

THE COLBY ECHO.

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS BY THE STUDENTS OF COLBY COLLEGE.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. VI, No. 21.

WATERVILLE, ME., APRIL 16, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A RIDE IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA.

One day in the month of February, we, a party of five, decided to go to Urbita Springs, to get an idea of the place, to taste its waters and incidentally to bathe in the sulphur baths for which the place is noted.

The day was ideal. The bright blue of the sky seemed a polished mirror from which the sun sent his rays with gladness of heart because he could warm and cheer this glorious land of ours from east to west, from north to south. The wind came down from the mountains with refreshing coolness, whispering of the ice and snow whence it had come and reminding us that, although warm and sunny here, there are places where Jack Frost is making a long sojourn.

As we rode along through this, the loveliest valley of Southern California, we noted, with wonder and great enjoyment, the fields that had become green and fertile by cultivation; for a whole field of green grass is a rare thing in this hot, dry country. The willows next attracted our attention. We hoped to get some "Pussies" but upon close observation found that they had lost their furry coats and were scattering seeds over the sandy soil in a vain endeavor to find lodgement in some damp place. Soon, we heard a very familiar sound. What was it! Nothing more out of the common than frogs. Frogs in mid-winter? We could scarcely believe it, but, certainly, the peep, peep, peep, in that shrill treble that belongs to the frog tribe was unmistakable. We might almost have believed we were in some New England swamp had it not been for the fact that, as we rounded a corner of the road, an orange grove of many acres was spread out before us. How beautiful it looked! A perfect sea of emerald, dotted with bright, golden balls. Such it appeared at a distance. In reality, thousands of trees covered with leaves of deepest green, shiny and smooth and gently waving back and forth as the breeze stirred them. Nestled among the leaves, the beautiful ripe fruit tempted us with its delicious odor. We saw no blossoms as it was still somewhat early for these coveted flowers. The almond tree, however, was covered with a pink and white garment on which there was no shade of green, for the leaves do not appear until after the flowers have faded.

Our driver, perhaps thinking we might be weary of growing things, pointed out, on the side of one of the many mountains which encircle this section of the country, the Arrow-head, a white place showing on the side of the brown cliff and resembling, exactly, an Indian arrow-head. Then we must see the pictures of our ancestors, Adam and Eve as they are outlined against another precipice and just now softened by the whiteness of the snow. Loma Linda, the beautiful sanitarium soon came to view. Sheltered as it is by noble mountains, amidst groves of oranges and lemons, it is surely a charming spot in which to regain one's health.

Suddenly we came close upon a long row of palms that had been blackened by fire from the very bottom almost to the top, just leaving a place from which the palm leaves came forth. We could not help an exclamation of surprise. "That doesn't hurt them," assured our driver. "It is done merely to get off the old bark and to kill the insects that creep into it. A very green looking tree

next aroused our curiosity. It was a very dark green in color, somewhat resembling our Maine firs excepting for its shape which was that of a one-sided loaf of bread. We were told that it was a cypress cut in this ridiculous and ornamental (?) fashion. An inartistic thing, truly, and yet, doubtless the owner had worked many hard hours in order to have "a thing of beauty" in his doorway, when the true thing of beauty was a sweet little rose, that had climbed half way up an unkempt but much more graceful cypress not far off.

Often we passed groups of Mexicans cutting down the tall eucalyptus tree, setting fire to little heaps of leaves, the pungent odor of which was not at all unwelcome, or leveling the rough road for the purpose of laying a new electric track. Fine, bronzed-looking men, these Mexicans were, and evidently, by their appearance, well contented.

The signs along the way afforded us amusement. "Turkeys for Sale," "Little Pigs for Sale," "Settin' Eggs, 50c. per dozen," reminded us of signs that stare at a passer-by along a Maine country-side, but "For Sale, One Mule, One Burro," told us that it was not a New England state, but a place where the hardy little Burro is always in evidence. It is too bad to pass this patient worker by without saying something about him, for in spite of his awkwardness, one might almost say because of it, he is a most interesting animal. His stiff, straight legs look like sticks covered with coarse hair, his head, too large for his body, is made more prominent by the long ears that stretch out into space inquisitively. In fact the Burro's whole appearance is enough to bring a smile to the gravest face. Often it brings more than a smile for sometimes when he is mounted he gives a long-drawn, hee-haw, hee-haw, that seems to shake him all over and certainly shakes the person whom he is carrying.

We left the Burro behind reluctantly but soon came upon another means of travel, the motor that goes back and forth between Redlands and San Bernardino. This motor is a very narrow car drawn by a tiny engine, a trifle larger, to be sure, than those we see in the nursery and yet so small that it is almost hidden by its own steam. Little wonder that our horses were rather disturbed.

A few miles more and we came to San Bernardino or "San Berdu" as the Californians call it, the county seat of this valley. Its magnificent court-house of gray stone is its chief feature of beauty. As we entered the city we passed through "Chinatown" with its ugly dwellings and queer signs. An old Chinese mission stands in the midst of this "town" its sides covered with curious posters of every description.

A short distance out of San Bernardino are the Springs. Disappointing, surely, when one expects to see streams of hot sulphur water spouting out of the earth to see only a building which covers a large pool of ill-smelling and brown-colored liquid and one is likely to feel certain that "anticipation is better than realization." We took a taste of the water as it came out of the faucet. One taste was enough, indeed too much for all the liquids it has ever been my lot to taste that certainly was the worst. Imagine egg soup about a year old and you know what it was like. Our stay in the building was short. The attractions

of the pond on which mud-hens were swimming, or the queer little cages in which were birds, ground-hogs, white rats and even a fierce-looking wild-cat were much more to our taste.

After viewing this menagerie to our hearts' content we started home and reached Redlands just as the sun was setting behind the mountains. The grand old range seemed dreamy and about to fall asleep. A purple haze mantled it. The evening shadows crept along its sides and found a hiding place in its crevices. The last golden glow of the sunset touched its highest peaks with a wondrous glory and left us marvelling at the beauties of the earth.

E. E. C., '04.

SEEN IN THE SMOKE.

Willie Reed was a little lame boy who lived in a room near a large train yard, where long trains rolled by from time to time with their stately air, and single locomotives were constantly dashing to and fro. The tracks ran right under his window, and from it he could look out on the yard and the trains, and he never tired of seeing the ever-changing panorama before him.

The sight of the great freight trains dragging their laborious way along the rails, was his only share in the strife and excitement of the business world, the activity of which seemed very dear to this little cripple who could never take a part in it. The swift, graceful passenger trains gliding by, filled with happy and care-free people, he looked upon as the instruments of freedom, which would bear him away from the infirmities of his body and the longings of his heart, to a bright and happy world where he could be a part of the throbbing life around him. There his mind, his soul, would no longer be imprisoned in a body misshapen and racked with pain, but straight and strong as the strongest, he could run about and feel the "thrill of power in his veins." No longer would he feel the dull pain of utter dependence, no longer the sharp stab of another's pity.

If he could only go to sleep and then wake up to find himself gliding along those shining rails with merry companions around him and know that he was off at last for the beautiful unknown land! But every train rolling away out of sight, into the unknown world beyond, gave a new sense of disappointment none the less keen because it was expected. All this he thought day after day, as he sat alone by his window, looking out on the only world he knew.

* * * * *

One afternoon, little Willie was sitting in his armchair by the open window, watching the billowy clouds of smoke and steam go curling far up into the sky from a locomotive standing near on the track.

How strange it looked twisting and rolling and trying to climb higher and higher on itself! What fantastic shapes it assumed! Now it seemed like high rolls of fleecy wool blown swiftly upward by the mighty engine below! Now it spread into larger and softer rolls as it rose higher into the air! Now little children appeared, playing hide and seek among its folds with myriads of frolicking lambs. Higher and higher it went, and merrier and merrier they grew as they mounted until at last they were lost in the far off blue of the sky!

Were these the children of the air who lived and were happy only far above the earth in the pure air of heaven? Or did they live all around in air near the earth and were they lured by the softness and whiteness of the cloud to ride, rocked on its billows, far up in its upward flight? Or were they the spirits of little boys and girls who had died, and were going up to that beautiful Heaven that the kind lady next door had told him of?

How he would like to sink into some soft bed of smoke and feel himself borne up and away into the spirit land where so many little ones were constantly going! Better far would it be than even the longed-for ride on the train! Surely he would rest so sweetly and be rocked so gently that his limbs would soon cease to ache, and he could then join his comrades in their play!

If he could only spring into that cloud floating up from the locomotive a little way off on the track, he could go to the land of the spirits of the air, and there with his fellows all around him and in the wide expanse of heaven, he could be as happy as the birds, and as free as the winds themselves!

* * * * *

Suddenly the locomotive started forward, sending up increasing clouds of milk white steam and smoke, and came slowly along the track toward the little boy's window. Nearer and nearer it came, bringing its billowy bridge from sorrow to joy, and trembling with eagerness, forgetting his lameness, Willie prepared for its coming. He crept from his chair out on the window sill, and clung there awaiting the approach of his deliverer.

Suddenly a gust of wind hurried the smoke along directly towards Willie's window, and, as it hovered an instant before him, opening its soft white arms to receive him, he leaped with a glad cry into its warm embrace.

When the engine had been stopped just beyond the open window, and the little mangled body found on the track below, many tears were shed for the little boy who had ended his sad, lonely life so young. The limp body would never again glow with life, the crippled limbs would never be straight and strong in the far off land of his dreams beyond the shining rails.

But little Willie needed neither tears nor pity now. He was floating softly upward to the spirit land where there is no pain, and was happy and free as the winds, even as he had wished.

H. M.

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The future of THE ECHO seems to be clouded in more or less uncertainty. There is no editor-in-chief at present and it is undecided who will hold that position this term. There has been some doubt expressed by one or two persons whose opinions are of some weight as to the expediency of continuing the publication of the paper, but that question is not one about which there seems to be generally much doubt. A college news-periodical if properly carried on ought to be advantageous to the college in several respects.

If the present issue is deficient in the matter of news, it is because it was prepared in some haste and is largely filled with literary material which was already on hand.

ALBERT TEELE DUNN, D.D.

Colby has lost one of her staunchest friends in the death, two weeks ago this morning, of Dr. A. T. Dunn, Secretary of the Maine Baptist State Convention. Dr. Dunn had been threatened for some time with Bright's Disease, but not until the disease had firmly fastened itself upon him, indeed not until a very few days before the end, was hope given up, so that the news of his death came as a sudden blow rather than an expected calamity. He died at his home on Sheldon Place Thursday morning, April 2.

While Dr. Dunn was not a graduate of this college, he was always a strong friend of the students, being especially intimate with and helpful to men who were studying for the ministry. His hearty, cordial manner and kindly thoughtfulness have gained for him a warm place in the hearts of many of Colby's graduates and undergraduates. He was a graduate of Colgate in the class of 1878, and was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, in whose activities in the state he has always taken a prominent part.

At the funeral, which was held at the Baptist church on Monday afternoon, about fifty ministers were present, representing every part of the state, together with other representatives from a number of the churches. As secretary of the State Convention Dr. Dunn had a stronger influence in the affairs of the denomination than any other man in the State, and by his strong personality he made this influence felt in such a way as to make him the personal friend of every one with whom he came in contact. As one of the speakers at the funeral ex-

pressed it, he was the Baptist Bishop of Maine.

Full account of his life and work, and of the funeral exercises, were published at the time. It is only fitting, however, that the students and faculty of Colby should in these columns express their grief at the loss of so staunch a supporter and their appreciation of the worth of so true a friend.

'97-'01. E. E. Noble, '97 and E. B. Putnam, '01 are studying at the University of Maine Law School, Bangor.

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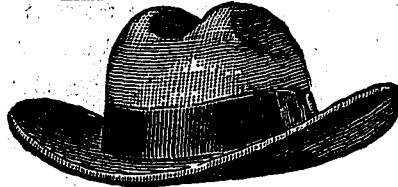
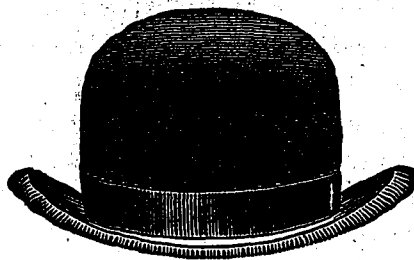
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AN EXPERIENCE ON SHIPBOARD.

Several years ago I had a neighbor called Old John Alquis. John never got along very well with his wife, so one day he thought it best to leave her. He was found the next morning suspended from a limb of an oak tree. The cemetery became the happy recipient of his bones. The tree to which he became so attached in his last hour, continued to thrive and flourish until one day a hustling ship builder cut it down and made from its stout trunk a windlass for a schooner. The craft had a good stout windlass but it was not a very enviable piece of equipment, for the crew soon left declaring that the vessel was haunted. No other crew could be obtained so the schooner had to be laid up.

A watchman was needed to stay by her, and a very courageous friend of mine, Emerson M., got the job. He wasn't afraid of ghosts. Nevertheless he felt a little shaky when the first night set in dark and stormy. He crawled into his bunk and lay awake for a long time listening to the regular wash of the waves against the bulwarks, the creaking of the spars and the weird shrieking of the fitful wind as it rushed through the rigging. How he wished himself on shore! But now he hears another sound. What means that rattling of the anchor chains? His heart leaps into his throat, then stands still. He hears the sound of the revolving windlass and the quick clanking of the heavy chain. He starts up in horror and with bated breath. The anchor is being weighed but who turns the windlass. No human being could do it so quickly. What turns it? He falls back in a cold sweat. Still he hears the fearful clanking of the cables. Now the heavy anchor brings up with a dull thud against the cathead. He hears another sound. A heavy bumping noise approaches. The ship sways and trembles. Above the shrieking of the blast he hears a terrible wail. His blood curdles. Now something clutches the edge of the cabin roof. The ceiling creaks and strains. In an instant the whole top is torn off and flung into the deep. Emerson, crawling and shrinking, is face to face with—what? A ghostly apparition. There before him is the windlass fitted with the head and limbs of Old John Alquis. About the dreadful spirit the anchor chains are wound and twisted, glowing with fire. Hissing sparks fly off into the night. The anchor bumps along the deck behind the sectre. Emerson's hair stands on end as a fiery claw is stretched toward his bunk. Its heat burns his skin to a blister. Nearer yet it comes. But now it stops. The anchor has caught upon the mainmast. The spectre strains upon the chain. The cable holds fast. Vainly the fiery monster tries to pull apart the iron links. He gives one mighty tug. The anchor fluke breaks. The monster falls precipitately upon the deck, and unable to control himself plunges head over heels into the sea. The brine seethes and boils. Hot clouds of steam ascend into the darkness.

Out of the dense vapor the vessel now floats impelled by the rising wind. She drifts away toward the shore carrying Emerson safely to his home resolving never again to serve as watchman on a haunted ship.

'71. Rev. A. K. Gurney is on his way home from his missionary labors in Burmah.

'92. Stephen Stark is now teaching in Mt. Hermon, Mass., having had to give up his work in medicine and law on account of ill health.

'97. H. B. Watson's family has been increased by the arrival of Dorothy Elizabeth Watson, born October 10, 1902. Mr. Watson is Principal of the Good Will High School at East Fairfield.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

You will pardon me Gents if I use the word liar When you say there was no loss of life at the fire. For I stood there myself 'mid the blaze and the light Of burning North College that cold, frosty night, And heard 'bove the noise and confusion and din The death groans of friends who were burning within

Say nothing of courage, scoff not at my blame, 'Twould only add more to your great load of shame For did you not stand there and see them expire, Hear their death curdling yells as they scorched in the fire?

You were cowards, my boys, unfaithful, untrue, In deserting two friends who have oft stood by you.

Friend One from the flunk pit of Latin and Greek Has often pulled you when deficient and weak, Ay more! She has fooled the Professors my men, And brought up our rank from a five spot to ten, Her true purpose was to stick by you and me And help all poor students to get a degree.

Friend Two was a saint and cared nothing for knowledge, She busied herself with the morals of college; For oft at midnight when in deep, troubled sleep Did she creep to your bed, place a kiss on your feet, And this act of kindness as all may cajole Was done for the love of your poor human sole, We often have cursed on a warm summer's night 'Bout the pain on our arm from a big bed-bug bite, And oft have professors in mortal despair, Blasphemed the creator for making the mare, But now all are gone, bed-bugs, horses and college The lover of soles and promoters of knowledge.

CY TAP.

'98. Mrs. Annie Pepper Varney has recently moved from Germantown, Pa., to Washington, D. C. Mr. Varney has a position in the Patent Office and is at the same time studying medicine.

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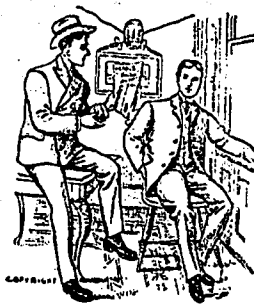
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Gibelettes.

Es war ein jeune homme de Paris
'Tis strange to be true, but it bis
Er sagt zu sein' Frau,
"You're a pig-headed cau."
Wann mit ihr he didn't agree.
A Damsel who hailed from Dubuque
Once married an indigent Duque.
When her Ma found it out,
She said, with a Pout,
"Oh my! What a terrible Fluque!"

A Problem in Experimental Co-ordination.

Given, a Window and two Maidens.
How far must the Maidens stroll past
the Window after looking up at it, to
keep up appearances?

By this method how many times can
the Window be inspected in one hour?

He sallied out one pleasant eve, to call
on a young miss, and when he reached
her residence, he

like
stairs
up
ran
Her father met him at the door; he
didn't see the miss. He won't go there
any more for he

run
up
stairs
okli
shil

—Ex.

FINANCIAL REPORT MANAGER OF BASKET BALL TEAM.

EXPENSES.

Jan. 27.	Coburn Guarantee,	\$ 2.10
Feb. 10.	Oak Grove "	2.25
Feb. 17.	Bangor Y. M. C. A.	
	Guarantee, 14.00	
Feb. 21.	U. of M. Guarantee,	19.60
Mar. 3.	Gardiner "	8.65
Mar. 13.	Hebron "	18.55
Jan. 31.	Trip to Orono,	19.45
Feb. 5.	" " Gardiner,	7.65
Feb. 12.	" " Bangor,	14.00
Mar. 5.	" " Hebron,	16.45
Mar. 6.	" " Portland,	15.05
	Printing,	8.50
	Incidentals,	4.41
	Total,	\$150.66

RECEIPTS.

Jan. 28.	Guarantee from	
	Taconnet Club, \$ 6.65	
Jan. 31.	" from U. of M.,	19.45
Feb. 5.	" " Gardiner,	7.65
Feb. 12.	" " "	
	Bangor Y. M. C. A.,	14.00
Mar. 6.	Guarantee from Hebron,	16.45
Mar. 7.	" " "	
	Portland Y. M. C. A.,	17.16
Jan. 27.	Gate, Coburn,	6.30
Feb. 10.	" Oak Grove,	18.75
Feb. 17.	" Bangor Y. M. C. A.,	7.60
Feb. 21.	" U. of M.,	21.65
Mar. 3.	" Gardiner,	4.50
Mar. 13.	" Hebron,	28.15
	Total,	\$162.81

Excess of Receipts, \$11.65

Mar. 28, 1908. W. L. GLOVER, Mgr.
Audited, W. S. B.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas: It has been the will of our
Heavenly Father, Who doeth all things
well, to take from our midst our dearly
beloved brother, Dr. Albert T. Dunn,
and whereas the Colby Chapter of the
Delta Upsilon Fraternity has lost a true
and faithful friend, a loyal and devoted
brother, be it

Resolved: That we, the Colby Chapter
of Delta Upsilon, while feeling our great
loss, yet bowing in humble submission
to the Divine decree, give expression to
our great sorrow that one so dear to us

has been taken away, and be it further
Resolved: That we extend our heart-
felt sympathy to the wife and sons of our
brother in the great affliction which has
fallen upon them, and be it also

Resolved: That a copy of these reso-
lutions be sent to the wife and sons of
our brother, and that they be published
in THE COLBY ECHO, and in The Water-
ville Mail.

W. C. WASHBURN,
C. A. LEWIS,
JOHN COOMBS,

For the Chapter.

Hall of the Colby Chapter of Delta
Upsilon, April 4, 1908.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas: It hath seemed best to our
Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom
to take unto Himself the brother of
William Tilson Morse, our brother in
Alpha Tau Omega, be it Resolved:
That we, the members of Gamma Alpha
Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega, extend to
our brother our heartfelt sympathy, and
be it further Resolved: That these re-
solutions be sent to our brother and
published in THE COLBY ECHO.

JOHN W. BARTLETT,
FRANK E. WOOD,
FRED M. ALLEN.

Hall of Gamma Alpha of Alpha Tau
Omega, March 25, 1908.

Among the Colleges.

The undergraduate enrollment of the
University of California as shown by the
semi-annual catalogue is 2,440. In addi-
tion to this there are 212 graduate stu-
dents and 600 students in the schools of
medicine, law, dentistry, pharmacy, and
art, making the total enrollment 3,252.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis has
engaged Charles Gould, captain of Yale's
1901 football team, to coach its eleven
next autumn.

Hazing has been made a criminal
offence by the legislature of Illinois.
The penalty is a fine of \$500 and im-
prisonment for six months.

Fourteen colleges in the United States
now publish newspapers every week day.
College journalism is practically un-
known in any other country.

A department of geography has been
established at the University of Chicago.
Although we are accustomed to think-
ing of geography as one of the studies
that we left behind with our grammar-
school days, an examination of the
average college-student's knowledge of
this subject would without doubt prove
the wisdom of this addition to the college
or university curriculum.

Strong grounds for the removal of the
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
from its present site at the Back Bay, to
Brookline, were presented by President
H. S. Pritchett in his annual report.
One of his principal arguments for the
removal is that facilities for making stu-
dent life much more economical, such as
dormitories, can be furnished.

Luxury.

Alice—Uncle Gabe, what would you
do if you had a million dollars?
Uncle Gabe—Well, I doan' rightly
know, I'll missy; but ef I had a milyun
dollars I believe I'd git my ole shoes
half soled.—Puck.

The Struggle For Office.

If this free people, if this government
itself, is ever utterly demoralized, it
will come from this human wriggle and
struggle for office—that is a way to
live without work.—Lincoln.

A trick is like a cheap firecracker—
when it seems to have done its work
and lost its vitality it is apt to explode
and hurt the man who set it off.—Sat-
urday Evening Post.

A Few Prices On Students' Needs

Hardwood Study Tables,	\$2.75
Revolving Tilt Chairs,	3.50
Velour Upholstered Couches,	5.00, 7.50, 9.00
Couch Covers,	1.49 up.
Rugs,	.98 up.

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stitutions and the Spanish Code; (4) The Com-
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