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The Cadet January 1897

The Cadet Staff

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THE CADET.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XI.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 5.

OUR FOOT BALL SEASON.



THIS fall, for the first time in her athletic history, Maine State College has been represented by a foot ball team whose performances have been creditable to the boys who played and to the institution they represented.

Foot ball in the Maine Colleges has been faster and more up to date this year than ever before and our college has been well to the front among the institutions of the state.

There have been several causes for our advance from last year, when we were badly beaten by all the colleges in the state, to the present season, when our victories were won by large margins and our defeats by narrow ones—a larger student body containing a much larger per cent. of foot-ball talent, energetic and business-like management, a conscientious and hard working captain, an efficient coach who put lots of life into the team, an organized second eleven, lots of hard practice, fairly good financial support (with lots of “brad-ding” by the A. A. treasurer), and last but not least, a team who trained scrupulously and worked hard in the face of many obstacles.

We lose but one man by gradua-

tion and with good material coming in can safely predict a similar advance for next year's team over this one.

There is not a man on this team or on any other team representing the college who is “induced” to come, but they are all here for the purpose of attending college and every man is an amateur in the strictest sense of the word. That is more than can be said of some college elevens in the state.

During the season past our team has played six games, won two, tied one and lost three, scoring 48 points to our opponents' 30, as the following table shows :

Maine State	14	Bangor High	0
Maine State	6	Bowdoin	12
Maine State	0	Colby	10
Maine State	4	Bates	4
Maine State	24	Bates	0
Maine State	0	Colby	4
Total,		48	30

Last season our team scored 6 points to our opponents' 106, and we think that no further comment is necessary to tell of progress. Games are hard to secure on account of our distance from anywhere and experience is acquired in games which cannot be secured any other way.

We add a brief sketch of the foot ball career of each member of this year's Varsity; there are few partic-

ular stars, but taken as an average they show up well and with another year's experience will probably be all stars.

Chas. J. Sawyer, who captained the '96 team, played on B. H. S. some time before entering M. S. C. He is the best full-back in the state and made that position on the "All-Maine" team. Although he never makes any phenomenal points, he is perfectly sure of a good gain and an exchange of kicks always resulted well for Maine State. He tackles almost perfectly and was the strong point of the interference. Perfectly fearless and full of grit, he led his team in action as well as in name. He is 5 ft. 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds.

E. A. Sturgis, '98, of Lewiston, Me., has been chosen to lead next year's team to victory. He has played on the varsity for three years, his first appearance being as center in his freshman year, but during the last two years has filled the position of left tackle. He is a fearless and determined player, going into every play as though his life depended on it and was always depended on for a two, three or four yard gain on the third down. He is 5 feet 10 inches high and weighs 175 pounds.

C. H. Farnham, '97, is the only Senior on the team and hails from Beverley, Mass. He first played foot ball on Beverley High and made the varsity in his freshman year. He is one of the heaviest men on the team and knows how to use it to advantage. He plays right tackle and weighs 200 pounds.

R. G. Wormell, 1900, first learned the game at Waterville High School, where he played tackle, occupying the same position on the varsity. His weight and speed make him valuable

in the interference and he is a hard worker and trains conscientiously.

A. D. T. Libby, '98, began the season at end but afterwards moved up to tackle. He is light for the latter position but plays with a dash and vim that makes up for deficiencies. He has proved a valuable ground-gainer in the games played and frequently breaks through the opposing rush line while on the defensive. He weighs 155 pounds and is 5 feet 7 high.

W. B. Thombs, 1900, first played on Gorham High School, filling the position of guard, but has played half back in the games he has played for M. S. C. He has proved a good ground gainer and should be even more valuable next year. He weighs 170 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches in height.

W. L. Ellis, '98, has been one of the strong points of the team this season. He is the only one of the backs who has not been disabled at some time or other during the season and has played hard, fast foot ball throughout the season, both on the offensive and defensive, probably gaining more yards in the course of the season than any other man on the team. He first learned the game at Waterville High, where he captained the team. His height and weight are 5 feet 9 and 175 pounds respectively.

A. M. Webber, '98' was substitute quarter last year but this year has occupied that position in every game played by the team. His cool head and fast, accurate passing make him as steady and reliable a man as could be wished for to occupy that trying position. He weighs 135 and is 5 feet 8 inches high and has no dangerous rivals for the place as yet.

H. F. Noyes, '99, was last year's

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varsity center but started in behind the line at left half this fall. He is a fast runner and his weight makes him very effective in that position. This year he has been unfortunate in the injuries he has sustained, but we look for something brilliant next fall. He learned the game at Freeport High School, playing center on that team. He is 5 feet 10 inches high and weighs 185 pounds.

C. A. Pearce, '98, acquired the rudiments of the game in Minnesota and made the varsity at left end in his freshman year, which position he has filled ever since. He captained his class team last year and has always played a steady, reliable game, being a hard man to fool and possesses the faculty of "following the ball." He weighs 150 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches high.

J. E. French, 1900, entered college from Kent's Hill, on which team he had played for some time. He started in the season on the second eleven but soon proved his right to a varsity sweater. In the games played by him he has done exceptionally good work and should certainly be found upon the team again next fall. He plays half back and is quick to start and hits the line or skirts the ends with equal facility. He is 5 feet 10 inches high and weighs 165 pounds.

B. R. Johnson, '98, started in his foot ball career as tackle on the '98 class team in 1894 but later he played end. Last fall he made that position on the varsity. This fall he very successfully filled the position of full back while Sawyer was "out of it." He weighs 150 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches high.

E. C. Palmer, '99, played his first game of foot ball against '98 in '95; that year he did not try for varsity

honors in foot ball but played an excellent game of base ball. This year he played both end and half back and distinguished himself in both positions. He is a good runner, has a cool head and possesses a liberal amount of "never say die." He is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds.

It is probably unnecessary to tell our readers that J. A. Gilman, 1900, came from Bangor High School. He was so long a pillar of strength on that team that it was no surprise when he made right guard on the varsity. In playing his position he showed a good knowledge of the game and handled the team well while acting as captain. He only weighs 225 and is six feet tall.

F. W. Arms, '99, played only a part of a game this season, but considering his small amount of practice he did good work. He played on Gardiner High and on his class team and has the making of a good player. Next year he should be able to hit the varsity without trouble. He weighs 145 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches tall.

H. A. Hatch, 1900, got his first lessons in foot ball at Mt. Hermon school, where he played four years and was chosen captain of the crack team in his last year. He is very light, but his starting, dodging, and running more than make up for his lack of weight. Although temporarily disabled in practice this fall, he will be heard from next season as one of the best halves in Maine. He weighs 140 and is 5 feet 5 inches tall.

Alan Bird, 1900, is from Rockland High, where he did brilliant work as a guard before coming to Maine State. This year he played center and played hard every minute of play or practice. He made sub. center on

the "All-Maine" team and deserved more if grit and hard work would earn a position. He is 5 feet 8 inches in height and 170 pounds in weight.

G. W. Lawrence, '98, left guard, hardly needs a word from the CADET. His work this fall speaks for itself. He weighs about 200 pounds and

every bit of it is good bone and muscle which he knows how to use. He is sure of a substantial gain when given the ball and is always ready to try. Altogether we consider him able to hold his own with any guard in Maine.



OLD TIME SKETCHES.

BY ONE OF THE GANG.

HOW BLATHERS CURED HIS COLD.

BLATHERS had a cold. In fact I never saw him when he didn't have a cold. As Tommy Worth put it, it was a mystery to us how any man who used so much profanity as Blathers did, could possibly cool off long enough to catch cold. But he did, and on certain mornings in the fall when the fog rolled up from the river in great clouds, Blathers would shuffle along to chapel, wrapped in great-coat and mittens, with a huge tippet about his neck and mouth, and with a voice on him like a fog horn, for Blathers generally both literally and figuratively "got it in the neck."

Now, Blathers was heroic if he was nothing else; and never believed in anything but good old allopathic treatment. He was a great worker; could turn off work by the yard, but he was wholly devoid of patience, especially when under his favorite disease—a cold; then he would rave and swear and go to bed, with enough quinine, whiskey, aconite, belladonna and hot lemonade inside him to cure fifty ordinary colds and kill ten ordinary mortals. But Blathers was no ordinary mortal.

On mornings after such sprees, we

would go up to his room and find him weak and emaciated, but still with the breath of life hovering over him, and would inquire in our most solicitous tones, "Well, Old Man, how are you this morning?" At which Blathers would feebly respond: "Well, I am feeling pretty weak," then with that pugnacious tone peculiar to himself would add, fiercely, "But I've got rid of that d—d cold."

One stiff, cold Saturday morning, about the last of February, a part of the "gang" had assembled in Eddie Pluhkett's room to get ready for a long tramp across country; but the morning proved too blustering and the boys finally planned to spend the day in doors. Just as they were separating to their rooms to take off their togs, in walked Blathers—muffled as usual—overcoat, leggins, tippet and mittens; with his face all covered up and barking like a bull-dog. Blathers had another cold. Eddie Pluhkett stared at him in amazement for a moment, then, "Why, man, you are not going out such a morning as this with such a bark as that on you, are you?" "Yes—hack—hack—I am," said Blathers, "I am going down

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town—hack—to get some whiskey—hack—hack—and I am going to knock this cold into the middle of next week, then I am going to bed and stay the rest of the day."

So saying, Blathers struck off down the stairs and across the campus, wheezing like an old worn out engine.

Nothing more was heard from Blathers until about eleven o'clock, when little Ben Saugus, Blathers' room-mate, crept into Tommy Worth's room with a white, scared face and beckoned Tommy into the bed-room and told him that "something was surely the matter with Blathers and would he go up and see him right away?"

Tommy hurried up to Blathers' room, followed by Saugus, and on a glance at the writhing form of the heroic Blathers on the bed was sufficient. Blathers was knocking (?) the cold into the middle of next week, and he was drunker than any lord ever thought of being.

Tommy immediately despatched Saugus for Simmons, and when he got there the two held close consultation behind locked doors in Blathers' room.

It seems that Blathers succeeded in obtaining a pint of good (?) whiskey down town, and on his return stopped in the bridge to make the first installment, by drinking about one-third of the contents of the bottle. Then he struck across the fields toward the college and when half way there he squatted behind an old barrel and made his second payment—one-third more. On reaching his room he stripped off his clothing and jumped into bed, then proceeded to completely annihilate his enemy, the cold, by finishing the contents of the bottle. In half an hour afterward Worth

found him in the first throes and sent post haste for Simmons.

Poor Blathers was a sight! Lying on the bed in a semi-collapsed condition, and just entering the first stages of one of the most glorious (?) debauches ever visited upon man; his eyes fairly bulging, in his vain endeavor to take in the swirling room and the figures of Simmons and Worth before him. Now and then a spasm would take him and tie him into a knot, and then the cold sweat would break out all over him, and after a while, by dint of hard scrubbing and rubbing, Tommy and Sim would manage to get the hilarious Blathers straightened out and ready for the next attack. It seemed to be a question of which would be worsted, Blathers or the cold, and the round closed with Blathers singing lustily, "It's a way we have at M. S. C."

Round two opened briskly with lots of business—for the two friends; the second stage was on and Blathers was growing ugly. Cramps punctuated the exercise every half minute, and still they rubbed and scrubbed to keep the circulation going. Oh it was interesting, I tell you. Round two was well along when Blathers began an exquisite extemporaneous monologue on the merits and demerits—mostly demerits—of the various members of the faculty. Blathers was no slouch in portraying the idiosyncrasies and personalities of those men whom most of us revered and loved and to whom we owe much of what we are now. But under the influence of that vile concoction obtainable down town and commonly known among the boys as "death on the door step," Blathers powers in this direction were increased ten fold and the way he set off the instructors was a caution, I

assure you. Even Prexy came in for his share. Down he went through the gaunt "Bolivar," "Jim," "Prof Allie," "Benjie," "Prof Johnnie," "Old C. H.—," the entire list received new and heretofore unknown characteristics, at the hands of the belligerent and now thoroughly insane Blathers; while the boys looked on choking with suppressed laughter until Simmons' self control finally gave away and he fell on the floor and gave vent to his uncontrollable merriment. Blathers on hearing "undue display of levity" suddenly stopped in his tirade and opening his eyes, lifted himself on his elbow and glaring at the shaking form of Simmons asked, "Wa—sh to 'ell he was laffin ash? But the last effort was too much for him, and taken with another cramp he rolled over on the bed clothes and sank into a complete stupor—knocked out in two rounds. Tommy and Sim were thoroughly frightened and dispatched Saugus for the doctor, and then turned their attention once more to the prostrate Blathers, rubbing to no avail.

"I tell you what it is old man," said Simmons, "we must get that

whiskey out of him. Run down to the room and mix up a strong emetic. Say nothing to any one, only be quick." In five minutes Tommy returned with the decoction and Sims lifted Blathers—who was reviving a little under the vigorous pounding he had received—up in bed and forced the medicine down his throat. In a little while Blathers turned over and laid the entire pint of whiskey upon the altar of repentance and like one who has done a good thing,

"Wrapped the drapery of his couch about him

And laid down to pleasant (?) dreams."

The doctor got there soon after and fixed him up and left orders for him to keep his bed for three days.

It was a week before Blathers was out again, and that morning as he crept cautiously and carefully to chapel, it was with the face of a penitent sinner, and with the air of one who had been toiling in outer darkness. And when one of the "gang" slyly asked him how his cold was, he gave him a withering look that almost melted the snow. But it was the last cold that Blathers ever tried to "knock in- to the middle of next week."



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AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

THE steamship "Philadelphia" lay at her dock in Curacao, from which she was about to sail for New York via La Guayra. It was customary for her to call at the latter port on her way home. Passengers were streaming over the gang-way with the confusion and rush usual on such occasions. This confusion was augmented in no slight degree by "Jinny," (a lady of color) trying to sell parrots to the embarking voyagers.

In a few minutes the mail and passengers were all aboard, the mooring lines were let go, and the vessel passed out of the harbor with the customary salute from the fort. The sea was smooth and the weather delightful.

After a time Little Curacao light could be seen on the port bow and when the light bore N. E. by E. the course was set directly for La Guayra. Thus far there was nothing to indicate that anything outside of the ordinary would occur on this trip.

Among the passengers were several of the "Commandantés" and "Generals," with which the country swarms, and who had fought in the recent successful Venezuelan revolution.

Later on it developed that one of the passengers was a political refugee of Venezuela who had escaped to Curacao after his party was defeated. He had taken passage from Curacao to New York, but it was evident that an attempt would be made in La Guayra to take him off the ship. Just before day-break land was made on the starboard bow and soon the lights of La Guayra were seen above the horizon.

In an hour later the vessel was made fast to the dock, passengers and mail were quickly discharged and as quickly taken in, the vessel was hove off the dock and everything made secure for the continuation of the voyage to New York. The clearance papers, giving the vessel authority to sail, were all that was wanting when three companies of militia marched down on the dock and halted abreast of the steamer. At the same time four armed boat crews put off from shore and lay on their oars abreast of the steamer. These preparations being complete, the Harbor Master's boat came along side with several military officers who proceeded to clamber over the side and search the state rooms without taking the trouble to state the object of their visit, but it was supposed that they were searching for the passenger taken aboard at Curacao.

The passenger, however, had been previously disguised by one of the stewards and given the pleasant task of passing coal in the bunkers. The officers not finding the refugee, demanded him of the captain. Captain Chambers positively refused to give him up and told the officers that they could only obtain him by force of arms.

After they departed the purser was sent ashore after the clearance papers and he left the ship with evident reluctance, not knowing what might befall him ere he returned. Those of the crew who were lounging about the gang way generously extended comfort to the departing purser by throwing an American flag into his boat and instructing him to wrap it

about his person if anyone should try to make a target of him. In about an hour the purser returned with the American Consul, uninjured and apparently much relieved. The consul had orders from the authorities to the captain not to sail on penalty of being fired on by the fort, which was situated to command the whole harbor. They also refused to give clearance.

This placed the captain between two fires. If he sailed he would draw the fire of the fort and incur a fine for sailing without clearance papers, and on the other hand if he did not sail he would be fined by the American Government for delaying the mails. He knew he was performing his duty by refusing to surrender the passenger, for Venezuela had no right to interfere since this man was aboard an American steamer bound from a Dutch to an American port. The captain had fully decided not to surrender his passenger unless compelled to do so by force of arms. Yet he was desirous of saving his vessel and crew from destruction.

Negotiations were carried on between the consul and Venezuelan authorities for the rest of the day while the vessel waited for further developments. The consul duly represented to the Venezuelan government its danger if the steamer were fired on. By this time it was nearly dark and the captain decided to wait until the next morning before attempting to leave, as navigation was extremely dangerous at night on account of treacherous shoals near the coast.

The troops on the dock and the armed boats crews were withdrawn

for the night. Early the next morning they were again stationed in the same position and negotiations were resumed with fresh vigor. Clearance papers were still refused and Captain Chambers was becoming impatient to leave port. He now decided to sail regardless of opposition or clearance, and when the consul came aboard the captain instructed him to return and inform the authorities that he would give them half an hour to send the clearance papers and that he would sail at the expiration of that time regardless of the consequences. The consul departed and returned before the time was up, reporting that the clearance papers were still refused.

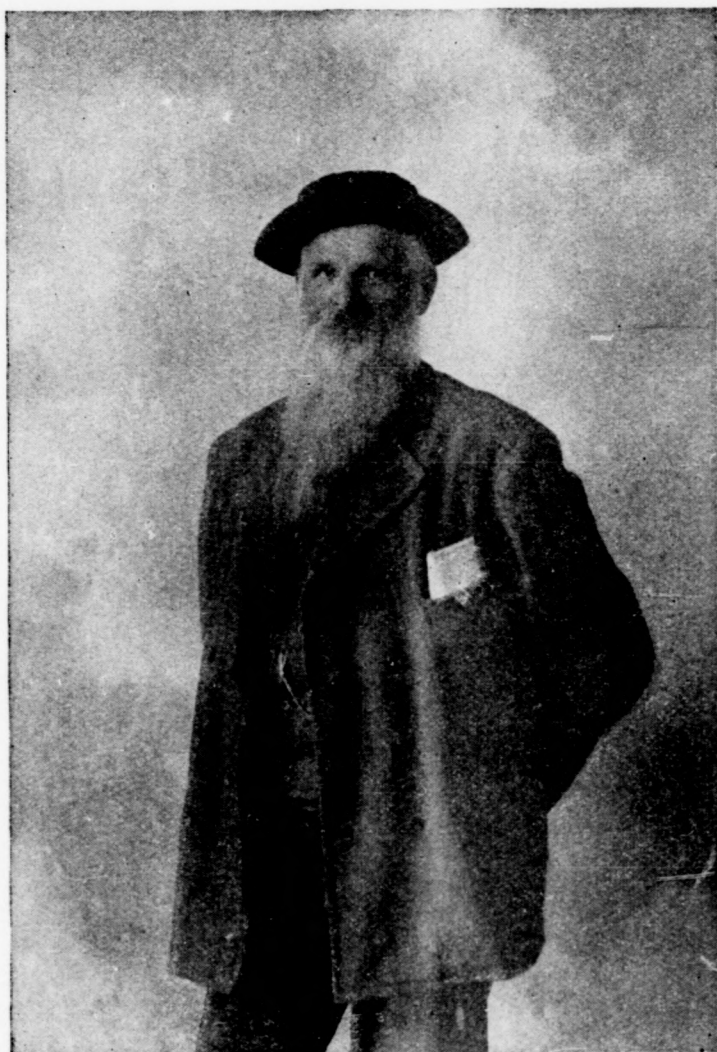
All hands were now called and placed at their positions for it lacked but a few minutes of the time set for departure. The captain took his place on the bridge and held his watch in his hand prepared to give the signal to let go lines as soon as the hands indicated the hour. Many and various were the sensations of the crew, for they evidently did not relish the idea of being shot at. When the signal came to "let go lines" they were quickly cut, the engines started and the vessel was under way.

Silence reigned supreme, for everyone seemed to be waiting for something to happen. But nothing happened, for the commandant of the fort apparently did not dare to incur the wrath of the United States and the vessel passed peacefully out of the harbor.

On his arrival at New York the captain was commended by the Secretary of the Navy for his defence of a passenger under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

H. H. Oswald, '99.

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UNCLE BEN—A TRIBUTE TO A LOVED AND RESPECTED COLLEGE IDOL.

A SAD ending of the term just closed was the untimely death of Benj. R. Mosher, college truckman, friend of the students generally, major-domo of many of its outside affairs, chaperon of the freshman, confidant of the sophomore, chum of the junior, associate of the senior, "old pal" of the returning alumnus.

Uncle Ben, as he was known far and wide, is no more. The college has lost a conspicuous and distinctive character, the students a trusting and thorough friend, the alumni a fond remembrance of college days.

A tribute to his memory through the columns of THE CADET is herewith attempted, the result naturally falling far below what might be hoped in dealing with a character so familiar to all, a personage so full of peculiarities of its own, yet so difficult to treat in the view of either a biography or obituary article.

It might be said of Uncle Ben that he was the same yesterday, to-day and forever. No one of the alumni of the college could remember him as being any other than the big, large-hearted, jovial, be-whiskered Ben, thoughtful of the boys, his "boys," he called them, friend of the institution, nestor of its customs and traditions. Col. Chas. P. Allen, whom he had occasion to meet at his own home on his trip to Presque Isle with the corps of cadets in 1895, was the same "Charlie" that he was to him way back in the days when Uncle took his trunk up to the college in the early seventies. Earlier students remembered him in the same capacity.

And so Ben's life for the last twenty-five years at least, had been interwoven with the affairs of the college. Old "Apple John" of Harvard could hardly have seen so long or beloved a career as had Ben at the college of his adoption. The hundreds who have gone forth from its walls say "too bad," on learning of his death and their memory reverts to old days in which Ben figured in his characteristic way when they were students and how he had appeared in the days before their time and the days following their advent at the institution.

Each student and alumnus can fondly bring to mind incident upon incident of Ben's deeds and acts. Most of them are good deeds and kindly offices, though some must needs be kept sub rosa for dear propriety's sake. But the acts of which one would be permitted to speak are so numerous that the space here allotted would be sufficient to refer to only a very few, while to compile many would be the long task of a biographer with time and opportunity at his absolute disposal.

One '87 man can recall Ben's kindly action to him once upon the occasion of a commencement ball when his fair partner would remain after the special to Bangor had departed, only to be confronted with the fact that a team was not to be had for love or money. How Ben had volunteered his services and had actually stolen a horse from a neighbor's barn and returned him after the trip to Bangor had been made, saying nothing to the owner; taking the student

in to his own cosy little home, bidding him retire in one of the softest and sweetest of beds and his goodly wife setting forth a breakfast fit for the gods when his sleep was partially made up. Many know that cosy home and if a student was never in the habit of uttering a prayer of thanks it usually came without summons when the hospitality of Ben and his wife were showered upon that student guest.

Fresh youths and would-be belligerents have known the power of his protecting and restraining arm when only by his intervention disastrous conflicts might have ensued between the "town and gown." Many a student has he escorted in former days, beyond the dark portals of the bridge where resentful town boys lay in wait for unsuspecting victims.

It was upon the occasions of the yearly encampments that the people of the state came to know Ben as they did. Camp life without him would have been Hamlet without the Dane, and students and military instructors and the President of the college learned to rely upon him to direct affairs where red tape was lacking and where a mediator between cadet and officer was sometimes necessary. The people of the town where camp was pitched made Ben's acquaintance first. At the beginning they were tempted to try to guy him. How soon they learned of their mistake! As they saw more of him they began to look up to him and want to chum with him and show him honors and even go so far as to believe some of the yarns he would concoct for their benefit. While Ben never posed as the "child of the regiment," no favorite of soldiers was ever more popular than he with the corps of cadets. He

looked after them as no one else could and many have him to thank for safe piloting out of scrapes which might have proven disastrous to college aspirations.

In the '95 *Prism* Uncle Ben was the subject of a sketch and portrait which did justice to his characteristics. A few facts may be repeated here. He was born in China, Me., Dec. 14, 1829. His father was a lumberman and did quite a business on the Penobscot and Kennebec headwaters. At the age of fourteen he began to drive a team of four horses to Gardiner and Hallowell but later on manifesting a desire for the sea, arrangements were made for a trip to Labrador in a supposed fisherman. The vessel proved to be a smuggler, however. The voyage was a rough one and at one time the vessel was reported lost but she finally turned up with all on board safe and sound. Ben came to Orono in 1850. In 1852 he married Miss Emily Crowell but a little later death removed her and two of their three children. In 1893 he married Clara A. Hamilton and she survives him.

But of Uncle Ben's ante-college days we know little. Tradition has it that he had seen his day of hard work and small remuneration. For some time he was in the express business for himself. Later on he and his brother were associated together in running Mosher's express from Orono to Bangor and within the recollection of many their teams were run between the two places, the brother eventually controlling the business which was more or less ruined by the introduction of the electrics. It is understood that Ben, years ago, handled the ribbons on some fiery steeds on a prominent stage line and there developed

part of his and love burden.

During college, the one of Ben served his a few years old 'bus vehicle a buckboard last.

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part of his skill with his knowledge and love of the four-footed beasts of burden.

During his connection with the college, the old white nag was long one of Ben's conspicuous pair. He served his usefulness and only within a few years passed to his rest. The old 'bus was discarded for a lighter vehicle as the work lessened and a buckboard was Ben's chariot at the last.

It was from this vehicle, in fact, that Uncle Ben met his death. One Saturday morning, (Dec. 12) while on his way to the college, he was driving his steed around the corner below the Methodist church, when the wheels slewed on the icy street and Uncle Ben was thrown from his seat, striking his head upon a rock which produced concussion of the brain. For several hours he was unconscious, and then he rallied for a time. The end came on the following Friday, Dec. 18.

The funeral was held from the Congregational church on Monday, Dec. 21. The pastor, Rev. P. J. Robinson, conducted the services, paying a very fitting tribute to the excellencies of the deceased. The student body was largely represented and four of his favorites, C. O. Porter, A. P. Merrill, C. H. Crockett and Vernon K. Gould acted as bearers of the mortal remains of Uncle Ben. A huge floral piece fashioned in the form of a buckboard, was the tribute the "boys" tendered to their friend.

In Uncle Ben the college lost a true supporter; the students a kind, sympathetic, honest and cheery friend. In that realm beyond, should there be a vacancy in the ranks of the drivers of the golden chariots, the "boys" recommend and strongly urge that kind old Uncle Ben be installed in the finest livery in charge of the most royal chariot of them all.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, God in His wisdom has seen fit to summon from this life one who was known to us all as "Uncle Ben," and

Whereas, We feel most deeply the loss of a true friend and companion, therefore be it

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of the students 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.

WM. T. BRASTOW,	} Committee on Resolutions.
HERBERT I. LIBBY,	
HORACE L. WHITE,	

A CARD OF THANKS.

The family of the late Benjamin R. Mosher wish to extend their thanks to the students of the Maine State College, to the other friends who showed them so much kindness and sympathy in their bereavement, and to the college quartette for their services at the funeral.

MRS. B. R. MOSHER.

Orono, Dec. 23.



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.

IN the November number of THE CADET mention was made of a prize offered to a member of the Sophomore class who should show the greatest improvement. The name of the donor should have read Mr. W. F. Decker instead of Mr. Herbert Decker as it appeared.

THE editors are hard at work on matter for the '98 *Prism*. It seems to be their intention to make the annual represent more fully the college as a whole rather than the class publishing it. To that end many outside of the Junior class will write articles for it. For example, instead of having the class histories all written by members of the Junior class, they are to be written by a member of the class whose history is to be published. We believe this to be a step in the right direction, as by so doing the talent of the entire college can be called upon and a much better book naturally would result. From our own experience in such matters we would advise some cast-iron method of compelling subscribers

to take their copies when the book is published.

* *

IT may be rather early in the season to talk *base ball*, but as we all hope to have a winning team in the field next spring, we can't help thinking about it and wondering who will make the team. There is one way in which every man who wants to make the team can better his chances of doing so. That is by taking good care of himself and keeping in good condition. If every ball player would do a little systematic training on his own account during the vacation, he would be in much better condition to get the greatest possible benefit out of the team training next term, and stand a much better chance of gaining a place on the 'Varsity.

* *

THE question of changing the name of THE CADET has been talked of by some for quite a while. The matter was brought up by the Faculty, some of whom think that the name represents a distinct department of the college, and gives the impression among strangers that Maine State is distinctly a *military college*, thus keeping some from entering who otherwise would do so. On the other hand, a great many, especially among the upper class men, are opposed to the change. The latter hold that the name is a *mere handle*, and is known as such by all who are acquainted with the college, and as they are practically the only ones who see THE CADET, the change is unnecessary. By the way, if the name of THE CADET be changed, why wouldn't it

be a good idea to change the name of the *Prism*, which might be said with a good deal of truth to represent the department of *Physics*.

* *

ANOTHER term of college is ended, and some of us are beginning to realize that it is our *last fall* term as students at Maine State. As we look back over the term we can see where we have not taken advantage of our opportunities as we should have done. However, as college life does not consist entirely of study, we are not very much inclined to mourn over the

hours spent in other ways than studying, and we can look back over the past term as one of the most pleasant in our college course, as well as a successful one for the institution. We had a very large entering class, and several new instructors, which, with a new course of study offered, has increased the educational work. We have made a good showing in athletics, our foot ball team having been the best in the history of the game at Maine State, and the prospect of a good base ball team next spring was never better.



LOCAL NOTES.

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

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

Happy New Year!

You ought to see Harry's parrot.

"It's a long lane that has no turning."

Has any one seen Harvey White's rifle?

Orono is fast becoming a winter resort.

We camp from May 21st to the 28th, inclusive.

This term "Zion" did *not* give a party before he left.

Oak Hall will be entirely renovated during the vacation.

W. L. Ellis is working in the M. C. R. R. shops at Waterville.

Here's hoping for good luck in our appropriation by the legislature.

The faculty committee is hard at work on the new catalogue.

They say that "Doc" can't tear himself away from "Jimmy."

Sturgis, '98, was elected captain of the foot ball team for next fall.

There are all of six students taking the short course in agriculture.

Geo. W. Lawrence is time keeper for an ice firm on the Kennebec.

Query—Will our next encampment be as "enjoyfull" as the last one?

It is rumored that some of the new Profs. will be lacking on our return.

Make the most of *this* six weeks, as it is doubtful if we ever have another.

Willy Whipple is at Kent's Hill this vacation and says he is *studying*.

L. H. Horner is staying at the Kappa Sigma house during vacation.

Who is going to capture the agricultural prizes now that "Lore" has left us.

H. I. Libby, '98, has been visiting "Wizzie" at Machias.

W. B. Morell has charge of a gang of lumbermen out back of Mrs. Graves.

Mr. Leavette, '97, paid a visit to Maine State about the middle of December.

"Dole" says he is going to take his little pung and drive over to Caribou this winter.

H. A. Hatch, 1900, has been employed in the experiment station since college closed.

The Wilbur Opera Co. were greeted by the students both at and after the performance.

What has become of the "Dirty Fifteen" which "'99" supported so loyally last year?

They say one student is getting through the Civil Eng. Dept. on his practical (?) knowledge.

Holyoke, '97, and Pearce, '98, were elected manager and Junior representative of the track team.

Duncan, '97, and Oswald, '99, are supposed to be studying hard at the Alpha House this winter.

They say that a certain professor got gay with some acid—and, well, he won't go there any more.

Heath, the photographer, has been doing some excellent work for the Juniors on their class photos.

The skating on the Stillwater river during the latter part of the term was the best it has been for years.

Hatch, of last fall's foot ball team, had great success coaching the Bar Harbor team for its game with Ellsworth.

There was lots of comment about the *mixed* invitations sent out by the girls for the "Leap Year Party."

Senior (looking dubiously at a glass of boarding house "cow")—" 'Tuby' or not 'tuby,' *that* is the question."

There will be 318 students enrolled in the coming catalogue besides 158 who attended the summer school.

The dance given by the co-eds and others under the name of a leap year party proved a success—financially.

The comments on the proposed change of name of this paper have been more amusing than beneficial.

The boys "chipped up" and purchased some quite elaborate floral decorations for Uncle Ben's funeral.

We believe that Maine State is the only college whose students are compelled to spend a week of each year in camp.

Uncle Ben's sad death has cast a gloom over the entire college. He left hosts of friends behind to mourn his loss.

Thompson '91, Danforth '92, Rumball '94, Rollins '95, Sargent '96 and Weymouth '96 have been on the campus lately.

S. C. Dillingham, C. S. Webster, E. S. Bryant, B. R. Johnson and Arthur Wescott are working on the Portland city directory.

A vote of thanks has been suggested for "Shiner" Murphy in consideration of the free Sunday Globes so thoughtfully provided.

H. P. Merrill and John Dearborn are at Rainbow Lake, trapping, gunning, etc. They expect to have lots of "yarns" (if nothing more) on their return.

G. G. Leavette, '97, represented his chapter at the recent Congress of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, held at Cleveland, Ohio.

The electric car station on the campus is a poor place for tender partings, particularly if one of the "partners" happens to be a Prof.

President Harris has gone to Augusta to look after the interest of the college in the coming legislature and incidentally to agitate a few wires.

C. H. Farnham, '97, spent the holidays at his home in Beverley, Mass., and then returned to spend the remainder of his vacation in Orono.

A meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Base Ball Association will be held at Waterville on Jan. 9th, to arrange a schedule and transact other business.

The Sophomore class have elected their Ivy Day speakers as follows:

Orator, C. C. Whittier; Historian, G. W. Hersey; Presentator, E. E. Palmer; Poet, Archer Grover; Odist, R. L. Fernald.

The Junior class have elected the following committee to take charge of the Junior Promenade: L. E. Ryther, chairman; B. R. Johnson, E. S. Bryant, C. J. Sawyer and R. P. Stevens.

It is whispered that after three days of sport (?) "Bos'n" and "Slummie" decided that there was "no place like home" and returned minus a deer and plus one chipmunk and a large junk of experience.

During the coming term drill will be from 11 to 12 every day, half of the college drilling on single star days and half on double star days. Any one who is fortunate enough to have recitations on both days gets out of drill.



YE ALUMNI.

'77.

T. J. Stevens, until lately in the drug business in Portland, has removed to Auburn, where he will engage in market gardening. Poor health was the cause of the change.

'80.

C. W. Fernald of South Levant is a member of the present legislature.

'81.

C. E. Fogg is identified with a water-works syndicate at Greensburg, Pa.

'82.

C. C. Garland was on the campus re-

cently. Mr. Garland never fails to call on his old friends here when he is in this vicinity.

'85.

George L. Hanscom, to use his own words, is a dispenser of the gospel instead of drugs, at New Hampton, Iowa.

'86.

On Dec. 2d Mr. Edwin D. Graves was elected to full membership in the American Soc. of C. E. of N. Y. and is now chief engineer of the Conn. River Bridge and Highway District Comm'n. Office 218 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

men who represent the colleges and upon the management of the college teams. There is not space here to treat of the responsibility of the individual athlete, of his duty to his fellow-students and to his college, or of his great opportunity, by reason of the prominence into which his athletic abilities bring him, to exert a great influence for good.

The evils connected with the management of our college athletics deserve a word. Many men seem to think that there is one standard of honor for the class-room and another for the athletic field. The student lauds honor and honesty from the rostrum and prates of the duty of the college man, and later, winks at and becomes a participant in the dishonest policy of managers of athletics in matters that affect the reputation of his college. This policy is nearly always the result of keen competition and sharp rivalry. Everything, even honor, succumbs to that intense desire for victory, and managers and captains in their anxiety are led to adopt plans that could never receive the sanction of their deliberate judgment. The sooner we discard the idea that the victory is all, the better for our college, and the better for the cause of athletics. To have the college represented by a body of strong, vigorous athletes, each man doing his best, and the team working together with an energetic will is what should be desired. Suppose that Bowdoin, Colby or Maine State does happen to have more muscle and sinew in her line! Suppose that we are defeated! Is that a disgrace? Honorable defeat where pluck and the best efforts have failed is *never* a disgrace; it may be a disappointment. A victory won by

dishonorable and underhanded methods *is* a cause of shame.

Bates men, or some of them, it seems, have not yet been able to conquer that pernicious inclination to pass beyond the proper bounds in their efforts to win.

I cannot regret the recent defeat on the foot ball field in view of the fact that two men played on the Bates team: who are not students in the institution. Under such circumstances, a victory would have won no glory for our college, and the exposure that would inevitably have followed, would have placed Bates in a most undesirable position before the public. The mistake should not be repeated. One would hardly dare to suggest that Bates should be represented in the intercollegiate debates by others than *bona fide* students of the college. Why not apply the principle as strictly on the gridiron and diamond? College athletics should rise above the sphere of professional prize-fighting. Eleven strong men could be hired to play foot-ball for the college. Would they represent Bates? The playing of outsiders can have only a harmful effect upon the team itself. It removes the incentive of the men on the second eleven and discourages men who work hard, and for a long time to "make" the first team, only to be displaced by a chance comer. Better a long succession of defeats than to sail under false colors!

In years past it was deemed legitimate to offer pecuniary inducements to athletic young men about to enter college. This custom has been discarded in nearly all the colleges with any athletic standing and with very good results. Bates has been free

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from this evil for some time, and will be wise if she continues to avoid it. The men who were thus secured were turbulent, unruly, and in many cases unreasonable in their demands. Their presence had a demoralizing effect upon the rest of the team, and as a matter of fact, Bates has had as good, if not better athletes, since the practice ceased.

Bates wants men on her teams who enter contests for the purpose of win-

ning glory and honor, not for themselves, but for their college.

We want men to represent her who will not disgrace her in any way, either on or off the field, and who will not hazard victory by dissipation in any form. We want honest, earnest, faithful, and energetic men, who will spare no legitimate efforts to win, and who will, if it is necessary, go down in honorable defeat with colors flying and unstained.



Chapel attendance at the University of Chicago has been made compulsory one day in the week. Since the institution first opened the attendance has been optional, and as a result but a small percentage of the students has attended. On Monday the Junior college is required to attend; Tuesday the Seniors attend; Thursday the divinity students; Friday the graduates.

"Don't wait until the iron's hot,

But make it hot by muscle;

Don't wait for wealth your father's got,

Take off your coat and hustle."

The Harvard board of examiners have made the use of correct English in the examination papers one of the conditions of entrance. They also

publish several of the worst specimens submitted, giving the name of the fitting school at which the rejected applicant prepared. It is needless to state that this is no advertisement for schools giving little attention to the study of our own language.

Each college student should take pride in his college paper, and lend to it his substantial support. It will make him stronger by giving. It will make him more loyal to his college and it will make stronger the golden cord of friendship which binds student with student.—*Gates Index*.

The sesqui-centennial exercises of Princeton were celebrated during the week beginning October 19.

Before slates were invented, people multiplied on the earth.

SOME LITERARY PROBLEMS.

Is Thomas Hardy now-a-days?
 Is Rider Haggard pale?
 Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
 And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? Was Hermann Grimm?
 Was Edward Young? John Gay?
 Jonathan Swift? and Old John Bright?
 And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and was J. R. Green?
 Chief Justice Taney quite?
 Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
 Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
 John Suckling really, pray?
 Was Hogg much given to the pen?
 Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
 Did C. D. Warner? How?
 At what did Andrew Marvel so?
 Does Edward Whympers now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
 Or Richard Boyle beside?
 What gave the wicked Thomas Paine?
 And made Mark Akenside?

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
 Did Richard Steele, I ask?
 Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
 Did William Ware a mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
 John Horne Tooke what, and when?
 Is Gardner Cumming? Has G. W.
 Cabled his friends again?

—Ex.