

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. V, No. 17.

WATERVILLE, ME., FRIDAY, FEB. 21, 1902.

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WHY COLBY HAS NO ACTIVE DEBATING SOCIETY.

For some years the interest in debating here at Colby has seemed to be on the decline, until now there is no active debating society and this year there will be no contest with Bates. Various communications have appeared in *THE ECHO* from time to time, some offering suggestions as to how the state of affairs might be bettered, and some inquiring why and how the state of affairs came about. They have all been exactly right in one particular, namely that debating ought to occupy a very prominent place in the activities of every college, and it is not the purpose of the writer of this article to differ with them. They are all wrong in one other particular, however, and that is that debating can occupy such a position in the activities of every college. The purpose of this article is to explain why it does not, and at present can not, occupy such a position here in Colby. The writer has no suggestions to make and no opinions to offer, devises no remedies, but merely wishes to state the facts of the case as they are.

The old graduates tell of the days when debating was at its height, and enumerate the good results of it. The undergraduate listens and wishes that things were so now, but they are not and he can not make them so, however earnestly he strives. The Colby Debating Club is as dead as a door nail, and the corpse can not be even galvanized. Why is it? In the first place the times have changed since Hannah died, and a second wife, so to speak, has taken Hannah's place. Colby has been keeping abreast of other colleges and her students represent almost every college activity. With the first term of the year the football season opens and most of the leading men of the college don their togs and roll about on the gridiron three mortal hours every day, to say nothing of trips of two or three days. But that is not all they do; the captain of the football team is very likely leader of the glee club, and must put hours of his time on the training of a club that shall be a credit to the institution. Perhaps another football man is editor of *THE ECHO*, and still another of *The Oracle*, and three-quarters of the staff of each publication will play football too. Sometimes the Y. M. C. A. will lack a leader for a meeting because the one appointed is out in the gym, doing secret evening practice in order to beat Bowdoin. And so it goes, the college course is not famous for being easy, and every single moment any man has free from its exactions is taken up by some or all of the things just mentioned. There seems to be no place for debating in the fall term.

But the winter is no better. Football is over, to be sure, but the musical clubs are in full activity with rehearsals and concert trips. The dramatic club claims part of the musical men, and they with others slave to present the college play. Basketball has taken the place of football, and *The Oracle* and *ECHO* still call for constant labor. The Y. M. C. A. work is still most important, and the fraternity halls demand the best a man can produce of literature, debate, and entertainment. A number of students are out teaching, and others work hours every day for their board. This, too, is the season of the year when most is going on in social life; college assemblies, receptions, fraternity rides, and whatnots turn night into day and day into wear-

ness of the flesh. Debating can hardly find place in all this.

And the spring time, when the only change is from basketball to the all absorbing baseball and track athletics, can one debate then? The warm sweet days are more conducive to Messalonskee and spring poetry. In that elder day to be a debater may have been greater than a king, but our present student would much rather be a king; king of the pleasant fleeting springtime, king of the glorious, free out-of-doors. Debating to save its life could not win a proselyte in the spring term.

And now, lest it be objected that some of the men might be debaters primarily and so not interfered with by all these things, count the number of men in college. Hardly more than a hundred are ever in attendance at the same time, and among these the men who are workers, and who have consequently most to do, are engaged in almost all the activities at once. There is a limit to every man's capacity, and if the writer may judge from his own experience, the limit is already reached among Colby men. Not even the vacations are free, for most of the instructors are so ambitious for their students that each wants them to do always a little more, and kindly presents them with a little "special work to do in vacation, because it will be so helpful." The competitive, literary, and commencement functions of the college itself have not been mentioned, but most people will understand that those who take part in them do not depend entirely upon inspiration at the moment of speaking.

To sum all up, this college with its few men enters into all kinds of college activity, modern college activity, and these have displaced debating. Whether justly or not is another question, they have displaced it; and this is the hard uncontrovertible fact we are facing. The activities are all here to stay until they in turn are displaced by something more new and attractive to the next generation. Perhaps we then shall mourn the decline of football and our mourning strike a responsive chord in many an undergraduate's heart; but it will all be to as little effect as our mourning for the debate now; and all our efforts will be as fruitless as our present effort to revive the Colby Debating Club. What the spirit of the day demands may not be best; it too often is not, but the day will have what the spirit demands. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

GEO. W. THOMAS.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

Monday evening, Feb. 17, the Colby Dramatic Club gave in the Fairfield Opera House their third presentation of "The Private Secretary." Although the night was very stormy, thanks to our Waterville friends and to the Universalist society of Fairfield, under whose auspices the performance was given, the audience was a very fair one and also very appreciative. The boys were of course somewhat disappointed not to have a larger house, but they showed the true Colby spirit, playing as if every seat were occupied.

Every man played his part in a perfectly satisfactory manner, some better than in Waterville Feb. 8. Among those who showed the most improvement was Mr. Partridge, who was again able to resume his part, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Winslow, while the secretary, the secretary (?) Harry and MacDonald were inimitable.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

A little fellow with sunny curls came bounding up the path. His face was lighted up with joy and excitement. His black eyes snapped and sparkled and his full red lips were puckered into a whistle. His cheeks were as rosy as the morning, while his stubby inquisitive little nose seemed to have been painted by Jack Frost himself. He was dressed in a brightscarlet suit, with stockings to match and his black boots, with their red tops seemed only too willing to take him wherever he wished. His jaunty cap pushed on the back of his head, gave him the appearance of a bird with brilliant crest. Everything about him showed that he was used to the bright side of life and his cheery "good morning" carried with it enough happiness to fill the entire day. He had in his hand a beautiful red flower and as he saw his aunt, who had been calling on his mamma, descending the steps, he rushed up to her, took off his cap, seized her by the hand and with the air of a cavalier, gracefully gave her the flower, saying, "My dearest auntie Rose, you are my valentine, and please take the flower that was named for you. It just says love, auntie doesn't it? and please keep it because I love you so very much." Auntie Rose stooped and lifted the little fellow in her arms, kissed him three times and promised over and over to be his valentine and to keep his rose forever.

After she had left the boy, she hurried along swiftly to her home, filled with love for this child, who was always bringing joy to her heart. Suddenly she felt some one tugging at her flower and looking down perceived a shabby little street urchin. His face was pinched and had that sad look so common to children of the streets. There was such an imploring look on his countenance that it gave the girl a start, but her attention was soon diverted by the persistency with which the boy pulled at the long stem of the rose.

"Why my little fellow what are you doing to my rose," she said.

"'Taint your rose, its mine 'cause I want it. O mayn't I have it? Please, I want it so."

Ordinarily Rose would have pushed the boy aside and hurried on but something in his mournful eyes and drooping mouth, something in the pleading tone attracted her. She took his hand very gently from the flower and told him it was a gift from a very dear friend of hers. But still the boy coaxed and plead and at last his breath choked with sobs he cried out, "O you are so rich and you wouldn't miss it. Indeed your friend would give you another but I have no friend who could give me one."

"But, said Rose, this is my valentine." Then the child's face gained a glow as if the sunlight had come to kiss him. He looked at Rose sadly and said very tenderly, "O that's what I want it for. My sister is so sick and she loves flowers. Do you know, her name is Rose too. She is really dreadfully sick. The doctor says she can't live long here and we have no money to send her away. She is always wishing for flowers. She is going to have lots soon, for I heard the minister tell mamma that she would soon be where there are lots and lots of flowers. Mamma cried, but I don't see why, because it will be so nice to have all the flowers she wants. But O she can't have any just now and I want to give her one. Please mayn't I?"

His face had suddenly grown beautiful to Rose and with her heart to full to speak just then, she stooped and kissed him, even as she had kissed her merry little nephew. Then she put the bright flower into his stubby, cold, little hand, kissed it also and hurried off.

Oftentimes afterwards she wondered why her heart had been so softened and rebuked herself for giving away the flower that told her of a sweet boyish love. She thought perhaps the street urchin had told a lie and obtained the flower in order to sell it and buy cigarettes from the money it would bring.

She was, therefore, greatly surprised one day, while walking by the place where she had met the boy, to see him standing on the street corner. His face was very bright and happy looking. His clothes were no longer shabby and he seemed very much excited.

"O I'm so glad to find you at last. I've waited an awful long while. Your rose was a great valentine. When I was taking it home, a man met me and he was awfully good and asked me all about the flower and I told him. Well, do you know it was my father! He had been away so long we thought he was lost. Now he has come back and found us. The rose did it, you know. You and the rose brought us all a valentine my mamma says. And O, now sister is going to a nice warm land where she can get well! We are all so happy and we know it was the rose, your valentine, that makes us so."

He spoke so fast and with such eagerness that Rose had no time to stop him. When he paused for breath she stooped and kissed him once again, while over and over she heard the sweet voice of her childish lover. "It just says love auntie, doesn't it, love, love, love?"

'04.

BOSTON ALUMNI.

We have received from the Secretary, Merle S. Getchell, '93, an invitation to the twenty-first annual reunion of the Boston Colby Alumni Association, to be held at the Hotel Brunswick. The reunion will have been held before this issue of *THE ECHO* goes to press, the date being February 23, 1902. A reception will be held at 5.30, and the dinner will follow at 6.30. The speakers announced to address the Association are President Charles L. White, President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University and Dr. C. A. Nixon of Boston. Reports will be made of the progress of legislation in which the alumni are interested. A large attendance is expected so that the reception given President White may be a rousing one.

Enclosed with the invitation is a list of Colby alumni residing in Boston or vicinity, corrected to February 1901. This list includes about two hundred names. The organization of the association for the present year is as follows:

President, Charles F. Hall, '75; Vice-Presidents, F. E. Whittier, '81, W. H. Furber, '82; Secretary-Treasurer, M. S. Getchell, '93; Executive Committee, (Term expires in 1902.) C. P. Weston, '73, R. J. Condon, '86, A. H. Kelley, '73; (Term expires in 1903.) J. K. Richardson, '69, W. C. Crawford, '82, B. J. Hinds, '83; (Term expires in 1904.) C. C. Tilley, '76, I. O. Palmer, '87, B. P. Holbrook, '88; (Term expires in 1905.) G. I. Peavey, '75, A. F. Soule, '70, E. B. Gibbs, '88.

Miss Josephine Ward of Augusta is visiting college friends.

THE COLBY ECHO.

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In the absence of the Editor-in-Chief, the making up of the forms of this issue of THE ECHO will be in the hands of the News Editor. The paper will remain Democratic in politics and the News Editor will do the job as well as he can.

The first annual reception and dinner of the newly organized Colby Club was very successful and this latest of Colby alumni associations, started life under exceedingly auspicious circumstances. The interest shown by alumni in the work of the college is very gratifying and the Colby Club will help to extend this interest even farther. The Club is composed largely of Waterville alumni, and none of the graduates should keep more closely in touch with undergraduate life and prospects than should the local alumni.

It is well that the membership in the Colby Club was not restricted to alumni but was left open to former students whether they ever graduated or not. Some of the closest friends and best advisers of the college are men who were at some time students here, but who, for different reasons were not able to graduate. Such men have a right to belong to such a club as the Colby Club is intended to be.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas: Our Heavenly Father in His infinite judgement has deemed it best to remove from the cares of this world, the father of our beloved sister, Grace Eloise Warren, be it Resolved: That we, the members of Sigma Kappa extend to our sister our heartfelt sympathy in her bereavement, and be it also Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our beloved sister, and that they be published in THE COLBY ECHO.

ANNA MABEL RICHARDSON,
BESSIE NICKELS,
EVA SALSMAN.

For the Society.
Hall of Sigma Kappa, Feb. 18, 1902.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas: It hath pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to remove from the cares of this earth

the father of our beloved classmate, Grace Eloise Warren, be it Resolved: That we, her classmates, extend our heartfelt sympathy to her and her family in their bereavement, and be it further Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our classmate, and that a copy be sent to THE COLBY ECHO for publication.

EDITH CENA BICKNELL,
ALICE ELMIRA TOWNE,
SHEPPARD EMERY BUTLER,
For the Class.

NOW IS THE TIME.

There is one more week in February. Have you finished your story? Is that poem written? The Oracle hasn't received them yet. Don't be too late. If you have a story, and are modest over its merits, don't fail to try. You have nothing to lose, a prize to gain, fame to acquire, and above all The Oracle to support. All you contribute, is a secret between yourself and The Oracle. Even your room-mate doesn't know your ventures. You have always intended to write something for the college annual, do it now, before another week goes by. Give the judges something to do. The story for the first prize hasn't come in yet, perhaps you have it in your head. Put it on paper, before it is too late.

ORACLE.

MUSINGS.

Have you ever felt gloomy and lonely
That to hope and keep working you must,
When all your past labors seemed only
To have crumbled away into dust?
Some, when hopes and plans have been
blighted
And their past filled with graves of the dead,
Have all of their powers united
And, scorning defeat, pushed ahead.
But courage with me is like fire;
It requires both freedom and air;
And having, mounts higher and higher.
If not it sinks down to despair.
Ambition is bent on exploring
The future instead of the past,
But, returning, is wrapped in the
gloaming
And chilled, it is standing aghast.
Can I never get free from these tremors,
From this sense of disconsolate shame?
And find, somewhere in these embers
A spark that shall kindle a flame?
I feel through the depths of my craving,
In the darksome retreats of the soul,
An energy, warm and pulsating,
In spite of the dampness and mould.
For I see before me a treasure
A token of love that will last;
And peculiar feelings of pleasure
Reflect from the scenes of the past.
I see before me a school-room,
Intelligent faces are there,
Some happy, serene, and some thought-
ful,
Some marked with the traces of care.
But what would they think of their
teacher,
To see him despondent as this?
They would study with curious features
And imagine 'twas them that he missed.
I'll never again be so thoughtless,
So heartless to sink in my gloom,
But always with hurrying footsteps,
Will flee to this dear old room.
Not refuge alone does it give me,
Not simply protection from fears;
A fountain is welling within me,
Of grateful and cherishing tears.
Not always will be here these faces.
Not always the scene of old times,
But o'er the world's hard and rough
places,
In different stations and climes,
And perchance, in this broad field of
battle.
Mid the world's fierce contention and
pride,
I'll meet some whom I've drawn to my
level
And, if lonely, we'll fight side by side.
F. E. W.

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CAMPUS CHAT.

G. D. Coy, '05, preached in Smithfield last Sunday.

Miss Clara Martin spent Sunday at her home in Portland.

Miss Higgins, '05, spent Sunday at her home in Charleston, Me.

W. W. Drew, '02, is taking a week off at his home in East Fairfield.

Rev. Mr. Whittemore and Rev. Mr. Owen of this city were in chapel on Saturday morning.

The Hebron boys were entertained while in town at the various fraternity clubs of the college.

Mr. J. L. Harbour, editor-in-chief of the *Youths' Companion*, visited the college Wednesday morning.

The Hebron basket ball men were royally entertained Tuesday night by the Hebron graduates who are in college.

Miss Addie Lakin, '04, entertained at her home, the sophomore delegation of Sigma Kappa on St. Valentine's eve.

Don't fail to attend the basket ball game in the gym. next Tuesday evening, and cheer the boys on to victory over U. of M.

Messrs. Stewart, Thomas, Butler, Brunel, Arey, Bartlett, Richardson, and Watts took dinner at President White's on Wednesday.

Miss Gray, '02, left Thursday for Smith College, where she will be the guest of Miss Elder, ex-'02, Colby, who is now a Senior at Smith.

News is received of the death of Miss Warren's father. Miss Warren is a member of the Junior class and will not return to college this term.

Messrs. A. L. Goodwin, L. G. Saunders and C. N. Perkins left Tuesday morning for Providence, R. I., where they will attend the Zeta Psi convention.

The Colby basket ball team plays U. of M. Tuesday night, Feb. 25, in Coburn Gym. Keene, Palmer and Cowing are in the game again and Colby will surely have a strong team to go against Maine and a warm game may be expected.

Six members of 1904 who room at the college houses enjoyed a five-course dinner at the Dutton House, on Thursday evening the 18th. The only drawback to the evening's enjoyment was the absence of Miss Small on account of illness.

COBURN AND HEBRON.

One of the fastest basket ball games ever played in this city took place between the Hebron Academy and Coburn team last Tuesday night, Feb. 18, in the Coburn gym, Hebron coming off the victor by a score of 28 to 16. The game was fast and furious from start to finish and both teams were out to win.

Hebron seemed to be a little bit lost on the small floor but soon settled down to business, and set a pace that would make some of the college teams hustle to keep up.

The first half was very close, being 11 to 7 in Hebron's favor at the close. In the second half Hebron grew stronger and gave a good exhibition of passing and team work and were soon out of danger of their opponents. The game ended with the score Hebron 28, Coburn 16.

This was the first game of basket ball ever played between these two schools and there was a good crowd out to witness the contest. The Coburn team was backed well by the Coburn supporters while the Hebron team was loyally supported by the college boys who hail from Hebron. It would be impossible to single out any man who played a star game for all the men on both teams played well. The prettiest play, however, was made by Richardson, Capt., and I. F. on Hebron. Richardson threw

the ball from beyond the center of the field into his opponents basket which was the handsomest throw ever made in Waterville.

The following is the summary:

HEBRON.	CORURN.
Richardson (Capt.) I.f.	Williams
Haskell r.f.	Pendleton
Teague c.	Coombs
Bryant l.g.	Curtis
(Kallock) r.g.	Bodwell

Score, Hebron 28, Coburn 16. Goals from the field, Richardson, Teague 2, Bryant 3, Wadsworth, Kallock, Williams, Pendleton 3, Coombs. Goals from fouls, Bryant 4, Williams. Fouls, Coburn 10, Hebron 7. Referee, Glover of Colby. Umpires, Fogg of Hebron and Allen of Coburn. Time, 15 and 20 minute halves.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas: Our Heavenly Father hath seen fit to take unto Himself the wife of our beloved brother in Delta Kappa Epsilon, Hascall Shailer Hall, be it Resolved: That we, the members of Xi Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon, do hereby express our heartfelt sympathy for our brother in his bereavement, and be it further Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother, that they be sent to THE COLBY ECHO and THE WATERTOWN MAIL for publication, and that they be spread upon the records of the fraternity.

ALEXANDER HENRY MITCHELL,
JOHN PERLEY DUDLEY,
SHEPPARD EMERY BUTLER.

For The Chapter.
Hall of Xi of Delta Kappa Epsilon, Feb 19, 1902.

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The Sketch-Book.

MR. DOOLEY ON FUMIGATION.

"Oi hear-r 't Jawn Casey's undher fakilty sin-sin," remarked Mr. Hennessy.

"Undher phwat?" asked Dooley with a suspicious grin.

"Undher fakilty sin-sin, aint thot th' wurrud? Oi can't twist me tongue around th' fangled lingo loike yez can. Phwat is ut, av yez know, yez owld fool?"

"Cheer-r oop, Hennessy; yer doin' bravely. That's as near as yez iver-r git t'annyt'ing. Ut's sin-sure, me bly; an'ut manes thot a man's a r-rigerlar-r soon av a goon. They shticks a car-rd on uz back sayin' 'Lave me be, O'm undher sin-sure; av thot won't do they tur-rns um out t' r-rusticate an' throost t' loock t' he'll niver-r come back. But thot's not Jawn, he's too foxy f'r thot."

"He be so," declared Hennessy. Oi moind th' toime he fid me hins wit' Sher-ridans's Condishun Powdher-rs t' mek um lay; an' they did lay iv-er-ry lasht wan av thim, shtiff! An' he got owld widdy Malone's goat dhrunk on owld red-eye so 't he thried t' shtand on uz hed—"

Don't be botherin' wit yer chistnoots, phwin th' issues av th' day ar-re undher discooshun. Yez know Nor-rth Collidge hav ben full av bed-boogs an' cockr-roaches wit' a-all th' sivin plagues av Egypt—"

"Yez mane tin plagues," interrupted Hennessy.

"R-ring orf now, aint sivin enough? A-all sivin. Oi say, but they wor no r-rats an' moice, an' th' bhoys shtud ut. Th' r-rats an' moice wor-r over-r in Soth Collidge; but th' Chain Gang an' sooch loike got so r-rampageous, phwat wit' tur-rnin' noight into day an' screechin' an' fiddlin' an' squeakin, thot th' poor-r cr-reatures culdn't shtant ut. So in vacashun they got Sam an' Hodges t' help an' moved out over-r t' Nor-rth Collidge. They wor some impty r-rooms for-nist Jawn's, an' they filled um solid full, bag an' baggage. Av coorse Jawn an' uz r-room-mate didn't know a anny't'ing about ut phwin they got back. Well, th' foorst noight they wor slapin' peacefully, dhramin' av home an' ma an' Dooley. Mister R-rat hear-rs th' snor-in' an' don't loike uz new neybor-rs. "Er-rinds, r-rodints, an' counthry moice" he says, 'lind me yer ear-rs,' he says. 'Phwy shtand we her-re oidle' he says. 'Git on t' yer job,' he says. An' wit thot they a-all begins t' chew. Jawn an' uz r-room-mate wakes oop.

"Phwats th' matter?" says Jawn. "Anny't'ng wa-anted?" says Stapuls.

"Naw, naw, naw," says th' r-rat.

"Shut oop thin," says Jawn. "Naw, naw, naw," says th' r-rat.

"Don't ye know ye'll hav t' go befoor th' fakilty f'r thrile, av yez desthroy collidge propr-ty," says Stapuls. "Ut'll come in on yer giner-ral aver-rago," he says. "Naw, naw, naw," says th' r-rat.

"Will yez lave me laths an' plaster-r alone av Oi git ye a loonch?" says Jawn. "Naw, naw, naw," says th' rat. "Go to th' divle thin," says he, an' he rolls over-r an' goes t' slape.

"Nixt mor-rnin' they wor a gr-réat hole t'rough th' flure an wan in th' wa-all. "Guess he kim afthor-r uz loonch," says Jawn. "He shall not go hoongr-ry pwolle Oi've a hand t' save," he says. An' he wint an' blew umself f'r-ruff on r-rats an' thraps. They wor fr-ree loonch f'r Mr. R-rat an' Mrs. R-rat an' a-all th' litle R-rats, but niver-r a bit wud they ate an niver-r a thrap wud they luk at. A-all they wud say wor 'naw, naw, naw,' an' they run over-r th' poor la-ads day

an' noight, an' etoop t'ree Grake dick-shunarrys, wit' out touchin' th' ver-rbs Jawn had fr bait.

"Arrah," says Jawn, 'Oi'll go t' th' fakilty an' hav ye fummigated,' he says, 'ye r-rodintarry var-rmints' he says. 'Oi'll fix ye,' he says. So he puts oop Stapuls, who is on th' Confir-rins Boord, t' kick. Stapuls kicks th' fakilty har-rd. 'Giv me fummigate, or-r giv me deth,' he says. 'Sink or shwim, live or-r die,' he says. 'Oi giv me hear-rt an' hand t' this wan vot, fummigate, fummigate, now an' for-river, wan an' inseper-rable,' he says.

"R-roight," says Jawn Hedman, 'We'll attind to ut at wanst,' he says, 'at th' nixt meetin' av th' Pr-rudenshul Committee,' he says; 'ut'll be two year-rs fr'm nixt November-r,' he says, av not bofoor,' he says.

"Can't ye fummigate befoor th' meet-in?" says Stapuls.

"No," says Judy T'Alorr, 'fr we'll hav t' fummigate afther-r ut,' he says. 'But Oi'll br-ring ut befoor th' Lath an' Plaster Committee, phwich meets nixt summer,' he says, 'an' maybe Oi can git author-rity t' hav Hodges luk ut over-r,' he says.

"Hooh," says Stapuls, 'phwat in blazes is th' Confir-rins Boord f'r?' he says; an' he wint orf mad. Jawn wor r-ravin' phwin he hear-rd av ut. 'Phwat!' he soys, 'am Oi t' perush mizzubly,' he says, 'phwoile th' r-rats an' moice r-run over-r me fes, an' th' bed boogs boits sloices out av me shrinkin' car-rpse, an' th' cockr-roaches dance th' hootchee-kootchee on me spoine?' he says. "An a-all fr th' wa-ant av a litle fummigashun?" he says. "Oi'll br-reak oop this Collidge Assimbly," he says. Thin he loaded oop uz r-revolver-r an' pit ut undher uz pilly. "Come wan, come a-all!" he says, 'they'll be a hot toime in th' owld town tonoight,' he says.

"Thot noight th' r-rats begun t' gnaw agin. 'Naw, naw, naw,' says Mr. R-rat. 'Oh, there yez ar-re,' says Jawn. 'Yez aint goin' t' be fummigated, but ye'll be wor-rse,' he says. 'Bang, bang,' says th' pistul. 'Did thot hit ye, yez r-rodentarry var-rmint?' says Jawn. 'Naw, naw, naw,' says th' r-rat. 'Bang, bang, bang,' says th' pistul. 'Naw, naw, naw,' says th' r-rat. An' th' pistul banged an' th' r-rat said naw, naw, naw, till a-all th' la-ads wor awake an scared half to deth. Jawn Hidman an' Hodges an' Sam advanced to th' r-risene undher a shtor-rm av flyin' bullets, their advance covered be a detachmint av Fr-rinch ir-regerlars. Holdin' oop a flag av throoce, th' leader throied t' par-rley.

"Par-rdonney mwar-r, Mosheer Casee," he says.

"Oi hav no author-rity t' talk wit' ye," says Jawn. "Oi can't talk till Oi see th' Pr-rudenshul Committee two year-rs fr'm nixt November," he says. "Bang, bang, bang," says th' pistul. "Naw, naw, naw," says th' r-rat. "Meanwholle Oi moost pertlet me r-roights," he says. "Bang, bang, bang," says th' pistul. "Naw, naw, naw," says th' r-rat.

"Eh, but we wa-ant t' arbithrate, Mister Casee," he says. "Hav th' Lath an' Plaster Committee met yet?" says Jawn. "Oi'll talk wit' thim nixt summer," he says. "Bang, bang bang," says th' pistul. "Naw, naw, naw," says th' rat.

"Eh, but we moost ar-rbithrate, me Frinch irregulars are in full r-rethreat." "Not ar-rbithrate, but fummigate," swears Jawn Casey. "Uncondishu-nul fummigashun, uz me ter-rms. Oi'll shoot pwholle Oi've wan shot in th' looker. Fummigate, fummigate, fummigate, an' no quarther," he says. "Bang, bang, bang, bang," says th' pistul. "Naw, naw, naw," says th' r-rat.

"Well, Jawn won out an' he's ben thot proud av th' vickth'ry thot he's hollered umself hoarse."

"Phwin ar-re they goin' t' fummi-gate?" demanded Hennessy.

"No need to now," replied th' oracle with a wink at John's father. Jawn's shot a-all th' cockr-roaches an' th' r-rats died av gnawin' th' Confir-rins Boord."

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