

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—Vol. VI, No. 10.

WATERVILLE, ME., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1902.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A SONG FOR ALL.

What makes me sing this song of woe,
Woe that swelled heads only know?
What makes me fret and growl and curse,
While my afflicted Muse I nurse?
The mumps.

What makes my jaws expand and swell
Till they bulge out like a bell?
What makes my physog pain and ache
Till I squirm and writhe and quake?
The mumps.

What makes the pains play hide and seek,
Skipping all around my cheek?
What makes that kink twist through my ear,
Raising Cain with hearing gear?
The mumps.

What makes me have a painful fit,
When I laugh a little bit?
What makes those aches plough through my skin
When to move my lips begin?
The mumps.

What makes me feed on mush and milk
And all soft trash of such ilk?
What makes me throw away good meat
Since it hurts like sin to eat?
The mumps.

What makes me on my sleepless bed
Heave about my feverish head?
What makes me through the weary night
Long for tardy morning light?
The mumps.

What makes me let my whiskers grow
On my gills to large to mow?
What makes me hesitate a space
Ere I wash my tender face?
The mumps.

What makes me wish for laughing gas
Whene'er words my lips would pass?
What makes the lubricating grease
In my jaw joints all decrease?
The mumps.

What makes me falter ere I bite
That big apple, rosy sight?
What makes me wish each kid disease
Buried 'neath eternal seas?
The mumps.

What makes these woes too great to tell
Rush upon my form pell mell?
What makes me rise from my sick bed
Weak and lame from foot to head?
The mumps.

operation need not be given. Suffice it to say that upon its completion I found myself, as it seemed, in full possession of all my faculties, but, as might be expected, I seemed to have changed in a few moments from something of a dreamer to an extremely common sense, practical man. I was conscious, however, that a part of my sensations were referred to some spot outside of my body, and upon examination found them to be centered in a small grayish disc which seemed to hover in the air before me. This, then, was my imagination.

Almost before I realized what had happened, I found my sensations to be rapidly changing, and discovered that my imagination was darting about in the most erratic manner. Finally it sailed through the window and passed out of view in the distance. My imagination had taken flight!

Filled with mingled delight and consternation at this novel experience, I gave myself up to following it in its wanderings. Just before Herr M's discovery I had been deeply interested in an account of the explorations of an eminent Frenchman of the regions about the North Pole, and as I sank back in my chair to follow my imagination, I found it hovering over the Pole itself. This famous object, as is now well known, is a tall shaft of the same material as the axis of the earth, of which it is indeed a continuation, and is situated on a small island of ice, surrounded by the frozen Arctic Ocean. I, or rather my imagination, could clearly discern at the southern end of the island the small booth for the payment of the Pole-tax, and over the whole region shone the bright, steel-blue radiance which is said to be the source of that Pole-lightness which is a characteristic of the races inhabiting the northern hemisphere. Whether or not this latter conjecture be correct I cannot say, but as I fell to musing upon it my attention was called with a start to a yawning cavity which my imagination had perceived just at the base of the Pole. And with lightning-like rapidity came the sensations that my imagination had entered the cavity—was darting down its length—and was at the center of the earth!

Naturally—the sensation of astonishment being entirely foreign to the imagination—that organ immediately began to calmly inspect its surroundings. I had supposed—and indeed all scientists since prehistoric times have held the same opinion—that the center of the earth would prove to be a region of intense heat—possibly identical with the lower regions (for indeed one could not well get lower) often unscientifically referred to in vulgar literature. But freaks of the imagination are always to be expected, and this case I found to be no exception. For instead of a mass of liquid fire, my imagination reported a spacious cavity bounded by a shell which greatly resembled the crust of the earth, except of course that its surface was on the inside; it was concave instead of convex—a world turned inside out. And occupying the space within this most surprising cavity, my imagination perceived a combination of streets, buildings, smoke and sounds—in short, a city.

Gradually it became apparent that the appearance of this city was familiar, but for some time my imagination was baffled, until at last it dawned upon me that this was Boston, the Hub of the Universe, surrounded by its own little

world, which I have mentioned above, and in which I could now clearly discern Brockton, Lynn, Salem and several others of Boston's satellites.

While my imagination had been taking careful note of these details, it had been vaguely conscious that a hostile influence was present, and this was now making itself distinctly felt. From remotest ages it has been known that the serious, intellectual atmosphere of the city of Boston is intensely hostile to the healthful activity of a vigorous imagination, and this atmosphere was now attacking my imagination with deadly effect. Too late I realized the danger. By the time I had roused myself sufficiently from my reverie to gain control of my imagination, thinking to recall it at once, the little gray disc had been eaten through and through by the terrible atmosphere, fearful in its intellectuality, and now gently crumbled away into nothingness!

At the same instant I again became conscious of my bodily self sitting in Herr Manneschneider's laboratory in Leipzig. As I looked at the objects about me I was immediately impressed by a harsh, almost unpleasant, consciousness of their reality, and with this began a new period in my life. From being something of a dreamer I had become in an instant a man of the most hard-headed common-sense—a man without an imagination! And, indeed, my utter lack of imagination—a lack which has been scientifically verified by eminent psychologists—must establish beyond a doubt the veracity of the above statement—a statement which, in view of the fact that the art of materializing the imagination was lost through the sudden death of Herr Manneschneider shortly after his experiment upon me—a statement, I say, which must inevitably prove to be of inestimable importance in the modern study of experimental psychology, and which I was now respectfully submit for the first time to the thinking public.

*By this discovery (2316) it was first determined that the center of the earth is identical with the center of the universe.—EDITOR.

THE FIRE.

On Saturday morning, Dec. 6, Colby College experienced, in the burning of Chaplin Hall, one of the greatest disasters in the history of the institution.

There were between forty and fifty men rooming in the old brick building at the time of the fire, many of whom lost all they had, while others were able to save a part of their furnishings.

The fire started in the north division of North College on the ground floor, in the front body room. No one knows its origin definitely; one theory is that it resulted from the burning out of the chimney on the evening before. Whatever the origin may have been, it was a big fire, in which both the students and the College suffered a great loss.

The fire was first discovered by Gooch, '06, in his own room, about 2.30 A. M. Mr. Gooch was probably aroused by the heat of the fire since it was burning fiercely when he awoke. He ran into the hall crying "fire!" and the alarm was quickly passed up the building to the men on the upper floor. This alarm was none too soon given as the fire was making rapid progress and it was by the best of good fortune that all escaped without bodily injury, in many cases only by a hair's breadth. Captain Keene of the football team roomed near the starting place of the fire and, using good judgment, ran to the nearest box and rang

in the fire alarm. A few minutes later the company arrived and lost no time in laying a line of hose and getting a stream directed toward the flames.

The water was a little slow in coming on, being delayed by anchor ice at the pumping station. But it was too late. The fire was beyond control and it was only a matter of time when the old college dormitory should be a thing of the past. No time was lost in giving the alarm to every student in the building, and then, after every one had been warned and was on safe ground, the students directed their attention to the saving of the furniture in those rooms not so near the fire, and a few of the boys managed to save a part of their property. The fire was as fierce in the south division of the hall as in the division where it started. This was a difficult problem to solve as there was a solid brick wall between the divisions. It is accounted for, however, by the fact that the dividing wall only extended as far down as the first floor and was then supported by pillars in the basement so that the fire, since it was on the ground floor, soon spread all over the basement, thus reaching the south division.

Most of the men above the first floor in the north division of the Hall were obliged to make their escape by the fire-escape and that as quickly as possible. Many of the boys in the building were sick with the mumps and as it was a bitterly cold night their escape was made more difficult.

When the fire subsided nothing but the walls were standing, and there was a great contrast between the appearance of the old dormitory on Friday night and that on Saturday morning. Many of those students who roomed in North College were young men working their way through college and all their worldly possessions were in their rooms, so that when they lost these they lost everything. While the fellows do not expect to recover all they have lost, nevertheless they are being generously cared for by friends of the College, and none, it is hoped, will have to discontinue their course at Colby.

THE ORACLE.

While we are involved in so much trouble and worry it may seem out of place to call the attention of the student body to our next Oracle.

There is probably no college institution which turns attention to us as much as does the Colby Oracle.

In the past its issues have been the pride of graduates and students and now it is the duty, not only of the editorial board but of every student, to bring our Oracle for 1903 up to the standard.

The prizes for poems and stories are to be increased in order to call forth the very best results which college talent can produce.

Let us have the assistance of every student. Write a poem; if you can't do that, write a story; if your talent is not in that direction, send in a good grind on the faculty or your best friend. Remember that in helping us you are helping Colby and her Oracle.

J. F. D.

New Advertisers This Week.

J. A. Warrington, Public Carriage.

Dr. G. A. Smith, Dentist.

H. L. Emery, 32 Main St.

Miss Agnes Stetson, '99, visited chapel on Friday morning.

A FLIGHT OF THE IMAGINATION.

Being an authentic account of the loss of that organ by Horatius N. Grosslug, Esq., a graduate of Colby College in the class of 2308, and a personage of no mean importance in scientific circles.

During the second week of March, 2316, the entire scientific world was thrown into a ferment by the announcement of one Herr Manneschneider, of Leipzig, Germany, that as the result of extended experiments on the human soul he had at last succeeded, by the use of a combination of liquid hydrogen and carbonated argon in reducing the human imagination to a solid. The imagination had some years before been materialized by the same scientist in the form of a volatile gas of about the same density as the luminiferous ether, but the present outcome of his experiment exceeded even his own expectations. The result of his operations was a small disc-shaped mass, somewhat resembling the gray matter of the brain, and found to possess a power of voluntary motion. Further particulars, said the report, had not yet been ascertained.

Being myself of a somewhat scientific turn of mind, and especially interested in the rapid strides that had been made of late in bringing the metaphysical into the realm of the physical, I at once decided that nothing would do but that I should, at once have my imagination materialized. Accordingly I set out for Leipzig and upon my arrival found Dr. Manneschneider very willing to perform an operation upon me. The details of

THE COLBY ECHO.

Published every Friday during the college year by the students of Colby College.

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Single Copy, News Edition.....5c

Exchanges and all communications relating to the Literary and News departments of the paper should be addressed to THE COLBY ECHO, Box E, Waterville, Me.

All remittances by mail should be made payable to the Business Manager.

Subscribers not receiving the paper regularly will confer a favor by notifying the Business Manager.

Entered at the post-office at Waterville, Me., as second class mail matter.

Printed at The MAIL OFFICE, Waterville.

This week has witnessed the destruction by fire of North College or Chaplin Hall, one of the oldest of the College buildings. The College has never before lost a building in this way, and this is one of the greatest disasters that has befallen the institution. It is all the worse because the loss falls very heavily on the individual students. Except from five or six rooms scarcely anything was saved. There is no record of the date when North College was completed, but its construction was probably begun in 1822 the year after the completion of South College. Colby College consisted, at that time, of about thirty members, including the men in the Theological department. The dormitory did not receive the name Chaplin Hall until 1872 when it was remodelled, and even since then it has continued to be commonly known as North College. It has never been provided with any apparatus whatever for fighting fire so that when the flames were once under way the inmates could do nothing but look out for themselves. It is not yet determined how North College dormitory will be replaced. Three new rooms are being finished up in South College, one of them in the Oracle room and two in the reading-room. Students not thus accommodated or who have not found other places in South College will have to find rooms down town for the remainder of the year.

To much cannot be said in expressing the gratitude of the Colby students to the friends who have stood by the College so loyally and so generously in the past few days. Their prompt and generous assistance has without a doubt kept a number of students from at once leaving college, and those students are the very ones who have worked the hardest in order to come here. The first thought of some of the boys after the fire was that now they must leave college. They had lost everything they possessed, and had no money with which to start in again. But there could hardly have been anything more encouraging to them than to go in to the Chapel exercises and find there, while the fire was yet burning, a representative from the Waterville Board of Trade, promising financial assistance

to those who needed it; and to see the immediate measures that were being taken to provide them with lodgings. Before Saturday afternoon accommodations for one hundred and fifty men had been offered by friends in the city, outside of the college faculty and resident students. Few of these offers were accepted, as the boys of South College provided for a large part of those who were burned out and it was of course, more convenient to remain on the campus if possible. Nevertheless, the kindness of the friends in the city, who so generously opened their houses, was fully appreciated. The promptness of this assistance showed the generous and sympathetic spirit in which it was offered. The boys have already been supplied with the necessary clothing and books, so that hardly any break has been made in the college exercises. Especial thanks are due to Dr. Hill, for it is chiefly through his activity and interest that the action of the Board of Trade was so prompt and efficient. We must also thank the ministers of the city for presenting the matter to their churches on Sunday. We print this week formal acknowledgements to the Board of Trade and the University of Maine for their kindness. There are many other friends of the College who have made contributions, whom we cannot thank individually, but who may be assured of the sincere gratitude not only of the students to whom their assistance is such a substantial aid, but of the whole student body in their behalf.

One of the most gratifying of all the expressions of sympathy received came on Tuesday morning from the University of Maine. The following is President Fellows' letter, which we take the liberty of publishing as showing better than anything else the good will and friendship of the Maine students:

President C. L. White,
Waterville, Me.

MY DEAR MR. WHITE:
We have heard with sincere regret of Colby's loss by fire on Friday night. I hope it will result in ultimate good to the college.

Our students know what the loss must mean to the Colby men who were so unfortunate as to lose what those must who roomed in Chaplin Hall. They took up a collection in chapel this morning to be placed in your hands and used at your discretion for the benefit of those whose needs are greatest. I enclose money order for \$68.32, and have pledged amounting to \$52.85 which I will send you a little later.

I hope that this may be accepted in the fraternal spirit in which it is sent.

Very sincerely yours,
GEO. C. FELLOWS.

The Colby students think that Maine has done a fine thing by them.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

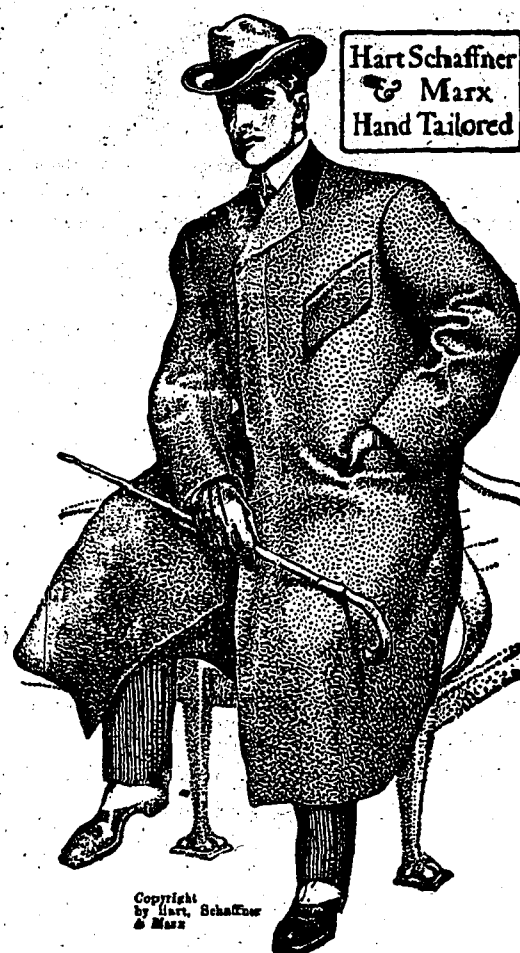
We who have met with loss occasioned by the burning of North College, wish to express our sincere gratitude:

To the Waterville Board of Trade,
To the students of the University of Maine,

To the Alumni and friends of the college and to the members of the Women's Division, who have so thoughtfully and kindly relieved us in our time of need.

W. M. E. TRAGUE,
H. R. KEENE,
THOMAS KNOWLES,
Committee.

Emma Clough, '04, has returned to college after an absence of several weeks.



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"TO LOVE AND THEN TO LOSE."

It was certainly a fair vision that greeted Beulah Kent's gaze as she stood before the mirror adjusting the last ribbon in her simple toilette. For Beulah was a comely maiden, and to-night she was looking her sweetest.

She sighed a little as she turned away after a last look, and took a seat by the open window, through which came the soft fragrance of June roses. Close at hand a group of children were playing on the lawn, and their merry laughter floated upward to the girl, but she did not heed it. For she was thinking of Harold Young, in whose honor she had donned her newest and prettiest gown, and for whose arrival she was waiting.

Harold had been her dearest friend for three years, and to-night he was coming to say good-by. Ever since they had first met, early in his Freshman year at the college, they had been friendly. But when he returned after the long summer vacation, a full-fledged Sophomore, their intimacy had grown apace.

Beulah had never considered him as other than a comrade, had never thought that he could be more than a friend to her, until within the week. It was when he came to her on the evening of Commencement Day, after he had won the highest honors the college had to bestow, and told her that he was going away very soon, that she discovered the true place the young man held in her life.

The self-revelation was not altogether a pleasant one, however, for Beulah knew that there had never been the slightest thing in Harold's conduct to indicate that he cared for her, except in a friendly way. Indeed, it was just this attitude on his part which had so long blinded her eyes to the truth in her own life.

And now he was coming for the last time! One short hour and then!—The emptiness and the blankness of a future in which he held no part! How it haunted her as she sat gazing with unseeing eyes off across the river. Was this all of life!

* * * * *

Whatever came to the girl's heart as she sat there alone with her God, it brought a look of peace to the fair face, and she greeted her caller an hour later without a sign of the struggle through which she had been passing.

He was overflowing with happiness. The long strain of four hard years was over, and the brief interval of rest before the sterner work of life began was at hand. Beulah had never seen him so boyish before, and she found a relief in the light banter which filled the first half hour. Then Harold asked her to sing.

It had been one of the things in which they had taken great delight in the old, happy days which were so near their end, this singing together, and there came a momentary twinge of pain as Beulah seated herself before the instrument. But it passed as quickly as it had come. Harold selected the music, and his companion was glad that he chose the brighter songs, full of the hope and joy of life's first morning.

Presently there came a pause, as the young man stood turning over the music upon the rack. He seemed a trifle embarrassed, and did not glance at Beulah as he said hesitatingly:

"There's something I want to tell you to-night, if I may."

The girl caught her breath quickly. A deep flush mounted her face, which paled again immediately. Could it be that after all—? She put the thought away and answered steadily:

"Certainly, you may."

Still Harold fingered the sheets nervously and spoke hastily, with downcast eyes.

"You've always been nearer to me

than anyone else, Beulah, and have often thought that if I had a sister, I would wish her to be like you. And so to-night I want to tell you something—something which means a great deal to me. There's a little girl down home whom I've loved dearly for a long, long time. To-night I've just received a letter in which she promises to be my wife. I wanted you to know it before anyone else, for I was sure you would be glad for me. Am I not right?"

For an instant after he began the room turned dark before Beulah's eyes, and she seemed to be choking. By a supreme effort of her will she stilled the tempest within her, and when the young man looked up as he asked the last question, it was to see a smiling face turned towards him, while a soft voice answered:

"Indeed, Harold, I am more than glad for you and for that other whom I have never seen. God bless you both!"

CHIPMAN '06.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, our loving Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom hath seen fit to call home the brother of our friend and classmate, Charles W. Watkins, therefore be it Resolved: That we, the class of 1906, do hereby extend to him our heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement, and do be it further Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to him, and that they be published in THE COLBY ECHO, and in the 1906 Record.

H. L. PEPPER,

A. G. ROBINSON,

H. C. SLEIGHTON,

For the Class.

Bowdoin College.

Medical Department.

The 83d Annual Course of Lectures will begin December 25, 1902, and continue twenty-six weeks. Four courses of lectures are required of all who matriculate as first-course students.

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For catalogue apply to
ALFRED MITCHELL, M. D., Dean.
BRUNSWICK, ME., July 10, 1902.

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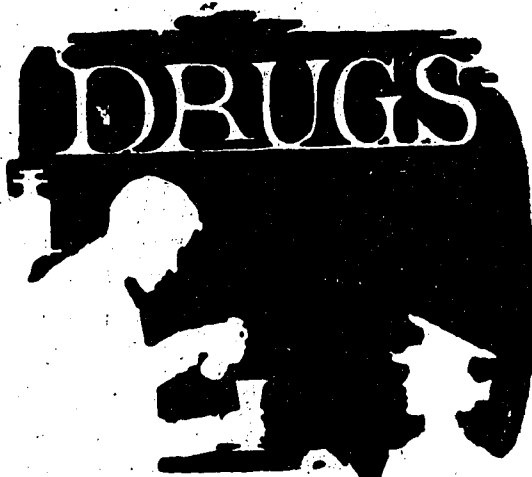
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This, lit-tle chil-dren, is a cow. It is a He-one. Its Gait is much like that of a Slab-Sided Giraffe looking for a Splinter in its Left Hind Foot. Its yawn resembles the Lith-o-graphs on a Circus Pos-ter. Will it Come when you call Bossy? Oh no, lit-tle children, it's name is S—s.

The Lord preserveth the simple—but some people are such complicated fools there is no hope for them.

It pains us deeply to relate that hard drink was the cause of the sudden death of Jabez Whitcomb last Monday. A cake of ice fell on him.—*Smyrna News.*

Answers to Correspondents.

26 C. H.—Certainly your room should be well heated and well aired. We would suggest, however, that you air first and then heat, rather than the reverse.

'Tardy'—No, chapel is supposed to begin whenever the leader sees fit. The bell at nine o'clock is merely for the amusement of the bell-ringer.

Have you had your pair of shoes on the Board of Trade yet?

A NEW DIRECTORY.

The following is a list of the men who lived in North College, with their present residences. In most cases the addresses are not permanent but are simply for the remainder of the term:

Atchley '03, 2 S. C.
Bartlett '03, 24 S. C.
Bowdoin '06, with Rev. E. C. Whittemore, 72 Pleasant St.
Chipman '06, 67 College Ave.
Clark '05, Elmwood Hotel.
Coombs '06, 26 S. C.
Cotton '05, 7 S. C.
Coy '05, Front St.
Emery '06, with Horace Purinton, Pleasant St.
Field '05,
Frye '05, Thayer Court.
Glover '03, 2 S. C.
Gooch '06, with Gilman '05, at Fairfield.
Gould '04.
Hamilton '06, with H. R. Dunham, Elm St.
Hoyt '05, with Horace Purinton, Pleasant St.
Jewell '06, 20 S. C.
Keene '04, 5 S. C.
Keene '06, 19 S. C.
Knapp '03, 2 S. C.
Knowles '05, 67 College Ave.
Maxfield '05, Elm Terrace.
Norton '05, Front St.
Pepper '06, with Robinson '06, Nudd St.
Staples '03, 12 S. C.
Teague '03, 16 S. C.
Teague '06, 16 S. C.
Vail '06, with H. R. Dunham, Elm St.
Watkins '06, with Bryant '04, Park St.
Whittemore '05, 20 S. C.
Dodge '06, Flood '05, Mayo '06, Mc-Olellan '06, and Thomas '08, are out of college for the remainder of the term.

Misses Norton and Boynton have fallen victims to the prevailing disease.

CAMPUS CHAT.

Candidates for the position of reader with Glee Club should begin to prepare their selections for the trial reading, which will take place soon after the opening of the winter term.

Frye and Spencer, who have had the mumps, are now out again.

Morse, '05, who has been sick with the mumps, has now gone home.

Edith Watkins, '04, who has been suffering from an attack of the mumps, is out again.

Ethel Higgins, '05, entertained a company of friends at the Palmer House Saturday evening.

In another part of the paper it was stated that Dodge, '06, was out of town. He returned to college Thursday.

Work on the gymnasium has been discontinued on account of the work of finishing up new rooms in So. College.

We are glad to report that our editor-in-chief, Thomas, is improving, although he will not return to Colby until next term.

Mr. Strong, formerly a Maine teacher, now connected with the Fisk Teachers' Agency, was among the Colby students yesterday.

It is reported that Lord, '03, has joined the Glee Club. We are all glad to hear it as the success of that organization is now assured.

The prize entrance examinations in Greek was postponed a week, until next Wednesday, on account of the sickness of one of the competitors.

On Friday morning Pres. White said that generous contributions were constantly being received by mail for the students of North College.

The Colby basketball team had a game scheduled with the Hollingsworth and Whitney team for last Saturday night, but because of the fire the majority of the first team could not play the game, necessitating the substitution of second team men. This accounts for the score of 16 to 7 against Colby.

Mrs. Waterbury will address the women of the college, Wednesday afternoon at Ladies Hall. She is a wonderful speaker and will doubtless interest those who hear her. Mrs. Waterbury has been at the Northfield Conferences and at Silver Bay, so has a great interest in religious work among the students.

Dr. Bennett, Brown '73, spoke to the Colby students after chapel Thursday morning. Dr. Bennett is connected with the Theological Seminary in Yokohama, Japan, and was very well acquainted with Mr. A. R. Buch, the U. S. minister to Japan and a Colby graduate who died a short time ago. Dr. Bennett spoke very interestingly for about five minutes on the necessity of having a high ideal in life.

The first cutting down of the Glee Club candidates has taken place and the following men have been chosen: First tenors, Teague '03, Teague '06, Bean, Emery, Jewell; second tenors, Tapley, Towne, Slayton, Dudley, Watkins; first basses, Hammond, Winslow, Keene, Coombs, Butler, Pepper; second basses, Thompson, Ross, Kennison, Dodge, Wood, Leighton '06. Now for some good hard work to get ready for a trip in the first part of next term.

A Case of Heredity.

Cholly—Do you know, Miss Sharp, I believe some people inherit their stupidity.

Miss Sharp—But, Mr. Saphead, it is not proper to speak that way of your parents.—*Columbia Jester.*

A Hot Finish.

"Speaking of a hot finish," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "there's the wasp."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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