



THE CLASSES

A decorative banner with a double-line border, featuring floral scrollwork at the top and bottom corners. The text "THE CLASSES" is centered in a serif font, flanked by three asterisks on each side.

Class of '98.

Officers.

E. L. TOSNEY,
L. L. PRATT,
ED. KRAUSE,
J. V. CRAIG,
ED. KRAUSE,

President.
Vice-President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.
Historian.



WE are Seniors !
Four years have come and gone since that Wednesday morning when Freshmen, eager in their search after knowledge, crowded into the doors of old Delaware.

The thought thrills us as the realization of our highest ambition ; we crossed the threshold with the fierce determination to cut our way through all obstacles, and to prove ourselves most worthy of existence, and also all honor

to the institution, these things we have done.

Scarcely had it been made known to us that we were entered on the roll as students, when almost simultaneously we were given to understand that our every care would be looked after by a husky looking lot of non descripts, yclept " Sophs. "

These we immediately chastised and showed them the way in which we would have them to go, we brought perfect discipline out of chaos and confusion. A calm came, light broke through the darkness, a new era dawned, our every hasty resolution we carried out to the letter. The end came, the college was saved and '98 reigned supreme.

Though a few of our members have fallen out of rank, we can still boast of a class, such as never before has been equalled in the history of the institution ; we have, in a charitable way, received into our class some that old '97 could not carry out with her. They have, on account of having had the extreme pleasure offered by our *modus operandi*, been fitted to go out into the world with us. We '98 will not leave a single member for '99.

Never before has a class been able to cover the ground that we have gotten over.

What class was it that finished their required "math" early in the Junior year, and then thirsty as it were, still went on penetrating still further into the depths of that ancient science, further than it had ever before been penetrated by any who can claim Delaware for his Alma Mater? Why '98! What class was it that put athletics on its present footing? Why '98!

I will not go on enumerating the many things '98 has actually done in advance of those who have gone before, suffice it to say that she has witnessed more changes in and about the college than has any other class.

We await only our admittance into the Alumni where we will be in better position to show to the outside world the material of which she is composed.

To many the term class history will doubtless be very misleading. It is my intention to give but a brief sketch, instead of relating every thing incident to our career while in college. We have always studied hard (?) We have never been absent from chapel (?)

We have never taken any part whatever in any disorder (?) We have never been out of our rooms when the "prof." paid us a visit (?)

We all had our troubles down in the chemical laboratory. We never did go to sleep listening to the professor in civil engineering (?)

We are not going to tell a soul about "Yankee Doodle and the houses and the town?" We are the people

who made the experiments in physics even if the air pump did get rusty (?) We have a fellow in our class who has been preaching on the sly.

Some that have suffered with the enlargement of the head, others of the enlargement of the liver.

A few that know a little and some that don't know a little.

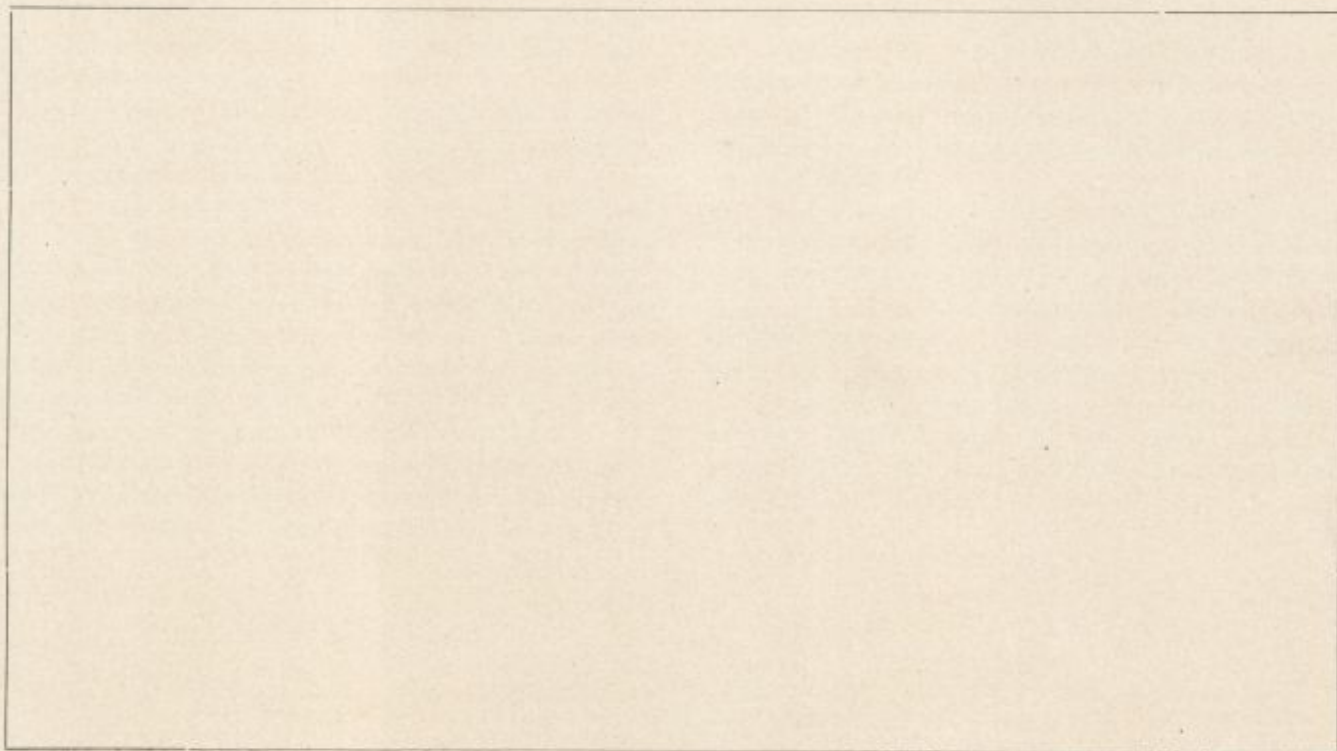
As regards the military view of it '98 is purely a class of commissioned officers. Never have we in any way been intoxicated within from joy or from *ye spirits frumentum*, our favorite drink being ice water (?)

Through the efforts of a distinguished member of our class we witnessed last year a decided advance from an insignificant foot ball eleven to the efficient team which won so much applause by delighting our friends and confounding our enemies.

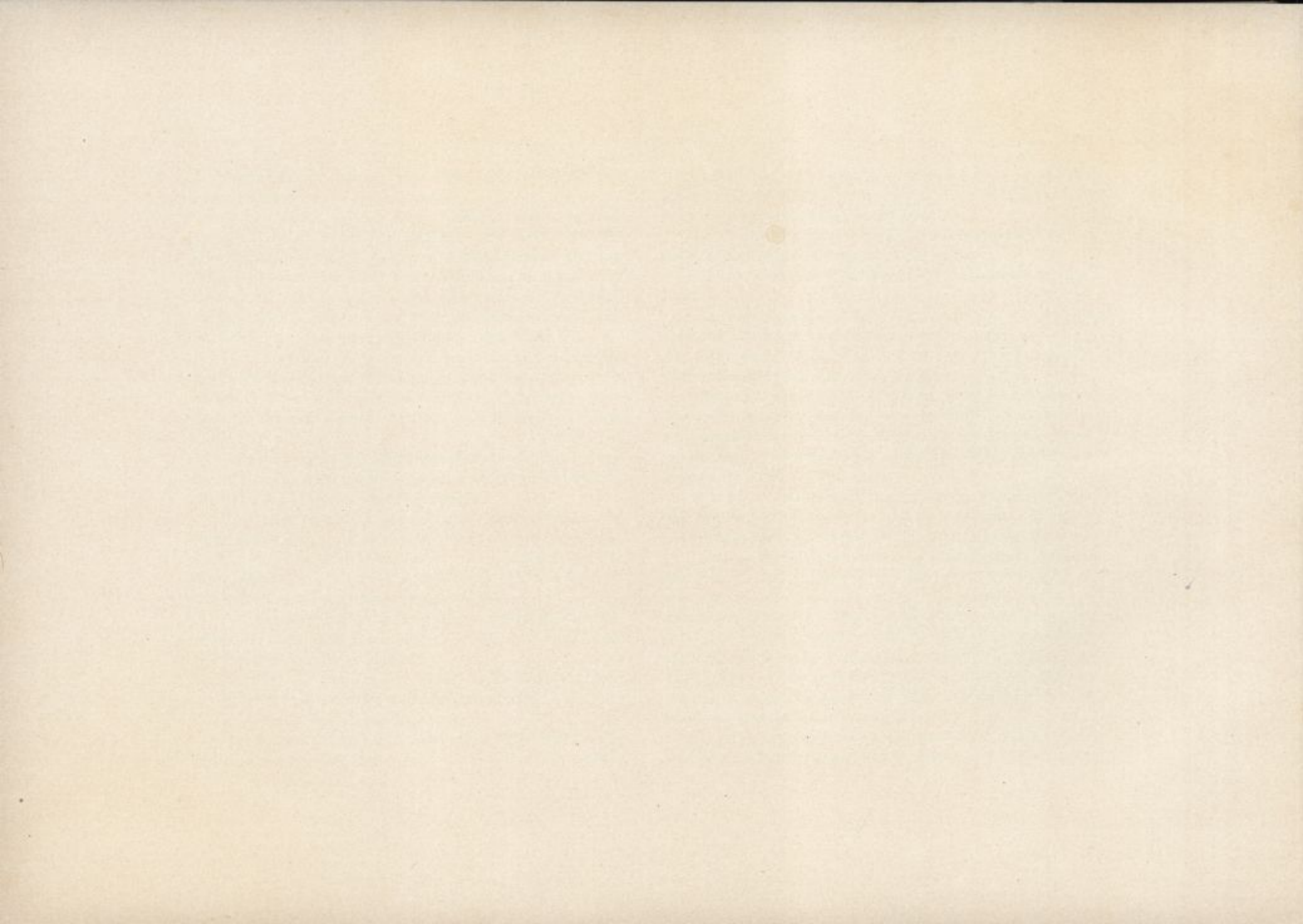
When we look back over our four years of college life we are stirred with conflicting emotions. The fact that college life is made up vicissitudus deeply impresses us.

How materially one short year works a change in a man—in his convictions and in his habits of thought, as well as in his character! We can vividly recall our Freshman existence. How we each impressed ourselves, if not our fellow classmen, with our profound knowledge. Most positive in everything and about everything is a quality that we admired greatly in ourselves at that time. But, alas! in social circles we were not, fortunately, the lions we thought we were intellectually.

In the Sophomore year we found that much of our learning had been based on erroneous doctrines drawn



SENIORS.



from too hasty conclusions, and consequently lost much self-esteem. Socially, we now had the most enviable pleasure of being recognized.

In the Junior year we found out just how little we did know; and when we became Seniors, we found that we knew absolutely nothing.

It is indeed very curious that in one's own opinion he finds that his intellectual capabilities varies inversely with the number of years he is in college.

We realize that every individual action contributes its strand to the threads of history. The more trivial events are eliminated in tracing the thread, and the apparently more important factors are investigated. So it has been with our college life. Individual actions have counted for little in themselves. The class is the unit of power, and this source of influence in our college for the last four years has been found in the Class of '98.

We will soon have to leave our fellow-students, and break those friendships so slowly formed and more and more closely drawn as the last four years of undergradu-

ate life have sped swiftly by. It is said by men of experience that college friendships are the closest and strongest ever made, so our parting will be doubly hard.

But along with all these feelings of emotion is mixed the intense feeling of satisfaction at the thought of our having so nearly finished our course and are so soon to enter upon a path of usefulness to the world, and to the bringing the development of ourselves more near to that ideal—Perfection.

And now, at last, we are forced to call for a reprieve. That most august body, the faculty, have told us that it will come in a few weeks now. But what shall come next? Oh, that we were but able to fathom the great depths of the future! Oh, that we could but see across life's vale! For we Seniors there is no place.

It is with the most sincere regret that we make this our last communication to our friends through *THE AURORA*, and with reluctance that we bid farewell to our dear old Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.



Senior Appointments for Class Day Exercises.

J. W. BROWN, '99, *Chairman.*

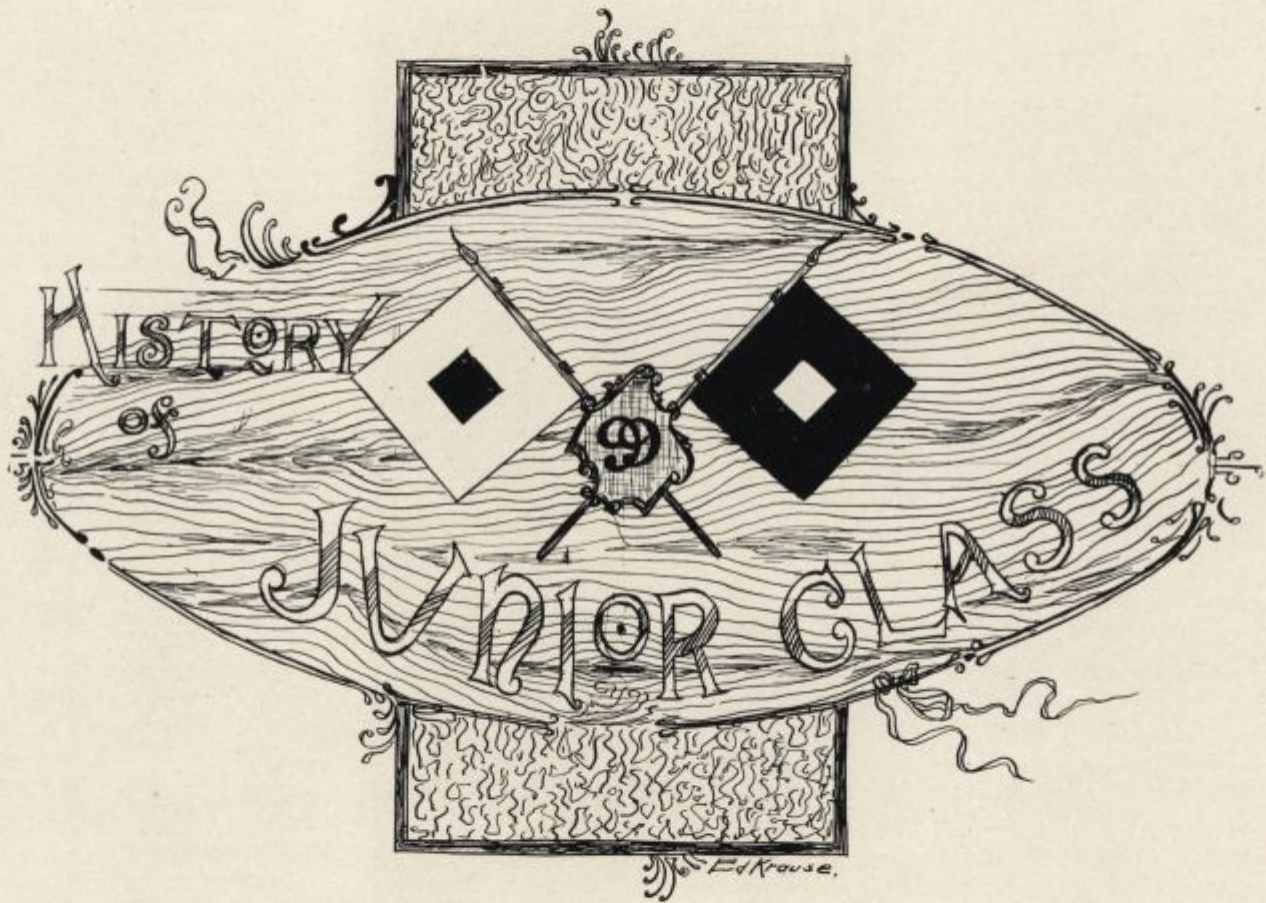
H. L. CONSTABLE,	<i>Orator.</i>
ED. KRAUSE,	<i>Historian.</i>
L. R. SPRINGER,	<i>Prophet.</i>
E. S. HELLINGS,	<i>Poet.</i>

Members of '98.

William Ray Baldwin, Elkton, Md.
Joseph Fergus Brewster, Chester, Pa.
Henry Lyttleton Constable, Elkton, Md.
James Vance Craig, St. Georges.
George Norton Davis, Laurel.
George Edgar Folk, Wilmington.

Edmund Spenser Hellings, Wilmington.
Edwin Krause, Osceola Mills, Pa.
Hugh Martin Morris, Greenwood.
John Timothy Mullins, Faulkland.
Louis Lockwood Pratt, Milford.
Lewis Reese Springer, Wilmington.

Emmet Lawrence Tosney, Delaware City.



Class of '99.

Officers.

HARRISON W. VICKERS, JR.,	<i>President.</i>
GEO. L. MEDILLE,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
WILLARD F. WOOD,	<i>Secretary.</i>
ROGER O. MASON,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
SAMUEL H. BAYNARD, JR.,	<i>Historian and Poet.</i>



HISTORY is a strange thing. It began before the creation of the world and will continue to exist to the end of time. It is the Alpha and Omega of knowledge.

It deals with all things and creatures. It takes Abel, the first of our race to die and hurls him down through the ages, and presents him to-day to all Christendom and causes him to speak sacred truths with a voice that has been hushed by death these thousands of years. It seizes Cain the first murderer of our race and unfolds him to us in all his disobedience and sin.

The goddess history stands at the threshold of knowledge and quietly draws back the curtains of time and

shows to us all the past. We can see Moses as he is leading the children out of the land of bondage, we see him as he extends his staff and causes water to gush forth from the rock. We see him as he descends from the mount with the law.

Who is there so blind as not to be able to see Cicero as he appeared in the Roman forum to plead for the good of the republic? Who is so deaf as not to hear the voice of Hannibal as he stood on the mountain looking down upon Rome and enthused his soldiers speaking thus: "Ye are standing on the Acropolis of Italy; yonder lies Rome." Who is so dumb as not to be able to comprehend the greatness of Bonaparte, of Wellington or of



JUNIORS.

Washington? The very thought of such men fills us with a spirit of loyalty to fatherland. Yes, history is indeed a strange thing. It causes us, though dead, to live, and to act and to speak.

As history has caused all things in the past, be they good, or be they bad to live, so it will deal with us. It cares not for person. True history is true facts. I propose to speak the truth and to you, the AURORA'S readers, a true account of the works, ambitions and successes of the Class of '99, thereby showing to its members and the world that history is a thing to be feared, and which should admonish us to live upright, honest, truthful lives.

We saw our first college life the 4th of September, 1895. "All 'things' were green and fresh to us and we were green and fresh to all things." The recollections of those first days at Delaware College will never fade from our minds. We created no great sensation when we entered. Our ignorance was gradually plucked off by the keen wits of the upper classes. We stood about in small groups and looked with awe at the wise Soph, the proud Junior and the dignified Senior. We were good boys then; but alas, it took but a few months for the image of innocence to be transformed into a mass of deviltry. At first we shuddered when upper classmen knocked at our doors, but the kindness of our superiors, was immediately taken advantage of by us, and we were soon caught throwing water down the steps, the water of course landed on some one's head. We would buy bananas and place the skins on the steps which often caused our superiors to recede three or four steps instead of advancing one.

But you may ask why did the upper classmen tolerate such dangerous nonsense. I will answer by saying simply because the upper classmen were fools and were working on the policy plan. How well do we remember them as they strutted about the college wearing their swallow tail coats, and sporting their canes. We had joined in society. So great was the rivalry between the two societies, that honor, manhood, and loyalty to everything that was dear to them was sacrificed for the sake of satisfying the greedy, selfish ambition of a few of the upper classmen. We were soon imbued with the same selfish spirit, and became identified with one of the societies, joined the rings, and to-day to our disgrace, we poor silly fools are dickering with and catering to things in our college life that are of the devil and for the devil.

But we would not have our readers believe that we never did anything good. We are human, and while we know we are tainted with evil, we feel confident that we are no meaner than our predecessors (or many other people). We realize our weakness, we see our greatest fault, we have lacked manhood, we have wasted courage; but we expect to possess both. We are still Freshmen, we are still conceited, we look through the dark mist of the future and see great things awaiting us. We walk the streets and imagine all the girls love us because we are college men. We contend for and win victories on the diamond. We are so proud of our uniforms that we have our pictures taken in order that some silly maiden may see us, when posing as a brave. We attend church

and act like monkeys that have recently escaped a menagerie. We behold the Seniors as they sit during chapel exercises and wonder how in the world a Senior becomes the *simulacrum* of an Egyptian sphinx. Thus through the first year of checkered light and shade we pass.

We reach our second year and look back to the days of our college infancy and sigh. Alas! those happy days have gone. We are now in a position where the pride of being college students has left us, and where the dignity of upper classmen has not dawned upon us. What a miserable place! Our first pride has forsaken us; the second lies hidden in the future. This is the dark period of a student's life. The medicine is bitter, and we long to see the bottle emptied. But one must not think that because this is a period of gloom that there is no good being derived from it. During this dark age we are being regenerated. We are emerging from the body chrysalis into mature manhood. We are laying aside those silly things and childish ways and assuming a grave, solemn appearance. We are being taught to recognize our weakness and to know that we are not much after all. We are being brought to recognize the knowledge of an Omnipotent, thereby being fitted for not only the duties of this world but for the duties of the next. Thus we pass through the second year of our college existence, with all its trials and upliftings.

We have at last reached the long-desired state of development. We are Juniors. We appreciate our place in college and before the world. How far we failed, we will leave to the decision of those who are watching us in

our struggles up life's crooked stream. We are trying to bend our energies to the business part of our college life, thereby becoming fitted for the rough encounters of this cold, heartless world.

Our college athletics employ all the enthusiasm and devotion that students should render to such things. In literature, science, mathematics and classics we have held our own. We gave the first military ball that was ever given at this college, and we have entered upon an undertaking that never before has been attempted by the students of this institution. We are going to publish an annual. Our friends have rushed to our side, and are doing what they can to make the AURORA a true morning light. Day is dawning, and Delaware College will yet live to see a brilliant noonday and a glorious sunset. It was not until we became Juniors that we were able to find out how little we knew; and if our true knowledge keeps growing, by the time we become Seniors we will then have found out that we know absolutely nothing. Our advice to each other has been: Fight manfully, and victory will crown your efforts. To the "Sophs." we have said: "Put aside your pedantry and show some sense." And we have counseled the Freshmen not to exhaust the knowledge of the universe but remember that other generations are to follow, therefore they must have some consideration for future researches.

We have lost one member by death, and five others have left us and our college. We have been grinding away now nearly three years and we have experienced many revolutions of dislikes and altered prejudices, and

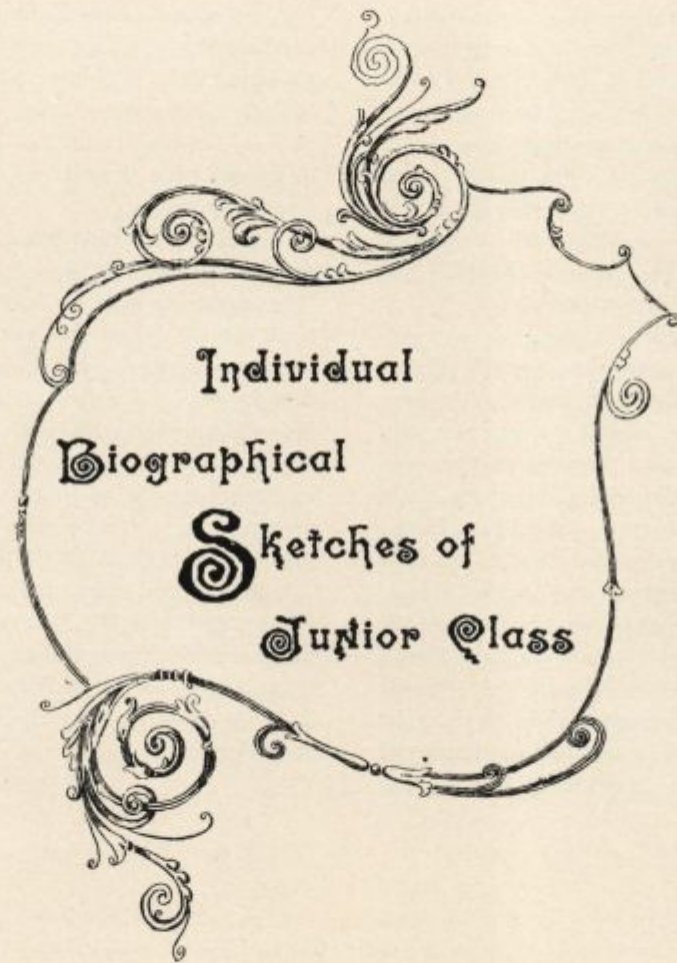
we trust all have been for the better—none for the worse, though we will frankly say our aversion for examinations has not changed one iota since the fall term of our Freshman year. Truthfully, examinations have been the bane of our college life. We have looked at them from three different points of view—Freshman, Sophomore and Junior—but we have failed to detect the *slightest* difference, in our judgment, and we openly and truthfully assert that no college custom has been so heartily abhorred as this system of fiery tri-memstrial tests.

We have, at most times, tried to be men by cultivating a love for truth and thus making sure for ourselves, in after years, a place on the hill-top of mankind, where the air is always pure and serene, where we can see the errors and wanderings and mist and tempest in the vale below. Nothing has given us more delight in our little spell of college life together than our acquired friendships. Only a true friend holds the open sesame heart. A true friend to the human heart to whom we may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels or whatso'er lieth upon the heart to oppress it. Such friends we have found in our faculty and among the members of our student body. At times, no doubt, the instructors have thought we were inclined to be boisterous and full of disregard for all authority, but we take this opportunity to say, with

all the sacredness of our hearts, that we were only contending for what we supposed to be our rights and duties as students. We have sought for honor, for we firmly believe that pure honor is only a revelation of a man's real virtue and worth. Honor is itself a great fortune, and if we miss it we loose all and our lives will have been lived in vain.

Ambition—that quality that makes men active, full of alacrity and stirring—has kept us awake and watchful. The ambition that we have fostered is not of that selfish kind which, when checked or cannot have its own way, becomes malign, venomous, discretely discontented and dangerous. Our shortcomings and faults we have many. No one knows them better than we. We are now in a position to view the unsoundness of our former proceedings, and we are willing to take counsel in the wise words of Solomon: "The wise man taketh heed to his steps; the fool turneth aside to deceit."

As we end this our third college year, we, as a body, firmly resolve in the language of the Scripture, "That we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us and discover what is the straight way, and so to walk in it"—thus making the end of our career greater than the beginning.



Individual
Biographical
Sketches of
Junior Class

ARMSTRONG, HOWARD MALCOLM.

What a lucky class to have a strong arm to lead it. Just what this first of our gennii was intended for, has not yet been determined by the faculty, though his case has been diagnosed daily for the past 2½ years. He is an interesting character, has a portly form, a smiling countenance, a merry laugh, and a ready grin, which keeps his image continually rising before our minds. He is a bird in analytics and flies away with Latin constructions. We will always remember with reverence Shylock of '99.

BAXTER, THOS. GEO.

Here's Tom, do you know him? Of course you do. Every body knows Tom. But how shall we describe him? We are puzzled. Tom came from the marshes around Slaughters, entered the Class of 1900, but before the end of his first year at Delaware he had completed the necessary studies and was handed over by the Faculty to '99, and gladly did '99 receive him.

When class or anything concerning class is mentioned, Tom is right there. He is always on hand on the football field, not trying for honor but to help the athletics of old Delaware.

Tom though not on the Annual Board has done as much toward its publication as any man could do. He has stood by the Board through thick and thin.

Who is the greatest orator in Delaware College?
Tom.

Who was one of the founders and first president of the Y. M. C. A. at this institution?

Tom.

Who was sent as one of the representatives of Delaware College at the International Student Convention held at Cleveland, Ohio, this year?

Tom.

Who wrote the History of the Junior Class which it is said has already killed 7 men?

Tom.

Who is it in for anything that will help D. C. and especially '99?

Tom.

So you see Tom is a classmate to be proud of, and surely we are.

BAYNARD, SAMUEL HARRISON.

" 'Tis but a slip from the sublime to the ridiculous." Baynard is often found engaged in his favorite occupation of making a noise. Undoubtedly as the phraseologists would say, his bump for the appreciation of unpractical jokes has a premature development. Not unlike most boys he often is found amusing himself at a prof.'s expense. The mascot of the football team, a loyal classman and a genial companion. "Ikie" like many other young men who has sown wild oats in his youth will, we venture to predict, see the follies of his ways and will eventually become a loyal citizen and do credit to his class and alma mater.

BROWN, JOSEPH WEST.

Familiarly known as "Joe" comes from the historic town of Odessa. Joe is a wonderful chemical genius and plays the fiddle, too, with remarkable skill. A noble class, mate, sincere friend, and one of the most pleasant and best natured men of the great Class of '99. He has grown rapidly in favor with the boys as well as in stature since coming to college, and unless something unlooked for happens, Joe will be heard of if he lives long enough. A tennis enthusiast, a mathematical crank, a conical joker, a loud laughter, a big eater, and awkward gaited favorite is Joe.

Joe is funny but we all like him.

DU HADWAY, LOUIS.

Some boys are funny all the time, some funny some of the time and some funny none of the time. Du Hadway belongs to the last class named. Polite and courteous at all times, always has a smile for the meanest of our tribe. Seems to like gay society but afraid to venture out into it. He likes the girls, but the girls don't like him. Just where this lad came from we have not been able to find out, nor can any one tell us where he is going. Have at all times tried to help this tender youth along. We feel that he left his mother's arms too soon. He is too good for a preacher's son. Yet they say he is of such origin. How long this youth will follow the counsels of his father is a question whose answer we are waiting to see. But do not expect to see this piece of immaturity a piece of maturity.

GREEN, HAROLD.

Green, otherwise known as Pea or Pea Green or Green Pea, Scrapper, Bow Legged Harold, is among the first in our class to be in a fight or Scrap of any kind and then first in making peace. Pea is a jolly good fellow always trying to kid somebody. He says he is always in the swim with the girls, a graceful dancer, good football player, but in walking we must admit that his legs are warped too much for him to come up to the standard. Pea as athletic editor on the Review, has acquired wide fame as sporting editor and it is thought in a few years he will be able to rank with sporting reporter Woodward and baseball fiend Tinney.

Summing him up he is a good fellow.

JOHNSON, EVERETT CLARENCE.

One of the most important personages of the tribe of '99 is Johnson, who by fate was blown by a strong Southeaster from the *sand swamps* of old Sussex to the green terrace of Delaware College. Johnson's highest ambition is to win military honor and renown. He has a good class standing as a student. Takes well with the girls and is well liked by all who know him. Though a boyish youth with just enough fuzz on his face to make him proud he, is always ready and willing and able to do his class a good turn whenever an opportunity affords it. Johnson is a student of languages taking Latin, French, German and Italian. It was this man Johnson who was selected to manage Delaware's first military promenade. It was

Johnson who was selected to edit the first College Annual the boys of old Delaware published. It is Johnson who wears the military medal and holds the highest military post in the Junior Class. It is Johnson who by his deep sense of truth, honor, frankness, fearlessness and sincerity has won the hearts of all his associates. We will leave the further considerations of this young man's character to readers of this book.

LEWIS, CHARLES EDWIN.

If we have one thing more to be thankful for it is that Lewis in his great wisdom decided to become a student of Delaware College, for the greatest wonder is and always has been that a man possessing such eminent abilities should have chosen this modern institution, instead of one of our modern universities. He is in truth "hiding his light under a bushel," but he displays his trinkets to the world.

We all know Reddy by his funny laugh.

Although somewhat inclined toward religious works. It is said that he is serving his apprenticeship for his future occupation by attending fires for his wealthy uncle who lives down town.

MACSORLEY, FRANK OLIN.

A typical Scotch punster; a typical son of a preacher. Nothing goes on that he is not into. Talks more than any other man in college. Walks with a higher air than President Harter, and assumes control of everything he touches.

Well, we must not be too hard on old "Mac," for, after all, he is a good fellow, and we predict for him a great future.

Now, "Mac," let thy energy develop and you will yet get your coveted place—Uncle Sam's chief justice.

MARSHALL, ANDREW DONNELL.

With him, as with the conjurer, now you see him and now you don't see him, but it is the same Marshall all the time. Without him, Dr. Wolf's stock of jokes would have been sadly diminished. Much smaller in stature than he is in his own estimation. It is hoped that in time he will be able to boss his younger brother around and compel him to wear all of Don's old clothes, hats and ties.

He is somewhat of an indolent nature, is inclined to study just a little, and looks upon the profs. as a body of men whose sole object in life is to condition him. But, seriously, Marshall is one of the best-hearted fellows in our class.

MASON, ROGER OWEN.

None so brilliant, none so kind-hearted, none so genial as Mason, there was never one just like him. In fact, you seldom see such a combination. An all-day talker, can entertain an audience of any size with the latest songs, stories, both amusing and sentimental. An athlete of considerable note, and a No. 1 scholar. Comes from the unparalleled and *unequaled* town of Newark.

His chief hope and ambition is to become an orator. In art, science and literature he stands without a peer.

The few words that we have written about this young man fail to do him justice. We are compelled to dismiss him by imparting our blessing upon him wherever he may go.

MCCABE, EDWARD HENRY.

A man of quiet mien, but of whom it may be said still waters run deep.

Who is McCabe? Well, we don't know, nor do we know how to find out. He has been with us for nearly three years and he has not been heard speak a dozen words during this time, excepting what he has said in the recitation-room, but with all this, McCabe is a true friend, a good student, and a perfect gentleman. We feel sure that he will always keep the *peace*, no matter how big a piece of his fellow-man may choose to give him.

MCCABE, HARLEY LIVINGSTON STEVENSON
BARTIME KING.

The great and only fellow, or the man who knows it all. An orator who would put Cicero in the shade. A schemer before whom Alexander or Cæsar would be as pigmies. A walking encyclopedia. His massive brain has stored up thousands of nice and helpful ideas and suggestions for the benefit of his unenlightened classmates. He comes from old Sussex, "the county of the ox-carts and sand-burrs."

If you want any pointers, call at the Bureau of Information, or, in other words, the Goat's Pen, No. 9 Poverty Row.

MEDILL, GEORGE LODGE.

High among the names of Newark's illustrious sons will be found that of George Lodge Medill, the boy who always has a grave look. George is a brave boy, always ready and willing to fight for the honor of his class and college. While a Democrat, he is inclined to honor men regardless of party principle. He speaks well, and thinks he will be an orator some day. When Medill gets to be a lawyer, some one will hear him, should he be fortunate enough to have a case before the court.

He has obtained a little fame as a writer, being the author of the well-known book, "What a Curious Object Man Might Have Been." It is upon this publication that his fame chiefly rests. We will now dismiss this subject by imparting our blessings upon him wherever he may go.

REED, RICHARD PAUL.

This is a great character, and 'tis with great reluctance that we undertake to do it justice in the short space allowed us. We might write whole volumes about him. He is a dead game sport from Wilmington, and says that he cuts lots of ice with the girls in that city; but we would add that as a story-teller he is second to none, excepting Tom Baxter. We wish we could impart an adequate conception of his handsome form, that

nobly and firmly-set head, crowned with a mass of flaxen hair, parted in the middle, that Roman nose and that big upper lip, void of a moustache.

As right guide of Co. A., he is the observed of all the observers.

STEWART, JAMES LAMONT.

Stewart rooms at home on the farm, and is a model young man in many respects. He is an ardent supporter of his class. Somewhat sportive, gentle in his manners. He never seems at ease unless attired in a plain jumper and a pair of overalls, and never seems to enjoy himself unless he is listening to the rhythmic splash of milk into his pail. He is a brave and fearless soldier, a good, honest and straightforward man. He has of late taken upon himself the hardships of exercising his father's horses, and, from the common report, he is now on a sharp lookout for a fair young Miss with chestnut hair.

VICKERS, GEORGE.

George Vickers alias "Big Gowdge" has been a marked man since the moment of his arrival at Delaware College. A stranger in a strange land. As an orator, statesman, politician, pugilist and baseballist, he leads his class. Vick is a student at times but he is conscious of it. But turning to the real worth of this young man, we would truthfully say that he is a loyal classmate, a genial companion and a true friend.

VICKERS, HARRISON WILSON, JR.

If one can picture to one's self a creature with the horns of a rhinoceros, the two great toes of an ostrich, the grizzly jaw of the lion and the strong hind legs of the Royal Bengal tiger, one can then picture the monster that those Swarthmore giants dreamed of in Vickers before the famous football game on October 5th.

Vick is all right with the ladies and the boys too. He has a good disposition, wonderful guyer, and is continually accusing the boys of kidding him.

"Little George" is a sincere friend, an open enemy and a loyal classmate, commands the respect and esteem of all and has a high class standing. As an athlete he is a veritable fiend.

He is little, but oh, my! To him more than any other one man is due the position which our class holds in athletics, but with all his good qualities he has, however, one failing—a weakness for the female sex.

WELLS, GEORGE HARLAN.

Milton said, "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day." If this assertion be true, and surely it is true, there is no telling what will become of that boy, Wells. Only weighs ninety pounds by apothecary weight, but, notwithstanding his minuteness, he is an important subject.

With Portia we would exclaim, "How far that little candle throws its light." It is a marvel to all that in so

small a compass can be contained so great an intellect and so many virtues.

It has already been decreed by the oracles that Pickel Wells will carry off the honors of his class.

WOOD, WILLARD FRANKLIN.

If there were another flood, we feel assured the Class of '99 would have at least one representative in the ark. If peace were declared a virtue, surely Wood would undoubtedly be the most virtuous boy in our class, for truly, we have heard him utter less than a dozen assertions since he enlisted, in '95. But the Lord willeth all things best. A more faithful worker; a more conscientious student or a better classmate would be hard to find. As a man, he is an honest, straightforward fellow, and, while we cannot prophesy a brilliant career for him, we feel

sure that he will never be "launched into eternity" as the "victim of unbridled passions,"

WOODALL, EDWARD, JR.

Of men like Woodall it may truthfully be said, "The gods made but one and broke the mould." He is very careful with whom he associates, being the only non-society man in the class, and as yet he has refused to attend any of Newark's churches, because he has not had time to thoroughly examine the character of the church members. When Dr. Harter asked Woodall why he did not attend church, his reply was, "My religion is not in this town." He stands pre-eminent as an all-round sport. But, laying all fun aside, we are everything proud of our Quaker friend from the "Eastern Shore."

Members of '99.

Howard Malcolm Armstrong, Cooch's Bridge.
Samuel Harrison Baynard, Wilmington.
Thomas George Baxter, Slaughter.
Joseph West Brown, Odessa.
Louis Du Hadway, Cambridge, Md.
Harold Green, Middletown.
Everett Clarence Johnson, Selbyville.
Charles Edwin Lewis, Newark.
Frank Olin MacSorley, Newark.
Andrew Donnell Marshall, Milford.

Roger Owen Mason, Newark.
Edward Henry McCabe, Jr., New Castle.
Harley King McCabe, Selbyville.
George Lodge Medill, Newark.
Richard Paul Reed, Wilmington.
James Lamont Stewart, Newark.
George Vickers, Chestertown, Md.
Harrison Wilson Vickers, Jr., Chestertown, Md.
George Harlan Wells, Elkton, Md.
Willard Franklin Wood, Newport.

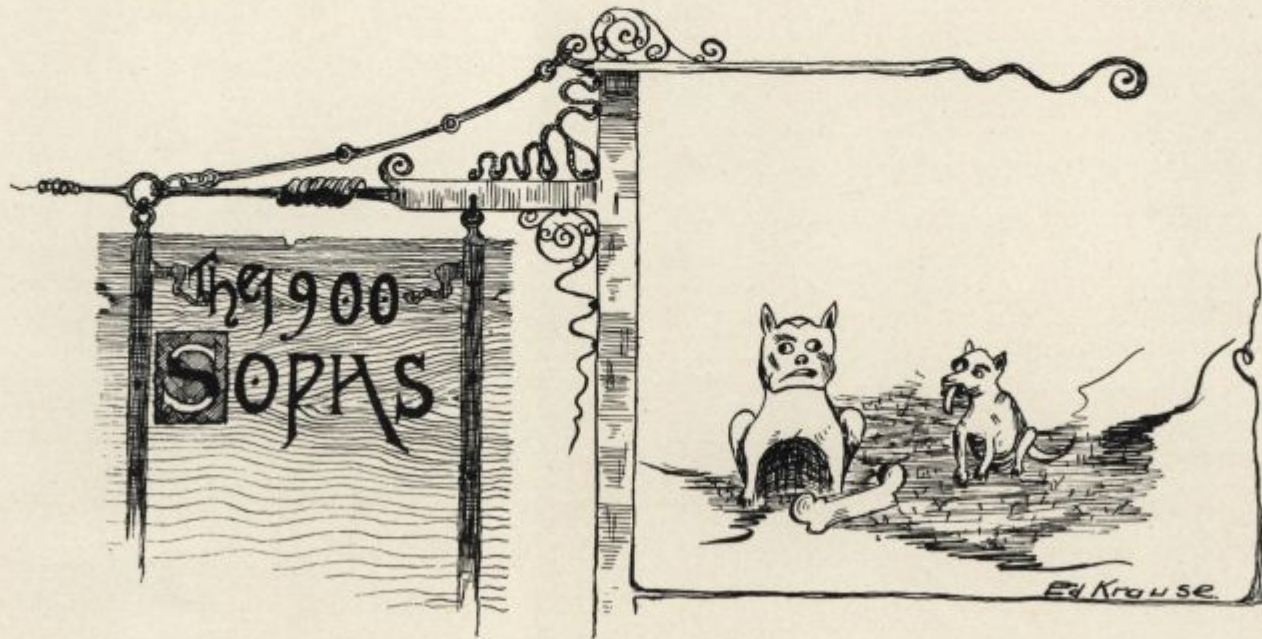
Edward Woodall, Jr., Royal Oak.

Class of '00.

Officers.

REGINALD CONSTABLE,
WEST A. FROLLER,
WM. L. HIRSH,
HENRY W. REYBOLD,
THOS. B. MCKEAN,

President.
Vice-President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.
Historian.



Sophomore Class History.

Here we are
Raising Thunder,
Delaware, Delaware,
Nineteen Hundred!



WHEN you hear that yell you may know that there is trouble. This is our second year of college life, but short as the time has been, many great things have been accomplished.

When we were Freshies the upper classmen did not in any way offend us, except once in a while we became the victim of a Soph with a bucketful of H₂O, or when some other Soph would (with the aid of a piece of string and a bed-slat) get the combination of our door locks. It was during this year that Willie "Heersh" proved himself the swiftest runner in college. For nearly an hour he ran one race after another, beating competitors. It was not until Bill was entirely exhausted that he could see the joke. Ebe had a great deal of trouble with the spooks which came into his room at night, until finally he was compelled to room down town. But before the

Winter was over he was very sorry, because while going past the public schools he would be nearly snow-balled to death.

To record the achievements of the Class of 1900 would be too great an undertaking for any human being. Volumes might be written about them, and still the writer would fall short of his purpose. Naturally our development was very rapid. This is shown by the fact that three weeks after we matriculated Tinney's brain weighed fifty pounds; so he told the professor.

While we were yet Freshies everyone could see that we were destined for great things. During the first term of that year we pursued with much diligence that branch of science known as zoology, or the "science of cats," as the boys called it, because of the complete study made of that animal.

The class as a whole, has no equal, for among its members are enrolled boys who will shine forth in every branch except "chemistry." The reason for this is that



SOPHOMORES.

we have been informed "that a little knowledge on that subject would kill us." So with due respect for our lives we have decided to let "well enough alone." The engineers of the class must not be forgotten. There is "Googe Woodward," with his song and dance coat, who can tell you everything that ever happened in the sporting world. Then there is Hyland, the nice looking boy, who bought a new pair of "blue" shoes the other day.

If you doubt the ability of the engineers just go out to the shop, and see the wonderful work they have done.

On first entering college our class took a liking to German and French, so that now we are so proficient that it does not inconvenience us in the least to converse in these languages, when we become tired of English. Our greatness does not terminate at this point. In athletics we are unexcelled. Without the material from our class the base ball and foot ball teams of last year would have been negative quantities. Four positions on both the base ball and foot ball team have been captured by 1900 boys. And faithfully have they upheld the gold

and blue in many a struggle on the diamond and gridiron. Our class teams proved without a doubt that our class is the champion. Last spring we took revenge on '99 and gave them a few lessons in the art of base ball, by beating them by a score of 16 to 1. In the foot ball game with the Freshies, although we beat them 6 to 0, they played a great game.

In conclusion, as I peer into the future, I see all the old 1900 boys holding responsible places, as was predicted.

To the Seniors we wish much success; may their after-lives be days of pleasure.

Now to those who come after us. Go to the class of 1900 for instruction; consider her ways, and be wise. As we continue in our glorious path it will become more and more evident that

"The world admires just as before
The wonderful knowledge of the Sophomore;
Then I am sure you must agree
That we are the class of old D. C."

HISTORIAN.



Members of '00.

Edward James Ayars, Wilmington.
 William Henry Conner, Wilmington.
 Reginald Constable, Elkton, Md.
 Alfred Hanson Hartman, Wilmington.
 Thomas Becker McKeon, Newark.
 Thomas Rankin Nivin, Strickersville, Pa.
 Henry Wilson Reybold, Delaware City.
 Jacob Elmer Sentman, Newark.
 Hugh Rodney Sharp, Lewes.

William Louis Hirsh, Osceola Mills, Pa.
 Charles Scott Hyland, Wilmington.
 James Roe MacSorley, Newark.
 Andrew Marvel, Georgetown.
 William Scott Tinney, Newark.
 West Alexander Trotter, Wilmington.
 Harvey Lee Vansant, Highlands.
 Ebe Walter, Frankford.
 George Daniel Woodward, Wilmington.

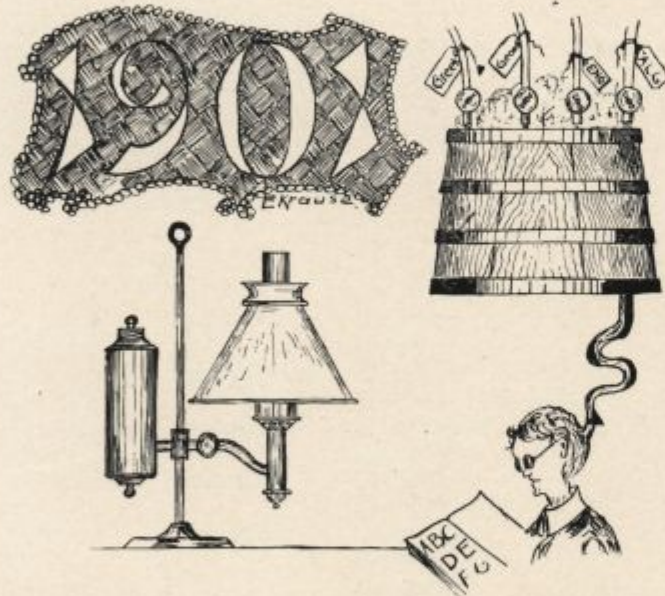
MEMBERS.	AMBITION.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	DESTINY.
AYARS	President	Bumming tobacco	Clothing store dummy.
CONNER	Baker	Gymnastic fiend	Novelist.
CONSTABLE	A Lawyer like "Pop."	Reading Anabasis	Prize fighter.
HYLAND	Railroad President	Making out ponies	Fakir.
HARTMAN	Civil Engineer	Studying (?)	Engineer in feather foundry.
HIRSH	Electrician	Telling the truth (?)	Mule driver.
MACSORLEY	Chemist	Reading the Bible	Bartender.
MARVEL	Chief Justice	Midnight loafer	Dog catcher.
MCKEON	Contractor	Grinning	Any old thing.
NIVIN	General	Looking in mirror	Dog trainer.
REYBOLD	Inventor	Painting "'oo" on cupola	Milkmaid.
SENTMAN	Teacher	Thinking of home	Barber.
SHARPE	Doctor	Talking to the girls	Fashionable milliner.
TROTTER	Sprinter	Brushing his clothes	Street car conductor.
TINNEY	Base ball player	Reading rule book	Bat tender.
VANSANT	Singer	Boning Dutch	Phonograph engineer.
WOODWARD	Anarchist	Reading N. Y. Journal	Sporting editor.
WALTER	Lawyer	Studying chemistry	Organ grinder.

Class of '01.

Officers.

ARCHIBALD GRANT	<i>President.</i>
CECIL C. McDONALD	<i>Vice-President.</i>
CHARLES D. STOCKLEY	<i>Secretary.</i>
HARRY E. TUNNELL	<i>Treasurer.</i>
SAMUEL J. OTT.	<i>Historian.</i>

History of the Class.



ON the fourteenth day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, thirty-one young men, from all parts of the state of Delaware, and from adjacent parts of Maryland, arrived at Newark and enrolled as students of Delaware College. The event

was an important one in their lives, for, having completed the public school and preparatory education of their boyhood days, they were now to become college men, and to assume the more onerous duties of college life.

The youngest man in the class at the time of entrance was fifteen years and four months old, and the oldest, twenty-four. The average age was seventeen years and eleven months. Fifteen members of the class are from New Castle County, five from Kent, six from Sussex and five from Maryland.

The first meeting of the Class of '01 was called on Tuesday, October the twelfth, when the following officers were elected for a term of one year.

HENRY G. McCOMB	. . .	<i>President.</i>
E. BYRON GRIFFIN	. . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
SAMUEL J. OTT	. . .	<i>Secy. and Treas.</i>

The next event of importance to the class was the Freshman-Sophomore foot ball game, played on December tenth. During the progress of the contest, a member of the Freshman team was injured, and Mr. Grant, '01, who had been watching the game from the side lines, showed his class spirit by pulling off his coat and taking the injured man's place in the line.



FRESHMEN.

The statement made by the Faculty that the present Freshman Class is one of the best prepared that ever entered Delaware College was verified by the fact that nearly every man passed the first term examinations successfully.

It is the duty of the historian to record what has happened in the past rather than to suggest what may

come in the future. Yet from the promising showing made by the Freshman Class thus far, it is safe to predict that in Nineteen Hundred and One there will graduate from Old Delaware a class that will do her honor, and in after years be a source of gratification to those who are now our professors.

SAMUEL J. OTT.

Members of '01.

E. V. Armstrong, Cooche Bridge, Del.
E. M. Baker, Selbyville, Del.
R. T. Cann, Kirkwood, Del.
D. Cheney, Wilmington, Del.
E. R. Crothers, Elkton, Md.
O. Crothers, Elkton, Md.
E. G. Davis, Newark, Del.
F. Evans, Wilmington, Del.
A. Grant, Granite, Md.
E. B. Griffin, Newark, Del.
H. B. Hughes, New Castle, Del.
J. N. Knox, Wilmington, Del.
Wm. Marshall, Milford, Del.
H. G. McComb, Wilmington, Del.
J. W. McCoy, Hare's Corner, Del.

C. C. McDonald, Newark, Del.
W. M. McMullin, St. Georges, Del.
J. B. Messick, Shortley, Del.
W. P. Naudain, Stanton, Del.
S. J. Ott, Wilmington, Del.
Harold K. Paxon, Summit Bridge, Del.
J. W. Rickards, Ocean View, Del.
L. D. Smith, Newark, Del.
W. H. Smith, Newark, Del.
C. D. Stockley, Smyrna, Del.
H. E. Tunnell, Georgetown, Del.
H. R. Tunnell, Georgetown, Del.
G. W. Ward, Cherry Hill, Md.
J. G. Whann, Newport, Del.
T. R. Wolf, Newark, Del.