

From the basement, the engineer returned to the boiler-house. "Mr. Lockwood,* an engineering student," said he, "was helping me. After I had gotten the engine started, I noticed that it did not run well; I had only forty pounds of steam turned on, when I should have had sixty-five to pull the machine. It was then five minutes past seven, and we should have had the lights turned on. I got the machine started up pretty well when all at once I noticed the lights go down, then go up, and about that time Boulton Clark, the fireman said, 'The building is on fire.' Feeling sure that the fire was among the wires, I turned the lights off, and went to see where the trouble was. We used that night a 400-light machine manufactured by the Addison Electric Company, and so far as I can learn, we had never had four hundred lights turned on all at once before."

While this was going on within, a stream of figures in dark silhouette against the snow were seen crossing the campus on their way to the entertainment. The auditorium of the chapel, with its graceful balcony, its spacious rostrum, its fifteen hundred opera chairs, was brilliantly illuminated. The air was filled with gladness. Only a week before, the students had returned from their homes, where they had gone for the holidays. Everywhere could be heard the chatter of happy voices, with occasional salutations and good-humored repartee. Some of the audience, perhaps a dozen, had already taken their seats, and others were coming in, when suddenly and without warning the large central sun-light fell with a crash into the parterre, barely missing the heads of several occupants. The hall was left in darkness. All was consternation. Everyone was on his feet in an instant, and all started with a rush toward the exits. If the accident had happened a few minutes later a panic might have ensued. Seeing there was no immediate danger, the crowd passed out hurriedly through the folding doors into the hallway, thence through the vestibule into a place of safety.

No one realized for a moment what was happening. Some glancing up at the massive paneling which supported the floor of the library, saw little jets of smoke puffing out from a score of apertures. It was plain enough now; the ceiling was on fire, the electric light wires having become poorly insulated in some mysterious way, had ignited the inflammable material of the library floor. The whole chapel was quickly filled with the pungent odor of burning pine.

Immediately the startling cry was raised, "*Fire! Fire! The University is on Fire!*" A hundred voices took it up; men and boys several squares away heard

*Now professor of physics in Trinity College, N. C.