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THE CADET.

VOL. V.

ORONO, MAINE, MARCH, 1891.

No. 10.

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 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.

Advertising rates may be obtained on application to W. R. Farrington, the Managing Editor, Orono, Me., to whom all business correspondence and remittances should be sent. All other communications should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT ORONO, MAINE, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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

EDITORIALS.

Now is the time to pay up back subscriptions, and, with the commencement of a new volume, to renew. We will endeavor to make the CADET as interesting to both undergraduates and alumni as we possibly can and ask your support and co-operation. We are now in need of money, as the Business Editor will testify, and you can best show your appreciation of our efforts by calling around to him and squaring accounts.

With this issue a new term opens to us all. A term full of opportunities for work or idleness, just as we will make it. With many of us it is the "beginning of the end"—the end to which we have been for four years eagerly looking forward to, yet now that it really approaches we would, for many pleasant associations, gladly postpone. Happy is he who can look back over the four years spent here and find no weak places in his defence, that might not have been strengthened by a little more self-denial or exertion. Time wasted or opportunities lost can never be made up, but the works must stand as we build them. We all have holes in our coats and it is not for us to point out our neighbor's shortcomings, but we might here say that were the time allotted to us again how much more wisely we might have used it. To those who are practically at the beginning of their course the years seem long and the time to use unlimited, but no matter how diligently you labor or how faithfully you use every opportunity you will

have none too much time to prepare yourself for the innumerable trials and difficulties which are sure to come.

Measure the usefulness of your college course by work accomplished not by time spent.

One of the first things for one to learn in the downward course to the Do-nothing Kingdom is the art of putting things off. Like all things else the more it is practiced the easier it becomes until it is almost impossible for its victim to do even the most trivial duty without delay. The promise to think about it so often heard is the chief assistant by means of which this habit is acquired. This is so easy that one soon ceased to think about anything, and from ceasing to think it is a very short step to ceasing to do. Everything is left to fate, and the victim is a strong believer in the doctrine that if they are to succeed they will succeed. A rainy day will stop them, and they believe that to-morrow will be better suited to their purpose than to-day is, never thinking that to-morrow is sure to bring with it its own responsibilities:

There is no power in the world so great as that which oversets our disposition to put things off. Money is nothing to it, education is nothing to it; it is the real mover in the world—the motive power; variously called energy, enterprise or resolution which animates discovery, invention and thought. Time runs rapidly to us all but to none so swiftly as he who transfers the duties and responsibilities of to-day into the uncertainty of the future. "Take time by the forelock" and do what you have to do now.

During the last few years there has been a growing feeling of dissatisfaction among the farmers of the State that the State College has not been doing them justice in the line of giving an agricultural education; that they, the principal tax payers, were not reaping the benefits of an institution which they, to a large extent, have supported, and which was designed to give combined practical and theoretical instruction in agriculture to farmers' sons; that the course in agriculture was not such a one as to invite many students to pursue it.

While recognizing the fact that these complaints have not been entirely fanciful nor wholly the result of disordered imaginations, yet THE CADET ventures the assertion that it is neither the fault of the college nor its management that the Agricultural Course, laid down, has not been a more popular one.

The best that could be done, under the circumstances, was done; and it was left with the boys of the State to say whether they would avail themselves of the advantages offered at the Maine State College of Agriculture or not. The result is well known; only a small percentage of the students have taken the Agricultural Course.

Now, that means have been so generously provided by the National Government, the Trustees of the College, at their last meeting, inaugurated many changes in and made important additions to the Agricultural curriculum.

Among these was the establishing of a two years' course in Agriculture, which will be composed of studies, selected with especial care from the regular four years' course, to enable the student to obtain the gist of the whole in one-half of the time.

In addition to the four and two year courses is supplemented another, which partakes more of a special course. This is designed to be one year in length, and it gives those pursuing it opportunity to do a large amount of work, as well as making them feel the necessity of working hard because of the limited amount of time at their disposal.

No other department of the college is so well equipped to furnish a satisfactory education as the Department of Agriculture, for none has had so much financial encouragement to aid in giving it impetus as this. Besides the practical knowledge to be gained by observation of the carrying on of a large farm, there are the advantages accruing, in the line of Horticulture, from the erection of a costly hot-house and the establishment of a professorship.

Now let the farmers of the State execute an "About Face" and instead of hampering and discouraging the efforts of the college in this line, take a hand in improving it, thereby helping themselves the State College and the cause of Agriculture in our State.

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EDITOR C

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COMMUNICATION.

IN CAMP, PLEASANT VALLEY, MONTANA, }
Nov. 10, 1890.

EDITOR OF THE CADET :*

Dear Sir:—In reply to your communication of September 22, desiring me to write an article for THE CADET, I will pen a hasty account of a few of the things I have seen in the West since coming here in July. I will offer as an apology for making the narrative of no more interest, the well worn excuse concerning lack of time; for certainly I have many things besides writing to occupy my attention, and at the best a camp is not a favorable place for composition.

Before getting fairly started on my journey, I stop for a short time in the "shoe city," visiting friends; and, taking a fresh start from Boston, go northward through New Hampshire and Vermont into Canada, by the way of the Grand Trunk. My dislike for Dominion ways may be simply national prejudice; but, suffice it to say, I have seldom been happier than, after a tedious ride through the Queen's domains, I once more found myself in "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The forests and prairies of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota in their summer verdure were more than beautiful, Indiana seeming more so than the rest, being, so far as one can judge from superficial appearances, the best part of the country I saw during the trip. Passing from Port Huron through Lansing and South Bend, the gigantic young Lake City is reached; thence, in thirteen and one-half hours, the Chicago & Northwestern brings us into St. Paul. One of the first things I do there is to hunt up my classmate, H. D. Dunton, who had preceded me by about three days. He has an excellent position as draughtsman with the American Mfg Co., of which Oliver Crosby, M. S. C., '76, is the moving spirit, having built up a rushing business during the last decade. Mr. Crosby told me there are some twenty-five or thirty M. S. C. boys in and around St. Paul and Minneapolis, and that they entertained President and Mrs. Fernald a few days before, as they were passing through St. Paul on their western tour. Most of the boys had not seen

them before for twelve or fifteen years and what would otherwise have been a first-rate time was, for this reason especially, rendered doubly enjoyable.

I had no time to stay in Minneapolis as I had wished to call on my friend, Mr. C. F. Sturtevant, '87, but passed through the city over the Great Northern into North Dakota. The Dakota plains appeared dry and parched and the great wheat fields did not contain so good grain as many less pretentious New England fields. These plains, so few years since, the home of vast herds of buffaloes have been abandoned by them forever. Their whitening bones, strewn far and wide, remain as a last relic of a noble race of animals, the extermination of which has been not so much a result of human necessity as of inhuman wantonness, savage love of cruel pleasure, and a miserably selfish disregard for the wants of generations to follow. The bones are now gathered by the Indians into heaps about the railroad stations and sold for \$6 to \$8 a ton to central and eastern manufacturers of commercial fertilizers.

One of the most peculiar things about the plains of Dakota and Montana is the appearance of the wild grass. During the dry summer it looks withered enough to be unable to sustain the life of the grazing cattle; but in reality it is like the proverbial "singed cat"; for stock does thrive remarkably upon it, even in winter.

Before arriving in Helena we pass through several tunnels of the Montana Central R. R., one of which was built several years ago under the supervision of E. O. Goodridge, M. S. C., '85. At the risk of being blamed for indulging in personalities, I will say that, of the construction of this tunnel, Mr. Goodridge has the reputation of having made a signal success. Right here it may be pardonable to observe that most of the M. S. C. boys in this section, of whom I have heard, are prospering. Messrs. Dole, '85, and Lenfest, '86, were well thought of while here, and among older graduates the class of '76 provides at least three very successful engineers: Messrs. Lothrop and Foss, who have fine positions on the Northern Pacific, and Mr. E. H. Beckler, Chief Engineer of the Montana Central, and Superintending Engineer of the thousand-mile Pacific Extension of the

Great Northern, from Fort Assiniboine, now building. It may be as well to call no names whatever; for of course there are other graduates, even in this part of the country, who are equally successful.

But, to return to my journey. Helena at last appears, a sunshiny, hot and dusty city, a deserted mining camp, almost every part of which has been dug up and spaded this way and that, until earth, gravel and rock are everywhere to be seen, except where leveled down and covered with buildings.

After working two days in the office of the Montana Central, I start on the Northern Pacific for Ravalli, a little station one hundred and sixty miles northwest of Helena, where I lodge at the *hotel*, kept by two "half-breeds," as the compound man, half-white and half-Indian, is called. The next morning thirty miles are undertaken by stage. We cross the Mission Ridge so named from the Roman Catholic Indian Mission of St. Ignatius, near the western base of the range, and then ride along the valley west of the mountains, keeping within several miles of them. They are about 7,000 feet high. In the gorges near their summits the ancient snows dazzle the eye by the reflection of the July sun, which shines with scorching heat in the valley below.

The Flathead Reservation lies in our path. It contains about three thousand five hundred square mile, and upon it live some fourteen hundred Indians of several tribes, mostly Nez Perces, Pend d'Oreilles, Flatheads, Kootenais and Chippewas. The Flatheads here found are not the genuine Flathead Indians; the latter are located in the vicinity of Puget Sound, but the former have for years gone under the misnomer of *Flatheads*, and from them Flathead River and Flathead Lake have received their names. The Kootenais are the tribe that made the disturbance of last July, which had hardly quieted down at the period of which I am writing. Several whites had been killed, and as a consequence several bad Indians were arrested and tried for murder. Two were convicted and are soon to be hanged.

The scenery in view as one approaches Flathead Lake is magnificent, beyond description. After a long, jolting, and fearfully dusty ride across the prairie the sight of this clear

sheet of water was heartily welcome, and the steamboat ride of thirty miles across it was almost worth coming from Maine to experience. This is the Lake George of the Rockies. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains, which rise with Alpine abruptness from the waters edge. In the clear summer air they stand out in deep blue against the lighter blue of the sky, their sombreness being relieved by forest verdure in the nearer portions, and, higher in elevation, and more distant, by the reddish brown of the earth, and the white and gray of rocks, which are left exposed to view as the increasing height approaches Timber line. Its depth, as may be inferred from the steepness of its sides, is great; but how great is unknown; it has been sounded four hundred feet without touching bottom. The lake is really an expansion of Flathead River, which after leaving the lake is called the Pend d'Oreille, and is the main branch of Clark's Fork of the Columbia. Although not quite so large as the Penobscot, the Flathead will still compare favorably with it in size; yet on many maps of Montana it is denoted by the merest "scruggle," if indeed it be marked at all.

Sailing thirty miles up the Flathead we arrive at the metropolis of the valley, Demersville, where are situated two stores, a school-house, law office, newspaper office and a few other buildings, and, last but not least, several *saloons*. Saloons are the curse of this country. The first step of advancing civilization is to plant a saloon, be it said to the deep disgrace of our vaunted civilization. Go where you will in the less settled parts, and you will be confronted, if by nothing else, by one of these vile, death-peddling institutions, and its usual accompaniment, a pack of cards.

Well, to resume, twenty-five miles from Demersville our surveying camp is reached by double wagon ride. Here in Bad Rock Canon through which the Flathead flows is found rough railroading. An idea of it may be obtained by the fact that sometimes ladders of trees, with timber platforms at the top, had to be made, at great expenditure of time, upon which to set the transit; and, perched in air upon this platform, over some chasm, the transitman would make his motions, and yell "To the right!" "To the left!" or "All right!" with

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the independence of a condor and the state of a king. Sometimes the level had to be set up ten or twelve times in a single hundred-foot station; and in other places the only way to procure the elevations was to get the height of some lofty but accessible point, and from this the elevation of a summit above the line; and then from this last point, whose elevation is now known, to drop the chain or a rope to the points of the line below, whose levels are required. In very many places dropping an instrument would render it most decidedly useless to the engineering profession; while a single misstep would place the unfortunate victim in such a condition that not a respectable lock of hair would be recovered to sent to the mourners. But this is indeed a world of change, a few miles farther and we come to prairie, where there is no great difference of elevation for miles.

Although just west of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, we are naturally enough in the lowest passes to be found among them; hence our elevation is comparatively low, not exceeding 5,000 feet; but even this gives us a touch of the coolness and bracing qualities of mountain air.

Montana climate is a bundle of irregularities: some autumns are nice and warm, and some not so much that way. During last August our party did not lose an hour on account of bad weather, and in September scarcely more; but with October came the "variegated" weather—every sort, size, shape and complexion of atmospheric condition, all in one day perhaps.

This is a paradise for fish and game, and we appreciate the fact, as well as do the many Indians who surround us. We are well acquainted with venison, and, during part of our trip, we were supplied so bounteously with trout that it became a less desirable article of food than salt port.

But, as one of my worthy classmates lately *prophesied*, I am "lengthy, as usual," so will draw to a close.

I wish I could once more catch the echoes from the old familiar walls of the Maine State College, or see someone whom I knew when there. Fenton Merrill, '87, and my classmate, C. J. Wallace, are both in this State; but the former is east of the main range, and the where-

abouts of the later are as yet unknown to me: consequently I have been unable to see either.

But I am sitting up late, worrying my readers. So, with best wishes for THE CADET and the M. S. C., I will retire to my lowly couch of boughs ere—

The orient tints give warning
Of slow advancing day,
And the sun's first rays of morning
Flash down the mountains gray.

Yours sincerely,

C. C. HARVEY, '90.

* Mr. Harvey intended this article for the December number of THE CADET, but on account of delays in the mail it did not reach us till the paper was printed. However, as a good thing is good at any time, we hope it has not lost any of its interest by its long wait.—ED.

OBITUARY.

JUDSON B. BLAGDEN, '94.

The announcement of the death of J. B. Blagden, '94 came to us so suddenly, that it was hard for the students to believe it. He died the Saturday before the term began, and our first knowledge of the fact, was from a newspaper report. Mr. Blagden fitted for college at Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, and was one of the many men who was working for his education. He was teaching on Bailey's Island near Portland when taken sick, and died in the Maine General Hospital after a short illness. Although he had been here but one term, still he gained many friends, and was universally liked, and he is sincerely mourned by the Y. M. C. A., his class, his society, and the college.

THE CADET extends its earnest sympathy to the friends of the deceased.

At the regular meeting of the S. I. U. Society Feb. 20, 1891, the following resolutions were adopted on the death of Judson B. Blagden:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, by the unsparing hand of death, to remove from our midst our much esteemed brother, Judson B. Blagden, who departed this life Saturday, Jan. 31, 1891, and his unassuming friendship and ageableness of his disposition having won for him many friends during his short stay among us,

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Divine Being, we cannot help feeling that by his death the S. I. U. Society has lost an excellent member, and the college a respected student.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in The CADET, that a copy be sent to his brother and also that the resolutions be recorded on the minuet book of this society.

BERT. A. HALL, } Committee
GEO. P. MAGUIRE, } on
T. J. YOUNG, } Resolutions.

After the meeting of the class of '94 the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, God, in his divine wisdom, has seen fit to remove from among us, one of our most promising and highly esteemed classmates, Judson B. Blagden;

Resolved, That realizing the great loss that we are called upon to sustain, we, the class of '94, Maine State College, do sincerely mourn our departed friend.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to all relatives and friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the CADET and that the same be sent to his relatives.

E. H. COWAN, } Committee
W. H. JOSE, } on
F. C. BOWLER, } Resolutions.
J. H. RICKER, }

LITERARY.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK I LINES 50-91, AND 124-147.

* * * * * Juno came
Into Aeolia, native land of storms,
Where dwells the mighty ruler, Aeolus;
Who checks the raging winds and tempests wild,
Curbs them with chains and strongest prison walls.
Against these barriers wrathfully they rage;
With scepter firm sits Aeolus on high.
He soothes their minds and mitigates their wrath;
Unless he do this, they will bear away
Seas, lands, and heavens, and sweep them through the
air.
But fearing this, great Jove omnipotent,
Hid them in caverns deep, and placed above,
The weight of lofty mountains, mass on mass,
And gave to them a king, who well knew how,
Both to restrain, and give them liberty.

To him at this time, Juno thus out-spoke:
"Oh! Aeolus, to whom almighty Jove,
Father of gods and king of men, has given
To calm the waves or raise them with a wind,
A race of men to me inimical
Now sails upon the broad Tyrrhenian sea,
They bear their gods and Troy to Italy;
Inspire with force the winds and overwhelm
Their sunken ships, or drive them separate,
And scatter wide their bodies on the deep.
I have twice seven nymphs of beauteous form
Of whom in marriage will I give to thee,
Deiopea, loveliest of them all.
That for such service, she may dwell with thee
Long, happy years, wherein thou shalt rejoice,
The father of an offspring beautiful."
Then thus responded Aeolus: "Oh! queen,
'Tis thine, thy wishes to consider well;
'Tis right for me thy orders to obey.
Thou giv'st whatever sovereignty is mine,
My scepter, and the favor of great Jove;
And at the festal banquets of the gods,
Thou grantest to recline, and makest me
The ruler over winds, and tempests wild."
He said these things, and struck against its side,
The hollow mountain, with inverted spear.
The winds rush through the outlets in a line,
And o'er the land, they in a tempest sweep.
How heavily they press upon the waves,
The East, the South, the stormy South-west winds;
Now they upturn the whole sea from its depths,
And now they roll vast billows to the shore.
There follow shrieks of terror-stricken men,
And noise of creaking cordage; and the clouds
Have snatched from Trojan eyes the light of day.
Dark night broods o'er the deep; from pole to pole
The heavens thunder, and the lurid air,
With frequent frightful flashes gleams,
And all things threaten instant death to men.

* * * * *
Meanwhile great Neptune sees the deep disturbed,
With tumult loud, and tempest wild sent forth,
Perceives the waters stirred from lowest depth;
And looking forth upon the stormy sea,
Raises his placid head above the waves.

* * * * *
He calls the East and West winds to himself,
And thus he speaks: "Does so great confidence
In your own race possess you? Dare ye now
To throw into confusion, heaven and earth,
Without my bidding, and to boldly raise
So great disturbances, O winds? Whom I—!
But better first to still the restless waves,
Hereafter ye shall not atone to me
For your offences with like punishment.
Hasten your flight, and speak thus to your king:
Not unto him, but me, by lot was given,
To wield the mighty trident, rule the sea.
He holds huge rocks, your home, O South-east wind;
Let Aeolus devote himself to them,
And in the winds' closed prison, let him reign."
He speaks, and quickly soothes the swollen waves,
He drives away the clouds; brings back the sun.
Cymothoe and Triton, striving hard,
Now push away the ships from off the rocks;
And with his trident, Neptune raises them,
And opens wide the quicksands, calms the sea,
And o'er the waves he glides with lightest wheels.

—R. H. F.

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NATURE'S DOWRY.

(From the French.)

Beautiful Annie, who the world bewitches,
 (Would she were wise as she is fair.)
 Still weeps because, forsooth, she has no riches,
 Save in the golden treasure of her hair.
 In the smooth radiance of her opal shoulders,
 In the soft blue turquois of her eyes,
 In teeth whose pearly splendors daze beholders,
 And breath more fragrant than the choicest spice.
 Save in red lips that far eclipse the ruby,
 And ever inexhaustless mines of health.
 Poor? Annie, poor? Nay that can never true be,
 With sixteen summer's boundless, countless wealth.

CONSTANCY.

A night-flower loved a star,
 That high above her head,
 In the blue heavens afar,
 Its lustre spread.

And as he shone above
 Her lonely bower,
 He dreamt not of the love
 Of that night-flower.

And well the pale flower knew,
 That from his lofty home,
 To where she lonely grew,
 The star would never come.

Yet still each night she kept
 On Heaven afar,
 A watch, while others slept,
 For that bright star.

CAMPUS.

Drill for the freshmen began Feb. 17.

Two more members on the Faculty to name.

"Please do not prompt with such promptness."

Vickery, '89 was upon the campus a few weeks ago.

Several of the students are still teaching and will be out some time yet.

Carbolic acid is a good thing with which to disinfect spots upon the carpet.

Prof. Rogers is teaching logic to the Junior class this term altogether by lectures.

The legislative committee on the State College were here on the Thursday before the term opened.

Several new men this term "Bedbug", "Poodles" and one or two who have not as yet developed names.

We were glad to see "Ruben" with us a short time ago. He spared a short time from his legislative duties at Augusta to visit us.

It is much regretted that the Orono Town Hall has been burned. How can '91 graduate? We hope the hall will soon be rebuilt.

Two large iron-planers have been received at the shop and help to reinforce the mechanical department.

A certain Junior has been teaching this winter. He closed his school but "by request" he kept two weeks longer.

We are glad to see Mr. Moulton here again with '91. The class has lost two men this term and cannot afford to lose any more.

During the vacation, a large safe made by the York Safe and Lock Co., of York, Pa., has been added to the financial resources of the college.

Stevens, '87, now a manufacturer near Fort Fairfield, was upon the campus a short time ago and has been visiting friends in South Brewer.

Rich, '92, went to Baltimore in January to attend the Conclave of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

"A file will be a good thing to fix that with, Mr. —."

"File get it, will you fix it for me?"

"Stubby" is guilty of this and of a good many more as bad. For instance: "It snows very often up here, but it snow use to kick."

The Sophomores have begun qualitative analysis in the laboratory. They write H₂O with ease. The amateur chemists and farmers work every day and great is the stench thereof. The engineers take turns in playing with the bottles.

Hereafter remember that there is no time for *quibbling*. Fine points must be broken off.

Whenever you have an opportunity be sure to call and see that collection of fossil footprints made by *Professor Hitchcock*. They are exceedingly interesting.

Hearn, the photographer, representing Hardy of Boston, has been here and has engaged to do the picture work of the Senior class, and of any others who see fit to patronize him. Terms same as last year.

Student—I don't think "Analytics" is very hard. Is Calculus on the same strain?

Prof.—Yes, it is on the same *strain*, but on a little different *tune*.

We are glad to see "Nathan" here with us still, though he no longer is one of the students. He takes the place of Mr. Hart as instructor in Civil Engineering, since Mr. Hart has taken the Chair of Mathematics as Professor.

Vacation is over, and the routine of college work begins again. As is usual the promptness of the students in returning, varies inversely with the age of the classes. The Freshmen are quite prompt.

Many of the students have been teaching this winter, and with good success. A few have tried the joys of the canvassers' life. They don't call themselves *agents*, but *retail drummers*.

The puns in the Geology Class are getting dangerous.

Prof.—"What was the state of the earth in its early history, Mr. Moulton?"

Student hesitates.

Prof.—"It was in the molt-er-er-molten state." Class sees the point.

The department of Horticulture has secured an efficient head in Prof. Munson, who is here this term. Mr. Munson is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He has been an assistant in Horticulture at Cornell University for several years.

Several members of the Faculty have been taking special work in larger colleges during the vacation. Prof. Hart has taken special mathematical work in Clark University. Mr.

Webb has been taking machine work in Cornell University, and Mr. Grover has attended the Mass. Institute of Technology, with special attention to bridge work.

Among the many improvements going on in and about the college, is this that the library is now open at all hours between 7.30 and 11.30 A. M., and 1.30 and 5.00 P. M. Students should avail themselves of this opportunity of doing outside reading in connection with their studies.

They do say that that a certain Senior is so afraid of his life that he carries a revolver at all times and under all circumstances. Fire arms are bad for children to carry; they sometimes point them promiscuously, even when loaded.

J. L. Harvey, of Readfield, J. R. Small, of Camden, and Ralph Horne, of Stillwater, have entered the Freshman class, while G. W. Freeman, of Portland, is taking a special course. He comes here from Dartmouth.

The old familiar yell "Coo—come up on the fourth floor," resounds through the corridors as of yore.

Frank S. Tolman, '92, is the the popular and efficient Principal of the Medway High School.

It is strange what an effect nicotine fumes will have upon the digestive organs of a human being, especially if he be not used to them. This is what a certain Freshman thinks.

Some new chairs have been received for the Physical Lecture room. These are made with a writing board upon one arm, and will be very fine in taking notes upon lectures, and also in examinations.

Peter is reciting—

Prof.—"What four classes of substances compose the sedimentary rocks?"

Peter.—"Sandstone, limestone, shale, and"—

Prof.—"Anyone?"

Whole class with wonderful promptness, "Pete".

The Catalogues for 1890-91 are out without much change from the old ones. In place of the cut of the Campus in the front of the Catalogue, is one of Coburn Hall, and there is also

a plan of walks, roads, of the place the place Campus v

F. L. H. at the Ma the degree Arkansas pried the about ten Dr. Harve all depart done cons having dis plants. H to the lis gamic bot a consider new to Ma life history which he perfectly, ing among deserved, congratula his labors i

This is chemists t manufactur of perfume Delight."

It is "Chummy Mike's pip Soph's loo going thro that "Zeke night mail groans com by the pr "Poodles" Freshmen the Soph's that Prof. hats in the that "Jobb that the Pro with the s Jay Gould

a plan of the Campus showing all the buildings, walks, roads, etc. We hoped to see a picture of the proposed new building which is to take the place of Wingate Hall. A new cut of the Campus would be a good thing.

F. L. Harvey, Professor of Natural History at the Maine State College, has lately received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Arkansas Industrial University, where he occupied the chair of Chemistry and Biology for about ten years previous to his coming to Maine. Dr. Harvey has been an investigator in nearly all departments of Natural Science. He has done considerable work in Geological Botany, having discovered twenty new species of fossil plants. He has also added several phenogams to the list of American Flota, and in cryptogamic botany his, among other things, recorded a considerable number of fresh-water algae, new to Maine. His researches concerning the life history and habits of *Trypeta pomonella*, in which he figured for the first time the insect perfectly, and the egg, puts him on good standing among entomologists. His new title is justly deserved, and his many friends will unite in congratulating him on this acknowledgment of his labors in the field of science.

This is the season when the Sophomore chemists turn their skill to practical use in manufacturing those sweet (?) scented bottles of perfumery, better known as "Freshman's Delight."

It is whispered that "Durang" and "Chummy" are quite a musical team; that Mike's pipe is bad for Freshies; that if the Soph's look at the bashful little men of '94 going through the drill they will be reported; that "Zeke" looks like Daniel Webster; that the night mail carrier is rather slow; that direful groans come from "Toothpick's" room, explained by the presence of a trombone; also that "Poodles" don't like his pseudonym; that the Freshmen wear big mustaches in defiance of the Soph's; that "Tug" is anxious to play ball; that Prof. Aubert objects to students wearing hats in the Laboratory; that Mike is a punster; that "Jobbie" keeps away from the Freshies; that the Professors get off their spring term jokes with the same old grace; that a relative of Jay Gould is a member of '93; that the said

class of '93 has no use for German; that the base ball candidates practice daily in the little shed known as the "gym."

Tyler, '92, has been teaching in Boothbay; Young, '93, has been doing the same in Solon; Rich, '92, is principal of the High School at Mat-tawamkeag; Arey, '91, is teaching in Deer Isle.

"Mac." and "Stanley" still sell sweetmeats to the boys. Give them a call.

The "*Mayor of Bradley*" was seen upon the Campus a short time ago.

Wallace R. Farrington and Wm. S. Bailey attended the reunion and banquet of the New England Chapters of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity held at Young's Hotel, Boston, in the evening of Feb. 27.

An awful noise,
A lot of boys,
The snow is moist and soft.
A pane of glass,
A fearful crash,
Who did it? "A wicked Soph."

This is the answer echo gives,
But you know it isn't true,
For though the Sophs made a fearful noise,
Some Seniors were "in it" too.

PERSONALS.

'73.—Mr. Fred W. Holt of St. George, N. B., superintendent of the Grand Southern R. R., has just been to Maine on a business trip. Mr. Holt, who is a civil engineer of marked ability, has been connected with numerous railroad enterprises since his graduation.

'75.—Mr. L. W. Rogers, formerly of Stillwater, who for several years has been one of Waterville's active and prominent business men, was married Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 28, the bride being Miss Annie L. Drummond, a popular young lady of Waterville. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother, and was attended by the intimate friends of the bride and groom. There were many costly and beautiful presents from friends in the community. The marriage service was performed by Rev. L. H. Hallock. Imme-

diately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Rogers took the afternoon express to points in the West and South. It is Mr. Roger's intention to establish himself in the West if he can find the right sort of location

'76.—The Augusta correspondent of the *Lewiston Journal* speaks as follows of Hon. Wm. T. Haines of Waterville, Senator from Kennebec county: Mr. Haines is a born agitator, one of the men who are both useful and necessary in every generation. He is alive, energetic progressive, and has the courage of his convictions. The people who stir up public thought, champion new ideas, and invite and defy criticism, have always an important part to play in the world's education, and though they may and generally do, make some mistakes, they are usually too innately progressive not to be willing to rectify them when they find it out.—Hon. C. P. Allen has tendered his resignation as president of the Presque Isle National Bank. The bank is in excellent condition, its stock being worth \$150. a share.—H. J. Reynolds of Eastport is doing an excellent drug business.—N. H. Martin of Fort Fairfield has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for about a year, but we are glad to learn that he is now much better.—*The Engineering News* for Jan. 10, 1891, contains two cuts and a description of false work for a bridge in process of construction by C. W. Gibbs, member of the Am. Soc. C. E. This bridge is on the line of the Rio Grande Southern R. R. which extends about forty miles south from Dallas, Col., and is eventually to be continued to Durango.

'77.—G. E. Sturgis, associated with a gentleman named Northrop, has commenced the manufacture of carbonated beverages, syrups, extracts and mineral waters in Portland, Oregon. The firm also handle supplies for the manufacturing, bottling and dispensing of soda and mineral waters.

'81.—A. T. Ingalls has bought the patent and is now manufacturing "Boothby's patent can-openers" in Portland. The can-opener does neat and rapid work and promises to find a ready sale.

'84.—Gov. Burleigh has just appointed Wm. R. Pattangall of Pembroke, trial justice.

'85.—Mr. J. N. Hart, who has been one of the instructors at the Maine State College during the past four years, has been elected professor of Mathematics, with a salary of \$1,500. Mr. Hart is a fine scholar and we are glad to hear of his promotion to the position mentioned, and the good salary he is to receive.
—*Piscataquis Observer*.

'86.—Mr. Arthur D. Page has arrived home from the West, being called here by the death of his father, the late Jackson Page, of Orono. Mr. Page is located near Seattle, Wash., and is engaged in civil engineering. Since arriving home he has received word that there was a big fire in town and his office was burned and, as supposed with all of his drafts and instruments. Since graduation Mr. Page has been in the West and has been very successful in various undertakings.—The many friends of Mr. H. S. French will receive with pleasure the news of his marriage to Miss Maud M. Foster of Chelsea, Mass., which took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Foster, 38 Franklin Av., Wednesday, Jan. 28. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. E. Jefferson of the Central Congregational Church, at 7 P. M. A formal reception was held from 8 to 10 P. M., during which time about four hundred of the society people of the city were presented to the young couple. The groom's present to the bride was a pair of diamond ear-rings. One large room was filled with elegant and costly presents from the many friends of the contracting parties. After the wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. French will reside in Boston.

'87.—Mrs. Geo. F. Black of Portland, formerly Miss Alice A. Hincks, has just been to Augusta to superintend the publication of her work on "The Land Mammals of New England," now being published.—Miss Alice Benjamin of Oakland, has gone to Gardiner, where she has secured a position as book-keeper.

'88.—Fred L. Eastman has gone to Virginia to accept a position on the Norfolk and Western R. R. headquarters at Radford, Va.—Mr. J. W. Hatch, who has been principal of the High School in Madison, has resigned, and has gone to Hampton, Va., where he has been elected to take charge of the department of Agriculture

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and Horticulture in the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

'94.—M. L. Fernald, having become known through his enthusiastic and successful work upon the plants of this region, to Dr. Watson, Curator of the herbarium of Harvard University, has received from that gentleman the offer of a position as assistant in the herbarium, with opportunity for outside study and advancement. As Fernald is undoubtedly better fitted by nature for a life-work as a botanist than for any other career, this rare opportunity has been accepted by him.



MERRITT L. FERNALD.*

Fernald, who is now in his eighteenth year, is the second son of Pres. Fernald, and entered college last fall in the class of '94. He was an active member of the local chapter of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, was president of his class and acted as assistant librarian in the college library, besides holding numerous other under graduate honors. The appointment is a marked compliment to his industry and genius, and would be a flattery to a botanist of much more mature years. Although he will be greatly missed we feel that this is the first step in the brilliant career, as a botanist, which his genius warrants and his industry is sure to bring.

* The electrotype was very kindly loaned to THE CADET by the publishers of the Boston Daily Globe.

EXCHANGES.

After the long winter vacation, at present in vogue at our college, the Exchange Edition of "THE CADET" is again confronted with a large pile of college productions which, to peruse and review, would seem, to one unaccustomed to the occurrence, to be sufficient to dampen the literary ardor or quench the enthusiasm of any amateur journalist. However it is pleasurable and profitable to examine such, and thereby be informed upon topics which are of vital interest to their respective colleges, as well as to note the current and dominant thought in the minds of the student body of other institutions, which finds expression in the American college journal of to-day. The very character of students, as a body, is thus delineated to a nicety, and to an Exchange Editor, seeking information in regard to the habits and ideas uppermost in the minds of collegians, the perusal of a college publication is almost equivalent to visiting and mingling with the students it represents.

In the February number of *The Polytechnic* Theodore Voorhees discusses "The Railway Engineer and the Superintendent" in an able manner which cannot fail to be of interest to the young engineer. In it he says: "The study of the classics may especially be deemed unnecessary to an engineer. Yet any real appreciation of literature, any broad culture, is impossible without some knowledge at least, of the classics and classical study."

"Still more, however is a strictly scientific and mathematical course an inestimable advantage to the student who looks forward to the pursuit of engineering in any of its forms."

"There is a power of concentration of thought and a clearness of mental vision to be obtained as the result of severe mathematical study which no amount of classical study can ever produce. This may be said to be the chief benefit of the study of mathematics and the result amply repays the time bestowed on its acquirement, no matter whether in after life the

student becomes an engineer, lawyer, professional man of any kind, or follows a mercantile career."

"Let the boy lay a broad foundation, including some knowledge of the classics if possible, then devote some years to severe mathematical study and at one or two and twenty he will be well equipped, ready to begin the special study of the career he has chosen, and in nine cases out of ten, he will rapidly outstrip the boy who, without mental training, has been meanwhile serving his apprenticeship either in the counting-house, manufactory or in practical work."

"The profession of civil engineering to-day embraces a wide field. To attain success in its pursuit it is almost a necessity to make a specialty of some one of its sub-divisions. One may be an expert bridge engineer and yet know but little of mining; one may be a successful hydraulic engineer and yet know but little of railroad construction. Electrical engineering may be the taste of one, topography and landscape gardening of another. Each requires the full time and devotion of its follower if he looks for success. The literature alone of each subject is so great that it is an incessant task simply to endeavor to keep up with its current issue. He who would attempt to do more will be apt to become "Jack of all trades but master of of none."

The *Bates Student* of February contains an essay upon "The Decline of American Patriotism," which is right to the point, and descriptive of a few of the many evils with which America is beset. The article closes with the following lofty sentiment:

"Let every home in America resound with the stirring notes of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," till the very atmosphere, charged with the electric spark of patriotic fire, shall, as it swells the bosoms of our rising generation, kindle its sacred flame in every heart; and over our broad land, from Plymouth's sacred rock to San Francisco's Golden Gate, shall roll a tidal wave of patriotism, bearing in its healing flood redemption from a nation's thousand woes."

The following abstract from a commendable editorial in the February *Student* is also worthy of attention: "The ability to engage in con-

versation in an interesting and intelligent way is a rare accomplishment; if it were not, the world would be spared so many useless meteorological observations. * * * It is every man's duty to make himself as agreeable as possible to his friends and associates, nor should he fail to cultivate all his powers with this end in view.

But what accomplishment can a man have, that will make him more agreeable to those about him than the art of conversation? * * * If this accomplishment is so desirable, so necessary, should not the acquirement of it be one end of a college education? And it is easily done. Give students the opportunity to develop the social side of their natures. We do not want English university "pull-men," who go to college for no other purpose than to form brilliant social connections; but still less do we want to produce graduates whose sole subject of conversation is the weather."

OTHER COLLEGES.

Tokio, Japan, contains fifty Yale graduates, who are just forming an alumni association.

Fifty candidates for the Cornell crew are now in training.

Vassar has a new skating rink, the gift of the great Standard-Oil man, Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

The Cornell college library contains 140,000 volumes, including a superb set of works on French history, said to be the finest outside of France.

About 4,000 of the 65,000 students in American colleges are preparing for the ministry.

Of 362 colleges and institutions in the country, 271 are supported by religious denominations.

An examination in gymnastics is now required of Johns Hopkins undergraduates before a degree is conferred.

Students who use tobacco in any form are denied admission to the University of the Pacific at San Jose, Cal.

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A recent account shows that over one hundred thousand students are now attending colleges and universities in this country.

The oldest college in the world is Moham-medan College at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1800 years old when Oxford was founded.

There are now about seventy-five fellowships open for competition in American colleges.

The French have sent a commission to America to examine our system of college athletics, with the view of adopting the same.

Princeton has a larger number of students than ever before in her history. The freshman class has the ascendancy in college in respect to numbers, reported to be close on 300.

There is a movement on foot in the University of Pennsylvania to establish a chair of the Irish Language.—*Ex.*

There is an inter-fraternity ball league in successful operation at the University of Michigan.

Both Amherst and Williams have adopted the rule of allowing no student, unless he be a member of some of the college teams to wear the college initial on his blazer or sweater.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburg Falls, Vt., publishers of "*A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases*," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "*Treatise*."

We have noticed for some time with pleasure the improvement that is being steadily made in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* by its present progressive and live managers. They now announce that beginning with Jan. 1st, the price of the paper will be reduced to \$6 a year, putting it at the same rate as the other Boston morning papers, while at the same time, the features which have

made it so valuable for many years will be retained and the news department freshened and brightened up. The management say that no one need expect any cheap sensationalism in *The Advertiser*, but that it will be the best morning paper for business men and the family published in New England. *The Advertiser* was for some time under a financial cloud, but the present managers have put a very different face on matters, and are evidently going into the field to dispute it with the papers which have long believed themselves impregnable.

In the *Queen's* last word contest, Dr. Edmund T. Stevens, of Buffalo, N. Y., won the first prize of a free trip to Europe and \$200 in cash, and Annie B. Turner, of Deposit, N. Y., secured the special prize of a handsome Shetland pony.

The publishers of this well-known Magazine have decided to offer one more Competition, and to the persons sending them the largest lists of English words (not less than four letters) constructed from letters contained in the three words, "Dominion of Canada" they offer many useful prizes, including \$750 in cash, Shetland ponies, China Dinner sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Clocks, etc., all to be awarded strictly in order of merit. An elegant Silver Tea Service (valued \$30) will be given each day to the persons from whom the largest list is received that day from the State in which they reside. The object of this Special Daily Prize for each State is to increase the interest in *The Queen's* Competitions in every locality in the United States. Those desiring to contest for one of these valuable prizes may start on their list at once, but send six U. S. two cent stamps, and receive last number of *The Queen* with full particulars before forwarding your list. Address *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

CLIPPINGS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes commenced his literary career as an editor of a college journal.
—*Ex.*

Her cheek was pressed
Against my vest,—
"I was white—the latter;
She raised her head,
The vest was red.
Her cheek—no matter.—*Ex.*

A widower with a number of small children married a widow similarly blessed. In due time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day, the father went out to see what was the matter. "Well, what was it?" asked his wife as he returned. "Your children and my children were pounding our children," was the reply.—*Ex.*

"Why is it that two souls mated in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other in the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alembic of eternal love?" "It is because butter is 20 cents a pound, and a good silk costume costs as high as \$150."

Directory of the Secret Societies and Associations Connected with the Maine State College.

Q. T. V. Fraternity, Orono Chapter, No. 2.

Meetings every Friday night in Chapter House.

W. G. M.....H. V. Starrett.
V. G. M.....Edmund Clark.
Cor. Sec'y.....Prescott Keyes, Jr.

Maine State Chapter, the Beta Eta of Beta Theta Pi.

Meetings every Friday night in Chapter House.

Pres.....Wallace R. Farrington.
V. Pres.....W. E. Healey.
Cor. Sec.....R. H. Fernald.

Psi Chapter of Kappa Sigma, Maine State College.

Meetings every Friday night in Chapter Hall.

Pres.....W. N. Patten.
V. Pres.....M. L. Bristol.
Cor. Sec.....J. Prince.

S. I. U. Society.

Meetings every Friday night in Chapter Hall.

Pres.....C. H. Kilbourne.
V. Pres.....S. M. Timberlake.
Sec.....T. J. Young.

Reading Room Association.

Pres.....H. G. Menges.
V. Pres.....W. C. Holden.
Sec.....H. O. Robinson.

Coburn Cadets.

Second Lieutenant, E. E. Hatch, 18th U. S. Infantry, Commanding.

Cadet Edmund Clark, Major and Commandant.
Cadet J. W. Steward, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.
Cadet H. V. Starrett, First Lieut. and Quartermaster.

Co. A.

Captain, W. R. Farrington,
First Lieut. W. N. Patten,
Second Lieut. T. L. Merrill,
Third Lieut. C. Hamlin,

Co. B.

E. R. Merrill.
H. G. Menges,
R. W. Lord,
Wm. R. Farrington.

Geo. H. Hamlin Hose Company.

Pres.....H. G. Menges.
Foreman.....C. M. Randlette.
Sec. and Treas.....G. P. Maguire.
Steward.....W. C. Holden.

Y. M. C. A.

Meetings every Wednesday evening in the Association Room.

Pres.....B. A. Hall.
V. Pres.....M. L. Bristol.
Cor. Sec.....H. M. Prentiss.

M. S. C. Publishing Association.

Pres.....T. S. Merrill.
V. Pres.....G. P. Maguire.
Sec.....W. M. Bailey.

Base Ball Association.

Geo. F. Rich.....Pres. and Manager.
E. T. Hamlin.....V. Pres.
P. R. Wilson.....Sec
E. Clark.....Treas.

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**HARDY
PHOTOGRAPHER**

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