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THE CADET.

VOL. VII.

ORONO, MAINE, NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 7.

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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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 H. P. Gould 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.

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EDITORIALS.

Please remember that money is needed to publish THE CADET. There are quite a number of subscriptions due and it would oblige the Business Manager to remit at once.

There is no student in college who does not appreciate the value of the reading room. All the papers and magazines are for you and me to read them, and the moment we take any of these papers or make clippings from them, we infringe upon the rights of some other student who is entitled to that article as much as the one taking them. Besides this, it is against the rules of the college to take any paper or magazine from the reading room without the consent of the reading room committee.

We often regret that our studies keep us so busy that we have but little time to spend in

the library. If any of us are so fortunate to have a few hours a day for the reading of good books he will find his mental faculties increasing in power. But in institutions of this kind there is considerable reading of a low character apt to work in. Paper covered books are not all bad, neither are they all good, and it is this latter class that is much read by some young people. Perhaps the reader says: "I read these stories just to pass away the time and do not intend to remember them." But is this a fact? Can we forget them? If the unreal, exciting scenes are impressed upon our minds, they will come before us in the most unexpected time.

Perhaps our parents have made a sacrifice to send us to college, and now can we afford to waste our time in this manner?

Our eating department is being run this term with good success; the food is good and there is plenty of it. Napkins have been furnished so each man has one at his plate. The usual mode of eating at a boarding house is too rapid. If we cannot spend proper amount of time at our meals we had better stop eating, for food hurried or washed down does us but little good. If we consult any book on Hygiene it will show that rapid eating is injurious. It is being considered by the boarding house committee if some plan cannot be adopted to lengthen the time at meals. Any body with common sense will say that one cannot eat a hearty dinner in ten minutes without hurting his digestion. Five minutes at breakfast or supper is too short, but this is what we are doing. This is a habit and should be broken before we find ourselves suffering with indigestion.

Regular duties were suspended on Columbus Day and the students joined the citizens of Orono in their celebration. A procession was formed in front of the post office headed by the Cadets and followed by the G. A. R. Post and the schools of the village. After a short march they stopped in front of the town hall. A flag was raised and cheered by all hands. The Cadets fired a salute, after which they marched back to college.

The exercises in the evening were in the town hall. The principal feature was a lecture by

Prof. Rogers. His subject was "Christopher Columbus," but he commenced way back to the beginning of civilization, comparing the people of today with our ancestors. It was a very scholarly address and was applauded by all.

TRIP TO CASTINE.

In accordance with the usual custom of spending a week in camp during the fall term, plans were made for the Coburn Cadets to go into camp in Fort George, Castine, about Sept. 26. It usually takes about a month to train a new man to be fit for a trip of this kind, and as the time drew near it was thought if the time set was changed to October 3, everything would be ready.

It was arranged that we should march from the college to Bangor and take a steamer from there to our destination. We accordingly were awakened very early Monday morning by the bugle note and the beating of drums. After an early breakfast about eighty men fell into line and the march begun. The arrangement was, first the bicycle corps who rode ahead, then the drum corps followed by the two companies, A and B. After marching some time in the cool morning air our spirits rose and we became jubilant by singing songs and cracking jokes. Whenever we approached a village we would come to attention, and rout step when leaving it. Notwithstanding our long march we made a very good showing in the city of Bangor, and arrived at the wharf at ten minutes after nine o'clock.

The steamer Sedgwick was at our service and about ten o'clock we sailed down the river, the deck of the boat ringing with the college yell. Nothing remarkable took place during the trip down the river only that it commenced to rain when we struck into the bay. Besides the Cadets there were several passengers on board and among them was Mr. Devereaux of Castine. This gentleman considering the state of the weather, and that it would be bad for us to go into camp that night, kindly offered us one of his vacant houses. This proposition was accepted, and at three o'clock we marched with flying colors and beating drums through that historic town to our barracks which proved to

be a large farm house on the northern outskirts of the village. Here we soon made ourselves comfortable, taking possession of its large rooms which contained fire places and other means of comfort. Guard mounting immediately followed arrival and camp life begun. Mr. Spencer took possession of the kitchen and soon things possessed a home-like appearance. The marching and excitement of the day had been sufficient to tire the boys so they slept very well upon the hard floor.

Tuesday morning was dark and cloudy; no move was made toward new quarters. Guard-mounting and dress parade and other duties were performed. The rain held up at noon and the companies received command to go to the fort, put up the tents and prepare for tenting.

Fort George is situated on a hill back of the village of Castine, overlooking the bay and the country for miles around. Only the earth works of the fort are left, but these are in good condition. The enclosure is rectangular and contains about an acre of ground. The sentinels walked upon the earth works giving them command of all the country about the fort. After the tents were well established Company A moved in, but Company B was to remain the second night at the barracks.

Early Wednesday morning while the moon was yet shining through the haze which blew in from the sea, the men of Company B were quietly awakened and a march begun against the fort upon the hill. Lieut. Hersey was in command of the attacking party. The advance was slow but sure, often stopping to listen and allowing the scouts to go on before to reconnoitre. A circuitous march brought the party on the back side of the fort. Owing to the elevation of the sentinel he could be seen by us for some time. We were within one hundred yards of the fort when we heard, "Four o'clock all's well." No word was spoken, commands were given in whispers, short advances made at a run. So we got right under the sentinel before he discovered us, when "Halt, who goes there?" sounded from above, answered by "To the charge," from below. The sentinel discharged his piece and disappeared while the attacking party aligned along the breast works and at the command fired upon the sleeping camp. Then we advanced, fired again and

marched into the defeated camp. Some of A's men awoke and putting their heads outside demanded what all this noise was about. The surprise was complete. Soon, however, B marched back to the barracks by a more direct route than their advance had been, made preparation for a return compliment which did not appear.

Wednesday was clear and bright. Company B moved into camp leaving the cooking department and members of the hospital corps at the barracks. Everything about the weather was favorable except the temperature which was exceedingly low.

Wednesday night Lieutenant Hersey received a telegram desiring him to go home at once which he did, and left camp with a single team and drove to Bucksport that night. This left the Cadets in command of Captain Crosby who stepped into the position like a veteran. Everything moved on with the usual order, no advantage being taken with the Cadet commander. Thursday's drills, parades and other exercises were witnessed to by large number of Castine people who were always welcome within our camp.

Friday morning camp was broke, and at two o'clock we were once more formed upon the wharf at Castine, waiting for Steamer Cimbria in which we were to return as far as Hampden. Some of the Cadets were loath to leave the fair ones whom they had seen but few times, but the partings were finally made and we left the crowd who had gathered to see us off.

The Hampden people had prepared to give us a reception upon the arrival of the boat, which was expected early in the afternoon, but we were two hours late, making it dark before landing. A large crowd met us at the wharf, among them our beloved professor, Mr. Rogers. The sound of his voice was like home, and took away all homesickness. We marched up the hill, passing the Crosby Guards and Hampden Band, and formed line beyond them. The order of march was then arranged; Hampden Band and our Drum Corps, Crosby Guards and Coburn Cadets. The line of march extended to the upper corner and back to the town hall, in front of which line was formed and dress parade followed. Colonel Victor Brett had been in command of the battalion up to this

time. Major Chilcott received the reports of the Adjutant. Arms were stacked out of doors and the Cadets marched into the hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. Bunting was draped over the windows, Japanese lanterns hung from all parts of the room, and on the stage a small tent, surrounded with evergreens, and flags draped in attractive manner. Besides these attractions were the smiling faces of our hosts.

Line was formed around the room in twos, in order of rank, and another march begun up stairs to the dining room. The tables were well loaded with good things, and the manner in which they were disposed of showed that hunger was being satisfied. Following this was a reception in the hall below. A grand promenade at the close of which Captain Wm. E. Bogart took the chair and several speeches were made by Prof. Rogers, Col. Victor Brett and others. Then college songs were sung by the Cadets. A small detail gave an exhibition drill under command of Captain Crosby. The entertainment broke up at about ten o'clock, all voting it a good time. Bedding was then brought in and beds made up on the floor, and by midnight most of the soldiers were asleep.

The next morning assembly sounded at nine o'clock, and a formation in the Academy ground, salute fired and then the march to Bangor begun. This morning we were not so fresh; many were hoarse from last night's songs and yells, so the march to Bangor was much more quiet than our first, arriving in the city in time to take the noon train to Orono. We had had a good time but we were all glad to see our campus once more. The benefits deriving from such excursions may be questioned by some, but it is believed by most military men to be of much benefit to train men to camp life.

OUR MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

Last year showed a marked improvement in the military work of our college, and thus far the outlook for the coming year is good. Lieut. Hersey has added several new features to the work which are not only useful and instructive ones but which add much to the general appear-

ance of the company, and also to the interest which the boys take in military work.

The extra hour which is given to instruction of the Freshman class has been the means of giving them an erect and graceful carriage and soldierly appearance which could have been obtained in no other way. These exercises might become irksome if only the "setting up" drill was given them, but Lieut. Hersey introduced some of the most exhilarating field sports and has so varied the work that the boys have become interested in it and they go into it with a zeal that characterizes the men of M. S. C.

The encampment at Castine was the most successful one that we have ever seen, and the boys gained many practical hints and experiences of army life, which, should it become necessary, they could make good use of.

Another feature which has been added is the signal corps. This is composed of the privates of the Senior class. Instead of the regular drill they have been instructed in sending messages by means of signal flags, using the ordinary telegraph code, the dots being indicated by a wave to the right and the dashes by a wave to the left. This is the method used in the U. S. army for sending messages a distance of several miles. For extreme distances the Heliograph is used. Target practice began while we were in camp and will continue until December first. The boys have received preliminary drill in holding the rifle, aiming and trigger pulling and have done very creditable work on the range.

The entire body of students are showing an interest in the department such as they have never shown before, and this is due largely if not wholly to the efforts of our instructor who has always dealt kindly though firmly with the boys, and has made their comfort and pleasure as well as the benefits of strict military discipline the object of his efforts.

All Right to the Eye.—"Alfred, dear," said the poet's wife, "does your poetic license allow you to rhyme 'frozen' with 'dozen'?"

"Not usually. But this is for the deaf and dumb magazine, see? And as long as it looks all right that is enough.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

BASIN MILLS EXPLOSION.

On Tuesday morning, October eleventh, at a little before eight o'clock two of the large digesters in the pulp plant at Basin Mills exploded, killing two men and injuring several others. The explosion was the most destructive in its effects that has ever been known from a similar cause, in fact the bursting of a digester is a rare occurrence which is probably due to the fact that the pulp business is comparatively new and being at present, largely experimental, greater precaution is exercised than is the case with many steam boilers. Whether this disaster was the result of carelessness or not seems rather hard to ascertain. One thing is certain, that the works were turning out considerably more pulp than their estimated capacity. This could be done only by crowding the digesters beyond their capacity. On the other hand it is stated that every precaution had been taken to prevent such a disaster and that those whose business was to see to the cooking of the pulp had been instructed to keep the pressure below what the digesters were rated. Be this as it may the explosion was destructive enough though it seems almost miraculous how so many could escape and so few be injured. The entire plant was practically demolished and the debris was scattered right and left. The paper mill joining the pulp mill had a large hole blown in one end and the roof partially destroyed, also one of the machines somewhat damaged. From the general appearance of the ruins it would seem that one of the digesters exploded in such a manner as to throw the other one, standing near it, into the air. The second one exploded in the air only a second or two after the first. The fact that the bottom of one of these digesters is buried in a pile of edgings a hundred feet or more from the mill, is conclusive proof that it must have been at least dismounted before it exploded and as the bottom struck the edgings apparently at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with the horizontal, it would seem that the digester must have been some distance up in the air, in order to give it its direction and to drive it as it did about twenty-five feet into the edgings.

The main building is nothing but a mass of ruins, and beams and girders of iron are scat-

tered in every direction. One large iron girder about twenty-five feet long is said to have been thrown completely over the acid tower. Many small pieces of the digesters were thrown several hundred feet in every direction, showing that it was not a blowing out of the heads alone, but a bursting of the large cylinders that caused the destruction. The metal used in the construction of the digesters is phosphor-bronze, which is considered to have a very high tensile strength, but in this case the metal was completely honeycombed by the action of the acid; in some places almost eaten through.

The news of the disaster reached the college about nine o'clock and several of the boys got excited and went down to view the ruins.

They were of especial interest to the Engineering students for they manifested the power of the forces with which engineers deal. The company at once set to work to clear away the debris, and it is said that a new building will be erected and work resumed as soon as possible.

The UNITED STATES INVESTOR has decided to offer \$1,000 in prizes for essays of not more than one column each respecting American cities and towns.

We take pleasure in announcing that the following distinguished gentlemen have consented to act as judges to award these prizes:

Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE, of Mass.

Hon. CHARLES F. CRISP, of Georgia.

Hon. JULIUS C. BURROWS, of Michigan.

The prizes will be subdivided as follows:

For the best essay respecting any American city or town, \$500; for the second best essay respecting any American city or town, \$300; for the third best essay respecting any American city or town, \$200.

Each essay is to deal with the merits of the city or town chosen as its subject, either as a desirable place of residence; as affording opportunities for investment; as a place of peculiar location; as a place of unusual rapid growth; as a place in which an unusually large amount of capital and labor is employed in any particular industry; as a place possessed of great undeveloped resources, such as water power, coal and iron, etc., which is peculiar because it has long escaped attention; as a

place of great historical interest; or as possessing any other claim to unique interest or special distinction.

In awarding the prizes, the judges will consider the literary merits of the essays, as well as the merits of the town or city described. They will not however, go outside of the essay itself for evidence that the town or city possesses any special interest. Any claims which even a wellknown city may have to distinction within the intent upon which these prizes are offered must rest wholly upon what is said by the essayist within the space of the column allotted to him. This condition, together with the consideration of literary merit, will give the essayists an even chance. All the essays which are intended for competition should be marked as such and forwarded to either of the offices of the United States Investor, 19 Pearl Street, Boston; 335 Broadway, N. Y.; 241 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

LITERARY.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

"Faith, Hope and Charity—These three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

So spake Paul of olden time and so it is unto this day.

Not far from the banks of the Stillwater river there lived these three. They were Puritan maidens; each so far as I know brought up in the the faith of the Puritan fathers and mothers and walked in the way of their ancestors with this exception—they went to college—a college planned and endowed for the education of the sons of the common people so to speak; meaning by common people "those whose means were somewhat limited, who yet appreciated the benefits to be gained by a college education which need not necessarily be obtained by years of plodding through Homers and Cæsars."

It was in the days when some of the fathers in Israel had awakened to the benefits of such an institution for their sons, and the privilege had not long been extended to the daughters also, that these three maidens met in the spring of '77.

The number of sons in the class very far exceeded the number of daughters, and these three daughters often felt the onesidedness of their situations as only bashful maidens can.

They were stared at or snubbed or utterly ignored in ways that made them feel that they were regarded as intruders. They knew it was not the popular thing for the daughters to attend such an institution, and in general accepted the situation without a murmur, going quietly to and from recitations, and attending to their own affairs, since they came to college for an education not for companionship.

But there came a time when these three meek maidens arose in their wrath and went about seeking revenge. It happened thus: one afternoon when the daughters of the class were away from the institution of learning, the sons got together, arranged themselves on the front steps of one of the college buildings, marked in large chalk letters above their heads, on the brick front of the building "M. S. C. '80" and had their pictures taken.

A goodly array they made, stalwart youth and the strenght of manhood were there, courage, sagacity and power to perform yet lacked they three graces; namely these, "Faith, Hope and Charity." As I have before stated, "Faith, Hope and Charity were accustomed to being overlooked but this was a little to much. If I remember correctly it was near the close of the term before the long winter vacation and every one was busy with examinations, so little attention was paid to the matter, but Faith, Hope and Charity did a deal of thinking and one suggested that they ought to have their pictures taken. Accordingly, before the beginning of the Spring term, they set a day for the carrying out of their plan. The travelling was something alarming and the photographer who had to be brought from a neighboring town, was late about coming and there was a light snow on the ground. The letters had to be marked over again on the front of the building and everything done as quietly and quickly as possible in order to keep from having an uninvited audience during the proceedings. All difficulties were finally overcome and these three daughters were photographed sitting on the front steps of the College building, with M. S. C. '80, above their heads, as before had sat the sons and thus

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wreaked their revenge. The photographs were of course a source of considerable amusement when the sons returned and saw the result of their having overlooked the three graces in their class. To their credit be it said that they profited by the lesson and thereafter the young ladies were recognized as members of the Maine State College, Class of '80. The next class who had pictures taken did not omit the daughters.

THE LEAST OF THESE.

HAMPDEN.

Hampden is the most southerly town in Penobscot county. It is bounded on the south by Winterport, which is in Waldo county. It was settled in 1767, the first settler being Benjamin Wheeler, who came to this place from New Hampshire. He built the first house in the town near the mouth of the Sowadabscook stream. He also built mills, and there was soon quite a settlement, which, at first, was called Wheelersborough. They remained here till 1779, when the British begun to trouble them, and they were compelled to retreat through the woods to the Kennebec; but at the close of the war they returned.

In 1796 the township was surveyed and divided into lots, and each house-holder received one hundred acres of land for which he paid the government six dollars. The remainder of the town was assigned to General Knox, to pay some claim which he had on the government. At the close of the Revolutionary War many new settlers began to arrive, mostly from Massachusetts; and in 1794 the town was incorporated. Hampden was named in honor of John Hampden, an Englishman.

Among the most prominent of the early settlers were General John Crosby, who entered into commercial business, and carried on an extensive trade with Europe and the East Indies; General Johonat, one of Washington's particular friends; Hon. Martin Kingsley and General Herrick. Later, about the year 1832, the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who was afterwards Vice President and Senator of the United States, settled in Hampden and practiced law.

During the war of 1812, the United States

corvette "Adams" having struck on a rock in Penobscot Bay, come to Hampden for repairs. The British, who were stationed at Castine, made an expedition up the river for the purpose of capturing the "Adams" while she was disabled and helpless, Capt. Morris who commanded the "Adams," landed his guns and set up two batteries on shore. The militia which numbered about six hundred, under the command of General Blake, were stationed further back on the hill to oppose the British troops, who had landed further down the river in order to get to the rear of the batteries.

But when the enemy opened fire and charged with fixed bayonets, the militia retreated, it is said without firing a gun. The batteries were then taken; but Captain Morris, to prevent the capture of his vessel, blew it up and escaped with his men. A part of this wreck can be seen at the present time at low tide. The British, angry at the loss of their expected prize, then went on shore plundered the people, and destroyed a large amount of property. There is a house still standing which bears the marks of the fight. When they left they took eighty of the citizens as prisoners of war, but released them on the payment of a large sum of money.

At the present time the principal occupation of the people is agriculture and the manufacture of lumber, there being two large steam mills and a mill for the manufacture of spool stock. There were two paper mills and half a dozen saw mills on the streams in different parts of the town; but they have about all gone to ruin and will never be rebuilt.

Before the railroads were built in this part of the state, Hampden had a large shipping business, especially with the West Indies. Then the stage line from Bangor to Augusta was through the town, so there was a large amount of travee; but now nearly all of the shipping and travel is by way of Bangor.

The town is larger than most townships, being six miles on the river and extends back seven miles. It has eighteen school houses, and the Hampden Academy, which was established in 1803. The population of Hampden was at one time nearly four thousand; but now it is less than two thousand.—'93.

MONUMENTS.

A monument as defined by Webster is "something intended to remind or give notice; something that reminds or stands to keep in remembrance that which is past." It is not alone in the present age that deeds worthy of notice have been achieved: it is not alone in modern times that events have transpired affecting the condition of the whole world and controlling the destiny of empires.

It has always been characteristic of man to perpetuate the memory of heroic deeds by erecting a visible reminder. Looking back to a time nearly four thousand years ago, we find the patriarch Jacob setting up a pillar of stone at the spot whereon he lay and dreamed of Heaven might not be forgotten. When Joshua led the children of Israel across the Jordan, he ordered each man to carry with him a stone, that he might build therewith a monument commemorating God's special providence in their behalf. On the mount of Transfiguration we find Peter saying, "Lord it is good to be here. Let us build three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." In later times we find the German nation crowning the summit of the Hartz Mountains with a gigantic monument to Hermenius; America doing similar reverence to Washington on the banks of the Potomac; and France erecting on foreign soil a monument commemorating the birth of Liberty.

What is the result of these pillars of remembrance? The facts which they represent have come down to us with a meaning and a force which might otherwise have been lost. Years have passed since then and with them have come notable events and achievements, and the sense of their greatness sinking deep into the hearts of the people, has resulted in the expression of their gratitude by such means as would quicken the memory of the generations following.

We can realize in some degree the meaning of these ancient monuments, yet they mean but little to us compared with those which have been erected in connection with the history of our own country, not that America has been alone in the arena of noble deeds; not alone the home of heroes and heroines, but it is to these that the true American heart first turns, and in

appreciating them, he learns to appreciate better that which is dear to the people of other nations. When we think of the leading names of American history, naturally the one that first comes to mind is the name of Washington. Though his life like that of many others, has for years been the theme of the orator and the song of the poet, yet the monuments erected in memory or what he did for his country and his fellowmen were never more highly venerated than they are to-day. And why? Because every rising generation sees more clearly the glory of his work. But little less glorious was the work of those who met with him in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. There were no examples for them to follow, and the experience of some of its members led them to look to centralization as the only refuge from the anarchy of the confederation. The past furnished no light for the future, and the present was full of darkness. The fate of the nation destined to become the asylum of the oppressed and the hope of mankind was in their hands. Here was a crisis never before confronted in the history of nations; but the wise statesmanship of Washington and his compatriots guided by an over-ruling Providence were equal to the occasion, and the test of a hundred years has fully demonstrated the perfection of their work. Can the memory of these men be too deeply stamped upon the mind of the American citizen? Monuments of marble they may not have, but the republic stands as a lasting memorial to them all. None the less worthy are those who have given their lives that the principles set forth in that noble assembly might be maintained. Records of the keenest suffering and of the grandest heroism are written in the scars and stains of the battle field; and however much those records may reveal, the revelations can be but shadows of the truth, and but few of the many noble deeds live and are still remembered.

Never in the history of our country was manifested more loyal patriotism and a deeper sense of right than in the late civil war, and what were its results? Slavery was swept away, and the old flag once more floated over a united nation. And they who left their homes and dear ones, are they forgotten? Though many of them sleep upon the field of honor, their memory still lives on, and all over our land stand monuments dedicated to those "who died that the nation might live."

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Turning our thoughts now to the history of France, we find Napoleon, perhaps the greatest general of modern times, assuming from the first of his career of the commander of an army, the part of a independent conqueror, bound neither by the orders of government nor by any rules of international law or morality. "Forty centuries look down upon you" were Napoleon's words addressed to his army in the shadow of the pyramids, but his soldiers saw the dream of an Eastern Empire vanish into blood. Though the monument that marked his conquests was an almost total change in the boundaries of Europe, yet how much more brightly would that monument shine had his ambition been less selfish and his purpose the uplifting of mankind.

Politicians and popular leaders have sunk into oblivion because they basely surrendered to the passions of the hour, when their names might have adorned the pages of history, had honest, manly conviction ruled their lives.

"I am the State" were the words of Louis XIV, but to-day his line is extinct, and he himself is best remembered by this utterance of concentrated selfishness.

The name that graces the brightest pages of English history is that of Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. Though his military record may reveal some errors, though his course as Lord Protector has been questioned at times, yet the severest test of a man's character is the use he makes of absolute power, and Cromwell tried by this test, ranks among the first of those who have ruled nations. What is there that remains to remind us of him? Not only have the greatest of English historians paid tribute to his memory, but much of the freedom which the Englishman of to-day enjoys is a monument to his greatness.

Peace has her trophies as well as war: it is not alone on the bloody battle field that laurels are to be acquired. In a retired chamber in the Capitol there have been won as rich harvests of renown as in the path of war.

Now the question comes, will he who writes the history of to-day tell of noble deeds and terrible sacrifices for the life of a nation? Will a coming generation rear monuments in memory of those who were on the field of action at the close of the nineteenth century? Perhaps a time of peace is not the best time to develop

men at whose word a nation trembles, and at whose name a whole world bows in reverence; nevertheless, he who does his part in maintaining that which has been gained by sacrifice and purchased with blood shall be remembered when the despots and conquerors have been forgotten.

It is not alone he who has national glory to whose memory monuments are raised. We gaze at some magnificent building, and we are reminded of the architect whose brain conceived and whose hand fashioned it. Shore is joined to shore, continent to continent, telling of man's work—a memento of a mighty brain.

A life is lost to save another, and does there not rise a monument of tender, grateful memory? Monuments that the world shall see may not be for all, yet all may be remembered by what they have done; and though their memorial may be unwritten, they will not be forgotten, and he who faithfully does his duty will as surely be remembered as he who leads an army to victory or sits upon a royal throne.

H., '93.

The Literary Editor wishes to thank the *Dickinson Seminary Journal* for calling attention to an omission in the September number of THE CADET and to state that the article entitled "*The Mysteries and Miracle Plays*" should have been credited to the author of *Shaw's New History of English and American Literature*. It was, perhaps, a matter of carelessness on my part; at least I hold myself responsible for it and wish to make whatever amends are necessary.

G. A. WHITNEY, *Lit. Ed.*

DREAMS.

I love no more the day, for by its light
I do but see thy absence, and a gloom
More dreary than the darkness of the night
Broods o'er its hours; and shadows from the tomb
On every side and ever thickening, loom.

But the sweet sunlight still doth round me stream
In sleep, and flowers of joy, long withered, bloom;
And, waking, I but wait—as now I seem
To find in dreams my heaven—to find in heaven
my dream.

N. Y. Sunday Tribune.

LITERARY NOTE.

The first issue of a new illustrated monthly publication of great interest to the College world has just appeared. It is entitled "THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY" and bears the date October, 1892, Vol. I, No. 1. It is edited by Eugene H. L. Randolph and managed by Frederick M. Crosset, men long connected with successful college publications.

As indicated by its title it is devoted to the interests of the American College Fraternity System and each month will present its readers with papers by the best writers on timely and important topics of interest to the college and fraternity world. The Electric Department, by permission, will contain the best and most valuable articles appearing each month in the fraternity magazines. The general field of college and fraternity news will be covered in a thoroughly comprehensive manner.

The College Fraternity has been adopted as the official publication of the Fraternities Exhibit Committee of the World's Columbian Exhibition. It contains about 100 pages handsomely printed on fine paper and has met with a hearty reception.

It is published at 171 Broadway, New York, by the Fraternity Publishing Co. Subscription price \$2.00 per year.

CAMPUS.

Cider! have you had any?

"Tum out the guard!"

"Never mind the guard!"

"Drum Corps fall in!" "Fall in Drum Corps!"

"My name is Clara."

"Halt! who art thou?"

"Tum out the guard for Lieut. Jerrard."

Next! it is me, Durham.

"Right wheel! come here!"

"Turn out the guard, body of an armed man approaching."

"Halt! who goes there?"

"Mr. Whiskers the enemy."

Lewis, '93, and Wood, '94, have recently returned to College.

What's the matter with Robinson, 1st? He's on the sick list.

H³ N² Y² Haywood Haywood Haywood, New York, New York.

Who slept in the lanterns at Hampden.

Blue coats and brass buttons may be sufficient protection for a nation, but they are no protection for a man's head.

Unkle Ben, Unkle Ben, rah, rah, rah.

The prayer during the encampment was as follows: Lord give us our daily beans and deliver us from clam chowder.

Professor, examining theme,—Mr. A. is this original?

Student.—Yes, sir.

Professor.—Are you quite certain?

Student.—Oh yes, it was marked original.

Will any one endeavor to explain why some of the Cadets took from one-half to three-quarters of an hour to purchase a single sewing needle at a certain dry goods store at Castine?

Some of Company B's men found out to their sorrow that a barbed wire fence is quite an obstruction in making a night attack.

Student in Chemistry:—What made the sea so salt?

Prof.—Well Mr.—— I suppose it was the salt.

Subscribers to the CADET who change their place of residence should not fail to send us notice of the change and thus avoid all trouble.

Quite a number of the boys have made hunting excursions into the woods in the vicinity of the college. They have found plenty of hunting but a scarcity of game.

Several of the Cadets visited the schools and addressed the scholars while at Castine. We hope the pupils will profit by their remarks.

One of the sentinels seeing a man passing by his beat, called out, "Halt! who goes there?" But this did not stop him, and the sentinel enforced his command with, "By hockey, you

halt!" Seeing this had no effect he set up the cry, "Corporal of the Guard, quick, quick, quick." It is needless to say that everything was satisfactorily settled.

As several Cadets were passing the Normal School building at Castine, they noticed the telescope which belonged to that institution. One of them in a spirit of fun remarked loud enough to be heard by those within the building, "Oh! look at the big gun in that room!" After the Cadets had passed the professor said, "How disgusting! college boys not knowing what a telescope is!"

On October 14th the following new men were initiated into the Maine State chapter (the Beta Eta) of Beta Theta Pi: Gibbs, Palmer, Buffam, Charles and Ernest Weston and Heywood all of the class of '96.

The college foot ball team went to Waterville October 29th and played the Colby team. The Colby's won by a score of 12 to 0. A return game will be played in Bangor about November 12th.

Lieutenant Mark L. Hersey will give a talk on "Life at West Point" before the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Bangor, soon. A large audience will be in attendance.

Professors Jordan and Hamlin and Mr. Gowell are attending some of the Farmers' Institutes, which are being held this month in Washington County.

At a recent class meeting of '93 the following men were chosen as officers: For President, Williams; Vice President, Lewis; Secretary and Treasurer, Rowe. Class Day officers also chosen: Orator, Alexander; Poet, Whitney; Address to Undergraduates, Shaw; Historian, Hutchings; Prophet, Jordan; Valedictorian, Gannett. The Executive Committee are Buck, Alexander, Crosby, Kittredge and Lewis. Those intending to compete for the writing of the ode must have their production placed in the hands of the Executive Committee before April 1st, '93.

We have mention several times the improvements which were being made upon the campus. "The rough is being made smooth," and the straight *crooked*. The approach on the south of

the campus is being graded, and the edges made definite. The drive is to be eighteen feet wide and from its start to Wingate Hall a gradual curve. The lawns come to the edge of the drive. Unnecessary walks are to be abandoned and new ones made. Prof. Munson has shown himself capable of the performance of this work by the way the walks and grounds have been laid out about the Experiment Station and Horticultural building.

PERSONALS.

'76.—The following letter, recently received, explains itself. We can only add our regrets that such a mistake should occur, and assure our readers that the error was the reporters of the newspapers, rather than ourselves.

FORT KENT, ME.,
Oct. 14, 1892.

EDITORS OF CADET:

Gentlemen:—I read among the personals of THE CADET, this week, a notice of my death. I write to say it is not the case. I am well, having no desire to die for many years yet. I have not been to a barn raising for twenty years. There was, however, a man of my name killed, as your paper states at Van Buren. There are about forty Vetal Cyrs in the northern part of Maine, and I would not like to father all their actions.

Most respectfully yours,

VETAL CYR,
Prin. Madawaska Training School.

'82.—Mrs. Edith L. Starrett, wife of Avery P. Starrett of Warren, died recently of consumption brought on by an attack of la grippe last winter.

'83.—James H. Cain is engaged as an assistant in the re-construction of the pulp mill at Orono.

'84.—E. A. Savage is manager of the Herenden Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

'87.—A. D. Adams is now electrician and manager of the Commercial Electric Co. of Indianapolis, Ind. founded to manufacture dynamos and motors under his patents.—Alice Benjamin is spending a year in Europe.

'89.—Frederick L. Thompson graduated this year from the Classical College at Amherst and has a situation as instructor in physical culture and manual training at the State Institution for the Blind, Philadelphia.—Dr. J. S. Ferguson, of New York City has been appointed Secretary of Psi Chapter of Kappa Sigma.

'90.—Fred T. Dow who has spent the summer in Orono, has gone to his home in Rowley, Mass.—E. N. Morrill and wife have been blessed with a girl baby.—E. F. Heath is captain of the Harvard Light Guards of Monmouth, Me. The guards drill every week under the instruction of Capt. Heath.—We clip the following from a St. Paul paper:—"The St. Paul Electric Club was organized last night by the members in the class in electricity at the night high school, with the following officers: George I. Burns, President; H. P. Farrington, Vice-President.

'91.—Edwin R. Merrill is head draughtsman in the mining machine department of the Jeffry Manufacturing Co. of Columbus, O.—Henry E. Fernald is a medical student at Dartmouth College.—Clarence Scott is reading law with J. F. Gould, Old Town.—Leonard A. Tirrill is a draughtsman in the Thompson Houston Works, Lynn, Mass.—R. J. Arey has gone to Winslow, Ariz.—Edmund Clark has lately been appointed assistant chemist in the laboratory of the Homestead Steel Works at Munhall, Pa.

EXCHANGES.

The faculty, at a recent meeting, re-considered their decision to do away with the accustomed Senior Vacation, and finally decided to allow the Seniors the usual two weeks, provided the Junior class agrees to have its Ivy and Field-Day exercises during that time.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

The architect of the new Scientific building was in town last week and looked over the proposed site of the building. A preliminary draft of the plans has been received. It provides for a structure of brick and stone, three stories in height, and covering more ground than any building on the campus with the exception of the library.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

The first number of the *University of Chicago Weekly* comes out under many disadvantages. There are no happenings to chronicle; there are no lectures to report or announce; there are no athletics to write up; there are no pranks at which to drive the quill, in the good old ways of college journalism; there are no peculiarities about the professors and officers assembled to describe—except their capacity for doing about three days' work in one. There are on hand, in fact, none of the old topics that are wont to push the pens of college journalists. And so the first number of the *Weekly* has, of necessity, a dignified appearance somewhat misleading. Be assured that beneath its staid and thoughtful exterior, there is the traditional spirit.—*The University of Chicago Weekly*.

We desire to call attention to a new department introduced in this number. It will consist of quotations from standard authors and from current articles as they appear in magazines. The aim is to give interesting and suggestive thoughts from the best writers. This department will be in charge of Miss Hunnewell, one of the Editorial Board. It is requested that all finding such quotations will report them to her.—*Normal Offering*.

The Boltwood estate of twenty acres, at Amherst, on which is a fine homestead, has been added to the campus, and the President's house has been remodelled into a fine home.—*Ex.*

With this our first issue *The Academic* virtually begins its career as a monthly. We hope that this venture will meet the approval of all our readers, and that accordingly their support will be more enthusiastic. Although the paper is issued more frequently, the new board will strive to maintain its former standard of excellence; but as this necessitates a greater amount of work on our part, it should meet with a corresponding degree of interest and support on yours. All interested are able to aid our paper in some way. Let the student contribute to General Literature; let the Alumnus and ex-Member contribute to Personals; let the representative of the different classes contribute to School and Campus; let the business man contribute financially, and let all co-operate in supporting and maintaining the advocate of the student and the grand old organ of the Alumni.—*The Academic*.

CLIPPINGS.

REVENGE.

Revenge is a naked sword—
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Would'st thou wield this band of the Lord;
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou would'st deal,
Deeper wound in the hand is made—
It is *thy* blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has flown—
Instead of the heart of the foe,
Thou may'st find it sheathed in thine own!

Inspector.—“What is the first you would do if you were given a squad?”

Cadet.—“Set 'em up.”

Ins.—“How would you get your squad out of the way of an enemy coming up in the rear, when your position made it necessary to move your men either to right or left?”

Cadet.—“Give 'em *double quick* time.—*Ex.*”

He who courts and goes away
May live to court another day,
But he who weds and courts girls still
May get to court against his will.

Money talks, but to most people it says
“good bye.”

“He is a Dublin man, is he not?”

“Not wholly.”

“Why not wholly?”

“Because he has a *cork* leg.

A SEED.

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity.

O'Reilly.

He.—“I never heard a conundrum yet that could trouble me for a moment.”

She (admiringly).—“Can you always answer them, then?”

He.—“Oh, no! I always give them up.”

—*Somerville Journal.*

Physician.—“My friend, I fear you have got water on the brain.”

Patient.—“Water your reasons for thinking so?”

The physician fainted.—*Ex.*

WARNING.

Grieve not so much for some one who has died,
That over thy neglect the living weep;
Love well the ones that linger at thy side—
How multiplied thy sorrows should they sleep!

“It this one of the popular song of the day?” inquired the customer in a music store, yesterday.

“I guess so,” said the clerk. “I saw a man hit with a brick yesterday for singing it.”

—*Free Press.*

Mrs. Brown.—“I thought you said it was the small boy next door who was making all the noise!”

Little Johnnie.—“So it was, ma. I was beating him with a stick.”—*New York Sun.*

Thomas.—“Uncle, I would like to borrow a few hundred dollars to keep me going while I complete my law studies.”

“Uncle Moneybags.—My dear Thomas, you are a modest young man, and there are two things a modest young man should never attempt to do—one is to borrow money and the other is to study law.”

Of Different Tastes.—Jokem (gloomily): I can't see why I never can write anything that will please you!”

Editor (cheerfully).—Very likely its because I can never make a decision to please you.”—*Puck.*

DIVIDED.

I cannot reach thee; we are so far, so far apart
who are so dear!

Love, be it so;

Else we might press so close we should not grow.

One doth deny even this—so sweet a bar—
For fear our souls' true shape should suffer mar.

Ah, surface sundered, yet do we not know
A hidden union in the deeps below?
An intertwining where the strong roots are?
Wise husbandmen plant thus, sweetheart,
Between the trees; but after, soon or late, a space

High in the sunny air their spreading boughs
Reach forth and meet. In some celestial place,
When we two are grown tall and fair and straight,

We shall clasp hands again—if God allows.
—Julia Boynton.

A LOVE SONG.

The bird in its nest at morn
Looks out through the leafy space,
And sends a sweet little song
From its hiding place—
Only a note or two,
Only a faint "Coo! Coo!"
But some other little bird will hear
And soon draw near.

The whispering leaves repeat
The story they oft have heard,
For oh, there's nothing so sweet
As the song of the bird—
A love song, it is true,
Only a faint "Coo! Coo!"
But some one calls out a-near:
"Sweetheart, I am here!"

"Coo! Coo!" says one from the nest,
A shy little warbler she;
"Coo! Coo!" comes the answer back
In a lower key.
And then a new song is begun—
Are these two birds or one?
And with thrills and twitt'rings sweet,
The love song they repeat.
—Josephine Pollard in Godey's.

AFTER THE MAGAZINES.

Some mystic meaning shimmers o'er
The dewy dingle of the hills;
One day of tranquil life the more
Has passed into oblivion's chills.
The silken strands of tawny light
Stream o'er the opalescent lake
And glorify the coming night
As love's hopes on my heartstrings break.

This sweet refrain of chastest rhyme—
What is it for? What does it mean?
Such stanzas, mystic and sublime,
Make the average poem in a magazine.
—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

TO THE ALUMNI.

DEA SIRS:—Last year I made an effort to hear directly from every living alumnus of the college, and succeeded in getting replies from all but less than twenty out of the nearly three hundred and fifty that we had at that time. This year, however, my time is required for other matters and I have asked the class secretaries to correspond with their classmates and hope this will prove even more satisfactory than the other method. Last year many replies to my inquiries as to address and occupation were received too late to permit their correct insertion in the college catalogue, consequently you are particularly requested to fill out and mail without delay the postal cards that will be sent you for this purpose.

The Alumni Reunion held last Commencement was the largest yet held, and was most gratifying, showing as it did the warm place that our *Alma Mater* has in the hearts of her wandering sons. There were present in Orono during the week one hundred alumni, not

including the graduates of '92. At the business meeting several important matters were acted upon, as shown in the report of the recording secretary given in another column. To this your careful attention is invited.

It is probable that a large percentage of our alumni will attend the World's Fair at Chicago next year, and it is to be hoped that each one of us can make arrangements to be there at our reunion. You will be advised of the date as soon as it is fixed by the committee of arrangements.

Do not forget to renew your subscription to THE CADET. It is sure to contain much that will interest you during the year. I will be pleased to forward any subscriptions, new or old, that may be sent me.

Yours truly,

RALPH K. JONES,

Corresponding Secretary,

Maine State College Alumni Association.

FINDLAY, OHIO, Sept. 17, 1892.

EVERYTHING NEW!

I beg leave to draw your attention to my new stock of goods. It includes all the novelties of the season as well as a full line of Staple Goods. My work and trimmings shall be, as heretofore, THE VERY BEST that can be obtained.

Trusting that you will kindly favor me with a call, with sincere thanks for past favors, I remain,

Yours very truly,

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For particulars in regard to the course, apply to Prof. Walter Balentine or to President M. C. Fernald, Orono, Me.

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..... C. H. Gannett.
V. G. M..... O. J. Shaw.
Cor. Sec'y..... A. T. Jordan.

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

Meetings every Friday night in Chapter House.

Pres..... H. P. Gould.
V. Pres..... J. E. Harvey.
Cor. Sec..... T. R. Atkinson.

Psi Chapter of Kappa Sigma, Maine State College.

Meetings every Friday night in Chapter Hall.

G. M..... C. P. Kittredge.
G. M. C..... J. M. Kimball.
G. S..... Albion Moulton.

Me Beta Upsilon of Alpha Tau Omega.

Meetings every Friday night in Chapter Hall.

W. M..... J. A. Alexander.
W. K. E..... G. W. Rumball.
W. Scr..... L. R. Folsom.

Reading Room Association.

Pres..... G. F. Rowe.
V. Pres..... C. F. French.
Sec..... L. O. Norwood.

M. S. C. Publishing Association.

Pres..... H. E. Doolittle.
V. Pres..... G. W. Hutchinson.
Sec..... J. A. Alexander.

Coburn Cadets.

Second Lieutenant, Mark L. Hersey, 9th U. S. Infantry, Commanding.

Cadet W. W. Crosby, Captain.

Cadet H. M. Smith, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

Cadet G. A. Whitney, First Lieut. and Quartermaster.

First Lieut. C. H. Gannett.

Second Lieut. C. P. Kittredge.

Third Lieut. J. F. Jerrard.

Geo. H. Hamlin Hose Company.

Foreman..... W. W. Crosby.

Assistant Foreman..... M. L. Urann.

Sec. and Treas..... A. D. Hayes.

Steward..... J. W. Martin.

Y. M. C. A.

Meetings every Wednesday evening in the Association Room.

Pres..... A. T. Jordan.

V. Pres..... G. H. Hall.

Cor. Sec..... H. P. Gould.

Athletic Association.

Pres..... W. W. Crosby.

V. Pres..... A. D. Hayes.

Sec. and Treas..... L. R. Folsom.

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