

Summer 7-14-1898

# The Cadet July 1898

The Cadet Staff

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# THE CADET.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XII.

JULY, 1898.

No. 9.

## THE CADET.

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

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FRANK McDONALD, - - - - - Asst. Manager.

**D**URING the past two years contributions in sums ranging from one to fifty dollars have been made to the Athletic Association by those of our alumni and former students whose names appear in the following list. The subscriptions aggregate \$307.00 and have been, in the main, applied to defraying the expenses of the athletic team. To say that the Association is very thankful for the assistance thus received would be a very mild way of expressing the appreciation in which these gifts are held by all who are interested in the welfare of our athletics. Without this aid it would have been impossible for us to have made any reputable showing in track athletics. D. T. Achorn, J. M. Bartlett, S. W. Bates, C. S. Bickford, G. F. Black, E. M. Blanding, J. R. Boardman, F. S. Brick, A. H. Brown, H. B. Buck, I. G. Calderwood, B. E. Clark, Hugo Clark, D. W. Colby,

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\* \* \*

**A**NOTHER class has gone out from among us. In many respects the graduating class has been a memorable one. It has been preeminently an athletic class and its absence will perhaps be felt in this line for some time. It always seems that a graduating class will leave a blank which will be hard to fill, but the under classes always press in and fill the breach. The class has maintained high standing in scholarship and has been associated with every progres-

sive movement since its entrance. The class has been much depleted since it entered one hundred strong, but there graduated a class of more than the usual number. We introduce to the ranks of the alumni a class which throughout its course has enthusiastically and honorably upheld the interests of the alma mater. May they prosper individually as we hope and believe they will.

\* \* \*

WE wish to say a few words in regard to the way some athletic business was conducted, or rather, non-conducted, this spring. We refer first to the tennis tournament which should have been played for the Southard medals. The leading officials in athletic committee enlisted about the time that the tournament should have commenced, and the excitement incident, together with their absence, seems to have obliterated tennis from the minds of the students. The fact that medals were offered this year was not brought before the students' notice. Our standing in other branches of athletics, especially in track sports, shows no lack of

interest in athletics. Secondly, we refer to the organization of the athletic committee for next year. The committee was so broken up by enlistments, that although the remaining members were expecting a summons to a meeting, no one thought it his duty to issue the call, and then—it was commencement week. We deplore these two unfortunate oversights, especially the first, and hope that we may be permitted next year to redeem ourselves.

\* \* \*

OUR long delayed prize song was in the hands of the Glee Club to be sung at convocation, at which time a vote of the students was to be taken for the selection of the prize song. The committee could not decide between two and proposed to resort to this method. But the Glee Club did not sing, and so the song will appear in a future number.

\* \* \*

WE want each student to be loyal enough to write a sketch, a story, or an article of some kind this vacation for THE CADET. Will *you*?



## FROM THE HARBOR INTO THE SEA.

### CLASS DAY POEM.

Down to the wharves in the morning  
 I go, and a ship I see,  
 Now on the tide she is tossing,  
 And eagerly longs to be free.  
 Bright is the sun and the wind low;  
 But only an hour will it be  
 Ere she will slip from her moorings,  
 From the harbor into the sea.

Friends throng the shore of the haven,  
 Banners are bright in the breeze ;  
 But of her fate, who can tell us,  
 Her fate on the restless seas ?  
 Will she follow her course swift and happy,  
 Or will storms and clouds cross her way ?  
 Will she enter her port in safety,  
 At the close of some fair day ?

Our ships will soon be leaving  
 The shelter they've known so long ;  
 The billows of life will be cleaving,  
 Have we builded them firm and strong ?  
 Dear ones are waiting and watching  
 To learn what our fate will be,  
 As from their sight we are passing  
 From the harbor into the sea.

¶ Shall we trace our paths unerring  
 To the distant port secure ?  
 Shall we see the dangers threatening,  
 And pass by them safe and sure ?  
 Will the ocean treat us kindly,  
 Or will storms around us rise ?  
 Shall we move onward blindly  
 With the mist before our eyes ?

Some may ride light o'er the waters,  
 Never a cloud may they see ;  
 Billows may roll gently 'neath them,  
 Happy their journey may be.  
 While o'er the pathway of others,  
 Shadows may hang dark and vast ;  
 Still if Faith's star goes before them,  
 'Twill light them to harbor at last.

Soon learn they art of the sailor  
 To conquer the wind and the wave,  
 To ride where the surges are highest,  
 To face them with stout heart and brave ;  
 Then when the journey is over  
 And winds waft them safely to lee,  
 Into the shelter they enter,  
 Into harbor safe from the sea.

—Rena Ethel Dunn, '98.



## THE CHARGE OF THE GUARD.

THE night still hung darkly over the Belgian lowlands. The fields and woods as far as the eye could see were dotted with points of light, where the camp fires of the army of France clustered in the hollows. It was just as the earliest dawn changed the heights of St. Jean from black to grey, that a faint trumpet note sounded somewhere on the left and other buglers took up the call until the notes of the reveille swept along the line and were lost in the fields and woods sheltering the division D'Erlon.

"Tiens, tiens! wake up, François, the trumpets are blowing."

"Just a moment, Pierre, one more little nap."

"Parbleu! come up," and Pierre twined his fingers in his comrade's collar and brought him to his feet, laughing as he did it.

There was a great contrast in this pair of guardsmen.

François Vallot was slender and delicate in feature; Pierre Gourgard was a rough grenadier of Austerlitz and Moscow, one of those fierce "old moustaches" who has frightened the enemies of the Empire on a dozen battle fields.

From his great height he surveyed his smaller comrade.

"A wide-awake housewife thou art, my brave corporal. See, I have the breakfast stewing already."

The younger soldier turned his eyes smilingly on the battered canteen bubbling over the fire. The other half of the breakfast, spitted in the embers, looked suspiciously like a fowl, for a veteran is first of all a successful forager.

"We must be well filled; there'll be some hot work with the red coats to-day," muttered Pierre, and, as if to emphasize his words, a dull thunder of cannon swept over them from the north. A shade passed across François's face, but Pierre only twirled his moustache and laughed. The coming day gleamed brighter in the east, until the hills caught up the radiance and glowed in their fresh foliage, and with the day, the musketry of the pickets deepened into a steady roll, through which the boom of cannon still sounded from the north.

Orderlies had begun to scurry through the fields, and battery after battery thundered along the roads, toward the heights, where the emperor was massing his artillery against the English squares.

Across the valley, dotted with patches of woodland and quiet chateaux, the red coats were swinging into battle line. On the other side, the French columns deployed to their positions covered by clouds of skirmishers, and just before the sun had mounted to the meridian, a crash of cannon on the left announced the opening of the battle. Rielle's veterans were moving on the English right. The old grenadiers of the Guard strained at the sound like greyhounds at the leash, but their turn had not come. Gradually the valley about them filled with smoke and din of the fight.

By one o'clock, the shattered division of Reille had been hurled into retreat, leaving heaps of mangled veterans before the immovable lines of British bayonets.

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By six o'clock the splendid French cuirasseurs had broken on the red coated squares and the battle raged in the grounds of Hougamont, and with Ney at La Haye Sainte.

The time was coming for the old Guard. Silently the grenadiers threw aside their knapsacks and formed again in their places.

Rumors ran among the men that the Emperor himself would lead them in the charge.

The sun by this time had dipped near the horizon and shone through the clouds of smoke upon the scarlet coated squares, flanked with darker Prussians and Netherlanders.

The time had come at length.

"Attention! Fix bayonets!" The Guard surged forward as a hundred French cannon on the heights behind them opened on the compact masses of the allies.

Pierre and François marched side by side with muskets at the shoulder. In the older soldier's eyes the lust of battle was shining, but François looked oftener at his comrade than at the lines of the English.

As they drew nearer cannon shot came hustling through the ranks, but the veterans closed up silently over the bodies of the fallen.

The scarlet squares were but a half a mile away when the sharp command ran along the trampling line, and the Guard deployed into extended order at the double quick. In front, the crackle of the skirmisher's fire rose and fell to a deeper bass of the cannon.

At four hundred yards the skirmishers fell back and passed between the ranks of their comrades, and the brazen clang of the trumpets sounded the charge.

It seemed then as if a hurricane of fire ran along the British line and the front rank of the French melted away like snow in the sun.

A dozen hands caught the lifeless form of the color bearer, as he fell, and now Pierre sprang ahead with the glorious old flag of the regiment.

Where was the "little corporal" of Lodi and Marengo to lead his guard to victory?

Another scathing volley drowned the half-hearted French clan, and the scarlet line burst forward with a mighty cheer, to the bayonet.

The brave old grenadiers gathered in the last stand, for their Emperor and colors, and, bleeding at every step, the sacred square fought its way to Genappe to bar the charleroi road, for the flight of the Emperor.

A swarm of Prussians hot from the field of Ligny poured upon them, and the moments of the old Guard were numbered.

A gigantic Prussian dashed at the colors and fell pierced with bayonets, but Pierre sank down with a severed arm, and then the hard pressed grenadiers saw the slight form of his comrade bear aloft the flag, in a whirl of steel.

The next day, a burial party found two bodies tangled in the standard of the French Imperial Guard. A Prussian bayonet had transfixed the slighter form and inflicted a death wound in the breast of the Guardsman beneath.

Inside his comrade's blouse, they found the cross of the Legion of Honor, with the simple words, "Jena, 1806, Par l'Empereur," and underneath was scratched a name, Marie Vallot.

*L. H. Horner, '00.*

## ANCESTRAL VOICES.

AT every period of existence, and in every rank of society struggles the desire for inspiration, the longing for guidance, so universal is its hold on human sympathy. We seldom seek a beau ideal among those of our own time, for there is a feeling of inferiority when we approach a contemporary. But we may kneel at the shrine of those who gathered life's laurels conscious that we lose no prestige in emulating them. The lives of our departed ancestors remain as eternal voices for good or evil according to the tones we heed, to the sounds that fall sweetest on our ears, to the echoes which respond sympathetically in our hearts.

Throughout all ages some minds have through purer visions perceived truths unseen by others. A clearer insight and a keener sympathy with sorrow has opened to them depths to which no other eye has pierced.

As the mists of the Past vanish, countless heroes all garlanded are seen marching along the avenues of time. At first their voices sound like distant calls, calls that gradually become clearer as we bend eagerly to listen. As the patriarchal host draw to a halt, many questions are propounded by those who regard their ancestors as oracles. Naturally kindred spirits seek each other, but some queries are made by great and humble alike.

The cry is universal—"What is the best thing in life?" There is a chorus of answers, none of them quite the same, but all blending in one harmonious chord, for by whatever steps we reach it, the best in life

is what gives the full estimate of profit, of pleasure and substantial reward. A voice whispers; "Repose from weary cares and rest for the aching heart." With the feeling that the triumph of mind over matter is within our reach, we turn away dissatisfied. That was not the reply to the question our hearts eagerly asked. Hark! there comes another answer. It is the voice of one whose life was full of activity and whose demand is still for greater opportunities for improvement. They who know how earnestly youth longs for action, who sympathize with its struggles for larger opportunities, for knowledge, for a foot-hold on which to stand and from which to climb, feel that this desire truly epitomizes one of life's noblest and most glorious experiences—room to expand. It is the strife for expanded wings of the creature folded in the chrysalis. Wherever and whenever in a human being there is an earnest desire for growth, for advancement along lines which reach upward, there will come somehow the answer of opened doors and kingdoms given to the one who is fit to rule them. Now we hear a voice which sounds like the melody of a harp or the plashing of a brook over its bed. "Love," says this voice, "is the best thing on earth; love, tender and true; love, faithful and exalted; love, pure and unending. Filial love, parental love, the love of the lover; the love of home, the love of country, the love of God,—these are the source of all deeds of gentleness, the main-spring of all excellence."

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fragrant memories, waft sweetness through all the bitter struggles of life. When griefs are deep and burdens heavy, that hallowed voice repeats, "Here are clouds, rain and darkness; beyond are flowers, bright skies and sunshine."

From the earliest days of our conscious life, we begin to observe the changes that occur in the voices of those around us. Thus we recognize their feelings which show sympathy or aversion. What is best in thought and feeling, what is grand in a true moral courage is expressed in a voice.

There is also an unspoken discourse especially known to artists and votaries of culture. All the literature and all the art of antiquity endow their searches with the great breath of enthusiasm, and he is only half an artist who wanders among the ruins of Rome without realizing the intensity of pantheistic life. Thus manners and customs survive the facts from which they derived their original significance.

Again in works of art our forefathers send voiceless messages more expressive than those in books. The features in the portraits of great men bear the stamp of high ideas, and genius shines on their brows like a glory about the head of a saint. The logic of the politician, the dreams of the poet, and the eloquence of the orator spring from an inspired being that hovers over the ancestral altar.

Though the living voices of our own age may give us worthy messages, it is in the pictures of the past that we unriddle the tragic chapters which reveal the causes of the downfall of great nations; and those better and more safely navigate the stream who know it from source to delta, and whose vision is not bounded by

the territory where they ply their trade. A study of the past and a contemplation of its varied lessons furnish us with weapons to overcome error and prejudice.

Thus we learn that history means something more than philosophy teaching by examples. We see how our ancestors lived, as well as what their aims and ideals were—how mighty empires in which greatness and glory were combined were leveled to the ground, their palaces and temples reduced to dust.

In their different tones we recognize the different spheres of men. It is for some to evolve great truths, as the heavens evolve stars to guide the sailor on the sea and the traveler o'er the desert, and it is for others, like the sailor and the traveler, simply to be guided.

At this grand review the character of the preceding life is shown in the quality of voice. Those who lived heroic and saintly lives have voices breathing choicest music and their revelations are powerful agencies in soul development.

Our present lives of progress were made possible by all the universities of the past, all the martyrs' fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the glooms, all the sunshine of countless ages. As guides, comforters, philosophers, friends, the ancestral chorus sings of abounding love, wisdom and charity. The grand, the beautiful and the mournful blend in one divine harmony.

As we turn from the mists of the Past, the clouds of the Future unfurl and the heroes of the long ago reappear in the children of to-day—patriots, sages, statesmen all with title pages unrolled. Now the veil



between this world and the next becomes thinner and from the heights of Heaven the laureled heroes signal to the undeveloped souls below what may lead them upward and the chorus of ages sounds the vox jubilante of Paradise.

*Gracia L. Fernandez, '98.*

#### THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

'Twas on a Dewey summer eve,  
The moon, a silver crescent,  
Looked down upon a youthful pair,  
One glum, the other pleasant.

A hammock of manila rope,  
Swung close beside the door,  
Then straight therein, the couple sat,  
And talked about the war.

"My grandad was a Boston man,"  
He cried, "A patriot bold,  
How hard he fought at Concord town,  
I've often heard it told."

"My papa sailed the Spanish Main"  
She hissed, "A Spanish maid am I,  
If I were in the Philippines,  
Ah, well,"—she heard a sigh.

With sudden shock the hammock broke,  
Assistance quick he tendered,  
She threw her arms about his neck,  
The Spaniard had surrendered.

*L. H. H., '00.*

#### THE SPY.

THROUGH the courtesy of the *Commercial* we print the following:

Nathan E. Goodridge, of the Raleigh, an Orono boy, who participated in the grand victory of our fleet under Dewey at the Philippines, has been heard from in a brief letter written to his brother. Nathan E. Goodridge, who writes from Manila under the date of May 9, is aboard the United States cruiser Raleigh,



NATHAN E. GOODRIDGE.

having enlisted in the navy at Boston in March 1897, joining the Raleigh at Hampton Roads a little later. His letter follows:

MANILA BAY, May 9, 1898.

DEAR BROTHER:—Of course you are all more than anxious to hear from me, but long before this reaches home you will have seen accounts of our glorious victory over the Spanish in the Philippines, how we entered the bay and all about it. We left Hongkong the 27th of April, and arrived close to the bay the 30th. We came up the island about 11 P. M. and passed the fort at 12.15, when the first shot was fired and went between the Raleigh spars. We returned the shot and went on; four shots were fired but none of our ships were hit. We passed the forts and mines. Now the next to meet would be the fleet. At 4.45 we sighted them and at 5.30 they opened fire on us, and for two hours shot and shell flew as I never dreamed they could. We soon had two of them sinking; a few minutes later we sunk a torpedo boat, sent a couple ashore, and others going to a place of safety. We moved off for breakfast and to let the guns cool; so ended the fleet engagement. At 11 we renewed the attack on the forts at the

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navy yard and arsenal. This was a short but hot engagement. Soon we saw a white flag run up, and the worst was over. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in boarding the sunken ships, those which did not go below water, then to the arsenal.

NATHAN E. GOODRIDGE.

Mr. Goodridge is the son of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Goodridge, who reside on Main street, Orono, and a brother of Perley Goodridge, also of Orono. He is 24 years of age. For two years he attended the University of Maine, taking the course in mechanical engineering, leaving to accept a position as engineer in Boston.

\* \* \*

Another University of Maine graduate has on account of his efficiency been appointed to a comparatively good position in the navy. Information has just reached President Harris that A. H. Houghton, a graduate of the class of '87, has recently been named by the secretary of the navy as assistant engineer with the rank of ensign and enters upon the duties of his office at once. Mr. Houghton is a native of Fort Fairfield and pursued the course in mechanical engineering at the university. He has since been engaged in teaching in some leading institutions in the south and west. He has recently been general manager of a manufacturing plant at Terre Haute, Ind.

A good student is known by three things: he can begin to study when he does not want to, he can study when he would rather quit, he can quit when he wants to.—*Ex.*

In a school paper the editors get all the blame, the managers the experience, and the printers the money.—*Ex.*

## Local Notes

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

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

Chapel exercises were omitted during examination week.

The Y. M. C. A. is preparing an attractive hand-book for next fall.

"Don" Arche has a position as time-keeper on the Shore Line R. R.

Some of the students are planning to take a trip to England this summer.

A. C. Wescott has a position for the summer with an electrical company in Portland.

Miss Fernandez and Miss Farrar smoked the pipe of peace like veterans on Class Day.

A. S. Page will cut Kennebec River ice during the summer, in Gardiner.

Elliot, 1900, expects to return to college in the fall ready for the football season.

G. W. Lawrence, '98 and H. P. Merrill, '98, have enlisted in the U. S. Signal Service as electricians.

Prof. Lanphear left college before the end of the term because of the illness of relatives.

Lieutenant Royden has returned from Governor's Island, where he went to take his examinations for 1st lieutenant. We are pleased to say that he now holds this rank.

The final debate for class championship between the Sophomores and Juniors has been postponed until next fall.

It was reported with no denials, that the Freshmen played horse with the Sophomores the night before Ivy Day.

Alan L. Bird, 1900, will spend his vacation in Europe. He will visit England and France in company with his father.

Capt. W. S. Edgerly, formerly military instructor at the college, has been promoted to Inspector General with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

The President has sent the following nominations to the Senate: To be Second Lieutenants, Wm. T. Bras-tow, '97, A. A. Starbird, '98.

Mrs. Amy E. Briggs will be matron of the Kappa Sigma house in the fall. Mrs. Briggs' husband, who has recently died, was for several years an instructor in this college.

Freeman A. Smith, who has been out of college for the year, was visiting his friends at college Commencement week. He will return in the fall and enter the Junior class.

The house recently vacated by the Q. T. V. society is being fitted up as a women's dormitory. It is prophesied that soon co-eds will flock here in numbers that will exceed the hopes of the most hopeful.

Work has been commenced on remodeling the old Q. T. V. building. Among the students who will work for longer or shorter periods are Smith, '98; Dow, '98; Lombard, 1900; Manson, '98, and Rastall, 1901.

A number of students gathered on the steps and veranda of the Orono Town Hall while the play entitled "The New England Home" was in progress. Evidently the officer who was on duty there objected, as there was a general stampede. Two arrests were made, one being a popular student, and the other a well known town's boy. The charges were however withdrawn the next day, the officer realizing that he had been hasty to make arrests for no offence at all except a little enthusiasm.

Ivy Day, June 3, was unfortunately a rainy day yet a fairly good number of people were present at the exercises held in the chapel at 2.00 P. M. Had it not been for the rain, it was proposed to hold, the exercises on the lawn south of Coburn Hall. The chapel was tastefully decorated, and Pullen's Orchestra furnished music. The following is the program:—

	MUSIC.
Prayer, . . . . .	Clinton L. Cole
	MUSIC.
Oration, . . . . .	Joseph O. Whitcomb
	MUSIC.
Poem, . . . . .	Leon H. Horner
	MUSIC.
History, . . . . .	Chas. H. Lombard
	MUSIC.
Presentations, . .	Alan L. Bird, Presentator
Jockey, . . . . .	Horse
Wise Man, . . . . .	Testimonial
Slow Man, . . . . .	Catsup
Lucky Man, . . . . .	Plug Tobacco
Lover, . . . . .	Book
	MUSIC.

	CHARGE TO CURATOR.
Curator, . . . . .	Wm. J. Burgess

After the exercises in the chapel were over, the ivy was planted in front of Coburn Hall, and the ode was sung. The ode was written by Miss Agnes M. Burnham, '00, the music by C. P. Gray, '00.

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Instructor H. S. Boardman, '95, has been promoted from 1st Lieutenant to Captain in Company G, the Bangor company of the National Guard. Howard Brett, '99, of the same company has been promoted from Sergeant to 2nd Lieutenant, and Irving Swett, ex-'98, has been promoted to 1st Sergeant.

A beginning of extended improvement has been made upon what has been known as the "Frog Pond." Grading is to be done around it, the entire bottom is to be dug and scraped out and a wind-mill down back of Prof. Aubert's house will keep it filled with water. When this is accomplished an unsightly place will be transformed into a pleasing feature of campus scenery.

*The Biddeford Journal* announces the death of Mrs. Myra D. Clark at Susquehanna, Penn. Mrs. Clark, who is the wife of Roscoe C. Clark, a graduate of the University of Maine in the class of 1892, was about 28 years of age. She graduated from the Biddeford High School in 1889, and afterwards graduated from the Bridgton Normal School in 1892. She taught at Cambridge, Mass. She was a member of the Baptist Church. Mrs. Clark was married a year ago, her wedding being one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. She removed to her husband's home at Susquehanna. She had a wide circle of friends and was greatly admired, being possessed of rare qualities of mind.

Friendly German (entering a restaurant:)

"Wie gehts?"

Waiter: "Wheat cakes?" "All right."

F. G.: "Nein, nein."

W.: "You'll be lucky if you get three."—*Ex.*

### JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The exercises of commencement week opened Saturday evening, June 18, with the Junior Prize Exhibition. Town Hall was comfortably filled, and all the parts were well rendered and interesting. The Apollo Quartet of Bangor gave much satisfaction.

The awarding committee were Rev. S. C. Beach, P. H. Gillin, Esq., and Rev. C. E. Lund.

The prize was awarded to Pearl Clayton Swain, with honorable mention of Reginald L. Fernald.

The following was the program:

#### MUSIC.

1. The Press and the Public,  
JOHN WILSON BROWN, Brimfield, Mass.

2. Our Treatment of Criminals,  
CHARLES ELMER CROSBY, Albion

#### MUSIC.

3. The Relation of Flowers to History,  
MILDRED LOUISE POWELL, Orono

4. The Ardor of American Patriotism,  
CLINTON LEANDER SMALL, Auburn

#### MUSIC.

5. Aphrodite Elthen,  
PEARL CLAYTON SWAIN, Skowhegan

6. The Renaissance and Education,  
OLIVER OTIS STOVER, Freeport

#### MUSIC.

7. The Nibelungen Lied,  
REGINALD LOVEJOY FERNALD, Orono

8. Pilgrims and Puritans,  
WALLACE EDWARD BELCHER,  
Plymouth, Mass.

#### MUSIC.

"May I bid," cried a man to the auctioneer, over the heads of the crowd.

"Certainly, sir; now what am I bid for this very fine piece of jewelry?"

"I bid you, sir, a very good morning."

And there was a sudden stir near the door.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"*The High School Breccia*," Deering, is one of the best High school publication with which we exchange.



## THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

THE Baccalaureate sermon was delivered in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening, June 19th.

The church was very comfortably filled in spite of a pouring rain outside. At eight o'clock the accompanist began the march, and the thirty-one seniors, led by Class Marshal Higgins, marched in and took seats reserved for them at the front of the church. They were followed by Rev. C. C. Whidden, Rev. P. J. Robinson, Rev. C. A. Lund, and Dr. A. W. Harris.

The Glee Club sang "Te Deum Laudamus," which was followed by prayer by the Rev. C. C. Whidden. Dr. Harris delivered the sermon, an abstract from which we print.

### ABSTRACT OF SERMON.

The pressure of the every day concerns of life prevent a proper conception of them in their true perspective. Each to-day is so big that we have no standard by which to compare it with yesterday or to-morrow. At long intervals unusual occurrences or sudden turns in the course of events, arrest attention from immediate work and its surroundings, and furnish opportunity for a broad view of life. The end of a college course is such a time to most graduates. It is a proper occasion for the serious considering of the general principles and the large plans upon which life is projected. These principles and plans have to do with the three-fold relation of life to the man, to other men and to God.

What are the man's duties to himself, and what shall he strive to obtain for himself? Not protection

from evil, nor shelter from temptation. Men are to keep themselves unspotted from the world, but not out of it. They are not to avoid its evils or shrink from its reverses, but rather to meet them and conquer them. The man who enters upon life with a serious determination to work, and if need be, fight for what is true and right, must have an equipment for the fight. He must gain knowledge of himself, understand his shortcomings, and know his powers. He must set bounds upon his passions and abuses. But he must not stop here. He must teach himself the proper use of his abilities, and by control and use he must increase them.

In his relation to others he must learn that life is not so much getting things as it is doing things. No truth is more important to the young man than the saying of the Master that he who would be greatest must be servant of all. From the spirit of service arises most of life's success. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of our time than the multiplying application of this thought. This is the age of the trust, a device for doing away with competition and substituting co-operation, organized after the manner of a monopoly for the benefit of the promoter.

This is however only the usual crudeness of newness and will pass away. This is a time of brotherhood in which men are becoming more ready to bear the burdens of other men, in which giving is more and more glorified.

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ignores man's relation to his Maker. He is a poor worker who works without faith, without an all-controlling belief in something. That belief need not include many things, nor attend to details; but it must be profound and earnest. There are some beliefs from which we cannot escape, and these call imperatively for loyalty. Every man has implanted in him a belief in duty. Without teaching he recognizes the righteousness of right and the sinfulness of wrong.

His judgment may err in determining what things are right and what are wrong, but he never doubts that some are right and some are not. Obedience to such a belief is duty.

It grows little by little into a spiritual life which dignifies and exalts the man, sanctifies his work as a service, and brings him into accord with the great course of virtue.

Education is a failure unless it inspires man to an effort to make the most of himself—to give the most to his fellows and thus best to serve and worship his God.

The Glee Club sang "Remember now thy Creator," as arranged by Holden, during which solos were sung by Messrs. Fernald, Cargill and Patten. The exercises closed at about quarter of ten, and every one ran through the mud and rain to catch the electrics. *W. E. B.*

#### CONVOCATION.

Convocation was held at 10 o'clock Monday, in the chapel. President Harris presided over the exercises. Prof. Grover, Prof. Wood and Prof. Estabrooke spoke upon the general subject of college spirit. The history was read by Prof. Stevens. The paper contained numerous witty expressions which were received with hearty laughter by the audience. Hon. A. J. Durgin made a few brief remarks upon what he considered the essential college spirit. At the close of the exercises the following awards were announced:

Kidder Scholarship,

Alden B. Owen, W. Pembroke

Prentiss Declamation Prize,

Frank McDonald, Portland

Prentiss Junior Essay Prize,

Mrs. Pearl C. Swain, Skowhegan

Libbey Prize,

Elmer D. Merrill, E. Auburn

Walter Balentine Prize,

Walter J. Morrill, Madison

Aroostook County Prize,

Thomas Buck, Brewer

The following were admitted to the Honorary Society: T. H. Oswald, Stanley Sidsensarker, W. E. Belcher, M. B. Downing and J. W. Brown.

#### APPOINTMENTS.

Tuesday morning of Commencement week opened with heavy showers, which caused the abandonment of the drill and ball game. In the afternoon a heavy shower deterred many from attending the fraternity receptions, but soon after, the sun came out and many visitors attended. The evening was pleasant, and the usual large number at the President's reception testified to the popularity of Doctor and Mrs. Harris.

All had been allotting on much sport at the alumni undergraduates' ball game, which the muddy condition of the diamond in the forenoon would not permit to be played.

It is said that Prof. Flint was intending to show the boys how the game was played ten years ago, while Bickford,

'82, Vickery, '89, Swan, '90, de Haseth, '95 and other alumni were preparing to do themselves proud.

Many visitors were disappointed that the showers kept the battalion from giving its annual commencement drill.

The companies were assembled in the gymnasium, and the following appointments were made, some being withheld until the beginning of the fall term:

#### BATTALION APPOINTMENTS.

Major—C. L. Small, Auburn.

Captains—F. S. Batchelder, Machias; A. C. Wescott, Portland; W. A. Murray, Pittsfield.

First lieutenant and adjutant—E. P. Bassett, Bangor.

First lieutenant and Q. M.—O. O. Stover, Freeport.

First lieutenant and chief signal officer—W. E. Belcher, Plymouth, Mass.

First lieutenants—H. H. Oswald, Philadelphia; A. E. Boynton, Alna; E. M. Smith, Gardiner; W. J. Morrill, Madison.

Second lieutenants—E. R. Mansfield, Orono; A. W. Stephens, Old Town; C. W.

Crockett, Rockland; M. H. Powell, Orono; B. W. Flint, Bangor; E. S. Mosher, Presque Isle.

Sergeant Major—F. H. Bowerman, Victor, N. Y.

Quarter master sergeant—C. L. Cole, Pleasantdale.

First sergeants—W. T. Lane, Portland; C. H. Lombard, Portland; J. G. Lurvey, Portland; J. S. Dunn, Cumberland.

Color sergeant—A. S. Page, Fairfield.

Sergeants—L. B. Russell, Farmington; P. R. Goodwin, Randolph; J. O. Whitcomb, Morrill; W. G. Jones, Orono; M. C. Hart, Willimantic; W. H. Caswell, Bridgton, W. A. Weston, Madison; J. A. Hayes, Randolph; H. B. Cushman, Rockland; B. T. Weston, Madison; W. J. Burgess, Calais; H. C. Strout, Orono.

Corporals—L. G. Varney, Windham Centre; E. I. Davis, Bangor; W. H. Boardman, Calais; Clement Whittier, Orono; R. A. Crosby, Benton Falls; G. E. Goodwin, Gorham, N. H.; L. H. Harvey, Orono; H. P. Hoyt, Fort Fairfield; W. H. Rostall, Chicago; H. L. Adams, Warren, Mass.; B. C. Martin, Fort Fairfield; H. H. Leonard, Orono; S. E. Woodbury, Beverly, Mass.; J. A. Greene, Bluehill.



WHEN your athletic editor sat down to write for the last issue of THE CADET, he voiced the sentiments of the students in saying that we had high hopes of winning the base ball pennant, but, alas, our hopes have fallen to the dust, and we now have to content ourselves by sharing second place with Bowdoin. Colby improved much during the last of the season, and won through good luck and a heavy hitting team. All we can do now is to bear our defeat manfully and get into the game with renewed zeal next year.

The team recently elected E. E.

Palmer, '99, to captain the team next year. In him we have a man who will work hard for the best interest of the team. The students like to see a hard worker in any branch of athletics; they feel that he is working for them and they have a right to complain if he does not do his best. Palmer is one of the hard workers; he plays the best game he can to the last minute, whether the team is winning or losing, and this is the way we must play to win the pennant. If every man does as conscientious work as our captain has always done, a defeat will surely be no disgrace.

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Hudson, J.  
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Rowell, 1b  
Cushman,  
Tupper, c  
Webb, ss

Totals

Pretto, ss  
Palmer, 1b  
Dolley, 3b  
Welch, rf  
Crockett,  
Cushman,  
Brann, cf  
Clark, c...  
Sprague, 2

Totals

Colby ...  
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Palmer, 1b  
Dolley, 3b



COLBY, 13; U. OF M., 7.

The morning for this game looked dark and rainy. Our team was at the depot to take the early train for Waterville, when the manager got a telegram telling him to come at his own risk, and he thought it advisable not to go under those conditions. Later he got a dispatch telling us to come or forfeit. The boys had thought there was no chance of a game, so that it was difficult to get them together to take the noon train. Small, one of our best men, could not be found and Cushman took his place at first. Crockett pitched well but was not supported. The score:

## COLBY.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Hudson, 3b.....	5	1	1	2	2	1
Rice, rf.....	5	2	1	2	0	0
Putnam, 2b.....	5	3	1	4	1	0
Scannel, c.....	5	2	0	5	0	1
Newenham, p.....	4	2	3	1	8	1
Rowell, 1b.....	4	2	2	9	0	0
Cushman, lf.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Tupper, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Webb, ss.....	4	1	1	1	1	1
Totals.....	40	13	9	27	12	5

## U. OF M.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Pretto, ss.....	5	0	1	3	3	0
Palmer, lf.....	5	1	3	2	0	0
Dolley, 3b.....	2	2	0	1	0	1
Welch, rf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Crockett, p.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Cushman, 1b.....	4	0	0	9	1	2
Brann, cf.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Clark, c.....	4	1	0	3	0	1
Sprague, 2b.....	3	2	2	1	4	2
Totals.....	39	7	7	24	9	6

Colby.....5 5 0 1 2 0 0 0 x-13  
U. of M. ....3 0 0 0 1 2 0 1-7

Earned runs—Colby 1; U. of M. 1. Two base hits—Hudson. Three base hits—Newenham. Stolen bases—Colby 4; U. of M. 3. Hit by pitched ball—Sprague. Struck out—by Newenham 3; by Crockett 1. Time, 2 hrs. Umpire, Carpenter.

U. OF M., 4; C. C. I., 3.

On Farmers' Field Day we played a close game with Coburn Classical Institute before a good crowd. The visitors put up a much more snappy game than did the home team. Hamilton pitched a fine game for C. C. I. The score:

## U. OF M.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Pretto, ss.....	5	0	0	2	4	1
Palmer, lf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Dolley, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	0	1

Small, 1b.....	4	0	0	14	0	0
Welch, rf.....	3	0	0	3	1	0
Crockett, p.....	2	0	0	0	4	0
Brann, cf.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Sprague, 2b.....	4	2	0	2	2	0
Clark, c.....	4	1	2	7	1	1
Cushman, p.....	1	0	1	0	0	1
Totals.....	35	4	6	30	12	4

## C. C. I.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Sprout, c.....	4	0	1	4	0	0
Rawson, ss.....	5	1	0	0	5	3
Allen, lf.....	5	0	0	3	0	0
Clark, 1b.....	4	1	0	15	0	0
Wright, rf.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Hamilton, p.....	4	1	2	1	4	0
Woodman, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Holt, 2b.....	3	0	0	1	3	1
Thyng, cf.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.....	36	3	3	*27	14	4

\*Winning run made with no one out.

U. of M. ....0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1-4  
C. C. I. ....0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-3

Two base hit—Dolley. Home run—Palmer, Clark. Bases on balls—by Crockett, Cushman 2, Hamilton 2. Struck out—Cushman 6, Crockett 2, Hamilton 4. Hit by pitched ball—Allen. Umpire, Conway of Old Town. Time, 2h.

U. OF M., 5; BOWDOIN, 1.

June 4th we played a game we were proud of. Before this game Bowdoin led the league, but the result of this game tied us with them for first place.

For the first three innings neither side scored, and then Bowdoin got one and we got two in our half of the same inning; then by two critical errors on the part of the visitors we scored three times more in the sixth. Cushman and Libby both pitched a splendid game and Pretto, Palmer and Sprague played well. For the visitors Greenlaw did star work in the field. The score:

## U. OF M.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Pretto, ss.....	5	0	2	3	0	0
Palmer, lf.....	3	0	2	1	0	0
Dolley, 3.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Small, 1b.....	4	0	0	8	0	1
Welch, r.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
Brann, m.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Clarke, c.....	3	2	1	12	1	1
Sprague, 2.....	4	1	1	0	5	1
Cushman, p.....	4	0	0	0	2	1
Totals.....	34	5	7	27	9	3

## BOWDOIN.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Greenlaw, lf.....	3	0	1	3	0	0
Wignott, c.....	4	0	1	6	2	2
Bryant, 3.....	4	0	0	2	2	3
Bacon, 1b.....	4	0	1	6	0	0
Clark, ss.....	4	1	1	1	1	1
Libby, p.....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Cloudman, r.....	4	0	0	0	0	0



Haskell, 2 .....	2	0	0	2	0	0
Stanwood, m .....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Pratt* .....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals .....	33	1	5	24	7	7

\*Batted in place of Stanwood in the ninth.

U. of M. ....	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0-5
Bowdoin .....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-1

Two base hit—Pretto. Stolen bases—Welch, Brann, Bryant. First base on errors—U. of M. 4; Bowdoin. Base on balls—by Cushman, Greenlaw 2, Haskell; by Libby, Palmer, Dolley, Brann. Hit by pitched ball—Palmer, Clark. Struck out—by Cushman, Cloudman 2, Stanwood 2, Wignott, Clarke 2, Bacon, Libby, Greenlaw; by Libby, Dolley, Small, Brann, Cushman. Passed ball—Wignott. Time, 2h. 5m. Umpire, Connolley.

COLBY 11; U. OF M., 8.

Our last game of the season was played on our campus with Colby, June 8. Crockett was first tried in the box then Cushman took his place in the fifth. A feature of the game was Newenham's pitching. The following detailed score tells the story.

#### COLBY.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Hudson, 3 .....	6	3	3	0	3	1
Scannell, c. ....	6	2	1	10	3	3
Newenham, p .....	5	2	2	0	1	0
Putnam, 2 .....	5	1	1	4	2	0
Rowell, 1 .....	5	2	2	10	0	0
Cushman, lf .....	2	0	2	0	0	0
Rice, r .....	5	1	0	1	0	0
Tupper, m .....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Webb, s .....	5	0	1	2	5	2
Totals .....	43	11	12	27	14	6

#### U. OF M.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Pretto, s .....	5	2	1	1	4	2
Palmer, lf .....	4	1	2	1	1	0
Crockett, p .....	2	0	1	0	0	0
Small, 1 .....	5	2	1	11	0	0
Welch, r .....	5	2	1	1	0	0
Dolley, 3 .....	4	1	1	0	1	2
Brann, m .....	5	0	1	2	0	0
Clark, c .....	4	0	0	11	0	1
Sprague, 2 .....	4	0	1	0	6	1
Cushman, p .....	2	0	0	0	2	0
Totals .....	40	8	9	27	14	6

Colby .....	1	0	4	2	0	0	1	3	0-11
U. of M. ....	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	1	2-8

Earned runs—Colby 4, U. of M. 3. Home run—Hudson. Three base hit—Scannell, Newenham. Palmer. Bases on balls—by Newenham, Dolley, Palmer; by Crockett, Cushman 2. Struck out—by Newenham, Palmer, Small 3, Brann, Sprague 2, Pretto 2, Cushman, Welch 2; by Crockett, Webb 2, Tupper; by Cushman, Hudson, Newenham, Rice 2, Tupper, Webb. Hit by pitched ball—by Crockett, Tupper. First base on errors—Colby 4, U. of M. 5. Passed balls—Scannell, Clark 2. Stolen bases—Hudson, Newenham, Putnam 2, Rowell, Cushman 2, Rice, Tupper, Clark. Time, 1h. 55m. Umpire, Connolley.

#### THE INTERCOLLEGIATE MEET.

On the same day our ball team was suffering defeat at Colby's hands in Orono, our track team was doing most creditable work at Brunswick. They went far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. We had expected to win second place, but not with 39 points. This success was entirely due to the hard and systematic work of the athletes, under the direction of Coach Moakley and Capt. Gibbs; nor should Manager Pierce go unmentioned, for he worked untiringly for the best interest of the team.

There is one point about the meet that the athletes especially should notice and learn a lesson from it. This is, that the point winners were the ones who had worked the hardest during the season. The track team is no place for a lazy man.

Grover won the individual championship by taking 13 points; he also broke the New England record of 104 feet in the discus throw by casting it 115 ft., 6 in.

Rollins did brilliant work in the sprints, beating Kendall, who had been, hitherto, the fastest man in the state. The old record of 10 2-5 in the 100 yds. dash fell to 10 1-5.

Goodwin ran a pretty race in the half mile, winning first, and "Spike" Merrill made a strong finish and took second.

The following is a summary of the events:

100 yards dash—Rollins, U. M., first; Kendall, Bowdoin, second; Stanwood, Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 1-5.

Half mile run—Goodwin, U. M., first; Merrill, U. M., second; Marston, Bowdoin, third. Time, 2.10 1-5.

One hundred and twenty yards hurdles—Kendall, Bowdoin, first; Hadlock, Bowdoin, second; Cotton, Colby, third. Time, 16 2-5 s.

Four hundred and forty yards dash—Snow, Bowdoin, first; Stetson, Bowdoin, second; Goodwin, U. M., third. Time, 54 s.

One mile run—Merrill Bates, first; Babb, Bowdoin, second; Tate, U. M., third. Time, 4.57 1-5.

Two m  
Small, B  
Time, 5.4

Two m  
Edwards  
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220 yar  
U. M.,  
Time, 23

Two m  
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Two mile bicycle—Clough, Bowdoin, first; Small, Bowdoin, second; Linn, U. M., third. Time, 5.46.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdles—Edwards, Bowdoin, first; Kendall, Bowdoin, second; Hadlock, Bowdoin, third. Time, 26 4-5.

220 yards dash—Rollins, U. M., first; Hatch, U. M., second; Stanwood, Bowdoin, third. Time, 23 3-5.

Two mile run—Merrill, Bates, first; Babb, Bowdoin, second; French, U. M., third. Time, 11.37.

Pole Vault—Wignott and Clark, Bowdoin, tied for first and second; Minott, Bowdoin, third. Distance 10 ft., 4 7-8 in.

16-pound shot-put—Godfrey, Bowdoin, first;

Grover, U. M., second; Bruce, Bates, third. Distance, 37 ft., 7 1-2 in.

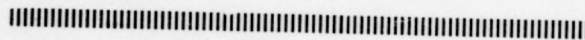
Running high jump—Stevens, Colby, first; Jordan, Bates, and Godfrey, Bowdoin, tie for second and third. Height, 5 ft., 6 7-8 in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer, Grover, U. M., first; Saunders, Bates, second; Bruce, Bates, third. Distance, 102 ft., 8 in.

Running broad jump—Hadlock, Bowdoin, first; Edwards, Bowdoin, second; Elder, Bates, third. Distance, 19 ft., 5 in.

Throwing discus—Grover, U. M., first; Pike, Colby, second; Sabine, U. M., third. Distance, 115 ft., 6 1-4 in.

Bowdoin goes to first place with 69 points; U. M., second, with 39; Bates, third, with 18, and Colby fourth, with 9.



# CLASS DAY.

Monday, June 20, was an ideal Class Day, and by the time exercises began at 2.30 P. M. the Town Hall was well filled. The hall presented a nice appearance, being decorated with class and national colors in abundance, the stage decorations consisting of a large number of potted plants. Thirty-one members of '98 took their places on the stage. As Harry A. Higgins, marshal, called the class roll, every now and then there was no response, and during the whole afternoon there was nothing more impressive than that simple statement as he finished, "Fourteen absent who are serving their country." The following is the program:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

History ..... Carl G. Wiswell

Poem ..... Rena E. Dunn

MUSIC.

Oration ..... Chas. A. Pearce

Prophecy ..... George A. Whittemore

MUSIC.

Address to Undergraduates .....

Harry A. Higgins

Valedictory ..... Elmer D. Merrill

## SINGING CLASS ODE.

Alma Mater, true to thee,  
We fondly sing thy praise,  
To thy honor, thy fair name,  
Our loyal voices raise.

We leave thee now for aye,  
Our parting words we tell.  
Thou hast given us of thy strength,  
And nurtured us full well.

To us, who gather here  
Our sad farewells to say,  
Come memories, floating back,  
Of many a happy day.  
And as we all go forth,  
Each one his work to do,  
May we strive to live aright,  
And to NINETY EIGHT be true.

SMOKING PIPE OF PEACE.

MUSIC.

## THE Q. T. V. HOME OPENING.

The new Q. T. V. fraternity home opening Monday evening was a grand success. They were favored with fine weather, and their capacious house was crowded with friends. The porches were brilliant with Chinese lanterns, and an arrangement of colored bulbs in the shape of the fraternity's pin made a brilliant effect when the electric lights were turned on.

The house is praised by all who look it over. It is large, well planned, and will fill for the members a long felt want.

National colors, potted plants and flowers were tastefully arranged.

The guests were received by Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Estabrooke, Mrs. Cutter



of Bangor, and Mrs. Balentine, assisted by R. P. Stevens and C. G. Wiswell, members of the graduating class.

Miss Ring of Orono, Miss Fortier of Old Town, Miss Smith and Mrs. Marston of Bangor presided at the tables where punch was served.

Pullen's orchestra of six pieces furnished music. After the reception a few of the younger guests remained for a short impromptu dance.

Mrs. H. R. Gilman, of Bangor, is matron of the house.

The Q. T. V. reunion was held Tuesday evening, after President Harris' reception, at their new home.

In the absence of Leslie W. Cutter of Bangor, Prof. Hamlin acted as toastmaster, and the following program was carried out:

Q. T. V. ....	Walter Flint, '82
'98 .....	G. A. Whittemore, '98
Our Chapter House.....	P. Walker, '96
'99.....	A. E. Boynton, '99
Base ball .....	R. P. Stevens, '98
1902.....	R. A. Crosby, '01
Absent brothers .....	A. H. Brown, '80
Our Country .....	H. M. Estabrooke, '76

Among the alumni present were: Professors Estabrooke, '76; Bartlett, '80; Flint, '82; Hart, '85; Russell, '85; Brown, '80; Mullen, '83; Lyford, ex-'85; Gould, '90; Buck, '93; De Haseth, '95; Walker, '96; Rogers, '97; Bars-tow, '97; B. F. and J. W. H. Porter, '97.

#### THE BETA THETA PI'S.

Despite the threatening weather, the annual fraternity receptions on Tuesday, June 21st, were as successful as those of past years. At the newly remodeled home of the Beta Theta Pi, near the northern entrance to the campus, elaborate preparations had been made. The reception rooms were tastefully decorated with palms, potted plants and spring greenery, while the electric lights were draped with small silk flags.

Mrs. Dunning and Mrs. Chapman of

Bangor, and Mrs. Webster of Orono, assisted by Miss Bainbridge and Miss Farrar, received the guests.

Messrs. J. L. Brann, Ralph Hamlin, and C. S. Webster of the graduating class also assisted.

Refreshments were served by Miss Webster, Miss Hamlin of Orono and Miss Sawyer of Bangor.

Pullen's orchestra of six pieces furnished music.

On Wednesday evening, the 22nd, was held the 23rd annual reunion of the Chapter. Although the Chapter had been reduced in point of numbers by the absence of men at the front and others who had commenced their vacation work, nearly forty members were present. A pleasant feature of the evening previous to the banquet, was the talk of Attorney General Wm. T. Haines, upon some of his experiences at Maine State in the old days.

The address of welcome to the alumni was made by L. J. Brann, '98, the retiring president.

Chas. S. Bickford, '82, held the toastmaster's gavel, and the following toasts were responded to:

Beta Theta Pi in the Past ...	R. K. Jones, '86
Our Faculty .....	N. C. Grover, '90
The Beta Girls.....	H. M. Smith, '93
Athletics .....	E. H. Kelley, '90
Beta Theta Pi in the Future .....	C. S. Webster, '98
Beta Soldiers.....	H. S. Boardman, '95
Beta Theta Pi in the Future.....	W. R. Howard, '82

Others who spoke were C. I. Haynes, ex-'93; L. J. Brann, '98; Charles Sawyer, '98, and Ralph Hamlin, '98.

Among the alumni present at the reunion were Hon. W. T. Haines, '76; Col. Chas. P. Allen, '76; J. E. Dike, '76; A. L. Moore, '79; C. S. Bickford, '82; S. J. Buzzell, '82; W. R. Howard, '82; R. K. Jones, '86; C. DeW. Blanchard, '88; N. C. Grover, '90; E. H. Kelley, '90; A. P. Webster, '91; H.

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M. Smith, '93; C. I. Haynes, ex-'93;  
F. G. Gould, '94; H. S. Boardman,  
'95; C. P. Weston, '96; E. C. Upton, '97.

THE KAPPA SIGMAS.

At the Kappa Sigma house the rooms were very prettily decorated for the reception of its friends. As in the other fraternity houses the boys at Chickamauga were remembered by patriotic decorations.

The receiving committee consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence B. Swan of Old Town, Mrs. C. P. Barron of Dexter, Mrs. A. Langdon Freese, Bangor, and Leon E. Ryther, '98.

Punch and cake were served to the guests by Miss Davis of Auburn, Miss Rogers of Patten, Miss Mansfield, Orono, and Miss Pierce, Old Town.

An orchestra, lead by Dr. O. E. Wasgatt of Bangor, furnished delightful music during the reception.

On Monday night, the 20th, the Kappa Sigmas held their eleventh annual alumni reunion and banquet.

Upwards of forty members were present and the occasion was very enjoyable.

The banquet for which an elaborate menu was prepared, was served in the dining room of the Chapter House by the Chapter's regular chef, under the direction of Mrs. Barron, the matron.

During the evening the following toasts, interspersed with songs, were happily responded to at the call of the toastmaster W. J. Morrill, '98.

Psi's Men at Chickamauga,	W. B. Barron, '98
Kappa Sigma at University of Wisconsin,	L. A. Rogers, '96
Trip to Old Town,	H. R. Alden, 1900
Reminiscences of College Life,	Hugh Clark, '90
Future of Kappa Sigma,	L. E. Ryther, '98
Bald Heads,	B. D. Whitcomb, '96
A String,	H. F. Drummond, 1900

Trials of a Teacher,

Gilbert Tolman, '96

My Appointment,

G. H. Davis, 1901

Chemistry as a Profession,

S. J. Heath, '97

Among the alumni of the Chapter present were G. S. Vickery, '89, Bangor; Hugo Clark, Esq., Bangor; Chas. A. Dillingham, '90, Old Town; C. B. Swan, '90, Old Town; J. R. Morris, ex-'93, Boston; Gilbert Tolman, '96; Lore A. Rogers, '96, Patten; Chas. Hincks, ex-'96, Bangor; Beecher Whitcomb, '96; S. J. Heath, '97, Bangor, and G. W. Bass, ex-'97, Bangor.

Two letters were prepared during the evening's festivities, expressing the good wishes of the boys, one to the large representation of the Chapter at Chickamauga, and the other to Nathan P. Goodridge, ex-'97, an engineer of the U. S. Cruiser Raleigh, and a participant in the battle of Manila.

The banquet lasted until a late hour.

WITH THE ALPHA TAU OMEGAS.

In their elegant Chapter home at Orono, the Alpha Tau Omegas entertained their friends in one of the most successful receptions in their history.

Since many members of the fraternity went to the front with the Maine troops, the decorations were especially patriotic.

The national colors were tastefully draped about the portraits of their absent members.

The dining room where the most of these patriotic displays were placed, looked exceedingly beautiful with its decorations of flags and evergreens.

The guests were received by Mrs. Rollins of Bangor, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Douglass and Mrs. Hamlin, Mr. H. Perkins and Chas. A. Pearce of the Senior class. Refreshments were served by Miss Cooper of Old Town, Miss Grant and the Misses Douglass. Music was furnished by an orchestra under the direction of Wilbur S. Cochrane.



### COLLEGE REUNION AT CAMP THOMAS.

While the First Maine was encamped at Augusta, Profs. Rogers and Flint visited the camp and left with the University of Maine students who were members of the regiment, the sum of \$20.70 which the faculty has contributed to eke out Uncle Sam's rather slim bill of fare. After numerous consultations it was concluded to have a spread as soon as possible. No opportunity occurring in Augusta, it was planned to have it in Chickamauga as soon as possible; so on the evening of June 21st, while in Maine the President's reception was being held, in Chickamauga Park the student soldiers gathered in the Park Restaurant at Lytle, Ga., and enjoyed themselves as only college students can.

It was a unique gathering in several respects. Never before have University of Maine students held a reunion in an army camp, and as far as known, it is the first reunion yet held by any college in Camp Thomas. It was unique also in that it was a very quiet banquet. Shortly after 9 P.M. some one proposed three cheers for the faculty of the University of Maine. They were given with a will, but at the end two cavalrymen with a look in their faces that showed they meant business, ordered that all noise like that must cease as it was after taps. As the restaurant is situated near Gen. Brooks' headquarters possibly that had something to do with the severity of their orders.

The boys ate as only boys *can* eat after six weeks of the severely plain food of the soldier. The menu was:

Soup	Consomme
Sliced Cucumbers	
Broiled Pike Fish	
Potatoes	
Spring Chicken	
Green Peas	
Filet De Beouf—aux Champignons	
Lobster Salad	
Ice Cream	Cake
Cheese	Crackers
Café Noir	

After eating "right through the bill of fare," college songs were sung and the following toasts were given:

- Toastmaster, S. C. DILLINGHAM, '98.  
 The Faculty: God bless 'em.  
 Albion D. T. Libby, '98  
 The Occasion: "My soul longs for the flesh pots of Egypt," Horace L. White, '98  
 The University of Maine: "On the banks of the Stillwater far away,"  
 Walter L. Ellis, '98  
 The Class of '98: Graduated with "French" leave,  
 Herbert I. Libby  
 The First Maine: Keep an eye on us.  
 Dana L. Theriault  
 The Sunny South: "Mori turi salutamus,"  
 Grosvenor W. Stickney, '00  
 Life in the Army: "Why did I leave a happy home," Bertrand R. Johnson  
 The girl I left behind me: We all have them,  
 Dana T. Merrill

Those present were: '98 — Dillingham, White, Johnson, Ellis, Sturgis, Starbird, Tolman, Libby, H. I., Libby, A. D. T., Dunn, Merrill.

'99—Carlton, McPheters, Mayo, Curtis (ex-'99), Scott, Faunce.

1900 — Porter, Theriault, Stickney, Hamlin, Eaton, Howe, Noyes, E. J., Noyes, F. A., Scribner, Forbush, Moore (ex-'00.)

1901—Morse, Adams, Hackett, Leavitt, Tolford.

The committee in charge of the affair were: H. I. Libby and H. L. White, both of the class of '98.

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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The clouds that had been hovering over us on Tuesday dispersed, and Commencement Day was clear and pleasant. Some time before the appointed hour for the exercises to begin, the Methodist church was well filled with people, and some who came late were obliged to stand. When it was time for the exercises to begin, the class marched in and were seated by Marshal Higgins in the space reserved for them. On the stage was seated President Harris with Governor Powers and Hon. Henry Lord, President of the Board of Trustees, on either side.

The following was the program presented:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

The Outlook,  
Charles Staples Webster, Portland  
Anglo-Saxon Union.

Charles Abram Pearce, Fort Fairfield

MUSIC.

Wycliffe's England,  
Walter Dolley, Gorham  
Humanity or Conquest,

Rena Ethel Dunn, Orono

MUSIC.

The Justification of the Monroe Doctrine,

Elmer Drew Merrill, East Auburn

The American Statesman,  
George Arthur Whittemore,

Framingham, Mass.

Our Duty to Ancestry,

Gracia Lillian Fernandez, North Dexter

MUSIC.

At the conclusion of these exercises diplomas were conferred upon the following members of the graduating class:

Fred Wesley Bailey, B. S. (in Pharmacy.)

Wilson Darling Barron, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

Lewis Jefferson Brann, B. S. (in Chemistry.)

Charles Parker Crowell, B. M. E.

Edward Harmon Davis, B. M. E.

John Washington Dearborn, B. M. E.

\*Samuel Clark Dillingham, B. C. E.

Walter Dolley, B. S.

Leroy Eugene Dow, B. M. E.

Rena Ethel Dunn, B. S. (in Physics.)

\*Russell Olin Dunn, B. C. E.

Llewellyn Nathaniel Edwards, B. C. E.

\*Walter Lincoln Ellis, B. M. E.

Lottie Gertrude Farrar, B. S. (in Chemistry.)

Gracia Lillian Fernandez, B. S.

George Sherman Frost, B. C. E.

Bernard Alston Gibbs, B. Ph.

Ralph Hamlin, B. C. E.

Harry Allison Higgins, B. M. E.

\*Bertrand Randall Johnson, B. S.

\*George Warren Lawrence, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

\*Albion Dana Toppliff Libby, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

\*Herbert Ivory Libby, B. M. E.

\*Harry Matthew Lincoln, B. C. E.

Ray Herbert Manson, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

\*Dana True Merrill, B. S.

Elmer Drew Merrill, B. S. (in Natural History.)

\*Harrison Pratt Merrill, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

Charles Abram Pearce, B. S.

Leon Edwin Ryther, B. S.

Fred William Sawtelle, B. C. E.

Albert Clifford Small, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

Alden Percy Sprague, B. M. E.

\*Alfred Andrews Starbird, B. S. (in Pharmacy.)

Ray Parker Stevens, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

\*Edward Albert Sturgis, B. M. E. (in Electricity.)

Roderick Desmond Tarr, B. M. E.

Wilfred Reuben Tolman, B. C. E.

Charles Staples Webster, B. S.

Warner Edwin Welch, B. M. E.

\*Horace Loring White, B. S. (in Chemistry.)

George Arthur Whittemore, B. M. E.

Carl Gardner Wiswell, B. M. E.

SHORT PHARMACY COURSE.

Daniel Lunt Cleaves, Wilbur Edwin McDougal, Fred Elmer Hall, Curtis Boyce Mitchell.

Advanced degrees were conferred upon the following graduates of the institution.

MASTER OF SCIENCE.

George Walter Chamberlain, B. S.

Ora Willis Knight, B. S.

\*On absence in Volunteer Army of the United States.

## CIVIL ENGINEER.

Harold Sherburn Boardman, B. C. E.

Hosea Ballou Buck, B. C. E.

Charles Norton Taylor, B. C. E.

## MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

George Henry Hall, B. M. E.

The awarding of diplomas to those members of the class who are at present in the U. S. army was very impressive and touching.

After the awards were made, those who held tickets to the alumni dinner formed in a procession and marched to the Town Hall, where Mr. McLain furnished a bountiful repast to two hundred and sixteen people.

After dinner toasts were enjoyed from the faculty, distinguished members of the alumni, and from friends of the institution. It was with great interest that the audience listened to that venerable old legislator, Major Dickey from Fort Kent, whom toastmaster Blanding introduced as the man who was "eighty-eight years young." He said he wanted to go to the legislature again, and if he did he should do all in his power to repeal the law that calls for a tuition to be paid by the students of the University of Maine.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF TRUSTEES

At their annual meeting the trustees of the University of Maine conferred degrees upon thirty-nine persons and granted certificates to four others. Fourteen degrees were granted in absence to members of the Senior class who were with the army of the United States.

The resignation of Professor Hamlin after a service of twenty-six years as a member of the faculty and seventeen years as the head of the department of civil engineering was recognized by the adoption of the following resolutions: *Resolved*, that the trustees of the University of Maine do hereby record their high appreciation of the personal worth and professional attainments of Pro-

fessor George H. Hamlin, and of his faithfulness and success as a Professor of Civil Engineering; that they express their sincere regret at his withdrawal from the service of the University; that they tender him their hearty wish for continued prosperity and happiness; and that they earnestly bespeak his abiding interest in the University which has received so much of his care and labor.

The trustees adopted regulations determining who shall be members of the faculty and who shall be entitled to vote at those meetings.

An appropriation was made to remodel the house formerly occupied by the Q. T. V. Society and fit it for occupancy as a woman's dormitory. This building is the oldest one on the campus, having been erected more than seventy years ago. It will be thoroughly rebuilt and will accommodate about thirty young women.

Mr. W. S. Elden was promoted to Assistant Professor of Latin.

Mr. L. H. Merrill was appointed Professor of Biological Chemistry.

Mr. F. L. Russell was appointed Professor of Biology.

Miss M. W. Hutchinson was appointed stenographer and typewriter to the Experiment Station.

Merritt C. Fernald, Ph. D., was elected Professor of Philosophy and Logic.

Mr. N. C. Grover was elected Professor of Civil Engineering.

Mr. E. B. Nichols was elected Assistant Professor of Modern Languages.

Mr. C. P. Weston was elected instructor in Civil Engineering.

Mr. S. J. Steward was elected foreman of the shop.

Mr. A. R. Crathorne was elected tutor in Mathematics.

Mr. Ralph Hamlin was elected assistant in Civil Engineering.

Mr. E. D. Merrill of Auburn was elected assistant in Natural History.

Mr. R. H. Manson was elected assistant in Electrical Engineering.

The President was given authority to appoint an assistant in English, a tutor in Physics, and an assistant in Physics.

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## ANGLO-SAXON UNION.

THE changes consequent upon the steady advance of time threaten daily to form a new combination of the great powers of Europe and of the world. That this combination will be disastrous or at least inimical to England we can hardly doubt. England with her immense commerce and extensive colonies has everything to lose and but little to gain, should an aggressive movement be directed toward her by the other powers.

The United States hitherto following her old and honored traditions—avoidance of foreign entanglements and pursuance of internal improvements—has reached that stage where her energy can no longer be expended upon matters wholly within her own boundaries. The time has come when we can no longer consider that we are sufficient unto ourselves. We must take our stand as a nation which has a mission, not for America alone, but for the world. In consequence of these new ideas, American enterprise is endeavoring to turn its attention to outside matters. It cannot be long before our artificial protective restraints, which have already completed their work, must be cast aside and the American citizen given an equal chance with citizens of other nations to pursue his business in any quarter of the globe. When that day comes we can safely look forward to a revival of the commercial and maritime spirit which will speedily place us on a level with England. Its rapid approach means a constantly increasing and heated rivalry with British interests. Already this is

being felt. Adopting, as we must before long, the liberal policy of Great Britain, we are certain to become a great maritime power, providing we have no one but her to compete with, for she in pursuance of her time-honored policy of unrestricted trade would oppose to us nothing but business methods, and there we have all the advantages. With the United States once squarely against her, English commercial supremacy would not have long to live. The jealous European powers planning even now how to ruin her would straightway fly at her throat. Can we stand by and see the institutions and people so closely connected with us by language and blood injured and humiliated? Institutions which more than any others have carried light to the dark spots of the earth; which more than any others have diffused the doctrines of Christianity and Humanity. Even supposing we could bring ourselves to thus stand inertly by and watch the demolition proceed, would it be either for our benefit or for the world's? With the English supremacy destroyed, would the sharers of the spoil stand contentedly by and see America carry on the work? Would the monarchical governments tolerate our efforts to perpetuate the free institutions which they sought to destroy? To see the trade which they hoped to monopolize confiscated by a branch of the very race from which they had wrested it? Certainly not! The destruction or curtailing of our commerce would be the next logical step after the ruin of British commerce. The truth is that

it is the Anglo-Saxon enterprise as a whole that the decaying governments fear.

The signs of the times point to a sudden and powerful onslaught upon Britain, with the sole idea of destroying her naval strength. With equal force they point to a breaking down of American traditions and an active participation in the affairs of the world upon the part of America and her citizens.

Alone and unaided England cannot hope to stand alone against any two of the great powers. Alone and unaided, without any efficient navy or merchant marine, the United States cannot hope to take an active and influential position in the world, if England and her liberal commercial policy should be overthrown. Is not the recourse plain? Great Britain's colonial secretary recently spoke these significant words: "There is a powerful and generous nation speaking our language, bred of our race, and having interests identical with ours. I would go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the stars and stripes and the union jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

The possibilities of an Anglo-Saxon Union are dazzling to contemplate and are more and more receiving the attention of statesmen. Undoubtedly this cannot be accomplished at once by a brilliant stroke of diplomacy, but after the initiatory steps have been taken, the hostile pressure would soon bring matters to a head.

Never was there a better chance than in the present crisis. The material is all at hand. First a

liberal alliance would be necessary, this would be amply sufficient as a beginning; the advantages once clearly perceived, Union would follow easily and logically though not speedily. We must concede that in case of an alliance England would obtain the greater immediate advantage, in that she has more to lose if obliged to stand alone; yet that should not deter us from taking broad grounds, for not we alone but the world as well, will be the loser if we allow our petty prejudices to obstruct the path of progress. If we properly realize the magnificent future before us, we can never envy our mother country any temporary or permanent benefits. As allies, England and the United States would have nothing to fear; they could absolutely control the seas, and therefore commerce. They could arbitrate for the world. The cause of peace would receive an immeasurable impetus; for, as great commercial nations, war would be directly antagonistic to their welfare. Any belligerent attempts of other nations could but fail if they incurred the displeasure of the suppliers of the world.

There are undoubtedly many prejudices on both sides of the Atlantic against such an alliance, probably the stronger on this side. The two wars with Britain are yet sources of bitterness to us, but we must remember that it was the imbecility of the English government and not the will of the people which forced those struggles. In both cases the war policy met with most determined resistance from such able statesmen as Burke and Pitt with the common people back of them. It was the same in our Civil war when the government favored the South while

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the people bore uncomplainingly the hardships entailed by the cutting off of their cotton supply, and held an unwavering faith in the ultimate triumph of the Union. Only the direct interference of the queen at the time of the Trent affair saved us from a war with England which would have made impossible the perpetuation of the Union. And the queen interfered because she knew the heart of her people. Still more recently when the powers of Europe were planing to interfere in behalf of Spain against the United States, the outburst of public opinion in England warned them of what they might expect, and they were obliged to let the combatants proceed without interference.

Tennyson expresses the feelings of the English people toward Americans in these lines:

"O thou that sendest out the man  
To rule by land and sea,  
Strong mother of a lion line,  
Be proud of those strong sons of thine,  
Who wrench'd these rights from thee.  
What wonder if in noble heart  
Those men thine arms withstood,  
Retaught the lessons thou had taught,  
And in thy spirit with thee fought,  
Who sprang from English blood."

We are accustomed to speak of Great Britain as a tyrannical, land-grabbing nation; yet the fact remains that since the lesson learned in 1776 her colonies have been the most progressive and independent in the world. They are the only ones which do not periodically rebel. She has allowed them to govern themselves, leaving only a slight sentimental connection, which has, however, often proved of great strength. She has furnished even the most barbarous with schools and churches. "Wherever her sovereignty has gone two blades of grass have grown where one grew before." Wherever she has planted her flag peace and christianity have followed.

On the other hand it is well for us to remember that even in our short and boasted history we have not been entirely blameless. Much as partisan historians may try to gloss over the truth of the matter, the Mexican war and its accompanying seizing of territory was nothing more nor less than robbery pure and simple, perpetrated entirely from political motives. Our selfish manner of dealing with the Indians has met with that stern criticism which we have fondly believed should be lavished only on England's colonial policy.

The crisis approaches. One more great physical struggle seems unavoidable before the institutions of peace and liberty can go on uninterruptedly extending their sway over barbarous and uncivilized people. And should not we be preparing to combine with our relatives and range ourselves upon the side of christianity, order and justice, rather than to stand ignobly by and see the fruits of our forefathers' labors swept away? Even now in the far East, England is preparing to battle for the right of every man and every nation to free and unrestricted trade; while in the West, America is battling for the cause of humanity and political equality.

We must cease these family quarrels which are altogether unworthy of our true greatness and our boasted liberality, and start the ball of union rolling, which, gathering strength and momentum from feelings of kinship and a common high destiny, will break down the differences which have too long separated men of the same blood, and eventually gather into a strong indissoluble Union the two greatest and most enlightened nations of the world.

*Chas. A. Pearce, '98.*



## THE ENGLAND OF WICLIFFE'S TIME.

WHAT thoughts arise, how difficult to express them, when we contemplate the vast social and political forces which have changed the England of Wicliffe's time to the England of to-day. What debts of gratitude do we owe those who by their ceaseless toil and perseverance even in the face of death helped to bring about those results.

When Wicliffe came upon the stage of life there loomed up before him the solid masonry of the Norman castle. The noble beauty of the cathedral and abbey for the world was still Feudal and Monastic. The land was but partly reclaimed from its original wilderness. Vast tracts of woodland and fen stretched across the country, while scattered all about were the weather-beaten hovels of the laborer.

The country was not at rest. The condition of the people would not allow it. There was an immense gulf between the poorer classes and the nobles, a gulf which had to be narrowed before prosperity could smile upon the land. Feudalism had been doing its work in England as it had in France. Edward the III lived and breathed in the very air of knightly romance and splendor. Added to this was another great factor, perhaps the greatest which was slowly creeping in and undermining the foundations of the times: it was Protestantism.

The time for the overthrow of Catholicism was not yet ripe, but from the moment when Wicliffe denounced the church of Rome and the priesthood, there suddenly sprang up

that principle which, although it might take years to perfect, was sure to follow. It is doubtful had the church and the king been in perfect accord whether the overthrow of the church would have followed so quickly, but the church was corrupt. The Pope had removed from Rome to Avignon, disclosing his greed for power as France was rapidly gaining strength. Then there came an open eruption between the Pope and Crown.

When parliament assembled in 1365, they began to attack the pope with great vigor because of his usurpation of English church patronage and because of the holding of livings by foreign or at least non-resident Cardinals and Prelates. The pope on the other hand demanded that the king should pay up the arrears of the annual feudal acknowledgement agreed to by King John and in the future to send a thousand marks a year which attested his vassalship to the Holy See. The king would not do this and the pope was obliged to give up the fight.

In the meantime Wicliffe had been thundering against the corrupt priesthood; he had also been gaining power and position through the promulgation of his doctrine, which he energetically preached under the very eyes of the papacy. He said there should be free thought in a free state. Such a doctrine coming from such a powerful leader could not fail to have its adherents, especially when the poorer classes were suffering (from persecution and tyranny), even for

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bread itself. They only needed a leader to arouse their feelings and they were ready to rise in a just cause to throw off the yoke which weighed so heavily upon them.

Soon the Bible appeared translated into English by Wicliffe. Before this, Latin was the only language spoken by the church, but the change had come and with it an outburst of religious zeal on the part of the Protestants. The king, however, forbid the circulation of the book among the people, but in spite of the harsh laws it was scattered about the country hidden from the sight of those who wished to crush it. Thus step by step we have seen how the religious unrest of this period has tended toward a division in the Church of Rome.

With Wicliffe at the head of this reform movement it developed with increasing rapidity, but on the death of the great reformer it was for a time suppressed. The government of England increased its watchfulness and the oppression of the poor became greater.

As Wicliffe was the mouthpiece of the great religious reformation, the social movement found its mouthpiece in William Langland; the well nigh hopeless cry of the people against the social evils and a corrupt church goes up in the vision of the *Piers Plowman*. The poet falls asleep and sees in a vision the world, his distracted English world. There are plowmen the fruit of whose toils the gluttons waste, men in rich apparel, lawyers who will not open their mouths except for gold. The world makes a pilgrimage to seek truth and finds a guide in *Piers a plowman* at work in the fields. He bids them wait until he has finished his half

acre and then he will lead them. The equality of all men before God and the gospel of labor are the two great doctrines found in this poem.

It was but a hopeless cry and one which had little effect upon the king, but desperation of the laborers kept the condition of the country in constant eruption. One hundred thousand men invaded London under the leadership of Wat the Tyler, who were to level all ranks, put down the church and establish universal liberty, but the expedition failed and the offenders were punished.

It is a sad thought indeed in narrating the events of a whole period of a nation's history that we cannot intermix with war and bloodshed, social eruptions and religious corruptions, the elightenment and glory of a few years of peace and national advancement. But there is one cheering thought as we read the history of England during the fourteenth century: the darkness which shrouds it is the darkness which precedes the dawn.

The learning of the fourteenth century consisted in the study of bad Latin and worse logic, as Hume puts it, and even this study was known only at Oxford. The laborer was most ignorant. He had not the advantage of the slightest education.

Into such a life the traveling "minstrel" with the old-time romance of Arthur, Sir Isebras, or the tale of Troy, or the juggleur with his sleight-of-hand tricks brought a welcome breath of the great world without. Chaucer tells us of those things, but the great poet is apt to picture to us the brighter side of life, and we are content that he did. Yet he was purely a man of the world. There was something new and strange in

the writings of Chaucer: the study and travel in which he indulged was found in other countries and not in his own home. Italy was the great seat of the new learning and it was thither that the poet went.

Dante, the greatest Italian poet, had just died leaving behind him the grandest literary productions since the period of the classic writers. Petrarch, the sonneteer of Laura, a poet and a scholar and a great leader in the new way of feeling and thinking, was crowned with laurel at Rome. Boccaccio was pouring out in the prose tales of his Decamerone the world's new delight in the beauty and good things of this life.

It could not be long before such powerful outside influences took effect upon the mind and hearts of the despairing but eager English people. The mediaeval world with its feudalistic doctrines and ideas was tottering on the very verge of downfall. The mode of warfare was suddenly revolutionized by the use of gun powder at the battle of Crêcy, doing away forever with the castle and armor of mediaeval days.

The state of England did but represent the state of all Northern Europe. Wherever the Teutonic language was spoken there was the same weariness of unreality, the same craving for a higher life. England rather lagged behind than was a leader in the race of discontent. In Germany all classes shared the common feeling; in England it was almost confined to the lowest. But wherever it existed it was a free, spontaneous growth in each separate breast, not propagated by agitation, but springing self-sown, the expression of the honest anger of honest

men at a system which could be endured no longer.

At such times the minds of men are like a train of gunpowder, the isolated grains of which have no relation to each other, while they remain unignited; but let a spark kindle but one of them and they shoot into instant union in a common explosion. Thus England and Germany, two of the greatest nations of the earth, and Wicliffe and Luther, the two greatest leaders of Protestantism and the Reformation, combined in one common explosion and the dawn of the modern era was seen rising through the smoke and ruin of the fallen mediaeval world.

*Walter Dolley, '98.*

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