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The Cadet June 1888

The Cadet Staff

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THE CADET.

VOL. III.

ORONO, MAINE, JUNE, 1888.

No. 4.

The Cadet.

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

BOARD OF EDITORS.

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

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

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

[ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.]

EDITORIAL.

LITERARY.

CAMPUS.

BASE-BALL NOTES.

PERSONALS.

EXCHANGES.

OTHER COLLEGES.

SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING SCRAPS.

HASH.



WITH this number of THE CADET the present board of editors finishes its work, and we gladly and hopefully lay down the editorial quill, and resign the work of conducting our college journal to other, and we hope abler hands and brains. The position of editor upon a College paper is by no means a sinecure, and is most objectionable to those whose love of ease and quietness renders them susceptible to the criticisms and comments of their readers and friends. Still it is an honor to be placed upon the board, as the office seeks the man and not the man the office; at least that seems to be the state of affairs with us here. And there is a vast amount of profit to be obtained from the faithful performance of the duties, and a knowledge of newspaper work, which though far from extensive is by no means insignificant. A great many men who are to-day in the front rank of journalism and literature, began their career and laid the foundation of their success, as editors of a college paper. Many a literary gem, by young authors, has first been brought to light by the same means. The young writer, seeing his essay or poem printed for the first time and subjected to the cold criticism of his readers, gains confidence from the experience and is led to persevere. There is as much room in the field of literature to-day as there ever was, and as much need of able

writers and thinkers; therefore we would say to every college student, Write for your paper; it will profit you. You may not produce a masterpiece at first, but persevere. If you fail at the first trial, you have yet gained strength for the next.

It has not been our good fortune to be overburdened with copy; in fact we have been driven to do the greater part of the work ourselves. While many have assisted us, and we are duly grateful to them, many have slighted good and precious opportunities. This is very unwise in the student body. It cannot be expected that all or even a majority of the literary talent of a college is wrapped up in the editorial board, and by this neglect on the part of the students, the paper must suffer. Yet in looking over the past year, in spite of many adverse circumstances, we believe it has been one of general prosperity for the CADET and the college. The condition of our finances, always an important and vital interest, is such as to warrant the assertion that the CADET will be, if rightfully managed, a profitable affair. Want of this support has killed many a good college journal. As our alumni will well remember, the first venture made by the M. S. C. students, succumbed to the cold breath of disinterestedness, and we in our early days were threatened in the same way. Thanks to the generosity of the students and the untiring efforts of past business editors, we have escaped dissolution, and now stand on a firm financial basis, with a bright outlook for the future. In concluding our labors, we wish to extend our thanks to our patrons and readers for the generous sympathy and support accorded us.

To our successors we would say, Be faithful and success is yours. Hoping that the coming year may be one of great prosperity to us all, we humbly subscribe ourselves

THE EDITORS.

THE game of lawn tennis has within the past few years begun to gain quite a footing among our college sports. A tennis court was laid out three years ago, a club organized, and since that time many of the boys have availed themselves of this opportunity for out-door exercise. At the present time we think that the interest in the game is gaining, and it is to

be hoped that this feeling will still continue to increase. We hope at some time in the near future to see another court laid out and put in use. Base ball seems to be the all-engaging sport of our Maine colleges, yet tennis is in every way its equal and *perhaps* its *superior*. Base ball is a game in which all students cannot engage: only those who have a power of endurance which is almost superhuman are capable of enjoying it; while tennis is of a different nature. All can enjoy the game and play with some expertness to a greater or less extent. We hope that the interest in this game will so increase that our Maine colleges will arrange games in which they will contest for the college championship. Some people think they can engage in nothing which is of a feminine nature, but with us the more feminine there is the better.

THE location of the new building for the Experiment Station has been decided upon, and the plans are now in the hands of contractors. The building will set upon the eminence in the rear of Coburn Hall, and will occupy a very sightly position. The building is to be built of brick, trimmed with brown sand stone, and will have a slate roof. The main part is to be thirty-nine feet by twenty-six and a half, and two stories in height, with an ell in the rear, twenty by twenty-two feet. It will contain upon the lower floor the main laboratory in the rear, a small laboratory, a director's private laboratory, a reading room, and a furnace and apparatus room. On the second floor there will be in the rear an unfinished room, in the main building the Station office, a private room for the use of the director, a large sample and storage room, and a room for general purposes. The basement will contain a tool room and work shop, an apparatus and unpacking room, and a room for the boilers, of which there will be two, a large one for heating purposes, and a smaller one for use in evaporating; and the gas machine. This machine will be either a Springfield or Turrill. The basement will be connected with the first floor by an elevator. The basement floor will be paved with brick; the other floors will be of rift hard pine, and the interior finishing of pine, with a hard oil polish. The specifications call in general for the same class of work as for Coburn

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Hall. The amount of money available for the building is six thousand dollars, but probably a little more will be needed to complete it. The furnishings will be put in by special contract outside of the amount mentioned. The reading room will be furnished with a large amount of literature pertaining to station work. Books to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars have already been ordered. The laboratory will be fitted in the most approved manner, and provided with the latest appliances. There will be six hoods for conveying away foul gases, and the balances will be set on slate shelves resting on iron brackets. Over seven hundred dollars worth of apparatus is now being imported.

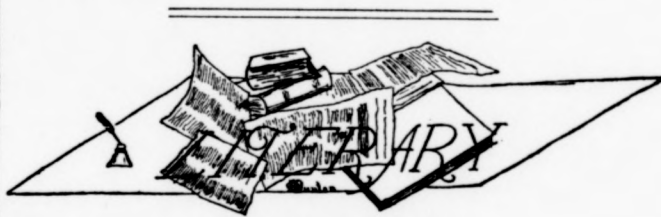
The plans are from the office of the well known architect, F. E. Kidder, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The building will be a model of neatness and convenience and an ornament to the college. The station force is larger than ever, and is accomplishing much work, while the plans for the future cover a large field of labor. Two animals each, of the four breeds, Jersey, Holstein, Short-Horn and Ayrshire, have been purchased and will be used by the station for experimental purposes. Monthly bulletins are issued containing a concise report of the work of the station, and circulated among the farmers of the State. Over four thousand are thus distributed monthly.

That the station has been a great benefit to the State cannot be gainsaid, and under the new and much more generous management and support, it cannot fail to be of great benefit to our citizens of all classes.

THERE is one point in which the Maine State College compares unfavorably with its sister colleges in the inducements which she offers to students. We refer to the matter of scholarships. Although the provision is made that any person or society paying to the college treasurer the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars shall be entitled to one perpetual free scholarship, no one has yet seen fit to donate this small amount to us. We know of no institution more deserving of the recognition, and there certainly is none in the State where this amount would be of greater benefit to our

young men. A larger proportion of our students are self-supporting than in any other Maine college. Now it seems to us that there are some among our alumni, although they are yet young in life, who could afford to give this amount, and establish a scholarship, and the ball once set in motion more would follow. If not an individual, why could not a class raise the amount among its members, and found the scholarship as a memento, to be known as the scholarship of the class. Nothing could be of more practical benefit, or more acceptable and appropriate as an expression of appreciation of your alma mater.

IT is gratifying to notice the greatly improved condition of the reading-room, and we almost dare to hope that at last students have awakened to the desirability of a well-conducted room. Neatness and order now prevail in place of the lamentable condition of affairs one year ago. Through the energetic action of the Executive committee the room is greatly improved in appearance, and further alteration will yet be made. The room is well supplied with the leading periodicals of the State and country. Through the kindness of Hon. Nath'l Wilson, of Orono, an acceptable addition has lately been made to the furniture of the room, and in behalf of the students, we would extend our thanks to the gentleman, and assure him of our hearty appreciation of his gift.



THE SAXON SONG.

READ AT THE ALUMNI REUNION, DURING COMMENCEMENT OF '87.

"We have opened the door,
Once, twice, thrice!
We have swept the floor,
We have boiled the rice,
Come hither, come hither!
Come from the far lands,
Come from the star lands,
Come as before!
For you we are sighing,
Come take your old places,
Come look on our faces,

The dead on the dying,
Come home!"

The bard of Amesbury in his calm retreat,
Remote from turmoil and the throbbing street,
Conning the legends of the Hindu race,
That of the Kol-folk sang with wonted grace.
How, when the grasses and the lusty sedge
Grew rank and tall beside the river's edge,
When clouds athwart the angry sky were flying,
And the wild winds were thro' the jungles sighing,
The living, ever mindful of the dead,
Made warm the chamber and the banquet spread;
Then to the hearth aglow with life and light,
They summoned from the storm and shades of night,
The souls of those who long had passed away,
Back from the regions of supernal day,
To share the feast and mingle once again,
The sons of Brahma with the sons of men.

"Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Come husband and lover,
Beneath our roof cover,
Look on us again,
The dead on the dying,
Come home!"

Not as the Hindu calls each ghostly form
To kindly shelter from the night and storm,
Not as the dying call upon the dead,
To share the banquet ere the life be sped,
Our common mother calls to you to-day,
O sons and daughters, wandering far away,
From Western fields on which the yellow grain,
Like golden billows sweeping o'er the main,
Rises and falls beneath the passing gale,
Yet bears to wreck and death no luckless sail;
From Northern forests where the lordly pine,
In every tempest hymns a song divine;
From Mexico valleys and from Arctic snows,
From the broad plains where the La Plata flows
O'er silver sands, and hurries to the sea
A monarch's ransom or an argosy,
She summons you to gather at the board,
Where oft in former days the wine was poured—
The wine of lofty hopes, the wine of youth;
Where hand may meet with hand in warm embrace,
The living look upon the living face.

"Come sons and come daughters,
O'er lands and o'er waters,
Come back to the scenes that have
Known you of old!
Come from the northern lands,
Come from the southern lands,
From the far west, where the
Gleam of the gold
Has blinded and thrall'd you,
Oh! long have I called you,
And long have I waited each
Child to enfold!
Here the light beams for you,
Bright the hearth gleams for you,
Come to the banquet, oh!
Wanderers, come home!"

And lo! from many lands I see them come
In prompt obedience to the summons home,

The herdsman leaves his flocks upon the plain,
The husbandman his fields of ripening grain;
The engineer, beneath whose potent hand,
The iron steed flies shrieking thro' the land,
Loosens his grasp; the rush and throb are gone,
Stilled are the wheels and hushed the strident tone,
While to the east he turns his eager face,
And with his comrades hastes to take his place;
The lawyer leaves his court, the patient's bed
Deserted stands, the doctor too has sped;
The teacher's desk, the grave professor's chair,
No longer sees the wonted presence there;
For one and all are on the homeward way,
Nor dream the mother's call to disobey.

A song of welcome greets you here,
A song which sets the pulse to bounding,
While all unbidden wells the tear,
Responsive to the chords resounding
Deep in the heart, which throbs again,
But throbs with pleasure, not with pain.

For in the light of honest eyes,
And in the glow of honest faces,
A world of recollection lies,
As in these old familiar places
We hear each well remembered tone
In eager answer to our own.

And time, unchanged, remorseless time,
How has it dealt with you, my brothers?
The hoary frost, the wintry rime,
Which oft has chilled the hearts of others,
Have your hearts felt its icy clutch,
And shrunk and withered neath the touch?

To me each tone sounds as of old,
Each eye shines with its wonted brightness,
The laugh rings clear as minted gold,
I miss no note of joy or lightness,
Though well I ween the passing years
Sometimes brought smiles and sometimes tears.

For here and there a silver line
Is seen in locks which once were raven,
And here and there a furrow fine
Time's burin on the brow has graven;
God grant its passage o'er the heart
May leave no wounds to burn and smart.

In former ages when our Saxon sires
Made rude carousal round the mighty fires,
Which flamed and sparkled in the timbered hall,
Where swords and shields hung gleaming on the wall,
The bearded warriors quaffed the foaming mead,
And told the tale of many a doughty deed;
And as the horn went round from guest to guest,
The laugh grew louder and more rude the jest,
Until the chieftain rising from his place,
Cries as he looks on each expectant face,
Ho! minstrel, take thy harp and hither come,
And sing to us of War or Love or Home."

And at the call the minstrel, young and fair,
With shoulders shaded by his clustering hair,
Comes to the board, and bending low the knee,
He cries, "I sing to-night, O chief, for thee,
A song beloved by every Saxon heart,
A song to calm the soul, the tears to start;"
Then strikes the cords, and thro' each arch and dome

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High rings his voice in praise of Love and Home.
Lo! as he sings the noisy revels cease,
The hall grows silent in the hush of peace,
The bosom swells, yet not with rage nor fear,
And down the rugged cheek slow steals the tear.

To-night the minstrel strives to wake again
Some slumbering echo of the Saxon strain;
And though the hand may rudely touch the wire,
The verse be wanting in poetic fire,
The Saxon heart, wherever we may roam,
Still throbs in answer to the theme of Home.
So in this room where countless mem'ries throng,
And every echo seems the ghost of song,
Where faltering words oft speak the bosom's swell,
And hands are clasped in tender, mute farewell,
I sing the home to which we here return,
For which in distant climes the heart will yearn;
The home that sheltered us in golden youth
While yet we little knew of sin or ruth;
Where lofty hopes and holy, high desires
Were warmed and nourished at its genial fires,
And where were sown on fertile soil the seeds
To bud and blossom into noble deeds.

Forth from its walls I see a manly throng.—
Brave are the faces, lithe the limbs and strong,—
Hurrying in quest of fields where honest toil
May win reward from kindly sun and soil.
They sow the seed, they reap the ripened grain,
They bridge the rivers sweeping to the main;
They lay the track on which the rushing car
May hither bring the wealth of climes afar;
They tame the torrent leaping from the hill,
And on its banks they rear the noisy mill;
Where'er they go, beneath their sturdy blows,
The earth is made to blossom as the rose,
And far and near I hear the chorus ring,
"Labor is conquest and the laborer King."

O gentle mother, seated on the hill,
A thousand memories cluster round thee still;
Base were they sons and recreant would they be,
Did not their hearts beat loyally for thee;
Though sundered far thine altars still shall rise,
Thine incense sweet be wafted to the skies;
Here at thy feet we fond allegiance own.
Take it, O mother, it is all thine own.

* * * * *

The feast is ended, and the lights grow dim,
The sweet-voiced minstrel sings the parting hymn,
Slowly the warriors leave the festal hall,
Silence and darkness hover over all.

—H. M. E., '75.

THE INDIAN AMERICANIZED.

IT is the history of all people and nations, subdued by a more powerful enemy, that in their complete subjugation and dissolution as a separate people their customs, ways and modes of life, government, and all that characterized them as a distinct and self-governing race must gradually and almost completely give

place to the absolute rules and laws of the conqueror. In this the subject loses all of his own individuality in the will and government of his master, with only the indelible mark of another race in his person, the blood of his perhaps-noble but departed ancestors in his veins, and the memories of a different past, to remind him of his once powerful, but now fallen, greatness, and that he was once a man and master, and not a being subject to the will of a stranger in the land wrested from him by the unequal balance of right and might, and forced to resign his rights to another. And hard following upon the steps of the conqueror comes the decline and degeneration of the conquered, for with the loss of their power and rights, go the ambitions and hopes of a formerly proud race now sunk to the level of *human cattle*, and in place of pride and emulation of past, and hopes and projects for future races, are jealousies, hatred, and plots against their subduers; the mind thus sinking with the body in a national and complete degradation. This is the history of the Spartans, Incas, Jews, Africans, Indians and all races losing their birthright. But of a later day the Indian is the type of degeneration. From a most mighty and powerful race peopling the larger division of one of the largest continents, superior to modern races, and rivaling the Spartans in physical qualities, they have shrunk to a handful of weak, abject wretches hardly bearing a semblance to the progenitors of the mighty stock from which they are a withering scion. This small result of the large whole was obtained by the *civilization* of the savage. By European civilization coming in contact with Indian civilization, for the state in which the savages lived was the only civilization known to them, the weaker gave way to the stronger, but in place of adapting the ways of the stronger to their own, they opposed it with all their force, and in the means taken to compel them to adopt that which they would not voluntarily, their own state of life lost, that of their conquerors rejected, they were plunged into a condition far worse than their own former barbarous civilization. For the state of life offered them by their subjectors held nothing in common to their own modes and customs; and were they to take the word of strangers who had most cruelly wronged and deceived

them, and whose words and promises had so often proved false, that the laws and religions offered by them were far better and superior to those that had been handed down with such strictness and preciseness through many generations of Redmen? The Indian had known no boundaries or rights that he was bound to respect; the white man would teach him both limits and laws. The savage worshiped his God and felt that he was bound to treat another as his rights demanded, the man with the new ideas would teach the Indian to worship another God, and set him an example by wronging both the unsuspecting savage, and his own white brother men; the white would teach that the civilization he offered was that the Indian should give up land, home, freedom, customs, in fact all he had, in exchange for nothing but the great favor of having his *kind* and *magnanimous* white brother accept the gifts and sacrifice made by the Indian. Previous to the entrance of another the Indian had secured all things necessary for life, with little or no labor on his part. He had been taught from his first days that the Great Spirit had provided the animals of the land and the fish of the streams for his food and use, and the plentiness of all these forms of life only went to confirm more strongly his belief in an all-provident Father. But now the stranger would teach him that all of these traditional beliefs of the Redman's provision were wrong, that in "the sweat of his brow should he eat bread," and immediately the Indian found himself hemmed within limits, and deprived of that freedom of mind and body that he formerly enjoyed, dependent on the will of his conqueror, and a prisoner in his land.

The civilization that he had before refused was now forced upon him; he was compelled to bear those acts and things against which his whole nature revolted. He found himself removed from place to place at the fancy of his once inferior enemy; himself and his wronged in every way and all indignities heaped upon him. A few christians there are who have followed the ways of their Master, and have labored to bring the crushed and benighted savage into a better and higher plane of living; but these efforts that undoubtedly would eventually succeed, are more than counteracted by the nearly inhuman treatment of those who would

crush all life and liberty out of the weak remnant of this race so wronged at the hands of their captors. What wonder that they rise against their masters and strike the blow of hatred, with all their past wrongs and unmitigated miseries sharp upon their memory? When they see the condition of the race that they are the survivors of, and realize that they have been brought to this state from one which they can never hope to see established again, they rise against the human instruments of their downfall, knowing that no vengeance that an unrelenting enemy can inflict upon them, can further tend to complete their already total degradation and lost status as a race. And thus, instead of reaching a higher level, they drop lower, and a constant and rapid decrease of number attends each succeeding generation. The *Americanized* Indian is a failure in all respects, not alone as a civilized savage, but as a man in any respect. And the native born American citizen, tired after one or two attempts to bring the Indian to a state for which he was never designed, anathematizes the beast-like stolidity of "Lo," forgetting that all of this is the result of the abuse of years.

The problem was given and solved in the same way that Gordius untied the knot: they used foul means to accomplish what fair could not. What would not yield to a few trials was to be entirely crushed at one blow. And thus meeting on all sides oppression and wrongs unredressed, the few survivors stand, the remnant of a mighty race brought thus through Christian civilization but Unchristian treatment.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
Which had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creepin' up the stairs."
Ah, it touched the tenderest heartstrings
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened,
As no wording can define!
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

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Step by step she bravely clambered
 On her little hands and knees,
 Keeping up a constant chattering,
 Like a magpie in the trees;
 Till at last she reached the topmost,
 When, o'er all her world's affairs,
 She delighted stood a victor
 After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
 Of man's brief and struggling life,
 Whose best prizes must be captured
 With a noble, earnest strife.
 Onward, upward, reaching over,
 Bending to the weight of cares;
 Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
 We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
 By their sides may be no rail;
 Hands and knees may often pain us,
 And the heart may almost fail,
 Still above there is a glory,
 Which no sinfulness impairs,
 With its rest and joy forever,
 After creeping up the stairs.

INDUSTRY.

IT is the busy man who keeps the world moving; it is the busy man who sustains society; and the busy man is the projector of progress and improvement. The lazy man is always full of trouble; he is never contented with himself; he never succeeds; he has fault to find with every one but himself. Besides being a burden to himself, he is an injury to society; for when he is too lazy to earn for himself, he then begs for charity. Cheerfulness is called the daughter of employment, and it is certainly true that occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment. Employment is called by Galen the "natural physician;" and he says, "Any employment, no matter how small, is better than none at all." Who are they who fill our senates and all the high offices of the state? Surely they are not the lazy or unindustrious. No, they are those who, by energy and perseverance, have qualified themselves for such stations. The qualifications for any office are to be acquired mainly while in college, for there the young men pass the days of youth; and if they are not acquired then, there is little hope of ever gaining them, for, as the old adage says, "as the twig is bent so shall the tree incline." While we have the opportunities of college days we should be dili-

gent and persevere. But the meaning of the word diligent should not be taken in too wide a sense. For a young man to be diligent it is not necessary for him to study from the time he rises in the morning until he retires to bed at night. Certainly not, for he should take regular recreation also. Would it not be absurd to think the mind can always be occupied with laborious efforts and never have any rest? As the body, in order that it may perform its functions and be maintained in a healthy condition, must have rest, so also the mind, a much more delicate organ, must have its rest. Literature has suffered much on account of over-diligence. Many of the most promising authors have dropped off in the prime of life by too close application.

The progress of the whole nation depends on industry, and without it, it would fall into decay. See what industry our ancestors practised, and what perseverance they exhibited, when first they undertook to colonize these United States. The mind can better conceive it than the pen express it in words. Motion is nature's law; action, man's salvation. As standing water becomes a stagnant pool, so on the other hand, running water is clear, pure, and sweet. So it is with the whole nation and each individual in it: if there is not industry it becomes corrupt; but if the opposite, it becomes flourishing and prosperous.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet miserable in the strict sense of the word, although he might have thought himself so in some few idle moments. Discontent arises from want of occupation, and that no man need be without who has received the blessings of health, eyes, hands, and the usual physical endowments. Real life is thought and action, and occupation lengthens our days. Laziness, like rust, eats into the very heart of strength, and it may be called the paralysis of the soul. Nature's motto is progress, and be sure if we bring forth nothing useful, we are like the uncultivated field which runs into thorns and thistles, of no benefit in themselves, but destructive to whatever good may chance to spring up among them.

A German has taken out a patent for using bone pencils for writing on slates. They do not wear, and do not require to be sharpened.



Farmers!!!

Tights—!!

Lobsters!!

What were the strange animals seen on the campus recently? Butter, only that and nothing more.

"Anything to cover the law," in the opinion of our worthy President.

Fireman Crackers!!

Wanted: To know why Stillwater brush piles burn in the night!

J. W. Edgerly Jr., and G. H. Babb, have been chosen by the Y. M. C. A. to attend the summer school for Bible study at Northfield, Mass., opening June 30th and continuing until July 16, to be conducted by D. L. Moody.

We do not believe in spirits, and it seems quite surprising how absent students answer to their names at certain exercises. It must be a wonderful manifestation of will-power that enables them to "get there."

The tablet lately placed upon the new building bearing its name, "Coburn Hall," and date of erection, reminds us of a cat in a strange garret. It seems to have been stroked the wrong way.

The following students have been appointed to serve as editors of the CADET for the coming year: F. P. Briggs, C. G. Cushman, J. W. Edgerly, Jr., J. Reed, G. S. Vickery, H. Clark, E. F. Heath, E. H. Kelley and F. C. Moulton. They have organized as follows: F. P. Briggs, Editor-in-Chief; G. S. Vickery, Associate Editor; J. Reed, Literary; J. W. Edgerly, Jr., Exchange; C. G. Cushman, Business Manager; E. F. Heath Assistant, and E. H. Kelley, Secretary of the board.

Prof. Wentworth, of Boston, commenced instruction in elocution May 15. The seniors and juniors forming the first division, the soph-

omores by themselves the second, are given a general exercise alternately one hour each day. Aside from this, those who are preparing commencement parts receive additional drill.

J. W. Hatch and E. E. Greenwood were delegates to the Grand Lodge of Q. T. V. fraternity, held with Keystone chapter at the State College, Pennsylvania.

The "Lawn Tennis" court was formally opened to all comers May 21. Now is the time to show your interest in the cause by subscribing fifty cents and becoming a member of the club.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, Arbor day was not observed on May 1st, but as the "barometer had risen" sufficiently by the 10th, the Faculty set apart that day, at which time a goodly number of trees were added to those which already adorn the Campus.

The work of grading about Coburn Hall is being pushed steadily forward. It will be some time before grass adorns this part of the campus.

The familiar faces of G. F. Black, '86, and Miss Hicks, appeared upon the campus a few days ago. As has been noticed on former occasions, they are drawn by the same horse.

A part of the members of the "Oxford League" of the Methodist Society at the village, visited the Y. M. C. A. May 16, but owing to a misunderstanding of the hour, when the meeting was called only a few arrived in season to take part in the exercises. We trust that this is but the beginning of many such meetings, as we believe in co-operation.

N. E. Wilson, '88, recently took a group photograph of the cadet band.

A. K. Dole, photographer, from Bangor, visited the college May 22. It is said that he succeeded in his efforts in taking the class of '90 without in any way damaging his camera.

The Freshmen and Bangor High School nines recently played a game of ball on the college diamond, resulting in a score of 13 to 8 in favor of the Freshmen.

The Band have "Shined" their instruments.

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BASE BALL NOTES.

The first league game of the season, between the M. S. C.s and Colbys, was to have been played on the M. S. C. diamond, May 5th, but owing to the rain, only four innings were played. The score stood at the end of that time 7 to 4 in favor of M. S. C.

Our next game was to have been May 10, with the Colbys at Waterville. Again fortune seemed to be against us. The nine was on the ground at the appointed time, but the rain came tumbling down in torrents, and this game had also to be postponed to some future date.

The Bowdoins came to Orono, May 18th. The weather was rather disagreeable, and rain fell most of the time, yet the game was played. A large crowd was present, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Following is the detailed score:

BOWDOINS.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Williamson, rf.....	4	1	0	0	3	0	0
Larrabee, lf.....	4	1	1	0	2	0	0
F. Freeman, 2b.....	4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Fogg, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Packard, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	9	0	2
Fish, c.....	4	0	2	2	9	6	2
G. Freeman, 3b.....	4	1	1	0	2	0	1
Pendleton, ss.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	2
Cary, p.....	3	1	2	2	1	14	0
	34	5	7	4	27	22	7

M. S. C.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Rogers, c.....	4	1	0	0	8	7	1
Keith, 3b.....	4	1	2	0	0	2	0
Small, p.....	4	1	2	0	0	14	1
Elwell, ss.....	4	0	2	2	1	2	0
Babb, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	11	0	1
Philbrook, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	1
Bird, cf.....	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Andrews, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Haggett, lf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
	35	3	7	3	26	25	4

Two base hits, G. Freeman, Keith, Small; time of game, two hours; struck out by Small, 13, Cary 12; double play, Philbrook; earned runs, Bowdoin, 3; M. S. C., 0. Umpire, Watkins, of Oldtown.

Our nine met the Bowdoins on their own diamond at Brunswick, May 18, and were again defeated. We here give the detailed score.

BOWDOINS.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Williamson, rf.....	5	2	3	2	0	0	0
Larrabee, lf.....	5	2	1	0	1	0	0
F. Freeman, 2b.....	5	1	0	2	7	0	2
Fogg, cf.....	5	3	4	3	3	0	0
Packard, 1b.....	5	0	2	1	3	0	1
Fish, c.....	5	1	0	1	12	4	2
G. Freeman, 3b.....	5	1	1	0	1	0	2
Pendleton, ss.....	4	1	2	0	0	3	1
Cary, p.....	4	0	1	0	0	11	4
	43	11	14	6	27	18	12

M. S. C.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Rogers, c.....	4	2	2	1	12	6	4
Keith, 3b.....	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Small, p.....	4	1	1	1	1	13	2
Elwell, ss.....	4	0	1	0	1	1	0
Blackington, rf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0	1
Bird, cf.....	4	0	1	0	1	0	2
Babb, 1b.....	4	1	1	1	9	0	0
Philbrook, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	1	1	3
Haggett, lf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
	36	6	8	4	27	21	13

Two base hits, Fogg, 1, G. Freeman, 1, Pendleton, 1; three base hits, Fogg; struck out by Small, 13, by Cary, 10; time of game, 2 hours, 30 minutes; double play, Rogers to Babb; earned runs, M. S. C. 1, Bowdoin, 5. Umpire, Phil. Lindsey.

May 19th the nine played the Bates at Lewiston, and secured an easy victory. Our men in every way outplayed their opponents. Following is the tabulated score:

M. S. C.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Rogers, c.....	5	2	0	2	4	2	2
Keith, 3b.....	5	3	2	0	4	4	1
Small, p.....	5	3	1	0	2	7	2
Elwell, ss.....	5	2	1	0	1	1	1
Blackington, rf.....	5	1	2	2	0	0	0
Bird, cf.....	5	1	2	1	1	0	0
Babb, 1b.....	5	0	1	4	11	0	2
Philbrook, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Haggett, lf.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
	43	12	9	9	27	15	8

BATES.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.....	5	1	0	1	0	0	5
Tinker, 1b.....	4	1	2	1	11	1	2
Gilman, cf.....	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Daggett, p.....	4	0	0	0	0	13	4
Call, c.....	4	0	1	1	7	2	3
Newman, lf.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Knox, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pierce, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	1	2	1
Day, ss.....	4	1	1	1	0	2	2
	37	4	6	6	22	30	17

Two base hits, Keith, Elwell, Gilmore; three base hits, Day; struck out by Small, 3, by Daggett, 10; double play, Keith; earned runs, M. S. C. 2, Bates 1; time of game, 2 hours and 15 minutes. Umpire, Phil. Lindsey.

THE ST. JOHN TRIP OF THE NINE.

The base ball nine made its third trip to St. John, May 23, leaving on the night train and arriving there at 6 o'clock in the morning.

The day was most excellent, and at 9 o'clock they started for the base ball grounds, where at 10.30 began the contest between them and the Nationals, Andrews and Keith being the battery for the former, and Christy and Kennedy for the latter.

The Nationals started in to play ball, and at the end of the third inning the score was 3 to 0 in their favor.

The M. S. C. then began to settle down to steady work, giving their opponents only 5 more runs, carrying their own number up to 12. Both batteries did good work, and the fielding of both sides, although not exceptionally good, was not what one could call slack.

Following is the score:

M. S. C.								
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	SB.	
Rogers, rf.....6	1	2	4	1	1	0	0	
Keith, c.....6	1	1	1	11	3	1	1	
Small, 3b.....6	1	3	4	0	1	2	0	
Elwell, ss.....5	2	1	1	4	1	0	1	
Bird, cf.....5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Babb, 1b.....5	2	1	1	11	4	3	2	
Philbrook, 2b.....5	2	1	1	0	0	1	0	
Blackington, lf.....5	2	0	0	1	0	2	0	
Andrews, p.....5	1	2	2	1	15	1	0	
Totals.....48	12	11	14	27	25	10	4	
NATIONALS.								
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	FO.	A.	E.	SB.	
Barker, cf.....5	1	1	1	2	1	4	0	
Milligan, 2b.....5	2	1	1	4	0	2	2	
Bell, 1b.....5	0	0	0	7	2	1	0	
White, ss.....5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Robinson, 3b.....4	0	0	0	3	2	0	0	
Whitnect, rf.....4	2	2	2	1	1	0	0	
Thompson, lf.....4	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Kennedy, c.....4	1	0	0	8	0	2	0	
Christie, p.....4	1	1	1	2	10	3	0	
Totals.....40	8	6	6	27	16	13	2	
SCORE BY INNINGS.								
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. S. C..0	0	0	0	3	6	0	3	0-12
Nationals 2	0	0	1	0	0	3	2	0-8

Passed balls, M. S. C. 2, Nationals 5; wild pitches, Andrews 2, Christie 2; struck out, Andrews 13, Christie 4; hit by pitched ball, Haggett, Keith; two base hit, Small; three base hit, Rogers; base on balls, Keith, Babb, Blackington; double plays, Rogers and Babb, Barker and Bell; earned runs, M. S. C. 2; time, 2 hours and 15 minutes.

The second game was called in the afternoon of the same day, with Rogers and Small as battery for M. S. C.s and Robinson and Whitnect for the home team. The M. S. C.s played a good game from the beginning, giving their opponents only one score, and several times when the bases were filled, shutting them off without a run. The home team played a good game till the last inning, when they went to pieces, the M. S. C.s scoring 5 runs, making a total of 10.

Both batteries did fine work, only 4 base hits being gotten off from Small, and 5 off from Robinson.

A St. John paper says of Small: "He swings easily around in his box, and sends in a ball that goes dead south till within a few feet of the plate, when it switches off to the north-east or east-north-east, and when the too-confident batter tries to hit it he finds he could not reach it with a long pole."

The score is as follows:

M. S. C.								
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	SB.	
Rogers, c.....5	2	1	1	10	2	0	1	
Keith, 3b.....5	1	2	3	0	2	2	0	
Small, p.....5	2	0	0	1	14	1	0	
Elwell, ss.....5	3	1	1	3	2	0	0	
Blackington, rf.....5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Bird, cf.....5	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	
Babb, 1b.....5	0	0	0	10	0	2	0	
Philbrook, 2b.....4	1	0	0	2	0	1	0	
Andrews, lf.....4	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	
Totals,43	10	4	5	27	20	8	1	
NATIONALS.								
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	SB.	
Barker, cf.....5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Milligan, 2b.....4	0	0	0	4	2	1	0	
Bell, 1b.....4	0	1	1	12	0	1	0	
White, ss.....4	0	0	0	1	4	3	1	
Kennedy, 3b.....4	1	0	0	0	1	0	4	
Robinson, p.....4	0	0	0	1	9	2	0	
DeForest, rf.....4	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	
Thompson, lf.....4	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	
Whitnect, c.....4	0	2	2	5	0	2	0	
Totals,37	1	4	4	27	16	12	5	

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SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
M. S. C.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	—10
Nationals,.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Passed balls: Rogers 1, Whitneet 3. Wild pitches: Small 0, Robinson 4. Struck out by Robinson 4, by Small 12. Base on balls Robinson 1. Double plays, Elwell and Philbrook. Called balls on Robinson 67, on Small 18. Called strikes by Robinson 8, by Small 2. Time, 2 hours.

In the evening an oyster supper was served by the home team to the visitors, which was followed by toasts and a general social time. The trip was one which will be long remembered by those who went, as an event of great enjoyment, and the hospitality of the home team as something approaching as near to perfection as it is possible for mortal man to arrive at.



'76.

P. W. Hubbard is in the grocery business in California, and meeting with good success.

F. M. Blanding, editor of *Maine Industrial Journal*, has returned from his trip to the Pacific coast.

'79.

Herbert Webster is doing a good business in Monrovia, Cal., as a merchant.

W. E. Ferguson is in the real estate business in Alhambra, Cal.

'80.

F. A. Spratt, A. M., Principal of Hampden Academy, was recently elected Supervisor of Schools for the city of Rockland, Me. He did not accept the position, so will remain at the Academy.

'81.

H. H. Andrews, M. E., is cashier of the Bank of Callaway, Neb., also secretary of the Callaway Milling and Manufacturing Co., and treasurer of Delight township.

'82.

A. J. Keith has been appointed to fill a vacancy in the Superintending School Committee at Oldtown, Me.

'85.

Rev. G. L. Hanscom, pastor of the Free-Will Baptist church, at Bliss, N. Y., has been united in marriage to Miss Florence Gilbert, of Centerville, N. Y. CADET extends congratulations.

F. L. Russell, V. S., is in Johns Hopkins University, taking a course in Bacteriology and Pathology. He will probably remain there a year, after which he will assume his duties as Veterinarian at the Experiment Station, Orono, Maine.

Frank E. Hull has accepted a position on the Northern Maine Railroad.

'86.

I. B. Ray, short-stop on the Salems, leads the batting in the New England League, and is near the head in fielding. It is rumored that the Bostons are negotiating for his release from the Salems.

'87.

C. A. Mason is Chief Assistant Engineer on construction of water works and street railways, Long Beach, Cal.



When the Exchange editor sits himself down to his work and begins to pick over the large pile of Exchanges, he finds it a matter of no little difficulty to find anything in any of them that is really deserving of criticism in the way of censure. They are, as a rule, so excellent, both in their general get-up and the nature of their contents, that it is wonderful to what an extent college students are contributing now-a-days to the advance of civilization in this regard. For we maintain that they do nothing more nor less than that. Every college, whose students publish a magazine, is benefitted, and in no small degree, by that publication. In every class that starts out into the turmoil of

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business life at Commencement, there are always some whose experience on the Editorial Staff of their college paper is of more real value to them than at least some of the studies taken up in the course. This practice of supporting a periodical is becoming more and more prevalent in our institutions of learning, and from colleges is spreading into academies, fitting schools, and even high schools. In our estimation it is a grand good thing, and will one day stand forth prominently among the advantages derived from taking a college course.

We find the *Occident* in a most able editorial, strongly condemning such students of the University of California, who by their degraded moral condition, and the practice of giving their vices and reckless habits full sway, tend to bring the institution into disrepute and breed corruption among their fellow students. That every college is afflicted with such "black sheep" is beyond question, but the idea of the college papers taking the matter in hand and holding forth against them, had not before occurred to us. However, on consideration, it seems a good plan. The editors generally know more about the doings of such students than the Faculty, and when a student acts so disreputably as to prove his utter disregard of the fact that he belongs to a respectable institution, whose good name he is bound to maintain, then it is time for anybody connected with the institution to interfere.

SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING SCRAPS.

A New York oculist asserts that the greatest enemy to the eyes of young men is the cigarette. Recently a disease has appeared among smokers, which is dangerous, and after careful investigation the best authorities, who for a long time were at loss to understand the peculiar malady, have traced it to the small paper-covered tobacco sticks. It is now known as the cigarette eye, and can be cured only by long treatment. Its symptoms are dimness, film-like gathering over the eye, which appears and disappears at intervals.

On the grounds of the Ponce DeLeon Hotel, at Florida, there is an artesian well 12 inches

in diameter, which ejects water 55 feet into the air. A turbine wheel has been set over it, and the dynamos for lighting the hotel are driven by it. It has worked three months now without perceptible loss of force.

It seems useless to go to the expense of electing presidents every four years in this country, when we might swear in a few editors of daily papers, and have no trouble whatever in running the country.

The oldest arm-chair in the world is the throne of Queen Hatafer, who flourished in Egypt 1600 years B. C. It is of ebony, beautifully carved. It is now one of the treasures of the British Museum.

Extended observations at Paris and Munich indicate that the sanitary condition of a locality depends on the amount of water contained in the ground. The years in which there has been a large quantity of ground water present have invariably been the healthiest, while those in which there has been a smaller quantity have invariably been the unhealthiest.

You think you stand pretty straight, don't you? Well, just back up against the wall of a room and bear against it all over; you will find there are more kinks, buckles, short bends, and offsets between your head and your heels, than you had any idea of.

The longest tunnel in the world is the one at Schemnitz, Hungary. It has a length of 10.27 miles; 1 mile longer than the St Gothard, and 2 1-2 miles more than the Mont Cenis tunnel. When the contract was made in 1872, the work was let at about \$35.00 per yard, but for some years before its finish, a little while ago, the cost was about \$110.00 per yard.

Judging from the average of six instances taken from a daily paper, the tendency of modern life is to length of days. These six average 78 1-2 years, and fairly represent the record of a day.

According to a Mr. Howard, who speaks as one having authority, the Panama canal is navigable for eleven miles for steam vessels of 1,000 tons.



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JUSTLY INDIGNANT.—Judge Pennybunker (entering his room suddenly and discovering his servant, Sam, posing before the mirror in his best silk hat)—“What do you mean, you black rascal?”

Sam—“Nuffin’ ‘tall, sah. I on’y wanted ter see how a real gemmon would look in dat hat. Oh, Jedge!”

When Sam alighted at the foot of the front steps he kept right on across the street on all fours.

ECONOMIC—Wife—“You say I ought to practice economy, John. Now, what did your dinner down-town cost you to-day?”

Husband (a trifle weakly)—“About three dollars.”

Wife—“Heavens, John, three dollars, just for a dinner!”

Husband (a trifle indignantly)—“Well, that included a bottle of wine, of course. (More indignantly)—You don’t s’pose I would pay three dollars just for food, do you?”—*N. Y. Sun.*

“James,” said the undertaker, “it is about time to close the shop. Have you heard of any change in the condition of Mr. Simpson since noon?”

“No, sir,” replied the boy, “except that they’ve just turned off the doctors and called in a Christian scientist.”

“James,” rejoined his employer, shaking his head gloomily, “we will keep the shop open half an hour longer.”—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE DRUMMER GOT LEFT.—A Scotch story is that of a diminutive drummer in a local brass band, who was in the habit, when out parading with his comrades, of walking by sound and not by sight, owing to his drum being so high that he was unable to see over it. The band, on Saturday afternoon, paraded usually in one

direction, but the other day the leader thought he would change the route a little, and turned down a by-street. The drummer, unaware of this movement, kept on his accustomed way, drumming as hard as ever he could. By and by, after finishing his part and not hearing the others, he stopped, and pushing his drum aside, he looked to see what was the matter. His astonishment may be imagined at finding that he was alone. “Hae!” he cried to some bystanders, “has any o’ ye seen a band here-about?”—*The Argonaut.*

“Who will be nominated at Chicago?” asked one Republican of another. “It looks like Blain,” was the reply. “That’s more than his pictures do,” said the other.—*Siftings.*

Harlem has a base ball club called “The Girls.” It is doubtless referred to as the Femi-nine.—*Norristown Herald.*

She—“Are you going to take a summer vacation this year, John?” He—“I cannot tell you now, love. I shall wait and see whether we have a summer.”—*New Haven News.*

A FAIR AVERAGE. Bobby—“What are the wages of sin, pa?”

Father—“Depends on the locality. In Washington they’ll average about five thousand a year.”

A HEART-BREAKING DISCOVERY.—Anxious Father—“Why, what’s the matter?”

Little Son—“Me an’ Dick was playin’ we was Abe Lincoln an’ splittin’ rails, and wen we got that big board all chopped up mama came out an’ took the wood in the house for kindlin’.”

“But you didn’t want the wood, did you?”

“No—o.”

“Then what are you crying for?”

“I’ve just found out I—I ain’t been playin’. I—I’ve been workin’—boo, hoo!”—*Omaha World.*

NIPPED IN THE BUD. First burglar—“Bill, the jig is up. No cracking that bank to-night.”

Second burglar—“Wot’s the matter, detectives onto us?”

No; I saw the president an’ cashier buyin’ tickets for Montreal this morning.”—*Chicago Herald.*

WHAT KILLED THE MULE. "The only time I ever really felt ashamed in my life, was at the battle of Cedar Rapids," said the Major. "My horse fell under me, and I was obliged to ride an army mule during the rest of the engagement."

"I remember it well," said the Judge. "I found that mule about an hour after you dismounted that day."

"Really, old man, I hardly expected to be corroborated so promptly; where did you find him?" asked the Major.

The Judge saw that there was a clear run for the door as he replied, "Stone dead, behind a rail-fence."

"Shot?"

"No; mortification."—*Tid-Bits.*

A SURE TEST. Mrs. A—"I can always find out right away when I have a servant girl who is in love."

Mrs. B—"How do you find out?"

"When she is asleep I go into her room and tickle her mouth with a hair-brush. If she puckers up her mouth that is a sure sign she is in love, and mistakes the hairbrush for the moustache of her lover."—*Siftings.*

AN EXPLICIT WOMAN. A gentleman from Philadelphia went to Austin, Texas, not long since, and had a commission from a lady to her brother, which he was anxious to carry out at once.

"Where will I find Mr. B., who is in the grocery business?" he asked of an Austinite.

"There are two brothers of that name, both in the grocery business," was the reply. "Which do you wish to see?"

"I mean the one that has a sister in Philadelphia."

She—"How do you like my new shoes, Adolph?"

He (dreamily)—"They are simply immense." It took the two families a week to patch up a peace.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When a public man is called "Honest Jake" or "Honest Tom," it is time to examine his accounts.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

This is the season of the year when a man uses his thumb-nail for a screw driver, but he tries it only once.—*New York Morning Journal.*

AN ACCOMMODATING ASTRONOMER. The celebrated astronomer, Cassini, took some very interesting observations of an eclipse at Paris. A young dude, actuated by inordinate curiosity, went to the observatory, accompanied by several lady friends. When they arrived at the observatory they were told that everything was over.

"That makes no difference, ladies," said the dude, "we will see it yet. I am personally acquainted with Cassini, and he is a gentleman from the ground up. We'll go in and I'll explain that we came a little late and he'll do it all over again for us."

The Des Moines, Iowa, Leader has been burned out twice within the last three years. It continues to speak of the "fire fiend," however. Some editors never can take a warning.

THE KEY OF SUCCESS is a good memory, without which the student, business man or scientist loses what he gains. Prof. Loissette's wonderful discovery enables his pupils to learn any book in one reading. Endorsed by Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, Hon. W. W. Astor, late U. S. Minister to Italy, Hon. John Gibson, President Judge 19th Judicial District, Penn., Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, the famous jurist, and hundreds of others who have all been his pupils. The system is taught by correspondence. Classes of 1087 at Baltimore, 1005 at Detroit, and 1500 on return visit to Philadelphia. Address Professor Loissette, 237 Fifth Avenue, New York, for prospectus.

LITERARY NOTE. Mr. C. Powell Karr, a graduate of School of Mines, Columbia College, has in preparation a Manual of American Colleges, which proposes to give in classified form all the leading Colleges, Universities, Technical and Professional Schools, their requirements for admission, courses of study, cost of tuition and living expenses, and, in a word, a systematic resume of all the information needed by parents, guardians and students to enable them to decide intelligently what college or institution of learning it is best to attend. It is to be issued from the press of William T. Comstock, New York.

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