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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
NEWARK, DELAWARE.

LAST month there appeared an editorial calculated to produce in the mind of the reader a false impression. We refer to the article on the \$15,000 appropriation. On reading that one would think that we considered the appropriation a good thing for the college. It is not so. We believe that, as more attention is paid to the Agricultural course and less to the Scientific and Classical, so will the college retrograde. We believe it to be a mistake to mix farming as an art with a general college education. We believe that as a mixed college, Delaware can never be a success. Take away, eradicate from the institution the agricultural course and all pretense of agricultural instruction, and found the college on the basis of the Art and Science courses, and we believe Old Delaware started on

the road to success. Or, if the the Agricultural Department cannot be removed, then remove the Arts and Sciences; and let us be what we now falsely claim—an Agricultural College. We claim that Delaware cannot be a success as a combination institution for several reasons. People have an idea that an agricultural college should teach agriculture alone, and not dabble in other things. This is an age when, if a man wishes to succeed in life, he must have a single aim—confine himself to a single business. The old proverb about the "jack of all trades being master of none" is full of sound sense. Does the shoe not fit Delaware? If it does, let her put it on. If you wished to give a collegiate education to your son would you send him to an agricultural college to get it? Ask yourself the question. If you wished him to learn farming would you send him to a so-called agricultural college, where seven-eighths of the students pursues other courses of study? or would you send him to a school where agriculture alone is taught? You often hear people say—why does not Delaware College get on better? It has a good locality, able Professors and a complete equipment of educational appliances. It is because it is a hybrid institution—neither a college nor a farm; and we believe the sooner this fact is recognized, the better it will be for us. Take the agricultural students we have here now. They have not the influence, nor can they command the respect and consideration for their opinions that the students of the arts and sciences can. They are looked upon as kind of tabooed, and they themselves feel out of place. Take the scientific student of last year, when agricultural branches were a part of that course. It was looked upon as a sort of crime among the boys to have been guilty of studying Stock Feeding, Drainage, How Crops Grow, etc. Now, we ask it frankly, how can any course of study prove successful where such a feeling exists against it in the college itself? So much for the internal evidence of the utility of the agricultural course. Now for the external evi-

dence: Let us take a look around among our brother colleges. Can any one point out to us a single successful college that has a curriculum similar to ours? What are all the prominent colleges—agricultural? Ah, no! Not one has risen to prominence where the arts and sciences were chiefly taught while the promotion of agriculture was the confessed object of the institution. Nay, we will say more; not one has risen to any degree of prominence, in comparison with art and scientific schools, that has ever been known to the world as an agricultural college. But some say, abolish the Agricultural Department and you cut off our source of revenue. True. But we say: establish the college on a basis of arts and sciences, and there will be speedily enough students here to more than render the college self-supporting. Did not an applicant for the Presidency in the Summer of '85 pledge himself, if chosen President, to have one hundred students in Delaware College in two years? In the face of the above facts, let any one say that an agricultural appropriation will be a benefit to our Alma Mater. Far from it. Detracting, as it will, still further from the interest in the classical and scientific courses in the excellence of which alone we believe the success of Delaware College lies. But if this must be an agricultural college, then let it be made one in earnest. Abolish the scientific and classical courses, and, with the \$15,000 appropriation, and with the funds we already have, could not Delaware be made the finest agricultural college of the country. As we said before, the call of the times is for specialties. If it must be so, let agriculture be our specialty, and it does not take a very vivid imagination to foresee the possibilities of such action. We hear, sometimes, that the reason we do not prosper as other colleges, is because no legacies or endowments are left to us. The reason of this is because no one feels enough interest in our welfare. Other colleges, with their specialties, excite the interest and command the respect of men because of their thorough work in one department of education. Therefore, we say if it must be so, let us be an Agricultural College in earnest, and to use that rapidly becoming trite phrase. Better times will be seen at Old Delaware.

WE note with joy the action of the Cornell Freshmen, who, before their banquet, decided that they would have no wines at the same. This is a bold step in the right direction, and the action of the class should receive the approbation of the whole college world. We are glad, also, to state that if such a thing should be brought before our Freshmen, it would be carried by a large majority. The temperance cause is working its way into everything, and, leaving out the moral aspect of the question, the physical and intellectual are enough to convince any fair-minded man of the absolute necessity of total abstinence for the college student. True, there may be some who have won laurels by urging their mental faculties to abnormal action by the use of alcohol, but all will admit that the success gained is not lasting, and the clear-minded man soon comes to the front as the true representative of success. It is for the advancement of this cause that the "Students' League" was organized, and has been joined by the greater number of our students, who have pledged themselves to "Temperance, Purity, Chivalry and Truth," which is a pledge that every one should adopt and carry out. We are glad that while endeavoring to promote temperance, "Purity, Chivalry and Truth," have not been forgotten. We hope that others will take up the work, especially the Y. M. C. As. of the various colleges. It would be well to associate the work of the White Cross League with it.

SAY, aren't you going to have any more meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association?" These words were uttered by a student who does not make any profession of religion; yet he has always expressed the highest regard for religious observances. Of course, we were somewhat surprised to hear one who sometimes indulged in profanity to ask such a question. Upon further conversation in regard to the subject he stated that he scarcely ever missed a meeting, and when he did, it was with a sense of regret, for he always esteemed it a privilege of inestimable value; and also that he was benefited, morally, after attending a prayer meeting. I think this is the experience of all students who attended our meetings. There is a

great responsibility resting upon those who are followers of Christ in regard to this matter. True, we may not reap the harvest or see the fruits of it for many years to come, but we believe we would be sowing the seed upon good ground. It may be the means of causing many to depart from their evil ways and go into the world to preach the Gospel to his fellowmen. It is much better to be the means of making many machines than to be a machine yourself. So it is much better to be the means of making many preachers than to be a preacher yourself. No doubt many of us say we have not the time to spend thus. Is it possible that we can't spend half an hour each week in the cause of Him who died that He might redeem the world. Young Men's Christian Associations are performing a noble work in all our colleges. Shall old Delaware be in the rear in this respect? I hear the universal response—"No." The high degree of civilization which our nation has attained is due to the embracing of the Christian religion, for this is the fundamental upon which our country was founded. Well may our colleges learn to cherish that which our forefathers esteemed so high! For upon them depend our future prosperity.

THE wanton destructiveness of students seems to be proverbial, but when students wilfully destroy what is for their own comfort and convenience, we think it has reached its limit. Why they do so, cannot be explained, but must remain a unanswered question. The students' reception room has always been the scene of much destructiveness, but this year the students seems to have lost all desire for comfort and try to make the room as cold and uninviting as possible. A word also about the defacing of the walls of the halls by pencil marks, scratches, etc. Those of us who were here under the last regime will remember how Dr. Purnell one morning publicly, in chapel, related how the day before, when a gentleman, prominent in politics and religion, had walked through our halls and commenting on their freedom from pencil marks, had said that gentlemen must go here, for he saw their badge in the neatness of the walls. How is it now? We suggest that if the fellow

can be found who lately has been writing profanity, etc., on the walls he not only be brought up before the faculty, but be taken in hand by the other students, and be made with soap and water to scrub off the marks of his ill-breeding and vulgarity. Also, that the above be made a rule for the treatment of future offenders.

THE Delaware College Review Association takes pleasure in announcing the fact that they will resume their Lecture Course on March 17th. Mr. Perkins, considering the loss we sustained, has decided to come under the auspices of THE REVIEW upon more favorable terms, in order that we might recover from our embarrassment. He has chosen for his subject: "Wit, Humor and Pathos." It is unnecessary to speak of Mr. Perkins' abilities as a lecturer. Those who heard Mr. Perkins' last lecture will be sufficient testimony of his ability. His lecture was not only amusing, but instructive. He told many stories which created uproarious laughter, but never one that did not illustrate his thought. Do not fail to hear one of the world's greatest humorists, and thus display your appreciation of talent. The admission—25 and 35 cents—is within the reach of all. Remember, Saturday night, March 19th, in the Delaware College Oratory. Tickets for sale at Wilson's book store.

WE will be greatly under obligations to our Alumni if they will inform us, without further notice, of any change they may make in their business life. We desire to run our Personal Department in such a way as to inform the old students of the whereabouts and doings of their friends and fellow-students, and in this way to keep up a friendly relation between one another. We believe we mentioned this in our former number; since that, one or two have responded. Let us hear from the Alumni in this respect. Any items will be appreciated.

THE shekels do not pour in our coffers as fast as we would like them. "Money makes the mare go."

Literary.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

In looking back over ages gone by, one cannot but pause and reflect on the ruin left by time. We have but to look to see it. Scattered over the central and western parts of our country are found remains which indicate that a great and powerful race, long since forgotten, once occupied our land. Mounds and fortifications, whose origin was unknown to the Indians, are found in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Some of these were filled with thousands of human skeletons. From the nature of the fortifications, it is supposed that the defenders had powerful enemies. These forts are generally square, like those of the Romans. Everything indicates that the people who constructed these works possessed, at least, an approach to civilization. How and when this civilization was lost, it is impossible to tell, and it is only known that after their disappearance, a race of savages long occupied the land, only to be superceded by the civilization of to day.

Look at Europe. It is said that where the city of London now stands is a buried city, which time has entirely hidden. Do the people in the crowded London, as they hurry to and fro, think of the crowds that once hurried there, but now buried beneath their streets? Where is Troy, around which so many mysterious legends cluster? Since authentic history began, Troy has been one of things of the past. For years, men have been laboring and searching for the site on which it was built. Over thirty centuries have sufficed to bury, at the supposed site, no less than seven different cities, one after another.

When the Greeks and Trojans fought, they did not know that men to-day would be laboring and studying to find the remains of the city for which they struggled. Neither did they know that their contentions would inspire the poet to sing of the beauty of Helen, the innocent cause of their strife. They did not know that their great deeds would become so enshrouded in the mists of time, that even the scene of their action would be lost in obscurity.

In Greece, the ruins of great temples and immense buildings excite the wonder and curiosity of the traveler. Sometimes he finds a structure where the devastation of time is not yet completed. He sees the marble columns rising in lofty grandeur. Parts are crumbled; the rest is crumbling and soon only the broken fragments will show where once stood the great monuments of the past. In Rome, he sees the remains of the Coliseum and other great structures; while in Syria and most of the Eastern World are scattered,

without number, equally wonderful ruins, which, by their immense size and beauty of construction, show that the ancients had a taste for combinations of grandeur, beauty and skill, which is rarely, if ever, equaled by the architects and workmen of the present day.

Egypt was once powerful. Its capital, the city of Thebes, was noted for the splendor of its "hundred gates." To-day, those world-famed monuments of ancient Egyptian skill lie crumbled almost to dust. What are the emotions of a traveler viewing these ruins and recalling their history? As he looks at the Nile, flowing through a land once peopled with myriads of intelligent and cultivated people, now almost desolate. As he beholds the almost innumerable traces of the ruthless hand of Time, in his imagination he can see vast armies go forth and return laden with the spoils of Asia. He can picture to himself the great Persian army entering Thebes and destroying the rich temples and monuments whose ruins he now views. As he stands on the banks of the Nile his mind will wander on through history until he can imagine that he hears the groans of the chosen people laboring beneath their burdens. Here Moses and Joseph, Alexander and Caesar, won their triumphs. Here Cleopatra reigned in all her glory. How expressive that sentence of Napoleon—"From the tops of these pyramids centuries look down upon you."

Where is the empire of Alexander the Great? Where is Babylon, the city which Alexander designed to be the capital of the world? Their greatness and power are gone. The ruins of the city indicate something of its ancient grandeur. The ruins of marvelous and magnificent structures, one of which is supposed to be the tower of Babel, yet remain a silent witness to the impotency of man to perpetuate his works.

Where is the once mighty Roman Empire? Gone! But for history, who would know that it ever existed? The Roman Nation represented all that was rich and powerful; victorious in war and glorious in peace. Her motto was never to make peace with a victorious enemy, and this she faithfully followed. Yet she fell. It is beyond human power to resist the decrees of Time. All human greatness must fall before them.

How many men, called by the world "great" were able to resist the attacks of Time? Not one. Alexander died in the midst of his greatness. Caesar died by violence before he reached the coveted goal of his ambition. Napoleon spent the last years of his life in prison. Napoleon, who for years had thrilled the hearts of all Europe, a prisoner! The conqueror of Europe, who boldly entered her great capitals, doomed to die on a solitary island in the midst of the great Atlantic! Should he not think of the ruins of Time, when he, who was accustomed to command armies, could not now command himself; when he, who

had watched the surging to and fro of multitudes of struggling men, falling, dying, fighting for his glory, now watched the surging of the angry Atlantic which separated him from the glory of departed days?

Washington earned his title of "Father of his Country," not by working for his own power and glory, but by battling for his native land and shielding the rights of his countrymen. If we cannot, like him, reap fame in great things we may do our duty in small ones, for

"The bolt that strikes the towering cedar dead,
Oft passes harmless o'er the hazel's head."

Leonidas, with his handful of men resisting the almost countless hordes of Xerxes, was not fighting for himself, but for his native land. Leonidas fell and with him his country, but, as the spark of life fled from his body, the star of his fame arose. The power of his nation is no more, but as long as time lasts, the name of Leonidas will be honored as that of a hero who laid his life upon the altar of his country.

After reflecting on the past, do we not wonder what will be the future of our country? Will the memory of our cities be hidden in obscurity? Will the great works of to-day be numbered, like the works of the mound builders, among the mysterious creations of the unknown past? Will the time come when our cities will be the study of the antiquary, and their stately buildings, crumbling dust; when our nation will be numbered among the things that were? Are we not filled with wonder and awe as we vainly try to gaze into the far-distant future? As we watch the rise and fall of men and nations, and view the ever-shifting scenes of earth, we say with Shakespeare—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

Nor is ours an important part in the great drama. We are happy in the applause of the present public, but what are the people of to-day to the great hosts who have gone before?

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

After viewing the world, considering the great multitudes who have appeared for a moment and then been lost in obscurity, the great men as Caesar, Alexander; here a Washington, there a Napoleon, we imagine that we can hear Old Father Time singing in solemn strains,

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

L. '89.

INCENTIVES TO SCHOLARSHIP.

It is Hamerton who says in *The Intellectual Life*,—"It is a great error to encourage in young people the love of noble culture in the hope that it may lead them more into what is called good society. High culture always isolates, always drives men out of their class, and makes it more difficult for them to share naturally the common class-life around them. They seek the few companions who can understand them, and when these are not to be had within any traversable distance, they sit and work alone. * * * * However much pains you take to keep your culture well in the background, it always makes you an object of suspicion to people who have no culture. They perceive that you are reserved, they know that very much of what passes in your mind is a mystery to them, and this feeling makes them uneasy in your presence, even afraid of you, and not indisposed to find a compensation for this uncomfortable feeling in sarcasms behind your back. Unless you are gifted with a truly extraordinary power of conciliatory good-will, you are not likely to get on happily for long together with people who feel themselves your inferiors."

All this is Solomonic, and therefore, Scriptural; yet Mr. Hamerton admits that there are places even in Philistia where the doors of all that is best and most diverting remain inexorably closed to every passport but that of intellectual attainment. Places in which—so curious is the evolution of human careers—you may suddenly and unexpectedly find your lines cast, whether you will or no. It is true that the more one is fitted for the society of the great, the more unqualified one becomes for the companionship of the unlearned. But just here the attitude shifts—the greatest finds himself in compulsory service to the least; and, although *companionship* seldom exists between servant and served, there springs into life, at this stage, a *relationship*, which is far better in its results than companionship. You discover that humanity is, to a certain extent, being elevated by that which emanates from you, as light from a living planet, whether or not it may be your express wish to serve humanity involuntarily, you give out something of that which you have absorbed.

In all communities the new-comer casts about to discover who are the people who are equal to emergencies. Where does the *power* lie? This he as seriously makes sure of as the location of his house or the feeding of his children. He may have ever so keen a hatred for the class of men with whom he suspects it to rest, yet none the less his mind enshrines them as the particular men to be sought in the event. He may chance to stumble upon them in spheres where he least expects to find them, but so established is the

rule, that he looks for them, and usually discovers them in the ranks where education and opportunity have the freest play.

If this new-comer be a man of science or letters, he inquires, "Who are the wise men among you? Where are the college-bred fellows, and what are their pursuits?" He is as sure to do this as a fish to seek water.

The artist or musician asks few questions. His intuitions inform him of the presence of the kind of stuff for which he has use.

"Who among you," queries the man from abroad, "has ever crossed the town limits and brought back knowledge? Are there any who estimate things by universal measurements instead of local yard-sticks?"

The freshly-arrived manufacturer, upon the pitching of whose tents the whole town hangs, at once begins his probing for brains and skilled labor. Everywhere, it is brains, brains to direct the hands, that count; and everywhere, too, it is the disciplined brain that counts for more than the undisciplined.

The man who sneers at culture as a kind of veneer whose every polish is a temptation to him to scratch and deface it—the man who describes scholarship as a superfluous acquirement, more likely to trip you up than to help you on in the progression called life, is, be assured, the man who possesses neither, and therefore least qualified to judge.

One is, indeed, constrained to give heed when the voice of a Solomon, reaching far down out of the years, declares that in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. Yet even this is but what the French would call "homesickness for the infinite,"—an indication that in direct ratio as one experiences it, one is qualifying one's self for the eternal life.

Finally, says Mr. Hamerton, "The intellectual life of a nation is the sum of an intellectual people belonging to it, and in this sense your culture is a gain to England, whether England counts you amongst her eminent sons, or leaves you forever obscure."

E. S. C.

[We have received the following article from a valued correspondent of THE REVIEW, and in view of the conduct during the lecture on the "Three Earthquakes," we think it most applicable. Although Prof. McGee did not speak in the clearest possible matter, yet that is no reason why he should be accorded that attention to which any gentleman is entitled while speaking.]

So much has been said and written on the "Entertainment Fiend" that little remains to be added. The most merciful consignment of him would be to oblivion, but so long as a spark of

the humanitarian principle remains, there will, in all probability, be an endeavor made to civilize him. This must unfortunately be done at the cost of untold misery to those who participate in the effort to elevate him.

When Niemann paused, in the Metropolitan Opera House a short time ago, thwarted in perhaps the greatest climax of tragic art that the present day has known, by a laugh from a neighboring box, the shuddering of every nerve, the intense feeling of outrage is described by the artist himself as absolutely incapable of being put into words.

It is about a year since a company of Boston artists—not of the highest rank, perhaps, but still people of musical culture and refinement—were received in Delaware College in a manner that brings back the original blush to the writer of this protest, to-day. During the execution of a composition of Schubert, the expression on the face of the performer would have reduced a less absolutely brutal audience to powder. To those who recall it, it must be vivid at this moment. Perhaps we should regard it as a privilege to record that upon this occasion, as well as on that of a recent lecture in the Oratory, the most inexcusable atrocities were committed, not by the students, with whom such blame has usually been supposed to lie, but by residents of the town, whose claim to even average good-breeding was thus repudiated by every right-thinking person.

"Must such things be?" demands the editor of the New York Tribune. Is there absolutely no protection for the gentleman from the boor—the man of gracious consideration for others, from the exhibitor of his own selfishness and vulgarity?

Hitherto, much has been thrown upon the students in Newark audiences which they may or may not have merited, but the most disgraceful perpetrations at both concert and lecture mentioned belong unquestionably to the people of the town.

The cheerful are usually the busy. When trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word you are "engaged."

Better the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose than expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all.

An old author says: "I have cleaned my mirror; and, fixing my eyes on it, I perceive so many defects in myself that I easily forgive those of others."

A little stealing is a dangerous part, but stealing largely is a noble art; 'tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen, but stealing thousands makes a gentleman.

Locals.

Don't fail to hear "Eli Perkins," the funniest man in America, at the College Oratory, Saturday Night, March 19th.

Jim

Likes to spin

The teetotum,

If thereby he can win,

The Freshman's tin.

Never grows less—Pat's gas.

The rabbit is becoming civilized.

"That's what I said last"—Polkie.

Secure your seats for "Eli Perkins" early and avoid the rush (?)

A Chestnut. "How's the walking in the country to-night."

Five dollars reward will be given to anyone who can see Boyd's mustache three feet off.

Query: What gave Jim the tonsillitis? Ans.: Too much—Wilmington and Philadelphia.

One of the Freshies wants to know if we put a one-cent stamp on every REVIEW we send out.

What is the matter with the Senior who was chased down Washington street by half a dozen girls last month?

Prof.: "Now, Mr. Maloy, what do we manufacture from lime?" Pat (very much scared): "Houses, sir." Laughter.

Ball says the Lord only knows who made the rocks in Tweed's quarries. If Jack goes out to the cider press again he will probably know what Mr. T. loads his gun with.

Prof.: Mr. W., from whose writings are the principal source of our international law? Mr. W.: Don't know, sir. Prof.: Quite right, Mr. W., Bentham's. Perceptible grin goes round.

The following notice was said to have been seen upon the bulletin board a few days ago: "Wanted—B. & O. tickets to Singerly. Highest market price paid. Apply to our dignified Senior."

Scene: The church vestibule. Time, Sunday night. Polkie: Miss L., may I see you home? Miss L. answers by a vigorous push, indicative of her emphatic refusal, and the discomfited Polkie takes a back seat.

Boyd says he is raising a mustache.

Johnny, Johnny, little sonny,

How do your whiskers grow;

Here and there would find a hair,

But no three hairs in a row.

English Grammar says, "We impart our thoughts by means of words." Some wise man puts it this way, with a great deal of truth, "Words are used to *hide* thoughts." One of our learned Seniors, who has had some experience writing originals, says he thinks it ought to go this way, "Words are used to hide the *absence* of thoughts! Which is correct?"

The day students will soon have the rheumatism standing in the present reception room. We suppose they will expect the College to pay their doctor bills. A recent inventory of the furniture was taken with the following result: One battle-scarred, weak-legged table, one stove, one platform, six and a half bench legs, four bench rungs, one half chair back, and six clothes hooks.

New version of an old ditty:

Keep away from that window you college boys,
all,

Keep away from that window I do say;

If you do not keep away you will get hurt to-day
By the benches, chairs, stoves, tables, platforms,
Emphatic language and etc.,
Aflaying through the air.

Chorus by exultant Sophs.

And indignant Profs.

Some time ago two Sophs., one Freshie and the Junio-Sopho-Freshie concluded to go to the theatre. Accordingly they went up to the B. & O. station and were about to purchase their tickets when it occurred to them that it would be a good thing to count their money. To the consternation of all it was found that their combined assets were only sufficient to take three of them in, with enough left to buy a pint of, well—peanuts. After a noisy discussion as to who should be left behind, for all were determined to go, the unterrified Irishman struck on a plan by which they might all go. So, when they got on the train the little Fresh. was crammed under a seat and the others sat with their overcoats on their knees that the Fresh might escape the eagle eyes of the wary conductor. In this they were successful, and when Wilmington was reached he was a little cramped, but was as fresh as ever. They would have been in time, but, when buying their theatre tickets, Pat dropped a cent. The cent rolled in a crack and Pat wasted half an hour hunting something to pry the board up with to get the cent out. The doorkeeper at last gave them a cent, and with peaceful minds they then went in to see the play. The play was of the bloodthirsty order, being "The Boy Tramp; or, the Wild Bootblack of the Sierras." Their appreciation of it is best expressed by their own adjective, which was "splendiferous," and they all agreed that its author should be made President of the United States. As is usual, each one fell in love with the heroine of the play, and they had three fights

and a squabble before they got home, as to who loved her most. Volumes might be written on their actions during the play, but space forbids us. When they got out of the theatre the first trouble they had was caused by the Camden nondescript inquiring of a man "Where the barns were for all these houses." The man thinking they were guying him knocked him down, and he got up a sadder and wiser youth. At last, by employing the same tactics as when they went in, they managed to smuggle the insignificant Freshie out again. They have since formed themselves into what they call the "Theatre Club," taking the following proposition for their motto: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

There are a great many students who have their peculiarities. One, however, has a great weakness for a railroad. In fact, he is never so happy as when on a train of cars. He knows nearly every signal used in starting or stopping a train, the weight of an engine, and the cost of a car. He has a friend who is almost as bad. They always speak of a train by its number, and we are often informed that they are going up on 40, came down on 65, etc. This is all Greek to most of us, but it is nevertheless amusing. Once upon a time it is said a man was left on the 9.24 train. He must get to Philadelphia that night. So he asked this individual how he could get there. "Why," replied the youth, "take 55 to the river and come up on 58," and as the man turned away with an exclamation, loud and emphatic, he cried to him, "you might go up on No. 6, B. & O., if you hurry." Another time, it is said, he was to take a young lady to church. "What train will you be out on," she asked sweetly. "Well," he replied, "I will be out without fail on 151." We would advise this Soph. to discontinue the use of numbers, unless talking to a conductor.

ACT I.

Tic-tac on the door,
Old bench on the floor,
String on bench and tic-tac,
By which to pull them back,
Big hole in the ceiling,
Boy above the string wielding.

[Confusion.]

ACT II.

A Professor down below
To hear noise is not slow,
Up he comes, very wroth,
Bursts door open, nothing loth,
Slings benches tic-tac, by jingo,
Right straight out of the window.

ACT III.

There outside upon the snow,
Benches, chairs, tic-tac lie below;
Inside boys, with aching limbs,
See what evil conduct brings.

De Alumnis.

'89. Erdman Hoffman. Who left college last June, is clerking in Sutton's drug store at St. George's, Del.

'60. George A. Slack. After leaving Delaware College went to the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard College; was engaged as a civil engineer for many years, but now lives retired near Lexington, Mass.

'59. Ed. W. Houston. Engaged in business at Millsboro, Del.; was County Treasurer of Sussex County in 1865, and in 1882 was elected State Senator.

'59. T. B. Giles. Was elected State Treasurer of Delaware in 1875 and re-elected in 1877; is now farming near Seaford, Del.

'81. John S. McMaster. Who is a teacher in Morristown Academy, paid the college a short visit in February.

'59. Irving S. Vallandigham, M. D. Who graduated at Maryland Medical College in 1862, was a surgeon in C. S. A., and has practiced his profession at St. George's, Del.; was a pleasant visitor at the college on the 21st of February.

'39. Samuel Guthrie. Has become a prominent lawyer in New Castle, New Castle county, Delaware.

'54. George H. Raymond, Esq. Formerly a merchant, but now President of Fruit Growers' National Bank, Smyrna, Del.

'40. Rev. Richard M. Abercrombie, D. D. Is at present Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Jersey City, N. J.

'58. John O. Day, M. D. Graduated from University of Pennsylvania as M. D.; followed his profession at Newburg, N. Y. Now lives in Baltimore, Md.

'44. James H. Allen, Esq., A. M. Has been for many years a prominent lawyer in the State of California, where he practices his profession.

'40. Robert C. Rogers. Was a midshipman in the United States Army during the Mexican war. Since then has resided at San Francisco, Cal.

'58. Rev. J. Harvey Beale, A. M. For many years was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Christiana, Del; now pastor of First Presbyterian Church at Kensington. Lives on N. Fifth street, Philadelphia.

'53. John Warren, M. D. Graduated in the Medical Department of University of Pennsylvania in 1856. Has practiced for many years at West Chester, Pa.

'78. Ephriam F. Stevenson. Was admitted to practice law at Andes, N. Y., in 1881. Lives at Andes, N. Y.

College Notes.

Twenty-second street in May.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is off for Europe.

Three hundred Harvard men dined at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, a short time ago.

The students of Yale have decided against forming a base-ball league with only Harvard and Princeton.

A very successful and well-attended musical and literary entertainment was recently given in aid of the Hahnemann Medical College.

The annual meeting and reception of the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Trinity College was held at the University Club 1316 Walnut street, a short time ago. Prof. A. A. Benton was present.

Cardinal Howard recently laid the corner-stone of the new Canadian College on the Via Quattro Fontaine. Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau attended the ceremonies. The founder of the college, Father Clerc, was ill and was unable to be present.

A Cornell man, says an exchange, wrote a burlesque on the ten-cent novel, calling it "Hildebrand, the Horrible; or the Haunted Pig-Sty," and sent it to a sensational publisher as a rebuke. It was accepted with thanks, paid for, and the writer asked to furnish a second story.

In the college slang of Princeton a perfect recitation is called a "tear;" of Harvard a "squirt;" of Bowdoin a "sail;" of Williams a "rake;" of Hamilton a "blood;" and of Amherst a "cold rush." Failures are called "slumps," "stumps," "flunks," and "smashes."

At the University of Pennsylvania, Washington's Birthday was celebrated by ceremonies of more than usual interest. Music, both instrumental and vocal, enlivened the time. The principal address was delivered by Provost Pepper. He made a stand for athletics and college papers.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at Princeton in a very enjoyable manner. The comedy, "Our Boys," was given by the Dramatic Association. The usual oratorical exercises were held by a member from each class. An athletic contest took place in the afternoon and in the evening the debate for a prize of \$50 took place.

A great fraud in the way of a diploma medical college was recently discovered in Maine. It was run under the name of "The Druidic University of America," located at Lewiston, Me., and consisted principally of one "Dr." Sam'l York. This kind of business cannot be too strongly condemned by physicians and others.

There are forty-two college graduates on the

staffs of the six leading daily newspapers of Boston. They represent fourteen colleges. Of this number, 17 are graduates of Harvard, 5 of Yale, 3 each of Dartmouth, Wesleyan and Boston College, 2 each of Colby and Williams, 1 each of Amherst, Bowdoin, Cornell, Trinity, Tufts and the University of Michigan.—*Yale News*.

At a recent literary entertainment given by the students of Grant University at Athens, Ga., Miss McLaine was to recite. As she walked upon the stage she was in apparent good health, and was giving her recitation successfully, when suddenly she stopped, placed her hand over her face, and stood silent. She was led from the stage, and then it was ascertained that she had become totally blind.

A notable step has recently been taken at Cornell University in the resolutions passed by the Sophomore and Freshman classes to abolish all intoxicating liquors from the class suppers. Wealth and good-cheer served to make these occasions memorably delightful to the students of this institution, and that hundreds of young men, to whom the economical phase is a matter of indifference, should voluntarily condemn the abuses which have grown out of class-suppers, is a sign that social drinking will, at no very distant day, be classed a social vulgarity.

The following is clipped from the report of President Dwight's speech before the Phi Beta Kappa society: "Finally we come to one of the main differences between Yale and Harvard. Yale cares for the individual, Harvard for the institution. Yale tries to develop a man's character, and we should have an excellent and definite statement of what that character should be. Yale tries to give men to the world. Harvard tries to give an institution to men to give them a place where they can develop themselves and work out their own character. Harvard's principle recognizes more fully the difference in men. It has far larger possibilities and is based on a great confidence in human nature.

It is said that Prof. Werner, See of the Faculty of New York City College who occasionally reads the Bible in the College Chapel in the absence of the President, has made it his habit daily to make the same selection, that of the story of the Tower of Babel; and it was understood by the students that he chose it as a story that would cast discredit on the Bible. Professor Doremus read last year during President Webb's illness the story of the Creation and, it is said, remarked as he read one portion, "Science approves of that," and upon reading another portion, "Science has not approved of that," or words to that effect. His comments provoked marked expression of feeling by laughter and hissing, and frequent comments during the day. That kind of religious instruction we can well dispense with.

Exchanges.

Now, as to that association of the College Press of Pennsylvania. In the February No. of the *Haverfordian* we notice the suggestion that we be asked to join with the Pennsylvania papers in forming it. The suggestion meets with our hearty approval, and we will be glad to do all in our power to further the interests of the college press of our own and neighbor State. True, we are not in Pennsylvania, but we are only two miles south of the line; and then, as everybody knows, Delaware is the Diamond State, and we hope we are a true Blue Hen's Chicken. Being so near, our interests are almost identical with those of our larger friend. Perhaps we could not bring much of profit to a journalistic convention of neighbor colleges; yet we will gladly give what we can, and perhaps, like the widow's mite, it may gain in value from the manner of giving. Now, the movement cannot amount to anything this year, unless it is started soon. Therefore, we suggest that next month, April, every college paper in Pennsylvania, interested in this movement, have an editorial on the matter, setting forth the object and advantages of such union and giving their opinion as to the best manner, time and place of meeting. Such action, we think, will result in calling together those interested in State journalism and forming an association that will give such a boom to Pennsylvania and Delaware college papers that will speedily place them far in the van of all others.

The *Butler Collegian* has an interesting extract, in which we see that the college student has a better chance in life than we at first supposed. In fact, after reading the article, we concluded there was some chance for even an Exchange Editor. Take courage, brothers, there is some hope for us yet.

We do not read the *Chironian*; in fact, it would not be of much use, if we did, for we would not understand it. What we do understand is good, however, and no doubt it is enjoyed by the medical profession.

The *Wilmington Collegian* is better this time than for some time past. The article on "Free Citizens" is very good and has no uncertain sound. Its remarks upon the mimicry of sons, as a son does many things just because his father did it. It demands that we shall cut loose from this manner of acting and learn to think for ourselves. Many people never think at all, in the true sense of the word, and a large number do not know how to think rightly. However, the article is no better than that on "Amusements, Barbarous and Civilized," which is a good hit at the popular (?) amusements of to-day.

Welcome, *College Portfolio*, to the field of college literature. You have entered a road which is hard to travel, and which you will find full of obstacles; but be brave and you will come out on top, none the worse from your battle with difficulties, but rather better from having passed through them.

We are now sending out nearly one hundred REVIEWS to our college exchanges. We receive about half that number in return. If this continues, we will begin to cut down our list considerably.

And here is another new one, *The Reveille*, Northfield, Vt. It says in its exchange column, "We may not be perfectly free ourselves from unfavorable comments, yet we would strive to laud the good qualities of a paper and overlook its defects and errors, if there be such." We can hardly agree with the latter part, as each and all should be reminded of their defects so they may correct them.

Here is the *Blackburnian*. Where have you been, my friend? We have not seen you for a long time. However, you have been well and have improved somewhat. We would be glad to see you more frequently in the future.

The *College Current* thinks the college papers of the East are nothing but sporting papers. They must have just finished reading the *Pennsylvanian*, or they would not have said it. There are many college papers in the East which can equal any in literary merit. We agree with it in that there is much room for improvement in all the college papers.

The *University Courant* is another new college monthly. Its address is 49 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. It is an excellent paper for its first appearance, and, if it continues to be as good, will become one of our best exchanges. On examination, it proves to be an out and out prohibition paper. Bravo! You could not do better. You are on the side of right, reason and justice, and we hope will stay there.

The *McMicken Review* comes to us for the first time. It is a fairly good paper, but needs considerable improvement before it can be put high in the ranks of our exchanges.

Our old friend, the *Holcad*, is good as usual, but there is nothing particularly brilliant in it. The article on "Alaska" is very instructive.

The *Undergraduate* publishes the letter of President McCosh, of Princeton, in regard to games between the various colleges. Doubtless there is need of restriction in the matter, or the colleges will become the home of nothing but base-ball players. We hope the difficulty will be overcome in the right manner, and thus put an end to this tendency.

College Poetry.

A MEMORY OF SANTA BARBARA.

A curving shore, a dimpling sea,
A crimson sunset sky;
Gray rocks, beneath whose sheltered lee
The length'ning shadows lie.

A gleam of snowy Mission towers,
A purple mountain wall;
The heavy breath of tropic flowers
Blown sweetly over all.

Dim isles like some enchanted land,
Where sky and ocean meet;
A level stretch of shining sand
Beneath our horses' feet.

The fragrant land breeze in our face,
A flow of tossing manes;
The rapture of a breathless race
Still tingling in our veins.

What wonder the mad words we spoke
Born of the scene and hour,
Forgotten with the last faint stroke
Of bells from Mission tower.

Ever the picture dwells with me,
The memory cannot die,
Of winding shore and changing sea
And crimson sunset sky.

—W. C. J.—*The Quill.*

THE GIRL IN BLUE.

At a table, in an alcove,
Sat the charming girl in blue,
Leafing o'er with fairy fingers
Many a volume, old and new.

On her nose were dainty glasses,
Golden pencil in her hair,
And her face was such a wise one,
Though so delicate and fair.

Now and then, in fascination,
As I chanced to look that way,
I could catch a few stray glances
From those eyes so bright and gay.

"But," I queried, as I pondered,
"Who can be this maiden fair,
Poring over stupid pages,
In the alcove over there?"

And, as thus I thought intently,
The librarian happening by,
I just whispered to him softly,
Keeping back a little sigh:

"Pray, inform me, if you can, sir,
Who is yonder pretty maid?"
"Tis a schoolma'am, I should think, sir,"
Was his answer, softly said.

So, although in brown apparel,
Still, you'll grant, I know, 'twas true
That she was—of course, don't mention—
In a sense, a girl in blue.

—*Rochester Campus.*

LINES TO A "CO-ED."

Maiden with ambition high,
In whose fancy deep there lie
World-wide plans for by and by.

Maiden, with your classic lore,
Who dost sciences adore,
Findest all men but a bore.

Maiden, who dost e'er aspire
To climb learning's ladder higher,
Soul aglow with fancy's fire.

Maiden, who dost sit and think
On the fog-bank's dizzy brink,
Reasoning ever link by link.

Maiden thou who art a chum
Of the Ancients, cold and numb,
E'er midst vulgar mortals dumb.

Maiden, versed in "ologies,"
Who delightest Profs. to quiz,
Thou who scornest bang or friz.

Maiden, who dost ever query
Of past ages, dark and dreary,
Whose mind never groweth weary.

Maiden, who dost always ken
Of the "what," the "why," the "when,"
Ever ready with the pen.

Maiden, versed in Mathematics,
Chemistry, and Hydrostatics,
Who art soaring in Pneumatics.

Maiden, look me in the eye,
Answer thou without a lie,
Canst thou make a cake or pie?

—*Colby Echo.*

AN INVITATION.

The store was dimly lighted, and
The clerk my wants employed
Leaned o'er the counter toward me, while
Her listless finger toyed
Among some samples of the trade
Surmounted by a card which said,
"Take one."

She raised the placard carelessly,
Until it touched her lips;
She seemed to hide a kiss behind
Her slender finger tips;
Her blue eyes plainly seemed to say,
"You can't, but don't you wish you may?"
Her lips were smiling coyly, though,—
I looked once at the card, and so
Took one.

—*Yale Record.*

SPRING.

We wait for thy coming,
Sweet wind of the South,
For the touch of thy light wings,
The kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel
Thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life
To the graves of the sod! —*Whittier.*

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Three little Freshmen, all unwary,
Fond of the snows of Janu-ary,
Caught diseases pulmonary,
Three little Freshman fools!

A Sophomore has made the startling discovery
that the Hebrew word translated in the Bible as
"rib," really means backbone, and it was this
that Adam lost and out of which Eve was made.

He was practical and had been making love on
that basis. She was a little that way herself.
"Can you cook?" he inquired. "Can you sup-
ply everything to be cooked?" she replied. It
was a match.—*Ex.*

According to actual count of statistical reports,
the jokes on loquacious women amount to 703;
on old maids, 905; on dudes, 1,007. (The last
item was reported to be 1,005, but on examina-
tion it was found to be as stated.)

A little Scotch boy, on being rescued by a by-
stander from the dock into which he had fallen,
expressed heartfelt gratitude, saying: "I'm so
glad you got me out. What a lickin' I had have
frae mither if I had been drowned!"

"Do you think that a lion and a lamb have
ever lain down together?" asked a college stu-
dent of a professor. "I really don't know," an-
swered the professor; "but, if they ever did such
a thing, I've no doubt the lamb was missing from
that date."

Mr. Coldcash: "Well, little Essie, aren't you
going to kiss your uncle?"

Essie (pert child of the period, aged seven
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Mr. Coldcash: "And why not, little dar-
ling?"

Essie: "Because there's your wife looking on,
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