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Maine Campus May 29 1906

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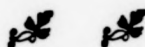
THE MAINE CAMPUS

Vol. VII

ORONO, MAINE, MAY 29, 1906

No. 29

IVY DAY EXERCISES



THE regular Ivy Day exercises were held in the chapel on Tuesday afternoon, May 23, and as usual everything went off very smoothly. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends of the students, and all listened with enjoyment to the excellent program which had been prepared. The parts were all highly interesting, and were delivered in a most pleasing manner. As there is not enough space to print all the parts, only two are given below; but the remainder of them are given in full in the daily newspapers.

PROPHECY

A. R. LORD

It was in the great dock section of Chicago that this little adventure befell me which I have consented truthfully to relate because of the interest it may have for a few of my classmates. I was wandering about after a hard winter's work seeking some quiet retreat in which to spend a brief vacation and growing more confused every moment by the endless array of posters and placards, when I collided rather violently with a long, lanky fellow with Ireland written all over him. He was the most Irish-looking Irishman I ever saw and it was impossible to mistake him. It was Tom Malloy beyond a doubt and he recognized me at the same moment.

"Well, if it ain't Lord!" he cried and he cracked two of my spinal vertebrae with a welcoming pat on my back. Whatever was in my mind to say came out unintelligibly with my escaping breath and left me speechless and panting.

"I suppose you're still keeping the Henville Cackler going," said he.

"I'm not writing *desperate verse* at any rate," I gasped.

"Go to Socrates," and he pulled out his watch and glanced at it hurriedly. "I'm going to the devil! Only two minutes left! Come on!"

I stood stock still, too surprised to move and understanding him not at all.

"Come on! Come on!" he cried and he grasped my sleeve and started off. I yielded mechanically not knowing what all this nonsense could be about. Scarcely a hundred yards away we came upon a little opening in the wharf, and in it, almost entirely concealed, lay a small cigar-shaped boat with a low open-mouthed tower through which Tom hastily crawled and I after him without reasoning or asking a question. For what seemed to me an interminable length of time I fell headlong through space and then struck heavily on some very hard material. For a long time I lay where I fell in a state bordering closely on the unconscious and I felt only a strange, sinking sensation. Then I slipped over the border line entirely.

* * * * *

When again the whirling universe began to separate into its constituent parts my first impression was that some mystic power had transported me to the sulphur furnaces of some vast pulp mill. Every breath I drew seemed to add to the great leaden weight that reposed on my chest and the intense heat seemed to shrivel up my skin. Tom was gently prodding me with the toe of his boot.

"We just made it," he said. "I wouldn't have missed this for a good deal. This is my third trip to the infernal regions. I come down every year in the hopes of seeing my old friends Coffin and H. C. roast! That's Beelzebub over there. Old friend of mine!"

I looked where he pointed but could see the "old boy" only very indistinctly as he stood directly in line with a great platinum palace which glittered and shone so as to dazzle the eye. Beelzebub came over to us immediately. He was quite an attractive old fellow, not at all the monster that I had conceived him to be. In fact I took a liking to him on the spot. Tom seemed to be on the best of terms with him. They chatted pleasantly and once Beelzebub tried to draw me into the conversation.

"You're a college man?" he asked.

I nodded.

"I like college men," he went on. "Just my style. I manage to get my share of them, too. Maine man, d'you say? We always try to rope in all the Maine men we can. Did you ever know Butt Harlow? I got him about a week ago although he put up a game scrap. I would have made him chief magistrate in the Palace of Justice over there if he hadn't been such a *society swell* in college you know. But let's be moving."

He started off towards the shining Palace of Justice and Tom and I followed rather hesitatingly. My head was still buzzing from my fall and I gathered but a hazy impression of things. Finally we came to an entrance labelled "Maine" and our guide pushed his way in.

"Have to have a special court for you Maine men you see," said he. "You're such an awful tough lot that we simply have to grant you a few extra favors! Lot of naught seven men coming up today, too," he said turning to Tom.

There was no arrangement for visitors so we had to stand up in one corner. The air was comparatively cool in here and not nearly so sulphurish. The court had just disposed of one case and a very meek and subdued wraith was being hustled out into the promised land.

There was a rush of feet and another shade was deposited in the dock. The clerk of court turned over the asbestos leaves of a big book and began to read extracts from the life record of the victim.

"William Wesley Bannister Reddy Alexander —"

"That's me," nodded the shade drawing forth a visiting card and tossing it to the astonished clerk.

"Silence in the courtroom," roared the judge.

"Mum's the word, old man," answered Aleck.

"Remove the prisoner instantly," directed the judge.

The guards seized the shade and hustled him out through the side entrance.

"See you later, old boy!" came the pleasant rejoinder from the corridor.

* * * * *

A moment later and another shade was in the dock. This time it was a woman whom I recognized with difficulty as the once "bonny Miss Aiken."

"What's the charge, clerk?" asked the judge gently.

"She lingered too long beside the *Halls* of Maine," replied the clerk.

"Well, send her along to the *Hall* for College Widows, poor thing," said the judge and the attendants gently bore her away to her well earned rest.

* * * * *

The next case seemed to be long in coming but finally a highly excited wraith rushed out onto the dock.

"Say," he exclaimed, "Did you hear about the fire? Awful earthquake — San Francisco — whole place's burning up! Something awful you know," and he rushed out again in mad haste.

"Poor fellow," said the judge, "Let him go. Fifty years behind the times! Well, he probably won't find the earthquake, but I guess there's plenty of fire left where he's bound for."

I looked at Tom and he nodded back to me. Yes, it was poor Ned Druery beyond a doubt and slower than ever. We used to call him "Dynamite," I remembered, on account of his slowness in the olden days.

* * * * *

My reminiscences were cut short by a heavy military tread coming down the corridor and in a moment General Hooper himself was in the dock. He had changed not at all in fifty years. He was still the same old general that the old college had loved and lost. The clerk consulted the big book.

"E. Guy Hooper," he began, "sometimes called

'the tin soldier.' He was born a century too late. The tainted money capitalists of his time failed to appreciate his military virtues and he died of a broken heart fighting nobly for the lost cause of co-education.

"'Tis said," said the judge, "that we have to punish men of such great ability and honors. We must deal lightly with his infirmities. Let him report to Sergeant Macomber of the awkward squad and be thoroughly instructed in the setting up exercises as his reward."

* * * * *

When the court had recovered sufficiently from the last case, another shade was brought in. As the clerk opened the big book to read a newspaper clipping fell out. He picked it up and began:

"Johnnie Pierpont Harvell, your honor—the famous sport, you know. I'll just read the clipping: 'For forty years Mr. Harvell has served as trainer and coach of the University of Maine Co-ed athletic teams. What Farrell has been to the Maine Varsity teams, or what Murphy was to Yale—that and much more was Harvell to the Co-ed teams. His place will be a hard one to fill.'"

"His reward shall be proportional to his deserts—and they are great. Let him continue his good work and furnish amusement for all our leisure hours." A look of great joy overspread Johnnie's face followed by one of doubt.

"But the teams I trained—" he began.

"Never fear," said the judge, "they're all either here or on the way!"

* * * * *

The next victim impressed me particularly. He suffered from what I considered a most unique deformity. For some cause his neck was permanently twisted so that he was continually looking upwards.

"This man must be an astronomer," said the judge.

"Nay, your honor," answered the clerk, "his deformity is but the result of a lack of judgment. Being a short man he should have loved a short woman but he chose the tallest he could find."

"A sad case," said the judge.

"It was a co-ed, too," said the clerk.

"Poor fellow," said the judge. "He has made a

sad muddle of life. The least we can do is to alleviate his distress in some way. But how? If we make him tall he will look over her head because of his infirmity while if we straighten his neck he will still be too short to see her face at all."

"We might furnish him a step-ladder," suggested the clerk.

"By all means let him have a step-ladder and let his neck be straight again," decreed the judge, looking kindly at the erstwhile astronomer.

"Poor Cracker," said Tom to me. "And to think what a good job he did for us on the *Prism*."

* * * * *

Another case was hurried along. The shade of a tall, indifferent chap took the stand. I felt a hand descend heavily on my shoulder and turned to see Tom capering like a kid with a new toy.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "At last I am rewarded for all my trouble! Old H. C. has come to get his!" and he went capering off again. It was H. C. Stetson beyond a doubt.

"Another victim of co-education," said the clerk simply.

"Alas! Alas!" mused the judge, "what a curse is this co-education! The third victim in one short hour! Well, we must deal kindly with him. He did his best, poor man, and no one can do more. When others failed he was always on hand to beau them round and probably he has saved many from like wreck by his steadfast devotion. Give him an easy chair close by the fire and let him roast in comfort."

* * * * *

The next victim was easily identified as Snooks Rockwood irresponsibly smiling as of old. The clerk was looking at the big book in a puzzled manner.

"Well, what's the chief offense?" asked the judge impatiently.

"It's hard to say, your honor," said the clerk.

"One's about as bad as another and they're all above the average."

Just then a servant bearing a tray of drinkables entered and ere you could move an eyelid Snooks was out of the dock and had pounced upon it. The guards rushed forward to save the judge's refreshments and in a moment all was in a turmoil. Snooks was putting up his customary game fight.

In the midst of it all Tom was seized from behind and carried away, and as I fled I heard a mocking voice exclaim:

"The third time tells the story, lad. Twice you have come and gone but this time remain. Think you that you are immune from the common lot of man? That you can write your desperate verses free from all restraint and punishment? You shall have a reserved seat in the front row with a bonny fire to warm your toes at!"

As I passed beyond reach of the taunting voice, the thought of Tom's fate lent strength to my weary limbs and I was soon at the boat. Beelzebub was there before me.

"Well, good-bye," said he. "I'll see you again soon. Oh, don't decline my kind invitation. We've got a cosy corner for you as well as Tom!" and he chuckled softly to himself, as he gently started the cigar-shaped boat on its upward trip.

And I suppose that down beside the great bonfire Tom and his old friend H. C. are chatting amiably together while waiting for the great reunion of the class of naughty seven.

HISTORY

W. B. ALEXANDER

"The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find,
A brand new Junior History
Can't tickle every mind;
So if you find some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a poke,
Just laugh, don't be too wise."

One score and ten months ago, our fathers sent forth to this institution a new freshman class, one destined to make a name both for itself and the University. It was in September we arrived, 170 strong, carpet bags, grip sacks, greenness and all. We immediately started out to acquaint ourselves with our new surroundings, and coming across the college standpipe one evening, decided that it would greatly increase its utility by advertising to the college in general, and to the sophomore class in particular, the new arrivals. Accordingly, a huge "'07" was painted on the side facing the campus.

The following day came the "first chapel" and our formal introduction to college life at the Univer-

sity of Maine. It was there that we had our first track work, the low and high hurdles both being used. Following these came some strenuous rushing, until by a majority vote it was decided to allow the sophomores to enter chapel, while we came in and filled up the rear half.

Our appearance as a class was not inspiring; the majority of our white collars were missing, and our faces were rather gory. Nevertheless, the appearance of our freshmen co-eds made up for our crumpled attires. "Honey" Estabrooke, the faculty poet, expresses his estimation of them in the following lines:

"Blue-eyed girls, bewitching fair,
Dark-eyed ones, with jet black hair,
Girls with charm and girls with grace,
Each one with a dear, sweet face.

"Will enchant you with their smile,
Surely charm you for a while,
For lovely girls — attractive, too,
Have come to honor Maine's old Blue."

The next evening came the annual freshman night shirt parade. Some of us, however, seemed to realize, partly through a strange inner feeling and partly through the advice of the Juniors, that our presence in Orono on that particular evening might be dispensed with. Consequently, we "skidooed."

Nevertheless, we were not as heartless as it would seem for we left "23" for the sophomores. These 23 men composed the annual night shirt parade.

Shortly after this, a few insignificant posters appeared on the campus, laying down a set of rules to guide our wandering steps. As these rules were rather strict and as we were doubtful of our ability to comply with them, we removed them. Soon after this, a set of sophomore rules appeared and were received with much applause by the upperclassmen.

The following Saturday we gave the sophomores some difficulty in defeating us 18-14 in the annual flag rush. In the baseball game that followed we experienced another stroke of hard luck. It was on this day that Flannigan became restless and under the direction of "'06," took his centennial bath in the Stillwater.

During the next two weeks the days flew rapidly by. The 'Varsity football team played Harvard to a standstill and we, the freshmen, learned how to cheer for Maine. Down at University Hall the

freshmen organized an anti-hazing society. The kind-hearted sophomores, on hearing of the society, desired to show their interest by tendering the association an outdoor evening reception. Extensive preparations were made and the sophomores cornered the market on green paint and iodine. The evening was a complete success. Several relay races were held and other sporting events invented by the sophomore class. It was on this eventful evening that we so fearlessly "faced" the green paint and iodine.

Toward the middle of December, a select gathering was held up at Spearin's Inn. Those present were entertained by several members of "1907." Mr. Blaisdell was Master of Ceremonies, with His Honor George Henry Hayter, as Floor Director. Most of the invited guests were of the class of "'06." The members of the entertaining troupe were tastily decorated with burnt cork, shoe blacking, and other theatrical applications. Soon after the exercises, Prexy appointed the twelve men who had had charge to the Sophomore Honorary Society, the Phi Kappa Fired, and sent them to their various homes, presumably to solicit new students. At the close of the Christmas recess, the freshmen, fearing that the sophomore class were dwindling to such small numbers that a frog pond scrap might have to be eliminated, took pity on '06, and through the student council, asked the recall of the Phi Kappa Fired delegates.

Meanwhile the winter passed rapidly by and the inter-class meet was at hand. It was here that we won our first victory; defeating the sophomores by a score of 10-6. The next morning in the chapel, a broom bearing the score was duly raised. In the scene that followed, both classes did some very good hitting. With the bases full and after having received two strikes, "Janie" Hart took a third and went out. After some little disturbance the faculty referee called the game off and Janie was carried out, an innocent martyr to a noble cause.

In athletics that spring our class stepped into prominence, Wyman taking his "M" in track, and Burns and Hosmer in baseball.

In due season the spring came around, bringing with it the never-to-be-forgotten '06-'07 frog-pond scrap which was held near where the Carnegie library now stands. It was a fierce struggle and

much doubt was expressed as to the victors. However, in order to pacify the wounded feelings of the sophomores, the upperclassmen condescended to call the scrap a draw.

Soon after this affair exams came, and we separated for the summer to recuperate after the strenuous work of our freshman year.

In September, 1904, we again gathered on the campus, but oh! such a change. The green paint of the year before was entirely lacking and the iodine-tinted faces had bleached and were again their natural color. But the change was easily explained — these were the sophomores. Stub Wildes was chosen "Boss" and we immediately drew up a course in education for the freshman class. The night shirt parade was a complete success in spite of the juniors who seemed rather reluctant or possibly incapable of assuming the dignity of their station in the University. At first, pity overcame our educational attempts, but we soon put this feeling aside and gave the freshmen a severe course in college etiquette.

We won a decisive victory by defeating the freshmen 34-11. The evening of the peanut scrap was one long to be remembered. It was held on Spearin's Mud-flats late in the fall, that season when the flats are especially in their prime. After bribing the freshmen to come out we finally obtained a small sized handful to deliver the peanuts to — then the fun commenced. Strange to say, the peanuts disappeared very suddenly and haven't been seen since — at least not by the freshmen.

Meanwhile, several stars from our class began to shine upon the 'Varsity football field. Jack Burleigh and Ray Quint held down the ends, while Dick Talbot fitted into the line. Bill Schoppe shone gorgeously on the second eleven.

About this time our first class social function came off. This was the Sophomore "Dec's." Bobbie Robinson carried off the bouquet with Miss Balentine a close second. The cars were so crowded going home that most of the Bangor young ladies decided to stay over till morning.

In February, our victorious 'Varsity relay team had two "1907" men on it — Wyman and St. Onge. In the annual sophomore-freshman basketball game we were easily the victors. In 'Varsity basketball our class was well represented by St. Onge, Matheas and Talbot.

On the day of the first sophomore field work the freshmen left town to partake of a banquet. Their absence was soon noted and in a short time the entire class was speeding on a special train to Ellsworth "only 40 miles away." At 9.00 P. M. we arrived in town and set out in search of the freshmen. It seems that at about 8.45 the freshmen had suddenly decided that they had partaken of enough of the dainties and had taken a hurried constitutional in the direction of the tall pines. Bill Sawyer was seen scampering away and immediately Joe Goodrich set out after him. Joe soon decided that Bill wasn't the man he was after and came back and duly informed us of the fact.

However a large number of the freshmen were routed out and an impromptu opera was tendered the citizens of Ellsworth by '08 under the immediate direction of 1907. The specialties brought forth great applause and the several acrobatic feats were encored again and again. After some little persuasion on the part of the sophomores, the freshmen decided to spend the night in Ellsworth and then kindly set up the sodas. After an exciting fire drill the guests of the evening took the special for Bangor wishing the freshmen happy dreams and a pleasant night's repose. The next morning the freshman section in chapel was appropriately decorated in deep crape. For special music the sophomore choir rendered with touching tenderness that well known hymn, "Where have thy lost sheep strayed."

In track that year, Wyman St. Onge and Lisherness made good on the 'Varsity, while "Dynamite" Druery came a strong fifth in the high jump and was strenuously congratulated.

Our second social function was one of the grand events of that year. The sophomore hop was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and great care was taken that special cars be provided for the guests after the dance. Some quick-witted freshman ingeniously threw off the electric lights during one of the dances. Contrary to '08's expectation dancing proceeded and judging from the expressions of disappointment when the lights flashed on, one would have concluded that all present enjoyed the novel incident.

In baseball Quint made his letter and also made a name for himself in saving the day at Colby in that well remembered 3-2 game. It was said that Quint was obliged to come home bareheaded but a Bangor firm kindly consented to make him a hat to order.

It was during Junior Week that our class was given an exceedingly interesting lecture by Prof. O. Howe Wise Chase, '08, on the green before Coburn Hall. The lecture was a great help to all the members and doubtless inspired them to better deeds.

About this time we gave the freshmen a final in hazing 1a and 1b. Some of the men got out on "90," and a few others got out on the cars. The latter, however, were given an arrearage the next morning by their own classmates "way down yonder by the frog pond." Needless to say the scrap was indeed a success and the ten freshmen that showed up fought bravely for the honor of their class and laundry bills. The glad hand was then passed about and all bitter feeling of '07 and '08 faded away into the dim uncertainty of the past.

In the fall of 1905 we again returned and took up our role in the University as juniors. "Butinsky" Harlow immediately came into prominence as a joker, his masterpiece being "Why is 'Goat' Jones bald headed?" "Butt" explains it, "Because his hair all fell out." Soon a thunder storm struck town and the "Bolts" began to fly. One of them struck our class but, fortunately, caused no serious harm. "Parson" Garland also blew in and during one of his restless moods founded the now famous Literati. About this time Nan Colcord jumped from our class into '06 just in time to pay up the \$6.00 deficiency assessment on the 1906 *Prism*.

Several new '07 men became prominent in football; Porter Swift made good on the 'Varsity and Capt. Wm. Schoppe, of the 2nd eleven, made himself especially notorious. Soon after this Prof. Remsen Stillwater Reed gave a series of lectures in Organic Chemistry. Prof. Aubert, Dr. Seabury and others attended and received great benefit thereof.

Meanwhile the "Dirty Dozen" had been organized and several incidents happened about

the campus. One evening "Boardy" was surprised and presented with one of the sheep from the farm. Needless to say "Boardy" was quite overcome with emotion.

About the middle of January the great basketball game of the year came off, the game between the Co-eds and Oldtown High girls. The Co-eds lineup was as follows: "Chick" Aiken, right forward; Sylvie Wilson, left forward; Widow Jones, center; Bug Balentine, right back, and John Peculiar Harvel, way back. The following note signed J. P. H., Maine '07, was received by the Oldtown captain the day before the game. It was in verse and read as follows:

"Just cast your optics on me,
And you'll see a boy that's sweet,
I'm known in every country,
To the ladies I'm a treat;
My name is "Pierpoint" Harvel,
With the Co-eds I'm a pet;
In fact I am the nicest boy
That you have ever met."

About the first of February two of our men, Smith and Seamon, deciding that the campus was too small for both themselves and the faculty, left for a year. According to the CAMPUS Smith went to Boston to take charge of the elevated railway. It was at the January concert of the musical clubs that Miss Mansfield shone out so brilliantly, socially. The "long and short" of it is that since then Shorty Bearce often sits with the juniors. "Chick" Aiken, too, became quite prominent about this time. She became quite intimate with the '07 treasurer and it was a common sight to see Nora "Halled" to the various social functions. She accepted the position of private nurse for Hopkins, '08. Miss Aiken took the patent out on all the moonlit evenings and Hoppy seemed to have wonderfully improved. It was on one of these strolls that Miss Aiken composed the following touching ballad:

"I love its gentle warble,
And I love its gentle flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
And I love to hear it go."

February 22nd came around and it being Don Perry's birthday the faculty gave us a holiday.

In due season the Aroostook musical club trip came off. At Caribou, Sidney Bird was selected as the handsomest man in the clubs. Plummer claimed that it was the "most unkindest cut of all" but had his turn at Al Matz recent show. At Island Falls, the inhabitants conferred the title of "Rip Van Winkle" on Pennell and that of "Hinky Dee" on Tremaine.

As usual, many of our athletes took places on the 'Varsity team. The first relay team to go outside of New England carried with it four juniors. "Pomp" Merrill, besides his track work, made great discoveries along the lines of chemistry and went extensively into the hair dying business.

As spring came on Miss Taite became leading lady of the campus. She was acknowledged by all as authority on styles and fancies. She turned her attention to the study of "Birds," especially the "Phililoo" variety. Miss Taite recently wrote an extended essay on birds in which she takes great pains to prove that a crow never complains without "caws."

However, the time has passed swiftly by and here we find ourselves at Junior Week. Soon we shall be departing for the summer and soon again, we shall be returning in the fall to view with the greatest admiration that marvel of modern engineering the "Stillwater - Veazie Limited Railroad" which the junior civils intend to build this summer.

After the exercises, the class then marched across the campus to Lord Hall and planted the ivy at the front southern corner, the first to be planted at the new building. Then followed the singing of the Ivy Ode, written by Mildred C. Mansfield of Orono and sung to the tune of Fair Harvard.

IVY DAY ODE

MILDRED C. MANSFIELD

While the breezes are whisp'ring that Summer is near,
And all Nature rejoices in Spring,
We are planting our Ivy with tenderest care,
May its increase the future years bring.
May it flourish and live; may it broaden and grow,
Ever higher its branches still climb;
'Till covered be all of our dear college walls
Far down the long ages of time.

And where'er we may wander, where'er Duty calls,
 Whate'er be our pathway in life;
 We will strive, as our Ivy, far upward to climb,
 Never daunted by failure or strife.
 Our love and our mem'ries will ever be here
 Never changing but always the same;
 As our Ivy will cling to these walls, evermore,
 Our hearts will e'er cling to old Maine.

JUNIOR PRIZE THEMES

The event of the evening was the Junior Prize Themes, the program of which has already been published.

The prize was awarded to L. D. Barrows, his subject being, The State and the University.

C. E. Davis received honorable mention for his theme, The Forest and the Forester, although he was laboring under the disadvantage of a bad cold.



THE NEW ENGLAND INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET

While the interscholastic meet was taking place in Orono, five of the strongest men from the Maine track team were contending for honors at the New England Intercollegiate track meet in Brookline. Out of the five men sent, only four were in good condition; for St. Onge had not completely recovered from a strain received during the meet at Lewiston. If he had been in condition, he would doubtless have landed some more points for Maine. As it was, every other man took a place in his event, making a total of $14\frac{1}{2}$ points scored in all, and giving Maine fifth place. Inasmuch as there were 464 entries representing 12 colleges, the showing made by the four representatives of the blue was most remarkable; and they, as well as "Steve" Farrell deserve the greatest praise for what they have done.

In the hundred yard dash, Capt. Porter took second place, being beaten close to Risigari of Tufts who finished first. Porter evened things up, however, in the 220 yard dash, when he took first to Risigari's second.

Rogers was in excellent form and captured second place in the pole vault by going 10 ft. 10 inches, just two inches below the winner.

Wyman took third in the 440 yard dash, and, had he used his head to better advantage, would doubtless have taken either first or second place; for he finished only a short distance from the outside of the track and less than a yard behind the winner.

Meserve nailed a point and a half in the high jump, for he tied for third and fourth with a Tech man at a height of 5 feet, 7 inches.

POINTS SCORED

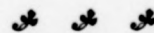
Dartmouth	-	-	-	-	36
Brown	-	-	-	-	23
M. I. T.	-	-	-	-	21 5-6
Williams	-	-	-	-	19 5-6
University of Maine	-	-	-	-	14 1-2
Wesleyan	-	-	-	-	12 1-2
Amherst	-	-	-	-	11 1-3
Tufts	-	-	-	-	8
Bowdoin	-	-	-	-	5
Trinity	-	-	-	-	2
Total					154

NEW ENGLAND INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS

100-yd. dash—Risigari, Tufts. Time, 10 1-5 sec.
 220-yd. run—Porter, Maine. Time, 24 2-5 sec.
 440-yd. run—Howe, M. I. T. Time, 58 3-5 sec.
 880-yd. run—Thrall, Dartmouth. Time, 2 min. 4 3-5 sec.
 One mile run—Tucker, Brown. Time, 4 min. 37 3-5 sec.
 Two-mile run—Tucker, Brown. Time, 10 m. 19 3-5 sec.
 120-yd. high hurdles—J. H. Hubbard, Amherst. Time, 15 4-5 sec.
 220-yd. hurdles—Hubbard, Amherst. Time, 24 4-5 sec. (record).
 Running high jump—Horax, Williams and Farrington, M. I. T., tied. 5 ft. 9 in.
 Running broad jump—Mayhew, Brown, 21 ft. 5 1-2 in.
 Pole vault—Hazen, Dartmouth, 11 ft.
 16-pound shot—Marshall, Williams. Distance, 41 ft. 5 in.
 16-pound hammer—Gage, Dartmouth, 132 feet.
 Discus throw—Dearborn, Wesleyan, 120 ft. 11 1-2 in.

U. OF M. POINT WINNERS

Porter	-	-	-	-	8
Rogers	-	-	-	-	3
Wyman	-	-	-	-	2
Meserve	-	-	-	-	1 1-2
Total	-	-	-	-	14 1-2



BAND ELECTS OFFICERS

At the annual meeting of the University of Maine Band, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Leader, Max Newman; Manager, A. F. Neal; Assistant Manager, C. A. Plumly; Secretary, W. A. Kimball; Auditing Committee, C. A. Plumly, N. H. Mayo and R. H. Morrison.

THE MAINE CAMPUS

Published on Tuesday of each week during the college year by the students of the University of Maine.

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EDITORIAL.**Who College Men Succeed.**

It is the trained mind of the college man that gives the employer confidence in him. When he finishes his course at the university, college or technical school, he may have little practical knowledge of business, but he has the ability to get to the bottom of things, to grasp a vast amount of detail, to profit by his own mistakes and learn how to achieve results. He does not work blindly. Before he has been at work very long he knows exactly what part his duties play in the routine of the business, and such knowledge enables him not only to fill his position well but to grow into something better. He is a man who will be ready for promotion whenever it comes.

Take the case of the young college man who had a clerical position in the advertising department of

one of the largest department stores in Pennsylvania. When the advertising manager suddenly died one day there was no man available for his place. But the department must have a head, and as a temporary makeshift the college man was allowed to step into the position. To the firm's surprise the work of the department—preparation of copy, purchase of space, and the like—went on without a hitch. The college man had been quietly fitting himself for this very opportunity, and after a month's trial he was appointed manager.

Two young graduates of a New England college began work last fall at ten dollars a week. Before many months they decided that they were not getting what they were worth and that the thing to do was to go into business for themselves. So they scraped together a few thousand dollars and bought a magazine. It took just six months to sink their money and find out what they didn't know about business. It was a bitter pill, but they took it bravely, went back to their old positions, and earned their promotion.

This ambition to make money is another reason for the college man's success. He believes the world owes him a large salary and sets out with a firm determination to collect the debt. When he finds out that the only way to get a large salary is by starting at the bottom, working hard and earning it, he goes about his task in that way. A year-old graduate of Cornell says (not in a boasting way) that within three years he will be earning \$10,000 a year. Although this amount may be a trifle large, it would not be surprising to see him earning \$5000.

The fact that the young graduate's head is crammed full of theories used to be a strong argument against him. Now it is used in his favor. Men who can devise theories and put them into successful practice are in demand. The vertical filing system, the card ledger, the loose leaf ledger—these and a hundred other ideas that have worked revolu-

tions in business methods are the result of theorizing. The college man has the ability to theorize developed to a remarkable degree. All he needs is the practical knowledge and experience to bring his theories down to earth.



THE INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

At the annual interscholastic track meet held at Orono on Saturday, May 19, Hebron, which was represented here for the first time, was an easy winner. It had been conceded by the majority of people that first place lay between Westbrook and Hebron, but few people expected that either team would win by so great a margin. Out of the ten schools represented, seven of them scored, Hebron taking first with 54 points, Westbrook second with 31, Bar Harbor third with 22, while Bangor finished with 7, Coburn Classical 6, and Lewiston and Orono 3 each.

The meet was an interesting one from several points of view. Every event was closely contested, especially some of the runs, a thing which lent no little excitement to affairs. Besides, out of fourteen events, eight records were broken, one being broken in the trials, and all the others in the afternoon. Newman of Bar Harbor broke the record for the shot by putting it 35.7 feet. In the dashes, Forham of Westbrook lowered the 440-yard record by three-fifths of a second; while Richards of Bar Harbor dropped the mile record eight seconds. Abercrombie, who was the individual champion of the day, having won 13 points, smashed both records in the hurdles. Smith of Bangor, surprised everyone by taking the high jump from Whitney of Lewiston, and slightly bettering the previous record. McFarland of Hebron, took the broad jump and the record easily at 21.1 feet, while Chase, also of Hebron, made a new record in the pole vault. So out of the eight new records made Hebron took four, Bar Harbor two, Westbrook and Bangor one each.

Westbrook's main strength seemed to be in the dashes, for they took the 100-yard, 220-yard, and 440-yard dashes without much trouble. However, when it came to the hurdles and some of the distance runs, Hebron was always in first at the finish.

The weather conditions were perfect for a meet of this kind, and in the afternoon, the track was in excellent condition. The crowd in attendance was large; but it could not be called enthusiastic, although from time to time the members of the Hebron Club, could be heard urging their old school on to victory.

THE SUMMARY

Mile run—Won by Richards of Bar Harbor; F. H. Winslow, Westbrook, second; Toole, Bangor, third. Time, 4 minutes, 52 1-5 sec.—new record.

100 yards dash—Won by E. G. Lowell, Westbrook; D. W. Abercrombie, Hebron, second; Evans, Bar Harbor, third. Time, 11 seconds.

440 yards dash—Won by Forham, Westbrook; Bicknell, Westbrook, second; Joy, Hebron, third. Time, 53 4-5 sec.—new record.

120 yards hurdle—Won by Abercrombie, Hebron; McFarland, Hebron, second; Valladores, Westbrook, third. Time, 18 3-5 sec.

One-half mile run—Won by Joy, Hebron; Hill, Bar Harbor, second; Keough, Hebron, third. Time, 2 min. 16 sec.

220 yards dash—Won by E. B. Lowell, Westbrook; Chapman, Westbrook, second; Bicknell, Westbrook, third. Time, 23 3-5 sec.

Two mile run—Won by Leslie, Hebron; Morrill, Westbrook, second; Jackman, Hebron, third. Time, 11 min. 34 sec.

220 yards hurdle—Won by Abercrombie, Hebron; McFarland, Hebron second; Valladores, Westbrook, third. Time, 26 1-5 sec.—new record.

Throwing discus—Won by Joy, Hebron; Joyce, Bar Harbor, second; F. H. Winslow, Westbrook, third. Distance, 97 feet, 2 2-5 inches.

Running high jump—Won by Smith, Bangor; Whitney, Lewiston, second; Gilley, Bar Harbor, third. Height, 5 feet, 2 1-2 inches—new record.

Running broad jump—Won by McFarland, Hebron; Smith, Coburn, second; Keough, Hebron, third. Distance 21 feet, 1 inch—new record.

Throwing 12-pound hammer—Won by Andrews, Hebron; Joyce, Bar Harbor, second; Stanley, Hebron, third. Distance, 102 feet, 1 inch.

Pole vault—Won by Chase, Hebron; Hammond, Orono, second; Jennison, Bangor, third. Height, 10 feet, 1-2 inch—new record.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Newman, Bar Harbor; Smith, Coburn, second; Joyce, Bar Harbor, third. Distance, 35 feet, 8 2-5 inches—new record.

THE OFFICIALS

The officials were as follows:

Clerk of Course, W. D. Reed.

Marshal, R. F. Talbot.

Track Events—Referee, F. A. Banks; judges at fin-

ish, R.
keeper
starter
Field
mouth
G. R. T

One m
100 yd.
440-yd.
120-yd.
One-ha
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ish, R. K. Jones, H. M. Shute, R. L. Seabury; time keepers, I. M. Bearce, A. C. Jewett, E. Lisherness; starter, A. L. Grover; scorer, G. H. Hill.

Field Events—Measurers, T. R. Reed, A. P. Weymouth; judges, A. G. Bennett, W. D. Bearce; scorers, G. R. Tarbox, H. H. Hoxie; announcer, C. Boyle.

	Hebron	Westbrook	Bar Harbor	Bangor H. S.	C. C. I.	Lewiston H. S.	Orono H. S.
One mile run	0	3	5	1	0	0	0
100 yd. dash	3	5	1	0	0	0	0
440-yd. dash	1	3	0	0	0	0	0
120-yd. hurdles	8	1	0	0	0	0	0
One-half mile run	6	0	3	0	0	0	0
220-yd. dash	0	9	0	0	0	0	0
Two-mile run	6	3	0	0	0	0	0
220-yd. hurdles	8	1	0	0	0	0	0
Throwing discus	5	1	3	0	0	0	0
Running high jump	0	0	1	5	0	3	0
Running broad jump	6	0	0	0	3	0	0
Throwing 12-lb. hammer	6	0	3	0	0	0	0
Pole Vault	5	0	0	1	0	0	3
Putting 16-lb. shot	0	0	6	0	3	0	0
Totals	54	31	22	7	6	3	3

BASEBALL

BOWDOIN 5, MAINE 2

In one of the worst exhibitions of baseball seen here this season, Maine went down before Bowdoin on Wednesday, May 23, to the tune of 5 to 2. While the playing of the Bowdoin team was excellent, the showing made by Maine was a combination of all that was good and bad in baseball. Bowdoin had decidedly the advantage at the bat, and the hits and errors so followed each other that they got their first score in the second and held the lead from that time on. During part of the game Maine played a good fielding game, but the Bowdoin fielding was easily superior, the men stopping everything and throwing to first with the precision of clock work.

The first scoring was done by Bowdoin in the second, when Sparks got first on Burns' error, went second while Blair was being thrown out, and scored on Greene's single. This ended the

scoring for the inning, although with Frost perched on third with one down, it looked as if Maine might score.

In the third both teams broke even, getting one run apiece. With McDade out, Abbott walked, stole second, and scored on Stanwood's hit. Mayo started the scoring for Maine by getting a hit, and making the round of the bases on a wild pitch.

In the next inning Blair got a clean hit, tried to steal second and got home on Gordon's bad throw, which was poorly backed up. The other run was made by Hodgson who got first on Mayo's error, stole second and scored on Bower's hit.

The scoring then stopped till the seventh, when both sides scored their final run. Abbott lined out a hit for Bowdoin, went second on Stanwood's drive and scored on a passed ball. For once, Maine bunched their hits, and when Quint and Higgins each landed out a pretty two bagger, the whole Maine delegation went wild. But Quint's score only made it 5 to 2 in favor of Bowdoin, and the scoring for both sides stopped here.

The summary:

BOWDOIN

	ab	r	bh	po	a	e
Abbot, c.....	4	2	1	3	0	1
Stanwood, 3b.....	5	0	3	1	0	1
Files, p.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Sparks, rf.....	5	1	1	0	7	0
Blair, 2b.....	4	1	1	2	6	0
Hodgson, ss.....	4	1	0	1	4	0
Greene, 1b.....	4	0	2	17	0	0
Bower, c.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
McDade, lf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Total.....	38	5	10	27	17	2

MAINE

	ab	r	bh	po	a	e
McDonald, rf -	4	0	0	1	0	0
Scales, ss -	3	0	0	1	0	0
Burns, 2b -	3	0	0	3	3	1
Fost, p -	4	0	0	1	4	0
Quint, lf -	3	1	1	1	0	0
Chase, cf -	3	0	0	1	0	0
Higgins, 3b -	3	0	1	1	2	2
Gordon, c -	3	0	0	7	2	1
Mayo, 1b -	3	1	1	12	0	1
Totals -	29	2	3	27	11	5

Innings	-	-	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin	-	-	0	1	1	2	0	0	1	0	0-5
Maine	-	-	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0-2

Two base hits, Quint, Higgins. Stolen bases, Abbott, Stanwood 2, Hodgson, Greene. Sacrifice hits, Files, Quint. First base on balls, by Sparks 2, by Frost 1. Struck out, by Sparks, Scales, Quint, Chase, Higgins: by Frost, Files 3, Sparks 3, Hodgson, McDade 2. Passed balls, Gordon 2. Wild pitch, Sparks. Time, 1.50 Umpire, Newenham.



MAINE 3, "AGGIES" 1

It might seem that Maine has at last broke the hoodoo, for the team was victorious by the score of 3 to 1 in Thursday's game with the Amherst "Aggies." It was easily the best game of the season, being full of quick snappy plays and sure throws by both the infield and outfield. The feature of the game was the pitching of Hall, the new Freshman pitcher, who was never in better form, and who struck out 11 men, at the same time allowing only two hits. In this game, Maine evidently had on her batting togs, for the men stepped up and rapped the opposing pitcher for eight safeties. It rained during a great part of the game, but the harder it rained, the harder Hall pitched.

There was no scoring done by either side until the fifth when the "Aggies" secured their only run. Cobb sent one down to Higgins who made a wild throw to first, and he was around to third before the ball was found again. He then scored on Blossom's only passed ball. After this the "Aggies" were never dangerous at any time.

Maine got her three runs in the sixth, when Chase started the good work with a single to center field. Higgins bunted, and Cobb made a mess of it. Mayo came up next and repeated the trick, which, when Cobb repeated the error scored Chase. Higgins tried the squeeze play and was caught; but Blossom lined one down to the short stop who failed to nail Mayo at the plate, and McDonald finished the good work by driving out a pretty single that scored the third man.

In the seventh inning the game was called, but as the rain held up soon, the game was fin-

ished. However neither side was able to score again, and the tally remained as it was at the close of the sixth,—Maine 3, "Aggies 1."

MAINE

	ab	r	bh	po	a	e
McDonald, rf	4	0	2	0	0	0
Scales, ss	5	0	1	1	1	0
Burns, 2b	3	0	1	0	1	1
Quint, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Chase, cf	4	1	2	3	0	0
Higgins, 3b	2	0	0	3	1	1
Mayo, 1b	2	1	1	8	0	0
Blossom, c	3	1	1	11	2	0
Hall, p	4	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	30	3	8	27	9	2

M. A. C.

	ab	r	1b	po	a	e
O'Grady, 1 f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kennedy, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Clark, cf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Cobb, 3b	3	1	0	3	3	2
Tirrill, 1b	2	0	0	7	0	0
French, c	3	0	0	4	5	0
Shattuck, 2b	3	0	0	5	3	1
Warner, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
O'Donald, ss	3	0	0	2	1	1
Totals	27	1	2	24	15	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Maine	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	x-3
M. A. C.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-1

Stolen bases McDonald, Scales. Sacrifice hits, Higgins, Mayo 2, Kennedy. First base on balls, by Hall, by Kennedy 2. Hit by pitched balls, McDonald, Burns, Higgins. Struck out, by Hall 11, by Kennedy 3. Passed ball, Blossom. Time, 1.50. Newenham.



LAW SCHOOL NOTES

Through the influence of General Hamlin the students of the School of Law are to be favored with a series of lectures on Federal Procedure by Hon. Isaac W. Dyer former District Attorney of the United States District Court. Mr. Dyer held the position of District Attorney for twelve years and is especially well versed in Federal Procedure on account of his long practice in the Federal Courts.

Mr. Edward R. Monroe has been compelled to return to his home in Portland, on account of a severe attack of sore throat.