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The Cadet December 1894

The Cadet Staff

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THE CADET.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME IX.

DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 6.

THE WITCHES.

I.

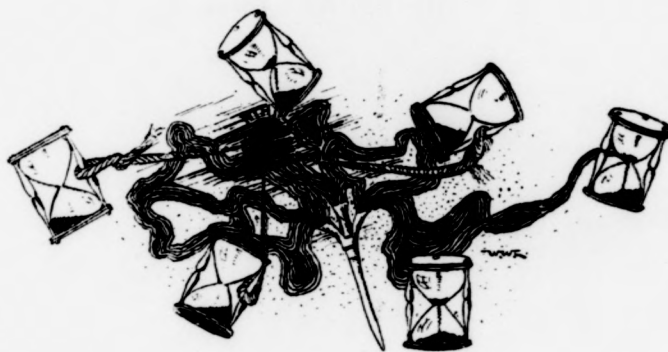
They stood on the heath 'neath the gallows tree,
The night was dark and the wind was high,
And the rusty chains clanked drearily
As the blast went moaning and wailing by.

They heard the hoot of the lonely owl,
They heard the croak of the raven hoarse,
And the hissing flap of his pinions foul
As he hovered above each blackened corse.

For three there were on the gallows tree,
And they swayed and swung, and they swung and swayed,
And oh! 'twas a fearsome sight to see,
And oh! 'twas a fearsome sound they made.

One had strangled a sleeping babe,
And one had poisoned a brother's food,
And one—may the Fiend torment his shade!—
Had curses heaped on the holy Rood.

So they took them out on the blasted heath,
 And hanged them high for many a day,
 Where the sun might blacken, the rains might bleach,
 And the foul kites feast on their wasting clay.



II.

Three witches they were 'neath the gallows tree,
 Old, and haggard, and thin, and gray,
 And they gibbered and laughed in ghoulish glee,
 As they watched the corpses swing and sway.

"Ho! 'tis a brave, 'tis a merry sight
 To see them dancing and dangling there,
 And I swear by the Pit, ere the morning light,
 To have three locks of the heretic's hair."

"And I from the strangler's hand will break
 One finger joint as my proper part."

"And I from the poisoner's flesh will take
 The ounce that covers his pulseless heart."

Then they shrieked, and they danced, and they shrieked
 again;

What more they did I dare not name,
 Nor the tales they told will my trembling pen
 Recount, for oh! 'twere a sin and shame.

III.

Night again on the lonely heath,
Midnight solemn, and dark, and chill;
No sound save the moaning, sobbing breath
Of the wind from the gorges of Dead Man's Hill.

Close to the foot of the fatal tree,
Still bearing its ghastly burden high,
Crouched and shivered the evil three,
For they knew ere the cock crew they must die.

"Thrice last night on my waking ear,"
Said one, "the croak of the raven fell,
And, though none rung, thrice did I hear
The solemn chime of a passing-bell."

The knell was mine, and my heart grew weak;
In vain for pardon I tried to pray;
My lips were dumb, and I could not speak
One word for mercy at Judgment Day.

For myself to the Tempter I madly sold—
Many a year since then has flown—
My eyes were blind with the sheen of gold,
And to-night the master will claim his own."



"As I searched where the hemlock and night-
shade grow,
And heard the werewolf howl afar,"
Said the second witch in a whisper low,
"I marked the fall of a blood-red star."



"'Twas my own, own soul; I knew it well,
And the baleful light o'er the landscape shed
Was the glare of fires from the lowest hell
Toward which my soul, as I watched it, sped."

"And I," said the third, "in the twilight gloom,
I saw a coffin go slowly by;
I followed and stood by an open tomb,
Priest nor sexton was there, and I

Eagerly raised the heavy pall
To gloat o'er the senseless Thing, and jeer;
Quick, with a shudder, I let it fall—
Myself I saw, and I fled in fear."

And thus they muttered and whispered low,
With white drawn lips and trembling tongue,
While ever above them, to and fro,
The blackened forms on the gibbet swung.



IV.

Morning breaking on holm and lea,
Filling the world with life and light,
Morn on the heath, but the fated three
Know nor morning nor darksome night.



THE WITCHES.

179

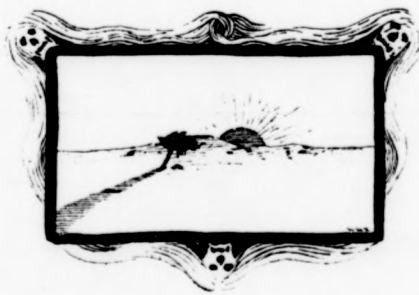
Huddled they lie, and stark, and still,
With faces turned to the reddening sky,
And the sun, as it rises o'er Dead Man's Hill,
Looks into each sightless, glassy eye.

One wears the mark of the iron Hand
That stifled her cry of wild despair ;
On one is knotted the fatal strand
Spun from the heretic's tangled hair ;

And one has drained to its dregs of gall
The lethal cup—God shrive her soul !
Ay, pity and shrive them one and all,
Though black their sins as the nether Pole.

While thus they lie in the morning fair,
And lights and shadows around them play,
With every breath of the sweet June air
The forms on the gibbet swing and sway.

H. M. Estabrooke, '76.



LOOKING BACKWARD.

SPEAKING of old times reminds me of an incident which occurred to "Swampy." It will be remembered by many that Swampy was often times the object of a practical joke. On this occasion some of the boys had thought best to remove several beds from the rooms where they naturally belonged. Among those which needed airing was Swampy's, and on returning from away he found his bed out on the campus. You remember those big rocks we used to have to press C. H.'s botanical specimens with, that would weigh 100 pounds or more; well, some bright boy had put one of those big rocks into Swamp's bed and covered it carefully with the straw. Now Swamp was a big powerful fellow and his life had been such at Brick Hall that he was not surprised to find his bed on the campus; so he set to work to get it in place again the quickest possible way. He just doubled his bed right up and took the whole thing, rock and all, up two flights of stairs. I think he finally discovered the rock before going to bed.

The same man once, on going to bed, found that a young woodchuck had gotten there first. For some reason Swamp refused to sleep with him, and the poor little fellow was consigned to the tender mercies of the denizens of the "Ram Pasture."

When we were freshmen, our afternoon duties consisted of "labor on the farm at ten cents per hour, the educational character of the work being taken into consideration." At the time I have in mind we were cutting bushes over in the pasture. You see we were far enough away so that

the Superintendent could not at all times tell just what we were up to, so he selected only trustworthy boys for this work. There was one of our number, D. C., who being afraid of the chills did not dare to work very hard; so about the middle of the afternoon he would lie down under a bush and go to sleep. It then became our duty to wake him up if the Superintendent appeared or when it was time to quit. The responsibility of this duty was too great, so one day, D. C. being asleep as usual, instead of waking him when the supper bell rang, we came in and told the rest of the boys. When supper was about over D. C. appeared and had to face the shouts of derision.

Among the many very pleasant memories connected with our course of instruction are one or two lectures given us by Prof. Aubert on "Sophomoric Dignity." You know the fellow was an unlucky one who behaved himself in an unseemly manner in Prof. Aubert's recitation room; and it is a part of a Sophomore's religion to show himself in all his might on all occasions. The name of the unfortunate in this case I do not recall, but whoever he was, he had the audacity to stretch out and absorb a whole settee by himself. This was enough. The Prof. lit on him. After discoursing on the desirability of keeping our feet on the floor, and several other points of a like nature, he finally told us to "so conduct ourselves, that when a sub-freshman saw us he would say to himself, the Maine State College is the place for me."

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pounds. This extra weight was so tion on each side of him and in half distributed that his center of gravity an hour the old gentleman would be was very near the top end of his legs. puffing like a steam engine—a little He always worked with us in the field, longer and he would lean on his hoe and he just couldn't talk and work at to talk while we stood by in open the same time. He was very fond of mouthed wonder to hear about how telling of his life in "Jersey." It he "raithed cucumberth down in didn't take us long to intimately asso- Jerthey."

ciate these two conditions. Of course we wished very much to hear about "Jersey," so we would get a man who was good at steering conversa-

From one who, while he may not know the price of turkeys, pies, nor honey, knows the price of hay.



A DILEMMA.

Harriet Converse Fernald, '81.

Alas! Ah me! Alack! and Well-a-day!
 What in the world is there for me to say?
 The Editor proclaims a stern decree
 That there must be an article by me
 In the "Cadet" next month,—or else,—just what
 Would happen then, I think that he forgot
 To mention,—but that unknown penalty
 Like Damocles' famed sword hangs over me.
 What shall it be?—there's no restriction—save
That it must interesting be—now "grave
 Or gay, or lively or severe," which may
 To best advantage my poor skill essay?
 Shall it a poem be, or prose pastel?
 Or shall I now portray with purpose fell
 The villain plotting—all forgetful he
 Of the unwritten law that good must be
 Triumphant at the end?—Or shall I prove
 The circle can be squared?—Or shall I move
 My readers' hearts with story of feigned woe?
 Or give a demonstration which shall show
 Beyond all doubt "since X doth equal C,
 Then Z and B are equal, Q. E. D."?
 Or shall I write on Art with great big A,
 And speak of "tone" and "feeling" and display

To great advantage what I do not know
 Of "style," "technique" and "chiaro-oscuro"?
 Political Economy might give
 Scope for my notions on how we should live
 If things were only different,—and then
 A touch upon the tariff, and on men
 Who won't let women vote, would well display
 My interest in questions of the day.
 Of atoms, molecules, and such small things
 I might discourse; or of the power which brings
 Far distant voices to the listening ear,
 And makes the night as bright as day appear.
 There's music too, and medicine, and deep
 Philosophy, which soon would soothe to sleep
 The patient reader.—Might I have a dream
 Which would contain a beautiful new scheme
 For making all men absolutely "free
 And equal" as we read they're born to be?
 I might—I might—oh! is there any end
 To what I *might*?—Some inspiration lend,
 O Muse!—an idea novel thus t' implore—
 Help me to find something ne'er said before,
 That shall be wise, and interesting too,
 For this great boon I humbly here do sue.
 And grant, O Muse, thine aid without delay,—
 Three days from now I must, perforce, display
 The finished paper,—else—ah! if I fail—
 That unknown vengeance makes my spirit quail.

* * *

THREE DAYS LATER.

Three long, long days, and weary, sleepless nights!
 No answer from the Muse my toil requites.
 Astronomy? Philology? essay?
 A joke? an allegory? or a play?
 Etcetera, etcetera, again
 The long array dance wildly through my brain.

* * *

I *can't* decide, and so, though badly scared,
 My answer really must be "*Not prepared.*"

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A CAMPAIGN EPISODE.

NO matter how fiercely the political battle may be raging in the country, or how exciting may be the campaign, seldom is the classic mud of Orono disturbed by the tramp of hostile clubs, or the scientific air of the campus ruffled by the roars of the British lion whose tail is invariably twisted at these seasons.

But once in a while the panic reaches even here and then—well, perhaps those who were in College in the fall of '88 can tell best how politics and College mix.

It was at the time when the excitement was growing daily in the country that a Harrison and Morton club was formed, with John Reed for president, and Charles G. Cushman as captain, and the old-timers know what that means. After the organization the club thought it would be a patriotic and proper thing to do, to display a campaign flag. They accordingly voted to raise \$36, the cost of a flag, which in due time brought the desired bunting. One day just after dinner, the banner was quietly "thrown to the breeze," as the papers say, over the road by the Beta Theta Pi house, on a rope stretched from the tops of two tall elm trees, to the immense satisfaction of the loyal ones.

Hardly had the folds "kissed the breeze," (paper again) when the stately form and tall hat of Dr. Fer-nald were seen, coming to lend dignity to the occasion. The first question he asked, however, was "Who put it up?" but of course no one knew. Although unable to discover the perpetrators, the flag was peremptorily ordered to be taken down, as a campaign flag could not under any circumstances be allowed on the campus.

Evidently the perpetrators did not hear this as the flag stayed right there and the next day it was as glorious as ever. The following morning at chapel the boys felt something was coming and at the conclusion of the solemn and impressive prayer their surmises were proven correct as the President plainly informed the student

body with a vigorous pounding of the table for emphasis, that certain young men of the institution had wilfully disobeyed him, that they were bringing trouble upon themselves by so doing, and that what he said *must* be obeyed, and the flag must come down. Strange to say, even after this, the flag continued to wave.

The next morning at chapel the boys listened for some more spicy remarks, but contrary to their expectations there was nothing of the sort, but reasons were given why a partisan flag should not be displayed on the grounds of a State institution, and the request was made that the students remove it from the campus.

Evidently the flag-hangers attended *that* morning, for immediately after the exercises the flag was lowered and removed to the vicinity of the residence of Mrs. Graves where it did duty for the remainder of the campaign, giving offense to no one. Its fate is not positively known but unless it was burned in the old town hall it is probably in existence somewhere to-day.

This was, perhaps, the most aggressive campaign movement of recent years, if we leave out of consideration some of the hustling done at many of the class and general elections of the students.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

By Virginia Mary Ring.

A basket of Christmas roses—
A room in gold and white—
A maiden fair, whose shining hair
Reflects the fire-light.

Deep in their fragrant masses
She buries her charming face,
A figure neat from head to feet,
Of undulating grace.

She lifts her head from their beauty,
Places one in her yellow hair,
Then throws it down with a ling'ring frown,
Turns away—and—lingers there.

"He can't but know that I—like him :
Still—why should he hesitate ?
He'll find to his cost that he is lost
Who will not try his fate.
He keeps me in bonbons and flowers ;
These roses—he knows they're my choice ;
If I'm—well, anywhere, he's sure to be there,
And hang on each turn of my voice.

"Ah, well !
He thinks it, mayhap, a flirtation.
I'll make my decision right now.
If he won't be a man and speak out while he can,
I'll—marry old Colonel Dow.
The colonel *is* old, gray, and ugly,
But still, he's as rich as a Jew,
And I know he likes me ; Master Carl, you shall see
That my choice for a husband's not you."

She lifted the basket of roses
And walked, with scornful mien,
To a table small in an unused hall,
And left them there, unseen.

A huge chrysanthemum yellow,
A ragged and jagged one, very,
She tucked in her dress, with a look, I confess,
That was anything but merry.

A card for our little lady :
" Mr. Carl Boynton," she read.
She snatched up a book, and without e'en a look,
" Show the gentleman in," she said.

He entered, a manly young fellow,
Some violets pinned on his coat.
" Well, Bess," with a smile, plainly meant to beguile.
" Mr. Boynton,"—she arched her white throat—
" I'm Miss Allan, please, for the future."
He gazed in the utmost surprise.
" Why Bess! what I've done, I confess—"
He stopped, a faint gleam in his eyes.

And then, in a nonchalant manner,
" What a gorgeous chrysanthemum!" said.
" Yes, I prefer them to roses,"
She replied, with a lift of her head.
" I received a huge basket this morning
Of—chrysanthemums, from dear Colonel Dow;
He's the darlingest man; don't you think so?"
" Indeed yes," with his society bow.

" You're wearing some violets, I see, sir;
They're charming, in both form and hue."
" My fav'rite flower," he answered,
" I got them from young Mrs. Drew."

She rose to her feet in an instant.
" They're too overpowering," she said.
" Their odor is really quite dreadful,
I declare, sir, it's gone to my head.
Throw them away, I command you!"
With a stamp of her quaint-fashioned shoe.
" You know my aversion to violets,
And you know—I—detest—Mrs. Drew.
You men all think she's so lovely;
She's not even refined, I say."

In a slightly satirical manner :

"Well—perhaps ; but that's only her way.

As to these violet, Miss Allan,

It's strange you don't like them, quite !

For—'tis the identical bunch, dear,

You wore at the theatre last night.

They fell as you stepped into the carriage,

And I treasured them up, you see ;

As to young Mrs. Drew, 'twas a fiction.

She's not even friendly with me."

"Why, Carl !" and her eyes quite brimmed over.

"How could you then talk so—so wrong ?

And as to that hateful old colonel,

I've not seen him for ever so long."

He stepped just a wee bit nearer.

"Whence came the chrysanthemums?" said he.

"Papa brought them to Mamma last evening ;

They weren't in the least meant for me."

And then—well—his arm stole around her.

"What's your favorite flower?" said he.

"Christmas ro-roses," she stammered,

"Like those you this morning sent me."



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THE HUNT.

IN THE VICINITY OF MUD POND,)
Nov. 10th, 1894.)

TALK about your Daniel Boones! laurels. Although they all went in different directions they had, it seems, noted the tracks of large game and each was prepared to defend himself if attacked. All that day did they keep their eyes wide open, each occasionally trying his rifle on some stray partridge in order to tell how to set his wind gauge, until towards evening as they were about to turn their steps homeward, when a good sized bear crawled from a log on which one of the party had stepped and growled a deep growl of defiance. Fire was opened immediately, and the whole party was at once on the trail of the enemy who, however, escaped in the darkness. They retraced their steps homeward that night, resolved that although they must bear the disgrace of his getting away from them, that such should not always be the case. And truly enough, about noon the next day they succeeded in cornering Bruin, who, bleeding from the many wounds received, arose on his haunches for the final struggle. Only those that were present can fully appreciate the awfulness of the situation. Oakes on one side thinking that he was in a foot ball game was about to tackle the bear when Manter held him back, at the same time making a recitation in Mechanics—getting up and then sitting down again. It now came Jeffery's turn to act and act he did. Fiercely did each eye the other, and the bear advanced to crush Jeffery of Monmouth in the awful "bear hug," when someone must have whispered

Why, the surrounding forest has, during the past few days been visited by persons who have made the frosty air ring and re-ring with the sound of rifle shot, and the consequent moaning of the dying beast who might be so unfortunate as to be in range of their trusty muskets. My! even Kit Carson wouldn't be in it with them! Knowing that the sporting gentlemen who constantly visit these regions in search of game are ever wanting such trusty guides and scouts as these persons must be, it has been found that the hunters just alluded to, are students at Orono and that they are now ready to accept situations as pilots through this forest full of wild beasts. Their names are Ralph B. Manter of Milo, better known as "Boy," the old reliable George W. Jeffery of Monmouth, also better known as the "George Washington" of Maine State, and Oakes of Foxcroft.

These three were first seen in this region on the morning of Nov. 7th, with rifles on their shoulders in true military style marching in columns of threes, eyes to the front, not appearing to notice the innumerable partridges, rabbits, woodchucks and other small game which made themselves scarce at the approach of the trio; as if cognizant of the extreme danger in which they were in. However, suddenly the command of "As Skirmishers, March" was given by the "father of his country" who was the senior officer present, and each set

in Bruin's ear the reputation of hugging that his opponent held among the young ladies, for he turned back a few steps and thereupon dropped dead. Jeffery at this point, as the result of his dancing school lessons, executed a neat "song and dance" and the joyous party with Bruin slung on a stick across their shoulders, started home to be congratulated at their arrival by all hands on their success as hunters and trappers.



MY FIRST SCHOOL.

A TRUE STORY.

I HAD always been obliged to shift for myself since early childhood, but at last, at the age of twenty-three, I found myself a sophomore in a Maine college. "working my way through" as many another was doing and had done before me, and in much the same way—that is, by earning what money I could in the best available employments during the vacations, which were thus generally prolonged for several weeks after the term had commenced, or begun several weeks before it closed, extra work being necessary to keep up with the other members of the class, who were not deprived of instruction during any part of the course of study.

It was the fall term of 188—, and after haying during the summer, I had decided to endeavor to get a school to teach during the winter vacation. It was a more difficult undertaking than I had supposed. It necessitated a great deal of writing to superintendents and school committee men, with usually disappointing replies. Finally, by the aid of a fellow student, who had taught in the vicinity, I obtained a small school in a backwoods town, in the northernmost part of the state at a salary of \$30 a month and board.

The school commenced soon after the expiration of the fall term and lasted several weeks longer than the college vacation. It was not without some misgivings that I started on my journey northward to begin my new work among strange people. It had always seemed to me that all that was necessary to teach school was a sufficient knowledge of the studies to be taught, but in view of becoming a teacher myself, I had inquired and thought about the matter enough to realize that the requisite knowledge is only a part of teaching and not the most important either.

The town wherein my school was located was some twenty miles from the railroad and when I arrived at the station from which I was to drive thither, it was snowing and blowing with alarming fierceness.

The "committee man" had sent a boy to meet me and we started off across the desolate country. Shall I ever forget that ride! The road was scarcely more than a track through the increasing drifts. We could not proceed at a faster pace than a walk and my clothing was not suitable to protect me from the chill of such weather. I doubt if any would be.

At last, late in the evening I was

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deposited at the "committee man's" as an illustration, for the satisfaction house and ushered into his august presence of the big boys, of the superiority of muscle over brains. I soon found

"Well d—n yer, what kind of a gravestone would you make?" was his greeting. My name is Marble and I was white with snow; hence his display of wit. My temper is naturally quick, but I was too benumbed with cold to show any resentment, which was fortunate for me, as I soon found that my host was rough in speech and appearance only and that his heart was in the right place after all.

I was to stop with him that night, and the next day take up my abode with an old couple who lived in a snug little farm house, not far from the school house. Bill Quincy was a lean, lank, wiry young man, a couple of inches my superior in height and as many years in age. He was infinitely more skillful at "running a log" than at threading the mazes of algebra and it was evident that there had been little in his life that was conducive to any great respect for anything or anybody. He had evinced a strong desire to breed trouble from the first day and at last, with a severe face but quaking heart, I told him that if I saw him boring holes in the desk with a gimlet again, he must take the penalty.

No description can do justice to the trials and tribulations of an inexperienced teacher, who endeavors to establish a new regime in an ungraded school in a remote country district. My thirty-five scholars varied in age from twenty-five years to eight and their mental acquirements were of course quite as dissimilar though not in the same ratio. I will pass over the difficulties and labor of establishing the different classes and ascertaining who should belong to them, and relate some of my experiences which show how much more important good discipline is in a school of this kind than anything else. The teacher cannot teach without first establishing his ability and determination to keep order. I was forced to see him indulging in that pastime again only too soon and taking my two-pound black-walnut ruler in my hand I arose from my desk and ordered him into the floor. He came shuffling down the aisle, with no attempt to conceal his satisfaction at the prospect of the coming encounter, the result of which apparently caused him no great anxiety. "Hold out your hand," I commanded, in as dignified and severe a tone as I could muster. "I'll be d—d if I will," said Bill. "Hold out your hand," I repeated, "and be quick about it!"

I knew that it was the custom in some country places to test the new teacher and "find out what he was made of," and I had heard that previous teachers in my school had been thrown out of the window into a snow-drift, forced to drink ink, etc., He extended his brawny paw and when the ruler descended, he seized it, wrenched it away from me and threw it out of the window, smashing the glass. I have said that my temper is quick.

It is also very violent. And when Bill tore the ruler from my grasp I became furious. With one bound into the air I struck him between the eyes with my clenched fist with all the force in my body. He went down like a log and when he staggered to his feet, placed both hands over his face and walked to his seat.

The blow and its result were so unexpected that Bill was completely cowed. An absolute silence reigned in the school-room. I tried to resume the recitation as if nothing had happened but there was a marked restraint among the scholars for the rest of the day.

When the old man with whom I boarded heard of the affair, he exclaimed: "Good 'nuff for 'im. If yer goin' ter be er feller, be er d—l of er feller."

Bill came to school the next morning with a couple of very black eyes, but my trouble with him was not yet over. Matters went very smoothly for a week or two, till his hankering for revenge found expression in his taking every opportunity to urge me to "wrestle" with him, "jest fer fun." He had acquired a respect for my fist and no doubt thought me an expert pugilist, but he was confident that his superior size and strength would give him the victory in a "wrestle" and that he could humiliate, possibly hurt me in that way. I felt as sure of it as he did, having had little experience in wrestling, and I refused. But Bill would not allow the matter to rest and got some of the other big boys to second him in urging me to the contest, till I foolishly felt that I should lose any respect they might feel for me if I refused any longer.

So I finally complied and Bill

eagerly seized me around the body. It was to be "close-hugs," not "arms-length," as I had expected. After a short, fierce struggle, by sheer good luck caused by Bill's slipping in his frantic efforts to hurl me into the "middle er next week," as he would have expressed it, I managed to fall on top and Bill's head struck on the hearth of the stove and the blood flowed freely from a bad wound that required the doctor's attendance and several stitches.

After that I had no difficulty in maintaining discipline. Several weeks went by and the scholars made good progress. I enjoyed myself thoroughly and no unimportant factor in my happiness was the close intimacy that had sprung up between myself and one of my scholars, a very intelligent and warm-hearted young fellow, well up in his teens.

I was working my board at my boarding place, because I was thus enabled to save the \$2.50 a week allowed me for that purpose, and Charley used to come over and help me with my milking and other chores, so that we could start off early across the fields on snow-shoes to attend some social gathering; and these good times together, even more than our relations as teacher and pupil, though he was a bright, ambitious scholar, endeared us to each other.

Everything had been going on so smoothly at the school for so long that I had begun to think I should have no more trouble, when one noon, on returning from dinner, I found the entry of the school house filled knee-deep with snow. I shovelled it out and, after calling the school to order, said that if anything of the kind occurred again, I should punish the perpetrators.

The almost a crisis scholar sternly had and should my cons boys are stood in of cour hardly b to belie that the

It soon done it they wis sedd th that into relations but for n end. I to blow hur They ha in every born of hard eno but wher remember go to a p that he v me milk. I set my hard. A drew the and exte accord.

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The next day the entry was packed almost full of snow and I felt that a crisis was at hand. When all the scholars had assembled, I arose and sternly commanded that those who had anything to do with the affair should step into the floor. Imagine my consternation when my three best boys arose, came down the aisles and stood in front of me, Charley being, of course, one of them. I could hardly believe my eyes, but was forced to believe my ears when they said that they were the sole culprits.

It soon came over me that they had done it to test me. But why should they wish to test me? What possessed them to throw such a bomb as that into the midst of our pleasant relations? There was no other way but for me to carry it out to the bitter end. I took my heavy ruler and every blow hurt me more than it did them. They had been such good scholars, in every way, that I felt an affection, born of gratitude, for them. It was hard enough to punish the other two, but when it came Charley's turn, I remembered that we had planned to go to a party together that night and that he was to come early and help me milk. He held out his hand and I set my teeth hard and struck it hard. After the six blows he withdrew the smarting, reddened palm and extended the other of his own accord.

Nothing more was said and the school routine was observed as usual, but the scholars were all remarkably quiet and evidently full of repressed excitement for the rest of the day.

As I walked home that night after school, every familiar scene that had acquired so many pleasant associations during the previous few weeks, assumed a dreary aspect. I was hurt, grieved, wounded to the heart's core by the unaccountable action of him, whom I had cherished as a favorite pupil and intimate friend. I realized for the first time the strength of my attachment for the clever, handsome lad, in whose manly attributes I had had such implicit faith.

I went about my chores with a heavy heart, wondering if Charley would appear as had been planned. I had just begun milking when the door opened and in he came with his milk pail. He went to work without a word and we milked those six cows in silence. There were certain words that must be said before any others and it was difficult to say them.

Our work finished, Charley at last broke the silence. I can see him now as he stood, picking splinters from a beam and struggling to begin. I can still see him, as in broken words he expressed his sorrow for what he had done and explained that they had thought to test me and see if I would punish my best boys because Bill Quincy and his friends had urged them to do it. I shall never forget the tear that stole down his cheek or the moisture that came to my own eyes as he asked forgiveness and we grasped hands there in dusky, cobwebby "leander" with only the cows to see, and the jolly good time at the party that night, in the neighboring farm house, across the great white fields, will always remain one of the brightest spots in my memory.

About a week after, I had the misfortune to cut my foot severely with an ax and during the two weeks that I was unable to walk, Charlie insisted on coming to the house early and late and "doing" my chores and it is safe to say that they hadn't been

done so well before for a long time. confidential friendship that the former

When, with the aid of a crutch, I would so often be glad to display. was able to return to the school again, I know that such intimacy is dangerous to good discipline and likely to lead to complications even in such a condition. free-and-easy, unconventional community as that wherein I taught my

I have taught many a school since then and have learned that it is the sad first school, but I shall never regret fate of teachers to appear in their that Charlie and I were nearer and pupils' eyes, in a different light from dearer to each other than is often the the rest of humanity and that their case with pupil and teacher, look relations to each other demand the for them where you will. sacrifice of that affectionate and con-

E. H. E., '88.



DOUBLE PUNS.

ALTHOUGH punning is not considered the highest type of wit, they are sometimes very pat when perpetrated easily and spontaneously. Double puns, however, are rare enough to be allowable, and we think what few are produced should go on record. We have only heard two and they were both made by students during our college days. A base ball player wrenched his spine one day in a game, and some time after as his room-mate was rubbing him with liniment just before retiring, he asked: "How long have you had this weak back?" "I guess about for a *week back*," was the quick response. The other was about the time they were putting in sewers at the college and under-draining, so that for a whole summer the campus was pretty well dug up. The work went rather slowly and there was considerable delay in putting in tile after the ditches were dug. Two students were remarking about the condition of affairs, and finding fault with the authorities as students often get into the habit of doing. One of them remarked: "Why don't they finish up this job? There's no sense in having the campus dug up all summer." The other replied jocosely: "Probably before they lay the pipe they want to let the hole season." "Well I should say so" rejoined the first, "for they've been here the *whole season*."

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MODERN HALF-TONE ENGRAVING.

PICTURES for the illustration of magazines and newspapers are now made direct from photographs. A glass screen with diamond-scratched lines ruled at right angles so closely together that the spaces can hardly be distinguished, is placed one-eighth of an inch in front of the sensitive plate in the photographic camera. Looked through, the effect is much the same as gazing through a sieve. These lines reappear in the half-tone engraving when printed.

The photograph, or wash drawing, from which the photo-engraving is taken, is photographed in the usual way and with the usual sensitive plate, with the previously described screen in the camera between the plate and the picture. This produces a negative of the picture, showing the fine cross lines represented by clear glass. Now, in order to have the same position of the object in the engraving as in the original, the film of the negative is treated to one or two coats of collodion, which gives it a sufficient consistency to permit of its being removed. This film is transposed to the opposite side of another glass. After careful mounting this new negative is ready to be used as a medium for printing on the zinc plate.

The face of the plate is buffed to the highest degree of polish, then coated with a solution of albumen and

gelatine, then sensitized with bichromate ammonia. It is then dried and placed in the printing frame, the coated side next to the negative film. The case is then exposed to the sun or light three to five minutes, or to an electric light for fifteen to twenty minutes. The light passes through the heavy inch thick glass of the printing frame, then through the negative, striking the sensitized plate, and decomposing the chemicals wherever it may fall. Where the plate is protected by the shadows and half tones of the negative the sunlight has less effect, and where the shadows are dense it has no effect.

This plate is then removed from the frame in a dark room, and carefully washed under running water for several minutes, then dried and heated until the picture appears of a dark brown color. The back of the plate is rubbed with wax while hot to protect it from the etching solution, which is made from per chloride of iron. The picture on the plate is acid proof, and the etching solution eats only where the plate is unprotected—that part which is blank in the finished engraving. The plate is allowed to remain in the acid bath for about fifteen minutes, or until sufficient depth is obtained. It is then washed, and is ready for the router and the printer.



THE CLASS OF '75.

THE first three classes at Orono were so small in numbers that there was never that strong class feeling and jealousy which generally exists in an institution with larger classes. In fact, the entrance of the fourth class, '75, brought out none. The three upper classes combined would hardly have been able physically, even if they had wished, to give the class of '75 that toning down that is deemed, by some, to be essential to the welfare of a class of freshmen. And yet there were members of '75 who needed it, if any class ever did. Harsh measures, if undertaken by us, would have solidified '75—and probably jelly-fied us. But these measures were not used, and this famous class had to do what few are called upon to perform. It was obliged to use upon itself those means, gentle or otherwise, so often used by civilized over savage races the world over. Yes, let us call things by their right names. It had to haze itself! Where is there such a record? As a looker-on, not to say cheerer-on, I thought it was a great and glorious work. It had its reward. It put the class in splendid training to tackle '76. I am not certain, looking at it from this distance, but that '76 needed this even more than '75. Each of these classes thought it owned the whole earth and the fullness thereof. This idea was soon shown to be erroneous in regard to the class of '76. I greatly doubt if members of '75 ever gave up the idea, however. Certainly not, unless it happened that in the single-handed conflict with the world which followed, they had the weak places in their armor tested heartlessly, as the world does such things. Heartlessly, yes, and needlessly. I do not plead for hazing, but if a boy has in him a bit of the bully, or the sneak, or the liar, or perhaps too much self-esteem (and most have all of these), it is certainly best for him to have it knocked out or washed out by the jolly comrades in college rather than to go out with these weights to meet the merciless enemies of the world of later years. I cannot tell what the effect is on the "jolly comrades." I will not linger long enough to wonder whether or not they have lost in some other way more than their victim has gained. For I have wandered away from my thoughts or dreams of those ideal first few years in Orono. I do not suppose that they could be repeated. There was a feeling which bound the first four classes together which I think must be different from that of any later period. The twentieth anniversary of '75 comes next summer. I hope it will be made the occasion of a glorious reunion of the first four classes.

E., '73.

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THE CADET.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

FRANK DAMON, '95.
ALBION MOULTON, '95. W. W. CHASE, '95.
L. R. FOLSOM, '95. E. E. GIBBS, '96.
H. A. WHITE, '97.

BUSINESS STAFF.

I. G. CALDERWOOD, '95, Manager,
S. J. STEWARD, '96. P. D. SARGENT, '96.

WE come again before our readers this month, though it may be a little early, with the best of Christmas wishes. As we look back over the time since our last December number we can look on a year of prosperity, of advancement, and of good feeling between the students, between Faculty and students, and best of all between the people of the State and their own institution. Which is as it should be, of course.

WELL, and how could this be otherwise? Every man, woman or child feels well when they are sure they have made a good investment, and we can say entirely without fear of contradiction that the people of this State *have* a good investment here, and one that yields a rate of interest far in excess of that which is expected of even gilt edged securities.

A PROPERTY owner often shows his ability as a financier quite as much in the expenditure as in the acquisition of money. We should regard it very poor policy indeed for a manufacturer to cling stubbornly to a small and

inadequate plant when by the addition of necessary machinery, etc., his output could be largely increased and the profits correspondingly greater. And this is the very condition of things to which we are coming, in fact have come. We need more room; we need more apparatus with which to work; we need—well, we actually need a good deal.

WE have, for instance, a score and a half of young men who want to take a course in electrical engineering; some of them have come here expressly for that purpose, and in order to meet their wants, we have a small dynamo, a few hundred dollars' worth of apparatus, an improvised laboratory and an excellent instructor, who will, we fear, have his best skill taxed before the end of the College year to provide, with the means at hand, a profitable amount of work for his students. This is true to a greater or less extent of all the departments of work.

YES, that is all very true and more too, but, "What is to be done?" Something surely, and fellow students, a part of that something is for us to do. Each and every one of us should boom the college this winter. None of your western style of booming, thank you, for the M. S. C. stands on its own merits, and will bear any kind of investigation. But our scheme should be, to have the facts, no more, no

less, as well known as possible; that the subscription department concurs) is enough. Every one of us has a and fortunately we realize the fact. certain influence in some quarters, Gentlemen, we thank you. and if we make it a matter of principle to do this as we ought, yes ought, we shall have a hundred and seventy-five or more good influences, working in all directions for the common good.

* *

DID it ever occur to any of the small circle of readers of the *Easy Chair* that we have an unusually fine Freshman class? Well, we have. The more we see 'em, the better we like 'em. The brunt of the struggle to make things go will not fall on a few comparatively, as in the past, but things will go, and right along too. "Gentle Reader," as the papers say, keep your eye on '98.

* *

It is very gratifying to the *Easy Chair* to have occasion to make mention of the interest evinced by the alumni of the College in this magazine and the helpful form it has taken of late. And incidentally, we thank these friends for the kind words and appreciative letters sent us recently. But to return to the subject, it is a fact that may not appeal with its full force always, that when we boys know and feel that the graduates take an interest in us and our efforts, that they are with us, so to speak, in what we do, it has a wonderfully stimulative effect, and does us the good that encouragement and praise, when judiciously used, always do. We cannot but feel that in some cases we have made demands on these friends that has caused no small inconvenience but seldom have these demands been refused when it was possible to comply. We are used pretty well at present, (though not quite sure that

the subscription department concurs) and fortunately we realize the fact. Gentlemen, we thank you.

* *

BUT, for all of the above, we must growl a little, on general principles, perhaps. We do want to scold just now about the lack of alumni news. If anything good, bad or indifferent has happened or is likely to happen to you "do tell us about it." We will see an item in some paper concerning a man with a name similar to one in the alumni list with perhaps an initial or two wrong, or possibly without any, that we reason by journalistic or some other kind of analogy must be an alumnus and forthwith proceed to publish the same in our columns. But this is not always satisfactory, as for instance in the case sometime since of our premature announcement of the decease of a certain person, which brought in a few days an epistle that was anything but a "dead letter." This post mortem correspondence may be all right when both parties are in the same fix, but when the post is on our side and the mortem on the other, someone is likely to feel a little foolish. So then we say again, "Do tell."

* *

Now the "*Chair*" begs leave to remind the "boys" that they would do a very graceful thing to patronize as much as possible the firms which advertise in this magazine. You know of course that it requires two things to run a paper, cash and brains, a good part of the former is furnished by our advertisers, while the latter (contributors excepted) will arrive about next year, so then, fellow students, let's stand by the engine that makes THE CADET go.

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LOCAL NOTES.

Master, Master! News, old news, and such news as you never heard of."

—The Taming of the Shrew,—Act III, Sc. 2.

Electric lights have been placed in THE CADET room.

Miss Dunn of Orono, has entered the Freshman class.

Goss, '97, of Green's Landing, is not at College this term.

L. A. Rogers, '96, acted as linesman in the Portland-Bangor football game.

Warner, '98, has secured the agency of the Globe Steam Laundry of Portland.

Prof. Estabrooke as usual drilled the Sophomores for the prize declamations.

Miss Fernald, the librarian, was absent from her duties a few days on account of illness.

Fred W. Dickerson, ex-'85, of Belfast, has returned to College to take the two years course in electrical engineering.

The Freshman class in French has been divided into two divisions. The advanced division recites to Lieut. Hersey.

Dyer of the Portland High school eleven, with Joslyn and Austin, Colby, '98, spent Sunday, Nov. 18, on the campus visiting friends.

The new Reading Room Committee have subscribed for a number of new dailies which were greatly needed.

The Juniors have finished the Manual of Guard Duty and will now take up drill regulations under Lieut. Hersey.

Lincoln Academy of Newcastle, Maine, has been added to the approved list of schools whose certificate admits to the college.

A great crowd of students witnessed the foot ball game between Portland High and Bangor High at Maplewood Park, Nov. 17.

The work of publishing the catalogue for 1894, 1895, is being rapidly pushed and it will probably be out by the beginning of next term.

Only those cadets having an average of thirteen or over at two hundred and three hundred yards were allowed to shoot at five and six hundred yards.

Several plans for the proposed gymnasium have been on exhibition and the general idea among the students is that there would not be much kicking at any of them.

"Buffum — Tarnished buttons."

The above appearing among the delinquencies on the bulletin board recently leads one to believe that this individual has changed his course to chemistry.

The Juniors will complete the Calculus this term. The Civils have already finished their study in Field Engineering and are now taking Roads and Pavements under Mr. Grover.

A great many students availed themselves of the short Thanksgiving recess which extended from Wednesday until Monday, in going home and helping devour the festive turkey from their own tables.

The Senior civils have been making a topographical survey of the land to the south of President Harris' house. The map has been used by the architects who have been making plans for the proposed gymnasium.

Lieut. Hersey informs us that the new garrison flag which has lately been obtained is the largest in the State. It is seen flying to the breeze on all national holidays, Sundays and occasions of special importance.

Folsom, '95, having finished teaching school in Corinna, has returned, and is making his influence felt in athletic circles by assuming the duties of collector for the athletic association. It is noticed that those not having their dues paid avoid him as much as possible.

Where is the long sought individual who will take the matter of forming a Glee Club in hand? Everybody favors the idea, but there seems to be no one to go ahead with the matter. Here is a chance for some ambitious student seeking a reputation.

At a recent College meeting held in the chapel new officers of the Reading Room Association were chosen as follows: President, Albion Moulton; Vice President, Ralph K. Manter; Secretary, Gilbert Tolman; Executive Committee, Lore A. Rogers, Beecher D. Whitcomb, Vernon K. Gould.

At the President's house on Thursday evening, November 8, the Seniors were very pleasantly entertained by President and Mrs. Harris. These frequent receptions to the students by President Harris and other professors are much appreciated by the students, as they include most of the social events of which we have too few.

The Sophomores who have been appointed to take part in the prize declamations which occur in Town Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 7th, are the following: — Tyler H. Bird, William T. Brastow, Arthur J. Dalot, Charles H. Farnham, Stanley J. Heath, William L. Holyoke, Joseph W. H. Porter, Allen Rogers, Edwin C. Upton and Harvey A. White.

A. N. Smith of Winterport, special in mechanical engineering, has a three horse power engine almost completed, which he has constructed this term, and it is now on exhibition in the shop. This is the second engine which he has built, the first being a one horse power which he sold immediately after finishing. His new one is a perfect piece of mechanism and is worth about sixty dollars.

President Harris addressed the Cumberland County Pharmaceutical Assn. at its banquet held at the Preble House, Portland, November 22, on the proposed course in Pharmacy. On the evening of November 23, he spoke before the Androscoggin County Association at Auburn on the same subject. The pharmacists seemed pleased at the outlook for a school of pharmacy in the State and expressed their approval of the course.

Now is the time when so many students are leaving College to turn an honest dollar by teaching school or filling any other positions which are available. Among those who have left or expect to soon, most of whom will teach, are Herbert L. Niles, '96; Frank E. Weymouth, '96; Gilbert G. Atwood, '95; Warren R. Page, '96; Beecher D. Whitcomb, '96; Perley Walker, '96; Charles H. Farnham, '97; Walter J. Morrill, '98, and Horace L. White, '98.

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The goats of three of the four fraternities have been brought forth again since the November issue of THE CADET and the result is, that three more men are wearing fraternity pins. The Q. T. V. fraternity has initiated George A. Whittemore, '98, of Farmington, Mass., the Kappa Sigma fraternity, Fred A. Emerson, '97, of Winthrop, Mass., and the Alpha Tau Omega, Harry A. Higgins, '98, of Deering, Maine.

The number of marksman's buttons which will be worn during the coming year will greatly exceed that of last year. The number won last year was ten and the year before that the averages were still lower. One cadet at least will procure a marksman's badge, having an average of twenty or more at each range. In the national guard it is comparatively easy to be qualified as they are allowed to record their best shots, while here one must state before he shoots whether he is practicing or shooting for score.

It seems too bad that the Freshman eleven, after putting in so much practice on the football field, are unable to arrange more games. In their only game outside of the college against the strong Foxcroft team which is probably the heaviest in the State, they, although defeated by a small score, put up an excellent game. They tried to make arrangements to play the Colby and Bowdoin Freshmen, but owing to several reasons the games did not come off. It is very expensive to make very long trips with a foot ball team and it comes very heavily on a single class to back them up. Let us hope that next year we can be represented by a 'varsity eleven.

Since the last issue of THE CADET, the Press Club has become a definite organization. It is composed of about twenty-five members who are correspondents for some paper either in the State or elsewhere. The object of the Club is to systematize the efforts of its members in obtaining authentic news to publish in the several papers represented. About ten daily papers now have correspondents here besides a great number of weeklies and the idea of co-operating in the work of obtaining items of interest seems to be an excellent one. President Harris very much favors the movement and no doubt will see that the members of the association are used leniently in the matter of writing themes. The meeting to elect officers resulted as follows:— President, Frank Damon, '95; Vice President, E. Everett Gibbs, '96; Secretary, Everett G. Glidden, '96; Executive Committee, consisting of the above three, with Perley B. Palmer and Fred A. Hobbs, '96.

Among the things greatly needed for the benefit of the athletic association is the adoption of a constitution which shall more definitely define the duties of its officers, their time of election, length of term, etc., and at a recent meeting of the association an enlarged executive committee was appointed, consisting of two members from each fraternity and four representatives from the non-fraternity men. These were elected to draw up a new constitution and present it to the association for discussion. This committee consisted of Calderwood and Sargent, Q. T. V., Gibbs and Fernald, B. O. H., Moulton and Randlette, K. Σ., Farrell and Farnham, A. T. Ω., and Niles, Gould, Merrill and Dow representing the non-fraternity men. These

men have got together and drawn up a new constitution and although we go to press too early to tell whether the association will adopt it as it is now written, the substance of it is as follows:—It proposes the same officers as before with the exception of a collector, and that the board of directors shall be made up of two representatives from every fraternity and one representative for every fifteen non-fraternity men or fraction thereof. It provides that the principal officers shall be elected by the association at the annual meeting held on the first Friday in June, and that all assessments shall be made at the discretion of the association. It gives the board of directors power to elect the managers and assistant managers of the

foot ball and tennis teams, and to transact most of the business of the association. The managers and assistant managers of the base ball and tennis teams to be elected on the Monday following the second Friday in June and the manager and assistant manager of the foot ball eleven to be elected on the first Friday in December. In addition to the duties of the assistant manager of the base ball team, it also provides that he shall act as scorer, thus doing away with the old custom of knocking this important position off to the highest bidder. Whether this constitution is adopted or not, something of the kind is a most urgent necessity and it is only a matter of time as to its ultimate acceptance.

The great electrical locomotives to be used in handling trains through the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's new belt line tunnel have been completed. The construction of the power-house is well under way and the machinery to generate electricity is complete and ready for action. Before Christmas trains will be run by electricity through the new tunnel. The locomotives are on the pattern of the thirty-ton engine exhibited by the General Electric Company at the World's Fair. Those made by the Baltimore & Ohio are the first to be put to practical use on a railroad and to take the place of the steam locomotive. They consist of two trucks, each truck having two axles, and on each axle is mounted a 200 horse-power motor. The motors are gearless and are supported on special springs resting on the frames of the locomotive truck.

This method of suspension leaves the wheels free to adjust themselves to the circular irregularities of the roadbed. Mounted on the trucks, the locomotive is a massive piece of machinery, weighing at least one hundred tons and of twelve hundred horse-power traction. It is fitted with air brakes, the air being compressed by a small auxiliary motor in the cab. The speed can be varied from nothing to thirty-five or forty miles per hour, and this can be increased if desired. As there will be no smoke in the tunnel, it will be possible to paint it white, and as it will be illuminated by about two thousand incandescent lamps, it will not be necessary to light the lamps in the cars. All trains between New York and the West over the Baltimore & Ohio will go through this tunnel under Baltimore city.

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THE TEA RIOT.

FROM the beginning of our *Alma Mater* up to 1871, the only instructors were Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Fernald, who divided the work, Mr. Fernald taking mathematics, physics, and literature, while Mrs. Fernald taught the languages.

The only buildings on the campus at that time were old Wingate Hall (burned in '89), the chemical laboratory and the two buildings now used as chapter houses. The students roomed some in Wingate, some in what is now the Beta house and some at Mrs. Graves', but it was like one great happy family, consisting of faculty, students, farm hands, boarding house girls and in fact all who were in any way connected with the college.

The great problem during the first three years was "how to keep the boys from leaving until the college was firmly established." This was solved by the parents, who put their feet down and ordered them to stay where they were, and as we look back we can see that the classes of '72 and '73 were in many respects martyrs to the cause of technical education in the State of Maine.

Samuel Johnston was farm superintendent at that time and furnished board at the present rate, \$3.00 per week, and on a similar club plan. He occupied what is now the Q. T. V. House, and it was under his management that the first trouble with the college boarding house occurred. The board had been costing a little more than it ought and Mr. J—— thought he would shorten expenses by depriving the boys of their tea. The boys were indignant and their indignation

found vent in the celebrated "Tea Riot," which happened somewhat like this: The boys came quietly down to supper and one of them asked for a cup of tea. The waitress replied that they were to have no more tea. Immediately a foot had a spasm and came up against the table with mighty force. The example was followed by others and soon every table was dancing in a manner fit to please a king. This racket startled the steward and he came into the room and demanded in no moderate tone of voice the cause of such a demonstration. The noise ceased and a member of the class of '72, now a prominent clergyman, promptly answered, "We want some tea——d—— you." In the wild commotion much of the crockery sought a lower level and was picked up in a dust-pan. The tea was forthcoming after this.

TEA GROUNDS.

One day one of the class of '72 on leaving the recitation room slammed the door. The professor called him back and told him to try it over again. The student did try it over again with a vengeance and as a consequence was the first man expelled from the institution.

Charles C. Norton, ex-'72, was the first M. S. C. man to enter West Point.

The military department was organized soon after the establishment of the college. Harvey B. Thayer, '73, was the first cadet captain. The first drill master was Captain H. E. Sellers, from Bangor, a veteran of the last war.



YE ALUMNI.

Washington Alumni Meet the New President and Perfect a Permanent Organization.

The alumni of the Maine State College residing in or near Washington, D. C., have perfected an organization similar to those previously formed in Portland, Boston and New York. The association was formed upon the occasion of an informal banquet tendered President A. W. Harris by the Washington alumni on the evening of November 15.

While Dr. Harris had made the acquaintance of several of the resident graduates during the time in which he presided over the Experiment Station work, he was comparatively a stranger to the most of the College graduates in the city. His visit at the Capital to attend the eighth annual convention of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations which was held Nov. 13 to 16, gave the opportunity many had desired of seeing Dr. Harris and a banquet was arranged for one night during his stay.

There were ten present upon this occasion, the nine graduates representing as many different classes from '73 to '90. Besides those in the city two delegates to the Convention joined with the Washington alumni in thus honoring the President of the institution they cherished.

The banquet was served in a private dining room at Willard's Hotel on Pennsylvania avenue. It is one of

the city's old and favorably known hostelries and it kept up its good reputation upon this occasion, the menu, though not elaborate, being first class in every respect.

Fred F. Phillips, '77, a hustling insurance manager who has resided in the city about a year, sat at the head of the table. President Harris occupied the seat at his right while Prof. Frank Lamson-Scribner, '73, was upon his left. Prof. Scribner who came to Washington from the University of Tennessee last spring, is in charge of the section on grasses at the Agricultural Department building and is looked upon as a valuable acquisition to the department. The others present were A. M. Farrington, D. V. S., '76, in charge of a division in the Animal Industry department; Prof. George P. Merrill, '79, curator at the National Museum and lecturer before the scientific school of the Columbian University; Charles W. H. Brown, '82, draughtsman in the United States Patent office; Prof. Frank E. Emery, '83, of the North Carolina Experiment Station at Raleigh, and Prof. E. T. Ladd, '84, of the North Dakota Agricultural College and Experiment Station, both delegates to the Convention; William Morey, Jr., '85, civil engineer and draughtsman, and Edward H. Kelley, '90, manager Maine press correspondence bureau.

No speeches or toasts were given. President Harris, however, gave those

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present an account of the existing condition of affairs at the College and of the association.

the prospects of the future. Such favorable reports were received with much gratification and each one present was given renewed confidence in the abilities of the energetic young President to continue to make the College more conspicuously the leading institution in the State.

At the close of the banquet, which ended about 9.30 o'clock to allow President Harris and the others an opportunity to attend the reception tendered by the delegates to the Convention to the Secretary of Agriculture and others, the permanent organization of the Maine State College Alumni Association of Washington, D. C., was formed. Prof. Scribner was Chosen President; Prof. Merrill, Vice President; E. H. Kelley, Secretary and Treasurer, and F. F. Phillips, A. M. Farrington and William Morey, Jr., Executive Committee. A constitution and by-laws will be drawn up and arrangements probably made for frequent meetings of the association.

A cordial invitation is extended by the association to all graduates who may visit the Capital to make their presence known and arrangements can probably be made to meet many of its members. As the association will probably have its headquarters at the rooms of the Society of the Sons and Daughters of Maine, of which organization Mr. F. F. Phillips is president, a double welcome to Maine State graduates will be extended. The Secretary's present address is No. 724 12th street, N. W.

Other former students of the College who reside in Washington but who were not present at the banquet to President Harris are: Edward S. How, '76, in the light house board department of the Treasury; George R. Currier, (non graduate, '83), clerk in the War Department, and William J. Rich, (non graduate, '80), in the United States Patent office.

WASHINGTON, D.C.,
Nov. 16, '94.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'72.

Some of this class desire very much to ascertain the address of George E. Hammond, who was an universal favorite while in college.

'75.

Hon. L. C. Southard, who was in Maine on business, made a very brief call on the campus on Nov. 21.

'77.

S.W. Gould has been elected President of the Skowhegan Board of Trade.

F. F. Phillips has been chosen President of the Sons of Maine, an organization recently formed in Washington, D. C.

'83.

L. W. Taylor has moved to Calais, where he is principal of the High School.

'85.

Leonard G. Paine, who has for some time past been with the Belknap Motor Co. of Portland, Me., has severed his connection with that firm. He is evidently as popular as ever, for we note the presentation to him by his associates of a set of splendid draughting instruments as a token of their esteem.

'86.

Geo. F. Black, Superintendent of the Quebec Division, Maine Central Railroad, is illustrated by a fine por-

trait in the November issue of the Maine Central.

'87.

THE CADET extends its hearty congratulations to Charles Thatcher Vose, now of Portland, Me., upon the occasion of his marriage with Miss Charlotte Boardman of Milltown, N. B., which took place in Boston on Nov. 10. Rev. Minot J. Savage performed the ceremony and a host of friends wish them happiness.

'90.

E. H. Kelley is winning new laurels as a journalist by his correspondence to various papers from Washington, D. C.

'92.

Roscoe C. Clark is with the Edgar Tomson Steel Works. His address

is Braddock, Pa. He would like to hear from any of his friends or classmates.

Stanley M. Timberlake has been in this vicinity lately, making plans of several mill plants for use of the firm with which he is connected.

'93.

It is reported that work on the St. Croix and Penobscot R. R., in which T. R. Atkinson and C. I. Haynes are engaged, will be suspended soon, for this fall at least.

Walter Cooper made us a short call a few days ago.

'94.

"Ted" Jose has been on the campus a few days. He is studying law at Newport.

One of the best tests of the work of a college is the lasting impression which it leaves upon its students. No body of graduates was ever yet loyal to an institution which did really poor work. The undergraduate with his limited experience may not fully realize the deficiencies of his college, but when he is older and has had a larger acquaintance with life and with the work done in other educational institutions, he will then be able to realize in full the shortcomings of his *alma mater*. And the discovery that he has been cheated out of his proper preparation for life will probably extinguish the remains of his youthful enthusiasm.

If the loyalty of its alumni be the touchstone, the friends of the Maine State College may heartily congratulate themselves that their favorite institution is doing thoroughly satisfactory work; for no institution in Maine has a body of graduates who are more ready to swear by their

alma mater. Their loyalty is never failing: they make the interest of the college their own, and work for it heartily. Wherever there is a Maine State College alumnus there is sure to be a steadfast friend.

Of late this hearty interest has in part manifested itself in the formation of alumni associations. This is an excellent move and should be carried forward wherever practicable. Such associations serve to cultivate the feeling of comradeship and to strengthen the ties that bind the graduates together. They also act as centers of influence and are capable of exerting no small power whenever the college is in need of help.

There are now five such associations; two in Maine, one in Massachusetts, one in New York, and one in Washington, D. C. There is still room for more, especially so in Maine. In Penobscot county alone there are at present about sixty Maine State College men, and yet there is no alumni

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association among them. Why? The Penobscot men need to bestir themselves if they mean to keep up with the procession. If they will unite they may be able to exert an excellent influence. The coming winter is to be an important one in the development of the college. New buildings, new equipments, and new instructors are needed. Put your shoulders to the wheel, gentlemen, and lift.



FOOT BALL.

M. S. C. FRESHMEN VS. FOXCROFT.

The game at Gould's Field, Foxcroft, Saturday, Nov. 17th, between the Freshmen and the Foxcroft teams was very close and interesting. Had it not been for the excess of weight in the Foxcroft over our boys, the result would have been different, for the team-work of the Freshmen was very much better than that of their opponents.

Every man on the Freshmen team did good work and each one deserves a full share of the praise. Capt. Seavey's work is especially to be commended.

There are several men on the team who will help us make a team next year which will compete quite well with the teams of other colleges.

The score was Foxcroft, 4; Freshmen, 0.

The teams lined up as follows:

M. S. C. FRESHMEN.

Pearce, l e,
Libbey, A. D. T., l t,
Merrill, H. P., l g,
Sturgis, c,
Weymouth, r g,
Oakes, r t,
Anderson, r e,
Seavey, q b,
Higgins, l h b,
Webber, r h b,
Ellis, f b,

FOXCROFT.

r e, Tenney
r b, Peakes
r g, Brawn, H.
c, Rogers
l g, Smith
l t, Mayo
l e, Jordan
q b, Hook
r h b, Howard
l h b, Urann
f b, Brawn, W.

Touchdown, W. Brawn; umpire, L. R. Folsom; referee, A. E. Jack; time 25 and 20 min. halves. The average of the Foxcroft team was 15 lbs. more to a man than the Freshman team.

A great effort is being made to

square up *that debt* of the athletic association and starting in the new year, free from that load on our shoulders; and let us all, if owing anything to the association, be as prompt as possible about paying it up.

The "varsity" team has ceased operations already and probably nothing more will be heard from it this fall. The Freshmen are, however, keeping the spirit of the thing going, and every afternoon at four o'clock two elevens (the other night it was an eleven and a sixteen) line up against each other.

Manager Dillingham of the Freshman team is at present trying to arrange a game with the Bowdoin and Colby Freshmen.

The prospects are, that with a good coach we may be able to put a good team into the field next fall.

Plans have come for the new "gym" and drill hall, and it is to be hoped that the much needed building will not be far behind them.

In the November *Outing*, there are two interesting articles on foot ball; one, "A Forecast of the Season" by Walter Camp, discussing the four prominent teams of '94; Princeton, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania and Yale. There is also an article on the new rules, written by Louis F.

Deland.