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The Cadet December 1898

The Cadet Staff

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THE CADET.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XIII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

THE CADET.

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IN previous years THE CADET has not been published in January, because of the winter vacation extending through that month. Although the vacation this year would not conflict with the occurrence of a number in January, the next CADET will appear in February, in order that no more than the usual number of issues may be published during the year.

* *

IN the management of THE CADET a great deal depends upon the receipts from advertisements. We believe that advertisements pay well in THE CADET and that our advertisers merit the patronage of the students. Every student should have an interest in the welfare of their college magazine. When a student enters a store to make a purchase, a casual remark to the clerk or proprietor assuring him that his advertisement in THE CADET has been noticed, will mean much for

our publication. If a student sees fit to purchase in a store that does not advertise with us, let him say that he hopes to see its advertisement in THE CADET. Everything else being equal, let us patronize those who patronize us, if only for our own interests.

* *

OUR public bulletin boards are shamefully misused of late. Notices are posted to convey information to the public, but if one of the student vandals happens to come along, it is doubtful if the notice can ever be read. Have a little regard for the rights of others, and read and let others read.

* *

THE benefits of education are not dependent upon the studies or lines of study pursued. The whole benefit of our college course is not the ability to analyze an unknown quantity, or integrate a complicated equation. Education is defined as that series of instruction or discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations. The forming and development of true manhood is education.

* *

Continued application of thought along certain lines is in itself an element of education, not dependent

upon the aims or subject of such thought. Such application brings knowledge, but not, in itself, education. There must be a simultaneous development of character.

* * *

Application to work, absorption in affairs and contact with men gives a training to the intellect and opportunity for discipline of character. The perpetual call on a man's readiness, self-control and vigor which is given to-day, the stress upon the will, the necessity for rapid and responsible exercise of judgment; all these constitute a high culture, a culture which strengthens and invigorates.

Not the least object to be obtained in a college course of education should be the ability to deal with other men, to make and to hold friends, to obey and to command. A college of this kind is especially well adapted to instill this ability. The military department is to accomplish this, and if it teaches respectful obedience, the power to direct other men, and decisiveness, it is invaluable. "The conditions of success are tact, push and principle." If, in our course, we are developing along these three lines, our education is a success.



QUO VADIS?

OR

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

I.

Down from the lofty mountains,
Over the deep blue sea,
Comes the voice of duty
Calling to you and me.

Visions are flitting by us,
Like clouds in a summer sky,
Filling our hearts with the purpose
To dare for the right or die.

II.

Another voice is calling
In siren notes so sweet;
To the path of self indulgence
It lures our faltering feet;
Pictures its blithesome beauty
In colors bright and gay,
Covering the many pitfalls
Concealed in the downward way.

III.

The road that leads up may be thorny,
And 'tis always hard to climb,
But the air is clear and bracing,
And the view from the heights sublime.

All the great and good before us
Have climbed its toilsome way;
They are calling us to follow;
Let us listen and obey.

IV.

But whichever way we travel
We can never go alone;
We must take our comrades with us,
Let the path be up or down.
And at last when called for judgment,
We may be required to say
How our friends who started with us
Were allured to go astray.

V.

Let our lives be pure and noble,
Wrought with diligence and love,
While our hearts are close communing
With the Power that rules above.
Thus, with slipping, stumbling footsteps,
Up the narrow path we'll go,
Trusting ever in His goodness
To protect us here below.

Leon F. Livermore, 1902.

THE DEBATING SYSTEM AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

PROBABLY the most striking thing which the average visitor would notice at the University of Wisconsin is the interest taken by the undergraduates in debating. At the boarding clubs, in the halls, everywhere that the students gather, the talk is not so much of the coming athletic contest or social function as of the next debate or of the relative merits of rival debaters. The name of the crack half-back of last year's foot ball team will go down to coming classes not so much as a foot ball player and all-round athlete, whose name had appeared frequently in many of the leading papers of the country, but rather as one of the keenest debaters and brightest public speakers in the history of the university.

Another striking thing is the fact that the old time literary and debating societies have existed side by side for years. This is one of the very few institutions where the strength of the literary societies has not declined as the interest in fraternities has increased. In Maine, for instance, Bates, the only college which has the old-time literary societies, has no fraternities. Bowdoin had them years ago, but they have long since given place to their rival, the Greek letter fraternity. It is hard to say why this has not taken place at Wisconsin, but probably the chief reason is found in the fact that the percentage of non-fraternity men is so large that the literary societies are able to keep their ranks full without drawing very largely from the fraternities. Quite

a good many fraternity men take an active part in the literary societies, but as a general rule fraternity men are not considered desirable and in one or two at least they are rarely admitted.

Wisconsin men claim that their debating system is the best of any American college and their success in intercollegiate debates would seem to bear them out. They have debated all of the large colleges of the middle west and have been defeated only once. At one time last year three distinct teams were preparing to represent Wisconsin in intercollegiate debates. These three teams were made up entirely of undergraduates and did not include some of the best debaters, who were graduate students. The three leading societies are Athena, Philomatheia and Hesperia. These are made up almost exclusively of students in the college of letters and science, or, as it is popularly known, "the hill." Besides these, the law school has three or four, the college of engineering two, the school of agriculture two and the ladies two. All of these occupy rooms in the university building. Meetings are held every Friday night and a full attendance is gained by rigidly enforced penalties for absence.

There is usually a literary programme, but the chief feature is one and usually two debates, each debated by eight or ten men detailed in turn so that every member must take part frequently. The debate is criticised by a critic who is appointed at each meeting. New officers are elected

frequently in order to give every one practice in parliamentary rules. Once every year each of the "hill" societies gives what is called the "freshmen blow-out," when a literary programme is given by the freshmen members. Another annual event is the "Semi-Public" given by the sophomores. This is a public programme with a debate as the leading feature and is considered quite important, as it gives the societies an opportunity to judge the ability of the men who will take part in the next joint debate.

The great event of the year is the joint debate between two of the three "hill" societies. This year, for instance, Athena will debate Philomatheia, which defeated Hesperia in the joint debate last year.

The engineering societies confine themselves to technical subjects and do not compete with the "hill" societies, while those of the law school contain many men who are graduate members of the "hill" societies and who would not care to compete against their old societies.

Each of the two societies which are to compete, elect three men soon after the semi-public, usually choosing them from the sophomore class. This arrangement leaves the seniors free to take part in the intercollegiate debates.

A question for the debate is selected by mutual agreement or by referees; in case of a disagreement conditions and sides are arranged and work begins immediately. Work on joint debate is counted by the university as a small amount of regular work, but the "team" puts a very large amount of work and time into the preparation. They frequently take long trips in search of information or

statistics, sometimes coming as far east as New York and Philadelphia.

The men who are on the debate for the present year spent the entire summer vacation in Chicago studying the question of municipal ownership of street railroads which is the subject of the debate this year. The expenses of these trips are paid partly by subscriptions by the society members but principally by the debaters themselves. The debate, which takes place in February or March in the old chapel, brings out all the enthusiasm and rivalry of the contesting societies.

The two societies march in and occupy opposite sides of the hall giving their yells and cheering their debaters. The debaters themselves, intrenched behind tables piled with formidable looking books, make a sorry attempt to appear unconcerned and at ease. After a statement of the question and conditions by the presiding officer, who is usually a member of the faculty, the debate is opened by the "opener" for the affirmative. Since the argument only is considered by the three judges, the debaters speak rapidly and concisely making no attempt at oratory, using no figures of speech, but endeavoring to fill their time as full of facts and logic as possible. Charts, maps, and diagrams are used freely for illustration, and big bundles of letters are produced which the judges are informed are from experts and authorities in all parts of the world who, without exception, support the speaker's views. After the debate is closed the judges retire and the rivals wait in suspense for the decision. The announcement is the signal for the wildest cheering by the winning society, while their opponents steal quietly and sadly away.

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The election of members of the intercollegiate teams is usually by a joint committee of the various societies, an event which sets in motion an immense amount of wire pulling, politics and combines. The result of all these four years of drill and practice in public speaking and debate is very noticeable in the large number of young men who can speak easily and logically, who are familiar with

a great variety of questions of public importance, and with the best methods of studying the various sides of new questions which come up from time to time.

While debating at Wisconsin is undoubtedly carried to an unnatural excess, there are many things about their system which could be copied with advantage by other institutions.

Lore A. Rogers, '96.



A TOUCHING EPISODE.

I.

The note began: "My dearest," and then went on to say,
 "I am doing well at college—passed a hard exam. to-day,
 Athletics, too, are booming; think I'm sure to make the crew,
 But I will not talk of these things, dear, my thoughts are all of you.

II.

"I've been thinking of you daily—of the happy days gone by,
 Of the sunshine in your tresses, of the love-light in your eye;
 And I'm longing, dearest, longing for the time to come once more
 When we can be together by the river's murmuring shore.

III.

"I am lonely—ah! so lonely, and I would that you were here,
 That I might tell my troubles to your sympathetic ear.
 And yet—I hate to ask it—but could you spare for me
 From your liberal allowance a ten-spot or a V?

IV.

"I am going to the Juniors—with a girl you do not know—
 To the Sophomore and the Glee Club—and I need the cash to blow.
 Send it, dearest, I implore you, if you can, and send it quick,
 And believe me, I am always, dear, your own beloved Dick."

V.

Then he read the missive over, made corrections here and there,
 Rubbed his head and smiled quite softly, "I think 'twill make her stare.
 It's no lie, she is a darling—she's a darling and I've missed her."
 Then he folded, stamped and sealed it, and addressed it—to his sister.

T., 1900.

CAEDMON.

WE commonly regard Chaucer as the "Father of English poetry." In the study of English literature we often commence with his writings as the first English writing of worth. In one sense his work justly claims this distinction, because he wrote in English nearly as it is used today.

Viewing the question of priority of English poetry in another light, we penetrate the misty vale of English history to a time 700 years before Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales*, and we find a true poet writing poetry which lived in the hearts of his countrymen for centuries. His name is Caedmon, and he wrote in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, the pure old English, before the advent of William the Conqueror, and the introduction of so many Norman French, and Latin words in our language.

All that has been transmitted to us concerning his life is contained in a strange legend characteristic of the age in which he lived.

In the seventh century the remarkable energy of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers was turned from the subjugation of the Britons and directed to religious enthusiasm. This vented itself in building great monasteries, since they had recently abandoned their Woden worship and had accepted Christianity. The people, however, were grossly ignorant, and accepted without question whatever their monks told them. Naturally each monastery wished to have a large list of miracles done in its precincts. One of the most wealthy and noted of these was Whitby, on the North

Sea, at the head of which was Hild. She had great repute for her wisdom, and her counsel was sought by kings. However, what brought most fame to Whitby was the monk Caedmon.

The monks of this institution reported the following legend, which has been preserved to us by Beada, the historian of this early period of English history.

Caedmon, the legend reads, was a cow-herd who for years had served the monastery in this capacity, and although past middle age, had never learned to make verses, and could neither read nor write.

According to the custom of the times, often, after the evening meal was over and the ale brought in, the harp was passed round, and each in turn sang the jingling, alliterative verses of his own composition, or those of the wandering Saxon minstrels who occasionally visited them.

Whenever the harp was passed to Caedmon, with a feeling of shame for his inability to entertain them, he would leave the hall and return to his home.

One night, having left the board under these circumstances, he went to the stable, where it was his turn to take charge of the cattle for the night.

During the night there appeared to him in his sleep *One* who said, "Sing, Caedmon, some song to me." "I cannot sing," he answered; "for this cause left I the feast and came hither." The heavenly stranger then said, "However that may be, you shall sing to me." "What shall I sing?" asked Caedmon. "The begin-

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ning of created things," replied the celestial *One*.

Caedmon immediately composed some verses, which he remembered after he awoke in the morning. A portion of these verses which he repeated to the divine *One* are recorded to be the following, a literal version of which is :

" Now we shall praise
the guardian of heaven,
the might of the Creator
and his counsel,
the glory-father of men,
how he of all wonders,
the eternal lord,
formed the beginning.

His poetry was greatly superior to any the people had ever heard, and they received it as from a divine source. Others after him composed poems on the same subjects; but none of them could equal Caedmon, for, the people said, " He learned the art of poetry from God."

The collection of poems which bears his name has descended to us from a later West-Saxon version. Reliable history of this period of English history is very meagre, and many doubt the unity of the authorship of Caedmon's poems. Indeed we have good reasons to believe that a portion of them belong to a part of the tenth century, while the most of them were written about 680 A. D.

The idea of poetry in the seventh century was different than now. The poetry of Caedmon is alliterative and accented. There are three alliterative words in a couplet, two in the first verse and one in the second. For example :

Nu we sceolan herian
heofon-rices Weard,
Metodes mihte,
and his mod-gethonc,

Wera Wuldor-Faeder;
swa he wundra gehwaes,
Ece Dryhten,
ord onstealde.

The translation of the above Anglo-Saxon verse has already been given, for it is a part of what Caedmon sang to the divine *One*. The style is that of boldness and harshness, rather than that of refinement. In its verses one hears the clash of shield against shield, the clang of sword against sword. The pictures are vivid, and the expression of them direct and brief. The emotions are passionate, emphatic, an exact portrayal of Anglo-Saxon nature. The melancholy of their temperaments, also, finds itself expressed in these poems, as well as their love for the dreamy, weird and mysterious.

A new factor has found its way into Caedmon's poems, and that is its theme, Christianity. This theme gave new realms for the keen fancy of the Anglo-Saxon mind. Instead of treating it in the vague way of the Southern nations, the Saxon poet makes the characters of the Bible assume the temperament of Anglo-Saxons. He paints hell as a Saxon prison, and Satan as a bold, rebellious chieftain, chafing under the sovereignty of the All-Mighty. Heaven, he represents as a fortress established by the universal Ruler of the angelic race.

" The universal Ruler had of the angelic race, through his hand power—the holy Lord!—a fortress established. To them he well trusted that they his service would follow, would do his will. For this he gave them understanding, and with his hands made them. The holy Lord had stationed them so happily. One he had so strongly made, so mighty

in his mind's thought, he let rule so much—the highest in Heaven's Kingdom; he had made him so splendid, so beautiful was his fruit in Heaven, which to him came from the Lord of Hosts, that he was like the brilliant stars

Praise ought he to have made to his Lord; he should have valued dear his joys in Heaven; he should have thanked his Lord for the bounty which in that brightness he shared when he was permitted so long to govern. But he departed from it to a worse thing. He began to upheave strife against the Governor of the highest heavens that sits on the holy seat. Dear was he to our Lord; from whom it could not be hid that his angel began to be overproud. He raised himself against his master; he sought inflaming speeches, he began vainglorious words, he would not serve God, he said he was his equal in light and shining, as white and as bright in hue. Nor could he find it in his mind to render obedience to his God, to his King. He thought in himself that he could have subjects of more might and skill than the Holy God. Spake many words, this angel of pride. He thought through his own craft that he could make a more strong-like seat higher in the heavens."

Another extract gives Satan's speech after his defeat:

"Then spake he words: This narrow place is most unlike that other that we formerly knew, high in Heaven's kingdom, which my master bestowed on me, though we it, for the All-powerful, may not possess. We must cede our realm; yet hath he not done rightly, that he hath struck us down to the fiery abyss of

the hot hell, bereft us of Heaven's kingdom, hath decreed to people it with mankind. That is to me of sorrow the greatest, that Adam, who was wrought of earth, shall possess my strong seat; that it shall be to him in delight, and we endure this torment—misery in this hell. O! had I the power of my hands, and might one season be without, be one winter's space, then with this host I—But around me lie iron bonds, presseth this cord of chain; I am powerless; me have the clasps of hell so firmly grasped. Here is a vast fire above and underneath; never did I see a loathlier landscape; the flame abateth not hot over hell, me hath the claspings of these rings. This hard polished band, impeded in my course, debarred me from my way. About me lie huge gratings of hard iron, forged with heat with which me God has fastened by the neck."

It will at once be recognized that the theme of this part of the poem is strikingly similar to Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Not only is the theme similar, but there is wonderful likeness in some of the scenes and thought. Some passages from *Paradise Lost* might be taken for literal translations from passages of Caedmon. But it is not possible that Milton ever heard the Caedmonian poem. In fact, but one copy of the poem was in existence at that time, and that was in the hands of the scholar Janius, who had rescued it from oblivion and was devoting himself at this time to a study of the language.

The story of the rebellion of the angels led by the arch conspirator Satan, their defeat in pitched battles about Heaven, and their final fall into a swart hell, horrid in all its details,

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is so familiar to us that many think it is contained in the Bible. Perhaps the thoughts of this poem had its influence on the English people long after the poem itself was lost, and Milton simply embodied the same ideas in his "Paradise Lost," wholly unconscious that they had their origin in Caedmon's poem.

In comparing the poem to poems of comparatively recent times it is hardly fair to judge them by the same criterion.

We should remember that Caedmon wrote when England was yet divided into petty Saxon Kingdoms continually warring among themselves or repressing their Celtic predecessors.

Although Christianity had been

embraced by them a century before Caedmon wrote, England was not entirely free from the myths of their old Woden worship.

The lives of the people were crude and they were eminently a race of warriors. It is not strange then, that their poetry would reflect some of the characteristics of the age. However, Caedmon must have been a member of that class of poets who, though untaught, burst forth in song and displays the rich treasures of a pure, exalted mind. His work, though wanting some of the essentials of modern poetry, possesses much merit and deserves a place in the study of early English literature.

—*W. J. M.*, '99.



A TOUCHDOWN.

"**W**HAT are you looking so glum about, Billie? You look as though you had lost your last friend."

"Well, I reckon anybody would look glum if they had got what I did this morning. Just listen to this."

The larger of the two young men drew several opened envelopes from his pocket and selecting one, unfolded the letter and read:

"MY DEAR SON:

I am very sorry to take away any of the pleasure of your college life, but I must positively forbid your playing foot ball in the future. I see by the papers that you are playing and once or twice I have seen that you were hurt,—a thing that you never mentioned in your letters. I want you to enjoy yourself, but if you play this brutal game you not only risk your own health but you

cause your mother and myself great uneasiness. I hope that in your next letter you will tell her that you have stopped playing."

"I should say that things do look tough. Are you going to quit?"

"There isn't any other way out of it. By George, I wish father could only see a game once. He is like lots of other people who think a foot ball game is a regular slugging match. But there is no use trying to argue with him so I guess I've played my last game this season."

Time went on and Will Parker applied himself to his studies with more than usual vigor, in order to keep from grieving over his enforced withdrawal from the game. He never went to see a game or even to see the team practice. He could not even bear to read the accounts of the games in the daily papers.

The season had been very successful and the team from the University of Maine suffered no defeat, but in the game with Colby College the score had been a tie. This tie was to be played off on Thanksgiving day at Orono and was to be the best as well as the last game of the season. Colby had not been beaten and they meant to be able to say the same after the Thanksgiving day game.

About a week before this event Will received a short note from his father which ran as follows:

"Dear Will:

As your mother and I are going to spend Thanksgiving at the farm, it will perhaps be a dreary holiday for you at home, so I am going to tell you to come down there and after our day's visit at your grandfather's we all will go to Orono and spend a day or two with you. Write and tell us if you have made any other arrangements.

Your affectionate father,

CHAS. PARKER."

The next mail carried the answer back.

"MY DEAR FATHER:

I am delighted to know that you and mother are soon to visit me at the college. I should like to be down at Grandfather's on Thanksgiving day but I really can't. You may think the reason trivial but it is just this. The best foot ball game of the season will occur here on that day and I just can't miss it. When you forbid my playing I even quit going to games, but now a reaction has set in and I really must see that game. But you must come up here all the same. Why couldn't you come for Thanksgiving day and see our team win? We could all go down to Grandfather's for Christmas.

Your loving son,

WILL."

A day or two after this note was mailed, Parker was sitting in his room when some one knocked at the

door. In response to the usual "Come in," the broad shouldered coach of the foot ball team stepped in and sat down. After a few commonplace remarks he came to the point by stating the object of his visit.

"Billie, I want you to play in the Colby game."

"But, Jim, you know the reason I can't play. I wouldn't have to be asked if I could do as I pleased."

"There is no 'can't' about it, old man. I want you to take Baum's place. His ankle is going to keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. Nobody but you can take his place."

"But, how about that promise to my folks."

"Write to them and tell them the circumstances."

"But there isn't time to get an answer."

"Take it for granted then. You promised to stop playing as a regular thing. This is a special case and I think you could play without your conscience hurting you in the least, especially when so much depends on this game. I must go now but I'll leave you to think it over and will expect to see you on the field to-morrow for practice. You know as well as I do, that we've just got to win this game, and whether we do or not depends in a great measure on you."

With this parting shot he was gone, leaving Will in a very undecided frame of mind. But by the next afternoon his mind must have been made up, for he was out with the team for practice and seemed his old self again.

At last the great day came. The weather was unusually fine for so late

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in November. The gridiron was perfect with no mud or water, and overhead it seemed as if the weather man had forgotten that there was to be a game of foot ball on Thanksgiving day. At the time for the beginning of the game the grand stand and side lines were crowded. Crowds appeared at the windows and on the roof of Oak Hall. Even the old windmill was used by some enterprising students as a sort of secondary grand stand. Colby had come up in great force and with a confident air they poured into the enclosure and prepared to do their part in helping the team to victory.

The game was called and the twenty-two young men representing the brawn and muscle of the two colleges were soon engaged in the great struggle of the year. The teams were very evenly matched as the score at the end of the first half will tell. In thirty-five minutes playing, Colby had made one touchdown and had kicked goal, while Maine had scored two points on a safety. The half ended with the ball in Maine's possession on Colby's five yard line and it seemed as if the state university was still followed by its proverbial bad luck.

As Parker left the field after the whistle was blown, he glanced over the crowded grand stand, looking for a certain face that he felt sure would be there. But he saw something which drove all thoughts of the other from his mind and for a moment made his heart beat faster and sent the color rushing to his face. High up on the top seat of the grand stand his father and mother sat looking at him. He turned his head hastily and followed the other players out of the gate. At first he thought he would stop

playing and go and try to explain matters, but before he had made up his mind it was time for the second half to begin and he found himself on the gridiron again in his place awaiting the kick off.

In the excitement of the game his parents were forgotten. His only thought was the playing. This half was even closer than the first. Each team had carried the ball close to its opponents' goal line but each time had been held by a desperate rally. The game was nearly at its end and the old "C-o-l-b-y" yell drowned the Rah, Rah, Rah, of Maine.

There were two minutes more of play. Maine had the ball but the line up was near the center of the field. The referee had called "Second down, three yards to gain." The quarter-back gave the signal for an end play and the ball was passed back to Parker who, closing in behind his interference dashed diagonally across the gridiron and through the Colby men as he had never done before. The cheering was deafening, but there was one thing that encouraged the runner more than all the college yells. High up in the grand stand he saw an old man frantically waving a familiar soft felt hat and shouting, "Go it, Will." At this Parker seemed to double his speed and notwithstanding the attempts to tackle, and forgetting the oft-repeated instructions of the coach to "always follow his interference" he ended the longest run of the season with a touchdown fairly between the goal posts. Immediately the crowd at the side lines broke the rope which kept them back and surging across the field picked Parker up on their shoulders and would have carried him off the field if the officials had not

interfered and induced them to wait a minute more until the end of the game. With difficulty the gridiron was cleared and the goal kicked.

The ball was kicked off again but time was called before many plays had been made and the game was officially declared won by the University of Maine.

The team was carried to its quarters on the backs of their friends and it was some time before Will could extricate himself from their embraces and go to his room. Here, as he expected, he found his father and

mother awaiting him. The greetings were very effusive, but were followed by an awkward pause. Each knew what was in the minds of the other two. The pause was very short however and Mr. Parker forever settled the question of Will's playing foot ball by clapping his son on the back and saying, "It's all right, Will. Now you must be sure to put us where we can get the best view of this grand celebration you are going to have to-night. We'll see how you give a vermillion hue to the town of Orono."



THE LAW SCHOOL.

The fall term closes Wednesday, December 21. The winter term begins January 18.

Some very interesting sessions of the Moot Court have been held during November. Questions of law only have been tried. The first jury case will be tried Friday, December 9. It is a civil action in which suit is brought for damages for injury to a horse caused by a collision with an electric car. McGill and Hobson are the attorneys for the plaintiff, and Graham and Gibbs for the defense. Dean Gardner is to sit as judge.

It is probable that a debate will be held during the early part of next

term between members of the Congress and those of the Progressive Debating Society of the Y. M. C. A.

Louis C. Southard of Boston, a leading member of the Suffolk County Bar, has been engaged to give a series of lectures on Medico-Legal relations, to begin sometime in February. Mr. Southard is a graduate of the University of Maine.

The students will hold a jury trial at Orono at some date during the winter.

Foss, '00, has been elected treasurer of the Congress, in place of Miss Robinson, resigned.

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THE YELL.

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Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Maine!

Is there anything the matter with our yell? Do we wish to change it? Can we adopt another to replace it? I must beg to differ with the writer in the last issue of this paper, and answer "no" to these questions.

A good yell, to be effective, must be suggestive of the institution which it represents; easily given with a volume of sound; and it must be well known. It is eminently proper that a state institution such as this one, should embody the name of the state in its yell. Granted that some of the other colleges of Maine gave our yell, it does not seem necessary for us to procure a new one, in which the name, Maine, shall not appear. The others gave the yell in place of their own, to let people know where they came from. Their own yell, apparently, did not answer the purpose; is it not for them to change, then, rather than us?

It is, in a sense, a state yell, which is a fact in its favor, and not against it. This is the University of the State of Maine, and we, as students of the University, should yell for Maine. It may be remarked that the seal is identical with the seal of the State, except for the words "University of Maine" near the circumference. Change, then, as was suggested, the yell, the seal and the rest of those honored customs and insignia which show our intimate relations with the state and what have we left?

A university, perhaps, but not a state university or University of Maine.

Our yell is not like that of every other college, nor are there any of them from whom we wish to copy. The Harvard yell has the same form and it is a form which is becoming more and more popular, in place of the old razzle-dazzle style of yell. The yell is given in broad tones, into which any amount of lung power may be put. It is easy to articulate. There is no long string of meaningless chewing which, while all right in a class yell, is undignified and inadequate for a university.

No new yell would be acceptable which is not essentially the same as the old, both in meaning and in its most important word. Little if any improvement could be made upon its style or its clearness and ease of enunciation. On the other hand, a new yell, whatever might be its improvements, would tend to separate the interest of the alumni from the student and to create an estrangement which could by no means be repaired.

Our yell has for years been heard wherever our teams have contested; it has become widely known as the yell of the University of Maine; it has cheered its teams to well-won victories and it has cheered them in honorable defeat. It will continue to be heard, because of its service, because of its suggestiveness, because of its place in the heart of every alumnus; and may it ever be the yell of the victor.

A Croaker.

LOCAL NOTES.

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

Got a cold?

Vacation soon—hold your grip.

Snow, '02, is at home sick with the grip.

R. E. Russell, '02, is teaching in Livermore.

Raston, '00, is teaching at Good Will Farm.

Tommy Judge is teaching school this winter.

Packard, '02, and Wight, '02, are both out working.

Prof. Flint has another heir—a son born November 28.

Elliot, '00, is a sergeant in the Maine Battery at Savannah, Ga.

J. M. Libby, '02, has left for his home on account of trouble with his eyes.

The French Club met for the last meeting of this term, Dec. 10th, *parler Francais*.

Adolf Pfaff, the well known jeweler of Bangor, has presented the Law School with an office clock.

R. H. Rockwood visited the campus recently. He is engaged in civil engineering in Waterville.

F. C. Mitchell will teach in Newfield High School this winter. This is his eighth term in this school.

Dr. Harris spoke at the dedication of the new academy in Patten, Thursday evening, December 8th.

Prof. L. H. Merrill has returned from Heidelberg, Germany, where he has been studying since last summer.

Blackwell, '99, Whitcomb, '00, and Allen, '02, who have been home on account of illness, have returned to work.

Question:—What court was Booth tried in for the murder of President Lincoln. For information inquire of Buck Downing.

Prof. Munson has returned from a trip to the northern part of the state where he delivered several lectures on subjects pertaining to his department.

Ellis, '98, Sturgis, '98, Leon Hersey, Sam Clark and J. P. Coombs, spent Thanksgiving holidays in the woods. Sam Clark succeeded in procuring a fine buck.

At the meeting of the Scientific Society, Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, Dr. Fernald and Pres. Harris spoke on The Feasibility and Advisability of a Closer Alliance with England.

The Kappa Sigmas entertained at their house Friday evening, Nov. 18, and again Thursday evening, Dec. 8, with whist and dancing. Young people from Orono, Oldtown and Bangor attended.

The seniors recently made a very short recitation in constitution. It is presumed that they had their lesson so well learned that it required but a few moments to recite the topics assigned.

Dr. and Mrs. Harris gave a reception to the members of the faculty and their wives, Saturday evening, Dec. 3. Mr. Dorsey repeated his

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illustrated lecture on visible sound for entertainment.

Stowell, 1900, who was at Chica-mauga was on the campus for a few days recently. He has just recovered from a severe illness with malarial and typhoid fever. He will resume his work at college next term.

Prof. H. M. Estabrook delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, at the Universalist Church, Oldtown, on the subject: David Barker, "the Robert Burns of Maine."

President Harris and Prof. Woods have returned recently from a trip to Washington. Pres. Harris attended the Convention of State Colleges and Prof. Woods attended the Convention of Experiment Stations.

"The Maine Bulletin" is out. This is its second number, and conveys much matter of interest to the alumni. It is prepared under the direction of Prof. Stevens, Ralph K. Jones and Chas. P. Weston.

At the last meeting of the Press Club, officers were elected as follows: President, A. C. Wescott; vice president, W. E. Belcher; secretary, M. M. Veazie; executive committee, A. E. Boynton, A. H. Robinson, W. H. Bennett.

The Glee and Instrumental Club will start on a concert tour Tuesday, Dec. 20th. The following places are booked for the trip: Ellsworth, Dover, Dexter and Guilford. The club has been working hard for several weeks and the concerts will undoubtedly be a credit to the club and university.

The Sophomore Prize Declamations were given in the Town Hall, Orono, Friday evening, Dec. 2. The

stage was tastefully decorated with potted plants, bunting in class colors of red, white and blue, and the back was draped with flags. Wasgatt's orchestra furnished music. The selections were all excellently given and enjoyed by a large audience. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

1. Bay Billy, *Glossaway*
Wales Rogers Bartlett, Center Montville.
2. A Purpose, *Parsons*
Leroy Harris Harvey, Orono.

MUSIC.

3. The Chase, *Scott*
Gertrude Lee Fraser, Oldtown.
4. Extract from Wendell Phillips, . .
Bertrand Clifford Martin, Fort Fairfield.

MUSIC.

5. The Unknown Speaker, *Anon*
Frank Erwin Watts, West Falmouth.
6. Ursus and the Aurochs, . . . *Sienkiewicz*
Alson Haven Robinson, Orono.
7. Lasca, *Desprez*
Maurice Barnaby Merrill, Stillwater.

MUSIC.

The awarding committee consisted of H. K. White, principal B. H. S.; C. H. Bartlett, Esq., Bangor, and F. J. Martin, Esq., Bangor. The prize was awarded to Alson Haven Robinson.

The opening concert of the '98-'99 season of the Glee and Instrumental Clubs was given in the Town Hall, Orono, Friday evening, Dec. 9. The following was the programme:

PART I.

1. The Mulligan Musketeers, *Anon*
Glee Club.
2. Watch Hill Two Step, *Kenneth*
Orchestra.
3. Flute Solo, *Selected*
Mr. Sawyer.
4. Crossing the Harbor Bar, *Giebel*
Glee Club.
- Solo, "The Time Will Come," . . . *Herbert*
Mr. James Parker Coombs.

PART II.

5. Nordica Waltzes, *Tourjee*
Mandolin Club.

6. (a) On the Chapel Steps, Gow
(b) Pharisee and Sadducee, . . .
Glee Club.
7. "Tuyo Siempre" Waltzes, . . . Tocaben
Orchestra.
8. Sailor's Chorus, Parry
Glee Club.

The following is a list of officers and members of the Glee and Instrumental Clubs for season '98-'99:

GLEE CLUB.

J. W. Brown, Jr., '99, president; C. P. Gray 1900, vice president; A. S. Grover '99, secretary and treasurer; R. L. Fernald '99, leader and manager; J. P. Coombs, musical director.

First Tenors—R. L. Fernald '99, H. A. Hatch 1900, C. W. Stowell 1900, D. R. Taft, 1902.

Second Tenors—C. W. Hayes '99, H. J. Pretto '99, C. P. Gray 1900,

P. R. Keller 1900, F. S. Benson 1900, H. E. Cole, 1902.

First Bases—J. W. Brown '99, A. L. Grover '99, G. W. Stickney 1900, W. N. Cargill 1900.

Second Bases—A. J. Patten '97, F. H. Mitchell 1900, G. O. Hamlin 1900, A. H. Robinson 1901.

INSTRUMENTAL CLUBS.

Instructor—G. P. Garcelon.

Mandolins—C. W. Hayes '99, F. O. Johnson 1900, C. A. Mitchell 1901, R. H. Smith 1902.

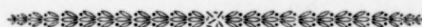
Guitars—H. F. Drummond 1900, A. H. Robinson 1901.

Banjos—W. A. Murray '99, G. S. Freeman 1901, A. J. Patten '97, C. P. Gray 1900, H. M. Carr 1902, A. R. Crathorne.

'Cello—H. E. Cole 1902.

Flute—W. M. Sawyer 1901.

Piano—C. P. Gray 1900.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. A. M. ROBINSON.

BY DR. M. C. FERNALD.

THREE years ago the writer had occasion to prepare for the *Foxcroft Academy Review* a biographical sketch of the late Hon. A. M. Robinson, a former trustee of the Maine State College, who died at his home in Dover, Maine, on the thirteenth of October last, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

By request of the editor of THE CADET, the substance of that article has been adapted for present publication.

In a brief sketch but little more than an outline of Mr. Robinson's long and active career could be attempted. Of him it was true, as of many another whose record has been one of useful and honorable service, that his early years were

largely years of self-dependence and of limited opportunities. The mastering of unpropitious conditions in those early days was the key to the assured success and the abundant usefulness which characterized his later years.

Alexander M. Robinson was born in Bangor, April 25, 1814. Attendance as a boy upon the schools of his native town, now a thriving city, private study by firelight, and one term at Foxcroft Academy, made the sum of his advantages for an academic education.

So faithful and quick was young Robinson at his studies, that at the age of sixteen years he was regarded qualified to teach, and at that early age did teach his first school in the

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town of Glenburn. His quality as an instructor and disciplinarian is attested by the fact that he was retained as teacher in the same district for several consecutive terms.

In 1834, when he was twenty years of age, he entered the law office of Abram Sanborn, Esq., in Levant (now Kenduskeag) village; and, while preparing for his professional career, maintained his reputation as a teacher in the schools of that village. He was admitted to the bar in 1837, and commenced practice in Sebec village, taking the office formerly occupied by John Appleton, Esq., subsequently Chief Justice of Maine.

After a law practice in Sebec for seventeen years, he removed in 1854 to Dover, where he maintained a large and lucrative practice for more than forty years.

As a lawyer, it is only justice to say that during this extended period he held a leading position among his associates. He was a safe and judicious counselor, and to his credit it should be said that his sound and unselfish advice saved many a client from the burden of expensive litigation, which, but for such advice, would have been deemed unavoidable. Although self-interest might have dictated a different course, he was always true to the real interests of those seeking counsel at his hands.

While engaged in exacting professional duties, he found time to serve his County, his State, and the general public, in various positions of trust and responsibility.

For three years he was chairman of the Board of County Commissioners. For seven years he was County Attorney of Piscataquis County. He served in both branches of the Maine Legislature,—in the Senate in 1854

and in the House in 1868. For three years he was a member of the State Board of Agriculture. For twenty years he was president of the Piscataquis Central Agricultural Society. To his discreet management during this period, the society was largely indebted for its excellent standing and the widespread interest in the cause which it represented, as well as in the promotion of its prosperity.

For seven years he was a Trustee of the State College, proving an efficient and valuable member of the Board. It was his fortune as a member of the Legislature to be largely instrumental in securing the second state appropriation for this institution. During his trusteeship of the College, his ability to render it efficient service was constantly recognized by continuous assignment to duty on the Executive Committee.

In the village of his residence, his ability and executive force have been well known and duly appreciated. He was President of the Piscataquis County Bar Association, and for the last eleven years of his life was President of the Piscataquis Savings Bank.

One of the public enterprises in which he took great interest, to which for several years he devoted a large part of his time, and in the promotion of which he was a prominent factor, was the building of the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad. He was chairman of the meeting that organized the railroad company. An illustration of his devotion to this enterprise is afforded by the fact that with Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, then president of the projected road, he devoted to it the entire summer of 1868, mainly in the adjustment of claims of parties along the roadway, involving travel on

foot several times over the entire line. With the exception of a single year, he had been a director of this railroad since 1868, and for the same time its corporation lawyer.

In no way is his fidelity to duty better exemplified than in his relations to Foxcroft Academy,—an institution with whose interests he identified his own for forty-eight years. In 1850 he became a member of its Board of Trustees. For more than twenty years he was President of the Board.

During the entire period of forty-eight years, notwithstanding the large demands in other directions on his time, he was present at all the meetings of the Board, except three. His frequent visits to the Academy rendered his face familiar to its pupils through this long period, and the institution notably profited from his sagacious oversight.

Mr. Robinson was married fifty-eight years ago to Miss Mary A. Chase, daughter of the late Joseph Chase of Sebec. Of their nine chil-

dren, two died in infancy, and two, a son and a daughter, after arriving at maturity. Their five sons now remaining have gone forth from the paternal roof and established homes of their own, one in Dover, three in Bangor, and one in the State of California. The patriotism of the family is shown by the fact that two of the sons performed true and valued service for their country in the Union army at the time of the Civil War.

In concluding this short and imperfect record of a life that, to a marked degree was active, vigorous, intelligently directed, and helpful to others, let me remind my readers that the world still needs the same fidelity to duty, the same persistence toward right ends, the same public spirit,—in a word, the same sterling qualities, which rendered the career of Mr. Robinson an honor to himself, a satisfaction to his friends, and a benefaction to the community in which he resided.



YE ALUMNI.

'75.

Hon. Louis C. Southard of Boston, and one of the most prominent lawyers of the Suffolk County bar in Massachusetts, has been engaged to deliver a course of twelve lectures before the students of the Law School.

'76.

George Obed Foss has secured a position as contractor in the firm of Foss & McDowell in Kaslo, B. C.

'81.

Edward Holyoke Farrington, an associate professor of Dairy Husbandry, has been placed in charge of the Dairy School at the University of Wisconsin.

'82.

Alfred Justin Keith, has been engaged as an engineer and contractor on the construction of the Mountain Lake electric railroad.

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Frank J. Kimball located at Scalp Level, Pa., is district superintendent of Berewind White Coal Mining Co., in charge of Westmoreland, Somerset and Cambria counties.

'88.

Many Bangor friends of Mr. Abram W. Sargent, formerly of Bangor, will be glad to learn that he has taken an excellent position with the Fall River steamship line at New York city, having left the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co. to accept this more lucrative position. Mr. Sargent is well known as an able young man who has filled many responsible positions in a manner which has reflected great credit upon himself and won the high opinion of his superior officials. When a young man he held positions of trust and responsibility usually filled by men of much more mature years. Mr. Sargent is one of many Bangor young men who have done credit to their native city.

'91.

Ralph J. Arey of Williams, Ariz., an assistant engineer on the Santa Fe Pacific R. R., was on the campus recently. He is East for a short time to visit his parents who live in Hampden.

George E. Thompson is a law student in Boston.

'92.

William R. Butterfield is an assistant on the Boston Elevated Railroad. He has been engaged lately in a survey of the city of Melrose, Mass.

'93.

Walter Dowsjack is at present retained as a chemist by the Bowker Fertilizer Co. His address is number 11 Erie St., Elizabeth, N. J.

'95.

L. R. Folsom has accepted a position as principal of the Eaton High School, So. Norridgewock, Me. He was admitted to the Penobscot County Bar during the August Term of Court.

J. W. Martin is draughting in the office of an artesian well concern at 38 Oliver St., Boston.

'96.

E. E. Kidder is retained in the chief engineer's office of the New England R. R. at 180 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

Warren R. Page has accepted a position as principal of the Hermon High school. His home is at Newburgh Village.

Ex-'96.

J. Lee has charge of a leveling party working on the survey for the elevated railroad to be built from South Boston to Charlestown.

'97.

Edward M. Atwood is at work for the Deering Flax Co. of Chicago. His address is 6625 Washington Ave.

W. T. Brastow is with John H. Ellis, manufacturer of lime and dealer in general merchandise, Rockport, Me.

H. E. Stevens has accepted a position with the Peninsula Engineering Co., at 926 Chamber of Commerce, Detroit, Mich.

Myron R. Russell, who has been for some time past a teacher in the public schools at Vernon, Vt., has accepted a position as principal of the Veazie High school, Veazie, Me.

John P. Chase is at present with the Brainerd Milling Machine Co. His address is 29 Davidson street, Hyde Park, Mass.

'98.

Chas. S. Webster has gone into the insurance business in Portland.

Walter E. Ellis was recently upon the campus visiting old friends. He has accepted a position as draughtsman at the Bath Iron Works.

Merrill and Lawrence were back a short time ago to see their old friends. They were the only two of the almost forty men sent out by this college to see active duty in Cuba, as they were with the Signal Corps.

Higgins has a position as machinist for the Amoskeag Mills, Manchester, N. H. Address 146 Pearl street.

Lincoln is in his grandfather's office, 100 Exchange street, Bangor.

Frost is doing civil engineering work on the Third avenue street car line, New York. Address 318 East 124th street, New York.

Lieut. Alfred A. Starbird, Battery B, 6th U. S. Artillery, is stationed at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.

Sprague is recovering from a nearly fatal attack of typhoid at his home in Vanceboro.

Lieut. Dana T. Merrill, 12th U. S. Infantry, is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas. The regiment is under orders to be prepared for immediate service in the tropics and will probably go to Porto Rico or the Philippines.

Sawtelle is doing civil engineering work for M. C. R. R., with headquarters at Waterville.

Ex-'98.

Arche is government interpreter for U. S. and during the summer was stationed at Seavey's Island, Portsmouth, N. H.



The Varsity played its last game with Colby at Waterville, which was reported in the last issue of THE CADET. It was not thought advisable to keep in training three weeks for the Tuft's game with no intervening games to be played, so it was cancelled.

We cannot say that we have had a successful season in foot ball, but then we have done as well as possible under the adverse circumstances and we shall not have to start in the next season with a green team.

The last game of foot ball played on the campus this season was on November 10, between the freshman and sophomore classes. It

snowed all the time during the game which caused the field to be wet and very slippery.

The freshmen found their opponents no such "easy meat" as they did in the "peanut" game, it was not however so one-sided as to be uninteresting. In the first half 1902 kicked off and the ball was brought back some distance before it was stopped. Then by mostly mass plays directed at the freshman line the ball was rushed down the field for a touchdown. Armes failed to kick goal. On the next kickoff the same thing was repeated and this time the sophs were successful at goal. Score 11 to 0.

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In the second half the freshman line strengthened and they did some very creditable offensive work. E. H. Dow showed that he was no new man in the business by the way he bucked the line, and we hope he may be allowed to try for the Varsity next fall. At the end of the second half, the ball was on freshman's 30 yard line. The following is the way the men lined up:

1901.	1902.
Harvey, l. e.	McCarty
Whittier, l. t.	R. G. Dow
Hoyt, l. g.	Smith
Barrows, c.	Hamilton
Willard, r. g.	Mosher
Goodwin, r. t.	Chase
Clark, r. e.	Wight
Thompson, q. b.	Bodge
Davis, l. h. b.	Eldridge
Keller, r. h. b.	Batchelder
Armes, f. b.	E. H. Dow

Score, 11 to 0. Umpire and referee, Caswell; referee and umpire, Wormell. Halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

On Saturday, November 12, we sent a picked up team to Ellsworth and played the Dirigo. The team was 10 to 0 in our favor.

The athletic committee are considering the advisability of sending a team to Worcester next spring to the New England Intercollegiate Meet. It is thought we could send a small team there which would do the institution credit.

A LETTER FROM MANILA.

The following is an abstract of a letter dated October 26, 1898, sent to the K. S. House by Nathan E. Goodridge, ex-'96, who is serving in Dewey's squadron on board the U. S. S. Raleigh.

For three months we "held her down" under a strict blockade; this was the first three months we were in here. During all this time our ships

were darkened every night, and sentries posted all along the decks to guard against any attack by torpedo boats.

When the army began to arrive, the first expedition took possession of the barracks in the navy yard at Cavite. Then when the next came they went into camp about 2 miles from fort Malata where they kept adding to it 'till they had about 4000 men there. This was near the last of July. On the 31st, another expedition arrived. About midnight that very night, before any of those men were landed, the Spaniards took into their heads to try and make some advances on our lines. They opened fire on our pickets about 11.30 P. M. This brought the whole army of 4000 men to their feet in short order, and they rushed to the firing lines and began to pour in their storm of bullets with telling effect. The Spaniards soon fell back behind their breastworks and stayed there, though keeping up a steady fire for some time. The guns on fort Malata kept up a scattering fire until daylight, but with little effect. The result of that battle was eight killed and sixteen wounded on our side. We never heard the result on the other side but thought loss to be more.

The army underwent some hardship here at first, almost every day there being more or less rain, enough to keep the men wet about all the time; then they had some difficulty in getting wood to cook their food. There was plenty of it all about them but it would not burn 'till dried.

There was more or less firing along the picket lines about every night, but did not amount to very much except to keep our men on a sharp lookout, thus relieving them of much

of the monotony usually attached to guard duty.

The 13th of August had been set for the day to bombard Manila. That morning our whole fleet was under steam, ships cleared for action, ready for a fierce battle. Everything loose about the deck was either thrown overboard or stowed below decks where there would be no danger from flying splinters.

Somehow, we all felt that a fierce battle lay before us, but we knew or felt that we would win in the end though perhaps through heavy loss.

About 9 A. M. the army signalled, (ready to attack). Our anchors were quickly up and secured, then we swung into line and headed straight for Manila. Just before coming within firing distance, we divided into three sections, the Monitor, Monterey, Baltimore and Charleston, Boston, were to attack the lower part of the town where there were two or three 10 inch guns. The Olympia, Raleigh and Petrel were to take Fort Malatta and along there, while the Concord and McCulloch were to act as reserves.

The Olympia opened up the bombarding and the Raleigh followed. The Olympia and Raleigh did all the firing that day. The Raleigh fired the last shot of the war in the east.

After throwing a few shots into Fort Malatta and getting no reply, the army made their gallant charge. They were met by a volley from the Spanish rifles which wounded quite a number, but still the brave boys rushed on. On gaining the fort the Spanish colors were pulled down for it is not their custom to take their colors with them. The color bearer on the American side was shot in the act of running up the stars and

stripes,—the happiest moment of his life, performing duties for his country. I think the loss on the American side was 25 killed, 68 wounded.

It was about 11.30 when the fort was taken, but the brave boys did not stop here but kept right on 'till they had possession of every street in Manila.

During the afternoon the army marched into the walled city. They expected some resistance here but met very little.

It was just 5.40 when the terms of surrender had been made and stars and stripes were unfurled over the capitol building. How the cheers rang out loud and clear from those on board our ships in front of the conquered city and who were watching for old glory to go up and unfurl to the breeze. Every one of our ships in turn 'mid cheers and bands playing fired a salute of 21 guns each to honor the 13th day of August, 1898.

I do not believe I ever cheered louder in my life or with a better will. We could not help it.

Now boys let me tell you with all the glorious victories of this war, with all the great name we have gained for ourselves, *war is no picnic*.

It will never pay for those dear ones, those heroes who fell in battle or succumbed to that terrible disease, fever.

I saw that several of the old boys from University of Maine served during this war and saw a good bit of the life at the front.

The last letter I had from home said that 5 of the 46 who left the university last spring to join the army had died and several more were dangerously sick with the fever. I surely hope they are better now.

The navy out here I think fared much better than the army, and that is particularly true in Cuba. There seems to be much criticism going on now about some affairs mostly the food and medicine and it seems just, too.

The government bought food and medicine enough for her army, but it failed to reach the intended destination through some blunder, and I

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THE CADET.

believe it right for an investigation to be made.

This war has not been without its instructive points; we have learned much by it. Other nations have been startled by our fighting abilities, the readiness by which we can turn from peaceful pursuits to those of warfare.

We have learned that black powder has its failings, and that smokeless powder is the thing for war now-days.

I need not speak of more but there are many. We have a hold now in the far east and let us hold on. It is just what we have wanted for a long time—a naval station in the east.

I presume few, if any of you remember Hutchinson, '93. I met him not long ago among the Pennsylvania volunteers. I know of no one else here from University of Maine.

Everything is quiet about here, business has started up in Manila and things are resuming their old time characteristics.

We are hoping to be homeward bound early in the new year, but of course we do not know.

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THE CADET.

THE PHILIPPINES.

DURING the late war the Philippines were taken, but at the time of their capture with no other motive than that of aiding to weaken the Spanish authorities and obliging them to grant the demands made by our government; but upon the glorious termination of the war, we feel a sentiment of selfish greed for wealth and territorial gain taking possession of us. We see those islands so rich in natural resources in themselves and also being in such a position as to form a trading post for us with the eastern world, and we do not stop to debate and consider in regard to the ultimate end if steps be taken for the retaining of these islands for ourselves.

We have boasted that our actions against Spain were not for what we could obtain for ourselves, but rather to free an oppressed people—to wrest them from a despotic and tyrannical rule. What will other nations say if we take the steps before presented? How is it going to appear before the civilized world?

According to the Monroe doctrine we would not have allowed any other nation to have had anything to do in the affair with the Cubans, and yet those in favor of the retaining of the Philippines, when we say it is entirely against this doctrine, tell us that we have outgrown the same. It is a thing of the past. But I would like to ask in what way have we outgrown it? Just so far as any power violates its teachings so as to be an injury to ourselves we would uphold it with our entire military force.

We are in a position today to show to the world the real American standard that we have attained and that degree of perfection as a free and

noble government. Are we to follow the footsteps of those of our country before us in maintaining the Union we now have, or are we to repeat the experiments tested by other nations and suffer the same defeat as themselves?

It cannot be that with the present extent of our civil service and our constitutional detest for the possession of colonies, that we shall extend our sway over such a barbarian people as the inhabitants of the Philippines.

J. H. S., '99.

THE STORY OF MAN.

A little dark, a little light
A little while and a day;
The years roll on in rapid flight,
Old age creeps slow like shades of night,
And our lifetime wears away.

A faded smile, a sigh suppressed,
Then death and the deepening gloom.
The heart beats not at the troubled breast,
And our weary limbs enwrap in rest
Seek peace in the narrow tomb.

A dreamless sleep, one long cold night,
And the grace of time is o'er;
The soul set free from its earthly plight,
Clothed in the robe of morning light,
Rejoices forevermore.

—Notre Dame Scholastic.

Prof. (in Zoology, to Soph)—“Can plants feel?”

Soph. (after several futile attempts at answering)—“No, I guess they cannot.”

Prof.—“Of course they can!”

Soph. (wishing to get even)—“Can plants hear?”

Prof.—“Who ever heard of such a thing?”

Soph.—“They can. I find that in the Bible when Christ told the fig-tree to die, it obeyed.”

—The Buff and Blue.

THE CADET.



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