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THE CADET.

VOL. III.

ORONO, MAINE, MARCH, 1888.

No. 1.

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

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

EDITORIAL.

IT is strange that, in these enlightened times, when the practice of hazing is so universally condemned, it should manifest itself in such high class institutions as it does. During the past winter vacation, we were surprised in reading an article in relation to a hazing case, which recently occurred at Cornell University, and which was of such an utterly foolish nature as to lead one to wonder, if such a scheme could have originated from a person endowed with an ordinary amount of common sense. We fail to understand how young men can see anything smart in such disgraceful actions, and are happy to say that the young men who attend the Maine State College are, with but two or three exceptions, anxious to do away with such a useless and harmful practice. Those who, in their narrow-mindedness, are ready for such work, can find no chance to carry out their plans simply because the better class of students—those who are opposed to the system—are in the majority and in this, as in most other cases, the majority rules. To be sure the faculty of our college had to use harsh measures to abolish the practice, but harsh measures were necessary and when applied, they succeeded in accomplishing their object. We do not claim to equal Cornell, or many other high class institutions in some regards, but we can show them a student body as free from desires for this kind of foolishness as any in the United States.

EDITORIAL.

LITERARY.

CAMPUS.

PERSONALS.

EXCHANGES.

OTHER COLLEGES.

SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING SCRAPS.

HASH.

THE work on the new Natural History building is being vigorously pushed, and the carpenter's work is well nigh completed. One can hardly obtain a correct idea either of the exterior or interior of the buildings from plans and specifications, submitted by the architect, but a far more satisfactory result can be obtained from a thorough inspection of the building itself.

Through the kindness of Pres. Fernald, we were allowed to inspect the building and jot down a few points in relation to the work which is being done, and which is to be done. The Physical Laboratory which is on the ground floor of the main building, is a large, well lighted room, as are all the others, and is fitted up with all needed appliances for the prosecution of the work of that department in the best manner. Across the hall on the north side of the building are the Agricultural Laboratory, and the recitation room. The Library occupies the whole of the rear extension on the ground floor, and will be finished up by tastily decorated wall and ceiling, and abundantly provided with book cases and tables for the accommodation of books and magazines. In one corner of the library is a large fire-place, built after the manner of "ye olden tyme," and in the opposite corner will be the librarian's office.

Ascending the stairway to the second floor, we find a similar division of the space into rooms. On the south side of the hall are situated the Botanical Laboratory and Herbarium, and on the north side the Zoological Laboratory and recitation room. The rear extension on the second floor and also the third floor is to be occupied as a museum and cabinet and is admirably fitted for that purpose.

In the upper story of the main building is the chapel, a high, well lighted and well warmed hall with a seating capacity of four hundred. This is one of the finest rooms in the building, and supplies a need from which the college for a long time has been suffering.

The basement is fitted up in a well regulated manner and the building throughout bears witness to the ability of the architect, who designed it, and the faithful labor of those who have been instrumental in its erection. The two tablets which are to be set in the building as memorials

of those two ardent friends of the college, Hon. Abner Coburn and Dr. Ezekiel Homes, will be placed in appropriate places. Some parts of the building may be used before the dedicatory exercises are held but they will not be used to such an extent that the building will be damaged thereby.

WITH this issue the CADET enters upon the third year of its existence, and we can say to our friends that the outlook for a prosperous year was never better. Our assets exceed our liabilities quite a good deal. Our subscription list has increased somewhat, and we feel that we are on a firm basis. But our success depends in a great measure, upon the support we receive from the alumni and other subscribers. We have to meet our obligations when due, and in order to do this we must have ready cash. On the 12th of this month (March) the subscriptions for volume three fall due, and if our friends who have not done so already will remit the amount of their subscription as soon as possible, they will materially aid us in the carrying on of our work, and in improving the paper as we hope to in some ways before the end of the college year. Some of last year's subscriptions are not in yet. We know this is simply forgetfulness on the part of our friends, but this forgetfulness gets to be a very serious matter with us when three or four hundred subscribers neglect to remit the amount due from them. The work on the CADET is done by its editors for no other recompense than the benefit derived therefrom. Every cent above our actual running expenses is devoted to the improvement of the CADET, so we have no motive in asking for the prompt payment of bills other than the advancement of the CADET's interests. We hope this reminder will be enough to show the necessity of prompt remittance of subscription moneys.

Prof. Flint has been confined to his residence since the commencement of the term by a severe attack of the measles. Mr. Webb, assistant in the Mechanical department, acted as Registrar.

Hon. Charles Hamlin and Hon. Z. A. Gilbert visited the college Feb. 17.

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NOW that there has been a sufficient length of time elapsed since the herd of Jerseys infected with tuberculosis was killed, to make it perfectly safe for other stock to be placed in the barns, would it not be well for us to consider the best manner of restocking the farm. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, which was held after the close of the fall term, the matter was discussed, various plans submitted but no definite action was taken and the question is no nearer its final settlement than before.

The effort was made to pass a vote recommending the purchase of another herd of Jerseys or some other milk and cream producing breed, but it was happily a failure owing to the level-headedness of some of the members who thought that the interests of the college and the state could be better served in another way. These gentlemen were in favor of the purchase of typical specimens of the various breeds of farm stock, both as a matter of education for the students attending the college and as a practical method of introducing the best blooded animals into the State for breeding purposes. We heartily endorse the latter plan, believing it to be the one which will in the highest sense fulfill the mission for which the farm was established and furnish for the students in agriculture, practical illustrations of the various breeds of stocks, and we recommend that the Board take favorable action upon the recommendations of these gentlemen at an early date.

THE passage by Congress, of the deficiency bill, which included the appropriation necessary for the successful carrying out of the Hatch Bill, practically ensures the establishment of an experiment station in connection with our college. As it has received the signature of President Cleveland, the sum of \$7,500 will at once be available for use in the preliminary work. Of this amount about \$3,700 is available for the erection of a building and it is believed that nearly an equal amount can be raised to place with it so that the building erected for the use of the station will cost about \$6,500. The station will be managed, under the supervision of the Board of Trustees of the College, by an Experiment Station

Council, which was patterned somewhat after that at Cornell University, and is composed of the following: President of the Council, Pres. M. C. Fernald; Director of the Experiment Station, W. H. Jordan; Professor of Agriculture, Walter Balentine; Prof. of Natural History, F. L. Harvey; Veterinarian, F. L. Russell, and a Prof. of Horticulture which is to be appointed. The assistants, Messrs. Bartlett and Merrill, will remain with the station. The work done by the Council will be in accordance with instructions received from the Board of Trustees.

LITERARY.

THE DEAR HOME FACES.

O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day!
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor.
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just.)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own.

John G. Whittier.

"I SHALL NOT WHOLLY DIE."

"*Non omnis moriar*,"—HORACE.

I know that I shall die;
It needs no gloomy herald standing near,
To sound this daily message in mine ear,
As the swift years go by.

The soft winds whisper it with every breath.
Earth's streams all hasten to the gulf of death;
That which is born must die.

What is that we call death?
Is it to drop with all our hopes and fears
Down to the silence of eternal years,
When ends this laboring breath?
To have no part in all this wondrous whole,
While suns shall rise and starry heavens roll?
Is this what men call death?

A weakling voice replies:
"Nay, nay, when man the mortal turns to dust,
Nature, kind mother, will restore her trust,
And he again shall rise—
Shall rise and live in plant and flower and tree,
Passing through life and death eternally,
Beneath these arching skies."

Oh, cheap and foolish word!
Vain, empty show and mockery of life!
Is this the hope when ends our mortal strife,
By which man's soul is stirred?
Nay life immortal, ever full and free,
Moving in conscious thought eternally.
Like some quick winged bird.

Another weakling voice:
"When thou art dead, thine influence shall abide,
Shall still flow on, a never-ending tide,
To make the earth rejoice;
In the good deeds thy mortal years have wrought,
Thou shalt live on, embalmed in grateful thought."
Oh poor and sickly voice!

Hear what the Master saith:
"My Father's house has mansions large and fair,
Where happy souls released from earthly care,
Shall breathe in heavenly breath;
So hence I go to make for you a place,
To come again and bring you face to face,
No more to taste of death."

The ransomed of the Lord
On Zion's clear and holy heights shall tread,
With everlasting joy upon their head,
And songs in full accord;
Here joy and gladness ever shall remain
While far behind them lie the realms of pain;
God's last and grand reward!
Increase N. Tarbox in the Youth's Companion.

JACK AND I.

I was so tired of Jack, poor boy,
And Jack was tired of me;
Most-longed-for sweets will soonest cloy;
Fate had been kind, and we,
Two foolish spendthrift hearts, made waste
Of life's best gifts with eager haste.

Oh! tired we were. Time seems so long
When everything goes well!
The walls of home rose grim and strong;
Like prisoners in a cell
We clanked our marriage chain and pined
For freedom we had left behind.

Tired, tired of love and peace were we,
Of every day's calm bliss!
We had no goal to win, since he
Was mine and I was his;
And so we sighed in mute despair,
And wished each other anywhere.
But sorrow came one day—the pain
Of Death's dark, awful fear
Oh, then our hearts beat warm again;
Then each to each was dear;
It seemed that life could nothing lack,
While Jack had me and I had Jack!

—Selected.

WHY WE SHOULD READ.

IF one should ask himself which of the myriad wonderful inventions, that have sprung from the teeming brain of man, has most furthered the civilization of the earth, the invention of the art of printing would present itself to his mind as standing at the head of the list. Without challenging its right to so exalted a position and granting, for the present, that it is worthy of it, the next query that naturally arises is: "Whence is its origin? To whom are we indebted for this invaluable art?"

History has not fully informed us as to that. We have proofs that the principles upon which it was ultimately developed, existed among the ancient Assyrian nations about the seventh century before Christ. Entire and undecayed bricks of the famed city and town of Babylon have been found, stamped with various symbolical figures and hieroglyphic characters. This, though a kind of printing, was totally useless for the propagation of literature on account both of its expensiveness and tediousness.

The first practical method was employed by a German, one Johans Gansfleisch, of the Gutenberg family, in 1438, who made the simple, yet marvellous discovery of the art of forming each letter or character of the alphabet separately so as to admit of re-arrangement. Between 1,450 and 1,455, by the use of these types, and a rude press of his own invention, Gutenberg succeeded in printing a Bible, the first book ever issued from a press, copies of which are now exceedingly rare, and valuable.

Of the development of the printing press from Gutenberg's crude form to its present per-

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fect condition, nothing need be said. All will admit that it is more indispensable for the advancement of the human race than any other of the contrivances of man.

And why should it merit such a distinction? Bacon says that by intercourse with another on a certain subject, his own ideas on that subject are vastly improved. Never was there truer statement; and, through the instrumentality of the printing press, millions of human beings, are holding constant intercourse with one another and their minds being vastly improved thereby. The Americans, with their quick, inventive genius, were not competent, alone, to create their wonderful, life-like machines and their various efficient modes of ascertaining how man can be most benefited by the resources placed at his disposal. Their brethren on the other side of the water had their share in the bringing about of those results. No man is sufficient, of himself, to consummate a perfect mechanism; that which is wanting in his brain is supplied from another's; the one may be in America, the other in Europe; the printing press brings their ideas together. And thus, it is that the world moves on in its course of enlightenment; each generation, by improving upon the preceding and, to a certain extent, rectifying its mistakes, performs its share in the advancement of human learning, which is preserved to all future ages by the printing press.

In short, thanks to it and its adjunctive contrivances, the knowledge of the world has been accumulated and is now exposed to the eyes and understandings of all; and "Knowledge is power." Whether man appreciates the fact or not, it is his highest interest to acquire it, for "In the world there's nothing great but man, in man there's nothing great but mind."

To whom is there a greater reward for his achievements, than to him who has made it the aim of his life to know the progress of events; to understand, in part at least, the myriad and wonderfully perfect proceedings of the universe, to ascertain, as far as possible, the nature of the wonders that are daily presented to his gaze, the magical development of animal and vegetable life, the sublime, mechanism of the solar system; to investigate Nature's charming mysteries, the marvels of science and the

truths of religion; and lastly, through judicious and protracted reading, to gain such an insight into the world's history as to *know* that what has transpired since the creation *could not* have been the result of chance, and to be indelibly impressed with the fact that "Truth is mighty and will prevail", and that, through the lapse of ages, the Right (as opposed to the Wrong) has rolled onward like a mighty river, though checked and deviated from its course by many an opposing rock and frowning height, century after century augmenting its power until is reached the present period of imperfection, it is true, yet supreme excellence as compared to the beginning.

And all this may be stored in our minds by the almost universal and, to most, simple art of reading. Is not an intelligent cultivation of the practice of this art worthy our most serious attention? By means of it are we not enabled to earn, and exult in the possession of, a treasure compared to which the so-called "good things" of this earth are as but chaff? And *why* is this treasure, knowledge, so surpassingly precious to man?

Because it brings him into communion with his Creator; it places him above the level of the brutes; it invests him with the sovereignty of the world and of his own fiery passions and animal instincts; it causes to bow before him the mighty forces of Nature and makes them subservient to his will, Heat, Light, Gravity, Electricity, *all* are then before the throne of man ready to do his bidding; it says to Mother Earth: "Throw open your vast storehouses; deliver up your incalculable treasures; my master has need of them;" it calls to the savage: "Revolt against unjust oppression; protect your own; claim as your right the privileges of a man;" it shouts in the ear of the slave: "Independence! Liberty! Freedom of body and mind!"

Was ever *its* voice unheard? Were ever *its* mandates, disobeyed? No! No voice but the voice of God and no command but His, exert *such* an influence on the human race.

We have all heard the story of Aladdin, the fortunate possessor of the magic lamp, which, when rubbed, caused to appear an all-powerful genii, the slave of the lamp and of whoever might be its owner. And, no doubt, we have

all wished that the fabulous events of that old tale could be possible, and that *our* name, instead of Aladdin's, might be coupled with the magic lamp. "Truth is stranger than fiction." There *is* a magic lamp within our reach to-day, far more able to promote the welfare of its owner than that of the Arab tradition. Its name, a homely one perhaps, is printed matter.

The rubbing of Aladdin's lamp corresponds to the reading of printed matter. The result of the former action was the appearance of an all-powerful geni, ready to gratify the desires of man; the result of the latter is the appearance in man's brain of that which we call knowledge, which is of inestimable value, in that it enables him to be his own mighty servant, and thereby to acquire a just claim to a place in the ranks of those happy ones, whom God has helped because they have helped themselves.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST "OUR LADY GRADUATES," AT THE M. S. C. ALUMNI BANQUET, JUNE, 1887.

BY PERCIA A. VINAL, M. S. '79 (MRS. ALBERT WHITE.)

MR. PRESIDENT:—

"Women are books and men their readers be,
In whom, oft-times they great errata see,"

and so, I think that a woman was chosen to answer the toast just proposed out of pure kindness of spirit, for women are proverbially blind to their own faults. Therefore, out of respect to that old proverb, I will not mention a word in regard to the fact that when we were in college, some of us were professionals in the fine art of "ponying," that we were as fertile in finding excuses for eliminating those zeros from the Bulletin-board as were our brother associates, that we would play croquet on the campus when we should have been in the parlors studying Physics, that the substitution of "Jemima" for "Gemini" to the horror of our professor in Astronomy, was only one of our many heedless mistakes, and that we could look the President solemnly in the face when he announced that "the students are not allowed to call on the young ladies in the parlors. Do they annoy or

trouble you any?" and to answer very innocently, "annoy or trouble us any! O, no sir, not at all." But I will say that those years of college life were not years of failure or years full of mistakes and heedless fun. On the contrary, I know that the record of ranking will bear me out in saying that we laid a foundation just as firm and strong and true as those of you who wore the regulation suit of blue.

"But," says some critic, and our critics are many, "you may have laid as good a foundation but have you builded as well thereon? Why just look over the catalogue and see what splendid situations the boys have got! In many cases, it takes two of those wide lines to tell simply where they are and what they are doing!"

I see, and I am glad and proud of the fact; and I see our side of the question and I have no reason to feel less glad or less proud. The Alumnae number twenty, counting the lady who did herself so much credit to-day. Eight of that number have a parenthesis after their names enclosing a new name, signifying that they are content in loving and in being loved. Well, for that matter, so is God. It needs no words of mine to dignify the high calling of a wife. Seven are teachers, each stamping the quickly hardening wax of from twenty to forty young minds with the enduring impress of the seal of a mind that has been tested and tried in the strong, white heat of such an education as our college brings to bear.

Eternity can only measure the results of such a work. One sits at her desk recording the transactions of men with a pen of truth. The craftiest minded lawyer cannot gainsay her work. Through the deft hands of another passes an immense number of the worlds messages of joy and sorrow, of gain and loss, of love and business as the great mail trains come and go. Another is in Wonderland,—the wonderland of books,—and she has the noblest of good company; while another is in a Beautiful City that hath no need of the sun to shine on it, and where there is no more death, neither sorrow or crying, and God shall wipe away all tears. I have called the roll. They are all counted. Do you see one low or groveling path? I think our cherishing mother has no

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reason to be ashamed of her daughters as she has reason to be proud of her sons.

"But," our critics say again, "You could have performed these various duties just as well if you hadn't gone to college. Now what earthly good did your four years of college life do you?" Well, you would hardly ask a soldier of the four years war, that not so long ago tore at the very heart of the nation, even though he came out of the conflict without a scar, "what good those four years did him?" I think his eye would flash a little.

"What good?" he might answer. "Well, I haven't even a shadow of a claim on a pension and I worked hard all those years, through bitter storms and through blazing sunshine, through dreary picket-duty in the darkness, and through many a long, weary march in the day, through hunger and thirst and facing death at all hours, yet you blot out those four years and four of the richest years of my life are swept away." And so I say, that those four years of college life were worth having, simply for their own rich, joyful sakes. But aside from that their influence shall last as long as our lives shall last. To those who have been admitted into Nature's laboratory and work-shop, this world can never seem commonplace again. And to those, into whose minds and souls have so long time been instilled the principles of right acting and right living, duty, right, and self sacrifice, are never again mere words, never!

Dear Sister Graduates, I send you my earnest, heartfelt greeting. My love be with you all; and to those of you who come under the word Alumni, wherever you may be, whether you stay here among our railroad kings who have welded the East and West together with bands of steel, and who buckle to their iron horses every hour of the day, a load worth a prince's ransom, or whether you go south among our cotton kings who marshal more men under their snowy banners than ever followed the white standard of the Rose of York, or whether you go west among our farmer kings whose billowy acres of corn and wheat are bounded solely by sunrise and sunset, whatever call of the world you may listen to, whether it be that of

"World's strife, with a golden heft to its knife,
World's mirth, with a finger fine

That draws on a board in wine
Its blood-red plans of life,
World's gain, with a brow knit down,
World's fame, with a laurel crown
That rustles most when the leaves turn brown,"

be sure that we, from the vantage ground of our quieter walks in life, are ever listening for the sound of your voice in the conflict, eagerly waiting for the tidings of the promotion you are sure to win, and ever ready to wish in your behalf a fervent "God speed you, Comrades."

A GLIMPSE AT BOSTON.

It is Wednesday morning; the eastern sky is illuminated by the rising sun, whose rays, falling on the glossy surface of the Penobscot river, dotted with floating ice, present to view a spectacle of unsurpassed radiance. The frowning banks, covered with a mantle of snow, are reflected in the clear water below and all nature is wrapped in a grandeur which baffles the poet's pen and the artist's brush.

As I walked along the road leading to the wharf, gazing on the leafless elms, shaking in the morning breeze and casting their lengthy shadows on the pure white snow, I could but compare the scene which lay before me with a tropical sunrise in all its splendor, and the contrast between the two filled me with wonder.

"All aboard" rang out in the cold air; the passengers soon embarked and the good old steamship "Penobscot," propelled by its immense paddle-wheels, with the aid of both fair wind and tide, is being borne rapidly down the broad river whose name it bears. Soon Hampden with its brown fields, flecked with patches of snow sparkling like crystals in the sunlight, was lost to view, likewise Belfast, Camden and Rockland.

Out at sea the weather is wet; the green waves, capped with briny foam, dash themselves against the vessel's side and scatter the salty spray like rain on the deck. Boston, the great metropolis of Massachusetts, is at length in sight. The deep, mournful notes of a buoy, swayed to and fro by the heaving waves, float towards us; the whistles of many tug-boats are pouring forth shrill notes from their iron throats; a south-easterly breeze, with heavy, driving

clouds overhead, threatens a severe storm, and a large fleet of schooners are seen threading their way slowly into the harbor to seek shelter.

Our vessel has reached its destination. A motley croud disembarks and hurries toward the street, alive with a busy humanity bustling to and fro in the greatest confusion; hundreds of vehicles of every description rumble along; the stores are thronged with purchasers and others looking on; scores of children are seen, some in fine caps and mittens, others in tattered garments, covered with the filth of the streets; some with brush and blacking box strapped across their backs are casting wistful glances at pretty toys and little utensils, so temptingly displayed in the large windows, and beyond their power to purchase. Newsboys, street urchins, peddlers, pickpockets, and a host of sneaking curs are seen besieging a meat shop.

Hailing a horse car, I soon reached my destination; then, after kind greetings from relatives and friends, wearied through travel, I seized the first opportunity for rest. I awoke to find that a stray ray of light from the setting sun had found its way into my room, covering everything with a golden light.

In the early evening a young gentleman, an esteemed companion to whom I am greatly indebted for the seeing of many points of interest, asked if I would not like to stroll out and, as he said, "take in the sights." Washington Street, lit up with the electric lights, and the glare streaming from the stores, its countless windows richly festooned with the magnificent display of the merchants, alone formed a panorama. Never did I see a sight that surpassed this but once, and that was the great suspension bridge at Brooklyn lit by electricity.

Among the sights in the windows were miniature houses built of candy, large bells of the same material, a large house, the pillars of which were constructed of cuffs, a number of stuffed pug dogs with a live one sitting in the midst, as motionless as they, and across the street a curious crowd was gazing at one of the three southern sisters, who with an extra flourish of the comb was smoothing her shiny, wavy dark hair, trailing its beautiful mass on the floor.

Friday morning the sun rose majestically; under its gaze the moon and stars began to pale,

until lost to view, and all was once more clothed in the radiant loveliness which morn alone can give. Stepping upon the pavement I started off in the direction of old Faneuil Hall, which I reached shortly. Almost with veneration I looked upon the time-worn building; "Cradle of Liberty" it is called, for here it was that our ancestors, with hearts overflowing with patriotic zeal, struck a blow for the freedom which we now enjoy, an event memorized by the celebration of the glorious Fourth of July. Almost an hundred and twelve years have rolled on but Independence Day has not been forgotten and will not be so long as this earth exists.

A little below is the old State House, with the lion and unicorn, emblematic of the time when Great Britain's tyranny prevailed and the wainscotted halls resounded with the tread of royalty. Boston Common — what historic ground! Was it *here* that the British soldiers first camped? Was it *yonder* that the blood of our ancestors, the grand old patriots, was spilled? Yet that is indeed the same spot. It was here that the smouldering fire of patriotism first burst forth to burn forever, its power never wavering, even in that gloomy period, the winter at Valley Forge.

Slowly I began to thread my way homeward through the surging mass of people, trudging on unconsciously, reflecting on the sights I had seen and the thoughts they had engendered. Soon the busier part of the city was left behind and I was strolling along the streets lined with beautiful houses, whose fronts, a lovely specimen of climbing vine, had, through careful trimming, been made to cover, in some instances, all but the windows. But go where I would, that little board with the M. D. or Dr. painted in large letters, stared at me. Where were they not? On windows, doors, and believe me, while gazing at the window of a little room in the basement of a building, which room I thought to be a Chinese laundry, I saw what seemed to be a piece of brown cardboard on which was painted a name and that M. D. attached to it. It really seemed as if there must be more doctors than patients.

Again at home I retired to enjoy another peaceful night's rest. Just at this moment a fire alarm rang out, followed by the crash and

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roar of a fire-engine; then stillness prevailed, only interrupted by the cats in the back alley, who were giving a free concert.

The morning dawned cloudy, a sickly drizzle prevailed; everything seemed damp and cold and the streets looked dreary. At eleven o'clock the sun came out bright and warm, and seemed to awake the whole city to fresher activity. On my way to Charleston I passed the new *Globe* and the *Herald* buildings, Boston and Globe theatres, and a score of other great piles of masonry, among which was the Old South Church, built in 1669. Many an effort has been made to level it to the ground, but still it stands there grim and stately, with many an interesting relic in its dark interior. Suddenly looking up I caught sight of the top of Bunker Hill monument; a few minutes more and I was climbing the steps which led to the elevated piece of ground on which it stood, right in the centre of the spot where were situated the breastworks on Breed's Hill. There it stood, towering in majestic grandeur to the height of two hundred and twenty-one feet. It is thirty feet square at the base and fifteen at the summit, was designed by Solomon Willard, architect, and built by James Savage. The material used was Quincy granite and the cost, \$156,276. The corner-stone was laid by Lafayette, June 17, 1825, but was re-laid in 1827. The cap-stone weighed two and a half tons. Entering the obelisk, for obelisk it was, I began the ascent of the two hundred and ninety steps, winding spirally. Arrived in the small circular room at the top, I saw fastened to the wall on the right and left of me, two cannon, on one of which was carved these words: "The Hancock, sacred to liberty." These were two of the four cannon which composed the field artillery of the colonists at the commencement of the Revolution, April 19th, 1773. They formerly belonged to a number of citizens of Boston, and were used in many engagements during the war. The remaining two were the property of the government of Massachusetts and were taken by the enemy.

Opening one of the windows the view presented was simply grand. There below lay the Boston Highlands wrapped in smoke, Cambridge, Dorchester, Quincy, Medford, Chelsea

and Roxbury, and away off in the dim distance could be seen the snow-clad peaks of the White Mountains, rising in majestic grandeur till they pierced the clouds. I gazed and gazed, deeply impressed by this awe-inspiring scene—close at hand, thousands of noble piles, products of man's architectural skill, and afar on the horizon those sublime monuments of God's handiwork—how infinite the difference!

Descending the massive steps I turned in the direction of the Charleston Navy Yard. There a few cannon lay scattered about and I also saw half a dozen large mortars. Suddenly I came up to the dry dock; it is about three hundred and fifty feet long, and built of granite, a massive structure indeed. Next I boarded the ferry and was soon being transferred to the Wabash, the school-ship wherein the youth are trained for our wonderful navy. On boarding the vessel I was met by an officer, who extended to me the military salute, which I promptly returned with a great flourish. Seeing that I was a military character he very kindly assisted me in the observing of the various wonderful engines of war. There were about one hundred and sixty persons aboard, I was told.

Boston boasts many magnificent theatres, museums and churches, not a few of the latter being Catholic cathedrals, some of which I visited; and beautiful indeed they were. What a contrast to the miserable hovel of the day laborer, whose hard earned wages helped to rear their costly walls, while his family suffers from want, and he himself is embittered by man's heaviest curse, an unhappy home.

Trinity Church is a masterpiece of architectural skill; its pastor, Rev. Phillips Brooks, a most eloquent preacher, is beloved by all.

Boston and Globe theatres stand first; the former has a chandelier of superior eloquence. The enormous Railroad depots are indeed worthy of mention, providing in every respect for the comfort of passengers.

Boston is a great centre of education, an extraordinary number of students coming from all quarters to enjoy its excellent facilities for obtaining almost every kind of knowledge.

The B. U. School of Medecine is a beautiful building, enrolling about one hundred and twenty students every year, and the Boston

School of Surgeons and Physicians, the Institute of Technology, the New England Conservatory of Music and the Dwight School, where the method of teaching is so elevated and free that each scholar advances his own ideas and by so doing gains knowledge that he cannot otherwise acquire, are among the many institutions of learning; Boston Dental College enrolls about 80 students every year.

But, alas, even more numerous and better patronized than the above-mentioned institutions, are those for the producing and distributing of spirituous liquors, and it is too often the case that the youth coming to Boston has far more to do with these latter institutions than with the former, which were the cause of his coming. How wonderful, how mysterious is the power of this demon, this dragon, "Strong Drink", taking up its abode, as it does, in this great centre of learning, music and everything appertaining to the most advanced civilization, and fixing the clutch of its relentless talons on the throat of Boston! Will the goaded city never rise in its might, and casting the loathsome reptile from its breast, stand erect in all its glory, a mighty example to its great contemporaries?

Last but not least of Boston's attractions which I visited, and which filled me with admiration was the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. Picture to yourself this thrilling, yet heartrending scene, and you will have an idea of what I saw. On entering, you step right into the centre of the battle-field, just midway between Gettysburg and Little Round Top. For miles around you is seen the undulating land, clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. Running to the north-west is the Emmitsburg road, and to the north-east, the Baltimore turnpike. A little to the north is Little Round Top where the brave Maine Volunteers made their memorable and gallant stand. Towards the west are the woods, in the shelter of which are the Confederate forces. In these woods is seen the glare and smoke issuing forth from the throats of one hundred and fifty Confederate guns; the shells are seen exploding all along Cemetery Ridge, on the slope of which is seen advancing 8,000 of Lee's tried veterans. A hundred Union guns are decimating their ranks, yet on they come until they engage Hancock's

division, which is behind the stone wall, in hand-to-hand conflict; there the Blues and Grays are seen falling in the death embrace and the carnage pictured is sickening. All around are strewn the slain; an ammunition wagon is exploding, and several men being torn to pieces with it. Beyond is a shed wherein a surgeon is operating on some of the wounded. How lifelike! How admirable! What a testimony to the magic of art!

Boston's Art Museum and Natural History Rooms certainly deserves mention, but no description is adequate. One must see them to appreciate them.

E. L. MOREY.

CAMPUS.

Lent!!

Skees!!

Selah!!!

Snowshoes!

Where's the toboggan slide?

"Did you teach this winter?"

On account of the absence of Prof. Flint the students in Mechanical Engineering have been having rather a soft snap lately.

The prediction that February would be a stormy month, has been abundantly fulfilled in this vicinity.

The Y. M. C. A. is rapidly increasing in its active membership and the work is being pushed with more vigor than ever before. Several new men have joined the Association and the active membership now numbers twenty-four. Regular meetings for Bible study are held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock to which all are cordially invited. The active members are to hold meetings at the Basin every Saturday evening at seven o'clock, and assist in the Sunday evening meetings in the village. The regular weekly prayer meetings are held every Wednesday evening and all will be cordially welcomed to any and all meetings held under the direction of the Association.

The Y. M. C. A. has taken hold of the gymnasium and by subscription papers have

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raised \$125 for the fitting up of the old gymnasium building. A chimney and stove have been put in, the interior repaired and the apparatus re-arranged. Quite a large amount of new apparatus has been purchased and will be placed in position so that the building will in all probability be ready for occupancy in a week or ten days. The building will be reserved exclusively for the use of the base ball nine every morning. Every student should join the Association.

A large number of students attended the Orono High School Exhibition which was held March 2nd, and report a very excellent entertainment. The calisthenic exercise by the young ladies was an object of special praise.

One of the young lady graduates would like a Spring high school to teach. Anyone knowing of such a school will please communicate with Pres. M. C. Fernald.

It seems almost impossible for the Faculty of this institution to realize that February 22nd is a legal holiday, and it would not have been observed this year had not a petition from the students been presented that honorable body. Somebody stick a pin into it.

Miss Alice A. Hicks, '87, and Miss Jennie C. Michaels, '83, recently visited the college.

On Friday, February 17th, the Seniors in U. S. Constitution were treated to a short lecture from Gen. Charles Hamlin, of Bangor, upon the formation of U. S. Constitution.

F. L. Russell, '85, visited the college recently.

Several of the students in the brick building have become devotees of the fascinating art of telegraphy and are struggling with the dots and dashes. It is rumored that this has been adopted as a partial means of doing away with the obnoxious habit of social visiting during study hours, "When the scholarly spirit should prevail."

The Sophomores in Qualitative Analysis commenced work in the laboratory Thursday, February 23rd. The class is an unusually large one and taxes the capacity of the laboratory to its uttermost.

The committee appointed by the Board of Trustees to secure a site for the location of the

Experiment Station building met on Friday, Feb. 17, looked over the college campus, but came to no final decision. The position of the new building will be determined in a great measure by the location of the water-pipe, which it is probable will be laid from Old Town to Orono, and from which the Station will be supplied. The three most important sites that have been examined are between the laboratory and the new building, between the Q. T. V. society hall and the farm buildings and between Prof. Aubert's residence and the old farmhouse.

Small, '88 has turned ten pairs of Indian clubs for use in the gymnasium.

During the past vacation the live stock at the farm has received a valuable addition by the leasing of a fine Percheron stallion which will be used for stock purposes. He is a handsome animal and the farmers of this vicinity should take advantage of this rare chance for the introduction of such noted blood.

The report of the Board of Trustees and the Catalogue for 1887-88 has been received from the press.

Babb '90 has been confined to his room for the past week by quite a severe attack of the measles. He is now convalescent.

During the past vacation about \$200 worth of new supplies and apparatus was procured for the laboratory.

Philbrook '88 in taking a special course in laboratory practice.

R. K. Jones, Jr. '86 passed a few days with his friends at the College recently.

On the evening of February 24, a German was given at Monitor Hall by E. C. Webster, at which a number of the students were present. They report a very enjoyable evening.

The commencement themes from the Seniors are due in March 25th, and those from the Juniors in April 5. Prompt attention should be given to them that they be not allowed to drag along until the last moment.

During the latter part of February a *Valentine* arrived at the College from Bethel. M. S. C. return thanks for their seemingly lively specimen, as it is apparently determined to

keep up the reputation of passed arrivals from that town. The others have been comic ones.

The new apparatus for the Gymnasium is being ordered from Wright & Ditson.

Quite a number of the students have attended the recent trial of Stain and Cromwell at Bangor.

Arrangements have been made whereby part of the members of the Y. M. C. A. will attend a meeting on Sunday, March 4, at the Bangor Association rooms. A pleasant and profitable meeting is expected.

The assistants in the Experiment Station are making preparation for the usual Spring work of analyzing fertilizers.

One of our Co'eds recently appeared decorated with the festive moccasin. It is not definitely known whether they were made by Worth or by some Orono or Oldtown artist of a duskier hue.

It is rumored that Nicholas is working Mac's claim at the Basin.

Since there is in college this term so much excellent material for the formation of a base ball nine it seems next to an impossibility for the Faculty to refuse to allow the nine to enter the League. It seems at present that M. S. C. can place in the field a much stronger team than ever before.

The following are the names of the new students and their intended courses: William Alton Valentine, M. E., Bethel, Me.; Arthur Monroe Otis, C. E., Grafton, Me.

Prof. Flint has been confined to his residence since the commencement of the term by a severe attack of the measles. In his absence Mr. Webb, assistant in the Mechanical department acted as Registrar.

Hamlin, '91, has discovered that "half the reason why pigs squeal so much is because they don't have enough water." This we are informed is the result of personal observation.

For pluck and clear headness the young lady from Stillwater takes the lead. On one morning recently when the road was so bad as not to allow the use of a horse the young lady

walked to the College and back in order that she might lose no time. M. S. C. should be proud of such an enthusiastic co'ed.

Prof. Harvey has been having some trouble with the Juniors in Zoology as they do not seem disposed to wait half the hour for him to put in an appearance. It is really embarrassing, especially in such cold weather and we think it would be well for some one to have an extra key to the Natural History room so that the students need not stand in the cold halls any longer than possible.

Several articles more useful than ornamental have recently made their appearance on the pinnacles of White Hall. Not a very handy place for them, and we would suggest that they be removed.

Skating, snowshoeing and tobogganing are all the go now and fine amusements they are, all of them. If some one would only take some step we might have a toboggan slide. There is lots of lumber on the opposite side of the river that is of no practical benefit to any one at present, and which might be converted into a good toboggan slide if some people were generous.

Some new hoods have been placed over the forges in the shop and add greatly to the comfort and utility of this department of the college.

Mr. Gordon, the janitor, has at last been released from some of the work of that office, and is assisted by Mr. Logan. The change is a good one and gives Mr. Gordon some much-needed assistance.

A black coon cat is one of the additions this term. It is an occupant of the Beta Theta Pi building and was presented by one of its young lady friends.

Quite a large number of the students went to Bangor, Feb. 14, and attended the play, "Held by the Enemy." They say it was immense, but owing to a flat pocket-book and no "comps" our scribe wasn't there.

The students boarding at the boarding house are *better* satisfied with the food than ever before and it is *rumored* that several who board outside will at once return.

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MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES IN BANGOR IN REGARD TO THE EXPERIMENT STATION.

A committee of the Maine State College Trustees, consisting of President Fernald, Hon. Z. A. Gilbert and Prof. Jordan, met at the Bangor House Thursday afternoon, Feb. 16, for the purpose of making arrangements for the dedication of Coburn Hall, and it was decided to hold the dedicatory services on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 26th, during Commencement week. The exercises will consist of an historical address by Hon. Lyndon Oak, President of the Board of Trustees, to be followed by brief addresses by the Governor and other State officials.

In the evening a meeting of the Trustees was held at the Bangor House, at which were present Hon. Lyndon Oak, President of the Board, W. T. Haines, Esq., Secretary; Gen. R. B. Shepherd, of Skowhegan; Hon. D. H. Thing, of Mount Vernon; A. L. Moore, of Limerick; Gen. Charles Hamlin, of Bangor; Hon. Z. A. Gilbert, of North Green. There were also present President Fernald and Prof. Balentine of the college, and Prof. Jordan, of the Experiment Station.

The special matter before the meeting was the preliminary steps towards the erection of a building for the station and also the appointment of officers and assistants for carrying on the work and fixing on the salaries. Plans for a building for the uses of the station were presented by Prof. Jordan, and it was voted to appropriate \$6,000 for its erection. The plans contemplate a building 36x24, two stories in height, with a basement and an annex 20x20. The location of the building was not decided upon but the matter was left in the hands of a committee, consisting of President Fernald, Hon. Z. A. Gilbert and Gen. Charles Hamlin, with instructions to look over different sites contemplated and report their conclusions at a future meeting of the Trustees. The general management of the station is to be placed in the hands of a counsel made up of the President of the College, the Professor of Agriculture, the Director of the Station, the Professor of Natural History and the Professor of Veterinary

Science and the Professor of Horticulture, when appointed. The construction of the building was placed in the hands of the building committee, who have in charge the erection of Coburn Hall. The committee is made up of W. T. Haines, D. H. Thing and Prof. Jordan of the station. The working force of the station with their salaries was arranged as follows: Director, Prof. W. H. Jordan, salary \$2000; Chemists, Prof. Bartlett, salary \$1,200, and Prof. Merrill, salary \$1,000. Prof. Harvey, of the college, will have charge of the Botanical and Entomological departments with a salary partly from the college and partly from the station. A department of Veterinary Science and Experimental Pathology was established and F. L. Russell, V. S., of Lewiston, was tendered the position of Veterinarian, at a salary of \$600.

A section of the college farm will be set apart for experimental work in field operations and a stock will be purchased for the purpose of carrying on stock feeding and other experimental work in that line. The matter of inspection and analysis of commercial fertilizers for sale in our State will be entered upon at once, and carried on after the usual manner. In view of the additional labors laid upon the President of the college in consequence of the new department, an increase of salary of \$500 was voted.

The amount of Congressional appropriation for the purpose of carrying on the station is \$15,000 per annum, \$7,500 of this now being overdue and the third quarter will be due April 1st. The work of erecting the building will be entered upon as soon as the season will allow. The committee on location, President Fernald, Hon. Z. A. Gilbert and Gen. Charles Hamlin will visit the college and look at different sites in order to make a conclusion in regard to the location of the building.—*Bangor Daily Whig and Courier*.

It is with a feeling of great sorrow that we announce the death of Mrs. Lt. Phillips which took place at her home on Main street, Monday evening, Feb. 27th. Her death was very sudden. Only a few days before, she was attacked by what seemed to be rheumatic fever, but which rapidly developed into typhoid and proved fatal. Mrs. Phillips was a

lady of great culture and rare accomplishments. By her genial disposition and winning manners, she made many friends among the students and towns people who will be pained to hear the sad news of her death.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Lieut. Phillips in this hour of trial and affliction.

PERSONALS.

'75.

Lewis F. Coburn, is one of the enterprising M. S. C. graduates, who have settled in the West. Shortly after graduating he went to Crescent City, California, where he has built up, for himself, a large and lucrative law practice. He has been district attorney for two years and is the civil engineer of a standard gauge rail-road, now being built through the forest where trees from eight to eighteen feet in diameter have to be felled to enable them to run their line. He advises the Civil Engineers of the College classes to go out there and get a little practice after they finish the survey of the College campus and run the River Road line.

'76.

E. M. Blanding, editor of the *Industrial Journal*, Bangor, is making an extended trip through the South West and along the Pacific slope.

Dr. A. M. Farrington, who for the past four years has been Veterinary Inspector and Superintendent of the Quarantine Station at Garfield, N. J., has resigned his position, and accepted a position as Assistant Superintendent of the Department of Veterinary Science, under Dr. Salmon, at Washington. His address is No. 2,408, Fourteenth Street, N. W.

'77.

Ivan E. Webster is engaged in the lumber business at Ashland, Wisconsin.

F. F. Phillips is doing a good insurance business in Bangor, Me. He is agent for the reliable Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.

'78.

Fred H. Hinckley is in the office of the Eureka Consolidated Mining Co., Eureka, Nev.

'79.

G. P. Merrill is Curator of the Department of Lithology and Physical Geology, connected with the Smithsonian Institute at D. C.

C. C. Garland, of Milwaukee, Wis., was called to his home in Old Town, recently by the severe illness of his mother.

'83.

L. H. Merrill, who is connected with the Experiment Station here, spent the Winter vacation in Washington, D. C., where he occupied the position of first assistant in the Department of Lithology connected with the Smithsonian Institute.

Dr. B. P. Kelleher, one of Orono's physicians, was married on Jan. 10th, to Miss Mary A. Fitzgerald, of Old Town.

Frank E. Emery, who for some time past has been at Pawling, N. Y., is now at the New York Experiment Station, Geneva, N. Y.

'84.

Miss Hattie C. Fernald has been engaged for the past three months in cataloguing the library of the Women's Union for Christian work, Brooklyn, N. Y. She has now returned to Columbia College, to complete her course in Library Science.

E. E. Hatch is a successful stock raiser at Younger, Montana Territory.

"We hear a good word of E. F. Ladd, our correspondent, of the New York Experiment Station, and a graduate of the Maine State College, class of '84. His reputation for efficiency as a chemist is such that in order to hold him, the station has been obliged to raise his salary thus early in his service to a very complimentary figure. The director pronounces him a very efficient young man and well worth the salary he is receiving. Our State College is educating lots of that kind of material."—*Maine Farmer*.

'85

F. E. Hull has a very good position as draughtsman for the city engineer, Rockland, Maine.

George W. Chamberlain is principal of the the Farmington Grammar School, Farmington, New Hampshire.

'86.

S. S. Twombly has been tendered the position of head chemist at the Experiment Station

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connected with the Arkansas Industrial University, Fayetteville, Ark., and has accepted.

M. E. D. Graves has been visiting at his home in Orono during the past few days. Mr. Graves is giving good satisfaction as Engineer-in-chief of the Somerset Railroad and has his office at North Anson.

'87

B. E. Clark is teaching at North Lebanon, Maine.

A. R. Saunders has entirely recovered from his recent serious sickness, and is teaching at Lebanon, Maine.

Mr. Charles Vose, of Milltown, a member of the last class in the Maine State College, has accepted a position on the engineering staff of the Wilmington & Northern railroad, with headquarters at Wilmington, Del. On the same road Prof. Francis T. Hills, formerly Military Instructor at the College, is chief engineer and Mr. Charles C. Elwell of the class of '78 is first assistant.

'88.

On Monday evening at the residence of Mr. James Leavitt, of Norridgewock, Mr. Frank L. Parker was united in marriage to Miss Cora Leavitt, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. M. Frost, in the presence of their immediate relatives. Following the nuptials a reception was tendered to a large number of invited guests, who after offering congratulations were seated at a well filled table for the wedding feast. The young couple were the recipients of many useful and elegant presents; and thus surrounded by a host of friends, and showered with the kindest wishes, amidst the brightest of hopes they commence their married life under the most auspicious circumstances.—*Somerset Reporter*.

Joseph S. True, formerly of '88, is engaged in the grain and flour trade at New Gloucester, Maine.

Mrs. John C. Draper has given to Trinity College, Hartford, a large and valuable collection of photographs on glass, illustrating researches in the study of the spectrum, made by her husband, the late Prof. Draper, of the University of the city of New York.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Boston, Feb. 20th, 1888.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CADET:—Although the action of the Faculty of the Maine State College in forbidding the college nine to enter the Maine Intercollegiate League last spring may have been brought about by special circumstances with which only the members of the Faculty are acquainted, yet it seems to one unaware of any such circumstances, to have been a step of questionable wisdom and one that should not be repeated. College students are generally young men interested in all forms of athletic sports, and as base ball is almost the only such sport in vogue at Orono, it seems hard to take away from it the additional interest given by contests for the State championship with representatives of other institutions.

The Maine State College has always labored under the disadvantage of being regarded by the general public as agricultural, and any measures, not in themselves undesirable, which tend to call attention to the college and interest the young men of the State in it ought to be encouraged. The reports of the ball games in the papers have this result. The association with the other colleges of the State, during the two years when the college was represented in the league, did much to give a knowledge of the true character of the institution to the students of the other colleges and of the preparatory schools.

There has sometimes seemed to be a tendency to such only country boys as M. S. C. students, but those whose homes are in cities and larger towns are assuredly entitled to equal consideration. Those frequently have friends attending other institutions and must consider a faculty which refuses its students a privilege cordially granted by others as narrow in its views, a reputation, by the way, which the Faculty of the Maine State College should particularly seek to avoid.

Under existing circumstances it is first necessary to obtain faculty permission, but provided this be granted, it then becomes desirable to place in the field a nine which will creditably represent the college. Owing to the situation of Orono, and the lateness of the spring, the

other college nines have an advantage that, taken in connection with the greater amount of college work required at Orono, cannot be easily overcome. But this fact is generally understood. To do so it is necessary to make the best use of the somewhat limited facilities at hand. The plan of work should be prepared by those competent to do so, and carried out conscientiously by those to whom the reputation of the college in this direction may be entrusted. Perhaps no better advice could be given than to recommend the study of the methods of training pursued at the large colleges and the adapting of these methods to the somewhat changed conditions at Orono.

If the alumni could feel assured that this would be done, there is but little doubt that they would cheerfully give considerable financial aid. The contribution the first year might be small on account of the conditions in the past, but the fact demonstrated that a well-trained and creditable nine can be placed in the field would do much to bring the desired response.—FAIR PLAY.

The New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its second annual meeting, elected officers and dined at Young's Hotel, Boston, Friday, Dec. 9th, afternoon and evening. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Abbott, of Harvard; Vice-President, Mr. English, of Dartmouth; Second Vice-President, Mr. Edgerly, of Tufts; Third Vice-President, Mr. Barnes, of the Harvard Crimson; Record-

ing Secretary, Mr. Small, of the Bates Student; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Severence, of the Undergraduate; Executive Committee, Hero, of the Tuftonian; King, of the Crimson; Towne, of the Tech; Hobson, of the Beacon, and Chancellor, of the Amherst Student. It was voted to hold a convention annually on February 22nd, and to print the constitution.

Although there were but twelve colleges represented against seventeen or eighteen at the first convention a year ago, still the meeting was enthusiastically conducted and there is no danger but that the Association will grow and that in a few years all the New England colleges will awaken to its importance and give it their hearty support. Special care was taken to place in office some of the lower classmen, so that at the next meeting, by which time all the Seniors will have graduated, there will be some present who have been there before and will know how to go ahead.

The dinner which followed, over which President Abbott presided, was a most excellent one and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. President Abbott did himself credit as did also those whom he called on for toasts. Although most of the representatives were perfect strangers to each other at first, before the affair was ended a spirit of friendship existed among them all, and to induce this same spirit among their colleges is one of the chief objects of the Association.

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