by its striking resemblance to the surroundings. Not unfrequently these

birds are not found after the first flushing, tho' you may hunt high and low. Once in a great while one will perch in the treetops, but you may with discretion say it is a fledgeling, unless it was disturbed on its terra firma roost about dusk, and in a frigh'ened state alighted there.

White feathered Bob Whites are killed in different sections of the country each year, which indicates some irregularity in breeding, and not an unclassed species.

In extremely cold and snowy winters a semi-domestic character is developed, as they will inhabit the poultry yard and even approach the farmer's door when hunger dictates. Wherever the pioneer and railroad penetrates this white-fledged bird follows, for he advances with civilization, and is saved from extermination only by his sagacity and bird acumen. Migration is not a predominant characteristic of this family, although whole covies will frequently travel from cold to warmer climates, unless the old birds of the covey are killed before they can conduct the young birds to another covert. W. P. C.



PAINT AND POWDER.

(J. E. GROVE PARDEE.)

REMEMBER the Maskers! They appear for the first time this season on March twentieth in the Delaware College Oratory Hall.

Everyone is clamoring for a repetition of last year's programme, and this, with considerable improvement, the men are endeavoring to put forth. The curtain is to rise sharply at 8 o'clock on the evening of the above specified date, and then patrons will witness two hours of the snappiest performance yet presented by the Blue and Gold's dramatic representatives.

Reserved seats will be placed on sale at the stationery store of Bridgman & Blandy, on or before Friday, February 26th, just three weeks previous to the date of the entertainment. This is done in order that parties may have an opportunity of securing convenient sections or rows of seats. Although the hall was somewhat crowded last year, and there were some complaints that a sufficient number of seats was not reserved, nevertheless the management vouches for the non-repetition of negligence which brought forth just complaint last season. To avoid this trouble, those who wish good seats should secure them immediately. The price for reserved seats will be the same as last, namely thirty-five cents, while the general admission seats (sold at the door) will be marked at twenty-five cents.

The following engagements have been made—

March 20—Newark—College Oratory.
 March 27—Elkton—Opera House.
 March 30—Milford—Armory Hall.
 March 31—Dover—Century Club.
 April 1—Smyrna—Opera House.
 April 2—Wilmington—Century Club.



THURSDAY'S ROUTINE.

IT is half-past eight o'clock Thursday morning. The bell in the cupola rings for chapel and the hardest day of the week, for sophomore civil engineers, is about to begin.

After prayers the different members of the section congregate and at eight forty-five report for algebra. Until nine-thirty binomial theorems and descending variables are discussed, and then, after a rapid transition to the second floor, the subject is changed for strong, weak, and irregular German verbs.

Forty-five minutes later finds us plot-

ing curves, computing areas, and balancing surveys with a speed and skill which speak well for early employment. Eleven o'clock and our occupation has again changed. Now it is chemistry and we are lost among formulas, reactions and equations of acids, bases, and salts until the notes of the bugle call us back to earth and the Thursday drill.

For the next hour we balance a rifle and execute fours right, after which, dinner. Dinner over we take the daily walk to the postoffice, to see if the letter which should arrive sometime next week has come.

One-thirty calls us to "physical lab." Micrometers of every description, specific gravity bulbs, weights, measures, and mechanical devices of all kinds employ our attention until half-past four when we finish for the day. II, '05.



INTER-COLLEGIATE.

(WILLIAM R. WHARTON).

The faculty of Cornell University has added a course in automobile mechanics to the curriculum.

Over two thousand degrees have been conferred on women by the University of Michigan during the last thirty years. Over one hundred and fifty of these were given for graduates' work. Two were honorary degrees.

Princeton University is to publish in book form a list of all honor men of the college during the last half century.

The faculty of Cornell University has decided to give students credit for work done in excess of the actual entrance requirements. This move shows that the faculty of Cornell is composed of broad minded and liberal men.

Two hundred and sixty-five of the students at Yale represent one hundred and sixty-seven universities and colleges.

Oberlin College has received lately two anonymous gifts of \$50,000 each. They are supposed to come from a man in Boston.

President Woodrow Wilson has finished his great work, "A History of the American People." It is in five volumes.

For the first time on record a young lady has won the literary medical scholarship at Queen's College, Galway.

The Christmas vacation at Harvard began on December 22d, and was extended by special action until January 5th. In addition, men from a distance were allowed traveling time, so that the vacation began at their homes at the same time as those from Boston.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"Yes, father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph, John; you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent in college."



TOO OFTEN THE CASE.

"Your minister seems to be a highly-educated man."

"Oh, he is; but there's one thing he hasn't learned."

"What's that?"

"When to stop."



A SOCIAL ASPIRANT.

"So she's suing for a divorce? Don't they live happily together?"

"Dear me, that isn't the question. They find they are mere nobodies, and she's got to do something to get into the best society."

....THE....

Delaware College Review.

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All communications, except those relating to business, should be sent to William P. Constable, Elkton, Maryland.

Business communications should be sent to Delaware J. Willis, Newark, Delaware.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, MARCH 1903.

EDITORIAL.

(W. P. CONSTABLE, Editor-in-Chief).

JUNIOR PROMENADE.

WE congratulate the Junior Class upon the successful outcome of their mid-winter dance, in which all previous attempts were unmistakably surpassed. The spontaneous commendation of all was elicited by the exquisite decorations, in which not a false note was perceptible. As the floor was a trifle crowded we venture to suggest that the number of admission cards at the next ball be still further limited. This can easily be done, as the financial outlay for the next dance will not be so heavy. We were glad to see some of our friends present who are opposed to dancing, and who, by their very presence, sanctioned this harmless diversion, which they discovered did not so vitiate their morals.

**OUR SOCIETY.**

WE ARE indebted to the Faculty for the manner in which they revived our society and recognized the incalculable value which it offers. The Delta Phi has aroused herself from sleep "like a puissant nation," and now bids fair to outclass the expectations of her most devoted fol-

lowers. We can say with pleasure that the students have expressed their appreciation in this work by the ready manner in which they desired to unite themselves to our society.

The Faculty has performed its part, and now the duty is transmitted to the students. Part of them have fulfilled this duty, but the rest have not stirred. The old Athenæum members must realize that one society cannot accommodate all the students, whereupon the obligation devolves upon them to revive their society, which for so long was a stalwart rival of the Delta Phi. The graduates, who were members of the Athenæum Society, should urge and insist that this be done immediately, otherwise their former mother will be blotted out as an important college factor. Furthermore, the Delta Phies should assist this work, so as to establish a rival with whom they could arrange inter-society debates. Again, if this were done, the bodies might in time enter the inter-collegiate debating arena, where they would prove honorable antagonists. Any success would redound to our alma mater, besides preparing us for our life role.

**THE LECTURES.**

The instructive and interesting lectures recently given in the Oratory were such as should excite the attention of all our students. The lecturers were forceful and brilliant men, who clearly presented their subjects. Notwithstanding the obvious advantages, the students failed to properly patronize them, which was due, we think, to insufficient advertisement. It would benefit every student to hear these talks, which, in the future, everyone should strive to do.

LOCALS.

(B. FERGUSON).

The Junior Promenade was a complete success, and clearly surpassed all previous ones.

Doctor W.: "Well, you've found out, have you? Did you consult the Century dictionary or Professor Conover?"

Wilson and Gooden, the prize fighters, gave an exhibition before a large audience on Poverty Row one night recently.

Charlie Bush is revising and rewriting the constitution of the Athletic Association.

Lost—Key to the belfry door. Reward if returned to the resident Professor.

"They were discussing permutations and combinations," said Professor Short. Now take three men, Brown, Black and Green; it makes no difference which one leaves first, we shall have," "but," Cleo interrupted—"yes it does, Professor; we want to see Brown leaves first."

If a man takes one hundred and eighty steps a day, taking five forward and three backward, how long will he be in walking eighteen miles? Professor Wood will furnish anyone with the correct answer.

Dr. D. (in Freshman composition class): "Do any of you remember the longest sentence you ever read?"

Eager Freshman: "I read a long one the other day in a newspaper."

"Dr. D: "Do you remember what it was?"

Freshman: "Yes, sir; a life sentence."

Briggs and Bush are attending the Tri-State Y. M. C. A. Convention at Baltimore by way of expiating for their dreadful sin in attending the Junior Promenade.

ATHLETICS.

SINCE the last month's issue the Freshman Basketball Team has played several games. Although they only won one, they were successful in holding their opponents to a small score.

The first was with the Wilmington High School, in which the Freshmen fairly walked away with their opponents to the tune of 30 to 18. Mahaffy, of the High School, and Hauber, of the Freshmen, were disqualified for unnecessary roughness. Line-up:

W. H. S.		FRESHMEN.
Dayett } Queripel } Mahaffy }Forward.....	{ Taggart Shaffer
Greenwood.....	Centre.....	{ Parvis Poffenberger
Bell, Baldwin } Neill, Stetser }Defense.....	{ Wyatt, Hauber Parvis

Summary. Goals from field—Parvis, 4; Hauber, Wyatt, 2; Poffenberger, 3; Taggart, 2; Shaffer, Queripel, 4; Davett, 3; Bell. Goals from foul—Dayett, 2; Shaffer, 4. Referee—Saunders.



The next game was on January 23d with the Wilmington Friends' School. It was the first game of basketball ever played in the college gymnasium, and seemed to take very well with the spectators, who turned out in fair numbers to witness the contest. The Freshmen were defeated, after playing the hardest game this season. It was nip and tuck all the way through, first one and then the other leading. The final score was 9 to 6.

Line-up:

W. F. S.		FRESHMEN.
Hallowell } Vernon }Forward.....	{ Taggart Shaffer
Smith.....	Center.....	Poffenberger
Lohdell } Miller }Defense.....	{ Hauber Wyatt

Goals from field—Lohdell, Smith 2; Hallowell, Taggart, Poffenberger. Goals from foul—Vernon, Shaffer, 2. Referee—Crossgrove, '05. Time-keeper—Professor Short, D. C.; Professor Manalice, F. S.

The next game worthy of mention, which was our last, was with the Wilmington High School in the College gymnasium. It was a close contest. At first the Freshmen were in the lead by a fine field goal thrown by Hauber, but the excellent foul shooting of Dayett put the schoolboys in the lead, after about ten minutes of play, which was never overcome. Greenwood, at centre, also played well for the High School. Line-up:

W. H. S.		FRESHMEN.
Dayett }	Forward.....	{ Stuart
Rolph }		{ Shaffer
Greenwood.....	Centre.....	Poffenberger
Stevens }	Defense.....	{ Hauber
Stetser }		{ Neill

Goals from field—Dayett, Hauber. Goal from foul—Dayett, 4. Referee—Crossgrove, '05. Time-keeper, Bell—Bell, '05.



Again Delaware has been invited to send a team to the relay meet which is to be held April 25th on the athletic field of the University of Pennsylvania. Last year was the first time that our College had been represented at these races. The result was, as you all know, an utter failure for our team. But what more could have been expected when we consider the circumstances under which our men labored. They devoted only two or three weeks to training, and even during that time they had to do their own coaching.

This year prospects are brighter. Professor Short has consented to become coach, and he is well equipped, both as to experience and knowledge, to direct the work. Already a large squad have begun training, and show a determination to do hard work. If we expect to have a good team we should begin training now, and not wait until April. Furthermore, regular everyday work is necessary. The success

of this practice of athletics, as well as that of football and baseball, depends on whether the fellows come out and take an interest in it. As yet, the weather has not been such as to permit the regular outdoor training, and thus it has not yet been learned whether the fellows who come out are likely to develop into good material. The team will not be picked until after the first of April, so every fellow will have a chance to get in good shape. The baseball players, many of whom are foot runners, should form the running squad. By doing this not only would they benefit the track team, but they would also get themselves in good shape for playing ball.



Professor Short has suggested, and wisely so, that Delaware advocate a general meet of the high schools and academies of the Peninsula, such a meet to be held each spring at Newark. In this way the latent athletic interest throughout the State would be stirred up and put into action. This would be of especial benefit to Delaware College for several reasons. It would place the College before all the students of the Peninsula, and inspire in them a desire to attend this institution. Furthermore, by these contests and the training for the contests the fellows when they entered College would become better football and baseball men.



ASKED AND ANSWERED.

"What," asked the inquisitive person, "do you find to be the hardest problem of your existence?"

"Getting my own consent to crawl out of a warm bed on a cold morning," replied the sage from Sageville.

PROPRIETIES FULLY OBSERVED.

"Did any other man ever kiss you?" he fervently asked.

"Well," replied the girl who has spent three seasons at the seaside, "no one that wasn't engaged to me ever did."



WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.

"Yes," said the somewhat negligé woman as she concluded her story, "I have done almost everything that is honorable to make a living, but when it comes to taking in washing that's where I draw the line."

And she pointed toward her clothes-filled backyard.



THIS LANGUAGE OF OURS.

The Count—"Madame, you looked divine when I saw you in your nightgown."

Madame—"Sir! ! ! !"

Bystander—"You should say 'evening gown,' count."

The Count—"Didn't she say she saw me at the 'reception last night?'"



STRAIGHT GOODS.

Mrs. Jagsby—"My husband told the truth for once when he came home at 2 o'clock the other morning and I asked him where he had been."

Mrs. Mixen—"Indeed! What did he say?"

Mrs. Jagsby—"He said he didn't know."



GOOD TOGETHER.

Silas—"Mary Ann has a hat trimmed with rooster feathers and cherries."

Cyrus—"H'm! Hope she won't wear it in the meetin' house."

Silas—"Why not?"

Cyrus—"Because that ain't the place for cocktails and cherries."

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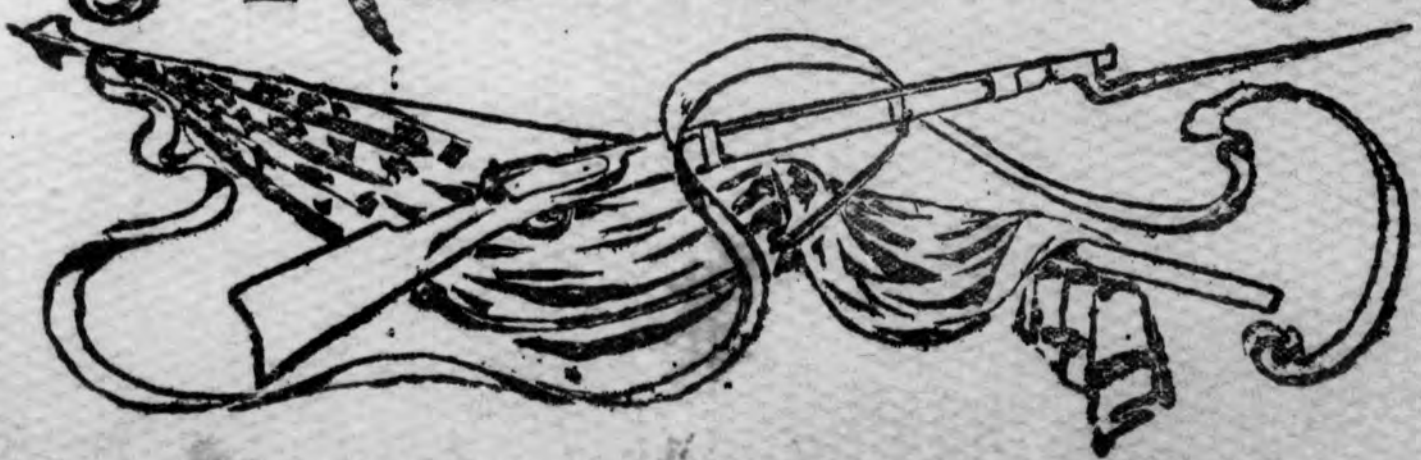
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