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THE CADET.

VOL. VII.

ORONO, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1892.

No. 8.

The Cadet.

ISSUED ON THE FIRST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH
DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE
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Subscribers not receiving THE CADET regularly, or those changing their address, should notify the Managing 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.

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See notices of recent advertisements, and read carefully the advertisements themselves. Boys, help those who patronize your paper.

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EDITORIALS.

An illustrated lecture on "The German Emperor and His Army" was delivered in the town hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 17, by Mr. Edmund Hudson of Washington, under the auspices of the Military Department of the M. S. C. The illustrations were taken from pictures obtained by Mr. Hudson while in attendance at the reviews of the German Army in the fall of 1891. They included views of the Emperor's palace in Berlin, of the headquarters of the German army, of the reviews of the infantry, cavalry and artillery, of the military pageant at the funeral of Count von Moltke and of many of the uniforms of different regiments of the army. Likenesses of different members of the royal family were shown, also of the leaders of the German government and army. One view given especially for the ladies as Mr. Hudson said, was of a handsome young

officer, but most of the ladies we have heard express an opinion declare the Emperor to be the handsomer man.

A set of views illustrated the trials and tribulations of the first days life of a young recruit, showing the manner by which they are trained and disciplined for active service. Several illustrations of troops marching in various formations were accompanied by the music that was played at the time the pictures were taken.

It was a very interesting lecture but not quite as good as many of us expected to hear from Mr. Hudson.

Most if not all of the students attended Mr. Hudson's lecture. We noticed that several were accompanied with their ladies and are glad to see this gallantry on the part of the fellows. We believe it would be for our benefit to cultivate the society of young ladies. A man is not well educated until he is able to move in society as well as carry off the honors of his class. While we would not advise neglecting study (because that is what we are here for) to enter society, we do urge that you cultivate the the social side of your nature at every possible opportunity. Where there's a will there's a way is the old saying. If we wish to improve our social natures the way will surely open to us.

Fellows take your ladies again!

Since the foundation of this college several changes have been made in the military uniform. But no move has ever been made toward obtaining uniform overcoats. In an institution like this there is almost as many styles of overcoats as there are students; and at times when the students go away to an encampment or appear at other places when the overcoat is necessary, the absence of uniformity is very noticeable. Young men, as a rule, dress as well as their means will allow, and are not slow to see where they can make a good trade. If one can buy a coat that will last five or six years, for thirty or forty dollars, it is more economical than to pay twenty dollars for a coat every two years.

Lieutenant Hersey seeing this defect proposed the plan of a uniform overcoat for the

battalion, and in consequence of this sent to D. Klein & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., also to Bangor merchants for samples and prices. He was able to select a very good coat with cape made of dark blue beaver cloth for a reasonable price. If any student is contemplating buying a nice overcoat now is the time to do so. Besides being a good coat for military purposes it is an excellent one for a civilian. The same rule holds true in buying clothing as anything else. The more we pay for a good article the better satisfied we are.

This term closes December twenty-third and next term commences the seventh of February, making a vacation of six weeks. This time it is too short for those who wish to teach, besides being a little later than most winter schools commence. However if one cannot follow the pedagogical calling, there are many other ways by which a student can spend this vacation profitable to himself as well as to others.

The longer a student has to learn a lesson the longer he puts it off. So to advise you to make up arrearages or look over next term's work during this time, looks very well upon paper, but how hard it would be to carry it out! If you have studied hard this fall, as we take it for granted that you have, perhaps the best advice to you is to leave all your text books at college and rest your brain for the tasks of next term. If, however, it is a change you wish, spend the spare moments reading, not novels altogether, but books of travel, biography, history and science. Books like these not only leave good impressions, but train the mind for comprehensive reasoning for future work.

During the political campaign four years ago, there was so much interest manifested among the students, and the Republicans being in majority, formed a Harrison and Morton Club, which attended rallies at Old Town, Bangor, and at Orono. But this fall no public demonstration was made by the students, although considerable interest was shown. Both parties seemed surprised at the result of the election. While some were pleased and others not, each looks forward with some eagerness to the result of the new administration.

For about a year the Young Men's Christian Association has held their meetings in the new room prepared for them in Wingate Hall. This room is much larger and better than the room they occupied in old Wingate Hall. The new one is nicely painted, has a good floor, large stage with two anterooms, one on either side. Five windows furnish light by day and electric lights are used when dark. The amount of furniture is not yet complete. To the organ, table and three chairs already there, is to be added sixty folding chairs.

The work done by the Association has been very good. The Wednesday evening meetings have been very well attended and a good interest shown. Early this fall a Bible training class was formed, studying the book prepared by James McConaughy, "Christ among Men." The active members of the Association are much interested in this class. These meetings are held Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. There were meetings every night in the Y. M. C. A. room during the week of prayer for colleges.

Among the other things necessary to successfully run a daily or weekly news paper, or in fact, a publication of almost any kind, money is by no means one of the minor requisits. In this respect THE CADET is not unlike any other paper, and as our main source of funds to carry on the paper, is from our subscribers, if there is not a ready response to the little reminder which is sent every year or perhaps more often than that to each subscriber who is in arrears there is a grave possibility that at the time when the present board of editors surrender their work to the new board, the financial outlook for them will be rather discouraging. The publishers of a paper that has a circulation of thousands of copies each issue would not think very much of the fact that there were three hundred and fifty dollars of unpaid subscriptions on their account books, but with a subscription list of only about three hundred and fifty and the above amount of unpaid subscriptions on the books the matter assumes a more serious aspect. Such was the financial condition of THE CADET the first of last August, and such it is to-day. In other words, there was an amount of unpaid subscriptions at that

time, more than equal to the number of subscribers. A bill was sent to each one who was in arrears, but for some reason unknown to us, only a very few have thus far responded to them. Of course it is not a matter of financial gain to the editors whether there is any money in the treasury or not when we finish our work with the paper for our only compensation is the experienced gained, but it is very desirable to place THE CADET on such a financial standing that as soon as the Business Manager pays for one issue he will not have to worry and fret about falling short of money to pay for the next issue. This can be done if our subscribers send in their subscriptions as we have reason to expect them to. We make an effort to publish a paper which will be pleasing to the Alumni of the college and interesting to all of our readers and we do not feel that we are doing anything unreasonable in reminding those who have not paid their subscriptions for the past year,—in some cases it is more than a year—that THE CADET needs your support financially. Although the purport of the above might have been expressed, though rather bluntly, in about three words, no one who reads this will have the slightest doubt as to what is the unexpressed wish of the Business Manager.

LITERARY.

A COLLEGE GRIND.*

'Tis but a student's yarn, perhaps not true;
I took it *grano salis*, so may you.

It happened in those rude, though palmy days,
When college sophs were none too "fresh" to haze.
The place—no matter; though to "hook" a sign
At any college, in *auld lang syne*,
Was not considered such a heinous crime
That *Alma Mater* will resent my rhyme.

"Boys will be boys," indulgent parents say;
"And dogs"—so why not boys—"must have their day."
Two of them—boys, I mean—the night before,
Had pillaged golden fleece from many a door;
And baker, barber, butcher, milliner
(Who'd think such doughty youths would trouble her!)
Popped out, the morning, like Madeira wine,
To fuss, and fume, and find themselves *sans sign*,—
To vow and revow, with unchristian grace,
They'd see "them students" in—some other place!

*This incident has been accredited to Ben. Butler, but many colleges claim the story as one of their own traditions.

At length, as irate "yaggers" always do,
 They blabbed about it. Prexy growled: "Whew-w,
 I'll search them out sir, thieves! Let me but find
 The hair or hide of such dear scamps, you mind,
 I'll show them there is a god in Isreal."
 The sop availed. Prex doctored it so well
 That baker, barber, butcher, milliner
 (Who'd think such doughty youths would trouble her!)
 Filed out to dream of mighty justice done;
 While he, poor man, (I do not mean to pun)
 Though good in "Trig," must figure pretty fine,
 From such scant data, to evolve a *sign*.

'Tis but a student's yarn, perhaps not true;
 I took it *grano salis*, so may you;
 But yet, 'tis said that at the solemn hour
 When all save sophs had succumbed to the power
 Of grave, sweet Morpheus, from beneath a couch,
 Like squirrels eking acrons from the pouch,
 Came signs not got by logarithmic rule—
 Came signs not pertinent to any school,
 Signs little, big, flat, round and cylinder,
 Of baker, barber, butcher, milliner.

O telepathatry, wondrous is the art
 By which mind learns from mind, though far apart!
 And guilty consciences—how quick to know,
 The premonitions of impending woe.
 And "Profs," alas,— what power is theirs to trace
 The lines of conscious guilt upon the face;
 Or, barring "goodies," absentees and fools,
 To eliminate the few who scorn the rules.
 "Prex" used to say the nature of their tricks
 Would narrow culprits down to five or six.
 Poor sinners! When he had them face to face
 He'd locate guilt, exact, to the seventh place
 Of moral decimals. But to my tale
 Our rogues drew forth the signs, nor dared to fail
 To have them all in cinders ere the morn.
 They chopped and sawed and split, and, when the dawn
 Shone cheery through the eastern window pane,
 Saw only one—the milliner's—remain.

* * * *

The rising bell! Give but ten minutes more!
 Jim, o'er the transom, eyes the Prexy's door.
 Fast fly the moments, fast the unglutted flame
 Devours and laughs, nor questions whence it came.
 Ye gods! he comes! the early bird, in fact.
 All plumed. Ah, ha, ye worms! caught in the act!
 Poor Jim comes tumbling, stammering down to say:
 "We're lost!" but "No, you fool," says Pete, "I'll pray."
 At which the quick wit of his class began,
 Behind the bolted door,—as mimics can—
 To bellow forth a prayer, too weak for Heaven,
 Yet stronger than was ever heard in "seven,"
 A prayer—and such a prayer—for everything—
 E'en Prex himself, outside, a-wondering;
 The while, Old Jim" had tucked the last piece in,
 Swept up the chips and sawdust, neat's a pin,
 Then with a nudge, had freed the suppliant there,
 Who with this apt quotation closed his prayer:
 "Are we not 'in the midst of'—Oh Divine,
 'A generation seeking for a sign?'
 There shall be no sign given them except
 That of the Prophet Jonas!" Here he stepped

With bland assurance to bow in—and out,
 The Prex who "had not learned he was devout;"
 He "hoped to see improvement in some lines,
 No doubt he should henceforth; as for the signs,
 He must confess he was somewhat perplexed
 As to what boys he ought to call on next."

And here I stop. He took another tack;
 Some day he'll find them in the Zodiac.

—Q. T. V. Quarterly.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

The time has passed when Mechanical Engineering is only a handicraft, and to-day it ranks with the most elaborate of sciences. This may seem, even at the present time, rather a bold statement, but a thorough knowledge of the profession as it is to-day will convince any one that no branch of science is more complicated in its solution, more perfect in its theory, in short more scientific than that of Mechanical Engineering. Here as in all other sciences one must begin at the bottom. The machinist would be but poorly fitted for his profession if he knew nothing as to the nature of the metal he is shaping, and the capacity of the machine and tools with which he is working.

One who styles himself a Mechanical Engineer must not only know what to do but how to do it. He must not only be a thoroughly practical man but he must be familiar with the details of the theory. He must be both a designer and a draughtsman, and this involves still more knowledge in a direction which the novice would never dream of. He must know something of the arts of pattern making and moulding. Do you ask why? Because in designing a casting, unless he knows something of these arts he is almost certain to design something which cannot be moulded, or at least something which it will be unnecessarily expensive to produce.

Another requirement, though perhaps not so important as those already mentioned, is an eye for symmetry. This may seem a mere embellishment but it is a fact that the economy of the material used and the durability of the structure depend largely upon its symmetry. The economical distribution of material as regards the strength of parts invariably results in a

symmetrical structure, though in some cases it is the symmetry of beauty, and in other cases the symmetry of massive, powerful proportions.

The Mechanical Engineer must also be a man of resources ready for an emergency at all times. A broken connecting rod, a defective governor, a runaway engine, a defective inspirator, and a thousand and one things which occur not only to boilers and engines but to all kinds of machinery, require prompt attention from the best man in the concern.

Again while he should be capable of doing prompt and efficient work in case of accident, he should also be continually guarding against it. This requires a thorough knowledge of the condition of every piece of machinery that he has to deal with, both of its strong and its weak points; of its strong points that he may know where to place his reliance, and of its weak points that he may strengthen them if possible and know where to look for the difficulty in case of a break-down.

These are a few of the qualifications necessary for the Mechanical Engineer, but they are by no means all, for they must be as varied as the positions and circumstances in which he is placed.

As to the science itself it is hard to predict its future. Already it has made great strides in its advance and is occupying the minds of some of the ablest men in the world, yet at the same time it is only in its infancy.

Take for example the steam engine. From a simple contrivance whose valve was worked by hand to the great tripple expansion monsters which drive our line steamers from continent to continent in less than a week we see great strides of progress and we know that the modern engine is fast approaching theoretical perfection though it is a great way from it yet, and will probably so change as to be hardly recognizable before it reaches a very close approximation to its theoretical efficiency.

One of the greatest obstacles to the perfecting of the steam engine seems to be the great loss of power from condensation, and it seems hardly probable that the condensing surface will be very much reduced or condensation prevented without a marked change in the form and working of the steam engine.

So with all other kinds of machinery we must

make them practical in themselves, but we must look to theory to point out the direction in which we should seek for improvement. As some one has already said, "Theory and practice like capital and labor must go hand in hand for neither can do without the other," and this is as true in Mechanical Engineering as in any other branch of business. Look where you will; in any line of investigation or improvement and you will see that theory is the perfection of practice, and therefore he who prides himself on being a practical man can only claim to be an approximation to the theorist since practice is as yet imperfect.

Happily there are both kinds of men in the profession of engineering and they both are working in harmony, for the practical man makes things go while the theoretical man points out to him the road to improvement.

QUALIFICATIONS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF A TEACHER.

BY A MAINE "SCHOOL MARM".

What a great mistake it is that so many young men and women enter the profession of teaching with so little realization of the necessary qualifications and the great responsibilities of a teacher. Teaching, like every other occupation, has its trials and its pleasures. Bacon says "they are happy men whose natures rest with their vocations." The first qualification a happy and successful teacher should possess is a love for his work. The true teacher has natural fitness, a cheerful and even disposition, a love for children and for the office for its own sake, common sense, enthusiasm, and the ability of imparting knowledge to others. These are the gifts of nature; and without them one cannot be well qualified to govern and instruct in any school.

The work of a teacher is one of the grandest and most soul-satisfying employments which God has ever given to man. It is his "to form a human soul to virtue, and to enrich it with knowledge."

A teacher finds pleasure in instructing the intelligent and attractive child, the one who is

industrious and obedient; but is it so with the dull and indifferent pupil, the one who is disobedient and disorderly?

No quality is more necessary in the school room than patience. There is, perhaps, an inclination on the part of the instructor to be impatient with what he is pleased to term the stupidity of some of his pupils, but why is the child at school? Because he does not know the things which you are there to teach him. He does not do his work correctly; certainly not, or he would not need your instruction. He is not even attentive, but attention is one of the faculties of the mind which it is your duty to develop. Create an interest in his studies; present them in such an attractive manner that he cannot fail to become interested. Then you have secured his attention. Here is an opportunity to obey the well known maxim: "Do unto others as you would be done by." If the teacher himself were trying to master some new branch of knowledge, and was faithful and attentive, he would constantly make mistakes at which he himself would wonder and for which he had been corrected again and again.

Your scholar is disobedient. Yes, his desires are contrary to yours. His love of liberty is greater than his respect for the law. First win the respect of your pupil, his admiration and love will follow, and a child will usually heed the requests of the teacher whom he loves. A child should not be reproved hastily during a moment of anger. Wait until you can calmly explain to the little one why his action was wrong, and inspire within him the desire to do right, not simply to please you, but because it is right.

The children are entrusted to your care for six hours during the day. The teacher can never afford to forget that he or she is teaching them not to be children but to be future men and women. You are responsible for teaching them many things besides their studies. Are you not responsible for their manners, at least for the time they are in your care? The power of example is great. An impression is easily made on the child's mind, and as his teacher does, so will he do. Watch the children; they are playing school, and you will see yourself personated by the child-teacher. He will command John to "shut that door and be quick

about it," or request him to "please close the door," just as he has been in the habit of hearing it. The teacher in order to have the right influence must be a *gentleman* or a *lady* in every sense of the word. In this department perhaps you will receive but little encouragement from some of the pupils' parents. At home the child has never been taught these little acts of politeness. My experience in trying to teach one little girl to say "yes ma'am" is an amusing illustration of some of the difficulties one will encounter. "Mary would you like a book?" "Ye'er." "What ought you to reply to an older person?" "Ha?" "You should not say 'ha'; 'what ma'am' is much more polite." "Ye'er." "Why Mary, what word ought you to use instead of 'ye'er'?" "Yeth mum." "That is right; you will try and remember it, won't you?" "Ye'er."

Among the many other responsibilities resting upon the school teacher may be mentioned the care of the children at recess—that they have on proper clothing, and that there are no evil thoughts introduced by the rough boy who swears. Then while the little ones are enjoying their games, the school room should be well aired, for pure air is necessary to health.

In conclusion, I would say that before entering the school room as a teacher, the candidate for the position would be wise to consider, not how much he knows, but what he is able to do with that knowledge.

"Teacher to thyself
Thou hast assumed responsibilities
Of crushing weight. Oh then be wise."

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

There seems to be, among young men, a tendency to regard many things in the educational line as of no use to themselves unless it bears directly upon the special line of business they intend to enter. While it is true that a young man fitting himself for active life has no time to waste, it is equally true that with no training outside of his special course or line of study he would be very narrow in his views, and were he obliged to leave his chosen profession and take up some other line of work he would be entirely at sea with neither chart, compass or rudder.

To a young man in college I would say, make your general reading as diversified as possible and at the same time follow through one line of thought before going on to another. During your course you may study the branches laid down in the curriculum but don't stop there; put every spare moment you can get on to the reading and conversing about and discussing the important topics of the day. Some one has said "While we read history we make history", so while we read history is it not well at the same time to be familiar with the history we are making?

Then too there is a vast field open to the intelligent thinker in the sciences. Some of them are well adapted for mental recreation, and as only a part of them come in any one course it would be well to read up a little concerning those which you do not study. General knowledge and the power of conversing intelligently (the latter will never be attained until one has acquired the power of listening intelligently) are two of the chief attributes of the popular thinker.

There is still another kind of knowledge that is very important; that is a knowledge of human nature, and this one can gain only by mingling with others. Few men are constituted alike. There are as many different temperments as there are faces, yet the more we know of the ways and thoughts of different men the more closely we can draw our conclusions as to their general character, and by analogy judge of the characters of others. Then the more a man knows the broader he becomes; the more straightforward he is; the greater his regard for truth and uprightness.

Aim to excel in some one thing but at the same time gain as much knowledge of other things as possible. Do not be too ready to air your knowledge but be prepared at all times to state positively and calmly what you know.

If you wish for information don't be afraid to ask for it. One gains but very little knowledge that he does not seek. He who would cure his ignorance must first acknowledge it, while he who tries to conceal it, not only places himself in a ridiculous light, but shuts off his means of gaining the knowledge or information that he needs.

Be always ready to give others credit for

what they have accomplished. Speak a good word wherever you can honestly do so and never show up the failings of another just from mere envy or maliciousness, or in comparison with your own good character. Never be afraid to state your principles and stick to them, yet at the same time be careful not to try to advertise yourself. If you are worth advertising others will do it for you free gratis.

In short live and die so that the following lines from Pope will apply to you.

"No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss;
"That feels the worth it left in proofs like this;
"That not its own applause, but thine approves,
"Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;
"Who lov'st to crown departed friends with fame;
"Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav't reclaim.

MONEY VS. BRAINS.

We often hear it said that human nature is weak and there is no more forcible illustration of this than the fact that very few people are contented with their condition in life. The poor man wishes that he was rich, and the rich man wishes that he was richer. The young man often says, "Oh, if I only had plenty of money;" while he ignores the fact that the possibilities—I was about to say probabilities—of gaining not only riches but honor and power rest with him. It may require a noble ancestry and plenty of money to move among the four hundred, but brains and tact and push are the constituents of a leader, and those who have never known responsibility are poorly fitted for it.

The mental power that to-day turns the fly-wheel of our great governmental engine is not the product of nights of revelry and debauchery but rather the concentrated force of years of civilization crowded into the brains of busy men who husband their powers and expend them only for the lifting up and elevating of mankind.

The expenditure of power can only result from the storage of power, and they who have reached the age of manhood and have failed to store up a certain amount of mental force are unfit to bear the responsibilities of an American citizen. But brain force may manifest itself in many ways. Napoleon led men to victory but at the same time ambition led him to ruin. Not

the same ambition that was in the great heart of Washington. Napoleon's was an ambition that the vilest men detest, that of self-aggrandisement, while Washington had at heart the welfare of a people and the building up of a great nation. Some great men have been reared in luxury. They are the exception; not the rule. They are but discontented critics, showing great capacity for work and perhaps a keen far-reaching intellect, but lacking sympathy and charity for their fellow men and soured by the knowledge that they are approved by only a few more hateful beings than themselves.

Young man, if you were born poor you have no reason to complain. You may have to exert yourself a little more than some others to reach the goal, but you are well qualified for the race and your inborn pluck will win. If you were born rich don't let it spoil you. Don't lay around thinking that the world owes you a living for it does not, unless you can earn it. Go to work for though your poverty-stricken brother may be handicapped at the start, he will outstrip you in the race if you do not take advantage of the handicap. Remember that "blood will tell" and the "saxon fire" is fed by crusts and crumbs, while sugared pastry serves only as a stimulant for gout.

THE ROAD PROBLEM.

The question of better roads is one that should claim the attention of every American citizen, for they effect both the financial and social condition of the country. That the present condition of our country roads is a disgrace to the people of the State is fully apparent even to the most indifferent, yet the remedy is not easily found.

Before attempting a discussion of the question, it will be of interest to inquire into some of the systems of road-making employed in foreign countries. We often hear of the excellent roads in Europe. Without a curve they pass through marshes, on solid stone foundations, cross valleys, span rivers and tunnel mountains. In England the king's highway is without a pebble to jar the lightest vehicle or a puddle to splash the finest carriage. The theory that the government shall care for the most

important roads has been accepted in every European country, though, of course, with some difference of detail. It is in France that one finds highways nearest to his ideal of what roads should be. They are under the direction of one official, who has divided the territory into numerous sections. The heads of these sections make frequent reports of the condition of the roads under their charge, and repairs are made as frequently as is necessary to keep them in perfect condition. In Italy all new roads are constructed by contract, and all repairs by skillful road makers. Each one has about two miles of road under his charge, and is required to inspect this distance daily, make any needed repairs, act as guardian of the peace, and assist travelers in distress. In all these countries particular attention is paid to the breadth of the wheel tire, which is fixed by law. The prescribed width varies, but all European nations are united in believing that too narrow tires will destroy a road, and, must, therefore be prohibited.

In drawing a comparison between European and American roads there are a great many things to be taken into consideration. The first fact which must be observed is, that the principal roads of the old country were built under the operation of an absolute power which commanded the almost free service of millions of men; and, secondly, they were build for national rather than for local use. Another important fact is the difference in the climate. The roadbeds of southern Europe are almost free from the effects of the cold weather which destroys the highways of the Eastern and Middle States; and even if the well built roads of western and southern Europe were reproduced in this country, they would soon be ruined unless more time and labor were expended on them than they receive under our present system. Hence it may be seen that we must not expect to import a system of road making directly from Europe.

Some one had said that the degree of perfection which the roads of a country attain generally corresponds to the height of its civilization. This was undoubtedly true of the national highways of antiquity, for the governments of past ages were dependent upon well built and well kept roads for the rapid concentration of troops, and so, mainly for military purposes,

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were constructed those immense ways, the ruins of which remain to-day. Among the most celebrated of these is the Appian Way which connected Rome with all parts of southern Italy, and stands to-day as an enduring monument of the cruelty and oppression of absolute despotism.

The failure of our present system to produce a permanent road-bed is fully demonstrated by the present condition of our roads, which shows that the vast amount of tax levied for their construction and repair is practically thrown away. But the transit to a model system of roads is not to be attained by the mere voting of money. We shall have to reconstruct gradually our whole primitive system, and do away with the annual week's work performed by an army of men and boys who are successful only in making the last state worse than the first. The people must realize the two following facts: First, that the public road like the post office and the court house is public property established by law for the use of all people: and, second, that the extravagant waste of time, labor and property which has been for centuries imposed by the use of mud roads should be checked and the true resources of the country brought out by the construction and maintenance of good roads under an intelligent head. We do not need to expend large sums of money on the building of through turnpikes and State roads, nor do we need a system connecting the large cities, because their trade and travel are carried on entirely by the railroads. But we should have system in the place of individual fancy; town and county supervision in the place of road district neglect, and constant and effectual labor instead of spasmodic and misguided efforts. The question may be asked by some, Will good roads pay? Undoubtedly they will. What is it that determines the value of a farm? In a large degree it is the location. If the richest farm in Maine were so located as to be absolutely inaccessible, it would be valueless. Of course all farms cannot be located at the same distance from a market, and therefore the only way by which we can do away with the element of distance is by improving our roads. By the improvement of these common roads every branch of our agricultural, commercial and manufacturing industries would be materially benefitted.

Such is the story wherever there are good roads; they increase the value of all property, and especially farm property, reduce the cost of transportation, quicken communication, and by bringing people nearer to each other, make life more pleasant and better worth the living.

CAMPUS.

"Closed for r-e-p-e-a-r-s."

"Open for business."

"Have you got them down?"

"Do you see why I take out the 6 per cent?"

"By hokey! "Where did you get that hat?"

It is reported that '95 does not know how to whisper.

On the 17th of November, Mr. Edmund Hudson delivered a lecture on the "German Emperor and His Army." A large number of the students attended the lecture, and the fine views were highly appreciated.

Shakespeare is on the war path. Look out for him.

When you say fenster you think of a hold in the wall.

The game of foot ball between Old Town High School and the Sophomore eleven resulted in 20 to 0 in favor of the latter.

W. B. Pierce, '90, of Bangor, and Arthur C. Grover from Newton, Mass., were on the campus of late.

"Bug" bought a pair of "bootlets,"

At a store in Bangor, Maine;

He left them in a railway car,

And they never came back again.

LATER.—The report has been sent in that an experienced detective is on the track of the runaway shoes, and "Bug" will soon receive his lost darlings.

President Fernald left for New Orleans, Nov. 11, to attend a meeting of the presidents of the state colleges and universities and of the directors of the various experiment stations through the country. He will visit Lincoln, Neb., before returning. Prof. Balentine is acting as president during his absence.

Lazarus contemplates publishing a work on "Modern Science" containing several tricks with which he is familiar. He has already tried several of the tricks on unsuspecting students with excellent success.

Electric lights have been placed in the Machine Shop and it will be lighted by electricity, which will be of great convenience to the students.

The examinations for those in arrears were held on November 19th. Several succeeded in passing the examinations on studies which they had in arrears.

Prof. A.—Water that has been boiled is comparatively pure.

Mr. B.—Well, I should think that drinking these dead microbes would be injurious.

Prof. A.—Oh! there is not enough meat on them to hurt you.

The Senior Agriculturalists have been studying the theory of farm drainage and are now taking the levels of the ground between Coburn Hall and the Laboratory with a view of putting into practice some of the ideas they have received.

A new novel, "How I Went to Jail," by B. Bug (J. E. Harvey), author of "How I Went to an Engine House." First edition 70,000, 1892. Rowe, Sawtelle, Kimball & Hall Pub. Co., Bangor, Me. All rights reserved. From our knowledge of the author we can highly recommend this work, but do not be surprised if it is not out at an early date.

Any one desiring a neat view of the campus with an easel can obtain the same from A. T. Jordan, '93.

All students who are subscribers to THE CADET should notify the business manager of their probable whereabouts during the coming vacation, in order that they may receive their copy on time.

Prof. Estabrook has decided that one class shall not attend the declamations of another. The Juniors say this change is made on account of the boisterousness of the Sophomores who were unable to restrain themselves on seeing some of the jestures made by the Juniors. We trust that they will be able to attain that dignity

which will enable them to keep a straighter face than what they did on that ever memorable day.

On the 2nd of November a meeting of the trustees was held in Bangor, and reports of the professors were received. It was decided to petition the Legislature for the money to build a gymnasium and to make several other needed improvements about the campus. We hope that all true friends of the college will exert their influence to enable the institution to obtain the needed appropriations.

A COM BAT.—Not long since, during the warm weather, three students retired for the night to their well ventilated sleeping department. None of them being very sleepy some little conversation passed, when suddenly a smothered voice, as if under the bed clothes, exclaimed: "There is a bat in the room". At this two other heads went out of sight. Smothered voice number two said: "Get up and strike a light". Number three says: "No, I dare not". Finally number three makes a dash, strikes a light, which reveals the form of a bat clinging to the chimney ventilator. The scene which followed was that of confusion, brooms, bedding, extremities and bat were everywhere present. Finally tired out the little animal once more clings to the chimney ventilator, only to be struck down by a broom. Several blows of the latter killed the little intruder. His remains are now laying in state in the natural history rooms.

The Junior Civils have taken their examinations in Hencks Field Book which they completed a short time ago. They will take Gillespie's Manual of Road Making for the remainder of the term. They have already succeeded in learning that, "The king of France with forty thousand men, marched *up a hill* and then marched *down again*".

One of our most industrious students, having neglected his lessons for the next day, in consequence of having attended a lecture at the village, decided to get up early the following morning and study. He set his alarm for a reasonable hour and went to bed to dream, no doubt of the "German Emperor and his Army". Suddenly all his visions were rudely dispelled by the tinkling of the alarm. He arose and began to study. Shortly after he had arisen

the clock in Wingate Hall began to strike and he counted the strokes; there were two. At first he thought that something was wrong with the clock, but on looking at his own he found that it was right and that it was but two in the morning. When this fact was fully established the rage of this student was unbounded, and he is now looking for the perpetrators of this *dastardly deed*.

Foot ball has at last become firmly established at M. S. C. through the efforts of Smith, Urann, Crosby and others. Two years ago an attempt was made to introduce the game and the present Senior class played a game with the Bangor High school team. The attempt was a failure and nothing more was done until the present term when a ball was purchased and some faithful practice was indulged in. A game was played with the Colby University team, which was won by Colby to the tune of 12 to 0; not a bad beat considering the circumstances. The Sophomores played a closely contested game with the Bangor High school team. The score was 8 to 0 in favor of B. H. S. Several other games were arranged but owing to the condition of the ground and the unsettled condition of the weather none were played. Most of the players have obtained foot ball suits and as most of them are in the under classes, it is expected that a well equipped team will be put in the field next year. The team that would have played the return game with Colby was made up as follows: Rogers, left end; Frost, left tackle; Moulton, left guard; Urann, centre; De Haseth, right guard; Murphy, right tackle; Duncan, right end; Ricker, quarter back; Smith, right half back; Durham, left half back; Crosby, full back; substisutes, Starr, French, Heaney and Heywood.

Here is a name that rivals that of the famous La Fayette. It belongs to the little daughter of the Archduke Stephen, and is Maria Immaculata Caroline Margarethe Blanca Leopoldine Beatrix Anna Josefine Rafaela Michaela Stanislaus Igway Heronymus Camiro Catherina Petra Caucilia. It is to be hoped that her mother is not obliged to call her twice the same morning.

—*Argo Register*.

PERSONALS

'82.—Avery P. Starrett has been suffering from a bad sprain of the ankle.

'85.—Elmer O. Goodridge is in the expert department of the Thompson Houston Co., Lynn, Mass.

'88.—John W. Hatch, M. S., has resigned his position at Hampton Academy, Va., and is in Boston studying for the ministry.

'89.—Dr. J. S. Ferguson, of New York City, has been appointed Visiting Physician of the Out Door Poor department of Belleone.

'90.—Fred T. Dow is draughting for the Thompson Houston Electric Co., Lynn, Mass.

'92.—E. W. Danforth, who has been employed by the Concord, N. H. Land and Water Power Co., met with quite a severe accident recently, by which his nose was broken and both eyes "blackened".

EXCHANGES.

The *Aggie Life* appears on our table for the first time. We received it with pleasure.

The *Cony Student* is a bright eight page paper, published by the students of the Cony Academy at Augusta, Maine. It contains as a leading article, Training for Young Men, by Amos Parker Wilder.

With this number of the ORIENT we present a new department to our readers. "The Pessioptimist" explains himself, and will continue to explain himself and those of his fellow-beings with whom he comes in contact, their faults and their virtues. He may come as a lean, complaining, fault finding cynic, or he may come as a jovial and fun-loving boon companion; but in whatever character he comes he is wholly irresponsible and must be treated with the utmost consideration. We expect that his sayings will be a treat to all our readers, and venture to say that the pages of the ORIENT will learn to open of their own accord to "The Pessioptimist.—*Bowdoin Orient*, Vol. XXII, No. 9.

The *University Mirror* publishes this month its Columbian number which is very attractive.

A new department, a Chair in Biblical Literature, is soon to make its appearance in Bucknell.

We are glad to have the privilege of examining the *College Review* published at Shurtleff, College, Upper Alton, Ill.

A new \$20,000 engineering building will be erected near the site of the college barn, and will be in readiness for use next fall. It was partially provided for by the will of the late H. B. Pearson and will be devoted to a manual training school similar to the one in Cambridge, but more general and more technical. It will afford the students of the engineering department a much needed opportunity for practical work at the Hill.—*Tuftonian*.

The appearance of this issue of the DELPHIC will no doubt disappoint many, especially those who knew what had been contemplated for the Thanksgiving number. There are several reasons why the special features do not appear. The amount of work required had been underestimated, so that more time was necessary to complete satisfactory arrangements. The "special," however, has not been abandoned but will appear in December as a holiday number. We trust that the delay will be compensated in the greater excellence of the souvenir. Send us the names of friends whom you think appreciate the advantages of higher education and we will mail them copies of the next DELPHIC. However, all the good things will not be reserved. In the present issue Mr. Edward S. Ames, Drake's alumnus in Yale, portrays in a happy style how they observed Thanksgiving "away down in old New England" in other times. He also sends the welcome and significant item of news that not only Drake but Bethany, Hiram, and Eureka are each represented in Yale by an alumnus.

—*Delphic*.

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GLEANINGS.

How about the silly Maine man who agreed to eat a candle if Cleveland was elected?

—*Lewiston Journal*.

Let him eat the candle and make light of it.

—*Richmond Bee*.

A big spider, four inches across, is shown at Ricker & Rumball's—came in a bunch of bananas. If he'd banana bigger an extra bunch would probably have been required for his accommodation.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.—The heart writes its lines on the face.

Society establishes an uneven moral standard, demands an equal observance, and casts out the woman who descends to man's level.

Ambition is a kite which is liable to break the string.

There is no defense against a liar.

When a man's hoping powers are gone he should seek the cemetery—and find it.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

First man—"Pay me the ten dollars which you owe me!"

Second man—"O! O! I—I!"

First man—"Hold on; you have o'ed it long enough."

THE CONVENTIONALITY OF YOUTH.—Mr. White-tie—"Ah, won't you give me a kiss, my little man?"

Louis (hiding bashfully in his mamma's gown)—"You do it, ma."

The *Diawer* culls an interesting bit of biographical information from the examination paper of a small boy who wrote: "Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1492, at the age of seven years."

PEPARTEE.

"I wish you sweet dreams," she said on the stair,
As he gently bade her good night.

"Thanks for permission to dream of you, dear!"
He replied as she vanished from sight.

Diamonds are scarce and precious,

Gold stands at one hundred and three;

But the rubies on a maiden's lips

Are good enough for me.

—*Brunonian*.

A BURLESQUE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Two or three persons having at different times intimated that if I would write an autobiography they would read it when they got leisure, I yield at last to this frenzied public demand, and herewith tender my history :

Ours is a noble old house, and stretches a long way back into antiquity. The earliest ancestor the Twains have any record of was a friend of the family by the name of Higgins. This was in the eleventh century when our people were living in Aberdeen, county of Cork, England. Why it is that our long line has ever since borne the natural name (except when one of them now and then took a playful refuge in an alias to avert foolishness,) instead of Higgins, is a mystery which none of us has ever felt much desire to stir. It is a kind of a vague, pretty romance, and we leave it alone. All the old families do that way.

Anthom Twain was a man of considerable note—a solicitor on the highway in William Rufus' time. At about the age of thirty he went to one of those fine old English places of resort called Newgate, to see about something, and never returned again. While there he died suddenly.

Augustus Twain seems to have made something of a stir about the year 1160. He was as full of fun as he could be, and used to take his old sabre and sharpen it up, and get in a convenient place on a dark night, and stick it through people as they went by to see them jump. He was a born humorist. But he got to going too far with it; and the first time he was found stripping one of these parties, the authorities removed one end of him, and put it on a nice high place on Temple Bar, where it could contemplate the people and have a good time. He never liked any situation so much or stuck to it so long.

Then for the next two hundred years the family tree shows a succession of soldiers—noble, high-spirited fellows, who always went into battle singing, right behind the army, and always went out a-whooping, right ahead of it. This is a scathing rebuke to old dead Froissart's poor witticism that our family tree never had but one limb to it, and that that one stuck out at right angles, and bore fruit winter and summer.

Early in the fifteenth century we have Bean Twain, called "the Scholar." He wrote a beautiful hand, and he could imitate anybody's hand so closely that it was enough to make a person laugh his head off to see it. He had infinite sport with his talent. But by and by he took a contract to break stone for a road, and the roughness of the work spoiled his hand. Still, he enjoyed life all the time he was in the stone business, which, with inconsiderable intervals, was some forty-two years. In fact, he died in harness. During all those long years he gave such satisfaction that he never was through with one contract a week till the government gave him another. He was a perfect pet, and was always a favorite with his fellow artists, and was a conspicuous member of their benevolent secret society, called the Chain Gary. He always wore his hair short, had a preference for striped clothes, and died lamented by the government. He was a sore loss to his country, for he was so regular.

Some years later we have the illustrious John Morgan Twain. He came over to this country with Columbus in 1492, as a passenger. He appears to have been of a crusty, uncomfortable disposition. He complained of the food all the way over, and was always threatening to go ashore unless there was a change. He wanted fresh shad. Hardly a day passed over his head that he did not go idling about the ship with his nose in the air, sneering about the commander, and saying he did not believe Columbus knew where he was going to, or had been there before. The memorable cry of "Land ho!" thrilled every heart on the ship but his. He gazed a while through a piece of smoked glass at the penciled line lying on the distant water, and then said; "Land be hanged, —it's a raft!"

When this questionable passenger came on board the ship, he brought nothing with him but an old newspaper containing a handkerchief marked "B. G." one cotton sock marked "L. W. C.", one woolen one marked "D. F." and a night shirt marked "O. M. R.", and yet during the voyage he worried more about his "trunk", and gave himself more airs about it, than all the rest of the passengers put together. If the ship was "down by the head," and would not steer, he would go and move his "trunk" further aft, and then watch the effect. If the ship was "by the storm", he would suggest to Columbus to detail some men to "shift that baggage." In storms he had to be gagged, because his wailings about his "trunk" made it impossible for the men to hear the orders. The man does not appear to have been openly charged with any gravely unbecoming thing, but it is noted in the ship's log as a "curious circumstance" that albeit he brought his bag-

gage on board the ship in a newspaper, he took it ashore in four trunks, a queensware crate, and a couple of champagne baskets. But when he came back insinuating in an insolent, swaggering way, that some of his things were missing, and he was going to search the other passenger's baggage, it was too much, and they threw him overboard. They watched long and wonderingly for him to come up, but not even a bubble rose on the quiet ebbing tide. But while every one was most absorbed in gazing over the side, and the interest was momentarily increasing, it was observed with consternation that the vessel was adrift and the anchor cable hanging limp from the bow. When in the ship's dimmed and ancient log we find this quaint note:

"In time it was discovered y^t y^e troublesome passenger hadde gone downe and got y^e anchor, and toke y^e same and solde it to y^e dam sauvages from y^e interior, saying y^t he hadde *founde* it y^e sonne of a ghun!"

—MARK TWAIN.

THE WOES OF FARMER FRILL.

BY PLEASANT RIDERHOOD.

My son, Lord Byron James Fitzjames
Orlando Homer Frill,
To poetry has lately turned,
While I the land must till.

Attuned to nature's harmony,
Inspired by autumn's breeze,
His tender verse my poet weaves,
Nor hoe nor spade he sees.

Of country life, sweet rural scenes,
And happiness galore,
He's ground off "pomes" enough to reach
From here to Baltimore.

He sings of "brown and rustling leaves
In dark and shadowy wood"—
Now, I'll admit in 'tater hills
Brown leaves are mighty good.

In frenzy fine he rolls his eyes,
While I roll up my sleeves;
He sings of autumn's autumnness,
While I rake up the leaves.

Of "wildwood nuts now falling fast,
With soft seductive sound"—
He'd better help me goobers dig;
They're wasting in the ground.

Of "lowing kine" he sweetly raves—
But ne'er milks he the cow;
The "glory of a farmer's life"—
But ne'er drives he the plow.

He sings of "birdlets by the brook"

"And "flowrets in the fen"—

'Twould better pay, I think, to feed
The piglets in the pen.

I tell you, folks, I'm gettin' riled,

'N'if Lord and-so-forth Frill

Don't hump himself and get to work,
I'll cut him in my will!

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V. Pres..... J. E. Harvey.
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Meetings every Friday night in Chapter Hall.

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G. S..... Albion Moulton.

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Meetings every Friday night in Chapter Hall.

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