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THE CADET.

VOL. II.

ORONO, MAINE, DECEMBER 1887.

No. 9.

The Cadet.

ISSUED ON THE FIRST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH
DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE
MAINE STATE COLLEGE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

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TERMS:

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Subscribers not receiving THE CADET regularly, or those changing their address, should notify the Business Editor at once.

Contributions from the Alumni and friends of the College will be gratefully received, when accompanied by the writer's name. No anonymous articles will be accepted.

Advertising rates can be obtained on application to N. E. Wilson, the Business Editor, box 164, Orono, Me., to whom all business communications and remittances should be sent. All other communications should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

EDITORIAL.

WITH this number THE CADET completes its second volume, and as we look back over the two and one-half years since it first made its appearance, we feel thankful for so much of success as has visited us, and are led to believe that, this time, a journal has come to the M. S. C. to stay. Several ventures have been made in the past to maintain a college paper, the first being *The College Reporter*, which was first issued about 1876, and lived for a short time, but finally failed so far as we can learn, for want of proper support. The next movement to publish a college journal, which met with any degree of success was made in the spring of 1885, its results being THE CADET, whose first number appeared in September of that year, and was hailed with pleasure by every patriotic student.

Since then it has passed through many vicissitudes, and met with many discouragements. At times we have almost thought that it was dead, but it has survived, thanks to the untiring efforts of its editors alone. We say this conscientiously, for while we are thankful for every aid which has been extended to us, we know, from an experience as extended as it has been the lot of any upon the board to enjoy, that nothing but the strictest attention to duty has kept the paper from falling into an early grave. We hope, however, that the greater struggles are past, and that the future will be more prosperous. We are not yet in the way to the highest success, but hope and believe we are progressing, and when the time arrives for the

EDITORIAL.

LITERARY.

CAMPUS.

PERSONALS.

EXCHANGES.

OTHER COLLEGES.

SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING SCRAPS.

HASH.

present board to lay down the editorial quill we can invite our successors to a brighter outlook, and an easier field of labor.

THERE have been a great many complaints, of late, that subscribers do not receive THE CADET regularly. The greater part of these complaints come from the Western States. Now, "why do not the boys in the west receive THE CADET?" As we are positive that THE CADET is mailed to one and all of our subscribers each month of issue, and we feel sure that the trouble does not lie with the P. O. officials, we see but one answer to the question, viz:—the boys in the west do not keep the Business Editor informed of their correct addresses. There is name after name upon our list with a black line drawn through it, and why? Simply because we have received an official notice from the P. M. at the place to which THE CADET, bearing that name was sent, saying, "Your paper addressed to Mr. — lies dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same; reason, unclaimed." As a means of obviating this trouble in the future, we ask each and every subscriber to THE CADET to send his or her correct address to the Business Editor, thus enabling him to compile a new mailing list, one that may be relied upon. As a matter of convenience to us we ask your immediate attention to this matter.

DURING the long months of the winter vacation there is a great deal which might be done towards making easier the work of the spring term. Literary work is required of all the upper classes, and two or three well learned declamations, or the first drafts of several themes completed, will save much time, just when it is most needed, besides being a great benefit to the student, for you will do better work while you have leisure, than while you are pressed for time by your regular studies. This fact should especially claim the attention of every Senior, for upon them will devolve an extra amount of work next term. They should at least, prepare the matter for their Commencement themes now, and insure both a saving of time, and a more scholarly production than

could be written if only a limited time could be devoted to it. The Juniors also should have their prize essays well under control. It is the testimony of every one who has not prepared a great amount of literary work during the winter, that when the time approached for the themes to go before the committee, they were obliged to submit an inferior production, and one which was not the result of their best efforts. So let every student prepare his or her themes, and perhaps the greater amount of matter for their theses now, and not be driven when the work of the term is justly entitled to all their attention.

WE would earnestly invite our Alumni to contribute more liberally to our columns. Surely there are among the hundreds who have graduated from the M. S. C. many who write, or are able to write, articles for publication. Some have favored us in times past and they have in every case, given us articles of much interest and value, and we most earnestly desire that more would contribute. An article by an alumnus has a much greater attraction to all our readers, than one by a student. We hope for a large number of such articles for our next volume, and any article will be gratefully acknowledged. During the winter vacation, articles may be sent, in care of the Business Editor, at Orono, Me., or to the Editor-in-Chief, box 108, Danforth, Me.

SOMETHING is again the matter with the reading room, and this threatens to be continuous. No matter what may be done in the way of improvement there, or what may be said, it seems to have no effect. The room is used as a lounging place most of the time, and frequently it is the scene of very boisterous conduct. It seems strange that students will so far forget themselves as to indulge in reckless conduct, such as will mar the appearance of the room, and cause it to be an eye-sore, so to speak, to the more gentlemanly ones among us. There is not the slightest necessity for any scuffling in the room at all. There is plenty of room for that out of doors, if it must be done. The old adage that "boys will be boys" is strictly true and applies to college students

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as well as to those less fortunate, but there is no need of being ungentlemanly, boys. Another cause of fault finding is the fact that papers are carried away by some unprincipled ones, thus depriving the majority of their use. We dislike to speak in such plain terms, but as the room is now treated by the students generally, it is a question whether it is profitable to continue it or not.

THE legislature of the State of Maine, at its last session, in the appropriation of \$25,000 for the erection of a Natural History building, paved the way for the Trustees of the Maine State College to fittingly acknowledge the friendship and benevolence of those who have assisted the Institution during the years that have passed. When the establishment of the college was proposed and the endeavor was made to connect it with Bowdoin or Colby, first and foremost in the rank and file of the opposition stood Dr. Ezekiel Holmes, and to his efforts, more than to those of any other individual, is due the establishment of the Maine State College as a separate institution of learning. After the college was founded and had seen a dozen years of actual service its possibilities were still further increased by the magnificent endowment of the late Ex-Governor Coburn, whose gift of \$100,000 placed the institution in a position, financially, the advantages of which can hardly be over-estimated. In commemoration and acknowledgement of the noble services of these two men, the Board of Trustees have given the name of "Coburn Hall" to the building, and the cabinet which will occupy a portion of the building will be dedicated as "Holmes Cabinet." Appropriate tablets will also be erected in memory of these who have befriended us.

THE CADET acknowledges the receipt of a circular letter issued by Messrs. Jones, French and Ayer, of the class of '86, relating to the formation of an Association of M. S. C. graduates and those who were former students in its halls and who are now in business or reside in or near the city of Boston. The circular contains the gratifying intelligence that

there are fifty old M. S. C. men residing about the Hub, who, if organized into such an association might very profitably and pleasantly renew old acquaintances, make new ones, and by so doing, not only benefit one another but also bring into prominence the Maine State College which they are proud to claim as their Alma Mater. It would seem to us that with so large a number as fifty centered in one locality, it is strange that it should have remained so long without an association such as the members of the class of '86 now have the honor of proposing. It is a commendable plan, and one which, having such high motives in its establishment, will receive the earnest support of every one who has ever been connected with the Maine State College as a student, and in the hands of the gentlemen who are advancing it, we should say that it was sure of success.

OF the many improvements which have been made in and about M. S. C. none are more evident than those made in the study rooms of the students. When the majority of the present board of editors were still sophomores and freshmen, but very few of the rooms in Brick Hall were furnished with anything more than what was absolutely necessary for the plainest comfort. The walls were bare and cheerless and the floors were cold and gave the rooms anything but an inviting appearance. At present however, fully seventy-five per cent. of the rooms in the brick dormitory have the walls well papered and tastily decorated, and in many instances carpets have been put on the floors. The same holds true in the Chapter House of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity where about ninety per cent. of the rooms are both papered, painted and carpeted. Such an advancement cannot fail to have a beneficial and elevating influence upon those who are students here and we would suggest that the Faculty take some steps by which the rooms on the upper floor of Brick Hall, occupied by the freshmen, might be rendered a little more cheerful and homelike, thus brightening the dull life of these under-classmen. Surely there is nothing lost in the careful expenditure of a little money in this direction, as parents of the students, visiting the College can readily ascertain by a glance into several study rooms where these improvements have already been made.

LITERARY.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SKY.

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

A breath of winter chills the air,
 The wind blows from the north,
 Meadow and hill are brown and bare,
 No song the wood gives forth,
 But on the earth the wood-fire's light
 In old-time splendor glows
 And where the kitchen shelves are bright,
 Thanksgiving's bounty shows.

The farmhouse door is open wide,
 And oft the good-wife's eyes
 Turn, full of mother-love's high tide,
 Where west the roadway lies.
 For years ago, a stalwart lad,
 With hopeful, ringing song,
 And strength that made her fond heart glad,
 Would come that path along.

How cheering was his joyful hail,
 But ah, there came a day,
 When down the narrow cheerless vale,
 He slowly took his way;
 No song was loud upon the wind,
 When on the hill-top high,
 Through tears that nearly made her blind,
 She saw him wave good-bye.

And though the years have come and gone
 With swift, unerring flight,
 No more her eyes have looked upon
 That vision of delight;
 Yet ever, as the sunlight throws
 Its shadows up the slope,
 Her wistful glance a-searching goes
 With all a mother's hope.

Now trees are bare, and meadows brown,
 Yet where the river flows
 Through yonder valley by the town,
 And where the rough hill shows
 Its craggy steeps, along the sky,
 Like to a dream of spring,
 Bright clouds of flame and amber lie,
 And to the roadway cling.

And so it was that day when he
 Went outward from the door,
 To seek, across the restless sea,
 That ever distant shore,
 Where Fortune pours her gold and gems
 Before the seeker's feet,
 Where all ways lead to diadems,
 And all the blooms are sweet,

That, too, was a Thanksgiving day—
 And each year had brought
 To azure deeps, the veil of gray
 By Autumn's sunlight wrought,
 She watched to see the heaven's flush
 When bells were loud and glad,
 And whispered in a prayful hush—
 "Then will I see my lad."

And now the flame is there again,
 And crowns the rugged hill;
 And hear the bells across the plain,
 The air with music fill;
 Her eyes go searching up the road,
 But meets no sign, that tells
 How near or far from her abode
 Hope's consummation dwells.

The gleam of tears that will not rest
 Shines in her weary eyes:
 And now—above the hill's far crest,
 There shows against the skies,
 The form of one whose steps are swift
 To bring the meeting time,
 And now the distant bells uplift
 Their sweetest, loudest chime.

Ah, mother love, the time is here,
 The radiant sky is true,
 This is the glad—the promised year
 Your lad comes back to you,
 And though his face with tan is brown,
 His eyes still hold the light
 That makes his kiss the perfect crown,
 Nor pain, nor loss can blight.

Who waits with trustful hearts will prove
 The message of the sky,
 For lo, the Saviour's precious love
 Unto each heart is nigh:
 Prepare the feast, for one will come,
 What time, ah, who can say?
 But when the father brings him home
 It is Thanksgiving day.

—Thos. S. Collins.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS CEYLONESE.

NOT far from the southern part of Hindoo-
 stan, surrounded by the ever troubled
 Indian Ocean, lies an island. The majority of
 people call it Ceylon, others, the Beautiful Isle
 of Gems, but I myself say that it is truly an
 Eastern Paradise. Should one as he stands
 elevated, but gaze into the evergreen valleys
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empire, and observe in them the ruins of many an artistic heathen temple, or the crumbling walls of the majestic palace of a Pagan, the wasted form of a gigantic idol or the veritable image of a Buddha, he can say with impunity that he sees in these the germs of superstition which are the foundation of paganism, which creeping along at a snail pace, bursts into view like the flash of light caused by the inconceivable rapid leap of the electric fluid. Nor is this all borne by the soft winds of idolatry. It at length grows into a cyclone, driving before it the lightly propped element, purity, covering its path with ruin, spreading a lurid appearance over the majestic temples which are dedicated to gods of wood and stone. As one stands and gazes with delight upon the wonders of nature in this part of the Creator's earth, a strange feeling of sorrow creeps over him, and thought upon thought rushes into his busy brain.

At first as he looks up towards heaven and beholds the tropical sky, hanging over a luxuriant vegetation, he soliloquizes as follows: "Why did an all-wise Creator ever prepare this land with all its tropical beauty and splendor to form the amphitheatre of superstition and paganism?" When we read that the ancient inhabitants of this island clothed themselves in demon-like apparel for the sake of protection against demons which they imagined haunted them continually, and which spirits they said held them in fear, the truth is hardly conceivable but it is so, and these unfortunate of God's creatures lived lives but a very little higher than that of the animals.

To give the reader a correct knowledge of some works arising from superstition, I will now explain to him what they call a Devil's Dance, or in the Sinhlease tongue (Yakkoo Natanawa.) This dance is used as a remedy for a person who is dying either from the effects of a blow from a weapon, or a severe fever. First, on the walls of the chamber in which the patient is placed are painted hideous looking pictures. To make it worse they throw a blue light on the walls, so that these figures look more dismal and ghastly. After all this has been accomplished, the friends and relatives of the patient are conducted into the room, where they seat themselves on the floor, with their backs to the wall, forming a fencing or ring,

called the "Devil's Ring." The patient is then clothed in light apparel and placed upon a mattress in the centre of the ring. The doctor or the "medicine man" as they call him, suddenly disappears into an adjoining chamber. A deep silence now prevails, only interrupted by the heavy breathing of some inmates of the room, when at the chamber door appears the doctor, shrouded in a large alligator's skin. Cautiously he approaches the mattress on which lies the dying patient. Approaching near the sick person, he begins to murmur slowly, then increasing his voice gradually, until all of a sudden the whole company begin to yell like fiends. The doctor takes this opportunity to steal into the chamber, throw off his alligator-skin coat, and put on a chetah's skin. With this on he jumps into the midst of the crowd, scattering them in all directions, striking terror into their hearts, so thus increasing the noise and confusion greatly. After this he disappears and comes out clothed in a bear's skin. Thus they keep it up, something different every time, till dawn of day, when almost always the patient dies from the effects of it. With all this confusion, noise and brutality, I ask, how can a person live? It was truly a mystery to me to find that in any case the patient even lived till dawn.

Oh, how grateful to God should a person be, who, enclosed within the precincts of a Christian land can sing praises and anthems to heaven and his God. He must ever be thankful that it falls to his lot, not to be one of the degraded and despicable wretches of this earth. For if he can but see only one of these poor creatures clinging to the belief, that in demonlike forms, the skins of beasts and reptiles and even in the sacrifice of parts of his own body there is a cure for sickness, he will loudly exclaim, "how glad I feel that I was taught better at the beginning of life."

The world rolls on, days and months pass on in quick succession yet the extermination of superstition will not be reached in a day. It will be the work of years, yes, hundreds of years, before it will be crushed, and the christian banners placed over the same temples in which superstition once flourished. As I now have a vivid recollection of a visit to a heathen temple, I will strive to describe it and make it as interesting as possible.

After a long ride the teamster who was sitting by my side, pointed in an easterly direction, and said "there it is." I looked in that direction, and there in the distance stood the temple, crowned with four tall spires, shining in the afternoon sun, and towering into the sky like the formidable battlements pictured in the Scotch paintings I had seen at home. In about thirty minutes, after we first saw it, we reached the massive walls, within which stood the magnificent sacred temple, dedicated to the God Muniyandi, the spirit which, the natives believed, supported their agricultural pursuits and provided the rain necessary for the sustenance of their crops. It was offering day, and the halls were thronged with a multitude of superstitious natives. Among these were found a score or more of pickpockets and other robbers skilled in the art. Regardless of my companion, the teamster, I mounted the massive carved steps, then threw myself into the throng of humanity, and was in a moment lost from view. The first curiosity that attracted my attention was an idol about ten feet tall by two feet broad, perched on a pedestal of remarkable beauty. This hideous looking picture at first terrified me but I soon recovered my composure as usual and advanced to observe what the natives were doing around it. Each of the natives who had been waiting patiently, when his turn arrived would kneel before the idol and placing the offering of vegetables and flowers upon the platform before it, offer a prayer, asking the idol to guard his crops. So great is the superstitious fidelity, that they will rise, kiss the feet of this, their stone god, and retire with a light heart to visit the other idols which they call the servants of Muniyandi. The temple was truly a beautiful structure, built of carved granite, showing how skilled the natives of the East are in the art of carving and engraving. The interior was painted artistically, and the carvings represented on the walls, were the most interesting I ever saw. Once I came to a large reptile, carved from a huge block of granite, representing a cobra. This showed a great deal of care, patience and attention. The only trouble I met with in the interior was laughable and yet grave. Every time I turned a corner I had the pleasure of tumbling over a baby god, and in one case the concussion was so great,

that the round, soft head of marble was almost broken from the shoulders. I laughed; the natives scowled. I knew what a scowl meant and ran hurriedly away from their sight.

Another place of interest that I visited was Kelamia. Here superstition was found in its glory. The devil dances were as common as the social dances we have here in the State of Maine. The whole population of this town were Buddhists. Here they erected a magnificent temple and dedicated it to Buddha. Year after year the fidelity to their god increased until fifty years ago, when it reached its pinnacle. Then thousands were drawn into their belief and became Buddhists. Ever since then it has been decreasing and now there is but a handful who support the stately temple of Buddha.

One morning with a companion, I started to see this temple. On reaching it we had to climb a broad set of steps about a hundred years old, but the masonry was so fine that they were yet substantial. When we gained the entrance we were delayed from further advancement by a native priest, shorn and in a yellow robe, who politely asked us to enter into a beautiful apartment and place therein all articles that we did not need while in the interior. He then inquired of us our purpose, when we replied that we were travellers. We were presently escorted into the interior of the temple where he showed us the different forms by which Buddha manifested himself to his followers after his death. Then he took us to the image of Buddha. It was one hundred years old, thirty feet long, twelve feet around its waist. It was considered the largest idol on the island, and would arouse wonder in the minds of any European traveller. The superstitious priests are so afraid of it, that they themselves, stand about three feet away from the idol and do not allow any one to put their hands on it, saying that it will excite the wrath of Buddha, who will exterminate the human race for the performance of such a sacrilegious act. Never did I see the fidelity in all my travels that surpassed this of these veritable Buddhists.

In the central and southwestern part of the island there are a large number of superstitious people. Here the sighing of the wind among the rugged forest trees, the lonely hoot of the horned owl, the rustling of the leaves, or the

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disagreeable music of the cat at midnight, are to them omens of a bad nature and they shudder when any of these sounds disturb the stillness of a dark, tropical night. So timid are these poor people that they dare not step across the threshold of their own homes after darkness has gathered around them.

The chief spirit which these people believe in is called "Bohowiliwanso" or the spirit Carnleon. It is their belief that this spirit lurks around dwellings, is two feet tall and his method of capturing any one is very striking. No sooner does he hear any one than he walks slowly up to him and begins to scratch at his feet. The person of course stoops to see what the matter is, when the spirit fastens himself on the neck of the person and chokes him till he expires. So great an influence has this belief on some poor wretches, that they will not after dark, cross certain places without torches, the light of which they say the spirit does not enjoy. Another superstition indulged in by this people is, that every large snake that wanders around dwellings day after day is the soul of a dead brother or father, transmigrated into the body of a snake. Therefore they have temples of unsurpassed magnificence erected and dedicated to their honored dead, wherein they keep and protect snakes, beginning from the large cobra and ending with the little polanga.

Through the aid of missionaries, the influence of Godly men and the good will of the nation, superstition has been crushed and the gospel of God planted in its place. Many a magnificent heathen temple has been leveled to the ground, and in its place has been built a church from which rise anthems to the true God. To say the fact there are not now two-tenths of the people of that island who are superstitious. They no longer linger in their superstition, but praise and adore the true Creator.

—E. L. M.

Away with superstition. A Michigan girl has found 2,155 four-leaf clovers and isn't married yet. An Omaha girl who found out how to make pumpkin pie was married in three months.—*Omaha World*.

DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE SHAKESPEARE? HIS PLACE AMONG POETS.

The following article, a report published in the *Portland Transcript*, of a lecture given by one of Portland's most scholarly divines, as bearing upon one of the most important questions of the day, may perhaps interest the reader.

THE French never understood Shakespeare, Voltaire calling him a barbarian, but the Germans discovered Shakespeare. Shakespeare was little read in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, other dramatic poets being more popular. Ben Jonson considered himself, and was considered a greater poet. The works of Beaumont and Fletcher were more read, but now they are seldom taken from the shelf, and Shakespeare is universally read and admired. What has wrought the change? Englishmen came gradually to appreciate Shakespeare, and August Wilhelm Schlegel, a great German scholar, discovered Shakespeare, translating his plays into German, and calling the attention of the English, as well as the Germans, to their superlative merits.

It was two hundred years after the death of Shakespeare before any one doubted that he wrote Shakespeare's plays. The first doubter was an American woman, one Delia Bacon. Some time before, a man is said to have expressed doubts on the subject but she, by her enthusiasm, first called attention to the matter. She spoiled her work by her method, claiming not only that the plays were not written by Shakespeare but that the plays themselves were not understood. According to her idea they were not poetry but philosophy, and Baconian philosophy. She was a Shakespeare Swedenborg, taking the plays not literally but as symbolical. She went to England and published a book, but no one would listen to her and her book fell flat. Her theory was not very different from that of to-day which claims that Bacon wrote the plays and also furnishes a key to prove it. Ignatius Donnelly, in his book about to appear, claims to have discovered a cipher proving conclusively that Bacon wrote the plays. In England the extracts from the book already published, have been laughed at, and if Mr. Donnelly shows as little regard to

probability and reason, and as vivid an imagination in this work as in his extremely improbable story of "The Lost Atlantis," one need give but little serious attention to the matter. It is a singular fact that these doubters are all, or nearly all, Americans, no English scholar, and not one of those who have written the history of English Literature, having doubted for a moment that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's plays. What proof have these doubters beyond the cipher?

First, they say we know but little of Shakespeare's life, but that little proves that he could not have written the plays. His lack of education and the events of his life as far as known, show it to have been impossible. The doggerel verse comprising his epitaph is not what might be expected from a man of transcendent genius, indeed it is not poetry at all, but the veriest doggerel, and beyond that, the cipher extracts from this epitaph the information that Bacon wrote the plays and Shakespeare admitted it.

The author of the plays must have possessed profound and critical knowledge and been equally versed in law, divinity, medicine, history and ancient literature. He made the old Romans live again, and taking the materials and characters found in English and French history wove them into new creations of his own. They argue that such knowledge, and therefore such work, was impossible to Shakespeare, but not to Bacon. What is the answer?

There is no evidence whatever that Bacon wrote the plays beyond that claimed to be found in the cipher. Shakespeare's contemporaries never doubted for a moment that he wrote the plays that bear his name, and his countrymen without exception honor the genius of William Shakespeare. The greatest of all foreign critics, August W. Schlegel, never doubted his claim, and all eminent Shakespearean scholars and literary men who have expressed an opinion, indignantly refuse to accept a Baconian theory. As for the epitaph, there is no evidence to prove that Shakespeare wrote it. Bacon had great genius, but his genius was not that of Shakespeare. We have no evidence that Bacon was a poet at all, much less a great poet, and a great dramatic poet.

This theory is similar to that which denies

that Homer wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey, but while many Greek scholars question or deny their Homeric origin, not one really eminent English scholar has accepted the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays.

Assuming that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare, what is his place among ancient and modern poets? In what relation did he stand to contemporary domestic poets? Was he wholly apart from and far above them? Or was he a poet among poets—the greatest in a great age? The latter position is doubtless the true one, for the age in which Shakespeare lived was to England what the age of Pericles was to Greece. But, although he was surrounded by dramatic poets of distinction, and in the time of such men as Richard Hooker, Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh and others as great, his genius easily raised him above them all. His superiority to all other dramatic poets is not denied unless a few might claim superiority in certain respects for the Greek dramatic poets, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

He was certainly greater than Chaucer and superior to Spencer and Milton in originality, imagination, dramatic power and breadth. He was far above Dryden and Pope and Wordsworth. Byron, Scott, Southey and Coleridge cannot compare with him. Byron possessed dramatic genius, but lacked the nobility of character displayed in the works of Shakespeare. Browning has been compared to him, but is in no way his equal, and Tennyson, the second English poet of our time, is immeasurably below him. Shakespeare, is, indeed, *the* English poet.

France has no one to compare with him. Voltaire is the one Frenchman whose writings have shaped the thoughts and feelings of Frenchmen as Shakespeare has those of English-speaking people. But what a difference there is in the character of that influence. Goethe, the greatest German poet, himself said that it was for him to look up to, adore and revere Shakespeare. In Italy there is but one poet to compare with him, Dante, considered the third greatest poet in the world, and he is not his equal in depth of sympathy and breadth, although he is perhaps more elevated and learned. Homer, the "Father of Poetry,"

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was to the Greeks and Greek literature what Shakespeare is and will be to the English speaking people of the world. Homer had, indeed, a kindred genius, and his science, his characters and his sympathies take the widest range, and he has greatly influenced the literature of the world. But inasmuch as dramatic poetry is superior to epic poetry, Shakespeare is superior to Homer, and as the English and Teutonic races are to be the races of the future, so English literature will be the literature of the future, as the Greek has been of the past, and Shakespeare will be to all other modern poets what Homer has been to all other ancient poets, the best and greatest to whom all others bow down, the sovereign poet of mankind.

The following interesting letter was written by Judge Samuel Freeman, of Portland, on September 1st. 1796, to his son, Samuel D. Freeman, who was then experiencing his first year in Harvard College. The sentiment and advice therein contained are truly admirable and although it seems perhaps rather stringent, we question whether the fatherly admonition received by modern college youths could surpass it in any respect.

"Sept., 1796.

Dear Sam:—As you have entered upon a college life, I think it my duty as an affectionate father, who wishes for your happiness and reputation, to give you my advice in such things as shall from time to time occur to me. I do not ask your implicit obedience to all the instructions I may give you except so far as you shall yourself judge it reasonable to follow them, but I claim your attentive consideration and a conduct conformable to the solid conviction of your own mind.

Consider it of the utmost importance that you employ your time well, not only in being diligent or not wasting of it, but in employing it to the best purposes and in the most useful studies. These things I may consider as the ground work of all my instruction to you. Here let me again enlarge on a subject of one of my letters, that of reading with attention. Believe it, one page properly digested is worth folios ignorantly skimmed through. If you meet with any difficulty in what books you read, mark the place till a further progress may give you a further insight to it, but do not totally lay the book aside till you perfectly comprehend every idea and expression, and as

you go along, mark what pleases you and after sufficient reflection transcribe in your common place book. This will give it a firm root in your mind, and if your manuscript is arranged under proper heads, you will always find it extremely convenient when writing upon any subject.

As to religion, consider that great Being who made and governs the world and all things in it, as an omnipresent being, whose eye beholdeth all our actions, who knoweth all our thoughts, and who will delight in seeing that we do good and sin not. In the morning when you awake thank Him for the preservation of the past night and supplicate His assistance and direction in the duties of the following day. When you lie down to rest, acknowledge His goodness and constant daily care of you and commit yourself to His protection during the silent watches of the night, when the eyes of earthly watchful friends are closed in sleep. Consider God as the giver of all good, and as a being without whom we can enjoy no happiness either in this world or that which is to come. Let it be a rule with you to read a portion of the Bible every day. It is a valuable book independent of its being (as it doubtless is) the word of God. The history contained in it is entertaining and the instruction useful.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Let a due distinction be paid to the exercises of this and other days and when not necessarily prevented, attend constantly the house of worship. These things are too slightly regarded in Cambridge, when they are of the most infinite importance to every one. When we consider the shortness of life how can we neglect these most necessary duties? We are not certain of a single moment. We may be blotted out of existence in the twinkling of an eye. It is by religion only that we can be enabled to bear up with the frowns and disappointments of the world, and it is the only solace we can have on the bed of sickness, for deprived of this fell despair must rankle in our bosoms.

A neatness of appearance affords a good ingredient in your character.

Amusements to relax the mind are necessary, but it is not those that are expensive that best answer this purpose. Prudence in this respect

and endeavor to avoid acquiring such a taste or desire for amusements merely for pleasure or to gratify a craving disposition thereto, as will intrude upon your studies or take up more of your time than they are worth.

Time, how important is the right use of it. Well employed, how much learning may be acquired and how many useful ideas may be gained to promote the happiness of ourselves and others; but spent in idleness these advantages are not obtained and one might as well spend his time in sleep.

'Learn Patience.'

I believe there is not so much need of this caution as to your collegiate exercises, for I consider the acquirement of this virtue as one of the advantages of a College Education, but in your intercourse in life, after you shall have finished your studies there, you will find it an important possession of your mind.

Perionnet advised me to stick up over my mantelpiece in letters 3 3-10 the following words—*Job was a patient man.* It was excellent advice, for you will have need to exercise much of your patience before you quit Cambridge and you will find no other virtue, not even honesty that will be of such service in your intercourse in life.

To this virtue naturally follows resignation, with which it is nearly allied. To be patient and resigned under disappointments, crosses, losses, and other adverse turns of fortune or the dispensation of Providence will afford a calmness and ease of mind that is highly valuable and necessary to be attended to in your younger years, carefully to be cultivated as you advance in life that it may be strengthened when it may be most needed.

As you have opportunity converse with others on the subjects you read or study and communicate to them the ideas you receive. This will have a great tendency to fix them in your mind and afford the additional advantage of acquiring a disposition to be sociable. This will be greatly improved by communicating what you hear as well as what you read."

The weight of sea water is 1.029 times that of fresh water. One cubic foot of sea water weighs 64.3125 pounds, and one gallon, 8.58 pounds. About one thirty-third part of its weight, or four ounces to each gallon, is salt.

CAMPUS.

Chairs!!!

Settees!!

"Dry Bones."!!

Peanuts!!

"Bring on your dog!"

Brass Buckles!!

"Don't squeal when you're pinched!"—
Prof. R.

Mr. Hart, assistant in the civil engineering department was called home during the latter part of the term, owing to the serious illness and death of his brother.

Blanchard and Andrews '88, Coffin and White '89, who have been engaged in engineering work during part of the autumn on the Dexter and Dover R. R., returned to college in season to take their examinations.

The following conversation took place in the chemistry recitation on the morning after the removal of the settees from the chapel.

Prof.—"Mr. S.—were you out last night?"

Mr. S.—"No! sir?"

Prof.—"Honest injun?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, sir, 'honest injun' "

Several members of the Freshmen class in Physiology were recently engaging in a little hilarity, when Prof. Harvey remarks that "the devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Mr. G—, you may write out the table of the bones of the skeleton," That's right Prof., keep them busy.

The following are the officers of the Y. M. C. A. for the spring term. Pres., F. A. Smith; Vice-Pres., F. P. Briggs; Sec., G. H. Babb; Cor. Sec., J. W. Edgerly, Jr.; Tres., T. G. Lord; Devotional Com., J. R. Boardman, E. F. Heath, H. V. Starrett; Membership Com., T. G. Lord, J. S. Ferguson, E. L. Morey, Wm. R. Farrington; Gymnasium Com., J. R. Boardman, T. G. Lord, J. S. Ferguson.

Several entertainments have recently been given by the young ladies at the village. On Hallow'een a dancing and card party was given by Misses Wall and Chaplin, and other similar

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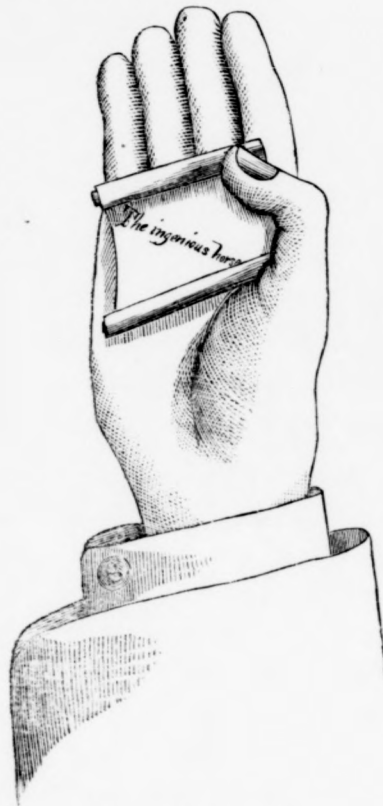
occasions have been given by Misses Cowan and Sutton. Many of the students have been favored with invitations, have attended and have reported very enjoyable evenings. Thanks awfully, Ladies!

Last but not least:—In reviewing the work accomplished by the skeleton it has been found that he committed one deed that was at first overlooked. For some reason he greased the blackboards in Prof. Roger's recitation room. This probably was not intentional on the part of said skeleton but in his search for the door he doubtless walked around the room with his hands following the walk until he found an exit, not daring to strike a match for fear his deeds would be brought to light.

Boardman, Lord and Starrett who were the M. S. C. delegates, to the twenty-first annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Maine, which was held in Rockland, Nov. 3, 4, 5 and 6, returned much pleased with their visit to Rockland and thoroughly satisfied that for hospitality Rockland heads the list. They report a very interesting convention and returned thoroughly aroused and determined to place our association on a firmer basis than it has been before. The interest which they have manifested has spread to the other active members and as a result many excellent meetings were held during the last two weeks of the term, and much new work has been planned out for the spring term.

The gymnasium which for the past year has not been utilized has been placed in the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association which will have entire charge of it in the future. It is their purpose to thoroughly repair the building and refit it with apparatus. In addition to the parallel bars, horizontal bar, and trapeze which are now in the building, dumbbells, Indian clubs, chest weights, striking bag and other apparatus will be obtained. Arrangements will be made by which the building may be heated so that gymnasium exercise may be continued during the winter months. The building will be under charge of an efficient committee and will be governed by rules and regulations so that if it once be placed in fair condition it can be kept so. Gymnasium

tickets may be obtained of the committee at the commencement of the spring term and will cost fifty cents. The committee would be glad to have any and all who are conversant with athletics and the requisites of a first-class gymnasium to confer with them in relation to the matter at the commencement of next term so that the gymnasium may fulfill its mission in the best practicable manner.



WHOA! PONY.

Once more in the history of the Maine State College have the students united in celebrating the close of the term with a "Peanut Drunk." The "drunk" which was held one year ago was entirely of a private nature, indulged in only by the students. This year the plan of operation was somewhat changed. At noon, Nov. 10, a mass meeting of the students was held and the following officers and committees appointed: Marshal, Cadet Major William Philbrook; Aids, Cadet Capt. D. E. Campbell; Cadet Private J. R. Boardman; Master of Ceremonies, Cadet Adj. N. E. Wilson; Drum Major, Cadet Private, F. L. Small; Committee of arrangements, D. E. Campbell, J. R. Boardman, G. M. Gay, J. Bird 2nd, W. H. Keith. Class committees were also appointed and it was voted to hold the "drunk" on the last night of the term, Friday, Nov. 18. Accordingly all

arrangements being completed, the batallion was called into ranks and with torches and transparencies, and headed by the college band, C. L. Howes, leader, proceeded to the residence of our worthy President. The batallion was drawn up in line and after a well rendered selection by the band, Mr. Wilson, in behalf of the students, in a few remarks, presented the Pres. with a bag of well roasted peanuts. Pres. Fernald responded in a feeling manner, thanking the students for their call and for the peanuts, and after three rousing cheers for Prex. and three for M. S. C., the students departed for the residence of Prof. Balentine, where another halt was made. Prof. Rogers responded for Prof. Balentine, who was absent at the time, with several amusing anecdotes applicable to the occasion. With three rousing cheers for the Prof. and three for the Co-eds, who ably supported him, the batallion fell into route stepped in and proceeded down town. Here the first call was made at Prof. Harvey's. The worthy Prof. of Biology was thoroughly taken back by the multitude of specimens spread out before him, but accepted the peanuts with a few remarks. More cheering and the officers of the batallion seized Mr. Webb and escorted him to his boarding place, where, after the preliminary exercises, Mr. Webb was treated to peanuts and responded with one of the wittiest speeches of the evening. A countermarch was taken to Maine Street, and to the residence of Lieutenant Phillips, the popular commandant of the cadets, who greeted them in a fitting manner and extended an invitation for the cadets to walk inside, where refreshments had been provided. The cadets were received by Lieut. and Mrs. Phillips and after a few moments pleasantly spent in conversation, the line of march was resumed to Prof. Hamlin's residence. A similar reception awaited the boys here. Prof. and Mrs. Hamlin, assisted by Misses Mayo, Colburn and Pattangall received the students and did the honors of the occasion. College songs were sung and refreshments, consisting of coffee and cake were served. The line of march was again resumed and the batallion countermarched to Central Square, where it was disbanded.

MILITARY DRILL AND BALL.

The exhibition drill and military ball given by the Coburn Cadets of the State College, Friday evening, Nov. 7, was a grand success in every particular. Owing to the very stormy weather, many were doubtless prevented from attending, but the party was a large and exceedingly pleasant one. The appearance of the attractive uniforms of the cadets was heightened by the very handsome costumes of the young ladies, making the scene a very pretty one. A large number were present from this city. General Henry L. Mitchell, with Major C. S. Lunt, Assistant Adjutant General on his Staff, Major W. F. Harding and Lieut. J. F. Keller, Quartermaster, of the Second Regiment, Capt. L. S. Chilcott, of the Hamlin Guards and Capt. W. W. Emerson, of the Crosby Guards, drove up to Orono and were received by a number of the Cadet officers at the Orono House. At eight o'clock they were escorted to the hall by Lieut. C. L. Phillips, commandant of the Cadets, Cadet Major W. Philbrook, Adjutant N. E. Wilson and Quartermaster H. Butler. The exhibition drill commenced immediately after and was given by the following men: Captain, D. E. Campbell; Lieut., E. H. Elwell; Sergeants, F. P. Briggs, J. W. Edgerly and G. M. Gay; Corporals, E. H. Kelley, John Bird, Jr., C. H. Dillingham and E. F. Heath; Privates, G. H. Babb, J. W. Owen, J. S. Ferguson, F. Stevens, E. N. Morrill, F. W. Sawyer, H. P. Farrington, C. B. Swan, S. H. T. Hayes, R. H. Wight, W. B. Pierce, G. G. Freeman, L. H. Jones.

It was a remarkably fine exhibition and the visiting officers grew very enthusiastic over the work of the Cadets. The manual of arms was executed with a snap and with great precision. The white gloved hands moved together and every movement was in perfect time. The marching, with wheels and other evolutions; approached as near perfection as possible. The company wheels could not have been improved upon. Capt. Campbell acquitted himself with great credit and the whole exhibition was an illustration of the benefit of the drill at the college. At the close the Cadets were very warmly applauded by the crowd in the galleries. During the drill Gen. Mitchell, upon invitation

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of Lieut. Phillips, inspected the arms and equipments.

Dancing followed immediately after the drill and was enjoyed by about sixty couples. The grand march was led by Gen. Mitchell and Mrs. Lieut. Phillips. There were twelve dances on the program and Andrews' orchestra furnished delightful music. The floor director was Major Will Philbrook, and the aids were Capt. C. L. Howes, Quartermaster Harry Butler, Lieut. E. H. Elwell, Sergeant Major C. G. Cushman, Sergeant F. P. Briggs, Corporals J. Bird, F. W. Sawyer and Privates E. R. Haggett, W. E. Keith and A. P. Webster. At intermission oysters were served in the hall below by C. L. Allen, the Orono caterer. The success of the ball was very pleasing to the Cadets and their friends and it will probably be repeated next year.—*Commercial*.

THE SKELETON ON A TEAR.

THE skeleton which serves the natural history department so faithfully, has evidently carefully imbibed much of the instruction which he has overheard in the class room, and owing to the small capacity of his brain box "much learning hath made him mad." By a strict observance of Prof. Harvey's laws of health he has raised a prodigious muscle. He has also become a somnambulist and these two facts together have resulted in various occurrences which have recently caused the faculty so much trouble. While these mysteries remain yet unsolved, THE CADET would respectfully present its opinion in relation to the affair. THE CADET is of the opinion that, the skeleton, becoming unsatisfied with the close quarters of its closet, kicked open the door and with a fiendish yell, skipped through the window. His unwonted freedom slightly overbalanced his mind, and the rays of the morning sun found the poor thing suspended, nearly dead, from the top of the water tank. Mr. Gordon, the janitor, rescued him from his perilous position and bore him gently to the ground and sent for the town physician, who applied restoratives. When he regained consciousness he was tenderly placed on a stretcher; but so great was his bodily suffering that nearly an hour was consumed in transporting him to his

original resting place. He remained quiet in his closet for a few days but his desire to once more breathe the free air of the campus overbalanced his ordinary common sense, and consequently he again sallied forth on the night of November 7, spreading devastation and ruin behind him. On this occasion he laid siege to the Laboratory, entering by means of the cellar door, climbed the massive stairs leading to the chapel and proceeded to commence his nefarious work. Cautiously and with ghost-like rapidity he bore each settee from the chapel to the baseball diamond, where he systematically arranged them in rows.

Did his work stop here? O, No! not being satisfied with the seating capacity of his chapel he broke into Prof. Rogers recitation room in White Hall and soon relieved it of its settees, adding them to the collection which he had obtained. Still he was not satisfied. Returning to the chapel, he siezes the chair which is usually occupied by our worthy President and on his way past the desk, extended his bony arms and gathered in the time honored volume from which, for so many years, the morning lessons have been read. These he proceeds to deposit, the former on the ground before his congregation of settees and the latter upon an old barrel which served him as a desk. The work is finished, and with a muffled groan the poor uncanny creature sinks helplessly into the chair. For the second time, the early rays of the morning sun fall upon the ghostly scene, and with these, arrive the janitor and several sympathetic Freshmen. The janitor this time, not quite so gentle as before, siezes the poor fellow by the shoulder and treats him to a pretty stiff shaking. The skeleton, arousing from his stupor, opens his hollow eyes and murmurs, "I will make record of excuses of a valid nature pertaining to this week." Hereupon the janitor embraces him around the ribs and carries him off to his closet, while the Freshmen murmur "poor thing."

This we believe is a satisfactory explanation of the knotty problems which the "powers that be" have been trying to solve. We would urge the necessity of providing Prof. Harvey with a ponderous manacle and padlock, the same to be used in confining the skeleton to his proper sphere, as we believe this due to the students, many of whom have been accused of performing these heinous acts.

PERSONALS.

'75.

Lewis F. Coburn, is doing a good law business at Crescent City, Cal. He is also a Civil Engineer and is at present engaged on the survey of a railroad through the vast forests of California.

'76.

H. J. Reynolds is doing a flourishing business as druggist and apothecary at Eastport, Me.

Mr. C. M. Brainard and Miss Mary T. Coffin, both of Skowhegan, were united by marriage, Nov. 8, 1887. THE CADET extends congratulations, and wishes Mr. and Mrs. Brainard a happy future.

E. H. Beckler, C. E., who for several years has been Assistant Engineer on the Montana Central Railway, a part of the great Manitoba system, has recently been appointed Chief Engineer. Mr. Beckler by his natural abilities and extended experience on this and the Union Pacific Railway, is well qualified for the responsible position.

'77.

Robert B. Burns is Superintendent of construction on Colorado Midland R. R. with headquarters at Leadville, Colorado.

T. J. Stevens is a flourishing druggist in Portland, corner of North and Congress streets.

F. P. Stone is with Gerrish & Co. Apothecaries, Lisbon Street, Lewiston, Me.

A. D. Blackington is Division Engineer of Erie R. R., with headquarters at Dunmore, Pa.

'79.

W. E. Furguson is now located in Alhambra, Cal. He is largely interested in the New Rapid Transit R. R. now in course of construction from Monrooid to Los Angeles.

'80.

F. W. Fickett has been admitted to the bar at Galveston, Texas.

'82.

Mr. A. P. Starret, of Warren, and Miss Edith L. Payson, of Union, were married at the latter place, Saturday evening, Oct. 29, 1887. They will reside at Union Grove farm, where Mr. Starrett carries on a prosperous

business. He is Overseer of the County Grange, President of the Chautauqua Circle, of Warren, and one of the Superintending School Committee. THE CADET extends congratulations.

'84.

G. H. Allen, of Portland, represented the Portland Young Men's Christian Association, at the twenty-first annual convention of the Y. M. C. A's of Maine, held at Rockland, Nov. 3, 4, 5 and 6, and presented the report of the Portland Association. Although closely engaged in the study of law, Mr. Allen has found time to connect himself with the association of that place, and to render efficient aid in the prosecution of its work.

J. E. Hill who has been in the Signal Service at Shreveport, La., is now stationed at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

'85.

H. W. Davis is one of the firm of Morgan & Davis, Bankers, Church's Ferry, Dakota, which is in the heart of the famous Devil's Lake and Turtle Mountain country. They are proprietors of the North Dakota Bank, do a general banking business, loan money on real estate and chattels, and also represent insurance companies.

F. L. Russell is a Veterinary Surgeon, office on Canal St., Lewiston, Me.

A. H. Keyes is Professor of Mathematics in the German Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

E. C. Vose is in the U. S. Signal Service at Milwaukee, Wis. He is also reporter for one of the Milwaukee evening papers.

'86.

B. J. Allen, of Hampden Academy, will spend the winter in visiting relatives and friends in Portland and Boston.

J. M. Ayer is in the engineering department of the Boston Heating Co.

'87.

J. D. Lazell is in the office of Walter H. Geissenger, architect, Philadelphia.

J. H. Burleigh has recently accepted a position with E. W. Bowditch, Civil Engineer, and landscape gardener, Boston, and is at present engaged in surveying for a public cemetery in Gainesville, N. Y.

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'88.

D. E. Campbell is teaching a graded school at Danforth, Me. He has charge of the higher branches of study, while an assistant teaches the lower classes.

William Philbrook is engaged in teaching the winter term of school, at Baring, Me.

F. A. Smith is teaching the village school in Robbinston, Me.

H. B. Andrews is teaching in Athens, Me.

J. W. Hatch is teaching at Sailsbury's Cove, Eden, Maine.

C. L. Howes is engaged in surveying at Houlton.

J. R. Boardman is spending the winter at his home in Augusta.

Seabury is teaching at Fort Fairfield.

Wilson is teaching at Basin Mills.

Batchelder is also engaged in teaching at Otter Creek.

E. H. Elwell, Jr., Lit. Ed. CADET represented the CADET at the convention of N. E. College Journalists at Young's Hotel in Boston.

'89.

F. P. Briggs is teaching in Hudson.

G. S. Vickery is clerking for Morse & Co., lumber dealers, Bangor, Me.

G. M. Gay is teaching the High School at his home in Damariscotta, Me. He has taught the winter term there for the two past years.

'90.

R. H. Blackington is an enthusiastic hunter. He spent the first week of the vacation hunting in the vicinity of Old Town and Milford, and was fortunate enough to secure a fine deer.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Columbia is to have a \$150,000. gymnasium.

Bates College has won, in the Belcher will case, and will receive about \$75,000.

Harvard College is to have a chair of hygiene.

At the University of Pennsylvania, the faculty are trying to stop students from smoking cigarettes, on the college grounds.

It is reported that nine sophomores have been suspended from Williams College, for hazing.

Mr. A. E. Palmer, of the *New York Tribune*, says, that a dozen years experience has shown him that Princeton gives the best training in the English language, and Harvard is second on the list.

The United States Protective Tariff Association have awarded the prize, for the best essay on "The Advantages of a Protective Tariff to the Labor and Industry of the United States," to Mr. C. D. Henning, '87, of the University of Pennsylvania. It was open to the senior class of any college in America and about forty colleges competed for the prize.

Dr. J. M. Reid has given to Syracuse University a large number of books, the library of Leopold Von Ranke the great German historian. He was sixty years in making the collection, which is composed chiefly of historical works in German, French and English.

Hamilton College has a new college honor system. Instead of the numerical standing of each student being given, only the group to which he belongs is announced. There are four groups, the first contains all those averaging 9.25 or over. The second, from 8.85, to 9.25, the third from 8.30, to 8.85, the fourth all below 8.30. As no one will know how near he stands to either limit, or who is the highest, or lowest, in the class it will do away, somewhat, with jealousy and personal feeling.

A wrangler, in English college phrase, is one who has obtained a place in the highest mathematical tupos. The first man of this class is termed the senior wrangler; the rest are rated each according to his respective merit, as second, third, fourth and so on. In the Middle ages, college exercises were called disputations, and those who performed them were disputants. Hence the idea of wrangling.

The fine marble roof of Girard College is much injured by the chemical action, on the marble, from the fumes of thousands of furnaces. When put on it was expected that the roof would last as long as the building.

The site for the war college is still being debated. Although it has been located at Rhode Island, an earnest effort will be made during the coming session of congress, to repeal the act locating it, and the naval training station, and to locate them at Annapolis. The Rhode Island delegates in Congress will fight hard to retain both institutions.

EXCHANGES.

Below we give an extract from the address of President Holden of the University of California to the Freshman class.

"The success or failure of the American experiment depends on the generation to which you belong. Your individual lives here and after your graduation, are a part of the answer to the vast question that is to be solved on this continent. Every manly, upright, dignified, just action of yours really goes to forward the 'General Deed of Man.' Every mean, envious, low motivated action of yours helps to lower the general tone, and does what it can to deny your birth-right as an American. These are general principles of the widest validity. They can be brought down to the most limited of fields and to the most personal application. They demand of each one of you that he should clearly make up his mind that he will do no act while here that does not reflect credit on himself, on his family, on his class, on his University.

If your characters, are not rightly formed, if your insights are not just, if your hearts are not pure and single, then all the learning that you acquire here will only make you more dangerous to the State in which you live, not more useful nor more serviceable."

The great difficulty of striving for an ideal lies in the fact of its definite character. It is pleasant to think of perfection in any pursuit; but it is inspiring only when one is actually engaged in its attainment. It seems more natural to be absorbed with those fancies which merely paint in attractive colors our chosen ideal, but call for no conscious effort on our part. But the attainment of a true ideal always involves continued striving, and sometimes fierce conflicts with self.

The temptations to change the objects of our labor and to eliminate from our desires that singleness of purpose and definiteness of aim is, at times, almost irresistible. The fact that a worthy aim is being pursued is enough to convince us that the path to the goal is necessarily one of difficulty, and not infrequently, of disappointment.

A college is a unique community. It is a community that has peculiar sentiments and usages, partly traditional and hence arbitrary, and partly the natural results of the elements of which it is composed. It is a community proceeding from all classes of society and all parts of the country, bringing together their different talents, tastes, habits, attainments, and during the most plastic and decisive years of their life, acting and reacting upon one another by constant contract and collision, rubbing off sharp corners and projecting asperities, and causing each man to find the proper level of his own ability. There can be no community like a college for the propagation of influence. In its mobility it is like the particles of a fluid; if one is at rest, all are at rest, if one moves, all move. Its impulses are communicated without delay or resistance, and motion is simultaneous through the whole body."—*The Hamilton Review*.

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