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up character. The undisciplined thinking faculty has a sponge-like absorbability of the medium which surrounds it, and only by systematic idealism can it be trained to close its avenues against discordant and depressing environment."

The conditions which influence character are so numerous, that many of them must be necessarily omitted. "But he who truly understands these influences, he who has decided how much to allow to each, he who can regulate new forces as they arise, or adjust them to the old, so directing them as at one moment to make them co-operate, at another to counteract one another, understands the rationale of personal development. To seize continuously the opportunity of more and more perfect adjustment to better conditions, to balance some inward evil, with some purer influence acting from without; in a word, to make our environment at the same time it is making us,—these are the secrets of a well ordered and successful life."

COLLEGE WORLD

The Hartford County alumnæ of Mt. Holyoke Seminary have pledged themselves to raise funds to replace the structure recently burned.

The new chapel at Wellesley, given by Clement S. Houghton, will cost $100,000.

The largest institution of learning in the world is the University of Berlin, with an enrollment of 8,343 students.

Rutgers College is going to try the plan of absolute self-government for the students.

There are 68 men on the Harvard track-athletic team.

Compulsory chapel attendance was abolished at Lehigh University with the opening of the college year. The students are reported to have expressed great joy at the announcement.

President Eliot of Harvard prophesies that college fraternities will in time cause American universities to be broken up into colleges after the English plan.

The State of Pennsylvania has established a College and University Council to have a certain oversight of the institutions representing higher education in the State.

TO THE ALUMNI!

The ad. which has occupied this space has been a source of much profit to the advertiser. How? By the fact that nearly all the former students of M. S. C. have sent ten cents and received the SOUVENIR ALBUM of Old Town and Orono, containing views of all the college buildings and campus. 56 views for only a dime. Address

OLD TOWN ENTERPRISE,
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THE CADET.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XI. DECEMBER, 1896. No. 4.

OLD TIME SKETCHES.

BY ONE OF THE "GANG."

TOMMY WORTH'S DILEMMA.

TOMMY was forever and eternally getting into a scrape, and such scrapes, too. None of your ten "zewoes" affairs but such as would make most of us lose whole nights of sleep, and go without our grub for days, even at the boarding house. Oh, the faculty thought him all right; they generally do such cusses. And in point of fact he was exemplary enough so far as college discipline was concerned.

The trouble was, that Tommy Worth had too tender a feeling toward the gentler sex; this weakness of his led him into strange entanglements with the pretty girls of the neighboring towns; and while it furnished no end of delight for the "gang" that frequented old "No. 2, B. H.," it took Tommy's friend and chum, Simmons, most of his spare time to get Tommy out of his compound and oft-times triple alliances.

You see, Tommy would, out of the goodness and gentleness of his heart, frequently invite two or even three girls each from a neighboring boro' to attend some college festivity with him, which would generally result in all the invitees accepting and thus leaving Tommy with his hands full of pretty girls, each girl believing herself to be the favored one.

The most complicated *affair de cour* of Tommy's, and I believe the last, was the one which I am about to relate, and which came very near finishing him.

It was one blustering Saturday night toward the close of the Fall term. The "gang" had congregated, per usual, in that hatchery of all schemes — that most hallowed place of all sweet memories and recollections of good fellowship — "Old No. 2 Brick Hall."

The time of which I write was in the reign of Dr. F—grand old man—when the Fall term opened the first of August or thereabouts, and closed a few days before Thanksgiving with a long vacation of ten weeks "to enable the needy young men to teach." It was the custom of each of the secret societies to keep open house at the close of the term and receive their fair friends, each member of a society becoming beau escort to one or two of the many pretty girls of the neighborhood.

Of course the rival societies under-

took to outdo each other, both in the *elitè* of their company and in the sumptuousness of the spread laid before them. On the night in question, the "gang" had assembled for the purpose of issuing invitations for the coming festivities of the———society and to talk the affair over. They were all there with the usual variety of pipes and conglomerate of vile tobacco, and in that usual graceful (?) pose known only to the undergrad. Eddie Plunkett on the window sill, Johnny Blathers, ditto, Simmons, Pussy Milliken, Longstreet — often known as Johnny Long—and the rest of us stretched on the floor, or on that historical lounge, under the table, etc., while Tommy Worth officiated as scribe at the desk in the corner.

"Now Tommy," Johnny Blathers was saying in his usual diplomatic language, who the d—l are you going to invite? You know the girls have all soured on you, you're so beastly fickle." "Well" said Tommy, "if I were half as freckled nosed and fickle as you are, I'd go into the graveyard yonder and stay till this affair blew over."

"Children, children" said Simmons, "stop your quarrelling and go to fighting."

"I tell you what," said Johnny Long with a wink to Blathers, "why don't you invite one of those two young ladies you met at the church fair in B—the other night? That's a new idea and a good one that I charge nothing for, and it will revive your drooping spirits, my son."

"Good idea, I'll act upon it at once; look under your plate to-morrow and you'll find a dollar" said Tommy. "By the way, Tommy," said Blathers winking back at Longstreet, "why don't you invite both of them? That sort of a thing is right in your line; then, too, if one of them decline, you'll be sure of the other." "By gosh!" cried Tommy, falling into the trap enthusiastically, "that's just what I will do; you've the brains of a Webster."

"I'd like to know what girls you fellows are talking about" said Job—so nick-named because of his propensity for boils—who sat under the table sucking an enormous "T. D."

"Why" explained Longstreet, "Plunkett, Blathers, Tommy and I went to the city last Tuesday night to attend a church fair, and we met two fair *demoselles* from Mass., and Tommy is now planning to import one of them."

"I'll bet my old hat" said Plunkett, "he won't get them. Don't you waste your powder on them, Tommy, my son, they are too high toned for a potato digger; why, they are from Boston, or anyway one of them is." "Well, sir, I'll bet you my old brier I can get either of them," Tommy's sporting blood coming to the top, and wholly innocent of the trap Blathers was setting for him. "Make it ten dollars" shouted Job from under the table, "and we'll take you."

"I'll tell you what I will do" said Tommy, getting up and facing the "gang" whom he could just see through the dense smoke. "I am going away to teach the morning after the jamboree. I'll write one of them"—"write both" put in Blathers, "then you're safe." "Or both" continued Tommy, "If they accept, this sumptuous crowd," waving his hand toward the dim figures, "will order and serve in this room at five o'clock Saturday morning, an oyster breakfast in my honor. My

train leaves at six. Each member of this company will be present and each pay his share *pro rata*. If on the other hand, the invitations are declined, I will pay the entire cost myself."

"Done! Done" shouted the crowd. "Be careful old man, you'll get yourself into a scrape" said Simmons.

"I'm all right" said Tommy, quickly dashing off the notes to the two young ladies and enclosing two invitations from the com. "There, I have written to both; now of course both will not accept. One of them will decline, but which one I cannot tell. But you fellows might as well go in and speak to the steward about that breakfast now, as you will have to order it, not I."

Finally the rest of the invitations were issued and after a song or two the "gang" broke up and Brick Hall was wrapped in darkness if not in slumber.

CHAP. II.

A few evenings later, Tommy was sitting in the old cane rocker, pulling soberly at his brier, gazing out upon the fast fading light. The strumming of the banjo and guitar were audible throughout Brick Hall. Eddie Plunkett's semi-discordant voice with a badly tuned instrument crept down upon Tommy from the room above, while some one, somewhere, kept a vicious metallic time on the steam-pipes with a big spike. Tommy was in a savage mood—the answers to his little notes of a few evenings before had not materialized, so he had sought sweet consolation in the brier. He had tried to shut Plunkett's noise up several times in his diplomatic way and had at last received reply from his lordship above, who yelled down the steam-pipe hole, in equally diplomatic terms, that if he did not appreciate his music he might go straight to—well, Hampden.

Suddenly the sound of heavy boots approached the door and with the thump, thump, Tommy "pulled the string" and in walked the mail carrier with the irrepressible and profane Blathers at his heels.

"Two letters for you, Worth," said the carrier, throwing two square envelopes on the table and leaving the room.

"Got 'em, have you?" said Blathers in a stage whisper. "Open them quick; of course the oysters are yours, my son," snuffing fun from afar, "but let's hear which one declines."

Tommy lighted the glim and proceeded to read the contents of each. Suddenly he threw up his arms, his face turned white and clutching the edge of the table he gasped:

"Oh Lord! Blathers, I'm in a d—l of a scrape; they've both accepted."

Blathers gave one whoop and howl of delight and in five minutes the whole "gang" had been informed of Tommy's "double alliance" and came tumbling into "No. 2" to congratulate him.

Various were the suggestions Tommy received from the crowd as the solution of the difficulty, and it ended by Tommy firing the whole crowd—metaphorically speaking—out of the room, retaining Simmons and Blathers for counsel.

"Well," said Sim. after the door had closed, "you've got yourself in a nice scrape this time, sonny. Why in thunder can't you learn sense, any how?"

At length, after a half hour of cogitation and planning, it was agreed

that Blathers, who was still unfettered for the festival evening by any fair damsel, should drive down for one of the girls, as a substitute for Tommy, and to offer as a plea that he—Tommy—had met with a slight accident and was trying to get into shape for the evening. To make the plan more effective, Tommy was to send a prettily worded note with a bouquet of roses—purchased by Blathers when he got to the city. This would play upon the young lady's sympathies and render her doubly blind.

Tommy, in the meantime, was to take another team and drive to B—— by the back road to avoid any contingencies arising, and get the other young lady and return ditto, and of course foot *all* the bills. This, Blathers thought, would work beautifully, since the young ladies were absolute strangers to each other and did not know even of each other's existence, *provided*, that they could be kept apart during the entire evening and not be allowed to be introduced, and *provided* that Tommy could be kept busy as one and the important *one* of the committee of arrangements for the evening. Simmons was to take Tommy's lady to supper on his vacant arm and Tommy should be very busy just at that time, etc.

"The matter of taking any one to supper, Tommy," said Simmons impressively, "should not be thought of for a moment by you. In fact, I would advise you to go without supper as a penance and thanksgiving for being so delivered from the present muddle."

So it was arranged, though with some misgivings Tommy accepted the inevitable. "But," he said with a sigh that came from his boots, "it's going to be mighty hard work to keep them apart and me away from both, and to invent lies enough to cover the whole business."

The "gang" was taken into confidence and the game was on.

Now comes the funny part of it and, as Plunkett remarked afterwards, Tommy's usual luck. On the morning of the reception Tommy received a sweet note from one of the young ladies saying "her grandmother, with whom she was staying, had fallen down the cellar stairs the day before and broken her leg (or neck, I cannot tell which now) and she would be obliged to decline the invitation for the evening and would he accept her thanks, and she was sorry to disappoint him, etc."

And Tommy, what a weight was lifted from his shoulders! Blathers said "Tommy actually fatted up that morning."

At four o'clock Tommy with a spanking team, tall hat, immaculate collar and tie, patent leathers and all, drove away from Brick Hall amid the cheers of the "gang."

"The trust is broken and Tommy is doing business alone," said Pussy Milliken, as Tommy disappeared down the college road.

"Yes, but there's no end of combinations that cuss won't be liable to make before he gets back," said Blathers. "He is the darndest chap when it comes to the fair sex, that I ever saw."

But wait, the end was not yet. As Blathers had said, you never felt sure of Tommy on a night out, until you had him tucked safely in bed.

Tommy got back with his fair charge at seven and made quite a sensation. She was a very pretty girl and made a great impression on the boys, and Simmons was sure

"Tommy was safe for that night at least." But alas! ! !

Now there was in the company a young lady whom Tommy had been sweet on three months before, but for some reason they had broken and did not even speak now, Tommy said. Whether the sight of a new victor in the field or whether the fervor of the tender passion still burned in the breast of this fair Ophelia I cannot tell. Sufficient to say, during the evening she managed to ogle Tommy to her side and break the ice enough to refer in gentle insinuating tones to the "old times." "Oh, yes, the old times," and after supper, toward the wee sma' hours she approached Tommy again and complained of a headache and "would he be kind enough to take her out on the campus for the air." Oh, Tommy, fickle Tommy, the bright eyes and cherry lips he could no more resist than if they were magnet and he the steel. It was no longer the spider and the fly but the fly and the spider, Tommy making a very good spider, with his slim legs and claw hammer. It was one of those queenly nights when even the old scrub spruce — the pride of Prof. "C. H," at the edge of the college road, took on shapes of beauty.

The snow laying incrusted upon the ground glistened in the light of the winter moon. The shadows cast by the buildings in the half circle were gruesome and dark, but the light that slanted in between seemed more bright on that account. Below, the river lay in its winter coat of ice, and beyond, the huge lumber piles showing one dark side and one light, and as a background for all, the graveyard on the hill, silent, spectral and white with its marble slabs. To the extreme right and left, the twin towns, and between, the white fields dotted here and there with the dark shadow of a spruce.

I have watched this quiet scene so oft myself, and it all comes back to me now through the mist of years when all was joyous and happy, long before the struggle of life began. Well, Tommy, like the gallant that he was, led the fair one, or she led him out — presumably to cure the headache—and together they walked, oblivious of time—at least Tommy was, and forgetful of his charge within. Suddenly his companion stopped short and laying her hand on his arm, said: "Mr. Worth, my head feels worse, I think I'll go home, its not far and I can walk and will not wait for the "buss," will you please go home with me?"

> "Ah, woman, in your hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

What could Tommy do? Here was an appeal, a lady in distress. Could he coldly say "no?" She had no escort, she came in the "buss." Then there was his fair charge within the brightly lighted hall. Could he—yes, he could,—he could fix it. It was scarce two o'clock, he could get back in an hour, no one would know and he would be "doing his duty" to both. He had just the faintest suspicion that she might be plotting, but was he not one of the committee in charge? Was it not his duty to attend to the slightest wish of his guest? Thus he argued and this exquisite fraud beside him ogled him into deserting his post. So the fair Ophelia led him on.

Now Tommy has said repeatedly since, that his watch must have been out of kilter, for he was sure he was not gone over an hour.

Blathers thought the moon must have affected Tommy and stopped his watch. Be that as it may, when Tommy was going through the bridge on his return, puffing at a cigarette and swinging happily along like a man who was at peace with all the world, a huge dark mass loomed up at the further end of the bridge and uncle Ben's "buss" rumbled through, full of returning guests. Tommy started, then shrunk into the shadow; then when the "buss" was well by, he pulled out his watch and struck a match.

"Good heavens," half past four, the cold sweat broke out all over him; then he broke into a run.

When he arrived on the campus all was dark and gloom; even the moon hid her face as if ashamed of the part she had played. The society rooms were blank and dark, every vestige of the festivities had disappeared and the awful truth broke on Tommy's muddled brain. He had been duped and another fellow had to take his team and see his girl home, Oh Lord! The truth of it was, Blathers again proved equal to the occasion; he mistrusted and had lied to save Tommy, said Tommy was taken ill and sent Pussy Milliken home with the young lady.

Tommy looked toward Brick Hall; "No. 2," was brilliantly lighed and the smell of hot oysters floated through the half opened window. Tommy remembered the whole thing, they were getting ready to pay the bet. What a comedy of errors the whole thing was. Blast the luck, anyhow.

The shouts that reached Tommy's ears as he opened the door were enough to take the roof off. But Simmons looked dark and savage. "Come Tom, breakfast is ready," he said; "your trian leaves in an hour; get out of this country and stay till you get a little sense."

Tommy did not eat—the breakfast was a failure, and all felt that Tommy had made the grand slop-over of his life.

On the way to the station Plunkett said to him, "I want you to go to the city this morning and call on that young lady and make a full confession. If you don't" sternly, "we'll disown you; you can do it; you may be a fool but you are no coward."

"I will," said Tommy humbly, and he did.

NANRANSUAK.

IN a beautiful interval on the Kennebec, near Madison, stands a lone granite monument. A stone cross surmounts it and gives the impression that it may have been erected by the Catholics, as indeed, it was, some sixty years ago. A moss-lined inscription, in Latin, dedicates the monument to the memory of Sebastian Rasle, a French Jesuit who met his death in a masaacre of his Indian converts in 1724.

Here, nearly two hundred years ago, nestled the Indian village of Nanransuak in a little vale adorned by Nature with all that would appeal to the Indian's sense of the beautiful and useful. On one side, a steep pine clad hill slopes to a broad, rich interval, while on the other side, the Kennebec rushes over a wide ford and a little above, tumbles over ragged ledges, causing deep pools which teemed with salmon and shad.

At a short distance below, the Sandy River flows into the Kennebec and afforded an easy access to extensive hunting grounds in the Rangely Lakes region. In the mild autumn, the fertile intervals brought forth rich harvests of Indian corn. Occasionally the fierce Mohawk or some nearer tribe raided them and were valiantly fought by the brave Norridgewocks, but now a new source of trouble existed in the encroachments of the English. New forts had sprung up near the mouth of the river and adventuresome settlers had built their log cabins much nearer.

Not only had encroachments been made on what the Indians considered their territory, but they had been wronged and greatly deceived in their diplomatic intercourse with the English. The English had wounded their pride by trying to induce them to send their priest, whom they loved as a brother, back to Canada and accept a Puritan minister in his stead. The French had always treated them like brothers, while the English loathed them Is it surprising that whenever a war broke out between England and France, their colonies taking up the quarrel, the Indians were in sympathy with the French? Naturally, the English wished to crush the allies of the French and dispose of Father Rasle and Baron Castine who had great influence among the Maine Indians.

Since 1689, Father Räsle had devoted his life to their wellfare. Suffering with them when they suffered, and rejoicing with them in their good fortune, he had not only endeared himself to the Norridgewock tribe but had inspired them with wonderful zeal for the catholic faith.

His letters and deeds show him zealous for his church, patriotic to his country, and manly notwithstanding the English version of his character, commonly reported in the colonies. At least he was the pioneer of christianity and civilization for thirty-five years among the Indians on the Kennebec, and a study of this person, prominent in early Maine history, will richly repay the student.

The Indian village consisted of one long street, along the bank of the river. At one end of the street a path led into the forest and at the other extremity a path led into the cornfields. At either end of the street was a shrine so that the Indians might be reminded of their prayers when they left for the chase or the fields. In the center was a rustic chapel, resplendent

with the cunning handiwork of Indian women. In the little cupola hung a small bell to call the village to mass and vespers. This bell may be seen in a Boston museum, where it was placed many years ago, having been taken from the roots of a tree, uprooted in a storm.

Near the church a large wooden cross signified that the whole village was christianized.

"Well might that traveller start to see
The tall, dark forms, that take their way
From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,
And the forest paths, to that chapel door;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there,
While, in coarse white vesture, over these
In blessing or in prayer,
Stretching abroad his thin, pale hands,
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands."

In those troublesome times when the French and English were struggling for supremacy in America and many atrocities were committed by both, the village of Nanransuak met an awful fate. Twice the English had sent expeditions to destroy the village and capture Räsle, but without success.

The first was a failure because deep snow prevented them from reaching the village.

The next winter, 1723, the approach of the English was detected in time for the Indians to escape to the woods. The desire to capture Räsle did not abate, since a large reward was offered for his capture, dead or alive.

In the summer of 1724 the final expedition of over two hundred men made their way up the Kennebec, in whaleboats, to the falls in Waterville. From this place they marched to Nanransuak, a distance of about twenty-four miles, August 24, completely surprised the Norridgewocks in their village. It was noon and in the heat of the day the Indians had retired to their huts, none suspecting the proximity of their merciless enemies. A volley of bullets rattled through their huts. The Indians gave their war-whoop, snatched their guns and sprang out to meet their foe. One glance showed them that the village was taken, but they still hoped to cover the retreat of the women and children.

With the valor of desperation they held the English at bay while the women and children attempted to ford the river. The foresight of the English prevented escape in this direction by previously placing a detachment in ambush on the opposite bank. Nothing remained but to fight and die. Father Räsle fell, riddled with bullets, near the large cross and with him about ninety of his flock. The few who escaped, or who were not in the village at the time of the massacre, remained in the vicinity for a short time and then departed to Canada or to the Penobscot tribe.

[For The Cadet.)

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

A pilgrim climbs the dusky hillside
With tottering steps and slow;
About his stained and tattered garments
The winds of evening blow.

Dim are his eyes with gathering darkness,
His beard like ocean's foam;
The Year is weary with the journey,
And seeks his long, long home.

The woodland choirs have ceased their music,
Hushed is the shepherd's flute,
The House of Joy is wrapped in silence
And every song is mute.

The forests moan in lonely sorrow;
Where is their glory fled?
And 'neath its shroud of leaves low-lying,
The world is almost dead.

And list! far down in cheerless gardens,
Where regal roses lie,
The voices that he loved are calling
Unto the fading sky.

He hears them, faint, as if from dream-land,
Those hallowed days of yore,
And longs to tread the fragrant pathways
One little moment more.

He lingers on the sunlit summit,
Where shadows gather soon,
The hoary head is bowed with weeping—
The memory of June.

Slow, faint and slow his heart is beating,
The tide is ebbing fast.
The Year beside his sires is sleeping
In th' mansions of the Past.

THE SOPHOMORE PRIZE DECLAMATIONS.

The annual contest by members of the Sophomore Class for the Prentiss Declamation Prize occurred at the Orono Town Hall, Friday evening, December fourth. A large audience of students and friends of the contestants was present to encourage them in the presentation of the following program:

MUSIC

1. Fred Walter Armes — Gardiner
How the Old Horse Won the Bet.—*Holmes.*
2. John Henry Swain, — Skowhegan
The Avenger.—*Bird.*
3. Edward Everett Palmer, South Bridgton
The Love and Loyalty of the Negro Race.—*Grady.*

MUSIC.

4. Miss Mildred Louise Powell, — Orono
The Lifeboat.—*Sims.*
5. Clifford Leander Small. — Auburn
The Majesty of Trifles.—*Hugo.*
6. Archer Lewis Grover. — Bethel
The Last Charge of Ney.—*Headly.*

MUSIC.

7. Charles Comfort Whittier, — Skowhegan
One Niche the Highest.—*Burritt.*
8. Mrs. Pearl Claton Swain, — Skowhegan
Rizpah.—*Anon.*

MUSIC.

The speakers were chosen in a contest earlier in the term, and have since been making careful preparation for the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Armes, the first speaker, delivered his selection with spirit and life, bringing out the humor to good effect.

In the rendering of "The Avenger," Mr. Swain showed a good conception of the revengeful spirit of the selection.

Mr. Palmer presented his declamation in a simple and unaffected manner, exhibiting a feeling and sympathy suited to the nature of the piece.

Miss Powell should be highly commended for the excellent delivery of "The Lifeboat."

Owing to the absence from town of Mr. Small, Mr. Grover was the next to speak. His work was very creditable, showing careful study.

Mr. Whittier's selection being more or less descriptive was a difficult one to present, and his rendering of it was excellent.

The declamation by Mrs. Swain, was the most dramatic of the evening and her splendid delivery exhibited careful elocutionary training.

The only thing left to say is, that the whole exhibition was a very excellent one, in fact, one of the best of its kind to which we have ever listened. The speakers well deserved the spirited applause of the enthusiastic audience, and should be congratulated on the success of the pleasant event. Good music was furnished by an orchestra from Bangor.

EDITORIALS.

THE CADET.

EDITORIAL STAFF.
W. T. BRASTOW, '97.

LITERARY.
G. A. WHITTEMORE, '98, MISS LOTTIE FARRAR, '99.

ALUMNI.
H. E. STEVENS, '97, W. J. MORRILL, '98,

CAMPUS.
M. L. URANN, '97, E. S. BRYANT, '98,

ATHLETICS.
LINDSAY DUNCAN, '97,

EXCHANGES.
E. C. UPTON, '97,

BUSINESS STAFF.
H. I. LIBBY, '98, W. B. MORELL, '99.

THE Sophomore Prize Declamations, a full account of which will be found elsewhere in this number, passed off very smoothly. The weather for a wonder was not stormy. There was a large audience. The music was good. The declamations were well selected, and showed careful study and preparation, and were all well rendered.

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THIS issue of THE CADET contains the first of a series of sketches entitled, Old Time Sketches, by one of the "Gang." These sketches, written by an alumnus of Maine State, are based upon facts, and portray the life of those gangs of good fellows that exist in all colleges. We feel sure that these sketches will prove interesting to all, and doubly so to those who may recognize some almost forgotten incident that happened during their own college days as students. These sketches just mentioned are a long step in the right direction towards building up THE CADET and making it the lively, interesting paper that it ought to be, representing as it does an institution containing about three hundred of the sons of Maine, not to mention the number of daughters. We hope that other members among our alumni will follow the example so kindly set by one of their number, and will contribute articles for their college paper, which is one of the few means by which they are kept in touch with their *Alma Mater* and the work that she is doing.

***

WE very often hear a man say, when asked to advertise in a college publication; "Yes, I'll take some space to help out the boys." We want to call the attention of traders to the fact that in "helping out the boys" they are helping out themselves by getting the college trade in return. We believe that there is no way in which the advertiser gets surer returns, or better, for the amount of outlay, than by advertising in a college paper. The students as a general rule appreciate favors of this kind and return them by liberally patronizing the advertisers. The same thing we believe holds true in regard to the alumni. Maine State has sent out many practical engineers, chemists, etc., who are constantly wanting goods in their line, and we believe that dealers in such classes of goods would be well repaid for money put into advertising in THE CADET.

***

THE question is being considered of shortening the winter, and lengthening the summer vacation. We believe that such a change would find favor among a great majority of the students. As the terms are now arranged, the winter vacation is too short to allow a man to teach without breaking into one or the other terms, and in many cases it takes two or three weeks out of both, and for nearly every other employment it comes the wrong time of the year. On the other hand, the summer vacation is

shorter than that of most colleges, and coming at a time of year when it is more easy to find a paying occupation, the temptation to take a few weeks at the beginning of the fall term is often very great. We also think that a short vacation of perhaps a couple of weeks about Easter, to break up the monotonous spring term of twenty-one weeks, would be received favorably by the students many of whom get so they fairly hate the sight of a text book before the end of the twentieth week.

LEROY T. DURHAM.

Maine State College lost one of her most promising alumni, when Leroy T. Durham of the class of '94, met with a fatal accident on the morning of Dec. 5th. Durham will be well remembered by the upper classmen and by the younger alumni for his many manly qualities, and for the open hearted and generous disposition which characterized him as a student among students.

He excelled in athletics, having the rather unusual honor of being a member of both the foot ball and the base ball teams and being a credit to both organizations.

Nor were his abilities confined to the athletic field alone, for he was as brilliant in the realm of books as he was upon the gridiron or the diamond and ranked high in his class. Among his fellow students his genial manners, ready wit and generosity procured him hosts of friends who are left to mourn his untimely end.

At the time of his death he was in the employ of the Boston and Albany R. R. as a civil engineer and was rising rapidly, bidding fair to become a bright light in his profession.

The accident occurred while he was running across the tracks at Allston, Mass., to catch a "local" which was just starting from the station. The fast express struck him from behind, killed him instantly and without pain.

While we bow to the will of an all wise Providence, recognizing that all He does is for the best, yet we cannot but feel that by his sudden death a life of usefulness was brought to an untimely close.

L. D.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, God in His wisdom has seen fit to summon to the other world our beloved friend and former fellow student, Leroy Tolford Durham and

Whereas, we who knew him during his student days, remembering in him those manly qualities which caused him to be loved and respected by all his companions; therefore be it

Resolved, that the heartfelt sympathy of the members of the class of '97 of the Maine State College be extended to the bereaved family.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in THE CADET.

CHAS. H. FARNHAM,
HOWARD E. STEVENS,
EDWARD M. ATWOOD, } *Committee on Resolutions.*

LOCAL NOTES.

Master, Master! News, old news, and such news as you never heard of."
—The Taming of the Shrew,—Act III, Sc. 2.

"Sleep, baby sleep."

"Did *you* remove that bulb?"

And Sammy staid out of Highway.

Stowell is teaching school up river.

"And the blow ne'er killed *Lovey*."

Walter Cargill is teaching in Liberty.

And the wind blew those hairy ends.

Whew! I'd like to see him bend over.

Walter Jack is chemist in Lisbon, N. Y.

Perkins, 1900, is teaching school in Bradley.

Bird and Clark, world-renowned pugilists.

Faith, Hope, and the one that plays the piano.

Walter J. Morrill expects to teach in East Madison.

"If you can't stop talkin' you kin leave the room."

"Lin" Fernald, '96, was on the campus recently.

J. W. Brown is teaching school in Wilbourham, Mass.

Boston Bob bought a whole box of cigarettes on the 8th.

They say the greatest sport in Maine State is not a student.

You can advertise your Laundry but but it does not always pay.

Prof. Gowell entertained a few of the boys on Thanksgiving Day.

President Harris and family will spend Christmas in Philadelphia.

Thanksgiving vacation was enjoyed in many ways by the Oak Hall boys.

The Coburn Cadets will go to camp from May 21st to the 28th, inclusive.

The Spanish trouble has been graphically depicted in Coburn Hall basement.

A. C. Trim expects to teach in the North Islesboro High school this winter.

A. D. T. Libby has left for the rest of the term to teach in the Gorham Normal School.

Mr. H. G. Robinson was laid up two or three days owing to a bad fall near Coburn Hall.

The student who would burn up his friend's pipe for smoking in his room, would be better classed at Colby.

The food at the boarding house is being greatly kicked about, the boys on seeing a fine deer brought 'round were looking for venison, but one meal was the limit.

Prof. Gowell spoke on "A Review of the Dairy Industry," and Prof. Woods on the "Dairy Industry," in the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture at Skowhegan the first of the month.

The Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs are to be highly congratulated on their fine concert. Every part of the programme was admirably carried out and each member did his prettiest.

It seems that requests and that sort of thing are useless regarding the perpetual stealing of the reading room papers; one or two upper classmen have their eyes on two or three of the "whelps" and if the thing does not stop, perhaps the faculty will decide it.

At a meeting of the Senior class held Dec. 4th, the following class parts for

commencement were chosen: Valedictory, W. T. Brastow; Oration, C. H. Farnham; Address to Undergraduates, Allen Rogers; Prophecy, H. E. Stevens; History, G. G. Leavette; Poem, S. J. Heath; Ode, S. H. Cosmey; Marshal, C. S. Bryer.

There are several new studies recently added to the "approved list" through which the future Maine State freshman will be forced to struggle. In '98, Solid Geometry is added to those for English courses. In '97, either French or German, to the course in Science and Literature, and in '99 one modern language will be required in all courses.

The lady students formed a society recently for social purposes, under the name of Phi Gamma. The officers are: Miss Rena Dunn, Pres't; Miss Maude Farnham, Vice Pres't; Miss Agnes Burnham, Sec'y; Miss Ottie Cousins, Treasurer; Miss Morrisette, Marshal; Miss Mildred Powell, Chaplain; Ex. Com., Miss Dunn, Miss Fernandez, Miss Farrar.

On the 8th, the M. S. C. Scientific Society, Eng. Div., discussed a paper by Prof. Grover on "Graphically Determined and Undetermined Structures." The Agr. Div. on Thursday, the 10th, discussed a paper entitled, "Forests in Relation to Climate and Water Supply," by Prof. M. C. Fernald, and one on "Certain Methods of Fertilization," by Prof. W. M. Munson.

The Kappa Sigma boys spent Thanksgiving recess at Pushaw lake. Early Thursday morning, Uncle Ben took a load of bedding and their cook with his paraphernalia out to Mr. Hannibal Perkins' commodious cottage six miles from the college. Mr. Perkins had preceded the boys and welcomed them with a crackling fire in the large brick fireplace. The boys thoroughly enjoyed every minute of their outing, although they do not mention much game killed. They returned the following Saturday night and are much pleased with Mr. Perkins' hospitality.

The concert by the musical organizations of the Maine State College, at the Town Hall, Orono, Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, was a grand success. The following program was presented:

PART I.

Orchestra.

Glee Club .....
(a) Jolly Maine State .....
(b) The Miller's Song .....
Banjos .....
Duet by Messrs. Libbey and Johnston
Double Quartette .....
(a) Pussy's in the Well .....
(b) The Watermill .....
(c) Do Not Forget .....
Solo ..... R. S. Fernald
Mandolins ..... Royal Purple March

PART II.

Banjos ..... Invincible Guard March
Glee .....
(a) Schneider's Band .....
(b) Thou Art My Own Love .....
(c) The Happiest Land .....
Solo ..... A. J. Patten

Orchestra.

Glee .....
(a) The Pope .....
(b) The Man in the Moon's Ball .....

The Glee Club consists of thirty men and is the largest organization of the kind that has sung in the State. They have done careful practicing under the leadership of R. L. Fernald, '99, and sang some jolly music. The instrumental clubs were very enjoyable, being made up entirely of college men.

The Glee Club is made up as follows:

President—L. E. Ryther, '98.

Vice President—S. C. Dillingham, '98.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. B. Morrell, '99.

Leader—R. L. Fernald, '99.

First Tenors—S. J. Heath, '97; G. A. Whittemore, '98; H. P. Merrill, '98; E. D. Merrill, '98; H. A. Hatch, 1900;

A. C. Stowell, 1900; A. Lowe, 1900.

Second Tenors—V. W. Gould, '97; A. C. Wescott, '99; A. E. Boynton, '99; H. J. Pretto, '99; G. O. Hamlin, 1900; F. H. Knight, 1900; H. R. Alden, 1900; F. W. Hopkins, '98.

First Basses—M. L. Urann, '97; H. J. Roberts, '98; H. L. White, '98; A. L. Grover, '99; J. W. Brown, '99; W. B. Morell, '99; W. N. Cargill, 1900; C. L. Brown, 1900; C. D. Roston, 1900; G. W. Stickney, 1900; C. W. Bartlett, 1900.

Second Basses—E. M. Atwood, '97; A. J. Patten, '97; W. B. Brown, '97; H. L. Maddocks, '99; W. Herald, 99; C. E. Crosby, '99; F. H. Mitchell, 1900.

Double Quartette—R. L. Fernald, '99; G. A. Whittemore, '98; H. A. Hatch, 1900; W. N. Cargill, 1900; C. L. Brown, 1900; A. C. Wescott, '99; A. J. Patten, '97; W. Herald, '99.

Accompanist—S. H. Cosmey.

Banjos and Mandolins—A. J. Libbey, C. L. Brown, H. Brett, F. O. Johnson, H. F. Drummond, I. H. Drew, G. A. Whittemore. Orchestra, eight pieces.

Ye Alumni.

'75.

Hon. L. C. Southard has moved from 27 School St., Boston, to the new Tremont building where he has a handsome suite of rooms, the entrance being through room 831.

'76.

John H. Williams is surveying at Elk River, Minn.

Henry J. Reynolds is proprietor of a fine drug store at Eastport, Me.

Nelson H. Martin is a merchant in Fort Fairfield, Me. Clifford, his son, will enter Maine State next year.

'77.

Henry C. Townsend is farming at Fort Fairfield, Me.

'82.

D. C. Woodward, having completed the special designing upon which he was employed by the American Tool and Machine Co., of Boston, has accepted a position with the well known firm of Faye & Scott, Dexter, Me.

'87.

Chas. H. Stevens, of Grand Falls, N. B., is connected with his father's and brother's lumber manufacturing and electric light plant.

J. D. Lazell has opened an office at Room 443 Tremont Building, Boston. He represents the Fawcett Ventilated Fire-proof Building Co., Limited, of Philadelphia, with whom he has been connected for some time.

'88.

G. S. Seabury has severed his connection with the Hinckley & Egery Iron Co., Bangor, with whom he has been connected for a number of years.

'90.

C. J. Wallace is working for the Metropolitan Water Board.

'91.

C. H. Kilbourne is a chemist for the New York Board of Health.

Bert A. Hall is a civil engineer at Williams, Ariz.

W. N. Patten has gone to N. Y. to make a survey for an electric railroad on Long Island.

The residence of Wallace R. Farrington, formerly of Bangor, who was recently married in Honolulu, H. I., was burned on Nov. 11, while Mr. and Mrs. Farrington were at the theatre in Honolulu. All of the wedding clothing, gifts and personal property of Mr. and Mrs. Farrington were destroyed.

—*Bangor Commercial.*

WEDDED IN HONOLULU. The cards of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace R. Farrington, Honolulu, H. I., have been received in this city, it being the first announcement of their wedding, which was expected to occur at Honolulu on the arrival of the steamer there about the 26th of last month. Mrs. Farrington was Miss Catharine McAlpine Crane of San Francisco, a very accomplished young lady and a graduate of the University of California. The marriage results from quite a romantic meeting of the young couple on one of the Pacific steamers. Mr Farrington is well known in this city, having been engaged in newspaper work here after his graduation from the Maine State College in 1891, and having many relatives in this city and Brewer, his father being Superintendent Farrington of the State Reform School. Mr. Wallace Farrington has been in Honolulu for nearly two years as editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, a daily paper published at that place. For a time he was president of the company, publishing the paper during the absence of Mr. Castle, who came to this country to represent it after the retirement of Minister Thurston. Mr. Farrington has a high standing in the community in which he resides and his many friends in the state will extend the heartiest congratulations upon his recent marriage.—*Bangor Commercial.*

'92.

E. W. Danforth has been on a trip West, visiting different colleges, on business for the A. T. O. Fraternity. He is employed by the Somerville City Water Works.

J. A. Tyler is with the city engineer of Portland, Me.

'93.

George F. Rowe was erroneously reported in the last CADET as being connected with the *Maine Sportsman*. He is night superintendent of the pulp mill at Lincoln. His P. O. address is Box 348, Lincoln, Me.

Walter D. Jack is chemist for the Bowker Fertilizer Co. at Elizabeth, N. J.

'94.

Jesse Gray is at present in the South, travelling for the Whitman Gall Cure Co.

G. W. Rumball, of the Eyelet Tool Co., Boston, made us a short visit last week. He was on his way up country for a two weeks hunting trip. We trust he will have good luck and sustain his college reputation as a sportsman. His Boston address is 40 Lincoln St.

Frank Bowler was on the campus recently. He is designer for the Hawthorne Forging Co. A very good job we understand.

Chas. Gilbert is in the woods at the Katahdin Iron Works.

A. D. Hayes is teaching school in Belfast, Me.

W. H. Jose was on the campus recently. He was returning from a hunting trip in the northern part of the State.

'95.

Chas D. Thomas visited his friends here a few days before Thanksgiving. He was on his way home from Northboro, Mass., where he is employed by the Metropolitan Water Co. His brother John, who entered with '98, also

made us a short visit Nov. 28th. He was on his way back to Boston, where he is employed as conductor on an electric road. His address is 237 North Hampton St., Boston, Mass.

G. G. Atwood was married recently. We give him our congratulations and best wishes. He is employed by the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R.

Ora W. Knight has resigned his position as assistant in the Natural History department here in order to accept a position as one of the chemists at the Experiment Station.

Davy Achorn, ex-'95, has charge of the engineering department of an electrical plant in Massachusetts.

Walter Murphy is managing his coat factory at South Norridgewock, Me.

F. L. French, ex-'95, was recently married to Miss Ethel Hayden of Pittsfield, Me. They were married at the groom's apartments, Bowdoin Place, Boston. Our heartiest congratulations to "Rimmie."

C. J. Pattee is employed in his father's insurance office in Belfast.

Leroy R. Folsom was on the campus for a few days last month.

'96.

E. G. Glidden is now at work in Hyde Park, Mass.

E. E. Gibbs' present address is 49 Union Park St.

H. C. Farrell who visited us recently, is now at work for the Beverly Hand Lasting Machinery Co., Beverly, Mass. Maine State is well represented in that Company, F. J. Libby, G. B. Wilkins, S. J. Steward and M. E. Ellis, we understand, are all at work for this same concern.

Roy L. Fernald assisted us at our chapel devotions one morning last week. He has been sick with typhoid fever all the fall, but is looking well now.

J. W. Randlette is inspector of telephones for the New England Tel. and Tel. Co. This is a very fine position indeed and Mr. Randlette certainly deserves to be congratulated upon his success in obtaining it so quickly.

Hancock, Ex-' 96, is at work in Beverly, Mass.

Nathan Goodridge's present address is North Andover Depot, Mass.

Treat, Ex-'96, is on a pilot boat in Boston Harbor.

R. B. Manter and J. M. Kimball are rooming together at 38 South Russell St., Boston.

Fred W. Dickerson, Ex-'97, also Ex-'85, has been at work in the office of the Waterville and Fairfield Electric Co., this fall.

LIEUT. HERBERT NATHAN ROYDEN.

Lieut. Royden was born at Milford, Conn., fitted for Yale at Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Conn.

He received his appointment by competitive examination, in August, 1886, from the twenty-second congressional district of Conn. Entered West Point the following June from which he graduated in June, 1891, after taking the usual four years' course. Upon graduation he was promoted and assigned as 2d Lieut. to the 23d U. S. Infantry, since which time he has been stationed in Texas, at Forts Bliss, Hancock, Clark and Eagle Pass, all on the Rio Grande river.

He reported for duty as Military Instructor at the college October 23, 1896, has since been joined by his family and has taken up his residence in Orono. It is safe to predict, that under the supervision of Lieut. Royden the military department will be kept well up to the high standing that it has occupied in the past.

ATHLETICS

The first meeting of the committee on general athletics was held Nov. 30, in the old chapel. D. W. Colby, '87, was elected chairman of the committee and Archer Grover, '99, secretary and treasurer. W. R. Howard, '82, who has taken great interest in M. S. C. athletics and helped the boys in many ways, was given the important task of securing a competent coach.

A series of Hare and Hound races was to have taken place this fall but they fell through for some reason or other. It is certainly a pity, for we would have had an opportunity to judge of the material in 1900.

Bowdoin has our sympathy in having Capt. Horne of the athletic team disabled for the coming season by the accidental discharge of a revolver He was counted on to take ten points in the hurdles in the N. E. intercollegiate games next spring.

The athletic team held a meeting Dec. 11th and elected H. P. Merrill, '98, captain for the ensuing year.

Base ball prospects for '97 are promising and Maine State supporters may be sure that the college will turn out a good team. Frank A. Libby, '99, has been elected captain and C. H. Farnham, '97, manager. Libby played first base last year in brilliant style and was one of the best batters on the team. He will play behind the bat in the future and his excellent base throwing will undoubtedly strengthen the in-field. This will leave a vacancy on third and first bases but there should be abundance of material in the freshman class to satisfactorily fill those places and to make some of the older men hustle for their jobs.

Freshman–Sophomore Foot Ball Game.

One of the best games ever seen on the campus was that played between '99 and '00 on the campus Nov. 31. The score was characteristic of both classes, being nothing to nothing, and the teams were evenly matched in ability and endurance. The field was in poor condition, being slippery from the vast numbers of well-chewed rags which littered up the grounds, rendering fast play almost impossible.

There had been considerable bashfulness evinced by both classes about partaking in a game and nothing but the sportsmanship and perseverance of their respective managers could have brought the game off They certainly deserve commendation of all persons interested in the advancement of foot ball at the M. S. C.

The game was singularly free from accidents, the only ones being a couple of ruptured ear-drums and three luxations of the lower maxillary, caused by excessive mastication of the bedraggled linen. Had the men been properly trained these accidents would never have occurred.

It would be hard to pick out any particular ones as the star performers, they all did such brilliant work in retiring the ball, but we think that the really best play of the game was

made when Johnny Gilman succeeded in covering twenty-five yards (square ones) in as many seconds.

A Plea for a Track.

When talking with the "boys" about track athletics how often do we hear that old remark, "If we only had a 'gym,'" and again, "If we only had a cinder track." But we have no gymnasium and we have no cinder track. Maine State's alumni have promised us a track, however, and we are anxiously looking forward to that time when we can get out on our own track and get what is so much needed, if we ever expect to have our track team an "important factor" in the intercollegiate meets, that is, long, hard and faithful training. Enough has been said about material. If our material was put into the best possible shape we would have winners on the track.

Now let those who have a love for the cleanest and manliest of athletic sports show their interest in the track and field team of '97. Let the alumni carry on the good work they have begun. Let us hope for a gymnasium. Ah! if Maine State could only have some money given her for the purpose of building a gymnasium, as do many colleges, the name of the giver would be sacred to our athletes and his name would be sung in praise forevermore by Maine State boys. *H. P. M.*

Another thing about the Athletic Association here at Maine State. It is but $3 to belong and have the privilege of voting. This term the Athletic Association have been holding meetings and a large number of those present have not been members of the M. S. A. A. We are in hopes that all those who "haven't had a *red?*" this term will practice strict economy during the winter and try and have the money on hand on their return here during the month of February. If the boys do not join the association by next term they will be forced to leave the room whenever a meeting is held together with the rest of the *co-eds.* If M. S. C. intends to make any showing whatever in base ball and track athletics it is but right that she should be financially supported at least. We are in hopes at the present time to have a small "gym." arranged in one of the drawing rooms and with shower baths in the Oak Hall bath rooms make better arrangements for the men in training than has ever been before.

The University of Chicago gives $37,400 in fellowships and scholarships for the coming year.

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The five-cent packages are not yet to be had of all dealers, although it is probable that almost any druggist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer to do so; but in any case a single carton, containing ten tabules, will be sent, postage paid, to any address for five cents in stamps, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Until the goods are thoroughly introduced to the trade, agents and peddlers will be supplied at a price which will allow them a fair margin of profit, viz.: 1 dozen cartons for 40 cents—by mail 45 cents. 12 dozen (144 cartons) for $4.32—by mail for $4.82. 5 gross (720 cartons) for $20.52. 25 gross (3,600 cartons) for $100. Cash with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.

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COLLEGE WORLD

AND NEW IDEAS IN INDUSTRY.

The Forum for December contains a thoughtful article on some disadvantages of a college education. The writer is a college president and in full sympathy with his work, but points out some errors in which students are liable to fall. He speaks of the luxuries of college life to-day in contrast with a generation ago and of freedom which is too free. There is danger of a student becoming indolent, simply because he can, by fair means or foul, pass his examinations, and acquiring a desire for ease that will be fatal to a future successful career. Many times students are not required to take certain studies necessary to the fullest development of their intellects, because those studies are distasteful to them. He says that a college man may be discouraged from entering difficult projects because a better trained judgment points out to him, in a clearer light, the obstacles to be overcome. The college graduate may fall into the ludicrous error that a diploma has transformed his body into finer clay and he is no longer interested in the important economic questions of the day. He may live in a world of fancy and not in this world of action, and resemble the student, who said when told that Fort Sumpter had been fired on, "What do I care? I must finish my Greek Grammar."

A new form of the folding bicycle has been designed by an army officer with a view of making the military cyclist a combatant. The ordinary bicycle does not lend itself to this purpose, because it cannot readily be carried by the men. The idea of the new invention is a bicycle which the rider can carry when it cannot or should not carry him. The machine is of ordinary low pneumatic type, with a chain gear, but it folds on itself, so as to bring both wheels together. Mounted on such a wheel, the soldier can approach the enemy, dismount and within a minute have the machine on his back, with his arms free to shoot, to scale, or any other duty. It weighs about 30 pounds. In view of the high opinion of the possibilities of the bicycle in war which has been expressed by the leading military authorities in this country, together with the active steps that have been taken towards the formation of military wheel corps, the new bicycle specially commends itself to army experts, as well as to cyclists in general. It has been tried in the French Army, and is said to have astonished the commanders with its potential value in war for surprising the enemy by unexpected attacks.

A simple and efficient apparatus for the purification of water has been invented in England. Owing to the special method of manipulation adopted, by which the precipitate is caused to settle very rapidly, relatively large volumes of water can be softened and clarified in plain tanks of moderate size, and the necessity for filtering appliances is done away with. Two tanks, placed side by side, are generally used, the processes of filling, adding the chemicals, and allowing the precipitate to settle being carried on in one, while the softened and clarified water is being drawn from the other, but for smaller quantities of water, one softening tank and a small storage tank only are required. The precipitate is prevented from unduly accumulating in the tank by its partial removal at regular intervals; this is effected in various ways, to suit different circumstances. From

the nature of the precipitate it is easily dealt with. In small plants, a discharge pipe, connected to a drain, is provided in one corner of the tank, and by lifting a plug daily a sufficient quantity of mud can be run off. If larger plants, the mud is swept out, at longer intervals, through doors into a trough which conveys it onto waste ground; or it is raised out of the tank or trough by a steam filter, and discharged into a cart ilned with waste furnace ashes, through which the excess of water readily drains, leaving the nearly dry mud and ashes ready for tipping.

The attendance at Yale has increased 50 per cent. in the last six years.

Salem, Mass., has appropriated $42,000 for a new high school building.

The boarding hall of East Greenwich (R. I.) Academy was destroyed by fire August 11.

The captains of the four athletic teams of Harvard, last year, were all graduated with honor.

After January 1, 1897, the name of College or University will not be allowed to be applied to any school without permission of the Board of Regents.

The Harvard Athletic Committee has appointed an instructor in base ball. All students who care to learn the game may do so.

New York is maintaining her lead in educational matters. Graduation from a registered four year's academical course after the completion of eight years' elementary study is now required as a condition of admission to professional study in New York State.

Two courses in Celtic and one in Russian have been established at Harvard.

It would seem that even Daniel Webster was short of spending money, occasinnally, when he was a student at Dartmouth. He wrote home for four yards of cloth to make him a warm suit. His father answered in this-fashion: "My Dear Boy: You know that when I sent you to college I had to borrow a dollar to be able to stand the expense. Since then I have had to borrow four dollars from as many different parties to repay the original debt. I inclose two cents. Take one cent and buy a pipe, and use the other for tobacco. Smoking breeds contentment; contentment breeds stoicism, and if you are a complete stoic you will not want clothes."

President Cleveland said at Princeton's great celebration: "I would have those sent out by our universities and colleges, not only the counsellors of their fellow-countrymen but the tribunes of the people, fully appreciating every condition that presses upon their daily life, sympathetic in every untoward situation, quick and earnest in every effort to advance their happiness and welfare, and prompt and sturdy in the defence of their rights. . . . A constant stream of thoughtful, educated men should come from our universities and colleges, preaching national honor and integrity and teaching that a belief in the necessity of national obedience to the laws of God is not born of superstition."

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