

Summer 6-14-1898

The Cadet June 1898

The Cadet Staff

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THE CADET.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XII.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 8.

THE CADET.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

WALTER J. MORRILL, '99.

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JOHN W. BROWN, '99, L. H. HORNER, 1900,
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FRANK McDONALD, - - - - - Asst. Manager.

SINCE our last issue, a memorable event has taken place in the history of our college. The state has seen fit to accept the volunteered services of over thirty of our students. They are now scattered among several companies of the First Maine Volunteer Infantry, and are on their way to the front. Although a call for their services was somewhat unexpected at this stage of the war, it was met with a promptness which showed that they were in earnest when they placed themselves at the disposal of the state at the commencement of hostilities.

It is a source of gratification to the University of Maine and to the state, that so many of its students, at the first call, are vindicating the policy of the government in the support of colleges, where in return for instruction given, the students, trained for military service, are now responding

to the government's call for volunteers. Over sixty of our alumni and students are now in the two regiments of Maine, where they are serving the country as officers or in the ranks. Although the students are young for responsible military positions, their services will be especially valuable in leavening into proficiency companies composed largely of undrilled men.

The value of our enlisted students has already been found in companies where a few weeks ago they were strangers, and many have already received appointments from their captains as non-commissioned officers.

EXCITEMENT has not ran high here at any time, and the young men did not act without considerable forethought. They have simply responded to what they considered to be their duty as young American citizens, possessing, to a certain degree, a military education, and whose education has been received partly at the government's expense.

THEY have not entered the service without realizing that it means, at least, the endurance of hardships, and possibly worse fates, which, Heaven forbid. In many a home they have left a cloud of anxiety, which will not be dispersed until they shall safely return. In the college they are greatly missed, and as we mingle with

the students in the classes, or at chapel service, or about the campus, there seems continually a vacancy, or an incompleteness, which none seem to completely comprehend unless they analyze the reason.

* * *

By no means has the "fighting blood" of our students been exhausted in the first call for volunteers. In view of the recent response, we do not hesitate to add that if complications should arise in which our country would be subject to more danger, our present representation would be small, compared with our students who would volunteer later. We are proud of them. From a thorough knowledge of the men themselves we know that they will do their whole duty, whether that be only for a summer's encampment in the South, or for serious service on foreign shores. May they all safely return to their alma mater when they have finished their duties as soldiers, and receive from us the laurels of our praise and gratitude.

* * *

THE way in which the students received the innovation of a glee club sing on Wingate's steps a recent Wednesday evening seems to indicate that an established custom of this nature would be welcomed. It would make a very pleasing custom for our glee club to have a sing on the steps occasionally during the warm season.

* * *

WE are now in the midst of the base ball season, and have had ample time to criticise our ball team. It is a "snappy" team and fired with determination. It is too early to predict who will win the pennant, but we may be assured that our team will ably represent us. If we do not

win the bunting, we know that the team has faithfully trained under an excellent coach, that it has had efficient management, and will do its very best. At the end of the season, whether victorious or not, we should give them a royal recognition for their work.

* * *

BOWDOIN lays her victory over our ball team in the game we have already played with her to the encouraging cheering which the Bowdoin students gave their team when the game seemed lost to Bowdoin. Cheering seems to give a beneficial stimulus to a despairing team, and we may sometimes assist our team in a gloomy period of a game by laying aside that funeral silence and following Bowdoin's tactics. College rivalry should not be carried to the extent, however, that a brilliant play of the visiting team be passed unnoticed. We would fail in generosity and the spirit of true sport not to cheer a skillful play made by either side.

* * *

CHEERING has won a good many of our athletic contests, and it ought to be as efficient as it ever was. A cheer at the right time has enthused many a man at some critical point, and he has taken a brace and won out. We seem to lack, at present, a combined and united system of cheering. We make enough noise individually, but it has been designed to rattle the opponents rather than cheer our own men. A hullabaloo of tin horns and yells may do a little to confuse an opposing player who is a poor stick anyway, but it has fully as bad an effect on our own team who are looking to us for encouragement. A pitcher who has worked for several innings under a babel of noises, some

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of them perhaps insulting, has become somewhat used to them. A batter coming up realizes them perhaps for the first time and wonders if they will be hooting at him next. A good, united cheer for him personally would straighten his shaking knees and put new determination in him. And after the cheer, keep quiet. He knows what is expected of him and is going to do his best. It must be discouraging to him to hear directions as to how to "hit it hard," "way over in the woods," for "now's your chance," or a big groan, or "rotten, rotten," if he strikes out. If he does well cheer him, if he makes an error, cheer him, and cheer all together.

* * *

OUR track team has made a great advance this season, due, in part, to efficient coaching and management, and to our new cinder track, a much appreciated gift from the alumni.

The interest in track athletics is all that can be desired, and plenty of material is at hand. Never before has such faithful training been done here, and we confidently expect that our track team will acquit itself nobly in the coming intercollegiate meet. Many new men have been trained this spring, and if their work does not bring us laurels this year, they have made a good start for next year.

* * *

THE senior class numbered forty-five, and when twelve of its numbers left for the war, it naturally discouraged the rest in carrying out their plans for commencement, five out of the nine commencement speakers being among the volunteers. Other members of the class have, however, been appointed to fill the vacancies, and the commencement program will be carried out to the credit of the class which has had so successful a college career.

KARMA.

Πάντα ῥεῖ—Heraclitus.

Each morning ushered by the song of birds,
Swings wide a portal into unknown lands,
And there the spirit on the threshold stands,
And weaves a web of fancies sad or gay.

Each evenings glowing colors in the west,
Each bar of richest crimson, yellow gold,
Glow but to pale, its mighty story told,
The glory dims, the flashing turrets fall.

Each night, a wide vault filled with stars,
Opens a vista to heavens far strand,
Where strife comes not, the holiest, brightest land,
But lo, "The heavens shall fleet away."

Each life, a voyageur seeking far,
The reaches where the living waters flow,
Shall sweep some heavenly chord, half heard and low,
To thrill another's spirit with ecstasy.

L. H. Horner.

THE ANTARCTIC POLE.

ACROSS the Indian Ocean, swept by the Autumn typhoons, or peacefully rolling its waves from the equator to the far-off antarctic lands, lies the track of the tea-clippers, finest product of Yankee shipyards.

Piled, sail on sail, in mountains of canvas, they ride lightly over the seas, to the ports of the East, or homeward, seek the Western Ocean.

The Sunda, three-master, a month out of Hong Kong, had fought headwinds for the past five days; her master meanwhile running his whole gamut of stout, New England oaths, as the crew trimmed the sails to every gust from the west.

And now just as the skies promised a shift of wind to send the clipper booming on her course, up had sprung an ominous range of inky clouds along the western horizon, and the men aloft cried out that a line of foam was chasing upon the ship from the northwest.

"All hands to shorten sail!" The mate hammered and yelled down the fore-castle hatch. The deck watch were already on the yards.

The storm burst, before the men came down, heeling the ship, till the main-yard whipped the water, and in the swirl, two men shot out, like rockets, from the foretopsail yard, into the gloom.

Before the ship righted, the boats, her galley and cook, and three more able seamen, had gone over in the wash of the waves, and two others were carried below to their bunks; old Dick Saunders, the ship's carpenter, with a broken leg, and Larssen, a Swede, jammed on the wheel.

A week later the ship still drove before the gale, until one afternoon, the sun struggled through, and lighted up the lofty cliffs of the Crozets, over the crests of the rollers, to the south. All the next day, the cliffs hung in a blue cloud on the horizon, until the wind hauled to the southeast with the monsoon, and then with every sail drawing, the clipper slid through the seas, at fourteen knots, for the Cape.

It was during the watch below that night, when the rest of the crew were snoring in their bunks, that old Dick, who had taken a fancy to me, had me rummage his sea-chest and bring out a square tin box, wrapped in oilskin and tied like a treasure casket.

"Here," said he, "is an old tin box with a queer yarn to spin," and he threw off the wrappings, and drew out a faded paper, covered with lines and crosses like a map.

Another paper still, tattered and stained as with blood, lay within the tin.

"As I was asaying," the old man went on, "it was just in these seas, along in the forties, that my old Portuguese shipmate, Manoel, slipped off a t'gallant yard in a blow; but before that, bein' superstitious like, and hearing voices in the rigging, as he said, telling him of his time soon to come, he gave me this queer old box, to open after he'd gone, sayin' as how he'd picked it up, on a scrap of beach, in one of these Crozets."

The map lay open on the old man's knee, while he fumbled with his knotty fingers, at the bundle of manuscript, and then we read the dim, scrawling characters, under the fore-castle lantern.

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"I, John Hart, gunner's mate, H. M. S. Erebus, Capt. Ross, do witness before God, that I was left to die upon this shore, by treachery of the"—a great red stain crossed the sheet—"the wonders I have seen, I have written in this log, at divers times, and now have trusted it to the sea, that perchance some day, it may reach human hands."

Jan. 29, 1841.

"Being struck down and hidden upon the shore, I have made my way, at length, in pain of body and mind, to the foot of the burning mountain, seen from the ship"—here again the sheet had fallen into decay, and between the blotches, in cramped letters—"still south, over the ice fields."

Feb. 10.

"The journey's end. They carried me, bound and helpless through a great, light hall, with many people, into a dark cell, where I lay famishing until the morrow. How can I describe the horrors of that night of torture, by hunger and fears. I had fainted, at length, and knew nothing, until a dash of water, woke me in the midst of a circle of strange faces,—

through a street lighted with shining, mellow globes of light. Before us, spread the town, to the foot of the great mountains, stretching away to the south, with flaming peaks"—here the manuscript was yet more discolored and worn. We bent closer, but only a few scattered words were left—"the polar sea—a voyage—three ships.

We gazed curiously at the map. He had roughly sketched, Victoria Land, with Erebus and Terror and a range of towering mountains, running to the south. A town lay on the flank of the range and further down we traced the shadowy coastline of an open polar sea.

The old seaman folded the papers, without a word, and turned to me with a gruff laugh, "a high, old yarn for a man to spin." Three months later, when the ship lay in the East River, and her crew had melted away for a month's jollification I slid down the fore-castle ladder, and stood under the lantern; and there I seemed to see in the dim light, a pair of puzzled faces over an old map, and could hear again, low voices chiming with the shock of the Indian Seas under the bow.

L. H. Horner.



ENTERING COLLEGE.

EVERY man holds in trust all his natural powers of body and mind. To develop fully the mental power with which he has been endowed is as clearly the duty of every young man as is the healthful development of his bodily powers. There is a presumption that every young man whose circumstances in life render it possible should receive a liberal education. In these days of free schools and ample opportunities, the question is not, "Why should this young man go to college?" but "Why should he not go to college?" The parent who can open the way for his son to secure a liberal education has no more right to decline to do so, than he would have to tie the boy's right arm fast to his side, and let it wither, or to refuse to give his son healthful nutriment. And the assertion that a young man can "make more money by the time he is thirty" if he goes into business at fifteen than he can if he goes to college is not a sufficient reason for narrowing that young man's life by the early arrest of the process of education. Suppose that a man of wealth were to make this offer to the father of a healthy boy of fourteen: "Strap your son's right arm to his side and keep it there until he is twenty-five years old, letting the arm wither, and I will give him ten thousand dollars, more than he could earn if he were to work steadily from now until he is twenty-five."

With what indignation would the parent reject such an offer! Is the development of a young man's intellectual and moral powers a matter of less importance than the development

of his bodily powers? The experience of life, and the revealed teaching of God place a sublime emphasis upon the cultivation of the knowing powers, that a trained intelligence and a quickened conscience may rightly direct the power of will in a man's life work.

The college course is no longer regarded merely as the unavoidable portal to the learned "professions." For those who are to pursue a business life, as well as for all men who are not to live a distinctly studious life after graduation, the college course itself is invaluable for the broadening outlook which it opens before them.

There is a sense in which all men are "self made men." College bred or not, no man is fully made a man unless he makes himself! But whatever may be the strength or the virtue of the man who is commonly called self "made," it holds true, as the pre-eminent characteristic of college-bred men, that they have learned *to deal with ideas*, as well as facts. They are open to reason. They know the power of thought. They have seen that "ideas, after all, rule the world." The danger of your practical man of affairs is that he will give too little attention to theory, too much to tradition and maxims of practice. Harassed by details, fettered by custom, constantly warned to pay attention only to experience, the uneducated practical man tends toward narrowness, routine, and blind conformity to usage.

Business life and active professional duties make of college-bred men the most intensely practical citi-

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zens, men who can "bring things to pass." A college course, rightly directed, brings a young man during the plastic years of his life, day by day, under the strong influence of scholarly men, who are intensely alive to the power of ideas. From such minds and wills, strongly exerted on his own, every thoughtful young man receives an influence which goes with him through life, like the iron in his blood. And thus society, through the college-bred men of each generation, whether they work in the professions or in business, is permeated with life and thought, and receives that openness to ideas which is the permanent result of a liberal education.

If a quick spiritual apprehension of noble ideas, a generous loyalty to truth, and a strong sympathy with the needs of mankind are desirable qualities for citizens in every walk in life, then it certainly "pays well" in every sense of the word to train at those colleges where these qualities result from the training the young men who look forward to business life, no less than their brothers who plan for themselves a career in one of the learned professions.

If your object is merely to form social ties with the largest number of the college men of your decade, the choice of a college becomes comparatively simple. "Go with the crowd", and devote yourself to the social life of some institution which numbers its students by the thousand. The agglomerative tendency is strong among the young; and the large colleges, like the huge snowball, will grow larger by reason of their bulk.

While we gratefully acknowledge the noble work and inspiring history of certain of the larger colleges, we believe that in the nature of young

manhood, and in the essential scope of a college education, there are strong reasons for preferring the well equipped, scholarly college of limited members.

Success in college education is not a question of buildings, and apparatus, nor of throngs of students; it is not a question of facts implanted in the memory; it is a question of powers developed and awakened; of discipline imparted, of ennobling outlook, and abiding impulse given.

Does the college toward which you are looking train the intellect to clear, steady work, subject to the will? Does it train the desires and their master, the will, to accept the government of conscience? While it develops powers of body and intellect, does it subordinate them to moral law and high purpose?

But neither the small and inefficient college, nor the larger but unscholarly college, should attract you. You cannot afford to spend four years at a small college which does not maintain high standards of scholarship, lacks strong scholarly teachers, and is not equipped with library, laboratories and apparatus. On the other hand, among the institutions which have great throngs of students in attendance, if you are wise, you will not select a college where the standards of scholarship are notoriously low, however rich it may be in buildings and endowments. You want to study at a college where there is "felt in the air" the stimulating demand upon every man for the best there is in him, intellectually and morally, during every year of the course! No fancied social advantages can make good the lack of intellectual tone and moral vigor in college life. Where these are wanting, great numbers tend only to level

down more inevitably. The percentage of waste time or energy in life during the years spent at such a college is greater than any thoughtful young man should tolerate.

Choose no college, large or small, unless you are satisfied that it has proved itself to be possessed of the power to make of its students scholarly men and manly scholars.

At the college of limited numbers, the personality of every student can be respected as it should be. It is not necessary to deal with young men "in the man." The intense importance of each man's life to himself need not be forgotten. The strongest institution of the college can know the students one by one and can interest themselves in the fullest development of the man's powers, in strengthening each man's character. This consideration is of highest importance.

Crowded institution life of all kinds is unwholesome. To have free breathing-room is a blessing. This holds in the intellectual and moral life as well as in physical hygiene. Where young men are densely massed, it is possible to have a "youngness" in the standards of life and judgment which is overwhelming and not healthful. What is to leaven this man of immaturity? Valuable as is that influence in a course of liberal study which comes from a young man's fellow-students, the best results are attained where the number of strong men of intellectually and morally dominating personality, in the teaching force, is not too small in proportion to the number of students.

Where hundreds of young men are admitted each year, they come to be regarded as so much raw material to be put through certain mechanical processes without reference to their

individual characteristics. The law of the survival of the fittest is left to work out its results.

College life too often goes on without reference to the individual student's moral condition and spiritual needs, without help from friendly personal intercourse between the student and the strong instructor.

At the smaller but well equipped colleges, students need not be experimented upon for the first year or two by inexperienced tutors. From the first they may study under the direction of fully qualified professors of experience. This consideration alone has often led strong students to prefer the smaller college.

Lower standards for all expenditures at the smaller colleges make it possible for a young man to practice economy without feeling himself at a disadvantage.

Is not the fullest power developed in the largest proportion of the class where college classes are large enough to insure stimulating intercourse will classmates of ability, and that impetus which comes from generous friendships and noble rivalries, yet not so large that a man's personality is lost in the mass of men about him?

The training at the smaller colleges often seems to develop more fully the manhood of the average student than does membership in the immense classes of larger institutions. Our smaller colleges can show among their alumni a disproportionate number of the ablest, the most successful, and the most scholarly men of our land. After all just concessions have been made as to the acknowledged advantages of certain large colleges, there are many considerations which have led, and will still lead, the great

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THE SPY.

IN chapel on the morning of May 6th, we were much surprised to hear a telegram read, announcing that the Adjutant-General had decided to utilize some of the Coburn Cadets who had previously offered their services, in recruiting the First Regiment of the National Guard of Maine. It was announced that a recruiting officer would arrive that afternoon, and make arrangements for the transportation of the men to Augusta.

Some twenty-five cadets were desired, and as many more as wished to go.

Sergeant Samuel Dillingham, our cadet major, who had been called to his company the week previous, was the recruiting officer sent, since he was acquainted with the cadets and the conditions here.

Our volunteer company had not thought of volunteering except as a company officered by cadets and alumni.

At first some murmured about accepting the conditions, some thinking that the time had not yet arrived when they were needed. A meeting of the volunteer company and those interested was called immediately after chapel, and all sides of the question were presented in an animated discussion, participated in by students and members of the faculty. It was finally agreed that each student must decide for himself the matter of volunteering, and then the meeting adjourned.

Nearly every member of the volunteer company, which, by the way, had not fully organized, decided that it was his duty to accept the conditions, and rely upon the discretion of the state officials, who wished to have them volunteer then.

In the afternoon accordingly, Sergeant Dillingham arrived, and recruited twenty-five students, but before their departure the following Monday morning, their numbers had swelled to thirty-six.

The entire battalion escorted the volunteers to the station and accompanied them to Bangor, where salutes were fired, and the college cheer was given again and again.

In short, the volunteers were given a royal "send off," although all regretted the parting.

It is hard for us to realize the possibilities of misfortune which may be in store for any who leaves for the front; and yet, vaguely bearing these thoughts in mind, there was scarcely a student who turned away, as the train rolled out, but wished that he was so situated that he could be among the volunteers.

Having arrived in Augusta, the boys "fell in" and marched directly to the house where the surgeons were waiting to give them a rigid physical examination.

Each one in turn was caused to pass the ordeal, which resulted in the rejection of but four. It was the cause of much favorable comment that so healthy and rugged a lot of young men should be found in one body of recruits. Bodies of recruits had usually lost from twenty-five to sixty per cent. of their men. After the examination they marched to Camp Powers, where hundreds of the soldiers idly crowded to the guard lines to satisfy their curiosity in the

inspection of the recruits.

Some thought that a part of an artillery company had made its appearance, for the boys wore their college uniforms, which are the regular artillery uniforms. When it was known that they were college boys, well drilled, and ready to recruit the several companies of the First Regiment, a general rush was made to "work" the new comers for the different companies.

About thirty of our alumni and students, already belonging to the National Guard, were on hand to make the boys comfortable. The cadets were assigned to various companies for mess and tents, and soon were enrolled on the rosters of the different companies.

It was gratifying to see the effect of the gentlemanly and soldierly appearance of the college boys. They were everywhere received with every consideration, which made them feel contented, and, indeed, after three or four weeks of camp life, all send back word that they are enjoying army life as far as their experience has yet gone.

A few days after the boys left, the following telegram was received :

AUGUSTA, ME., May 9, 1898.

PRES. A. W. HARRIS—I am proud of The University of Maine. Thanks for the volunteers. This patriotism will endear it to all the people of Maine. Thirty-two have passed. I wish there were one hundred. I shall see that they are considered when occasion presents.

LEWELLYN POWERS.

With due apologies to those who have written friendly letters to their college friends, and who may be surprised to see portions of their letters in print, we give the following extracts, which will, perhaps, give

ideas of the pleasures and trials of camp life at Augusta :

"Life here at Camp Powers is neither a dream nor a nightmare, but rather a hard existence, cheered up by the fact that you are doing your duty without regard to personal interests."

"I admit that I like a great deal better than I expected to. * * * * Last night nine of us departed through the guard line for a quiet stroll among the rural residences of this neighborhood, and after walking a few miles we made several short calls upon the poultry departments, and came back loaded with fowl."

"Have been promoted to corporal since I arrived, thus getting clear of considerable dirty work. This is no Coburn Cadet camp; we sleep eighteen in a tent, a round tent, and drill about six hours a day. Each corporal has a squad, who tent with him, and he is expected to know where they are all the time.

Profs. Rogers and Flint were over to see us yesterday, and I tell you it did a fellow good to see them. They brought us \$20.70 as a present from the faculty to help out our bill of fare a little.

"What's the matter with the faculty?" * * * * I have learned to eat bread with coffee, coffee without milk, and to dispense with pies and pudding."

One of our boys in Co. M. in giving a pen picture of the tent, says, "On one side, "Roundy" Eaton's smiling face appears; on the other, sits Julius Spinetta, the giant dago. It is cold and has been raining, but the tent is heated by steam; Julius the Dago sleeps with his feet against the stove."

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The following is a list of our volunteers in the 1st Regiment:

CO. D, NORWAY.

Nathan H. Adams, '01, Notch; Charles C. Scott, '99, Dexter; Benj. F. Faunce, '00, corporal, Norway; Alfred A. Starbird, '98, sergeant, South Paris; Ralph H. McPheters, '99, Orono.

CO. G. BIDDEFORD.

H. I. Libby, '98, sergeant, Biddeford.

CO. H, ROCKLAND.

G. W. Stickney, '00, Clinton, Mass.; Dana T. Merrill, '98, East Auburn; David W. Leavitt, '00, Parsonsfield; Dana L. Theriault, '00, Caribou.

CO. B, PORTLAND.

Bertrand R. Johnson, corporal, Portland; Samuel C. Dillingham, sergeant-major, Portland; Walter L. Ellis, '98, Waterville; Arthur R. Tolford, '01, Portland; Horace L. White, '98, corporal, Portland; Edwin A. Sturgis, '98, Lewiston; Roland S. Scribner, '00, Patten; Arthur B. Morse, '01, Jersey City, N. J.; Earnest C. Forbush, '00, Marlboro, Mass.

CO. F, AUGUSTA.

Wilfred R. Tolman, '98, sergeant, Augusta; Fred R. Clark, '98, Portland.

CO. M, WESTBROOK.

Rufus H. Carleton, '99, Cedar Grove; Geo. O. Hamlin, '00, Orono; Elmer J. Noyes, '00, Berlin, N. H.; Frank A. Noyes, '00, Berlin, N. H.; Herbert D. Eaton, '00, Bangor; Chas. O. Porter, '00, sergeant; Cumberland Mills; A. D. T. Libby, '98, corporal, North Scarborough.

Herbert P. Mayo, '99, bugler, South Boston.

Local Notes

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

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

Mosquitoes!

Now for the pennant!

The pleasing prospect of examinations are just ahead.

Vose, 1900, is time keeper on the Shore Line.

Buy a *Prism* if you have not already done so. Never mind the roast you received in it.

The Q. T. V.'s will have a grand opening of their elegant new house, Monday evening, June 20.

The other societies will hold their receptions Tuesday afternoon of commencement week.

Every one is perfectly satisfied with the results of the ball team's Massachusetts trip.

A few Sophomores recently held a little reception on the campus one evening in honor of Benson, 1901. Cold water alone flowed freely, which the latter fully realized.

The Phi Gamma's have a tennis court on the lawn south of Coburn Hall.

Since the opening of the base ball season, Orono people have ceased to regard as an uncommon occurrence the blowing of the whistle at the college.

The following officers were elected by the class of '98: G. W. Lawrence, President; John W. Dearborn, Vice-President; L. E. Ryther, Treasurer.

A new election was required because of the absence of several of the class officers who have gone to war.

The cadet battalion has been reorganized and is now made up of three companies, instead of four as before. The captains are L. E. Dow, H. A. Higgins and R. D. Tarr.

Lieut. Royden having been called to Augusta to act as mustering in officer, the faculty have appointed Perley Walker to act as military instructor during his absence.

"Bounce" Webster is singing second tenor on the Glee Club.

Sergeant Batchelder now wears a sword and sergeant-major's chevrons.

"Chippie" has started a nursery at the end of Oak Hall.

The following have been appointed speakers at Commencement: Rena E. Dunn, Chas. A. Pearce, Gracia Lillian Fernandez, Chas. S. Webster, Elmer D. Merrill, Geo. A. Whittemore, Walter Dolley, Leroy E. Dow (alternate), Lottie G. Farrar (alternate).

Miss Mary Hutchinson of Orono, has taken the position of stenographer and secretary at the Experiment Station in place of Mrs. Waite, resigned.

The carpenters have finished work on the new Q. T. V. house and the members of the society expect to occupy it about June 1. The work of grading about the house is now going on. A new tennis court has been graded across the road east of the house.

About 3.30 A. M., May 19, fire was discovered by Mr. Gowell in one of the large henneries east of the barns. Although an alarm brought help, owing to an insufficient length of hose the fire could not be reached by a stream and the entire building was

destroyed. 125 hens and 800 chickens were also burned. The building was built last fall at a cost of \$1100. Total loss \$1500, with no insurance. The fire is supposed to have started in one of the incubators.

C. C. Whittier, '99, who was severely injured in the Orono railway accident has gone from his home in Skowhegan, to Boothbay hospital, Boston.

The final debate for class championship will be held June 10, between the Junior and Sophomore class. The question will be regarding the abolishment of capital punishment.

On Monday evening, May 18, the Glee Club sang on the steps of Wingate Hall. An informal program was well rendered, closing with a number of popular songs. The audience gathered on the lawn was made up mainly of students and faculty.

The electricals made a car test on the Bangor street railroads recently. The results will be published in the *Electrical World*.

Prof. Munson can hardly believe in the uniformity of nature's laws since his experience with the new shrubbery in front of Oak Hall. Hydrangers and other shrubs were known to bear fruit closely resembling old stockings, ribbons, neckties, old shoes and cigarette boxes. The professor had a speedy harvesting when he came to inspect the crop.

We have quite a representation of students in the second regiment of the N. G. S. M. They left college and went to the camp at Augusta when the troops were called, but have now returned to their work here, subject, however, to another call at any time. Among them are H. H. Leath-

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ers, '99; W. H. Boardman, '01; E. I. Davis, '01, and R. W. Linn, '01.

One Senior was recently asked if he had ever taken English history. He replied "No," but after some meditation he asked, "Was that green covered book I studied last year English history?"

Harold S. Boardman, '95, instructor, has resumed his work here. He is 1st Lieut. of Co. G, Bangor, and is at present in command of the company. Co. G was disappointed in not being called for active service.

A large plot of land about the flag pole has been recently seeded and at present gives a somewhat bald appearance to this part of the campus. With this exception the campus is looking exceptionally fine.

C. W. Bartlett, 1900, who is out of college this year is just recovering from a nearly fatal attack of pneumonia.

Alexander Love, 1900, is out working for the remainder of the term. He is an experienced stone cutter, and is employed on the stone work being constructed at the water works, Bangor.

The picture of the "co-ed" athletic team was a howling success, and Miss M. ordered three copies.

On the preliminary survey of the Waterville & Wiscasset Railroad, the college was well represented, four out of the party of nine being alumni or undergraduates of the institution. These were John H. Burleigh, '87, chief engineer; Geo. W. Jeffrey, '96, leveler; R. H. Rockwood, '99, transit; R. G. Wormell, 1900, chairman.

Pres. Harris recently received a box by express which contained a large owl. In the express office a cat was making an investigation of the

different packages and happened to walk upon the one containing the owl. The enraged owl made a dash, caught the cat, and for a short time gave it a series of surprises. The following warning was posted on the side of the box:

INFORMATION FOR THE CURIOUS.

"This bird is the Great American Horned Owl. He is known as General Lee. Like the distinguished gentleman whose name he bears, he is a fighter, and descended from a long line of fighters. He fears neither man nor devil. His hatred of everything Spanish is fierce and undying. When Dewey knocked out the 'Dons' at Manilla, he gave an exultant hoot for every Spanish vessel destroyed. He hopes that Sampson will send the rest of the Spanish fleet where the Maine now is. He is on his way to the University of Maine, at Orono, where he can better observe the gallant young men who are going out to help teach Weyler and Blanco that blowing up a Yankee war ship, in time of peace, is an incident that can be wiped out only with Spanish blood, and lots of it. Use him well."

Having inspected the boys, he next visited a taxadermist's, and will in the future make his abode in the museum.

On the evening of May 2, there was held in the college chapel the debate between Junior and Senior classes, upon the question, Resolved: That the free institutions of the United States are in danger. The first speaker on the affirmative was O. O. Stover, '99, who took up the subject of the evils of immigration in its effects upon crime and its relations to pauperism. A. D. T. Libby, '98, first on the negative, argued the strength of the American Democracy. The entire argument for the negative throughout the debate was based upon the claim that there was no

danger to free institutions with such a strength of democracy. Second on the affirmative, E. E. Palmer, in a systematic way covered a good deal of ground, and H. I. Libby on the negative, ably extended the argument for his side. Mr. Stover on the rebuttal made some telling points, and Mr. Libby closed the debate. The judges, Prof. Rogers and Mr. Bustard after a short consultation, gave a decision in favor of affirmative.

On Friday evening, May 27, at Banquet Room, City Hall, Bangor, the Omicron Epsilon Eta Pi Society was inaugurated as the Alpha Delta Chapter of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity. The ceremonies were conducted by S. H. Walsh and J. H. Merrick of Philadelphia, Pa., who constituted the Grand Commission from the Arch Chapter of the fraternity. At the close of the inauguration, a banquet was furnished by Fox & Adams.

Toastmaster,	F. W. Sawtelle
The Occasion,	D. F. H. Perkins
The University of Maine,	E. D. Merrill
Omicron Epsilon Eta Pi,	L. N. Edwards
Phi Kappa Sigma and the Ideal Chapter,	J. H. Merrick
Athletics,	A. L. Grover
The Student Body,	C. L. Small
The Courses,	O. O. Stover
Fraternity Conditions at U. of M.,	J. G. Lurvey
Our Prospects,	C. L. Cole

THE SPANISH WAR.

WARS have been waged for many purposes—some of them noble, but many of them shameful. He who reviews the wars of our own history finds much to admire and little to regret. The fathers of '76, a little people, for eight weary years kept up a gallant fight against the greatest naval and military power of the time,

and by accepting defeat without discouragement, by straving and freezing without faltering, and by that hardest of means—harder than battle—the waiting that maketh the heart sick, they at last won an abiding victory. The brave soldiers of 1812 astonished the world by their skill and pluck. The soldiers of the Mexican war won an empire without a single defeat. The boys in grey who came from every city and hamlet of the southland showed the world how bravely the Anglo Saxon can fight. Thousands of fathers and brothers who went out from our own doorways willingly laid down their lives, having highly resolved that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth.

All these have attained unto a great glory. But the Spanish war is like no other war. Washington fought for the independence of his native land. John Paul Jones fought to uphold the maritime rights of his people. Scott fought to extend the borders of his country. Lee fought to maintain the industrial supremacy of his section. Lincoln fought to preserve the union. With these leaders we sought results which appeal to our own interests, and each victory won a great prize.

The Spanish war is neither a war of necessity nor conquests, but a great Samaritan war waged for the welfare of a feeble neighbor, helpless and friendless, ground down under an endless despotism, whose only return for our help, can be his gratitude and prosperity. In nothing have the Americans more highly honored themselves and their land, than in this sacrifice of themselves to deliver the Cuban.



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Y^E ALUMNI.

NEW YORK, May 10th, 1898.

Believing that the men now undergraduates in the University of Maine, as well as the faculty and the alumni at large, are interested in the doings of the men who have gone out from its walls, this account is giving of the meeting held by the New York Alumni Association of the University of Maine.

Our sister Association in Boston can boast a larger membership than our own here, due to the fact that in their migration south after graduation, the meshes of the Hub gather in so many men, but we do not yield to them in enthusiasm nor in our regard for the institution from which we came.

The New York Association was organized in April, 1892, and has held regular meetings since.

The meeting and banquet this year was held on the evening of May 5th at the Arena on W. 31st street near Broadway, a favorite place for college men to meet and eat Muschenheim's good things.

We were unfortunate this year in that our Secretary, Mr. Edmund Clark, who has done so much to make the Association a success, was not with us. He, being a member of the New York Naval Reserves, has enlisted in the U. S. service and has been assigned to duty as quartermaster at the U. S. Signal Station recently established at Montauk Point at the eastern end of Long Island.

We were fortunate in having with us as guests of the evening, Dr. A. W. Harris, Pres. of the University; Mr. Louis C. Southard, Pres. of the Boston Alumni Association, and Mr. E. J. Haskell of Westbrook, Me., a member of the class of '72, the first class to graduate from the University.

The business meeting was called to order by A. E. Mitchell, the president of the Association, and Chas. H. Kilbourne was appointed secretary *pro tem* in the absence of Mr. Clark.

The officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Pres., A. D. Blackington, '77; Vice Pres., F. H. Pullen, '77; Sec. and Treas., Edmund Clark, '91. Executive Committee, A. E. Mitchell, '75; Chas. H. Kilbourne, '91; J. C. Graves, '91.

After the excellent banquet had been disposed of, letters of regret were read from Ex-Pres. M. C. Fernald, Prof. H. M. Estabrooke, Prof. Walter Flint, Dr. W. H. Jordan, Wm. T. Haynes, S. M. Jones, E. H. Kelley, A. M. Goodale, R. K. Jones and others.

Dr. Harris was introduced by the toastmaster, Dr. Ferguson, and his account of the work being done by the University, its future aims and prospects, were listened to with a great deal of interest.

Mr. Southard discussed the war situation, and the duties of the educated man to the political life of the nation.

Mr. Haskell gave many interesting

reminiscences of the first class in the University, and other members of the Association entertained the company with wit and wisdom.

Dr. Heywood, who was so prominent while in college, in Athletics, spoke of this side of University life, and made the proposition that a committee be appointed to confer with other Alumni Associations relative to the purchase of a permanent trophy to be held by the annual athletic champion of the University. This met the approval of the Association, and Dr. Heywood was made such a committee.

At a late hour, the meeting dispersed with the sincere hope that future meetings may be as successful and that we may then have representatives from the undergraduates, and more visitors from other Associations.

The members present besides the guests were: A. E. Mitchell, '75; A. D. Blackington, '77; F. H. Pullen, '77; L. W. Riggs, M. D., '85; J. Fred Lockwood, '86; Irving M. Clark, '87; A. W. Sargent, '88; J. S. Ferguson, M. D., '89; F. A. Andrews, '90; J. J. Coffin, '90; J. C. Graves, '91; Chas. H. Kilbourne, '91; F. S. Tolman, '92; G. F. Atherton, '92; R. C. Clark, '92; H. H. Heywood, D. D. S., '96.

CHAS. H. KILBOURNE,
Sec. Pro Tem.

The Secretary of '96, urges the members of the class to keep the class letter moving. Several inquiries have been received in regard to it and all the secretary can say is that it was started in September, '96. No member should impose upon his fellows by keeping the letter longer than is really necessary for a thorough perusal and his addition thereto. Let the members make a special effort to keep the letter circulating, so that as much

as possible we may keep in touch with each other.

'75.

Mr. L. C. Southard of the Boston Alumni Association, is trying to raise a company of graduates of U. of M. living in Boston.

'87.

J. D. Lazelle, 443 Tremont Building, Boston, was recently operated upon for appendicitis, and is getting along nicely.

Ex-'90.

The marriage of Herbert B. Rowell with Vesta Alma Millett, of Granville, Me., took place there April 20, '98.

'95.

H. T. Fernald, Professor of Zoology in Pennsylvania State College, has been appointed zoologist of the state; this will not interfere with his duties there.

'96.

Gilbert Tolman was on the campus a short time, May 20th, on his way home from Raleigh, N. C., where he is teaching in Shaw's University. He expects to attend commencement.

R. L. Fernald has enlisted in the 7th Regiment, U. S. Regulars. He left for Tampa the 14th.

'97.

A. J. Nute has been appointed instructor of guard duty at Harvard University for cadets intending to enlist. He is in the class of '99 there and was appointed by Lieut. Burke, commandant of the military department.

Ex-'98.

F. P. Bradford, Phar., is studying under J. H. McDonald, South Boston. He took the State Board examinations May 4th, '98.

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THE TRIUMPHANT MARCH OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the few minutes which I have to speak to you this afternoon, it is my purpose to glance briefly at some of the triumphs of the nineteenth century, especially pertaining to our own country and some of the reasons why we are justly proud of this fair land of ours.

At the beginning of the present century, comparatively small was our country, and few were her exports. Fifty years ago little was known of the vast region west of the Mississippi, which is able to feed the nations of the world; but American thrift and energy have pushed their way across the great "Father of Waters" and the mighty plains which lie for thousands of miles beyond. Forests then known only to the wild beasts that roamed therein have yielded to the axe of American energy. Vast plains covered with wild grasses and inhabited only by countless numbers of buffaloes and other animals that roamed unharmed across its millions of acres, have been upturned by the plow of industry and to-day yield millions of bushels of golden grain. Conquered rivers have been found superior to the deceitful rain clouds for watering the soil and, thanks to irrigation, what was once the great "American Desert," and thought to be a vast worthless tract, has by the bounty of its products surprised the world.

Our cities and towns are teeming with the ceaseless din of factories and the hurry and bustle of trade and traffic. The quiet of every community is disturbed day and night by the busy wheels of commerce, as the

trains rush from every direction toward the seaboard cities, laden with the rich products of the American farm. Our mills and factories, our work shops of every description are mainly engaged in supplying our people with the comforts and luxuries of modern life, and in converting crudeness and barbarism into cultured civilization.

A man without a powerful imagination cannot keep pace with the wonderful inventions which the nineteenth century has produced. Steam, water, and electricity have become the servants of man. It was the Americans who invented the electric motor, the sewing machine, the telephone and the typewriter.

The civilization of the world owes a debt of gratitude to our scientists and inventors, for, like the discovery of a continent by Columbus, they have given the world a foundation upon which to build. Steam has brought the nations of the earth into hand shaking acquaintance, and, with the aid of electricity, steam power is at the root of all our material wealth and prosperity.

We have just been learning the A B C's of gas, and steam, and electricity, and automatic machines. We are on the brink of the twentieth century, a most prodigious future. Who shall say what that century has in store for us? We have no way of judging the future out by the past, and, judging by the wonderful achievements of the last few years, we can only conclude that, as we step out across the plateau of the future it will give us inventions of which the past have been but a mere inception.

The United States of America constitutes not only the most powerful of nations in the most literal meaning of the word, but it is all the time increasing its speed in the race. Through our wise encouragement of the arts and sciences and of inventions our nation long since has lead and will continue to lead the world for years to come. Where is American slavery? The clanking chains of five million slaves have been loosed forever, and the voices of the negro are uttering the most immortal of songs—the songs of freedom. When, till now, has there been such freedom of thought and speech, such power forced in the hands of the individual. When, till the closing years of the nineteenth century, has there been such an awakening to the needs of the human race, such timely aid given to the down-trodden and afflicted?

There is said to be more difference between Napoleon's time and ours than between Napoleon's and Julius Cæsar's—one century against eighteen. When Napoleon went down into Egypt he found the stony records of past ages standing forth in all their majesty. He could not have imagined that it would be given to men of almost the next generation to look upon the faces of Pharaoh and his mighty hosts, much less could he have imagined that in this near future the voice of man could be imprisoned on a little cylinder to be reproduced at the pleasure of his successors.

The United States is truly the nation that gives the Bible to the world. Our missionaries are carrying the gospel light to every clime, and just so fast as the influence of the Bible reaches Dark Africa, India, and the savage isles of the Southern Sea, just so fast do the natives rise in the

scale of being and start on the road toward modern civilization.

Some one may ask why have the United States made such progress? Let me illustrate: Take two brothers, sons of poor parents, brought up in the same home and in the same way. One is put to a rude trade and never gets beyond the necessity of making a living by the sweat of his brow. The other begins as an errand boy, gets a start in another direction and finally becomes a successful lawyer, business man or politician. When they reach middle life the contrast will be striking and the unreflecting will credit it to the greater natural ability of the one to push himself beyond the other. But just as striking a contrast in manners and intelligence will be seen in the case of two sisters one of whom married to a man who has remained poor has her life fretted with petty cares and devoid of opportunities. The other married to a man whose subsequent position brings her into cultured society which open up for her opportunities to refine her taste and expand her intelligence. And why this difference? On the one hand, they were held down as it were in bondage and could not bring out the powers that lay dormant within them, while on the other hand there was freedom and liberty to cultivate the possibilities with which they were endowed.

While the people of other lands are restricted in their liberty and discouraged in their ambitions here is found the highest degree of liberty and freedom the world has ever seen; and it is chiefly because of this liberty that, although the youngest of the great nations we have marched in a hundred years from the foot to the head of the column. To-day we stand without a parallel in history

and in a world.

Yet who although entirely increased than ever work that from our cause which into retrogression. What has civilization the unequal and power operating noticeable in Showing its community the more progress. Wages tend to rise, the richer while the poorer of the

Another our people temperance it? Shall those men who they know curse from tax it, thus the drunk wretches who deeper into crime as the strings are their fathers' sons going graves.

and in a position to dictate to the world.

Yet whoever will look may see that although our civilization is apparently increasing with greater rapidity than ever before, there are forces at work that are draining the life blood from our free institutions. The same cause which turned Roman progress into retrogression is operating now. What has destroyed every previous civilization has been the tendency to the unequal distribution of wealth and power. This same tendency operating with increasing force is noticeable in our civilization to-day. Showing itself in every progressive community and with greater intensity the more progressive that community. Wages tend constantly to fall, rents to rise, the rich to become very much richer while wringing it from the coffers of the poor.

Another great evil that confronts our people to-day is the curse of intemperance. What shall we do about it? Shall we elect and support only those men who dare to stand for what they know to be right and drive the curse from our borders, or shall we tax it, thus wringing that tax from the drunkard's family. Those poor wretches who are plunged deeper and deeper into poverty, pauperism and crime as the days roll by; whose heart strings are torn asunder by seeing their fathers, and brothers, and their sons going down to drunkards' graves.

While time will not allow for the discussions of these social questions of the day, yet we feel that they will all be righted in the future. These questions lie with the young men and women of our land to-day. Ours is an awful responsibility. In our hands is the answer to the question: Shall our boasted free institutions rise to still more gigantic proportions of strength and beauty or topple into anarchy and crumble into dust? Let us, as loyal young men of to-day, strive to root out these evils that are undermining our free institutions and place our names by the side of those, who, by burning words and noble deeds have written their names on the brightest pages of our country's history. Let us do what we can for the upbuilding of our fellowmen, advancing the cause of civilization and hastening the day when the stars and stripes shall tower above them all as the emblem of purity, of peace, and of power in all the world. Let us be true to this, the leader of nations, a country that has never raised its voice against freedom's cause, a republic founded upon the bed rock of liberty in the forest primeval of our own New England, a nation whose power and prosperity and liberty and enlightenment are the wonder and admiration of the world.

J. O. Whitcomb.



ATHLETICS

THE FIELD MEET.

THE fifth annual college field meet was held on the new athletic field Wednesday afternoon, May 25. It was not an ideal day for athletics, being cloudy and rather cool, but in spite of the unfavorable weather, six of the previous college records were broken.

With the exception of the two long runs and the pole vault all the records are creditable; there is time, however, to improve in all of them before we send our team to Brunswick on June 8.

Grover, '99 won the individual championship with 19 points; he also broke the New England intercollegiate record on throwing the discus. Rollins, '00, did good work in the sprints, as did Goodwin, '01, in the middle distances.

Coach Moakley awarded three special gold medals to Grover, Rollins and Goodwin for good individual work. The boys all appreciate the generosity of their coach in giving these medals.

The class championship was won by 1900.

The following is the summary of events:

100 YARD DASH—Won by F. M. Rollins, 1900; A. L. Grover, '99, 2nd; H. A. Hatch, 1900, 3d. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

120 HURDLE—Won by H. P. Merrill, '98; C. S. Cole, 1900, 2nd; W. E. Belcher, '99, 3d. Time, 19 3-5 seconds.

HALF-MILE RUN—Won by G. E. Goodwin, 1901; H. P. Merrill, '98, 2nd; E. S. Miles, 1900, 3d. Time, 2.16 3-5 seconds.

440 YARD DASH—Won by G. E. Goodwin, 1901; W. B. Caswell, '99, 2nd; A. S. Merrill, '99, 3d. Time, 56 seconds.

ONE MILE RUN—Won by E. M. Tate, 1900; J. E. French, 1900, 2nd; G. E. Goodwin, 1901, 3d. Time, 5.31 2-3 seconds.

TWO MILE BICYCLE—Won by R. W. Linn, 1901; F. E. Watts, 1901, 2nd; A. S. Page, 1900, 3d. Time, 6.21 seconds.

220 YARDS HURDLE—Won by C. L. Cole, 1900; F. M. Davis, 1901, 2nd; H. P. Merrill, '98, 3d. Time, 26 2-5 seconds.

TWO MILE RUN—Won by G. H. Davis, 1901; J. E. French, 1900, 2nd; W. A. Libby, 1901, 3d. Time, 12 m., 13 4-5 seconds.

220 YARDS DASH—Won by F. M. Rollins, 1900; H. A. Hatch, 1900, 2nd; E. E. Palmer, '99, 3d. Time, 23 3-5 seconds.

POLE VAULT—Won by G. A. Hersey, 1900; W. H. Boardman, 1901, 2nd; E. E. Palmer, '99, 3d. Height 8.8 feet.

PUTTING 16-POUND SHOT—Won by A. L. Grover, '99; L. N. Edwards, '98, 2nd; H. P. Hoyt, 1901, 3d. Distance, 34 ft., 10 in.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP—Won by H. A. Hatch, 1900; J. H. Swain, '99, 2nd; A. L. Grover, '99, 3d. Distance, 18 ft., 6 in.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP—Won by H. P. Merrill, '98; F. W. Sawtelle, '98, 2nd; S. P. Shaw, 1901, 3d. Height, 5 ft.

THROWING 16-POUND HAMMER—Won by A. L. Grover, '99; R. H. Sabine, 1900, 2nd; J. W. Dearborn, '98, 3d. Distance, 97 ft., 8 in.

THROWING DISCUS—Won by A. L. Grover, '99; R. H. Sabine, 1900, 2nd; H. P. Merrill, '98, 3d. Distance, 106 ft., 6 in.

The records broken are as follows:

100 YARDS DASH—(Former record, 10 3-5 sec.), present record, 10 2-5 sec.

220 YARDS DASH—(Former, 24 sec.), present, 23 3-5.

440 YARDS DASH—(Former, 56 1-5 sec.), present, 56 sec.

220 YARDS HURDLE—(Former, 29 sec.), present, 26 2-5 sec.

POLE VAULT—(Former, 8 ft., 6 in.), present, 8 ft., 8 in.

HAMMER—(Former, 92 ft., 6 in.), present, 97 ft., 8 in.

The class record for the day was as follows:

	'98	'99	1900	1901
100-yards dash.....		3	6	
Half-mile run.....	3		1	5
120-yard hurdle.....	5	1	3	
440-yards dash.....		4		5
Two-mile bicycle.....			1	8
Mile run.....			8	1
220-yards hurdle.....	1		5	3
Two-mile run.....			3	6
220-yards dash.....		1	8	
Throwing discus.....	1	5	3	
Pole vault.....		1	5	3
Putting 16-lb shot.....	3	5		1
Running high jump.....	8			1
Throwing 16-lb. hammer... 1		5	3	
Running broad jump.....		4	5	
Totals	22	29	51	33

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Innings U. of M... Augusta..

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We are now well into the base ball season, and our hopes are high of being penant winners.

When this issue of THE CADET goes to press we will have played nine games, and lost only two, one to Bowdoin and one to Holy Cross. Our loosing to Bowdoin was simply through hard luck, caused by a critical error when we had already won the game.

Our defeat by Holy Cross was nothing more than we expected, since they are one of the strongest college teams in New England, we did well to hold them down to so small a score.

Much more work is being done in the field and track athletics this year than ever before; not only is it more in quantity, but much better in quality. Each man is doing systematic training, and we feel sure this will tell in the end.

We profited greatly from the presence of coach Moakley during the first week in May, and on the 23rd of the month he came again to remain with us until the Intercollegiate meet on June 8.

The preliminary field meets we have had each Saturday of late have done much toward getting the fellows used to competing in their respective events. Many practical points have been learned from them.

U. OF M., 19; AUGUSTA, 7.

On Fast Day we played a local team at Augusta, which resulted in an easy victory for us as the score shows.

Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
U. of M.....3 5 2 0 5 1 0 3 0-19
Augusta.....0 0 0 0 0 0 7 0 0-7

BOWDOIN, 9; U. OF M., 8.

The first game in the Maine Intercollegiate series took place at Brunswick on Saturday, May 7. Although the playing was at times rather loose, it was a very exciting contest, and it

took ten innings to decide it. Cushman pitched a brilliant game, and had he received the support he deserved we would have won. At the beginning of the seventh the score stood 8 to 3 in our favor. In this and the eighth a bunching of hits by Bowdoin and a few critical errors by our men gave the Brunswick boys five runs, which tied the score.

Greenlaw opened the last half of the tenth with a two-base hit; he reached third on Bryant's sacrifice, and scored the winning run on Clark's fly to center field.

Palmer, Pretto, Dolley, Welch and Cushman all played a fine game.

The summary:

BOWDOIN.

AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wignott, c.....6	1	1	2	8	0	0
Greenlaw, lf.....4	2	1	2	0	0	0
Bryant, 3b.....5	1	1	1	4	2	2
Clark, ss.....5	1	1	2	2	3	1
Libby, p.....0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bacon, p.....5	0	0	0	2	4	0
Cloudman, 1b...3	1	1	1	10	2	2
Stanwood, c.....3	2	0	0	2	0	0
Tyler, rf.....4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Haskell, 2b.....3	0	0	0	2	4	0
Totals.....38	9	5	8	30	15	5

U. OF M.

AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Pretto, ss.....5	0	2	2	1	3	0
Palmer, lf.....6	2	2	2	0	0	0
Dolley, 3b.....4	1	2	2	1	1	0
Crockett, rf.....4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Small, 1b.....6	0	1	1	10	0	1
Welch, cf.....6	2	2	2	1	0	0
Clark, c.....5	1	0	0	13	0	1
Sprague, 2b.....4	1	0	0	1	3	1
Cushman, p.....3	0	0	0	0	4	1
Totals.....43	8	9	9	29	11	5

Bowdoin.....2 0 0 0 0 1 0 3 2 1-9
U. of M.....1 0 0 1 2 0 4 0 0 0-8

Two base hits—Wignott, Greenlaw, Clark.
Passed balls—Clark. Wild pitches—Cushman.
Bases on balls—by Cushman, 8; by Bacon, 7.
Hit by pitched ball—by Cushman, 2. Struck out—by Cushman, 12; by Bacon, 4. Double play—Bryant, Haskell, Cloudman and Wignott.
Umpire, Carpenter.

U. OF M., 11; BOSTON COLLEGE, 4.

It was on Friday afternoon, May 13, that we met Boston College on the diamond at Maplewood Park. It was a good day for base ball, and we were in hopes we would win the game, but were uncertain concerning

the strength of the team we were going against. We were not long in doubt, however, for after we had gotten well into the game, it was evident that the Boston boys were out-classed. Crockett was in the box and pitched a splendid game for us.

The summary:

U. OF M.							
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Pretto, ss.....4	2	1	1	0	2	0	
Palmer, lf.....5	1	1	2	2	0	0	
Dolley, 3b.....3	0	0	0	1	2	1	
Small, 1b.....5	1	1	1	12	0	0	
Welch, 2b.....5	1	3	3	0	5	0	
Crockett, p.....4	2	1	3	1	2	0	
Brann, cf.....2	2	1	1	2	0	0	
Clark, c.....4	1	2	2	9	0	0	
Sprague, rf.....4	1	1	1	0	1	0	
Totals.....36	11	11	14	27	12	1	

BOSTON COLLEGE.							
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Cassidy, 3b.....4	0	0	0	1	0	4	
D. Crowley, 2b..4	1	0	0	3	3	0	
Slattery, c.....4	1	2	2	8	1	0	
Laughery, cf....3	1	1	1	2	1	0	
Hartnett, lf.....4	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Does, lb.....4	0	0	0	6	0	1	
Butters, ss.....3	0	1	1	2	1	2	
Clancey, p.....4	0	0	0	0	4	1	
W. Crowley, rf..2	1	0	0	1	1	1	
Totals.....32	4	4	4	24	11	9	
U. of M.....2	2	3	0	0	1	3	-11
Boston College....0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3-4

Two base hits—Palmer. Three base hits—Crockett. Stolen bases—U. of M., 4; B. C., 1. Bases on balls—by Clancey, 8; by Crockett, 3. Struck out—by Clancey, 6; by Crockett, 7. Time of game, 2 h. 15 m. Umpire, Bass.

U. OF M., 13; BATES, 6.

For the past three years when Bates has played with us on our home grounds they have had good luck during the first part of the game, and apparently had it well in hand, but there has always come a fatal inning for them, about the sixth or seventh, when they forget how to play ball, and their pitchers are at our mercy. This year it was the sixth. Up to the beginning of this inning we had not been able to score, and Bates already had three runs to her credit, and things began to look rather dubious for us. This was the time, however, when we began our fusilade and when the smoke cleared away, there were seven runs down to our

credit. In the seventh we got three more scores, and also in the eighth. Bates scored twice more in the seventh and once in the ninth. Cushman pitched fine ball. On account of dissatisfaction, umpire Nason retired in the eighth, and Plaisted and Fairbanks were substituted.

The summary:

U. OF M.							
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Pretto, ss.....3	1	1	1	0	1	0	
Palmer, rf.....4	1	1	3	4	0	1	
Dolley, 3b.....3	3	1	2	1	1	0	
Small, 1b.....4	2	2	4	8	0	0	
Welch, 2b.....5	1	1	1	2	2	0	
Brann, cf.....4	2	2	5	1	0	0	
Clark, c.....4	1	0	0	10	0	0	
Sprague, lf.....5	0	2	3	1	0	0	
Cushman, p.....4	1	0	0	0	2	0	
Totals.....36	13	10	19	27	6	1	

BATES.							
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Quinn, 3b.....4	2	1	2	0	0	1	
Pulsifer, p.....3	2	2	2	2	3	0	
Putnam, rf.....4	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Johnson, 2b.....5	0	1	1	3	3	0	
Lowe, 1b.....4	1	2	4	8	0	1	
Purinton, c.....4	0	1	1	5	2	0	
Hinckley, lf.....4	0	0	0	1	0	1	
Bennett, cf.....4	0	0	0	1	0	1	
Smith, ss.....2	1	0	0	4	2	3	
Totals.....34	6	7	10	24	10	7	

Score by innings:

U. of M.....0	0	0	0	0	7	3	3	0-13
Bates.....2	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	1-6

Two base hits, Dolley, Sprague, Quinn. Three base hits, Palmer, Small, Lowe. Stolen bases, U. of M., 5; Bates, 6. Bases on balls, Pulsifer, 8; Cushman, 6. Struck out, by Cushman, 8; by Pulsifer, 5. Time, 2 h. 20 m.

U. OF M., 5; BOSTON COLLEGE, 4.

The first game of the Massachusetts trip was played in Boston on the South Boston grounds. The Boston College team was strengthened in nearly every position. They made three scores in the first inning, but after that Cushman was invincible.

At the beginning of the ninth we were one ahead, but failed to score in our half. In the last half, with two men out and a man on second, a hit by a B. C. man, and an error on our part caused our opponents to score, thus making it necessary to play three more innings before it could be decided. There were about thirty of our alumni in the grand stand to

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Pretto,
Palmer
Dolley,
Small,
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Total

Cassidy
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cheer our team on to victory.

Cushman, Pretto, Palmer and Brann played well for U. of M., and Slattery and Doland did good work for Boston College.

The score :

U. of M.							
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Pretto, ss.....7	1	0	0	1	1	0	
Palmer, lf.....5	2	1	1	2	0	0	
Dolley, 3b.....6	0	2	2	2	1	0	
Small, 1b.....6	0	1	1	9	0	0	
Welch, 2b.....6	0	0	0	3	3	2	
Brann, cf.....5	1	2	2	1	1	0	
Clark, c.....5	0	1	1	15	2	0	
Sprague, rf.....6	0	0	0	2	0	0	
Cushman, p.....3	1	0	0	1	2	0	
Totals.....49	5	7	7	36	10	2	

BOSTON COLLEGE.

AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Cassidy, cf.....5	1	1	1	3	0	0	
Teeling, 1b.....3	1	0	0	11	0	0	
Slattery, 2b.....5	1	1	2	13	0	0	
Farrell, ss & 2b..5	0	1	0	2	4	1	
Doland, 3b.....5	1	0	0	1	4	2	
Hartnett, lf.....5	0	0	0	2	0	1	
W. Crowley, 2b..5	0	1	1	1	2	3	
E. Crowley, rf...4	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Clancey, p.....5	0	0	0	2	1	0	
Totals.....42	4	4	4	36	11	7	

Innings. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
 U. of M.....0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 1—5
 B. C.....3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—4
 Bases on balls, by Clancey, 5; by Cushman, 2.
 Struck out, by Clancey, 11; by Cushman, 14.
 Passed balls, Clark, 1. Hit by picked ball, Cassidy, Dolley, Sprague. Stolen bases: U. of M. 2; B. C., 3.

U. OF M., 7; MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, 6.

The next game was with Massachusetts State at Amherst. In the first we got two runs, which so discouraged the first pitcher that Dorman took his place.

It would have proved an easy thing for us had the umpire known the first rudiments of the game. As the game went on he did not stop making his wild decisions and Crockett took his place. The latter umpired a square game and there was no more kicking on either side. Welch and Palmer played well for us, and Clark made some fine catches.

For the "Aggies," Eaton, Crowell and Hinds did the best.

The score :

U. OF M.							
AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Pretto, ss.....4	0	0	0	0	3	1	
Palmer, lf.....5	1	1	1	3	1	0	
Dolley, 3b.....4	2	0	0	0	0	0	
Small, 1b.....4	0	1	1	10	0	1	
Welch, 2b.....5	1	2	2	6	7	1	
Brann, cf.....4	1	0	0	1	0	0	
Clark, c.....4	2	1	1	7	2	0	
Sprague, rf.....4	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Drew, p.....5	0	0	0	0	0	1	
Cushman, p.....0	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Totals.....39	8	6	6	27	14	4	

MASS. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Warden, 3b.....5	0	1	2	4	3	2	
Graves, 1b.....5	0	0	0	6	0	2	
Hooker, cf.....5	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Hinds, lf.....5	2	4	4	2	1	0	
Ahearn, ss.....4	0	1	1	0	2	2	
Crowell, c.....4	1	1	1	11	3	0	
Eaton, p.....4	1	1	1	1	1	1	
Dorman, rf.....4	1	0	0	1	0	0	
Paul, 2b.....2	1	0	0	2	0	1	
Totals.....38	7	9	10	27	10	8	

HOLY CROSS, 7; U. OF M., 1.

This was the only game our team lost on its Massachusetts trip, and this was no fault of the players.

Holy Cross has a fine team, and many professionals are on it. All their hits were well placed.

Crockett pitched a good game and he was well supported with the exception of the fourth inning. Crockett made a long hit over right field fence, which was a homer and our only score.

Palmer, Sprague, Dolley and Pretto did good work for us; Curley, Fox and Brennan for Holy Cross.

HOLY CROSS.

AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Lavin, lf.....5	0	1	1	2	0	0	
Curley, 2b.....5	3	2	2	3	4	0	
McAlister, cf.....5	0	1	1	3	1	0	
Gaffney, 1b.....4	0	1	1	11	1	0	
Fox, 3b.....4	1	2	5	4	3	0	
Dyer, ss.....4	1	1	1	2	2	1	
Brennan, c.....4	0	1	1	2	0	0	
Kenney, rf.....4	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Griffin, p.....4	2	2	2	0	0	0	
Totals.....39	7	11	14	27	11	1	

U. OF M.

AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Pretto, ss.....4	0	1	1	1	1	1	
Palmer, lf.....4	0	1	1	3	0	1	
Dolley, 3b.....3	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Small, 1b.....3	0	0	0	10	1	1	
Welch, 2b.....3	0	0	0	2	3	2	
Crockett, p.....3	1	2	5	1	3	0	
Brann, cf.....3	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Clark, c.....3	0	0	0	5	2	0	
Sprague, rf.....3	0	0	0	5	0	0	
Totals.....29	1	4	7	27	11	5	
Innings.....1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8 9
Holy Cross.....1	1	1	0	2	1	1	0 0—7
U. of M.....0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0 0—1

Two base hit, Griffin. Home runs, Fox, Crockett. Stolen bases, Curley, 3; Griffin, Gaffeny, Dyer. Struck out, by Crockett, 4; by Griffin, 4. Umpire, W. Hanley. Time, 2 h. 15 m.

U. OF M., 11; BATES, 3.

The game that was looked forward to with more interest than any other on the week's trip was the one with Bates at Lewiston on Saturday, May 21. We had high hopes of winning, but never once thought it would come so easy. The chief reason for their defeat was their inability to hit Cushman. We made one in the first and they tied us; but from that time on to the end of the game we were in the lead. Bates played rather a loose game, and our fellows batted Pulsifer freely. Small batted well, getting three hits with a total of five.

The score:

	U. OF M.						
	AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Welch, ss.....	6	0	3	3	2	3	2
Palmer, lf.....	6	2	1	1	2	0	0
Dolley, 3b.....	5	1	0	0	2	3	2
Small, 1b.....	5	2	3	5	9	0	1
Crockett, rf.....	4	2	2	2	0	0	0
Brann, cf.....	4	2	1	1	3	0	1
Clark, c.....	4	0	0	0	6	1	0
Sprague, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	1	2	1
Cushman, p.....	5	1	0	0	2	2	0
Totals.....	44	11	11	13	27	11	7

	BATES.						
	AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Quinn, ss.....	5	0	1	1	2	2	1
Pulsifer, p.....	5	0	1	1	0	1	1
Lowe, 1b.....	5	1	1	2	9	1	0
Johnson, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	1	3	2
Putnam, rf.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Purrrington, c.....	4	0	1	1	7	2	0
Hinkley, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	3
Bennett, cf.....	4	1	0	0	3	0	0
Smith, lf.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	39	3	5	6	27	9	8

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 U. of M. 1 0 4 0 4 0 0 2 0—11
 Bates..... 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—3
 Two base hits, Lowe, Small, 2. Stolen bases, Quinn, 2; Welch, 2; Palmer, Brann, 2; Crockett. Struck out, by Pulsifer, 7; by Cushman, 5. Passed balls, Clark, Purrrington, 4. Wild pitches, Pulsifer, 1. Umpire, Kelley.

IVY-DAY POEM.

It was a stormy, windy night,
 The rain splashed down, the Storm King's
 might,
 Ran high in revels on the sea and land,
 But safe within a fire's ruddy light,
 Painting their dusky shadows on the wall,
 A group drew up, each merry wight,
 Rehearsing jokes, or pranks or songs,
 Until the glancing flames glowed bright,
 With pictures and old memories.

The Master of the Toasts spoke out,
 "Now, boys, an end to all this rout,
 We'll listen to a jolly toast or two,
 And while the punch bowl flies about,
 And healths are drunk to every one,
 I'll introduce a husky lout,
 Of nineteen hundred's sturdy band,
 And quote a verse, without a doubt
 Appropriate to the occasion."

"The Scrapper, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands,
 The muscles of his brawny arms,
 Stand out like iron bands,
 He looks a freshman in the face,
 For he fears not any man."

The scrapper rose with hearty grip,
 On chair and table and took a nip
 Of moxie, then began:

"What glory in a battle's dire strife,
 The masterful test of lusty man to man,
 When Greek meets Greek in stirring test of
 life,
 Or finds his death upon the arena's sand."

"'Twas on a night like this that roars with-
 out,
 Windy and watery, it made old Neptune
 shout
 With joy, when loud across the campus
 rang
 A clarion call, like trumpets clang,
 1900, out, turn out."

"O! elemental spirits of the fight,
 How wild ye revelled in that muddy night,
 When '99 embraced its fate,
 And buckled under in the class debate,
 It was a wet but stirring sight."

"For there were mingled rolling in the
 flood,
 Sophomore and freshman buried in the mud,
 And shillalahs went a-flying through the
 air,
 And many a timid lad was fiercely nerved
 to dare,
 Or bubble, bubble, bubble, with his mouth
 Plumb full of trouble, in the mud."

The valiant Scrapper, blushing rosy bright,
 Looked round; the cheering blurred his
 sight,
 Two chairs he saw, where there should
 have been but one,
 He tried to sit on both and compassed
 neither one,
 Then, "round and round the hall" the
 echoes rang,
 And trembling rose the Painter and began,
 "Gentlemen, you all have heard it said,

That 'Orators rush in where Angels fear
to tread,'
And so with your indulgence, I will try
To spin a yarn of painting on the sly."

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Of a midnight ride on the standpipe near,
Fifteen fellows stole one night,
With painting outfit red and white,
And brushes, rope and spirits gay,
To paint a legend, bound to stay,
Upon the standpipe high."

"Forward with merry jest and song,
Cheering the darksome way along
With many a boast, how quick they'd slay
The sophomore bold who chanced that way,
In freshmen secret work to pry,
With fierce resolve to do or die,
Then climbed the pipe."

"Why make a short, sweet story long,
The deed was but one, amidst a throng,
Filling the measure of our college years
With work and fun, with doubts and fears,
For midnight revelry; but now they say,
the people say,
A legend glimmered in the morning gray,
Upon the standpipe high."

So bowing right and left, the Painter sought
his chair,
And out they dragged the Plugger from his
lair,
A ponderous tome enfolded in his arms,
Immersed in thought and deaf to all alarms,
"Ho, reverend Scholar," cried his comrades
gay,
List to your toast, and join us in the fray."
As if he'd heard his sentence to be hung,
The Scholar trembled ere he found his
tongue.

"I sing of Knowledge, of the immortal
streams,
Rippling and glancing in the land of
thought,
And if, of that brightness, but a glimpse I
caught,
The journey's pain seemed but the strife of
dreams."

O, calculus, my fairest pearl,
How we do love thee, whims and all,
Far thou in truth art a very Saul,
Amidst the mathematical whirl.

And other things we dote upon,
Bugology, psychology, ichtology, archaeo-
logy,
Anthropology, paleontology—

But here they laid him out
Under the table, with many a vengeful
shout,
And so the merry war waxed high,
Until a note rang through the brightening
sky,
A clear-toned bell proclaiming the hour of
three.

Then rose Sir Master of the Toasts with
warning hand,
And stilled the clamor of his noisy band,

"Now, boys, 'tis time to part," cried he,
"And I must try my hand at poesy."

"Through time's dark glass the fairest faces
dim,
Deep in the hidden chambers of the heart
wherein
The faces and the voices of the past still
throng,
A merry group with laughter and with
song,
Whirling in mystic legions.
Ah! 'tis there we cross once more
The sullen river to the gleaming shore,
And greet our comrades of the days gone
by,
And many a lost one in that shining stands,
And many a merry group with beckoning
hands,
And there they sing the old songs o'er
again,
The music of the heart, the soft refrain,
So sweet and low.
With you I leave the memories of the night,
With you I leave a Spanish proverb trite,
'Thy story done, 'tis time to bid farewell.'"

L. H. Horner.

Many of the colleges seem to be giv-
ing consideration to fraternity member-
ship and prescribing its limitations. It
is now reported that William Jewell
College will prohibit students from join-
ing fraternities until their junior year.

—Ex.

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IVY ODE.

Merrily summer is coming;
Softly the rain comes down;
Sweetly the birds are singing
And blossoms cover the ground.
So the spring is passing,
And our hearts are blithe and gay,
For we, in a band, have gathered
To plant our ivy to-day.

We hope it will live and flourish,
Strike its roots deep into the soil,
And by sun and rain encouraged
Ever high its tendrils coil.
We hope it will grow and broaden,
Send its branches far and wide,
Until the green of our ivy
Covers the walls on every side.

And wherever we may wander,
When we see the ivy green,
May it turn our thoughts backward
To the University of Maine.
And may we, like our ivy,
Ever strive until we gain
The very highest point
Which our efforts can attain.

Agnes R. Burnham, '01.

Mortimas Asa Webber, '99, formerly of this institution, is now in the Klondike region. Mr. Webber may be remembered as last year's star quarterback of the foot ball team and was elected captain for 1898.

His friends have heard from him from time to time and the following letter will be valuable as a picture of the Klondike region. This letter

which was written a short distance out on the White Horse trail was postmarked Skaguay, March 28. Mr. Webber says:

"We are out on the trail about eight miles and tomorrow we shall get the balance of our goods about a mile and a half farther on. We have two sleds with four dogs to a sled. One man to each team leads the dogs and another keeps the sleds right side up. We haul about 300 pounds to a team and that is as much as a horse could haul. The jack mule is the thing to use on the trail, as they can carry 300 pounds on their backs, can go anywhere that a man can. It is a great sight to see twenty-five or thirty of the jacks all tied together in a string winding their way up through the canyon. I tell you our route is all along the line of an awful hole. Here are walls of rock rising up 200 feet or more from the bed of the river which averages about 100 feet in width. All along are big rocks sticking up through the ice covered with grit worn from the rocks, which renders the hauling awfully hard, but we are expecting to strike the snow line day after tomorrow, then it will be a little better going and we can take larger loads. They charge five and six cents per pound for jacking freight to the summit, a distance of eighteen miles. We shall probably get to the summit with all our stuff in a week or ten days, but of course cannot plan very definitely. On this side of the summit it is quite warm. I have been working all day with only one pair of drawers on under my overalls and one under shirt and a thin sweater, and I have perspired so that the clothing next my body is soaking wet. But the minute you stop work you need to put on a heavy overcoat. Ten miles farther up it was 35 deg. below zero this morning. It is no use for me to try to describe this country—it is not easily done. We are having good luck; we have all had bad colds but are all right now.

"When night comes we feel like 'climbing' between our blankets, for we really walk about twenty miles a day over the roughest of roads you ever saw, and it is lifting or hauling all the time. Still there is a good deal of fun mixed in with the work—one minute you are as mad as a hen and the next you are laughing at the predicament of some one else."

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